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# What Sorrows and What Joys: The Civil War Diaries of Cloe Tyler Whittle, 1861-1866

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**“WHAT SORROWS AND WHAT JOYS”  
THE CIVIL WAR DIARIES OF CLOE TYLER WHITTLE  
1861-1866**

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A Thesis

Presented to

The Faculty of the Department of History  
The College of William and Mary in Virginia

In Partial Fulfillment  
Of the Requirements for the Degree of  
Master of Arts

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by

Emily R. Davies

1993

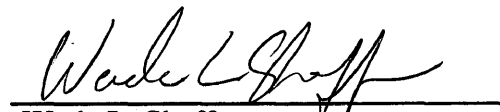
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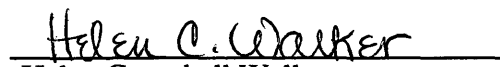
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**“WHAT SORROWS AND WHAT JOYS”  
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1861-1866**

**ABSTRACT**

Cloe Tyler Whittle began her diary in March of 1861, when she was 17. She kept the diary until shortly before her death in 1925. With each entry, she candidly described events in her life as well as her reaction to them.

The first few years of her diary reflect not only her growing maturity but also the tumultuous events of the Civil War. Her journals of those years are transcribed here, with notes on the people, places and events that she mentions. The transcription starts with her first entry and ends after her description of a meeting with Jefferson Davis in August, 1866.

Cloe's diaries include facts about the Civil War, both military and political, which are well known today, but she also records rumors that are now known to be false; her entries reflect both the time it took for news to spread as well as how often it was inaccurate.

On a personal level, Cloe reveals herself as a typical mid-nineteenth century Southern female; she is a strong Southern partisan and deeply religious, two characteristics she would keep all her life. She bows to the authority of her father and, owing to the death of her mother some years before, she feels a duty to stay with him. The loss of her mother also strengthens Cloe's tie to her next older sister, Grace, who becomes both sister and mother to Cloe.

On the other hand, Cloe is somewhat atypical of her generation: she stays in school for a longer time than was usual for girls of that time, and studies traditionally masculine subjects such as Greek and calculus. She is quite

outspoken, and although always conscious of propriety, never shrinks from expressing her opinions, even to people she considers as her enemies.

Cloe's diary offers an unusually detailed view of a woman of the middle class in a Southern town, coming of age during a time of national crisis.

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**“WHAT SORROWS AND WHAT JOYS”**  
**THE CIVIL WAR DIARIES OF CLOE TYLER WHITTLE**  
**1861-1866**

## INTRODUCTION

“It snowed all day today and I did not go to school.” Not an especially exciting beginning, but with these words Cloe Tyler Whittle begins her diary on March 18, 1861. Some five and a half years later, she will recount with awe a day spent in the company of Jefferson Davis, ex-president of the recently fallen Confederacy, who is imprisoned by the United States government at Fort Monroe, Virginia. The time between those two entries brought enormous changes not only to the country but to Cloe as well. While North and South are engaged in war, she weathers the death of her first love, witnesses the death of a close relative, becomes a refugee, handles the problems of daily life in a world turned upside down, and comes of age at a time when many of the traditions that she had known and on which she had always relied have disappeared. In her diary, Cloe records the events of her life and her thoughts on those events; in her own way she defines how she and the South will adjust to the devastation of their whole way of life.

Cloe never reveals what caused her to keep a diary. There is no indication that anyone else in her family kept one, so she may have felt the need to act as recorder of family history. Although she calls it a Private Journal, the tone indicates a willingness for or an acceptance of a present or future audience; at one point she writes: “It may be that some eye will light on this page when mine are closed forever on this earth, if so it will be a strong proof of the worthlessness of presentiments.”<sup>1</sup> In fact, only in this century have diaries truly become private. Before then, diarists, primarily men, kept their journals for a historical purpose; later the job of keeping family records passed to women, the primary homekeepers and caretakers of family life.<sup>2</sup>

Part of the value of this diary lies in the fact that the Whittle family, while one of good social standing, is not famous. The Whittles are not a First Family of Virginia,

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<sup>1</sup>Cloe Tyler Whittle (hereinafter CTW), “Private Journal of Cloe Tyler Whittle, Norfolk, Virginia March 22nd, 1865” (hereinafter Vol. 5), April 11th, 1865.

<sup>2</sup>Margo Culley, *A Day At A Time: The Diary Literature of American Women from 1764 to the Present* (New York: The Feminist Press, 1985), pp. 3-4.



and while some well-known Virginia names have become intertwined in the family history, no one in the family has risen to great fame politically, militarily, or publically. The Whittles are no ordinary family, however; all of them exhibit the strength of character that helped them weather the immense political changes in their lives, and Cloe's extraordinary diary minutely describes these characteristics.

The first record of any Whittles settling in America began when Conway Whittle, Cloe's grandfather, came to the United States from Ireland and settled in Norfolk County in 1783. He had established himself as an exporting and importing merchant when his brother Fortescue, leaving political troubles behind in Ireland, joined him about 1800. The Whittle brothers eventually owned numerous merchant vessels and had a quite lucrative business, but when several of their ships, carrying provisions to France in the 1810s, were seized and confiscated as contraband, it proved disastrous to the business.

Fortescue moved to Mecklenburg County and married Mary Ann Davies, a native Virginian. Conway remained in Norfolk and married Frances Munford Boush, a widow, and they had three children: Conway Whittle, Jr., Cloe's father; Frances, Cloe's Aunt Fannie; and Mary. Conway Whittle, Sr. became immersed in local society and politics, serving at least one term in the Virginia Assembly; he died in 1817.

Conway Whittle, Jr. went to Ireland to attend Dublin University, then returned to Virginia to attend William and Mary. He became a lawyer and served for a time as Collector of Customs for the City of Norfolk. He did some legal work for the such political figures as James Madison, James Monroe, and John Tyler.

In 1815 his sisters, Frances and Mary, married naval officers within three months of each other; both officers died only a few months later when their ship sank in the Atlantic. They had been on a mission for Stephen Decatur to bring back a treaty he had signed with the Dey of Algiers. Neither sister would remarry, but they moved to Philadelphia and carried on an active social life, as revealed in their correspondence.

On February 13, 1824, Conway married Chloe Tyler, a relative of future president John Tyler and the daughter of Samuel Tyler, of Williamsburg. Conway and Chloe lived in Norfolk and had three daughters: Mary, called May in the diaries, born in 1830; Grace, called Gay, born in 1834; and Cloe, born in 1843. Cloe reveals little about her early life; while she occasionally mentions the death of her mother and other close relatives and friends, she never mentions that their house, on Boush Street, burned sometime during the late 1850s. Her education was unusual for a female at this time; although she attended the requisite "academy," her course of study included Greek and calculus, not usually considered typical subjects for females to study in the mid-

nineteenth century.<sup>3</sup> She also stayed in school until she was almost eighteen, and in fact only left the school when it closed because of the war. Cloe's mother died in 1858, and as May had been married in February of that year, Cloe turned to Gay for comfort and support and so grew particularly close to her. While her affection for Gay at times seems almost obsessive, incredibly close female relationships between friends or sisters occurred quite frequently in the early and mid-nineteenth century.<sup>4</sup>

Gay married in 1860; Cloe documents her wedding in great detail a year later. May and Gay married two brothers, Julius and Horace Sams, of South Carolina. Cloe does not reveal how they met, but Julius attended the Episcopal Seminary in Alexandria, Virginia, and may have been preaching in Norfolk. Gay and Horace had two children, Fannie and Conway, who remained in Norfolk and eventually became well known in Norfolk society. May and Julius, who eventually had four children, moved to Baltimore, Maryland after the war.

Cloe's most famous relative, William Conway Whittle, son of her great uncle Fortescue, distinguished himself in the Confederate Navy. His family, too, was well known in Norfolk; their house still stands and now houses the Junior League of Norfolk. Few other places that Cloe mentions in her diary still exist, although St. Paul's church still stands in downtown Norfolk.

Cloe began her diary at a convenient time for recording significant national history, and she would keep the diary for another sixty-three years. She married John Newport Greene, of Ireland, a friend of the family, on August 28, 1876; they had one daughter, Urith Mary, who never married. Cloe died in March, 1925.

Her diary and other Whittle family papers went to her niece, Chloe Tyler Sams Duffy, of Baltimore, who gave them to William and Mary in 1953. At least one volume of the diary became separated from the rest and turned up at a flea market in 1990. The volume itself is now at the Chesapeake Library, and a copy is included in the Whittle-Greene Papers at William and Mary.

Approaches to the study of history have changed enormously even in the short time since Cloe's diary was donated to the College. In recent years, historians have begun to recognize the roles played by Americans who were not white male property owners, and to realize that the experiences of these "others" influenced history just as strongly, if not as publicly. In 1966, Barbara Welter published "The Cult of True

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<sup>3</sup>Ann Douglas, *The Feminization of American Culture* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1977), p. 58.

<sup>4</sup>Carroll Smith-Rosenberg, *Disorderly Conduct: Visions of Gender in Victorian America* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1985), p. 62.

Womanhood,” an early landmark in the study of mid-nineteenth century female ideals. Whether later historians agreed or disagreed with it, Welter’s article nonetheless strongly affected subsequent thought on the subject. She lists four criteria defining the True Woman: piety, purity, submissiveness and domesticity.<sup>5</sup>

In her diary, Cloe Whittle exhibits, in different measures, each of these characteristics, thus unconsciously proving her fitness for proper society. Her experiences during the Civil War, however, influence her thoughts and behavior, as any war influences its participants and victims; adding certain dimensions to their characters that they would not have considered during peacetime. Characteristics such as extreme patriotism and benevolence, which might normally be considered as part of a woman’s domesticity, take on particular significance because of the war. Finally, Cloe shows some personality traits which do not fit at all with the ideal of True Womanhood, but certainly emphasize her spirit and enliven her writings.

Cloe’s piety underlies her entire personality. Her religion is the most important part of her life. Her family was Episcopalian; this denomination of the planter class existed primarily in Virginia and coastal South Carolina.<sup>6</sup> While the High Episcopal Church in many ways resembles the Catholic Church in its form, the Episcopal Church adapted to nineteenth century America by leaning toward Low Church ideas, which placed more emphasis on morality than on ritual. Cloe personally prefers the High Church: “I think the Low Churchmen are wrong sometimes in their little attention to form and I like the practice of the High Churchmen in some particulars...”<sup>7</sup> She attends church at least twice a week, and often a third time; she even attends other Protestant churches if for some reason she cannot attend her own: “This afternoon there was no service in the Episcopal Churches so we, Father, Aunt Fannie & I, went to the Presbyterian church. I really enjoyed the services.”<sup>8</sup>

Religion in the South became intertwined with secession, states’ rights, and the preservation of the Southern way of life to such a degree that the idea of the Southern Cause, especially after the war, represented a religious struggle as much as a political or military one. It metamorphosed into a “moral-religious crusade against the atheistic North.”<sup>9</sup> Ministers played an important part in effectively building and maintaining the

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<sup>5</sup>Barbara Welter, “The Cult of True Womanhood,” *American Quarterly*, 18 (1966): 151.

<sup>6</sup>Charles Wilson Reagan, *Baptized in Blood: The Religion of the Lost Cause 1865-1920* (University of Georgia Press, 1980), p. 2.

<sup>7</sup>CTW, “Private Journal, commenced by Cloe Tyler Whittle, Oct 1st 1863” (hereinafter Vol. 4), October 1st, 1863.

<sup>8</sup>CTW, “Private Journal, commenced by Cloe Tyler Whittle, July 30th 1862” (hereinafter Vol. 3), September 21st, 1862.

<sup>9</sup>Reagan, *Baptized in Blood*, p. 8.

morale of their flocks, and the leaders of both sides recognized this influence, which was particularly effective in the South.<sup>10</sup> Cloe mentions several thanksgiving days called for by Jefferson Davis: “Friday Aug. 21st 1863. Today is a fast day by order of President Davis. Recently the Lord has not gone out with us to battle & our Beloved Ruler has done very right to call our people to a public humiliation of ourselves...”<sup>11</sup> Ultimately Davis called for nine different days of fasting in either humiliation or thanksgiving.<sup>12</sup> On the other side, federal troops occupying Norfolk realized the danger of too much religious feeling and tried to discourage it, sometimes by humiliating the clerics. “Butler or someone like him,” wrote Cloe in indignation, “has condemned the Reverend Mr Wingfield of Portsmouth to sweep the streets of Norfolk & Portsmouth for three months, for not taking the Oath & for his conduct, the Yankees say, during the prayer for Lincoln.”<sup>13</sup>

The religious fervor stirred by these southern preachers found its most receptive audience in women. Religion had provided an outlet for overwhelming emotion since the First Great Awakening in 1740 and had continued in the Second Great Awakening of the early nineteenth century.<sup>14</sup> Suzanne Lebsock, describing another Virginia town in *The Free Women of Petersburg*, wrote,

Through religious activities women found personal identity and a sense of order and larger purpose in life...(religion) offered a respectable space in which women could indulge in new kinds of assertion, from the quick self-absorption of writing in a devotional diary to the assumption of visible leadership roles in benevolent organizations.<sup>15</sup>

Putting her religiosity on paper became part of Cloe’s aim in keeping a diary. Very conscious of the state of her soul, she even referred to herself as a “whited sepulchre,” and resolved to be more pious: “I have caught slight glimpses and heard faint whispers of storms & tempests that naught but the controlling hand of the Omnipotent keeps from raging and tearing through the regions of my soul...”<sup>16</sup> Much of her reading consisted of the Bible, but Cloe also read many religious and moralistic

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<sup>10</sup>Philip Shaw Paludin, “A People’s Contest”: *The Union and the Civil War* (New York: Harper and Row, 1988), p. 348.

<sup>11</sup>CTW, Vol. 3, August 21st, 1863.

<sup>12</sup>Reagan, *Baptized in Blood*, p. 5.

<sup>13</sup>CTW, Vol. 4, March 25th, 1864.

<sup>14</sup>Barbara L. Epstein, *The Politics of Domesticity: Women, Evangelism, and Temperance in Nineteenth Century America* (Middletown, CT: Wesleyan University Press, 1981), p. 1.

<sup>15</sup>Suzanne Lebsock, *The Free Women of Petersburg* (New York: W.W. Norton and Company, 1984), p. 215.

<sup>16</sup>CTW, “Private Journal of Cloe Tyler Whittle, Norfolk Va. July 1st 1865” (hereinafter Supplement), August 19th, 1865.

novels, which were slowly replacing Bible reading in popularity.<sup>17</sup> She mentions works such as Tupper's *On Estimating Character*, and Abbott's *Young Christian*. She refers particularly to *The Memoirs of Susan Allibone*, which Cloe feels helps her in her moral self-examinations: "She mentions that she keeps a diary to record how she spends her Sunday as she regards that as her spiritual thermometer, so I think I will try ... & record my occupations and feelings..."<sup>18</sup>

One specific aspect of the religion at this time, and one familiar to the Whittle family, was the significance of death and how religion helped people to cope with it; women's roles as nurturers made them especially sensitive to the pain and suffering associated with death.<sup>19</sup> With the rise of sentimentality that had begun in the 1830s came the beginnings of strict rituals regarding mourning. High death rates, particularly among children, in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries ensured families' acquaintance with grief. As the larger unit of community, which had dominated lifestyles in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, shrank to the nineteenth-century emphasis on the individuality and sanctity of hearth and home, these families had to rely mainly on themselves to bear the burden of mourning. Unable to spread their sorrow among large networks of mourners, the family necessarily carried out privately "an elaborate array of highly ritualized customs of remembrance."<sup>20</sup> The city of Norfolk was no stranger to catastrophic deaths; in 1855 a Yellow Fever epidemic caused the death of thousands in the city. The Whittles left town, and therefore escaped the scourge, but many of their friends did not.

The deaths of soldiers during the war enhanced the ideas of dying for a noble cause, at least at the beginning of the war, and Cloe's feelings, like those of other Southern women, ran deep: "I feel honored that one I loved should swell the ranks of 'the noble army of martyrs,' which our country has given to God in this bloody war..."<sup>21</sup> Death on the field of honor was a "ritual sacrifice," best described in the words of overwhelming sentimentality.<sup>22</sup> Ann Douglas in *The Feminization of American Culture*, points out that the memoirs of women and ministers at this time did

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<sup>17</sup>Colleen McDannell, *The Christian Home in Victorian America 1840-1900* (Bloomington, IN: Indiana University Press, 1986), p. 101.

<sup>18</sup>CTW, Vol. 3, August 21st, 1863.

<sup>19</sup>Catherine Clinton, *The Plantation Mistress: Women's World in the Old South* (New York: Pantheon Books, 1982), p. 158.

<sup>20</sup>David E. Stannard, "Where All Our Steps are Tending: Death in the American Context," in *A Time To Mourn: Expressions of Grief in Nineteenth Century America* (Stony Brook, NY: The Museums at Stony Brook, 1980), p. 26.

<sup>21</sup>CTW, "Private Journal of Cloe Tyler Whittle, Commenced March 18th, 1861." (hereinafter Vol. 2), August 1st, 1862.

<sup>22</sup>George C. Rable, *Civil Wars: Women and the Crisis of Southern Nationalism* (Chicago: University of Illinois Press, 1989), p. 70.

not just emphasize death, they were veritable “exercises in necrophilia.”<sup>23</sup> <Misuse of the term by Douglas.>

Yet while Cloe accepts death, and even enshrines it as a part of war, on a personal level she greatly fears it. When her uncle, William Armstrong, is dying, she takes her turn at the death-bed vigil, although she heartily dreads it. The death of Jonnie Smith, one of her teachers, devastates her; although she claims that she was not in love with him and he did not return her affections, her words indicate that he was her first love. She accepts his death as noble and necessary, but continues to mark the anniversary of it for years afterward, and does the same with the death of her mother. After the death of Jonnie Smith, Cloe becomes obsessed with the thought of her own death, and while she claims not to fear death, the subject obviously consumes her thoughts. When her sister Gay starts to have her baby, Cloe is terrified that Gay will die in childbirth, a not uncommon occurrence at that time. After Gay delivers her baby, Cloe writes: “My great anxiety for Gay was over though I was very much afraid of fever setting in...”<sup>24</sup> Throughout her diary Cloe gives a litany of the deaths of soldiers, both well-known and local, with very little comment, except perhaps their loss to the country. When her brother-in-law Horace dies, however, Cloe spares a thought for Gay, but is also worried, in a more practical way, about their family future: “Horace who was so eminently fitted for business & could have looked after my affairs as well as Gay’s, is dead, Gay & myself know nothing of business...I cannot think of any gentleman in the world to whom I could turn with confidence...”<sup>25</sup> She often worries about her father’s health, although again she mixes her affection for him with concern for the state of her own future.

Cloe’s relationship with her father typifies father-daughter relations of this period. During the eighteenth century, life in America presented enough hardships to necessitate a certain amount of equality in the roles of men and women; each helped where necessary to ensure their mutual survival.<sup>26</sup> By the 1860s, however, life, at least in the East, had settled down to a much easier style, and the roles of women and men had become separate but equal, at least in men’s eyes. Men had become not only the providers, but also the absolute authority in the family, while women’s spheres encompassed hearth and home, and they acted as their families’ moral guides. While this division of authority would seem to place men and women in separate but equal

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<sup>23</sup>Douglas, *The Feminization of American Culture*, p. 200.

<sup>24</sup>CTW, Vol. 2, September 25th, 1861.

<sup>25</sup>CTW, Supplement, July 1st, 1865.

<sup>26</sup>Catherine Clinton, *The Other Civil War: American Women in the Nineteenth Century* (New York: Hill and Wang, 1986), p. 8.

places of control, in reality women still had to rely on husbands, fathers, brothers or sons as the ultimate authority.<sup>27</sup> Cloe understands this point of view: "I am not foolish enough not to think it creditable to both husband and wife where he is the openly acknowledged head of the partnership."<sup>28</sup>

Although bowing to this idea of paternal authority, Cloe still does more or less as she pleases, although of course within societal boundaries. After the death of her mother and the marriage of her two sisters, Cloe remains the only daughter at home with her father, and she assumes the responsibility of caring for him, until her aunt arrives. Then Cloe can leave to stay with her sister May in South Carolina. At the same time, however, she puts herself in the care of another head of household, her brother-in-law Julius, until she goes to live with Gay and does the same with Gay's husband Horace. She turns to him for advice about traveling: "Horace became convinced that the evacuation of this city had been determined upon....What must I do? Gay & H had both come to the conclusion that it might be best for me to remain..."<sup>29</sup>

Cloe also recognizes that wherever she goes she must be accompanied; this is a bow to propriety or safety as much as it is a submission to authority. She seems perfectly willing to have even a Federal officer as her escort, when she leaves Charleston to go back to Norfolk; in fact, she feels quite indebted to him. Cloe also relies on him to make all the arrangements for her trip despite the fact that she considers him an enemy and willingly takes his advice about her conversation: "He asked me not to say 'our Navy' referring to the Confederacy, not to speak, in short, of politics at all....I promised him to be very careful."<sup>30</sup>

She also recognizes the importance of acting with propriety, although she never mentions the idea of female purity specifically. "There are certain subjects," as Mary Chesnut wrote, "pureminded ladies never touch upon, even in their thoughts."<sup>31</sup> Cloe does occasionally castigate the behavior of "fast girls"; she also has a particular aversion to alcohol and its effects. She will attend parties but will not dance. She is not, however, above flirting: "He said, 'I will tell you their secret if you will bribe me.' I thought I understood his meaning for we had been talking so much of kissing in the morning....He said he is sure I have been a great flirt..."<sup>32</sup>

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<sup>27</sup>Susan Strasser, *Never Done: A History of American Housework* (New York: Pantheon Books, 1982), p. 181.

<sup>28</sup>CTW, Supplement, January 30th, 1866.

<sup>29</sup>CTW, Vol. 4, February 15th, 1865.

<sup>30</sup>CTW, Vol. 5, March 30th, 1865.

<sup>31</sup>Woodward, C. Vann, *Mary Chesnut's Civil War* (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 1984), p. 54.

<sup>32</sup>CTW, Vol. 2, May 18th, 1861.

Cloe does not consider herself particularly domestic, but her situation resembles that of other young women of her age and socioeconomic level. She must cook only occasionally, although as the war progresses she does more and more housework, especially when living with May and Gay. Generally, she fills her days with other tasks: sewing, writing letters, playing the piano, paying calls, and reading. At one point she says, "I read little; astonishingly little;...I doubt if there was a girl of my age & position who had the pretense of an education who read so few books,"<sup>33</sup> yet she mentions the titles of many books throughout the diary. Besides the moralistic works already mentioned, Cloe also reads travel books such as Prescott's *Mexico*; histories such as Napoleon's *Life of Julius Caesar*, and popular fiction. She reads contemporary works that became classics, such as Victor Hugo's *Les Miserables* and Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre*, although her opinion of *Jane Eyre* is not particularly high.

Cloe's taste runs more to the sweetly sentimental novels of the 1850s and 60s that went out of fashion after the war. In 1865, she mentions the novel *Macaria*, by Augusta Jane Evans, several times. Until recently, when feminist scholars rediscovered this and other of Miss Evans' novels, *Macaria* remained almost completely unknown. When it was published, however, and for a few years afterward, the novel enjoyed immense popularity in the South. The first novel set in the South during the war, *Macaria* epitomized the patriotic feelings of Southern women. It encouraged so much religious-patriotic feeling that Cloe, at least, felt strongly that the mere reading of *Macaria* could induce even the hardest-hearted Yankee to change sides.<sup>34</sup>

The uprush of this patriotism that had started with secession, fed by the outbreak of the war, allowed women to vent their emotions freely. These women, Cloe Whittle among them, recorded their frustration at their sideline role in the war. While a few women actually disguised themselves as men and went to fight with the Confederate army, most contented themselves with merely harboring the desire to do the same. Drew Gilpin Faust quotes some of them: "'Would God I were a man,' exclaimed Elizabeth Collier. 'How I wish I was a man!' seconded Emma Walton. 'I do sometimes long to be a man,' confessed Sallie Munford. Such speculation represented a recognition of discontent new to most Confederate women."<sup>35</sup> Cloe's *cri de coeur* sounds very similar: "I suppose the blessing of manhood must be looked upon, like all

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<sup>33</sup>CTW, Supplement, November 2nd, 1865.

<sup>34</sup>Louise L. Stevenson, *The Victorian Homefront: American Thought and Culture 1860-1880* (New York: Twayne Publications, 1991), p. 168. See also Nina Baym, *Women's Fiction: A Guide to Novels By and About Women in America 1820-1870* (Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press, 1978).

<sup>35</sup>Drew Gilpin Faust, "Altars of Sacrifice: Confederate Women and the Narratives of War," in *Journal of American History* 76, no. 4 (March 1990): 1200-28.



other blessings, as not granted to all mankind.... ‘Why hast Thou made me thus?’”<sup>36</sup> Instead, she must limit her show of patriotism to small ways, such as wearing Confederate buttons on her dress. Although she does not express interest in sewing shirts or presenting flags, Cloe does attend a fund-raising concert and pays visits to local military camps, a popular pastime for young ladies.<sup>37</sup>

Cloe’s patriotism causes her to record the political and military events influencing not only her own life but that of the rest of the country. Although she does not give a catalog of every battle, it is noteworthy that she names or refers to almost all of what are now known as the largest and most significant of the battles: First Manassas, Second Manassas, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, the siege of Vicksburg, and closest to home, the Seven Days’ Battles, especially Malvern Hill. Cloe mourns the loss of Jackson, and praises the efforts of other Confederate generals such as Lee, the two Generals Hill, and Joe Johnston. Her comments show not only how long it took for information to be publicized, but also how inaccurate it could be. For example, she mentions the assassination of Lincoln, and also that of Seward and Seward’s son at the same time: “Easter Eve April 15th 1865... This evening Mrs. Rogers came in and announced a most startling fact - the assassination of Lincoln, Seward & Seward’s son! It seemed incredible...but it is said to be confirmed.”<sup>38</sup>

The war also meant that women took a greater interest in politics, since suddenly they could discern the influence of national as well as local politics on their own lives. The secession of Virginia caused much jubilation, but Cloe also mentions such varied political topics as the Emancipation Proclamation, a possible treaty with France, and various issues discussed by the Confederate Congress. Cloe mainly avoids the sensitive issue of slavery during the war. She refers to slaves as servants, a common term among southerners, but does not, as Mary Chesnut does, equate the servitude of the slaves with that of women. Cloe does mention their plight after the war, however, and seems to have a certain sympathy for their difficulties. She does not express any particular prejudice, but still implies that the former slaves had been better off before emancipation.

Certain political and military developments often forced women and their families to leave their homes, and refugees became quite common during the war. Reasons for refugeeing varied from fleeing the advance of a conquering army to moving

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<sup>36</sup>CTW, Vol. 2, April 12th, 1861.

<sup>37</sup>Bell I. Wiley, *The Life of Johnny Reb* (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1971), p. 80.

<sup>38</sup>CTW, Vol. 5, April 15th, 1865.

to a more affluent area to find work or subsistence.<sup>39</sup> Cloe Whittle, too, leaves her home, although perhaps under somewhat unusual circumstances in that she voluntarily leaves Norfolk to visit her sisters and “for health.” Whether she planned to go for the eighteen months she eventually stays away is uncertain. She almost never discusses finances, although she once mentions the high food prices, and never seems to be strapped for money, unlike many refugees. Her stay in South Carolina does alter her perspective on the war, at least for the time she is in the country. She rarely mentions politics and becomes immersed mostly in the social life of rural South Carolina, which has actively continued, although perhaps limited by circumstances, even late in the war. Cloe attends parties, goes sightseeing, pays calls and visits ships anchored nearby, all important activities in keeping at least a semblance of pre-war lifestyles.<sup>40</sup> Not until she goes to stay in Charleston does she begin again to discuss politics and the war more seriously.

Another aspect of women’s lives that grew in prominence as a result of the war was their benevolent work. Benevolent societies were one of the few areas where women could take charge before the war. The war, however, provided a need for aid to many people: the soldiers, the families they left behind, their widows and children. In the North, a group of New York women started the U.S. Sanitary Commission to raise money to buy supplies for soldiers, as well as to provide a means for camp inspections to ensure the health of Union soldiers.<sup>41</sup> While the South, with its commitment to states’ rights, had no such national organization, every town created its own sewing and ladies’ aid societies. Interestingly, despite her professed concern for soldiers, Cloe does not join a sewing society until after the war. In fact, during the war she seems more concerned with the state of their souls than of anything else, although when she meets a group of Confederate prisoners in Norfolk in April of 1865, she spends an entire day running desperately around the city collecting food, clothing, and money to help them.

Almost as though the war had heretofore occupied all her time, soon after the war ends Cloe becomes quite active in her community. She organizes the sewing society in July, and by the following January proposes teaching Sunday School to keep young

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<sup>39</sup>Mary Elizabeth Massey, *Refugee Life in the Confederacy* (Baton Rouge, LA: Louisiana State University Press, 1964), pp. 13-27.

<sup>40</sup>Ann Firor Scott, *The Southern Lady: From Pedestal to Politics 1830-1930* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1970), p. 43.

<sup>41</sup>Lori D. Ginzberg, *Women and the Work of Benevolence: Morality, Politics and Class in the Nineteenth-Century United States* (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 1990), pp. 133-173.

boys off the streets, volunteers to help teach a parish school, joins the board of managers of the local orphan asylum, and helps establish a lending library.

The few months that Cloe spends just before the end of the war, at a boardinghouse in Charleston, mark an important point in her life. For the first time, she is cast adrift in the sea of society. Although Horace makes the arrangements for her to stay there, she lives by herself, certainly this turn of events would not have occurred in peacetime. She no longer submits to Horace, her father, or any other male figure of authority, which allows her a certain freedom she has never had before.

Soon after the fall of Charleston in March, 1865, several Federal officers stationed in Charleston take rooms at the same boardinghouse, and Cloe exhibits some unusual behavior for a well-brought-up nineteenth century female. Perhaps because of her lack of male authority, she feels less constrained in airing her views. She has actually never been afraid to face some controversy. Earlier, when planning to start on her journey to South Carolina in 1863, Cloe must obtain a pass from Federal authorities to go through the lines "to the South," as she calls it. In order to receive the pass, she must first swear that she will not give any aid to Confederates. She feels reluctant to do so, and makes her views known, to the discomfort of the Federal officers: "I told Gen. Barnes that as a Southerner it was impossible for me to promise to give 'no aid or comfort' to the enemies of the U.S. He said, Oh! these words are merely technical and to be understood as such...I told him that I might see a sick soldier...he said that he did not wish to prevent my doing good..."<sup>42</sup>

This strength of feelings and absence of inhibitions seems to grow when she relies only on herself and leads her to hold several passionate conversations with one or two of the officers staying with her. Almost every day she inundates them with her Southern feelings, viewing the officers at first as the enemy and later as wayward children who merely need setting straight in their opinions. She feels highly insulted at their calling her a Rebel but sees nothing wrong in always calling them Yankees. She feels quite strongly that at least one of the men is merely misinformed, and sets out to try to change his mind on the political points of the war: "I believe him to be profoundly ignorant of the true nature of the mighty contest in which we are engaged & I believe were his eyes once opened he would be ardently for the south as I am."<sup>43</sup>

Ultimately Cloe returns to the traditional notion of needing someone to help her, even trusting her enemies enough to allow them to help her get back to Norfolk. Her upbringing has won out: her need for a man to advise her forces her to rely on men

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<sup>42</sup>CTW, Vol. 4, October 19th, 1863.

<sup>43</sup>CTW, Vol. 4, March 4th, 1865.

whom she considers enemies. This forced reliance causes a confusion of feeling not helped by her own invitation to them to visit her in Norfolk as gratitude for their help in her journey. To Cloe's shocked surprise, the officers do come to visit her: "A most disagreeable surprise tonight...I never thought he would have come!...I was not glad to see them. I thought of Horace, thought of Pres. Davis..."<sup>44</sup>

Cloe's strong Confederate convictions still remain after the war. E. A. Pollard, in his post-war history of the Confederacy, writes, "when Richmond fell the cause lost...the emblem and semblance of nationality and all appliances for supporting the popular faith and enthusiasm."<sup>45</sup> Pollard implies that everyone had lost hope, as does Rable in *Civil Wars*. As early as 1864 Confederate optimism had turned to gloom, and "defeat-so unthinkable, so overwhelming, so crushing - cast a pall over daily life."<sup>46</sup> The southerners commitment to the Cause had either vanished or faded to a quaint but distant memory of the first years of the war.

Evidence suggests, however, that many women kept their feelings intact, often more strongly than men. Cloe Whittle, at least, has not lost her fiery opinions. Once or twice she questions the outcome of the war, the fate of the South: "It is hard, very hard to think of the failures of the South, all the unseen agony which this war has cost me...the longings for success, the buoyant hopes, the anxious fears..."<sup>47</sup> Yet even when the south faced imminent surrender, she remained firm in her convictions, and though like many of her compatriots she retains some bitterness after the war she tries not to dwell on it and endeavors instead to get on with her life and to put the war behind her.

One reason that Cloe does not retain much bitterness could be that she and her family avoids most of the hardships that plagued the South during and after the war. They never suffer the indignities of women like Cornelia Peake McDonald of Winchester, who was forced first to house federal soldiers in her house and then to become a refugee, searching desperately for a means to support her entire family. The Whittles suffer the death of Horace, but there are no other war-related deaths in their immediate family. Conway Whittle, Cloe's father, has much of his property confiscated because he refuses to take the Oath of Allegiance, but the family always seems to have enough money, if not much extra for luxuries. Cloe's bitterness, then, is not for personal suffering, unlike women whose lives were devastated by the war.

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<sup>44</sup>CTW, Vol. 5, May 29th, 1865.

<sup>45</sup>E.A. Pollard, *The Lost Cause*, 1866 (Reprint, New York: Bonanza Books, N.d.), p. 706.

<sup>46</sup>Rable, *Civil Wars*, p. 221.

<sup>47</sup>CTW, Vol. 5, April 11, 1865.

By the end of the war, as Cloe has matured, her personality begins to coalesce into the adult she will become. As a result of her experiences, she does not completely accept her traditional role in society, although any conscious thought of rebellion would be unthinkable to her. Besides her passionate allegiance to what is now the Lost Cause, she exhibits a subtle shift in thinking that will soon or has already appeared in the thinking of other women, and will eventually shake up long-held beliefs on male and female behavioral norms. In fact, as early as 1851, Sojourner Truth said, "Well, children, I think that twixt the niggers of the South and the women at the North, all talking about rights, the white men will be in a fix pretty soon."<sup>48</sup> At this point, however, Cloe merely expresses her unhappiness at certain situations. After agreeing to help Mr. Barton, the minister at her Church, establish a Sunday school, she humiliatingly discovers that her father does not approve and will not allow her to participate. Mr. Barton tries to explain Conway Whittle's position to her, and while she would never disobey her father, even the act of writing about and admitting her embarrassment shows the seeds of change in her ideas about authority.

Mr. Barton also causes some speculation on Cloe's part about his relationship with his wife: "A little touch of his positiveness with her, which though a small thing I thought I would not liked had I been a wife....A Southern woman...would not have fostered his domineering spirit..."<sup>49</sup> At a time when marriage represented the most important part of a woman's life, Cloe's reticence on the subject is unusual. While spinsterhood may not have meant "social death," as Bertram Wyatt-Brown claims, Cloe has no particular interest in anyone and does not appear to give the idea any particular thought.<sup>50</sup> Her dedication to and concerns about her father probably influence her opinions, although the question of marriage arises occasionally throughout her diary, albeit as a general subject. Her sisters too, married late in life: Gay was 26, and May, 29. In fact, Cloe herself will not marry until the age of almost 33, a very late age for a first marriage during this era, and even at that John Greene will ask her to marry him many times before she reluctantly accepts.

Cloe Whittle's diary, with its lists of military triumphs and defeats, its political views, and personal anecdotes, provides one small view of a turbulent time. The Civil War dominates an era not only of political change and military advances, but also of social upheaval. With the passage of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments, a section of society, non-white males, gained rights previously denied to

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<sup>48</sup>Sara M. Evans, *Born for Liberty: A History of Women in America* (New York: The Free Press, 1989), p. 104.

<sup>49</sup>CTW, Supplement, January 30th, 1866.

<sup>50</sup>Bertram Wyatt-Brown, *Southern Honor* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1982), p. 238.

them. Women, as well, found their lives in turmoil, and no longer content with the status quo, began to explore previously forbidden avenues of expression. This diary, although not that of a famous woman, or the wife or daughter of a famous man, nevertheless provides some understanding of the feelings of those who did not directly affect the country's history, but still participated in it. Only by examining this kind of view can we fully appreciate the effects of history upon us all.

## EDITORIAL METHOD

“When the complete edition is published, it will resemble an enormous, multi-volumed, crowded-canvas, section-of-life, realistic novel, swarming with major dialogue, and telling a moving and complex story with subplots and component anecdotes, and with many bright, comic colours providing relief for some tragic shadows.”<sup>51</sup>

A study of the history of editorial methodology of the last thirty years quickly reveals that the editing of historical documents is a minefield that must be skillfully navigated by the editor. Attempting to satisfy the diversity of opinions on textual editing can render the budding editor a screaming paranoiac. Despite criticism on all sides, however, one point seems clear: the burden of editing a document ultimately falls on its own particular editor.

Obviously, the editor aims to present the author’s words as he or she wrote them. In his *Textual Criticism and Scholarly Editing*, G. Thomas Tanselle explains *The Harvard Guide to American History*’s classifications of editing as literal, expanded, or modernized, and he has specific praise and criticism for all three categories.<sup>52</sup> Yet literal translation would seem impossible. First, the editor faces the Scylla and Charybdis of either second-guessing the author and filling the page with brackets, cross-outs and footnotes, or leaving the page blank save for actual text, a “clean copy” which ignores the author’s mistakes and mind-changes. Such editors are called “purifiers,” rather than “interpreters.”<sup>53</sup> Second, no editor can transcribe the more subtle, even unconscious messages of the author. Changes in handwriting might indicate anger, euphoria, frustration, depression, impatience, or fatigue. A change in the quality of the ink might indicate a change in the fortunes or merely in the supply of the writer. Spelling mistakes might be a mere slip of the pen, or a peculiar quirk of the author. Some spelling errors may not be intelligible: in the word “received,” for

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<sup>51</sup>Charles Richard Sanders, “Editing the Carlyle Letters,” in *Editing Nineteenth Century Texts*, edited by John M. Robson (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1967) p. 81.

<sup>52</sup>G. Thomas Tanselle, *Textual Criticism and Scholarly Editing* (Charlottesville, VA: University Press of Virginia, 1990), p. 234.

<sup>53</sup>Philip Cohen, ed., *Devils and Angels: Textual Editing and Literary Theory* (Charlottesville, VA: University Press of Virginia, 1991), p. 27.

example, the second e and the i might be identical, with the dot for the i, if visible at all, floating somewhere over the v. An assumption of either a correct or incorrect spelling can only be an assumption. In the case of this diary, as with most old documents, black ink has oxidized to dark brown, on light brown paper. A mark on a page could be a period, comma, dash, a leak from the other side of the page, a random splash of ink, or an anomaly in the paper itself. None of these nuances can be adequately translated to the typed page.

With the idea of a literal transcription gone, the editor must then carefully negotiate an expanded form. In this particular case, Cloe Whittle's diary and writing style make most decisions easy. Only one version of the diary exists. There is no indication that she ever went back to edit her own work in later years. Unlike Mary Chesnut, who averaged some thirty errors or changes per page, Cloe makes only a few thought changes, and the occasional slip of the pen. When legible, thought changes and deletions are shown, but illegible deletions and single-letter slips of the pen are ignored.

The few unreadable words are labeled with <illegible>. Spelling errors, when obvious, are left alone, and are marked with <sic> only when they might be attributable to the editor; when spelling is in doubt, words are assumed to be spelled correctly.

Certain syntactical variations common to the period have been left intact. Capitalized words in the middle of sentences are left as the author intended. Almost always the author begins a sentence with a capital letter and ends with a period; if she does not, however, her variation has been reproduced. Although there are times when a period would seem obvious, none have been deliberately added. End quotation marks have been added in brackets only when their placement is obvious; no other marks of punctuation have been added or subtracted.

Abbreviated upper-case words have been left intact, with any that may appear unclear spelled out in brackets. Certain lower case words such as would, could, should, that, and which are shortened by the author, and are retained. She also universally uses an ampersand for and, which is also retained. Accidental double words are not corrected. When the author has obviously left out a word, the place is marked by brackets but no word is supplied, even if the choice seems clear. Words that she added as an afterthought above the line are reproduced as closely as possible here.

Superscript letters with a line underneath, used for all dates and some abbreviations, are brought down to the main line, and those that are abbreviations have periods after them.

The one modernizing change that I made involves paragraphing. Cloe Whittle, for whatever reason - because she was writing a private journal, because paper was



scarce, because she was in a hurry - rarely began new thoughts in new paragraphs. Whether or not it was the intention of the writer to have others read her diary is unknown; certainly it is the intention of the editor. Despite Tanselle's contention that "the reader's convenience is surely not the primary consideration,"<sup>54</sup> the idea of hearing gentle thuds as readers slide into comas led me to introduce paragraphing to separate Cloe Whittle's thoughts into bearable units. Paragraphs attempt to follow her thoughts as closely as possible. Cloe also began new entries on a new line, so I have set off each day's entry with an extra space between them.

She wrote in a series of lined notebooks, and ended a diary at the end of the book, with no particular thought of specific beginning or ending dates; a new book begins where the last one left off and is not bound by years or events in her life. I have divided the diary into chapters that fall loosely into the years of the war, but that also follow the events of her life, so that once or twice a new diary begins in the middle of a chapter. Chapter titles are quotations from the diary itself.

Alas, the subject of annotation also raises much controversy. Leonard W. Levy, in reviewing one text, objected that the explanatory footnotes were carried to excessive lengths; other editors pursue a policy of sparse annotation, keeping biographical references intentionally brief.<sup>55</sup> Which items to footnote is yet another controversial subject on which I will not elaborate. I have come to the conclusion that the editor cannot decide whether a footnote would or would not be of interest to a reader; the editor's job is to footnote what the author wrote and let the reader decide what is of historical interest. It was my intention, therefore, to identify every person, place, and event mentioned in the diary. To that end, I have given at least one attempt in all standard sources to discover who everyone is, but in many cases to no avail; this is not a judgment of what or what not to annotate, but rather a frustrating lack of sufficient information. When no first name is given, identification is usually impossible. Even when a full name is used, many times they are not the heads of households and are then much more difficult to find. Due to forced migrations, refugees ended up in far different places than when the census was taken in 1860, or when it was taken again in 1870. Certain places have also been renamed over the years, which made identification difficult.

Major events of this period, such as battles, the issuing of the Emancipation Proclamation, or the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, are recorded for their dates but

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<sup>54</sup>Tanselle, *Textual Criticism*, p. 227.

<sup>55</sup>Tanselle, *Textual Criticism*, p. 260; Herbert A. Johnson, *The Papers of John Marshall* (Chapel Hill, NC: University of North Carolina Press, 1974), p. xxxviii.

are not expanded upon; numerous other works have been devoted to them, and therefore there is no need for any detail here. Events of particular local interest, however, are receive some comment or are detailed in an appendix.

Most of the relationships of the people in the diary to herself Cloe Whittle has adequately explained. A Whittle family tree is provided for help in sorting out various family members.

There is some question over the spelling of her name, either "Cloe" or "Chloe." Her marriage record is spelled "Cloe," but her will, a typed document, is spelled "Chloe." No birth certificate exists, so I have used the spelling "Cloe," which is what she herself uses when she starts each new diary volume.

## CHAPTER I

“‘Secession! Immediate Secession!’ is the Universal Cry”

Private Journal  
of Cloe Tyler Whittle,  
Commenced  
March 18th 1861

March 18th, Monday

It snowed all day today & I did not go to school. Lizzie came to see me in the morning to see if I was going. After dinner Father<sup>1</sup> read Douglas Farm to me & after supper I fixed the books in the library & then sat down to learn Calculus, but my knee pained me so much that I cd not study. I was rather alarmed at this as it wd never do for me to be sick as I am the only lady in the house. I came upstairs about half after nine that I might sit by the fire & nurse it, but I did not go to bed till 1/2 after 11.

Tuesday, March 19th 1861

It was snowing again this morning so I did not go to school. Lizzie has not long gone from here. I am glad to see the sun out again but I scarcely know whether or not I am glad to go to school again. At any other time I wd have disliked this continued bad weather excessively, but I am not exactly sure of what my course of conduct ought to be at school now so I was really thankful for a little rest from anxiety. As there was Church in the afternoon I went out much against my inclination, when after all there was no service, so I went down to L's to get her to go down town with me. We went afterwards to see Lizzie Wright.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup>Conway Whittle, 1800-1881.

<sup>2</sup>Elizabeth N. Wright, b. 1844, second daughter of Dr. David M. and Penelope Wright.

I was thoroughly wet & expected nothing less than to be sick today, so when I came home I told the servants to have tea directly & Mary Frances<sup>3</sup> to bring a tub up for me to take a warm bath about 1/2 after nine; & I put aside a cup of tea from supper, kept it by the fire. I drank it before I went to bed. I read over the review lesson in Calculus that we had for Monday & then came up. I took the bath & went to bed about 1/2 after 11.

Wednesday, March 20th

I went to school this morning calling by for Lizzie. When we got there, there were not many footsteps when we stood upon the terrace; & while looking about for the easiest way to get to the school room we were struck by the beauty of the snow upon the trees. They were indeed a beautiful sight. Laden, till their boughs fell far lower than usual, borne down by the additional weight of their mantles of virgin white.

While standing looking at them, Mr Jonnie Smith<sup>4</sup> came out on the portico. I turned, & seeing him, said "Good morning." We stood still for a moment waiting for him to go in, for I had no fancy for plunging about in the snow for his benefit, but instead of doing so he came & lent on the railing & commenced to talk to us. As an excuse for remaining where we were, I turned to the trees & asked him if they were not beautiful; he said yes, but that a great deal of snow had fallen off. He asked if I had done much snowballing. I said I was not at all fond of it & told him that I should not suppose he would be. He asked "Why?" "Because you get so much of it," I laughed. "You had better come through the house, you will find it pretty deep round there." he said. Then it struck me that perhaps he thought we were waiting there for that, so was rather glad when Lizzie said, "Yes, we are going to, in a minute, Mr Smith." although I thought it rather a rude speech as it was taking what was a piece of politeness as a matter of course & therefore worth no thanks. However I went up into the portico, Lizzie not coming till a little while.

Both Leony<sup>5</sup> & Jonnie Smith have such an unpleasant smile. It looks partly confused & partly has a sneering, sinister expression, that is very unpleasant to see, although I believe it rises entirely from confusion, at least in the case of the former. Though I think Jonnie Smith perfectly amiable & good yet he looks neither with this smile upon his lips. It is strange too that I have seen both of them when I thought

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<sup>3</sup>A servant.

<sup>4</sup>Jonathan K. Smith, 1836-1862, teacher, second son of the Rev. Aristides and Elizabeth N. Smith.

<sup>5</sup>Leonidas W. Smith, b. 1834, schoolteacher, first son of the Rev. Aristides and Elizabeth N. Smith.

nothing could be more lovely, if that is the appropriate term to apply to a man, than their smiles, but that is only when they are subdued & made gentle by something that has occurred; with neither of them is it visible unless something has touched their feeling; usually it is displaced by the unmeasuring grimace that I have tried vainly to describe.

Lizzie came up & we went in the school room. It wanted but 5 minutes to the time & I got Lizzie to go in his room & tell him that it was not worth while to go in there to say Cal<culus>. She went & he let us stay out. It was a very foolish thing for me to do, as I go to school principally to say Math., but the truth is that no sooner do I get in school in the morning but the eyes of almost every girl in it, are turned upon me & they keep up a constant watch until I go home; which event, by the way, seems a great relief to them.

Now this may seem a very conceited speech but I do not attribute the fact in anything in myself but only to their having taken up the ridiculous notion that the object of their special adoration is very much in love with me & consequently they are proportionally jealous of me & hate to see me go near his room, so I thought it was not worth while to excite their ire when it was for such a short time.

Thursday April 9th

I have not had a good opportunity to write for a long time. I had a great long rigamarole to put about that day in Greek but I don't think anybody is much the loser for my forgetting it. I know Jonnie Smith was very - unusually frisky but how - I do not remember. It has rained persistently for the last two days, much to my annoyance if I would let my feelings come out & express themselves, but I have got them pretty well under my control & will not let their voices be heard. I only tell my dear old Journal what they would like to say if I would let them.

I did not go to school today. Yesterday I sallied forth with Lizzie in a pouring rain without knowing a single lesson. I merely went to oblige her as she seemed particularly anxious. We had the excuse of our music lessons to take, but Mr Masi<sup>6</sup> had left there about a half an hour before we made our appearance. We talked to Anna Mixson & Minnie Gary while we dried ourselves & were just about to take our departure when Jonnie made his appearance.

I kept my back turned, not noticing his coming in for I was heartily ashamed of our wild goose chase - coming up to school through all that rain without knowing a

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<sup>6</sup>George H. Masi, b. 1812, professor of music.

word to say after I got there. I heard him say "Good morning, young ladies," as he passed through. I did not turn around, however, but as soon as he went out I cleared myself off the premises as speedily as possible. I went to Lizzie's as it was quite early & I did not care to give Father a full account of my ridiculous morning's occupation, as I well knew how surprised he wd be at the foolish manner in wh I had spent the time.

Today Lizzie did not call for me & I suppose decided herself that the weather was too bad to go out unnecessarily. I got up late so of course got down late. I learnt Calculus, practiced, wrote a short scold to May, read a story in Harper,<sup>7</sup> fixed my room, copied off two of my compositions in a book, & managed to get through the time pretty tolerably. What I had to scold May for was that in her last letter she said a good many queer things about Bonum Sams<sup>8</sup> in connection with me, & in my answer I asked her to think it over & see if she was not mistaken; well she did not deign to take any notice of this, of course it was enough to provoke the patience of a saint. (If saints have as little patience as people ascribe to them, it is well that there are none in this world for they wd not retain their characters long.)

I put the piece in here where she mentioned about it as I have not heard from Gay<sup>9</sup> for a long time. I don't see what I am sitting here scribbling for, for I am sure I am saying nothing to amuse either myself or anybody else, so I think I had better stop. Oh! dear, I wish I had more sense! What a blessing it wd be to both myself & my relations! Good night.

Monday, April 15th, 1861. Norfolk, Va. United States

With the deepest joy & thankfulness do I write "United States," Secessionist though I be, for I hope this is the last day I will ever be able to write it. News arrived here by telegraph on Sat. that the forces of the Confederate States were bombarding Fort Sumter<sup>10</sup> & on Sunday that it was taken. This morning the Richmond Dispatch brought President (!) Lincoln's<sup>11</sup> answer to the Va. commissioners & his

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<sup>7</sup>*Harpers Weekly*, a popular weekly Northern newspaper.

<sup>8</sup>Burnwell Bonum Sams, b. 1835, son of Benners B. and Martha F. Sams, of Beaufort, S.C. Two of his brothers married CTW's two sisters.

<sup>9</sup>Grace Latimer Whittle Sams, b. 1834, elder sister of CTW.

<sup>10</sup>On April 12, 1861, Confederate forces under the command of P.G.T. Beauregard opened fire on Federal troops stationed in Fort Sumter. The bombardment began after Maj. Robert Anderson, in command of the Fort Sumter garrison, refused to surrender and evacuate the fort to the Confederates.

<sup>11</sup>Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States 1861-1865.

announcement that he wanted 75,000 men of wh Va. wd be called on to furnish 8,000, forsooth, to put down the “combinations” at the South!<sup>12</sup> The effect was magical!

I have read & I have heard, repeatedly, of the fluctuations of public opinion, but never realized it so much as now. “Secession!” Immediate Secession” is the universal cry! As a Unionist, Mr George Newton<sup>13</sup> said to Father this evening - Sir! there is not a Unionist in the city!” When at school I was much impressed at Mr Masi’s coming in & saying, “Miss Cloe, I am a Secessionist!” for he had been a most uncompromising Unionist. I saw he was deeply moved & although his fingers ran over the keys when I played I cd easily perceive that his heart was far away. This surprised me - his sudden change; but as Father came home early before the Richmond Dispatch came in, he was not aware of the radical changes in the opinions of the people.

I received letters from both May<sup>14</sup> & Gay, & after dinner Father sat down to write to Julius<sup>15</sup> while I practiced. While at the piano I heard a cannon fired, so loudly that with the pitiable weakness of women it appeared to send my whole heart into my throat. I thought instantly of Fortress Monroe<sup>16</sup>, but a moment’s reflection convinced me that it cd not be an attack upon that, for we can but just hear the guns from Old Point <sup>17</sup>& these were unusually loud even for when they were being fired live. In a second I conquered my contemptible folly & went to inquire the cause for the salute - expecting, however, that it was in honor of the capture of Fort Sumpter.

I wonder why I sd put down in black & white my miserable weakness, for I was excessively mortified by it, but perhaps it is because I believe I have now put it out & will not again be such a coward or a baby as to be startled by the sound of a gun; especially as I may soon hear them bombarding my native town. I went upstairs to go with Father to see Mr & Mrs Pendergrast, taking care to put on my Secession Dress - it shows what women can do, when all that is in their power is to put a few brass buttons up the front of their dresses!

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<sup>12</sup>12 On April 15th, 1861, in response to the Confederate firing on Fort Sumter, President Lincoln issued a call for 75,000 militia to put down the rebellion. Commissioners had been sent to Lincoln from Virginia as a last-ditch attempt to avoid war.

<sup>13</sup>George Newton, b. 1838, son of Cincinnatus and M.T. Newton, of Norfolk.

<sup>14</sup>Mary Eliza Whittle Sams, 1830-1902, eldest sister of CTW.

<sup>15</sup>James Julius Sams, 1826-1918, Episcopalian minister, from Beaufort County, S.C. husband of Mary Whittle Sams (May).

<sup>16</sup>Built well before the Civil War on Old Point Comfort for the defense of the coastal U.S. It became an important part of the Union War Department in the area.

<sup>17</sup>Old Point Comfort, the tip of the Peninsula, where the James River meets the Chesapeake Bay at Hampton Roads.

But I suppose the blessing of manhood must be looked upon, like all other blessings, as not granted to all mankind; but when I see young men wasting their times & talents, I can scarcely help the thought arising, "Why hast Thou made me thus?" or when I see young men without talent & to whom manhood is at least an unused & unusable gift, if not a positive annoyance, by its causing people to expect that of them wh they have not got the ability to do & wh is not expected of women - again, I cannot help wondering why talent - for I do not believe it is only Conceit wh makes me think I have this Ambition - aye! Ambition to excess, & Perseverance indefatigable sd be given to me & still the thralldom of womanhood thrown around me, making these qualities wh wd so advance my cause were I a man, turn almost to indwelling friends to torment & mock me by continually showing me my incapacity for action! But I often think that perhaps this very thing is sent by my merciful Father to tame my wild spirit & render me more fit for heaven.

Even with the imperfect vision that we have on earth, I can see that if I was a man I wd be in great danger. I do not think that there wd be the least reason to fear for my spending my time in the drunkenness & debauchery that is so prevalent in our day & alas! particularly in our country, from that folly I think I wd be protected, aye! even by that same ambition, but there wd be the danger. Ambition! - even now I can detect it in almost the slightest action that I do. Not in the least thing can I be satisfied, if I do not stand on the top round of the ladder. It is not conceit. I can see when I am inferior but never am I contented till the order of things is reversed.

As a child was it sewing, jumping rope, or anything else I must do it better than anyone else. "Oh! Cloe, I wish I cd do that like you," was the sweetest morsel I cd take upon my lips; when a little older & I went to dancing school I must be the most graceful dancer there. I must dance more upon my toes than anyone else - yes, I can laugh at it now but it was all serious concern then, then my ambition turned entirely to school. I must be acknowledged by teachers & scholars as the smartest one in the school - well! it came & I turned form it in disgust - I toiled early in the day & late into the night - eleven - twelve - found me bending over the Geometry - it came, as almost everything else I ever toiled for came, but I did not care, sometimes it wd please me but generally my feeling after some burst of the girls was "Is this for what I have worked? What a contemptible reward!" I was so, by nature, but surely my education has made me more so, not that I wd blame the Mother to whose fostering care I owe all the good that is in me - what I mean by this is that I have been always thought too good - there - by the great mistake of my education. It might have succeeded had I tried to be what I was though but alas! My efforts only extended to trying to seem.



Admirably have I succeeded! & the horrible mistake has followed me through life! no one thinks me what I am, I wd give anything to tear away the veil from my character & let people see me as I really am, but I only strengthen it day by day. Lizzie Williams;<sup>18</sup> “Oh! You are so good, Cloe!” is a hateful sound in my ears. I know that I, who am thought so honorable, do sometimes the meanest & most deceitful things, that I am invariably, yes, with scarcely a moment’s cessation, influenced by the most contemptible vanity, - I know that I wiggle & twist my eyes in John Smith’s room for the express purpose of seeing its effect on him, yes, & am goose enough to try the same foolish practise even on old Mr Smith,<sup>19</sup> Mr Masi, Mr Dumas<sup>20</sup>, Father, in fact any gentleman <sup>they are more easily influenced by it</sup> whether old or young, for I cannot help seeing that it is confined principally to that sex, I know that I am everlastingly thinking of myself, my appearance, my sayings & doings, at home, at school even at Church, till I am sick of the tiresome subject & think, “Oh! that I cd forget myself I wd be so thankful,” & then to feel that you are deceiving every body, & being thought a saint because, forsooth, I go to Church & hold a prayerbook before me & keep my eyes on the minister when perhaps I am thinking of the young gentleman in the next pew & what he thinks of me; when in all probability if he is not listening to the minister, he is thinking of the young lady he is in love with & not bestowing even a passing thought on me - I know this is in my head but believe it in my heart? - no, never, if I was to put my thoughts in words it wd be to express the belief that every man, woman, or child who saw me cd think of nothing & nobody else.

And then to be thought, & moreover the more you say that you are not so the more it is confirmed by your humility (?) until one is induced to hold their tongue in sheer despair. What idiots people are! Their insight into characters does not penetrate deeper than the skin on the faces of the people at whom they are looking! But one wd very justly conclude that I was fond of the subject when I have devoted 2 pages to talking about myself. I have wandered off so because I commenced about wishing I was a man but it is altogether best, I know.

Father & myself went down town, & just before reaching the Stone Bridge we met Mr George Newton, who said that all the Union men had gone over & were firing off cannons in honor of the surrender of Fort Sumpter! He said that Mr Richard Dickson<sup>21</sup> & Mr Cincinnatus Newton<sup>22</sup> etc, etc. were there. Father was very much

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<sup>18</sup>Elizabeth F. Williams, b. 1844, daughter of Mrs. R.L. Williams, of Norfolk.

<sup>19</sup>Rev. Aristides Smith, b. 1809, schoolteacher.

<sup>20</sup>Victor Dumas, b. 1824, French teacher.

<sup>21</sup>Richard Dickson, b. 1805, merchant, of Norfolk.

<sup>22</sup>Cincinnatus Newton, b. 1808, of Norfolk.

surprised. Mr Newton asked him why he was not there, he said that he had known after he came up from down town. We went out & found the Confederate Flag<sup>23</sup> waving triumphantly in the breeze! There were a great number of the citizens collected around but the salute was over, still they were busy talking, the greatest excitement prevailed.

Down town Father met Mr Murdaugh<sup>24</sup> of Portsmouth & calling him over from the other side of the street they commenced talking. Mr Murdaugh said that the policy of the government wd be to remove the two ships of war, the Merrimac<sup>25</sup> & the Cumberland<sup>26</sup> from our harbor as soon as possible & added very seriously, "This thing must be stopped." Father agreed with him as to the necessity of it & he said, "Yes, it must be stopped & they leave on Wednesday." Father said, "Is that so?" "Yes, Sir, & now let me see what we can do, see what you can do by talking." Father said, "Very well, when can I see you on the subject?" "Any time I am at my office at any time." "Very well, I will see you tomorrow," so we went on.

Mr Murdaugh mentioned that about 20 Portsmouth gentlemen had come over with him & were there at the Telegraph Office. I went down to the step & stayed there while Father went among the gentlemen who were under the steps & on the other side. He came back in an instant & told me that they were waiting there for a dispatch from Petersburg so we were just in time. He went back & so they read out the dispatch. It said that "Mr Reeves, Mr Farlane, Mr Scott & several others, all hitherto Unionists had made Secession speeches that day (the 15th). Not one Union speech had been made during the day. The greatest excitement prevailed that the Ordinance of Secession<sup>27</sup> will pass tomorrow & then the Convention will sit with closed doors to discuss the ways & means for providing for the arming & defense of the State." Three hearty cheers were given by the crowd & then they all dispersed.

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<sup>23</sup>The "Stars and Bars," which had been adopted by the Confederate government on March 4th, 1861.

<sup>24</sup>James Murdaugh, b. 1800, lawyer.

<sup>25</sup>Originally commissioned in 1856, the *Merrimac* was one of the ships burned by the Federals before they left Norfolk. The Confederates would soon salvage her to make the *Virginia*, the first Southern ironclad.

<sup>26</sup>The only ship to be spared scuttling by the Federals, the *Cumberland* would be destroyed by the CSS *Virginia* on March 8th, 1862.

<sup>27</sup>On April 17th, 1861, the Virginia State Convention in Richmond adopted an ordinance of secession by a vote of 88-55.

Tuesday April 16th

I do not believe that any telegraph has been received from Richmond today. Father sent a note to Mr Shields at 6 o'clock this morning & one to Mr Vaughn to ask him to call by as he went down town. He did so & Father spoke to him of stopping the mails to Naval Officers, he said that he wd like to have some authority for doing so. Father said he did not wish him to commit himself, he had merely wished to suggest it to him. Mr Vaughn told him that he had been out till ten last night & that they had telegraphed to Gov. Letcher<sup>28</sup> to give them power to sink vessels in the harbor to prevent the exit of these Men of War, that he has replied by not letting them to do it but plainly intimating that such a course wd not be disapproved of.

An attack upon them & also upon the Navy Yard is talked of for tonight.<sup>29</sup> It seems to be pretty generally believed, but on what authority I do not know. The vessels were employed all last night in preparing to go to sea & they set out early tomorrow morning so to-night is the last chance. Mr Arthur Sinclair, who is a Capt. in the Navy,<sup>30</sup> said that he regretted it very much, for if a mob attacked the Navy Yard, the soldiers feeling wd induce them to repel it; but that he was sure if the surrender was demanded by authorized persons Comm. Macaulay<sup>31</sup> wd give it up.

Friday, April 19th, 1861

Virginia is said to have seceded but when is not know[n]<sup>32</sup>. They wish to keep the fact of her Secession from being known at the North as she wd then be in an avowedly hostile position. The Artillery Company were ordered down to Hampton Roads this morning by Mr Talifero,<sup>33</sup> who is an officer of rank who has been sent here, in order to intercept the passage of the Baltimore boat, who it was thought might have marines on board to reinforce the Navy Yard but it was found that it was not so.

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<sup>28</sup>John Letcher, 1813-1884, governor of Virginia 1860-1864.

<sup>29</sup>General Taliaferro, in command of the southern troops in the area at this time, contemplated an attack, but knew that if they captured the Navy Yard they would be unable to hold it.

<sup>30</sup>Arthur Sinclair, b. 1811, was actually a Commodore in the US Navy at the time. His youngest son, Upton, later became a famous novelist.

<sup>31</sup>Commodore Charles McCauley, USN. After negotiating a truce with Confederate troops sent by Governor Letcher, McCauley ordered all US ships scuttled except the USS *Cumberland*.

<sup>32</sup>Virginia did not officially secede until the people of Virginia voted to ratify the convention's Ordinance of secession on May 23rd, 1861, although the result had been foregone when the convention voted to secede on April 17th.

<sup>33</sup>General William B. Taliaferro, who came by order of Governor Letcher to take command of all the Virginia forces in the county.

Their orders were if possible to take them prisoners, but if not to blow up the Steamer for wh purpose they carried bombs with them.

Co. F<sup>34</sup> parades this afternoon & it is said that they are to be ordered to Harper's Ferry.<sup>35</sup> Of this I am by no means sure. There is certainly one member of that Co. in whom I am very much interested - Jonnie Smith - I am not at all what is called "in love" with him but I do love him very much. I took a great interest in him from my first knowing him, even while I was, or fancied myself, so desperately in love with his brother; & it has not decreased by my knowing him better; on the contrary, I have grown to like him more & more every day.

I have advised him so much about what he did at school that I feel as if he was a younger brother & dislike to have him go out from my protection, though in what I have protected or ever shall protect him I am at a loss to imagine - however he will have one person to pray for him if he goes away - not for his life, for I do not think anyone has the right to pray for life but that if he is shot he may be able to say, "I have fought a good fight. I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a cross of glory wh the Lord the righteous Judge shall give me."

Saturday, May 18th

It wants but one day of being a month since my last entry was made in my journal! Since then many events of interest have occurred, some deeply affecting my native State, others only of importance to myself. Of this latter class was the fact that Friday 19 April was the last day that I attended school. Dear old school! for 8 & 1/4 years have I wended my way to its forever hallowed walls! I love each separate room, & more than that each foot of ground enclosed within its limits. I well remember the last day I spent there! Jonnie Smith - respect no longer requires me to give him his title, as he will never again be my teacher - had been quiet & gentle - more so than ever before for the last few days he seemed to feel that they were the last days & I think the thought was as sad to him as to us.

In Greek I urged him to mark out, with his lead pencil, all our lesson marks; he said that it was a pity to do that, as, if he was shot, some one might take the book & it wd be a pity to deprive them of the pleasure of seeing them. I laughed & said that that

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<sup>34</sup>Actually Company G, of the 6th Virginia, organized December 1859, the largest infantry company in Norfolk.

<sup>35</sup>Virginia troops were ordered to Harpers Ferry, Virginia (now West Virginia) because of the arsenal and supplies there.

was just what I did not want, I did not want him either to take it with him or to leave it behind with our marks in it, as they were not such as I sd feel proud of having seen, "Very well! I will rub them out." "Well! Mr Smith, why not do it now?" "Can't you trust me?" "Yes, of course I can, but I want you to rub them out now, you might forget them. I can't trust your Memory!" I said, glad of anything to say, for his question was asked so queerly & he colored so that it rather confused me. "I have a very convenient memory?" "Well! Mr Smith, you know I wd not have liked to have said that." This joking was far enough from any feelings, I know, but I never liked to appear sad when he talked of being killed for fear he might think I was in love with him.

A good many of the girls went home early but I stayed until school was over, for I told Lizzie that I did not know how much longer we wd go to school. I learnt Calculus & went into Mr Jonnie Smith's room to get him to show me how to do something & stayed & talked to Kate Murphy & Ella Harrison until he worked it. After school I talked to the girls, Jonnie Smith, & old Mr Smith, on the steps of the house. Usually I never talk to the girls after school if Jonnie Smith is out there, but that day I felt might be the last, & for once I thought I wd let my feelings be my guide & not my views of policy.

That night he was ordered down to Fort Norfolk<sup>36</sup> & as we go to school for Math almost entirely Lizzie & myself have stopped school. Mr A. Smith said he was not going to get any new teacher of Math as he cd teach every class except ours, he cd not teach that as he had never studied Calculus himself.

On Saturday night 20th of April the Pawnee<sup>37</sup> came into the harbor with 800 troops on board of her & she, together with the Cumberland, set fire to the Navy Yard<sup>38</sup> & all the ships stationed there, & then left the harbor & anchored off Fortress Monroe. On Sunday I went to Church - there were very few people there. Norfolk was in a state of the wildest excitement that day. I [] knew the people to be so much alarmed at anything before, not certainly at the Yellow Fever in '55<sup>39</sup>. I slept through it all! It was so provoking. I sd very much have liked to have seen the fire. Those who did see it, say that it was a grand sight.

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<sup>36</sup>Another local fort, built in 1794 on the site of a Revolutionary War fort.

<sup>37</sup>The USS *Pawnee* arrived with Commodore Hiram Paulding to take all the Federal ships at the Gosport Navy Yard in Norfolk. Paulding was not pleased to find all but one ship scuttled.

<sup>38</sup>Paulding had Federal troops set fire to what was left of the Navy Yard, and then they withdrew. As soon as they left, Virginia troops rushed in to salvage what they could.

<sup>39</sup>See Appendix B.

After this a great many troops arrived from Georgia, Alabama & other parts of Va., to aid in the defense of Norfolk - one wd really suppose I was very ignorant of the boundaries of Va. to read the above clause.

Now for a matter of no interest to others but still a very pleasant excursion to myself. On Tuesday the 30th of April, Father said he wd do, what I had been urging him before to do, take me to Fort Norfolk. I asked Lizzie Williams, Ginnie Langley<sup>40</sup> & the Armstrongs<sup>41</sup> to go with me, wh they all agreed to do. At 5 o'clock, we were to go at 6, as I was just finishing darning a pair of stockings to put on, I heard to my horror that Cousin Anne Whittle<sup>42</sup> had come to see me. Of course I had to go down to see her. When Father came down stairs I excused myself to her that I might tell him of her being there. He came in & I soon made my escape but still I had only 20 minutes in wh to dress. I hurried a great deal & Bettie Armstrong, Rebecca<sup>43</sup> & myself were on the Stone Bridge when the clock struck 6.

We hurried on & met Father, Mrs Simple & Mrs Shields. Father thought it useless to try it but with the true spirit of a daughter of "Old Virginia never tire," I persevered, calling by to tell the other girls, then hurried on with Father. We got there when the boat was about a foot from the shore but I sprang aboard, as I knew Father wd never let me go alone but wd be sure to put the rest after me. The Armstrongs hesitated a little so the boat was some distance before Father & themselves got on by the aid of the hands of the people aboard but we were all right then. Father was standing up & as the steam tug was very <illegible> I put out my hand "to steady" him. A gentleman in uniform laughed & said "I rather think you need steadying yourself," & lent his arm upon the railing of the bench for I was sitting at the end. Father turned & said, "My daughter," as a sort of introduction.

I asked Father afterwards why he did not mention his name, he said for the best of all reasons, because I did not know it, it is a hard German name. He has since gotten him to spell it to him but still does not remember it. He was the Quarter Master of the Macon Vornkiss as I found out by Woman's only weapon - manserving. As we came near the fort he said, "Miss Whittle, there is our Company on parade now." I liked him very much. When the boat stopped at Fort Norfolk there was another jump,

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<sup>40</sup>Virginia Langley, b. 1842, of Norfolk.

<sup>41</sup>Members of the family of Adeline Tyler Armstrong, sister of Chloe Tyler Whittle, late mother of CTW.

<sup>42</sup>S.A. Whittle, b. 1825.

<sup>43</sup>Elizabeth, b. 1849, and Rebecca Armstrong, b. 1843, daughters of William H. and Adelaide M. Tyler Armstrong, first cousins of CTW.

wh we had to take in order to get out of the boat. I mentally congratulated myself on my clean stockings & new shoes upon wh I had spent some, of the few, moments I had to dress, in putting bows upon for as my feet were tolerably pretty I took special pains to dress them up.

I was the first to get out as I had been the first to get in & the Q. Master, for I know no other name by wh to designate him, walked with Bettie & myself to where the Company now was drilling. Father said that this is Capt Smith's Company & there is Capt. Smith - standing there by himself." I was not especially delighted at being pointed out as the particular visitor of Capt. Smith, yet as it was the truth, I had nothing to do but to look in the direction pointed out. Capt. Smith is an old friend of my sister Mary's. She knew him when she was in Macon 5 years ago. She spent the winter of '55 & the beginning of '56 in Georgia, with Cousin Lewis Whittle<sup>44</sup>, & there met Mr Robert Smith. He was never a beau of hers but they liked each other very well & corresponded after she returned to Virginia.

I felt very anxious to know him as I used to read all his letters & was very much interested in him as they were all so religious & that is a quality almost as rare, as it is beautiful, in a man. He was, according to Mary's account, a rigid, almost bigoted Methodist & rather an antiquated beau even then, so I was prepared for a very solemn looking individual.

While the parade was going on Father took us to the camp ground. Out of the largest tent, wh we afterwards learnt was Capt. Smith's, came a gentleman, one whom any one wd say, at first sight, deserved the title. The nameless Q. Master came up & introduced "Surgeon Griffith, Mr Whittle." He is as handsome as can be. He is a very tall, large man, almost too large, has a fine, open face, clean shaven wh I generally dislike on a man, but with him one feels that they wd not have it otherwise, a very firm mouth & piercing grey eyes that look one through & through. I cd tell that he was an accomplished "Lady's man," to use the popular term, & evidently did not wish to talk to Father all the time. He wd answer him but look at one or the other of us. The Company soon came in from the drill & the Roll was called, "Capt. Smith" was called first. "Here" he said - stood still a minute & then came up to where we were standing & spoke to Father. Father introduced him & then they commenced talking while Dr. Griffith slipped between Father & the tent & began talking to me.

After a while Father turned & addressed some remark to him, when Capt. Smith came & talked to me. After a while he said "Young ladies!! come & let me

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<sup>44</sup>Lewis Neale Whittle, son of Fortescue Whittle, CTW's great uncle.

show you our pantry & kitchen," so we went off with him; very soon however Dr Griffith & Father followed us. We staid talking a little while there & "Mr Lamas" came up & was introduced. When we left, Capt. Smith walked with us to the borders of the encampment & then we left for home.

I went over with Father to see Cousin Lettie that evening where I met Dr Wilson, rather an antiquated beau. He said himself that he no longer regarded himself as being on the list of young gentlemen, he was right entertaining never-the-less.

On Friday, the 3rd of May, my darling Gay came. Her arrival was quite unexpected to us, for the letter announcing her intention did not come till the day after she did, but Father & I were sitting in the Drawing Room very quietly about 9 1/2 o'clock when the door opened & Gay walked in. Neither Father or I knew her for she had on her riding hat wh Father had never seen her in & I only to try on, besides we did not expect her, at all.

I forgot to mention that the day after we went to Fort Norfolk Capt. Smith met Father down town & mentioned to him that he was coming to see me, & Father invited him to dinner. When he rang at the door Lizzie Williams & I were lying on the bed in my room. I scrambled into my black silk dress with the Va. buttons, without combing my hair. I thought he was paying a most interminable visit but when I sent in cake & wine after Father came home, I found that he was going to dine with us.

We walked up to the Roman Catholic Cathedral in the afternoon. I liked him in the evening great deal better than I had in the morning for he was a great deal more amusing. I determined to break through the stiffness wh had pervaded our conversation during the morning so almost the first thing I said was "Well! Capt. Smith, I must say I was never more mistaken in forming an estimate of anyone's character in my life, than in yours!" He raised his eyebrows, laughed & said "Why? You expected to find me nothing but a preacher, didn't you?" "Well," said I, laughing, "you cd preach so well & give as much good advice that I think I had a right to expect it." "But did your Sister not tell you of how I came to giver her 'so much advice'?" "No," I said. "Oh! I think she ought to have done so out of justice to me." He then went on to tell me how he had met May at his sister's party & that she was quite cool to him because he had not attended a party some time before given to her by Cousin Lewis Whittle at whose house she was staying. That then they had begun talking about dancing & from that he began giving her advice.

I can't help fancying he is rather inclined to be a flirt for at the dinner table Father called me in speaking "Cloe." He said "Did I not hear your father call you - Cloe?" I said "Yes - Cloe." "Quite the classic name," he said. "I intended to ask you



Capt. Smith not to be quite as formal as to call me “Miss Whittle.” “Well, Miss Cloe, I must tell you of a practical joke wh my men played on me as we were coming in - Mr Pryor was upon the same train with us & when we stopped at” (Weldon I think he said or Wilmington) “Mr Pryor was called on to make a speech & did so, Capt. Hardemann was called on & did so & then I being called on refused, for I do not like speeches much on such occasions. My men were determined to punish me because they were so wounded at my refusal, so one of them said to the young ladies who were there to meet them, “I don’t think you ought to expect to tell us good-bye just with a shake of the hand, so as I know you wd not be willing to kiss all the company, I think you might do it by Proxy.’ They were rather amused at the idea & asked how they cd kiss by Proxy. My men said, ‘Kiss our Capt. & that will be kissing our Company by proxy.’ They agreed to this so presently I came up & one of them said, ‘There is our Capt. kiss him.’

“I knowing nothing of this was rather taken aback & my men laughed more at seeing my confusion. One of the young ladies, or rather misses for they were not more than 17, stepped up. I did not understand it at all but determining not to let Southern gallantry be called in question kissed her, then another came, then 4 more & it has been a standing joke against me ever since.” I did not like his anecdote at all, still less his frisky manner so I said, “I think they must have been rather queer girls.” Then the conversation turned upon kissing in general.

In the afternoon, when we were walking out we passed the Odd Fellows Hall & he thought it was the R.C.C<sup>45</sup>. I told him what it was then we commenced talking of their Society,<sup>46</sup> I saying that although they accused ladies of having a great deal of curiosity, yet I had never had mine much excited except upon the subject of their societies. He had insisted upon my leaning upon his arm some time before, so I was close to him as the wind was blowing tremendously. He said, “I belonged to it once. I will tell you their secret if you will bribe me.” I thought I understood his meaning for we had been talking so much of kissing in the morning. “I don’t know how to bribe you, what must I give you,” then being rather confused at saying that I added, “but it wd be of no use for you cd not tell me anyway.” “Yes, I cd, if you bribed me high enough,” he said. He looked down at me, for he is very tall, & smiled as mischievously. I looked still very innocent & saying “You will have to tell me how to bribe you in the first instance,” commenced talking of something else. I am sure he knew that I understood him for when we were talking about school afterwards he said,

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<sup>45</sup>Roman Catholic Cathedral.

<sup>46</sup>The ladies of the Roman Catholic Cathedral formed a sewing society to provide supplies for local soldiers.

"I am sure I ought to go to school again," I said, "Why?" "Oh! my education has been very much neglected in some things I have need to take lessons," & smiled in the same peculiar way. He said he is sure I have been a great flirt & am now rather tired of it. I told him what is most certainly the truth that I never have had any opportunity even if I had possessed the disposition. He raised his eyebrows.

On Saturday the 4th of May Capt Smith came again. It was the day after Gay came & I was very sorry to see him, for I had by no manner of means got through any first talk to her so I took a long time to dress, Gay made me a bow to wear on my head then I fixed it again, I changed my shoes, etc then when I went down stairs I told him that he really must excuse me for keeping him so long but that my sister had come the night before & I had been talking to her. When I put out my hand when I came in the Room he took it in both of his - pressed instead of shaking it - & gave me one of his killing looks, as he no doubt thinks them. I was very much amused at his airs & graces but he failed in confusing me as I think gentlemen like to confuse young ladies. He always takes his seat with his back to the light & stares his vis-a-vis right in the face, for we were both sitting on the sofa. Thanks to Lily White<sup>47</sup> I was not afraid to bear his Scrutiny. His bewitching (!) ways, however, were entirely thrown away as my thoughts were upstairs & I was as stupid as possible, finding it impossible to talk.

He cd make nothing of me so soon got up & took his departure. He thought however he wd try his last piece of friskiness at the door so he took down his overcoat wh was of India Rubber cloth, for it had been raining during the morning, & gave me one side to feel. He took hold of the sleeve & looking at me held it in such a way as to make it very convenient for me [] help him put it on. I looked very innocent & held it until he got tired & put it on.

Whether it was my making myself so disagreeable or my taking so long to dress he did not come here again until 25th of July (thanksgiving day after the battle of Mannasses <sic> Plains 21st July 1861.)<sup>48</sup> I was out for after I came from Church I went down town with Eliza Sharp.

On the 16th July 1861, being Tuesday, my first little niece was born. Gay had been sitting in my room in the morning sewing while Horace<sup>49</sup> hunted about the room for pins on the floor. At dinnertime Gay came down, I noticed that she looked paler

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<sup>47</sup>A brand of face powder.

<sup>48</sup>Opposing forces under General Irvin McDowell for the Federals and General P.G.T. Beauregard for the Confederates met near the town of Manassas, a strategic railroad depot. The Federals were severely routed.

<sup>49</sup>Horace H. Sams, 1829-1865, a planter from Beaufort County, S.C., husband of Grace Whittle Sams.

than usual but after a while she laughed & talked, with us, too. At dinner she asked me about sending some of it to Miss Frankie wh she was to fix but after dinner she did not do it saying she was tired & went up stairs to lie down.

I stayed downstairs longer than usual reading the Richmond Dispatch & when I went up to Gay I found her lying on the bed in her room feeling very badly. She said she had knocked on the floor with the Camphor bottle for me & asked me to send for Mrs Rogers that she might see if it was anything serious. Then Horace coming in the room soon, Gay told him he had better go for Dr. Selden<sup>50</sup> as she thought she had been taken sick. I was so much amused at Gay's coolness; she heard Horace' step as he left the house & said "Oh! Cloe, isn't Horace running?" I looked out & said "Yes" she laughed & said "Oh! I do wish he wouldn't run, he will make himself so conspicuous." She told me where to get everything & what to get, saying "Get the baby's pink wrapper, it is the ugliest one." Gay was not sick over an hour & 1/2 & got one very nicely, so has "Fannie Fortescue."<sup>51</sup> She is now 8 weeks for I am writing this on the 10th Sept.

On the 18th July was the battle at Bull's Run<sup>52</sup> & on the 21st that of Mannassas [sic] Fields. The latter was a very important, one so much that an English paper in speaking of the North says, "Only such a defeat as shall wipe out this will now sustain their cause" - such a one they have not yet given us, nor will they, we presumptuous "Rebels" think. Their <sic> have been a good many fights in Western Virginia & in Missouri, one at Springfield, decided in our favor, was important, but none approaching to Manassas.<sup>53</sup>

To descend to matters near home, Lizzie Williams "has a beau," a Capt Andrews of the Confederate Army. She went with her mother one night to tell Mrs Gwynn<sup>54</sup> "Goodbye" who was going to Lexington to be near her son & met Capt Andrews there & he walked home with Mrs Williams & herself. In telling me of the evening she said, "You know I couldn't be at all frisky with Mr & Mrs Gwynn in the room so didn't have much fun <sup>we talked about books almost all the time</sup> but when I went to

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<sup>50</sup>Dr. William Selden, b. 1809, Surgeon, General Staff, CSA; of Norfolk, Va.

<sup>51</sup>Frances Fortescue Sams.

<sup>52</sup>This was actually the battle of Blackburn's Ford, later called the battle of Bull Run by Confederates.

<sup>53</sup>The battle of Wilson's Creek, near Springfield, Missouri. There were various skirmishes up and down the Shenandoah Valley in western Virginia all through August and September of 1861.

<sup>54</sup>M.A. Gwynn, b. 1815, wife of General Thomas P. Gwynn.

the window to look at something, he followed me & then we talked then & it was more pleasant." He has been a constant visitor there ever since.

Lizzie took a walk with him last week & went to a Concert with him, given by the Mobile Riflemen, in behalf of the ladies of Christ Church Sewing Society for the Soldiers. As Capt. Andrews & Lizzie were going they met Major Mullins (or "Mullets" as Emily Langley<sup>55</sup> has nicknamed him) who joined them, & stayed with them all during the Concert, talking to Lizzie the whole time, not especially to Capt Andrew's particular delight I fancy, unless it be as I half suspect that Major Mullins was on a tour of inspection; for he is Capt. A's especial friend & perhaps Capt A. wished to have his opinion of Lizzie, just as I went on a reconnoitering expedition down to spend the evening with Lizzie, the other day, expecting Capt A. wd be there as we expected he wd & he was. I liked him very well. I do not think he is good looking but he is tall & - what is more important - gentlemanly & intelligent; but it makes very little difference to me what he is like, as I am sure Lizzie will never marry him.

This Major Mullins is an especial favorite of Lizzie & the Langleys being very handsome, they say, & very tall as well as very agreeable. Capt. Andrews had better get him out of the way if he wants to make a favorable impression. I am sorry to see that this "first beau" has developed the hitherto latent principle of flushing, in Lizzie - a principle, alas! I almost believe, inherent to the nature of women, but one admirably adapted to choke all the finest feelings of her nature. There is a Mr Gale who answers the purpose of a worry to Capt Andrews, at present, whose absence wd, no doubt, be a great pleasure to Capt. A were it not that he has promised to send some verses to Lizzie from New Orleans.

Last Spring Lizzie thought, herself, even that she was more worldly than the year before & will she be less so next Spring - ah! I fear not, "unspotted from the world" wd she cd be kept such, but it takes a higher Power than mine to do it, if prayers & love keep her Spirit-garments white - no sort of earth sd stain them, but she is in other hands than mine. I have ceased to struggle with her, may he who "leads the blind by a way that they know not" lead her, even sd it be "through much tribulation" to value that wh in her days of youth, health & prosperity she wd not learn "by the mercies of God." I know many wd think I treat her case too seriously, but as I see her growing day by day, more & more, to be, that most hateful thing - a worldly woman - my heart cannot but ache for her, with such aching as she can neither feel nor understand.

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<sup>55</sup>Emily Langley, b. 1839, of Norfolk.

Sept 16th Monday 1861

School opened today & for the last time, I was present at a reopening of School after Vacation. I hope this year may not be a wasted one to me when I look back upon it. I wd be much happier however if I had Lizzie to return to school with me, but her mother says the times are too hard & she does not want Lizzie to return. I cannot think that the only reason, however, as I am sure Mrs Williams wd spend that much willingly in buying fine clothes for Lizzie & I think too Mrs Williams wants to have a grown daughter to dress up & make a fuss with. I think if the school had been regularly organized Mrs Williams might have felt differently, & I hope yet that when Mr Leonidas Smith takes his brother's place that Mrs Williams may think better of it.

Day after tomorrow week I will be 18. Many persons think it very ridiculous in me to return to school, but I want to study harder & expect to learn more in this year than all the rest of the time I have been to school put together. Eliza Sharp<sup>56</sup> & I are to keep desk together. I got a letter from May today & am sorry to say she is not very well. She sent me the prettiest little Palmetto Tree about 4 inches long made out of Palmetto.

Wednesday Sept 25th 1861

Today is my 18th birthday! I fain wd write a good deal, for my heart is full, but the words die ere my pen can trace the letters. Yet why sd I record the deeds of the last years - 'twould be nothing but a catalogue of errors! A few days before I was 17 school took in - Maggie Bell<sup>57</sup>, Mary Bell, Lizzie Williams, Alice Mallory,<sup>58</sup> Bettie Poindexter, Lizzie Wright, Ginnie Tunstall<sup>59</sup> & myself, then formed my school, now "I only am left"! Then the time passed on with an excess of a great deal of coquetry &, I am afraid, very little sense on my part, till Gay's wedding.

That night I tasted my first cup of Young ladyism in Norfo. I found it pleasant enough but the pleasure was "of the earth, earthy" & mixed up with it was the great sorrow of Gay's marriage. Almost for a second time did I feel that I had lost a mother, but it was selfish grief, for I knew she was marrying well & I tried to put it aside.

Not until she left Norfolk, though, a month after was it that I felt as especially that heart desolation wh I had so much dreaded. If I felt as though her marriage were

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<sup>56</sup>Eliza Sharp, b. 1846, third daughter of W.W. and Mary Sharp, of Norfolk.

<sup>57</sup>Margaret Bell, b. 1844, first daughter of Alexander and Margaret Bell of Norfolk.

<sup>58</sup>Alice Mallory, b. 1844, daughter of Mary Mallory, of Norfolk.

<sup>59</sup>Ginnie Tunstall, b. 1845, daughter of Dr. Robert B. and Elizabeth W. Tunstall.

her death I now felt as if this were her burial - at least her burial to me from what she had been, it was as that second & if possible more terrible time to the stricken heart when they bear their loved dead out of their sight.

A few days after Gay was married, Aunt Mary & Aunt Fannie<sup>60</sup> came on to live with Father & myself - that was a great shock to us - Aunt Mary had altered so much since we saw her. After Gay went we 4 went on in our monotonous life with no change till the 17th of January when they left. I blame myself very, very much for my conduct while they were here - how much more but myself can tell. I might have been & ought to have been so much more considerate of them both - but "The Past is past" never to be recalled.

I learnt little that winter - had my attention been less taken up with my young teacher & more bestowed upon the lessons he taught I wd certainly know more Greek than I do, if not also Mathematics. Not that I cared for Jonnie Smith, not I, but I thought he liked me right well & almost unconsciously I tried many experiments on him. Suppose it is wrong but coquetry is almost natural to a woman, disagreeable overtures that they are! I wonder that any sensible man can put up with their vagaries, they win a heart & then are as apt as not to change their minds & wound a noble soul, as if a bond wh ought to be almost as indissoluble as that of marriage itself did not exist between them, "constant in nothing but inconstancy."

On the 17th of January I commenced to keep house for Father, & more harum-scarum style of housekeeping I expect, was never carried on. Had I been less strong I wd have made myself sick. One object, I had put myself to, in life & to that I made everything else bend for that I did - for that I left undone. I got up before 6 generally & went to bed often after one, scarcely ever before 12. I was determined to keep house well if I cd & to my mind "Failure" was an unknown circumstance. The housekeeping must be done & Father's clothes must be mended, visits with him must be paid, for my own studying & sewing, I marched upon the small hours of the night, often I was not 5 hours in bed, not only not asleep.

If Father asked me if I had time to read the political newspapers or to pay a visit with him after tea, his answer was always "Oh! Yes, Sir," although I knew that the consequences wd be that 12 or one o'clock wd find me bending to the dying embers of the fire with my slate & Calculus or going to sleep over a Greek Lexicon. Of course

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<sup>60</sup>Mary L. Whittle Neale and Frances M. Whittle Lewis, sisters of Conway Whittle, CTW's father. Their husbands, Benjamin G. Neale and William Lewis, were naval officers who died in a shipwreck few months after both were married, while on a mission for Stephen Decatur to the Dey of Algiers.

Father was surprised at the amount of his gas bill! for he knew nothing of all this. I suppose he thought I knew my Greek & Math. by intuition after a walk in the evening & paying a visit until nearly eleven. It was not disinterested affection for Father that made me do this, I do not wish to lay claim to more than I deserve, but a deeper & less worthy motive - mixed up intimately, 'tis true, with a holy feeling wh Death itself cd not alter.

So time passed until the 3rd of May, when Gay came, for I am speaking personally & not of the great political changes wh have so deeply affected our country, for of the 17th of April Va seceded, an action deep with interest to her children. On the 19th of April I went to school for the last time for several months, on the 20th the Navy Yard was burnt by Lincoln's myrmidons.

Father had told me a day or two before that Aunt Mary was very sick & on the 21st she died. We did not receive the announcement until several days afterward, though. Poor Aunt Fannie, she is the one to be pitied! Much pleasure did it give then to know that I had always opposed their going to Philadelphia, for I think they were both pleased at my wishing to have them still with us.

Time passed on quietly until the middle of June when Uncle Armstrong<sup>61</sup> was taken sick. He had not been well since he came from the coast of Africa. He had always been opposed to the Secession movement & being of a very unchangeable disposition he was not willing to resign his position in the U.S.N., for he had always ridiculed the cause & in common with all the Federal officers though the government at Washington too powerful to be overthrown, so he had secured an order from General Gwynn<sup>62</sup> to leave town, wh Father got suspended & ordered Uncle A. to write to Pres. Davis,<sup>63</sup> whose brother married Uncle A's sister, wh he did.

The Lincoln Government, determined not to have any half-way adherents, sent him a form of Oath, wh contained a declaration that the person taking it was to obey all the orders of his superiors in the U.S. Government "without any mental reservations whatever." This literally broke his heart. He went to bed in a day or two & died in little more than a week after, on the 28th of June 1861.

I was over there a great deal during the few days of his sickness as Gay was not able to bear the fatigue. On Thursday afternoon they asked me if I wd not see him, knowing he was dying. I had the greatest horror of doing so, as I had never seen [] die, but seeing that they really wished it, I went in. A cold shudder ran over me as I

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<sup>61</sup>William H. Armstrong, 1799-1861, husband of Adelaide Tyler Armstrong, CTW's aunt.

<sup>62</sup>Thomas P. Gwynn, of Norfolk.

<sup>63</sup>Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, President of the Confederate States of America, 1861-1865.

passed the foot of the bed & went to the side. Feeling rather than seeing where he lay, for I studiously avoided looking, I bent over & kissed his cheek - the coldness of death was upon it. I took a fan from one of the children who I thought incapable of using it to fan him, & being no longer able to avoid the sight I saw the eyes fixed & stony. He turned them on me, but having recovered myself I no longer felt afraid & all the afternoon I stood by his side & fanned him.

That night Father returned from the Dismal Swamp Canal<sup>64</sup> & sat up with him. I had double duty to perform then, I had to think & act for Aunt Addie & at home be cheerful on account of Gay, for I was very uneasy about her not knowing that she might not be confined at any time & fearing this time might affect her spirits. The next morning I went over there directly after breakfast & found Uncle Armstrong breathing in exactly the same way that I left him the evening before to all appearances, but a bit weaker. Father was sitting in the room. I took a seat by him & tried to persuade him to go home & take some breakfast as he had been up all night but he wd not. Mr Steed<sup>65</sup> came in, spoke to Father & said he was going down town & wd be back in about an hour & a half.

Suddenly - the harsh, guttural breathing ceased - there was perfect silence for an instant - then the wails of the girls broke upon our ears, we all went tot he bedside - it was not all over though, a few more soft breaths, a few sighs - then - silence! Father turned to the doctor, he felt the pulse above the elbow - then Father bent over & tied up the face. "Oh! he is not dead, he is not dead," & the orphan children wept & cried. I urged them to leave the room, I begged Lewis<sup>66</sup> to induce them to go. He did so. I stayed a few moments while Father cut off some hair for Aunt Addie, then I too went, sick at heart for I thought how soon such a scene might be gone through on my own home & my darling Gay might exist only in the memory of those who loved her, at least as far as this world was concerned. But I had no time for such thoughts, there was work before me.

First I had to go home for crape for the door, only stopping to speak a few cheerful words to my precious sister & to urge her not to think to much of the family over there. I had the happiness to see that not being there she realized little of what was going on but I have no doubt she thought as I left the room, "Oh! well, it is the spirits of youth, just from a deathbed & so cheerful!" Ah! well, my end was answered & it

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<sup>64</sup>Conway Whittle was a director and later president of the Dismal Swam Canal Company, set up to build and maintain a canal through the Dismal Swamp.

<sup>65</sup>George W. Steed, b. 1815, Commissioner of Revenue for Norfolk.

<sup>66</sup>Lewis Contesse Armstrong, b. 1839, only son of William H. and Adelaide T. Armstrong.



mattered not; she cd not hear the half stifled prayers upon my bed “Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me.” I went back, then I remembered how, when Cousin James<sup>67</sup> died, Uncle Armstrong had the body brought down directly as the stairway was so narrow; so I went up & told Father it wd have to be done then & I went back, had a lounge brought out & arranged for the reception of the corpse.

Mrs Milson I had found there on my return from home & I very gladly accepted her offer of assistance, so she stayed. We went in the back room & soon a slow moving of many feet & a white sheet past the door, no need to tell us what it was. The gentlemen went away & arrangements for the funeral were to be made. For the next two days I was scarcely at all at home. Then came the funeral. Gay wished to go over there & stay with Aunt Addie<sup>68</sup> during the time. I opposed it very much at first but then thinking she wd be as cheerful there as here at home all by herself, I consented, for she said she wd not go if I did not wish it. I was very busy fixing hat bands & went to the steps, to meet a servant who was bringing them, when instead I met Gay! I do not think I ever loved her more than at that moment & as I kissed her I felt as if my whole heart was in that kiss, I thought I might have her for such a short time longer.

As I rode to the Cemetery<sup>69</sup> Memory carried me back to the Past for I had never ridden there since my own mother’s funeral & I thought how we watched at each corner to see the hearse turn & catch a glimpse of the dark coffin with the gleaming white cross of flowers upon it, then I looked forward to the Future & thought that the next time I came there it might be to bring the body of my darling sister. Thank God! he has spared me this! My life sd be a thank offering but is it such?

The next Tuesday Father received a letter from Aunt Fannie. Gay asked him if he had gotten any letter he said “None for you.” I noticed it & so did Gay. I went down stairs soon afterwards, determining if possible, to find out what it was, for I did not like the idea of Father’s keeping any secrets from me, for he told me everything during the winter & I was afraid Gay’s coming had mad a difference in his feelings; so going into the Study, I fussed about the room a little & then leaning on the back of his chair I said, gaily, “Any news today, Father?” Tears filled his voice, as he answered after a moment’s hesitation, “Very sad news,” then he told me, told me how he had not wished to pain me by telling me before, & gave me Aunt Fannie’s letter to read. With a wildly throbbing heart I sat down in the windowsill read it & Father went upstairs to his room.

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<sup>67</sup>James Armstrong, b. 1828, died between 1850 and 1860.

<sup>68</sup>Adelaide M. Tyler Armstrong, b. 1807, wife of William H. Armstrong, aunt of CTW.

<sup>69</sup>Elmwood Cemetery. CTW’s mother, Chloe, died in 1858.

A flood of recollections came over me as I bent over the long familiar handwriting & tears started to my eyes as I read the words of kind consideration for us even in her great anxiety of soul, her soothing words of comfort for her only brother, her solemn charge to him. It was so stunning, so unexpected, that I scarcely knew how to understand it. Then the thoughts of how it must have come to Father in the dead watches of the night, banishing sleep from his pillow & the dread that Gay might suspect I had heard of the letter from Father & ask me about it, mixed in with my sorrow.

With this last thought came the conviction of the necessity of concealing my feelings from Gay & appearing cheerful before her, coupled with the fear that Father wd think me unfeeling to be laughing & talking at the dinner table just after receiving such a horrible announcement. To avoid this I met Father & gave him the letter, at the same time impressing upon him the necessity of keeping it from Gay, before she came down that he might not think my conduct unnatural. Then after dinner Gay asked me if I had not thought Father's eyes looked sad at dinner, I told her I had noticed it then she still continued to talk of the "letter wh Father had gotten," conjecturing what it contained, etc. In all this I had to join though I felt deceitful in doing so. That evening I took a walk with Lizzie & I relieved myself by not concealing my feelings, as she knew nothing of the letter, no doubt she attributed my dullness to the scare of the week previously, at Aunt Addie's; or perhaps to "a fit of the blues." so much for the judgement of others! Surely is it said, "The heart knoweth its own bitterness!" She certainly knew & knows little of mine.

On the 11th of July (May's birthday) Horace came on; he looked very well, we were glad to see, & reported Julius & May as being well. May, though, I knew was not well. On the 16th July Fannie was born but as I have spoken of that before I will not write of it now. Then my great anxiety for Gay was over though I was very much afraid of fever setting in, so Horace & Father talked so much in her room, most especially Horace. I think our warm affection for each other, wh had previously existed, was in great danger of being totally extinguished in the half subdued context wh we carried on about Gay. I am not sure now that it is not tarnished a little on both sides.

The day that Gay was taken sick, Father received another letter from Phila. commenced by Aunt Fannie & finished by Mrs Phimstead, announcing that the immediate crisis was past & Father then wished to tell Gay; but I still opposed it I am thankful to say & did not tell her until some time after her confinement was over. The reason I told her then was that as the baby proved to be a girl (much to my chagrin)

Father proposed to call her "Fannie" very naturally, so he wrote word so to Aunt Fannie, but she, just as Gay had predicted, substituted that of "Mary Whittle," saying the child wd me <sic> much more dear to her. I was very much opposed to the change, as were all except Father; but I though Gay might hereafter reproach me for concealing the circumstances under wh the request was made from her, so I nerved myself to tell her all & then let her decide upon her course of conduct. I told her, concealing myself under the mosquito net as much as possible. She cried a little but felt it much less intensely than I had done who shed no tear. What a relief tears seem to be!

So the year has rolled, on, I regret very much how cross I was to Horace, about Gay, but if he had known how anxious I was about her he wd have excused it more. During the first of Gays' sickness my knees wd ache at night with the number of times I ran up & down stairs to keep Gay quiet. I forgot to mention that last winter May took up a fancy that Bonum Sams was in love with me, wh is now as certainly disproved as I cd wish, by the fact of his having secretly courted & become engaged to a Miss Stack of Charleston. I will close my year by saying that May will in Jan. or Feb. present us with, I hope a son & heir. Dear May! I hope all will go as well with her as it has with Gay. I must now say "Good Night" to my 17th year,

"Its errors & its good deeds live with God,"

its "errors" many, its "good deeds" few & far between if any.

This year I have been very anxious about Lizzie. She is more worldly & careless than ever but I met with a verse in the Bible wh I felt as if it were sent to revive my hopes about her, for I had well nigh given up in despair, it was, "Be not weary in well doing; for in due season you shall reap if ye faint not" - in due season! I have much need to think that to gain God's help, we must, "if it tarry, wait for it."

Friday Oct 18th 1861

Today is the first anniversary of Gay's wedding! Horace arrived from S.C. last night so as to keep it with Gay. He looks very well, but has gotten very sunburnt & has had his hair cut a la militaire, wh things are not an improvement to him. I made a cake before I went to school & a custard when I came home wh succeeded very well, so much for my efforts at housekeeping.

Last 18th Oct. a year ago, the Sams, Bettie, Addie, Sallie<sup>70</sup> & Julius were over here. All the morning I was of course hard at work on the supper table besides finishing my dress to wear at night; up & down stairs I pitched, trying to be jocular with Gay to keep up her spirits & at the same time almost afraid to think of what I wd lose at night. After being hard at work all the morning what must May needs do when almost everything was done but upset a huge bucket of water all over the floor; by this she nearly upset Father's good humor. For myself, I was too tired to be provoked, so Father & myself set to work to wipe it up, I, down upon my knee. I thought of it at night, as I strolled into the room leaning upon Ritchie Sam's<sup>71</sup> arm.

After I got in the supper room I went upstairs into Father's room, locked the door & laid down flat on my back on the floor with my bare feet against the register that brought up the heat from the drawing room; & I rested myself in body while I gave up my mind to the full realization of the dreary life now opening before me - the loss of my childhood friend - the counselor of my dawning womanhood - the consoler in my deepest grief that changed me in an instant from a happy child to the grief's & cares of a suffering woman - then the constant companionship of those whom I had never been accustomed to regard as parts of my daily life - then Memory went further back & I thought of the mother who had guarded her darling so carefully from the unsympathizing world upon wh she was now thrown - then better feeling took the place of these bitter thoughts, I remembered the many blessings by wh I was surrounded, the kind, gentle Father, the loving Aunts who had, I know, my interests so truly at heart, then my pleasant home, school, opportunities for study but above all the consoling thought of the worthiness of my new brother & how happy his love wd make Gay - all these came into my heart & with a fervent prayer for her welfare & rose to commence the arduous undertaking of dressing.

Presently I heard a knock at the door & Lizzie's voice outside, I opened it & found much to my annoyance that one of the Armstrongs was with her, for I did not want more than one person in the room while I was dressing. In came. presently, a servant who was to help me dress, *this she did not do, but she did tear my casleam before I was dressed wh feat was not calculated to put me in a reasonably fine humor;* so I thought a great deal of my train, however, as I do not believe in crying over spilt milk I went on dressing. Father sent me word that they were waiting for me to come &

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<sup>70</sup>Sarah S. Sams, b. 1849, of Beaufort County, S.C., daughter of Benners B. and Martha F. Sams, youngest half sister of Horace H. and Julius Sams.

<sup>71</sup>Robert R. Sams, b. 1837, of Beaufort, S.C., son of Benners B. and Elizabeth Sams, brother of Horace and Julius Sams.

practise with Sallie Sams, Ritchie Sams & the Barnwells, so after receiving the aid of Lily White, soot, lip-salve & prinking generally I departed out of Father's room, into Gay's room, where stood Gay looking very pretty, better than I have almost ever seen her & perfectly cool & collected, much more so than I was, for I felt like one in a dream.

Then I went down stairs through a crowd of gaping servants into the Big Parlor where May, Sallie, Richie, Horace, Father, Julius, Mr Barnwell were. I saw by Richie's glance that he was satisfied with the looks of his bridesmaid. I found that I had forgotten his favor so I had to pass & repass the line of servants to bring it in; then seeing Sallie Sams pinning the Barnwell's favor on, there was nothing left for it but for me to follow her example. My hand trembled violently as I fastened it upon Richie's bosom both from the novelty of my position & from the knowledge that he was scanning my face attentively during the operation. When it was satisfactorily adjusted & we commenced talking May turned & said "Richie, sd I tell you what Cloe said about fastening you favor on?" "Oh! yes, May, do tell me!" "Why, I don't expect she will like my telling you but she said as you were engaged she did not mind doing it." As this was calculated to raise a laugh of course it was not calculated to make me feel more at my ease.

Presently in came Gay leaning upon Father's arm & Horace went forward to meet her. As it is a lady's journal she is expected to describe the dresses. Gay had on a white silk, trailing a 1/2 a yard on the ground, white ruche bertha<sup>72</sup> & cuffs, white kid slippers & gloves, a wreath of white clematis, & a long illusion<sup>73</sup> veil, now for my dress wh I have forgotten to describe - it was a white tarletan, very long, with three skirts, the upper two pinked<sup>74</sup> & open in front up to the waist an infant body, short puffed sleeves over wh were long angel sleeves open before & behind & reaching far down the skirt, a ruche round the neck, with clematis to loop up the sleeves & confirm the favor on the left shoulder & a bunch of flowers in front, my hair curled round my head & a wreath of white flowers on my head - now for the procession. In front went Julius, then Father & Mary, then Sallie & Mr Barnwell, then Richie & I, lastly Gay & Horace.

I did not know a single person as I entered the room & I trembled so during the ceremony that I fairly shook Richie as I leant on his arm, he pressed my arm to his side

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<sup>72</sup>A deep fall of lace sitting around the shoulders and tying in front with a ribbon, used to decorate an otherwise unadorned dress. Ruche is a way of gathering the lace.

<sup>73</sup>A very fine net.

<sup>74</sup>A way of cutting the edge of a fabric in either small sharp points or scallops to keep it from raveling.

to try & steady me but it wd not do; he said afterwards that he believed I was far more agitated than the bride. I felt almost as if it was the burial service over Gay - & as it was in a measure for she wd never be to me what she had been. Alone, all alone! but I am determined not let my feelings be seen. The ceremony was over! Gay & Horace pronounced man & wife! I stood for a moment like one in a dream!

Presently, I remembered that Custom demands required me to kiss coldly & formally she, whose brow had been burned by my passionate kisses so often, as I moved from where I had stood perfectly still ever since the completion of the ceremony & going up to Gay kissed her. Then Mrs Gwynn said "Peyton<sup>75</sup> I must introduce you to Miss Whittle". I had known him for a long while before but Mrs Gwynn wanted to announce my new title. Then I fell back a little & standing near a large basket-table filled with flowers & covered with Ivy to the ground, there I stood nearly all the evening.

I talked to Richie Sams. The first thing he said was, "I wish, Miss Cloe, you wd tell me what you meant by saying that I did not treat you like a young lady in Charleston I have been trying to think how it was & I cannot imagine." I said, "Oh! in a great many ways & I thought it was very funny that Mr Bonum Sams, who was older than you, sd treat me like a young lady & you treat me like a little child." I thought of his taking my curls in his hand & saying how soft they were but I did not like to give that as an instance.

After we had been talking some time, Mr Jonnie Smith came into the room. I saw & bowed to him at the door. I said "There is my teacher, Mr Sams," "Where?" "The one coming in the door," "Why I sd think he were very young, how old is he?" "About twenty-one, I expect." "Rather a dangerous age, I sd say." "I'll introduce him to you presently he will come here, I expect." Some one introduced him to Sallie Sams & I soon saw him standing with folded arms talking to her. May had been after Richie several times to make him come & be introduced to Cousin Addie but he always said, "Yes, presently, May, I want to talk to Miss Cloe now," for he had never seen Cousin Addie & he wanted to find out what I meant by what I had said about him.

In a minute or two Jonnie Smith sauntered up & said "Good evening, Miss Whittle." I bowed & introduced "Mr Sams, Mr Smith." Then May came up again & said, "Richie, you must come & let me introduce you to some young ladies," I said,

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<sup>75</sup>Peyton Gwynn, b. 1827, son of Thomas P. and M.A. Gwynn of Norfolk; Post Office clerk.

“You might as well go, Mr Sams, for May will never let you alone until you do,” so he went & Jonnie Smith took his place beside me. We quarreled about school, etc. & I got after him about not going to the Wednesday night lecture, telling him I did not see why he sd stop because it was no longer fixed in the morning. He said he used to “make Sister get up & go” with him when it was in the morning. From that we got to discussing his right & power to “make” Ellen Alice<sup>76</sup>. I told him he ought to feel thankful that he had a sister to advise him & not to expect to reverse the process. He said he did expect to do so as he was the older. “Older!” “Yes, two or three years older.” I knew he cd not be more than that. Then he went off to the duty of wives minding their husbands, wh I denied that they did but said it was usually the other way; then I told him of Gay’s going downtown & in a store a man’s coming in & asking the store keeper to go somewhere with him wh the former refused to do that day, but as the man continued to urge it the shopman turned to his wife & said, “well! I think I can go, don’t you, Mary?” clearly, by his manner asking permission & on receiving her “Yes! I think so,” he set off.

He laughed but added in the peculiar way wh gentlemen can so successfully assume in order to confuse a woman, & with his piercing eyes looking straight into mine, “Don’t you think it ought to be the other way?” As I cd not deny it yet wd not acknowledge it I tried to turn it off with a laughing “Oh! of course, of course,” in a tone of mock humility, although the truant blood wd run to my cheeks.

After a while Mattie Southgate came up to speak to me. I introduced “Mr Smith” to her & we commenced to talk. Jonnie Smith drew back a little & did not join in the conversation at all, although I looked at him to make him talk, but he stood with folded arms until looking at us she went away, then he commenced talking again. I said “Why didn’t you talk to Mattie Southgate? You were talking just now about not knowing any of the ladies, that is the prettiest girl in the room. I looked at you to make you talk, why didn’t you?” “Well! I am not much of a ladies man, I am not very fond of the society of ladies.” I thought but did not say that it was a very poor compliment as he had been talking to me for one or two hours, I think he looks on me as a child, I am sure he treats me like one.

After a while Mr Barnwell came up to talk to me & I forgot to introduce them, so I talked to Mr Barnwell for some time while Jonnie Smith stood still but after a while he walked off. Soon I saw Sallie Sams, who was standing the other side of Mr Barnwell with their backs turned to each other, had no one with her, so I drew her into

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<sup>76</sup>Ellen Alice Smith, b. 1840, daughter of Rev. Aristides and Elizabeth M. Smith, of Norfolk.

the conversation & we three chattered until Horace came up & asked me to promenade in the hall with him so I went. Afterwards he said that he knew he ought not to have taken me away from Mr Barnwell & he didn't think I wanted to go but I told him what was the truth, that on the contrary I was very warm & had been wanting to get in the hall a long time but I cd not ask the gentlemen to go & I was very glad of the chance.

We promenaded some time talking about Gay & then came supper time. I went into supper with Richie & as I walked in the doorway, I thought of how I had been down upon my knees there some 4 or 5 hours before wiping up the water almost at that very spot. Sallie Sams & myself had made an arrangement to stand next to each other, so we did & laughed & talked to Richie & Mr Barnwell. After we came out & the gentlemen were at supper, Lizzie & myself walked up & down the hall. I think it was so selfish of me not to remember her before & introduce her to some of the gentlemen, however we walked & talked until Richie came from supper, when May introduced him to Lizzie & we three talked until Jonnie Smith strolled round past Lizzie & Richie, & coming to my side talked to me; soon Mrs Williams came to tell Lizzie to get ready to go.

I continued to talk to Richie & Jonnie Smith & soon Mr Barnwell came up too, &, as gentlemen prefer monopolizing a young lady, Richie asked me to go in the parlour with him. I, preferring three to one, replied that I had rather stay in the hall. "Well! then, Miss Cloe, let us promenade?" As I did not like to look so determined, I took his arm. Jonnie Smith turned off in one direction & Mr Barnwell in another. As we walked up & down Peyton Gwynn stood on one side & watched us & Jonnie Smith with folded arms stood on the other engaged in the same sensible occupation, just leaving a little more than enough room for us to walk between them. I told Richie that I was so glad that he was engaged as it kept people from joking me about him & I told him about Bettie Poindexter's teasing me about the "Third Selection of Sams," he laughed heartily at it, although it seems to me he dislikes his engagement to be mentioned. I asked what Bettie had told him that determined him to go the next day & I begged him not to do so, but he wd not promise. We talked there until everyone was breaking up & then we went into the Drawing Room. Jonnie Smith came & stood in the doorway, leaning against the side. He was going home with Miss Pencie Wright.<sup>77</sup> I stood in the center of the room & talked to Richie Sams & Mr Barnwell. So I ended Gay's wedding party.

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<sup>77</sup>Penelope Wright, b. 1840, oldest daughter of Dr. David M. and Penelope Wright.



It has been such a long time since I have written (for it is now March 11th) that I cannot remember dates accurately; but I think it was sometime in Oct. that Lizzie Williams, Gay, Father & I went out to the Camp of the Louisiana Guards, who were stationed just over Armistead bridge in the vicinity of Norfolk. It was a most persevering thing on my part, going over there, for Father met one of the Company in Tebanks Tebault's grocery & he told him that most of them had moved & that there was very little to be seen, but however we persuaded Father to take us.

When we got out there it was in truth a poor sight, some 8 or ten tents with a disordered looking camp was all the show. We stood outside & looked at it, & no one came forward although Father saw the gentlemen he had seen in the morning, so we began to feel rather sheepish & Father said we had better go, but however then this gentleman came forward with another one whom he introduced as "Mr Black." Father introduced "Mr Brown," a beautiful couple of names!

They asked us if we wd not walk around & look at the Camp! The camp was visible at a glance & it was almost a farce to see us walking in procession around it. Mr Brown, Lizzie & myself & Mr Black, Gay & Father. We went first to look at the guns; I felt as if I were gagged, & Lizzie was not much better, but still she was an improvement upon me for she found courage to say that she was at the Artillery Drill at wh Mr Brown had said that their Company was received. His reply was "Was you there?" This gave me rather an unfavorable idea of him but finding that his mother was from the state of New York I cd more excuse it as I know it is considered grammatical there. After a while we got less stiff; they came in & spent the evening with us. Lizzie did not stay.

The next morning was Wednesday & after we came from Church, Father & I went down town. As we passed the Odd Fellows Hall, I noticed that there were a great many of the Louisiana Guards standing outside. We passed on &, after we had turned the corner of Church Street & Main, some one spoke to me just at my side. I started, for some of these soldiers are so impertinent looking that I though they might have been frisky enough to join me without an introduction, as one had spoken to me the other day in that way. Father said "Mr Black" in an undertone & we then went on talking & he walked home with us.

At the foot of the steps he bid us good evening. Father asked him to come in & take supper with us. "Oh! I am afraid you will think I am persecuting you," he said. Seeing that he took that view of the matter I added my voice to Father's in inviting him to stay, so he came in. He said that I had passed him on the street in front of the Odd Fellows Hall & not bowed to him at all, of course I made my apologies. He told me

that he was soon to lose his friend, Mr Brown as he had received a commission as a Lieut. somewhere at the South. At this I was very much chagrined, as, at that time, I liked Mr Brown much better than I did him.

During the evening Mr Black told some of the most melancholy stories about a fire in wh several lives were lost & then said "I saw two men drowned too, once." Now this was said in such an air of "how smart I am" that I was seized with the most irresistible desire to laugh, now, inasmuch as it was a very inopportune time to give way to my visible inclinations I endeavored to restrain them so as not to let him observe my amusement, & thought I had succeeded but when I asked Gay at night if she had noticed it she said, "Yes," & that she had seen Mr Black look sideways at me when I was most nearly overcome - it was when Gay asked him if the spectators endeavored to save the man. He said no it wd have been impossible to have done so, "Now if it had been a young lady it wd have been a different thing," he said. The attempt to cover, what needed covering, the cowardliness of the act, by a show, or rather a talk of gallantry was so obvious & his discomfiture at the question struck my sense of the ludicrous so forcibly as nearly to upset my gravity.

As he was going away he asked Gay & myself if we wd not go to the Concert<sup>78</sup> on Friday night. I accepted but Gay declined. On Friday evening he came & spent the evening & then we started. I had a horror of the stupid evening I expected to spend but I found him much more agreeable than I thought. In fact he was so different from the tiresome man who repeated such silly & inappropriate stories two evenings previously that I cd scarcely realize that it was the same person. So upon the strength of the change I took him up as one of my three-day flames! We talked all through the concert, only pausing a second as the tableaux wd change.<sup>79</sup> I told him, laughingly, that Lizzie had said she knew we had undergone a discussion from Mr Brown & himself when they left our house the evening that we went to the encampment & though she wd have given anything to have been there. "I will tell you just what we said, if you choose." "I wish you wd, only I do not like compliments, so do not pay any, but tell me really what you said." "Then you put a ban upon me at once, if I am to pay no compliments," so he commenced but with his eyes fixed on my face, scanning my features. "Now do not look at me," I said. "I cannot stand being criticised if the critic is to look at me, that is not fair, look at the stage." "Oh! but I cannot talk to you if I do not look at you. I

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<sup>78</sup>Concerts were given at the Opera House in Norfolk to benefit soldiers' aid societies.

<sup>79</sup>Tableaux were fixed scenes where live actors would freeze in a position to represent a theme or illustrate a story. Music, sound effects or poetry reading would accompany the tableaux.

want to see the effect of my words." "& that is exactly what I do not want you to see," I answered. In an equally sensible style we continued until the Concert broke up.

When we were outside the door Mr Black asked wh way we sd go. "Oh! this way - it is the shortest." "The shortest!" he said, then I recollected how rude my answer must have sounded so I said, "Yes, indeed, for I am almost frozen," for I was very cold, so we went on. He told me when we were nearly home that he did not expect to be able to come in for a month as they were to move into their winter quarters the next day if it was good weather. He asked me how we spell our name. I told him. He said that was one thing that Mr Brown & himself had a great joke about when they left our house. Mr Brown asked him if he remembered the name amd he said no, & asked Mr Brown if he did, he said no also. I told him I did not think he knew our name for I had noticed that the night before he called me "Miss Cloe", he said, "Yes, it is a term of familiarity; I did not intend it as such."

Oh! I forgot to tell one funny thing that happened at the Concert. These concerts were gotten up by a set of people of whom I know nothing, well! Mr Black asked me if that was not Mrs Chapman - I think was the name - nearly at the other side of the room. I believe he had asked me before who somebody was & I had not known. He said, "Why! you seem very little acquainted in you native place." Now it was a very queer speech to make & if he had considered a moment I do not expect he wd have made it. I announced, "Yes, I am very little acquainted with the people forming this tableaux!" leaving him to draw his own inferences. He looked startled & a little confused but made no reply.

On Saturday it poured so that they cd not go out to their encampment & on Sunday morning Mr Black came to sit in our pew agreeably to my invitation, but Lizzie Williams & Bettie Armstrong sat there & as it was full & as it was Communion Sunday I did not see anything more of him. The next morning I sent him out some hot rolls, wh he received just as he was about starting. I did not see anything more of him until the day before New Year's day.

On the 7th of Nov. I think I went to a party, given at Craney Island. It was to commence at 3 in the afternoon & break up at 11 at night. It looked, off & on, very much like rain, but as I had sent a message to Mrs Dr. Wright, under whose chaperonage I was going, & she had said that she was going. I put on my dress, but then it looked so very threatening that I gave it up & sat down to read a Sunday School book when Mrs Wright sent me word that she was going, & I must make haste. It was then after 3. I asked Father & Gay what I sd do & they decided, principally Gay, that I cd go.

I hurried to finish dressing & almost raced to Dr. Wright's, where I found them waiting at the front door. We started off, Dr. & Mrs Wright<sup>80</sup> together & Pencie & myself. When we got to the boat, the Wm. Selden,<sup>81</sup> we found Lizzie Wright & Mr Norris on board. After a great deal of delay we started off, I talking to Mrs Wright & Lizzie & her beau talking together, for as he did not look very interesting I let him alone.

Presently I saw Frank Masi<sup>82</sup> on board & I saw that he recognized me but he did not bow then but came up & talked to someone who was my vis-a-vis, with his back to me. We were in the Saloon of the boat; presently he turned around & said. "Good evening, Miss Cloe," & commended to talk to me, afterwards Lizzie & myself & Mr Norris & Frank went out of doors, but after staying some time it began to pour & we were glad to have the shelter of the inside again. We stood near the door Lizzie nearest & talked when a gentleman came up & shook hands with Lizzie. I supposed he was some acquaintance of hers whom I did not know but extending his hand across her he shook hands with "Miss Cloe"; after that I recognized Jonnie Smith with his beard cut off & a furious moustache, looking a perfect fright. He saw a friend of his & went off to see him, in a minute & I went off with Frank Masi up the narrow part of the Saloon to turn my cloak wrong side outwards to avoid the rain.

While I was there Jonnie Smith came up again & said "Miss Cloe you will dance to night, will you not?" I told him that I did not dance. "Don't dance? Why how long has that been, pray? I think I have seen you dance." I told him that I had not danced at a party for three years & a half. Frank Masi was equally as much astonished as he was, for I had been to dancing school year after year with Frank. I told Jonnie Smith that I was glad to see he had found out my name for I so much preferred being called "Miss Cloe" for before that he called me Miss Whittle as formally as possible. "Oh! Miss Whittle, I beg your pardon," said the provoking creature & called me Miss Whittle all the rest of the evening. I said "Do pray hush, Mr Smith. I so much prefer being called Miss Cloe." "Why, did you not tell me that you were Miss Whittle, once?" I did not know the man had such a memory, for more than a year before, when he had paid his wedding call on Horace & Gay he did not ask for me & I scolded him about it afterwards at school & told him I had not expected to be treated with so much

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<sup>80</sup>Dr. David Minton Wright and Mrs. Penelope Wright, of Norfolk.

<sup>81</sup>A steamer out of Baltimore, which would be captured off Fort Monroe on May 10th, 1861.

<sup>82</sup>Frank P. Masi, b. 1843, a West Point cadet and son of George H. and Helena Masi.

disrespect so soon after becoming Miss Whittle.

From that we got to talking about school & he took the liberty, as he always does, of talking to me as if I was 6 years old, so I said about how little the girls minded him & how we did not pretend to learn our Greek lessons & how he used to scold. "Now, Miss Whittle, are you saying that you richly deserved all the scoldings I ever gave you?" "No, I don't mean it I only wish you had made me learn more by any means," "What cd I do more, unless I had kept you in as I did Jennie Tunstall<sup>83</sup> & Miss Lizzie Wright?" Frank Masi caught at that directly. "Did you ever keep Miss Lizzie in? Oh! if I don't get after her about it!" "Now, Mr Smith, that is a right down mean thing in you to tell that!" I said, "& you ought to be greatly ashamed of yourself to be so shabby." I took pleasure in talking to him just as I chose by dropping the "Sir," wh respect for his position required me to use while he was my teacher.

Lizzie coming up at the moment with Mr Norris, Frank commenced teasing her, she said looking Jonnie Smith full in the face, "Did you ever hear such a story, he never kept me in, in his life!" She was as grave as a judge. He was rather taken aback at this flat contradiction but said nothing, merely looking at her with a peculiar smile on his lips, half satirical & half amused & elevating his eyebrows. She looked steadily in his face & then turned to Frank Masi "Indeed, he never kept me in." I was thunderstruck for I did not know what I afterwards learned that Lizzie did not consider, or rather did not choose to consider that he kept her in, as it was only at recess. I do not know whether Frank believed her or not but he was least staggered.

Soon after Jonnie Smith said he must go & took after his sister as we had got to the landing. He told me that as I wd not dance he sd have to talk "lessons" to me during the sets. I told him that no, indeed, I did not wish to hear of school during the whole of the evening. Frank Masi went off the boat with me & Mr Norris with Lizzie, Pencie had a gentleman with her & so, I think, did Mrs Wright.

On the row boat I was seated next [] a gentleman who said "Joe couldn't come." I looked at him & thought he must be distracted for I neither knew him or "Joe." "You know who I mean, do you not - Mr Mimitree." "No, Sir, I do not; & I think you must have mistaken me, too," I said, laughingly, for I saw that he had not spoken from pertness but thought I was an acquaintance. "No, I think not, you are Miss Wright, are you not?" "No, Sir, I am Miss Whittle." "Oh! I beg your pardon, my name is Panell." I made some slight remark about the light being so uncertain, etc.,

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<sup>83</sup>Probably an alternative spelling for Ginnie Tunstall (see Chapter 1).

that it was easy to make a mistake & there the conversation dropped. When we got to the wharf I went with Frank Masi to the house & through the house to the foot of the stairs. I went up & fixed myself as well as I cd but was not at all satisfied at the result.

After the rest of the party were ready we went down & I walked into the room leaning on Frank Masi's arm. The dancing had commenced when we got there. He again commenced at me about dancing but I still declined, so he asked Lizzie Wright to dance with him. He said, "As you won't dance, Miss Cloe, I am going to introduce a friend of mine, Mr Anderson, to you, who does not dance either." So he went out & brought in Mr Anderson. He is not at all good looking & I thought at first very tiresome. Generally I feel myself obliged to make myself agreeable but I took my ease more that evening than I ever did before, when I felt like saying anything I said it, & when I did not I said nothing. Frank & Lizzie went off to dance & I talked to Mr Norris & Mr Anderson.

While we were standing there Jonnie Smith was gradually pushed back by the dancers until he stood right in front of me. The next thing that I said, I spoke in clear voice that he might hear, for I much preferred talking to him to either of the two I was with. It was no remark intended especially for him, of course. As I expected, he turned around suddenly as if he was surprised to find me there & joined in the conversation. He told me that he was coming to see me, a promise by the way wh he has never fulfilled. I told him that I sd feel very much flattered at such a mark at his condescension but I wondered that he had never called on his scholars who had left school. He said that he was a very poor visitor etc. I replied that I supposed his time was so much occupied at Lizzie Trimmer's or Kate Chapman's<sup>84</sup> that he had no time for any one else. Of course he had not been to either house for an age of weeks, only went to Kate's to carry notes from a young gentleman (Jim Marsden)<sup>85</sup> at Craney Island never went to Pencie Wright's either; in short led a hermit's life!

I don't know how long he stayed but after a while Mr Anderson & myself were alone together. I asked him if the other room were arranged as this one we were in, for I was so tired of standing in one place I was almost ready to drop, he said he did not know but proposed going to see, so we went. There we stayed & talked until Lizzie Wright came up with Mr Norris. We four were talking when Lizzie Wright made some remark or rather she commenced scolding me about letting John Smith tell Frank Masi about keeping her in, she did not seem to mind Mr Norris or Mr Anderson at all. Just then Jonnie Smith came by. I said, "Speak of angels & you will feel their wings,

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<sup>84</sup>Kate Chapman, b. 1844, daughter of Catherine Chapman, of Norfolk.

<sup>85</sup>Jim Marsden, b 1840, son of Margaret A. Marsden.

Lizzie.” He passed through the door & did not seem to see us at all but after walking about the passage a little he came back to us.

I was standing leaning against the door, for it opened into the room, Mr Norris & Lizzie in front of me & Mr Anderson on the other side. Jonnie Smith came & lent on the edge of the door by me & Lizzie & himself immediately commenced quarrelling; finding that Lizzie was growing rather warm I told Jonnie Smith to stop wh very unwillingly he did, as he cd not refuse to obey the command of a lady.

He was determined to revenge himself, however, so presently he made some remark a la school dictation. I forget what it was now, but it brough the blood singing to my cheeks & my face burnt so that tears almost started to my eyes. I said, “I think Mr Smith forgets he is no longer my teacher,” & turned the conversation, for I cd not bear Mr Norris & Mr Anderson to see how much he had embarassed me.

Jonnie Smith was one of the Managers & after a while he said “You had better get your partner they are going into supper,” of course Lizzie & I went on talking. “Are you going to supper with Mr Anderson?” he asked in a sort of undertone of me. “I don’t know,” I muttered, wishing the man wd hold his tongue, for I knew Mr Anderson wd ask me in a minute & yet I did not want him to be obliged to do it, by Jonnie Smith’s catechising. “Oh! well then take my arm,” he said. I did so because I scarcely knew what I was after, I was so worried. I do hate to be talked to in that condescending tone that he always assumes with me as if he has a baby to take care of. I was not at all dependent upon him for Mr Anderson wd have asked me in a minute, for I don’t believe he had left my side since he was first introduced, & besides that there was Frank Masi whom I expect I ought to have waited for, for as he came with me from the boat & I went in the room with him & he then asked me to dance the first set, I expect I ought to have gone into supper with him but I never once thought of him, in fact I never thought of him till this minute, but I expect now that that was the reason he never spoke to me again during the evening & left the Island with Mary Sinclair.<sup>86</sup>

However, I was too worried then to think of anything - why couldn’t Jonnie Smith ask me properly to go into supper with him instead of permitting me to lean on his arm as the request, if I can call it such, wd imply. Lizzie Wright followed us with Mr N & Mr Anderson, for all this little by play did not take a moment & we almost headed the procession. He got me some chicken salad, I believe, & as he handed it to me I dropped the fork he got another one. “Now drop that one,” he remarked as he handed it to me, “I am sorry to give you so much trouble,” I replied, wondering how

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<sup>86</sup>Mary Sinclair, b. 1845, daughter of George T. and Mary Sinclair.

much more frisky he wd get. He did not ask me to take wine or champagne, but, as he raised a glass of water to his lips, remarked that he never took anything stronger. I was glad enough to get out of the supper room.

The girls at school try to tease me about Jonnie Smith, well there were three of them there: Eliza Sharp, Nina Taylor & Nannie Turnstall<sup>87</sup>. Nina Taylor was amusing herself during supper by winking, nodding, or otherwise drawing Jonnie Smith's attention to the fact that she knew he was with me. He told her afterwards that she ought to have been ashamed to do so, for that I might have seen her. She told him that she wd not have cared if I had, for she meant to tease me about him as soon as she got to school the next day. "That will be very smart then," he said. I saw nothing of all this. Nina told me at school. I did not even know that Nina was in the supper room.

After supper we promenaded a little while in the passage then I proposed going to the Wrights & letting him get his supper; he said that he cd get it presently but I went to the Wrights & sent him off. I had an extremely poky time during the gentlemen's supper, but afterwards found myself somehow or the other with Mr Anderson in the passage watching the dancers. As we went into the passages, at the doorway, we encountered John Sharp<sup>88</sup> with Miss Emily Christian. I bowed & he returned the salutation.

After sitting talking for some time I got very tired of Mr Anderson & supposed he was equally tired of me, so I was delighted when John Sharp came up to talk to me. He was very devoted & I saw directly that he was rather in the humour for a flirtation. He leant over me & finally leant his arm on the wall behind me for I was sitting down & bent his head until his flashing eyes almost scorched my face. That was rather too much of a good thing & I felt rather uncomfortable, I wished afterwards that I asked him to stand up, but I thought then that the best way was to take no notice of it but just to go on talking as before. Mr Anderson evidently thought him very impertinent & wd not leave me, for wh I was very much obliged to him. He said the evening had possessed no interest to him until he had met me etc. I told him in answer to his saying that he was on the lookout for a new sweetheart & wd be guided by me in his choice that I cd very easily find him one as he had seemed to enjoy himself very much with Miss Christian, judging from the time he had spent with her. He said, "Oh! Miss Emily & myself are very good friends; we can never be anything more. I think we need to have something new to fall in love with it is impossible to feel so to one whom

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<sup>87</sup>Ann Tunstall, b. 1847, daughter of Dr. Robert B. and Elizabeth W. Tunstall, of Norfolk.

<sup>88</sup>John H. Sharp, born 1838, clerk, son of W.W. and Mary Sharp.



we have known for years.” He said that was not the choice he wished me to make but something more personal, this was the sum if not the words.

We were talking about his sister Eliza being at the party; he did not approve of it, as I had heard from Eliza, I said I thought she had just as well be there & enjoy herself. He said suddenly, “You seem to take a great deal of interest in Eliza, “ I said “Yes, I do. I am very fond of her,” “Pon my word I wish you wd transfer your preference to her brother.” “Oh! I cd not be so fickle as to change from an old friend to the acquaintance of an evening,” I replied.

He joked me about Jonnie Smith & said “I hear he is putting in a claim to your hand & I must say from what I have seen this evening I sd think he wd be successful.” “I don’t know from whom you cd have heard such nonsense, “ I replied, “unless it was from Eliza. The schoolgirls commenced plaguing me about Mr Leony Smith when he was there & when he left they put Jonnie Smith in his place.” “Oh! yes, that is all very pretty, but it was not from Eliza that I heard it, for you two are pretty widely discussed.” “It is a very ridiculous thing for Mr Smith does not ever visit at out house & my only acquaintance with him,” I replied, “is that between teacher & scholar.” “Ah! yes, you can’t deny that he has been sitting at your feet looking up into your face half the evening, can you?” Yes, I can, most decidedly; he has been sitting on the floor not at my feet but at my side for a short time because, I suppose, he was tired of standing up. I tell you that he does not even visit at out house.” “Perhaps he thinks his absence will do his work more effectually than his presence, if I was going to be here this winter I wd set up an opposition to him. “Are you going away this winter?” I asked, glad of an opportunity to change the conversation. “Yes. I am going to Wythende for my health,” he answered. I told him that I did not know it was delicate, he said, yes that he had had an hemmorage a few days before, wh I do not know was the truth or not.

By this time he had made room by my side & sat down but so close to me that I was almost in his arms. As Mr Anderson was on the other side I cd not move much in that way, but preferring to be near him to John Sharp I turned my self sideways & so got as far from the latter as I cd. We went on talking for some time until a Mr Witherspoon got John Sharp to carry him to his tent as he had a bad headache so he went telling me that he wd see me again during the night, for such a storm had arisen that no one wd return to Norfolk, & besides the Wm. Selden was aground & wd not be able to get off until 9 or 10 the next morning.

I went back after a while to the room with Mr Anderson & then Jonnie Smith joined me. I said something about John Sharp’s saying that I wd not quarrel for he had

been calling me hard names to make me quarrel with him & I wd not. Jonnie Smith had just said that it was my fault that we always quarrelled when we were together, in answer to my telling him that he must be very amiable, as we invariably got into a squabble when we were together. I introduced John Sharp's name very casually just to see what effect it wd have on him. I saw he did not like it. In saying something afterwards he said "So your friend Mr Sharp says," with an emphasis on friend, so I took the back track & said "I assure you he is no friend of mine. I never had a moment's conversation with him before tonight."

One thing that I did not like was that he said that John Sharp was one that was captivated by any new face & other remarks that showed that he thought himself called upon to warn me against being deceived by John Sharp's attentions. I am much obliged to him, but I am much clearer sighted than he gives me credit for. Oh! In reply to my saying that John Sharp was no friend of mine he said, "I thought from the way he seemed to be talking to you that you must be very intimate." Frisk!

While he was talking to me then he was occupying the same position that John Sharp referred to. He had been talking to Pencie Wright before sitting down between us & he applied to me about something, saying "Miss Whittle." I turned to him, & them recollecting myself I said "I don't answer to that name," & went on talking to Mr Anderson. Afterwards I thought it was very rude of me to do so, so I turned to him again & said, "What did you ask me just now Mr Smith?" He was rather disposed to be on his dignity & not recollect, but went off after something before I asked him.

I spent my time between talking to Mr Norris, Mr Anderson & Jonnie Smith until John Sharp came up again later in the night to talk to me. No one was with me then but Mr Anderson. As soon as John Sharp came up to talk to me, Jonnie Smith came up to talk to Dickie Galt who was sitting about 3 feet from me. I knew he wd listen to every word John Sharp & myself said. I do not know whether it was this knowledge or that I was tired of the flirty style of conversation he kept up, but certainly I was much less frisky even than I had before, for when he first came up to talk to me I was so tired of Mr Anderson that I was glad of anybody who wd come & wake me up (for it was just that time of the night when you felt most the fatigue & wh if you pass over you can sit up easily until morning), so when John Sharp made some remark about drinking, getting on sprees, etc, in a light way saying that he only did so occasionally, not as often as other young men, or something of the sort I said very seriously, "I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mr Sharp. You are a member of the Church, are you not?" I saw he was very much startled; he said "No, I am not a member of the Church." "Oh! Mr Sharp I know you are. You may not be a

Communicant but you have been confirmed I know.” “I am not a member of the Church.” he said.

After John Sharp went away Jonnie Smith joined me. I said how much I regretted not making more use of the last year to learn Mathematics, he said yes, he wished very much that we cd have gone through Integral Calculus. We sat & talked of different things all night, from about the time that the dancing stopped until day light. Mr Anderson came up every now & then but Jonnie Smith never left me.

The Col. in command gave up his quarters & some of the ladies went off there & laid down, principally the married ladies. I do not think the married ladies ought to have gone off & left the young ladies who were in their charge all night so, yet some mothers, at least I know of one who went off & left her daughter in the room where the dancing was. Mrs Wright very properly stayed there.

John Smith said Eliza Sharp was so fast & he “cd not bear fast children”, well! Eliza was making herself very frisky, among other things she called to me to come over to her - she had something to tell me. I told her to come to me if she wished to do so but thinking she wd probably make some queer speech before Jonnie Smith I went to her. She said that she had “never expected to have seen Jonnie Smith under my thumb”, alluding to his being sitting on the floor by me. I told her she was very smart indeed & returned to my seat.

She frisked about & proposed playing the chair of Criticism, insisting on having Jonnie Smith’s stool & wished him to take the seat. He gave her the camp stool but declined most positively taking the seat & leant on the wall & talked to me. I told him when he said that Eliza was so fast that she was very young & did not think of what she was doing, that she had a great many good qualities wh a skillful hand cd bring out. I said, “I don’t think you like her as much as you used to do, Mr Smith.” “What do you mean by that?” he turned around & said in the most snappish manner in the world & looking right in my eyes. “Simply that I thought you used to like her more than your words wd imply,” I answered, astonished at his manner. If Eliza was not so very young I wd think that he must be in love with her, or rather have been in love wither her, as I can give no other reason for his queer manner. He said nothing more, either he thought he had said too much already or he was satisfied, I do not know wh.

Mr Dickie Galt was going out with some gentlemen to see the sun rise, so he proposed to me to go too & I went upstairs to put on my things. When I came down we spent some time in looking for Mrs Galt & when we found anyone who knew where she was, we found she had gone. Well, we loitered at the door way chatting with Eliza Sharp & Mr Carter while I was wondering why Jonnie Smith did not

propose to start, for he had said when we were standing just outside the doorway, "Let us come inside, for the draught is so great," so I thought it was for him to make the move to go.

Well! After waiting & waiting it seemed to me that he did not think it proper for me to go without Mrs Galt. I declare I do not need either a nurse or an old granny to take care of me when Jonnie Smith is present. In the night as it turned colder he insisted on my putting on the cape of his cloak to "keep me from catching cold." I refused & refused but he took it off, & laying it in my lap, said "Put it on," so much in his old school way that I found myself in it, almost without my being aware of it. I wore it all night & in the morning after I returned it to him Eliza Sharp complained of cold, so he offered it to her, & she took it. I was not altogether pleased at that, for I, following my moral propensity, had converted him into my three-days flame...

But this is a digression, to return to the morning. We four were standing in the passage way when what must the tallow do but perversely drop down on my hat & cloak right in the middle of the feather of my hat? I had already gotten a great deal on my frock. I was truly provoked, but still there was nothing to be done, but as the old adage says more espressively than elegantly, "grin & endure it." I went in the room & I think Mr Anderson got me a knife to scrape off the tallow with; I did scrape off as much as I cd.

## CHAPTER II

“Sacred is the remembrance of the dead”

Private Journal,  
commenced by Cloe Tyler Whittle  
July 30th 1862.

Wednesday July 30th 1862

I went yesterday afternoon to see Mary Bell, while I was there Maggie Sanders came in. We were talking of Mrs Frisby's<sup>1</sup> son who was drowned a day or two ago. He was 14 last month but was as much assistance to his mother as a grown son could have been.<sup>2</sup> He transacted all her business which she could not attend & was as considerate of her as possible in every way. One of Mrs Frisby's lungs has been destroyed by consumption, & she has only one little one left who has been sick for a year & to whom his brother was like a father, & one little girl. She keeps a boarding house & her son helped her so much. Surely God moves “in a mysterious way.”

I asked them if they had seen Mr Jonnie Smith's obituary<sup>3</sup> & as they had not I promised to send it to Mary. We then got to talking of him. I said that I had heard that he wrote to his sister every day. Maggie Saunders said, “Every day!” “Yes, & sometimes he wrote to her two or three times a day, whenever he had the opportunity.” Maggie said that while he was at Craney Island, Ellen Alice hemmed some handkerchiefs for him &, marking one with his hair, sent them down to him.

One Sunday, when he came into Church as he sought her eye he opened the handkerchief for her to see, & then pressed it to his lips. Some lady who was in the

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<sup>1</sup>Mary E. Frisby, b. 1824.

<sup>2</sup>Richard Frisby, 1848-1862.

<sup>3</sup>Sgt. Jonathan K. Smith was killed in action July 1st, 1862, at the battle of Malvern Hill, by a shot in the head.

choir with Ellen Alice said she turned to her with her faced flushed with pleasure & said, "Oh! did you see that?" & afterwards explained it to her. How Ellen Alice must miss him. They seemed perfectly devoted to each other.

Mary Bell spoke of a piece of poetry she once wrote on our school & teacher & said "All that is left of it now is the recollection." I had a copy of it but I, too, have destroyed it now. Sacred is the remembrance of the dead - a jest now seems sacrilegious.

July 31st, Thursday afternoon.

The last day of this eventful month is drawing to a close

"Softly now the light of day

Fades upon my sight away."

It has conveyed a lesson to me wh I hope & I believe will never be forgotten, but the "shortness & instability of human life" we hear time & again; but how little we realize it until it is brought home to our hearts - I had little idea how entirely I was living through the world & worldly things until this shock came - religion was but little more than a name with me; & is this the confusion of one who had, for more than three years, been a professed follower of Christ, upon whose head, more than three years ago the hands of the Bishop of God's flock were laid as he prayed that she might "daily increase in His holy spirit more & more until she came to His everlasting Kingdom."

And God has borne with my backsliding all this long time & now calls me again to him so mercifully; it is time that he has taken one of my dearly loved but how has he taken him? not when he was unprepared for the change, but wait until he called him by his grace (for it is but a few months since his interest in religion has been as personal I have heard) gives him some time in wh to work for him who has redeemed him & prepare himself to tread the courts of Heaven & then does not take him when he lay sick last spring in camp & had never struck a blow for his country, wh his young heart so dearly prized, but let him fight repeatedly in defense of his country & at last give his life as an offering for her liberty wh he cheered on his brethren to be as self-devoted as he was; & lastly, what I feel to be a great mercy, did not let him be wounded & then die a lingering death, but caused the death bolt to strike so quickly & surely & so saved him an untold amount of agony.

Through it all I can see mercy, on my part wholly undeserved mercy & I can rejoice that I have another treasure in heaven, although I miss him more than I cd have imagined I sd have missed one of whom I saw so little; but the mere fact of there being one person in the world who took such an interest in my affairs & in whom I took such

an interest, even though I seldom saw him, was a great pleasure to me, apart from the fact that I hoped to have known him better & that the warm friendship to wh had arisen might last through many long years to come, for strange to say, I did not think of his being killed in this war, I believe it scarcely even occurred to me & of course the shock was proportionally great but still I did not imagine that I cd care so much even if it were to be.

I remember when he was so ill last spring; thinking calmly of his death I did not then know how weak I was. I thought I had schooled my heart so well in the knowledge that "man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward" that there was no loss that I cd be called upon to sustain that cd move me as I find this has done. Truly "the heart is deceitful above all things."

Sometimes I feel as if I cd hardly bear it, then again I feel, as I do now, that I cd willingly give up, for I know he is far happier there than he cd be here & I hope in a few years at farthest after I have "suffered awhile" to join my brother & my brothers, for I feel as if were such in that land where parting is unknown. Jesus! my elder brother, help me to spend the days of my pilgrimage on earth in thy service so that when the "night cometh wh no man can work" I may lay me down in peace & take my rest until the resurrection morn when I shall awaken in Thy likeness & be satisfied. Satisfied! Oh! what a word that is for the careworn spirit in this world of woe. Let that cheer me on my upward course, "I shall be satisfied."

Friday afternoon Aug. 1st 1862.

This morning directly after breakfast I went to see Mrs Midden to get a Sunday school book I had lent her. After going down town to get a pair of shoes, I went by to see Lizzie Wright, for I had heard that Lizzie Williams was there, from Mrs Williams, whom I met in the street, for I had carried my work by to sit & sew with Lizzie, who has just returned a few days ago from the country. I was struck with Lizzie Wright's smartness in some remarks wh she made about a piece wh a gentleman wrote in her album.

I think there is a great deal more in that family than what struck the eye of a casual observer for the first time, I think the more you know of them the more you like them. Mrs Wright,<sup>4</sup> I believe, I really love - she reminds me so much of my own mother that when I heard Father say, a day or two ago, he thought she was looking worse & worse, it caused a pain in my heart. I believe her to be a gifted woman; her

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<sup>4</sup>Penelope Wright, b. 1817, wife of Dr. David M. Wright.

poetry, of wh I read some today, is very pretty. I shall feel as if one more link of the Past was broken when I see no more of her slender, though stately figure wh calls to mind that of my own loved one.

My mother's figure is almost all that I can remember of her for when I try to bring her countenance before me, the cold, calm face, wh I saw in her coffin with the close cap around it, wh looked so unnatural to me, is the first image that rises. I almost wish that I had never seen her there, for it has almost banished all other memories.

Lizzie Wright sang, at my request, some songs for me; among others she sang, what has always been such a favorite of mine:

“Joys that we've tasted may sometimes returned  
But the torch when once wasted oh! how can it burn?”

Years ago, Mary used to sing it, & I always admired it so much. The last two lines I had never noticed much until today:

“Lips of love's memory, where are you born?  
Never to smile again, never to mourn.”

Thank heavens the last clause is truer than the former, though we never in our lifetimes can see the smile we hope it will welcome us home.

On the first of last month was the deadly battle of Malvern Hills after Church I walked up, alone, to the Race field Bridge. The last time that I had gone up that street was to see Mrs Stewart & Mrs Smith - when she told me of having received that letter from Mr Jonnie Smith & of his asking to be remembered to me - it was the day before he was killed that I was there. I mean to try & walk there always on the first evening in the month.

How much the street & the house reminded me of him! The sound of merry voices grated discordantly upon my feeling as I passed the gate leading up to Mr Smith's house. How little the inmates of that house think of the family wh a few short years ago were so happy there! When I first went to school there, a father & a mother lived there, happy in each other's love, & surrounded by happy, loving children - three brothers & two sisters completed the family circle. My own mother carried me there & left me - the petted child, alone though in a crowd. As the gate closed upon her loved form, very desolate did I feel, but I met there almost a second mother & father, to Mrs Smith my young heart soon learned to cling, she was so gentle & kind. I no longer felt lonely when I looked into her eyes, beaming with love for the little ones around her, to whose happiness she contributed so much. The same eyes I afterwards saw in her son - large, dark, brilliant & penetrating, & yet soft & lovely in their starry brilliancy. His likeness to his mother was one thing that endeared him to me.



Under Mr & Mrs Smith's care I grew devoted to the school & many happy hours have I spent with Josey <sup>5</sup>- Mrs Smith's youngest daughter. Leonie taught us then & he found Josey & myself a hard couple to manage; both of us pets, we had little idea of submitting to anyone, oh! what mistaken kindness it is in parents to omit that most valuable lesson - how to yield - to Leonie Smith I was at last indebted for the knowledge of how to submit entirely to the will of a superior, & most heartily do I thank him for it, but it had better it had been learned much earlier, I believe; almost half our missing in this world might be spared us if we were taught, early, that lesson, then submission to the Will of God wd be gained without that fierce, heart-struggle wh so many of us have had to pass through, one might almost call it a baptism of fire.

Thus, nearly three years passed away, & there came forth that fearful scourge from God's hand - the Yellow Fever of '55. Our family left town; at the Spring's Gap & at Shermansville we eagerly searched the papers for the names of the dead. Mrs Smith's gentle spirit passed on earth, then her youngest son & Josie died, still the deadly pestilence hung over the house - Jonnie was sick - I do not know whether it was before his mother died or not, but I heard they thought he was also to be numbered with the dead & that he was even measured for the coffin. Miss McHenry, I think, was the only boarder left in the house. Eliza Sharp told me that she nursed him through his illness & that they learned to love each other; then he recovered but Death had only changed his victim - she was taken with the fever.

Eliza says that Jonnie Smith nursed her until she died. She says they were engaged - I do not know - he was only 18 & 1/2 then but if it was so, what a blank his young life must have seemed. When I returned to school in the January of '56 it was a different place. I missed my deskmate from my side & Mrs Smith's loving glance met me no more, when I went into this house. I wondered if it did not make Mr Smith sad to see me, but he was as kind, if not kinder, than ever. Leonie Smith's habits were a great grief to him afterwards, but when, in 1860 he had them both teaching in the school, he seemed so happy.

We went to the South the fall before & did not return until 8th December '59. I went to school again in the first part of January. Well do I remember the first time I saw Jonnie Smith in school. It was bad weather & Mr Smith had school in the house. I studied Geography with the second class as I did not like some lesson our class was studying, & Lizzie studied it too. The first time we went into the class, while Jonnie Smith heard the lesson standing & leaning against the piano, in the sitting room, when

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<sup>5</sup>Eliza Josepha Smith, b. 1842, died 1855.

he called upon "Miss Whittle" to answer, my courage almost forsook me - I little knew when I entered his room that day, how, in such a short time, I sd learn to love him so much & in two years & 1/2 be called upon to mourn his early death.

As much pain as it has caused me I am glad - nay, more, I am thankful that I knew him. Truly, "Man proposes but God disposes." I thought I was following a mere fancy when I preferred to learn Geography, & again, I had long desired to learn Greek, & when we commenced it, Mr Smith gave the class to Mr Jonnie Smith to teach - these two things seemed but accidents, yet out of them has grown an influence wh has changed the whole coloring of my life, for I hope that in the last month I have been thought to lay upon my treasure in heaven & not on earth. Lately I can truly say "Old things have passed away, Behold all things have become new." Jealously will I endeavor to watch my heart & see that it does not form for itself a new idol: "Thou shalt love the lord thy God with all thy heart," Oh! cd I but keep this course in view, what suffering it wd save me!

For a year Mr Smith seemed so happy - he had all his treasures around him. His eyes beamed with love when he mentioned his children but alas! that Satan who broke the happiness of Eden wd not let it continue. Leonie Smith was the instrument upon whom he worked & after that painful fortnight - agonizing it was to me, the broken family circle was again torn & Leonie Smith taught us no more. Upon his youngest son Mr Smith then leaned for comfort & he did not lean in vain; he gave up his own desire to leave Norfolk & stayed with his father, who said he cd "not spare him." Alas! that reason did not arrest Death's icy grasp. Another year nearly passed away & then the War broke out. Leonie Smith as well as Mr Jonnie Smith joined heartily in the "States' Rights" movement - Leonie Smith seemed to have received a new spring of action & again his father loved to speak of him -his positions in the battles he had been in, while Virginia still lay sleeping.

Then when Virginia joined Mr Smith seemed so proud & happy to have both his sons in the service of his country. I well remember the smile with wh he told me, "Jonnie has enlisted for the war." How little he cd see in what that was to end! But I do not believe if he had seen he wd have wished him to have done differently - I am sure I wd not - our country is worthy of the devotion, aye, the self-devotion of her sons. I feel honored that one I loved sd swell the ranks of "the noble army of martyrs," wh our country has given to God in this bloody war, but I cannot help feeling sorry for his father & brother & sister who loved him so dearly. It is a sore trial to them & the sight of the house in wh I can remember their living an unbroken family cd not fail to

recall vividly to mind the scenes of the Past wh are gone nevermore to return. O! cd I but remember this verse:

“The Past is past - in faith & patience taking

“Its lessons let us lay them to our hearts

“The chains alternated links are breaking

“Be earnest - use the Present ere it parts.”

I can remember it now but in the busy walks of life how easily I forget it, “Be earnest” & “Use the Present” ere it is buried where the dark waters of the Dead Sea sleep.”

Sunday afternoon Aug. 10th 1862.

Last Sunday I received Communion. It was with a new feeling & one of deep thankfulness that I listened to those words - “We also bless thy holy name, for all thy servants who parted this life in thy faith & fear,” & I cd truly & heartily add “Beseeching thee to give us grace so to follow their good examples but with them we may be partaken of thy heavenly kingdom.” I enjoyed the sermon very much, it was from the text “He that overcometh shall inherit all things & I will be his father, & he shall be my son.” Mr Rodman described “he that overcometh” & I felt my heart fire with a desire to “fight manhood” while I was a member of the Church militant looking forward to the time when I too sd join in the Church Triumphant. I felt during the Communion Service that I cd willingly give up anyone I loved into the hands of the God who has given us the unspeakable gift of a saviour to die for us. I felt perfectly resigned to God’s past dealings with me & willing to trust him for the future.

Minton Wright<sup>6</sup> received the Communion. I was very very thankful to see it. He has come to Norfolk hoping to be exchanged in a short time, & I trust he will go back to the Army with a desire to promote the course of Christ to the utmost of his abilities. There is a vast scope for missionary action now open to young men in our camp, if they will only avail themselves of it & they may truly speak as wd “a dying man to dying men,” for none of them can tell but that day they may be stretched cold & stiff upon the battlefield.

Mr Rodman’s text today was, “The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God, & if children then heirs; heirs of God then join hands with Christ.” He spoke of our Heritage, where we wd “kings of priests unto God” & said what a joyful exchange it wd be for the sorrow-stricken wanderer upon earth. Another one that I love has joined the ghostly throng in the city of the dead - I heard a

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<sup>6</sup>Minton Wright, b. 1842, civil engineer, son of Dr. David M. and Penelope Wright.

few days ago that Mr Turner<sup>7</sup> had died of wounds received at the battle of Malvern Hill.<sup>8</sup> He had a horror of Hospitals & I fear his soul took its flight from one of those dreaded places - alas! I fear I cannot say, to Heaven & I asked Mrs Walke who told me of it, if he was a Christian, she said, "No, I think Mr Turner was one of those who knew the right but did not do it." Oh! I hope it was not so. What a fearful thing to say of one who has passed the mystic gate! "Unto whom however much is given of him shall be much required." "As the tree falls, so it must lie." The question that Gay asked came home to my heart, "I wonder if in his intercourse with ours - called a Christian family he ever heard a word on the subject of religion?" When we parted I felt very much disposed to speak seriously to him but a foolish, I may say more - a wicked feeling of false shame prevented me, as it did again in parting with one who was dearer to me. Gay says he used to read the Bible she put in his room at night, oh! I hope that the Lord "who seeth not as man seeth" may accept & wash him in the blood of the Land, slain to take away the sins of the world. How I do pity his wife - he loved her so much - her likeness he almost always carried in his bosom. It was saying a great deal to her persuasiveness that he reenlisted here for the War - he desired to go to S.C. & join the Palmetto Regiment, in wh he served in the Mexican War. Had he gone there to our human judgment he might now be alive. He did not think he wd live through this war - I hope with that feeling came a desire to prepare for the change - I can scarcely see how it can be otherwise.

Monday night. Aug. 11th 1862.

This morning I got up before 5. In going to my window I found the moon shining beautifully although the sun had almost risen. I have been very busy today about the house. In consequence of Cary's<sup>9</sup> absence it takes up more of my time than formerly. In the middle of the day Father gave us the Phil[adelphia] Enquirer to read. It contained a good deal from southern papers. President Davis' general order not to treat Gen. Pope or any of his officers as prisoners of War in consequence of Pope's proclamation in regard to citizens of the Confederacy, who sd be under their military jurisdiction, was expressed in such dignified terms that I felt proud of him. His distinction between the officers & the men in the ground that the former can resign

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<sup>7</sup>Probably John C. Turner, Co. C., 6th Virginia Infantry, died June 19th, 1862 in Richmond.

<sup>8</sup>The last of the Seven Days' Battles, July 1st, 1862. Lee attacked McClellan's retreating troops on Malvern Hill, north of the James River, guaranteeing the failure of the Federal's Peninsula Campaign.

<sup>9</sup>A servant.

while the latter are bound to remain, is as just as it is generous. It is in character with his usual style - cool & discriminating. I have kept the paper, for it contained a piece from the R. Christian Advocate upon "the Great Battle" wh I cd read again & again. It says what a mighty victory it has been to us & gives a glory, where it is so justly due, to the god of Battles - that "the Father of light" has given us Robert Lee to guide our army - a man of prayer, "One that fears God & has given him the wisdom that cometh from above that enables him to form the plan, by wh our foes, strong in men & all that cd make an Army successful, as far as a human being cd make it so, have been defeated & driven in confusion backward - but it says that there is deep, deep sorrow mixed with our rejoicing & that it well becomes us to still the song of triumph on our lips till we have paid a fitting tribute to our noble dead - "oh! that they were with us to enjoy the fruits wh their valor won." That wish is useless now. The writer says that he has been among those that mourn, that he has lost friends in this war & a young brother in the bloom of manhood but he knows that he fell in the sight of his Father & at the post where his duty called him, that he must have died sooner or later & asks "Cd they have died more nobly?" He says may we not hope that while we rejoice over the victory on earth wh they won for us, they thank God in heaven for it.

When Bishop Meade lay dying he sent for Gen. Lee, who had then just been made Commander in Chief & who had formerly been his Sunday School scholar & calling him by his name he commanded our country to his care & said that it was a righteous war & must succeed. He was at first what is called a Union man but by gradually clear abuse of this great question broke upon his mind as it did upon almost all the rest, & he was afterwards what all his deathbed scenes show him to have been. I have commenced Bishop Meades' Old Churches, Ministers & Families of Virginia. It is mournfully interesting to a Virginia Episcopalian to read of the early days - those gloomy days of the Church in Virginia. I have long been desirous to get this book.

Wednesday Aug. 13th 1862.

The past few days have been sultry in the extreme but today has been delightful. Soon after breakfast today I heard that "Miss Jones" was downstairs & desired to speak to me. Upon going I found a stranger - a plain woman but one with whom I was immediately favorably impressed by her frank, independent manner. She wanted some clothes for two little infants - the mother was living in her neighborhood & without the means of supplying them. Tempted by the coolness & beauty of the morning I offered to go with her & find where they lived. I did so; finding that she lived just over a little bridge & out of the town I went with her to her own house. It repaid me for the loan,

amply. A sweeter little Cottage I never saw. Passing through the outer gate, we went up a lane, with corn nearly as tall as I was on the other side, up to another gate, through wh we entered a square set around with a great variety of flowers. The door of the house was open & we went into a little bedroom - very small it was but as clean as possible - the white counterpane was as fine as washing cd make it & the muslin curtains to the single window waved in the cool breeze & gave a look of comfort to the room. Downstairs there were four rooms. They all seemed to open into each other & the three that I was in had all outer doors, so I sd imagine it was more agreeable in summer than in winter. I told Mrs Jones how much I admired her pretty home & that I sd find my way out there again, wh she cordially invited me to do. Gay wishes to go with me - poor child! with how much pleasure she looks back to the short time she spent on Datha;<sup>10</sup> she did not then know that the foot of the invader wd press its soil & she wd be separated from it "it may be three years, it may be forever."

Friday evening Aug. 15th 1862

I went up & spent the evening with Miss Sarah Balfour<sup>11</sup> yesterday. Soon after I came there was a knock at the door & Stewart Smith came in. He brought her some little crabapples & a book wh Miss Blythe Stewart had spoken to her of. Miss Sarah opened it & as she did so said, "Poor Jonnie Smith" she handed it to me saying, "It was his book." I felt as if I touched a sacred thing as I took it in my hand. I looked at the blank page & there in his well-known handwriting was his name & the date - February 25th. I turned to the title "Undine; or the Water-Nymph" & with it what I have been desirous to read "Sintram" that gave me an excuse to tell Miss Sarah I wish she wd ask Miss Blythe to lend it to me after she had read it. I turned some more leaves of Sintram & saw those beautiful lines wh were quoted in Rutledge

"Death comes to set thee free  
O now age greet him cheerily,  
As thy true friend."

My thoughts turned to the one whose Death came so recently "to set free" - when will he come to release me from this body of mine? I read the rest of the verse - oh! how comforting it is

"And all thy fears shall cease,  
And in eternal peace

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<sup>10</sup>A 12,000-acre island off the coast of South Carolina, owned by the Sams family, who built a house there.

<sup>11</sup>Sarah Balfour, b. 1805, sister of Dr. E.O. Balfour, of Norfolk.

Thy penance end.”

I hated to part with the book for a moment it lay in my lap until Miss Sarah got up to relieve me of it, as I no doubt she thought, I felt a great impulse to retain it still but I thought it wd look strange so I let her take it, but when she left the room for a short time I took it up again & marked that piece by heart.

I asked Stewart a great deal about his cousin. He said they had all his private letters & in them his constant subject was “Prepare for Death.” He said too that they had a great deal of his poetry & spoke he had written on his brother. I asked him how long he had been a Christian “ever since the Yellow Fever.” Oh! that I had only known it, how differently wd I have acted! Miss Sarah told me that they said there were no two young men in the Army better prepared for Death than Jonnie Smith & Charlie McPhail. That Jonnie Smith wrote to his father a few days before he was killed saying that he wished he wd send him some tracts, that he had used all he had & cd get no more & the men seemed disposed for serious reading. She said that he was like a preacher in the camp. Mrs Moore’s son, who was in his mess wrote word that he had prayers in his tent every night.

Oh! how I love to hear words said in his praise & to hear of his making good use of his short life in his Master’s service. “Blessed is that servant whom his Lord where he cometh shall find him so doing.” Oh! darling I wish I cd think that your spirit wd be my guardian angel - sending off temptation & urging me on in the straight & narrow path. Do you know what we feel here below? If I cd think that you knew how your meek & lowly example has under the blessing of God, been the means of awakening me from the lethargy in wh the world, the flesh & the devil had steeped my soul, it seems to me that I sd feel so much more lighthearted. I often think of Mrs Jackson’s beautiful words

“I gazed down My stark labyrinth a wildering maze to see,  
Crossed o’er by many a tangled clue, as dark as dark cd be,  
And as I gazed in doubt & dread an angel came to me.  
I know him for a heavenly guide I know him even then,  
Though meekly as a child he stood among the sons of men  
By his deep spirit’s loveliness I knew him even then.

I wonder now, when I think of his “Deep spirit’s loveliness,” how I cd help knowing him even then. Was it not that a worldly mist had passed before my eyes & prevented my seeing those things wh are “spiritually discussed” When I think of his attention to the wishes of others, of his ready help for all that need it, of his respectful & deferential manners to his elders, while his bright smile came like a sunbeam to cheer

the sad - when I think of the care & pains he took over uncongenial studies that he might consciously assume the position of his father's assistant where his own wishes led him to go with his brother, of his gentleness & patience with an unruly set of scholars each one of whom had his own peculiar note of annoyance when often as he told me afterwards his head ached violently - when I think of how he told me, on one of the few occasions that he ever spoke of himself, that there used to be a time when he was younger, the least thing wd make him angry but it was so that (I did not then remember that "He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city") when I think of all this I think I must have been blind indeed not to have seen that to lead such a life as he led required help from on high.

Had I never read "He that loveth me not keepeth not my things?" How strangely blind I was. It was always my desire to hear a young Christian teacher - youth I thought wd be better able to feel for the temptations of youth, & a Christian wd help me to be more Christian - & when I think that this blessing was mine & I threw it aside, I can scarcely forgive myself. How often his advice wd have been useful to me & how many a sin might I have been preserved from had I known this but

"Soldier of Christ! well done  
Rest from thy fixed employ  
The battle fought  
The victory won  
Enter thy Master's Joy.[']"

Wednesday, Sept. 10th 1862.

It has been just about four weeks since I have written in this book. In that time, much of great interest to me has transpired. Under the blessing of God our beloved country has gained victory after victory. Jackson is now at Hanover in Pennsylvania.

Norfolk has suffered severely in these battles. The 6th regiment has lost in killed & wounded half its number, it is reported, but all the particulars have not reached here yet. Mr Schisano is wounded in the chest, Douglas Bell<sup>12</sup> is wounded. Jim Bell<sup>13</sup> lost two fingers in a former battle & was also wounded in his left arm. Eddie Dunn<sup>14</sup> is said to have died in camp. Poor fellow, he is only 17. There was a report that Dick

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<sup>12</sup>Douglas Bell, b. 1841, son of Alexander and Margaret Bell; Co. G., 6th Virginia Infantry, wounded in left thigh at the battle of Second Manassas.

<sup>13</sup>James N. Bell, 6th Virginia Infantry, Lost thumb and forefinger June 22nd, 1862. Left arm paralyzed.

<sup>14</sup>Edward K. Dunn, b. 1845, son of Louisa and Edward T. Dunn.



Taylor has been killed but I am thankful that it is not confirmed. Mr Leonidas Smith's son Henry is reported wounded. It is very true that

“Southern blood is poured like rain  
Upon the Southern soil.”

Besides these matters of such deep public interest, much have I found within the four walls of my room to give me great though painful pleasure. After hearing Stewart Smith mention about his cousin's poetry, I determined to go & see his mother, & endeavor as to get her to show me some. Making an excuse of carrying her some sickle pears, I went up there. The conversation naturally turned upon Mr Jonnie Smith's death & upon his poetry. I think she asked me if I had ever seen any of it. I told her that I had been very desirous to do so & I wd be very glad if she wd show me some.

She sent upstairs immediately for one of his books, & handed it to me. It seems almost - though I ought not to say it, it seems hard - but they have his books & writings, wh I wd give so much for, & I suppose they care very little about, when I loved him so much more than I think they do. She gave it to me to read “My Mother's Grace.” Long may the Bible take as an instance of deep sorrow “one that mourneth for his mother.” It was truly a sad, sad piece - “For I have known no joy Mother Since thou was ta'en from me” is very true to cause him four years after his mother's death to write of her as he did there.

Four years ago, the summer of '59, how well I remember that summer! It was the August before we went to the south, & I was so bright & happy studying geometry hard that the girls might not get ahead of me in the winter. How little I thought as I wd write the different days in August that I wd commence a new book in geometry, that in that same August there was one treading the lonely walks of the City of the Dead, with his heart still bleeding from the wound. No, the wound it had received from long years ago, & in whom ere six months had passed over my head I sd take such a warm interest. Sad as this piece was it breathed a spirit of child-like faith & resignation united to a sure & certain hope of a blessed reunion. Mrs Smith told me to turn to the first piece - that I preferred seeing to any other for it spoke of his “dead love” as well as his other “love dead.”

Truly & thankfully did I see that his heart retained the image of Lou McHenry in undiminished brightness more than a year after Lizzie Williams fancied that he loved me. I was very, very glad to see that I do not know exactly why it sd give me so much pleasure, but I prefer greatly that he sd have loved me with the same love that I have & still do bear to him. A sister's warm, earnest love do I give to him & gladly wd I think that he loved me as he did his own sister. He spoke of the visions of the past that came

before him, one there was - "A tall & stately girl, whose eye beamed proudly down on all, but when it fell on me it gives a look of tenderness & love. Love, love, & all for me. It too has passed. Oh! loved one fare thee well!"

Mrs Smith, in reply to my asking her if she knew he was engaged to Lou McHenry, said that she had heard so but did not know. I told her that I had heard so too & thought it must be so from the allusion I saw in that piece. She said he very often made those allusions. She took up a loose piece & commenced to read it & she said it was very beautiful. I began it when she gave it to me - it was a dream of heaven - it was very long, so I told Mrs Smith in as careless a manner as I cd assume that if she had no objections I wd take it home & finish it. She said she had not, & that perhaps Grace wd like to read it. It took a great effort in me to ask for it, for Mr Leonidas Smith was in the room, & I do not think he liked Mr Jonnie Smith, I was surprised therefore that he sd praise the beauty of the piece he wrote upon his Mother's Grave.

The next day I returned the piece & by another great effort I asked for the book as I told Mrs Smith I wd like to copy the pieces. She lent it to me & I copied them. There were but a few, as the book was just commenced, (as if he had intended to copy all his pieces there) when the war commenced.

I think it was the 20th of August when I first went to Mrs Smith's. For years, I might almost say for my whole lifetime it has been my ardent desire to be able to write poetry, but in vain. I have loved it, passionately loved it, but the power to write was denied me. I think, perhaps, pouring so much over Mr Jonnie Smith's poetry may have touched a silent chord in my breast but to my utter astonishment, I found myself, on the evening of the 21st of August, in a position of the long, though I believed, hopelessly, desired blessing, I who had never been able to write a verse in my life, found verse after verse came to my mind in rapid succession.

The first piece I wrote was on a subject very near to my heart, "My School days" that no one has seen. I wrote another piece that evening - a piece to Gay on her birthday, wh was the following week. I hesitated very much whether I sd give it to her, I looked upon my newly found talent as such a precious gift that I hated to share even the knowledge of it with anyone, but I knew there were two persons whose joy wd be second only to mine, Gay & Lizzie & at last, after a struggle, I resolved to let those two into the secret of my pleasure.

Instrumentally, I looked upon Mr Jonnie Smith's poetry as the cause, & I love so to consider it, but I receive the power humbly & thankfully as coming originally from the hand of my own loving Father, & intended as a soother & comforter of the sorrows of Earth by wh I can be sometimes raised from them & speak in what seems to

me, when I stood as a worshipper far off, to be the language of Heaven. Some things that I have written seem too sacred for even a sister's eyes to rest upon & those no one has seen. Gay wanted to see them all, saying that as she had concealed nothing from me, she thought it was not right for me to act differently, but I told her plainly that there were some that must be private even to her.

I told Lizzie of my having written some pieces. <sup>when we were walking together</sup> When she came & asked me to show them to her I did read her the piece to Gay & one other that I did not mind so much, & then handed her one that I told her to read to herself as I did not care to read it. She took it & commenced to read it. It was a sort of answer to a piece of Mr Jonnie Smith's called "Art thou Dreaming?" I do not know whether she finished reading it or not for I went on with my work but soon she threw it down & dashed the tears from her eyes. I said, "Now you understand why I did not wish to read it." She did not answer, nor ever mention the subject again. Lizzie regards tears - I once did myself - as a weakness - as something to be ashamed of.

I felt very sorry when I felt that others knew what for a week - until Gay's birthday - had been carefully locked in my breast alone. After I laid the piece upon her dressing table, I felt very much disposed to go & take it back. It happened very strangely that the very morning after the evening I first found I cd write, Gay came into my room & laid a piece of poetry on the table before me. I took it up & read the first line, "Dearest! thou needest not the gift of verse," tears blinded my eyes & I cd read no more. My nerves had been on such a stretch for the past three days that the fountain once opened was not easy to close. Almost every time brought fresh tears - most of all the allusion to "strangers, yet!" That piece has always been a great favorite of mine & then Eliza Sharp showed that & some other pieces I had in my schoolbooks to Mr Jonnie Smith one day, & above all it has been so eminently true with regard to my knowledge of him that it was more than I cd stand.

Saturday night. Sept. 20th 1862.

There is a rumour of glorious news tonight, I truly hope it may be true. It is said that McClellan has capitulated with 20 thousand men.<sup>15</sup> One thing looks very much like it, they wd not allow a single man to leave Baltimore today. Subscriptions have been made in England for the benefit of our soldiers who are prisoners, & one person subscribed \$5,000. If this news be true we feel that, to the great God of Battles

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<sup>15</sup>After the battle of Antietam, near Sharpsburg, Maryland, on September 17, 1862, both sides claimed victory. McClellan had not capitulated.

is all the praise & glory due. Not unto us, not unto us, Oh! Lord, but unto Thy name give glory.

Day before yesterday was the Thanksgiving Day appointed by President Davis. We have indeed cause to give thanks for the help our God has given us through this fearful contest, may we come out of it wiser & better than we were before - a nation serving God & accepted before Him as the honest prayer poured out from Southern hearts.

Sept. 21st 1862. Sunday.

Today Mr Rodman<sup>16</sup> preached over again, by request, the sermon wh he preached on the 13th of July. With what different feelings did I hear it! Then my soul turned with agonizing doubts, listened to the words "All these things are against me," with wild hope that as the speaker then was mistaken, so I might err in applying them to myself. My only hope of happiness was based upon the idea, faint though it seemed, that my cup of sorrow might pass away from me. Now I have quaffed it to the "bitter dregs" & my faithless soul has found to its utter astonishment that out of the bitter has come forth sweet. "How glorious is our God!" Now without one human being in the world to whom I look for happiness, I am sometimes far happier than I have ever been even in my happiest moments heretofore. Now I can feel the joy those words give, "Whom the Lord loveth, He chaseneth." Truly, His thoughts are not as our thoughts. How inadequate the words to express our feelings.

I looked back today to see what I felt & wrote of that sermon when I heard it before - I know how deeply I felt it & yet how cold & tame were the words in wh those feelings were expressed - & all through that fearful time - even when speaking of the letter wh brought the fatal intelligence, how common place & unfeeling do the words seem now, when I read them over. I know it was no common emotion wh stirred my soul to its very depths, however. I know I was afraid of expressing too much feeling, & then I felt great doubts of its being true, but still I wonder I cd have written so.

This afternoon there was no service in the Episcopal churches so we, Father, Aunt Fannie & I, went to the Presbyterian church. I really enjoyed the services. I thought of how weary I have usually been on attending a Dissenting Church, but this evening I felt that we are all one in Christ. ["Grace be with all them that love our lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." Oh! I feel sometimes so happy - three times, in these last eventful months, have I especially felt almost raised into the Heavens, once was the

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<sup>16</sup>Erskine M. Rodman, b. 1831, Episcopal Clergyman.

evening that Eliza Sharp gave me the Obituary that I was so anxious to see - that made me certain of what had been my ardent hope - that he was a Christian, joyfully throbbed my heart as I came home holding fast that precious thing - nothing earthly cd have bought that knowledge from me.

Then again did my heart expand into a glow of joy under the warm influence of God's love when I had returned from Miss Sarah Balfour's the night that I saw his book containing Sintram there & read these cheering words:

"Death comes to set thee free  
O greet him cheerily  
As thy true friend."

Death had come to set him free & I felt that it wd soon come to set me free. Oh! my heart throbbed with happiness as I thought of the joys of heaven & the blessedness of the redeemed. & to think that I, sinful & wicked as I was, after forsaking God as I had done, to think that I wd be redeemed, sanctified, glorified & made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light, & fitted to mingle with the ransomed of God - oh! none who have ever tasted of that joy will wonder that it filled my whole soul even to overflowing or that I felt as if I cd scarcely bear such happiness. About ingratitude to my God who had prepared such good things for me as past man's understanding. "In my soul my Maker praise."

And when I came from Miss Sarah's again last Tuesday night, the thought of the goodness of God to me, in giving me heaven & fitting me for it by the discipline & trials of earth, took such entire possession of my soul that the "exceeding & eternal weight of glory" pressed so heavily on my heart as almost to sink me to the earth. Oh! how happy I was. What am I that God sd do this for me? Why did He did not leave me to perish in my iniquity? Why did He not spare the life that I so earnestly desired & leave me to my folly in worshipping my earthly idol? Why did He take away those things wh hindered my growth in the things of Heaven? What was there in me wh the Eye of Infinite Purity cd look upon with favor & cause Him to visit me & try me in the furnace of affliction that I might come forth purer & whiter. I - a child of dust - an insect of an hour - I - to be "a dweller in Eternity"? Why was it? Why was I chosen before the foundation of the world? It is all, Mercy! mercy! mercy! Is it any wonder that it sd fill the heart with joy? Is it not rather a wonder, a wonder far beyond our comprehension believing these things we can ever sin again?

I almost feared to sleep that night for fear I sd lose any great happiness. A fact, the event, oh! My God, I thank Thee now, & through Eternity will I thank Thee still that Thou didst take from me him who was filling, without my knowing it, part of that

place to wh Thou only has a right. Father! into Thy hands I commend my spirit. Do with me as it seemeth good to Thee. Lead me through sorrow & agony if necessary all I ask of Thee is that Thou wouldst fit me to be with me where Thou art.

Thursday night Sept. 25th 1862.

My nineteenth birthday! Girlhood is vanishing fast. This year has brought few changes outwardly to me, & few events of importance sufficient to cause me to note them in a review of a year's doing. On the 6th of November was the party at Craney Island - an evening fraught with deep interest to me now. In December Aunt Fannie joined us in Norfolk after having a great deal of trouble in running the blockade of the Potomac. She is with us but not of us, her heart turns to the Past.

I left school on the 6th of March I think. It was no grief to me, as in former years I had thought the severing of that tie wd be, for my heart had left long before - my old friends & my old teachers were no longer there - all was new, strange & uncongenial.

The darkest days of our War of Independence were last winter - the taking of Roanoke Island,<sup>17</sup> the fall of Nashville & that followed by N.C. wd have thrown a gloom over our Confederacy had we not known that "the darkest hour is just before the dawn," & that "man's extremity is God's opportunity." On the 10th of May Norfolk was evacuated, & the Merrimac or Virginia wh had been such a terror to the Yankees was consequently destroyed. Time passed on; those glorious battles before Richmond were fought & won through the blessing of God, by the Confederates! Those bloody Seven Days were gone through, closed by the bloody conflict of Malvern Hill where we left a thousand men upon the battlefield - little did I then think how closely I was concerned in that fearful drama.

We spoke in rapturous terms of the Army of our gallant troops & raised our hearts in thanksgiving to the Almighty giver of all victory, & so passed our monotonous life in Norfolk. About that time Cary left us, & duties multiplied upon my hands. On the 9th of July, after being nearly worn out by my efforts to arrange the storeroom, I went to Church - to the Wednesday evening service. Returning from Church that evening, I received from Pencie Wright that announcement wh has changed the whole coloring of my life & given my heart a deadness to earthly things wh God in His mercy grant may never die away. Since then my life has strangely altered, old things are passed away behold all things have become new.

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<sup>17</sup>Ambrose Burnside conquered Roanoke Island, North Carolina, on February 8th, 1862.

God has been merciful, very merciful to me - looking back upon my whole life as I stand now with my feet upon the threshold of a new year, I can see nothing but mercy - all mercy, & in this last trial I see more mercy than all. I trust that now my slumbering soul has been fairly roused, God grant it may not sink again into that deathly lethargy of sin!

Some time ago I remember sitting in the northern windowsill of the Study, & after thinking of all the joy around me, saying "I am now perfectly happy." Often since then - when the ruins of war have risen upon my soul I have thought of that evening & felt as if my feeling then was a mockery, almost to my afterthoughts - today I sat again in that room & unconsciously the words rose again to my lips & I felt that my heart uttered them in truth - but oh! how different was the happiness & how far superior - then it was confined to this little spot of earth & the fleeting terms of human life - now it stretches unto the beauteous heaven & will ever glow with brighter & clearer light until Eternity shall be no more! Truly our religion is no dark & gloomy thing. Through the God who has so gently led me by a way that I know not do I dedicate this opening year of my life that it may be spent in his service & to His glory as my earnest prayer.

Friday Night. Oct. 10th 1862.

Hearing from Miss Sarah Balfour some time ago that Mrs Parrish had secretly come down from Richmond & had seen Mr Turner after he was wounded, Gay & myself determined to go & see her, so we went today. She told us a great deal of him. He lay upon the battlefield a night & a day after he was wounded. The surgeon, upon finding that both hipbones were both broken, just set him aside expecting him to breathe his last at any moment, & as so many claimed his attention, of course he attended to those whom he hoped cd be again serviceable to their country.

After this lapse of time, someone finding life still in him, put him in an ambulance & carried him to the hospital. Hearing that there was someone from Norfolk in the hospital, Mr Turner asked the doctor to bring her to him. When he saw her he said, "If you are a lady from Norfolk I know I have found a friend." It was just like Mr Turner's warm heart to make such a speech. Mrs Parrish told him yes that he must consider that he had found a friend.

She said he suffered great pain, but when she spoke to him of what fearful times had come upon us, I suppose in reference to that, he answered as one of the true sons of our beloved South. "Yes, Mrs Parrish, but it is for my Country." I cd scarce imagine anything more noble than a man while suffering the agonies of a wound wh had brought him to his deathbed, bearing the pain without a murmur because "it was for

his Country.” It was sublime in its very simplicity! She said he seemed perfectly resigned to dying. He directed her to tell Mrs David Walke that he had tried to do as she told him.

The doctor told her that he cd not possibly save Mr Turner, that he wd have to die. She said it shocked her very much that he looked so well, had not fallen off much, & talked to her so rationally that she cd not believe that he must die. She said, “Oh! doctor, is there nothing we can do to save him?” He told her there was nothing then he explained to her how he was wounded, that both hipbones were broken too far up for amputation, that he might linger on for a week or he might die that night, but that when mortification set in, he must die.

On Thursday, when she was with Mr Turner, he said, “Doctor! I want you to answer me a question candidly. Must I die or is there the least hope of my recovering? I want to know, for there are some little matters I want Mrs Parrish to settle for me.” The doctor said “Well! Mr Turner, I think you are strong enough to bear, you must die.” She said he did not move a muscle, but she cd not stand it. He turned his eyes on her, but she said she had to go away.

He gave her his wife’s likeness & his children’s & asked her to write to his wife, saying, “Break it to her gently, Mrs Parrish, she is delicate & has not strong nerves. Break it to her gently.” She said she wrote to her & told her that he was very ill but told her that “While there was life there was hope.” She said she cd not tell her he was dying. She carried pen, ink & paper to him & he himself wrote her a few lines.

Upon the night of the 5th of July (between Saturday & Sunday), I dreamt of Mr Turner’s death. The dream was so vivid & made such an impression on me that I mentioned it to Gay & we determined to remember the time & if Mr Turner was killed to see if the time corresponded. I’m not at all superstitious, nor did I have any reason why I sd received any intimation of Mr Turner’s death, but the dream took such possession of my mind that I asked Mrs Parrish today on what day Mr Turner died. “On Saturday night, about 3 o’clock.” “But what day of the month?” That she did not know. I asked her what battle was wounded in, for she had said he lingered a week or ten days & I thought I might calculate from that, but she did not know; she has promised, however, to show me the letters wh she received from Mrs Turner & wh are now in Richmond.

Mr Turner asked to see a minister while he was sick & one did come several times to see him & to pray with him. He asked Mrs Parrish to read to him out of a pocket Bible from under his pillow but she is evidently not a Christian & she said she cd nurse the sick, but when it came to reading to them or anything like that she was not able to stand it. I suppose she read some to him, but what a comfort it wd have been



for him to have had a Christian, one who was well acquainted with the comforts of the Bible & cd have chosen such passages to have read to him. But I hope that our God who is rich in mercy & can make up all deficiencies to his creatures, taught him by His own spirit so that he did not reveal the want of an earthly instruction. How thankful I am that he had some time for preparation & that he was not hurried in a moment into Eternity & how very, very, thankful am I, after hearing of his sufferings, that the brother I love so much in who I trust was prepared, by his Saviour's cleansing blood for a sudden charge did not have to suffer from a painful lingering illness but was taken "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," from the bloom of youth & health, to the splendor of God's Paradise! Oh! How good as well as how glorious is our God! "Like as a father, pityeth his children so the Lord pityeth that fear him."

At the close of every chapter in our life - At the review of all of the dealings of the Lord with his children with his feeble children, when viewed after a little lapse of time - how have we reason to acknowledge from the bottom of our hearts that he is a God whose name most truly is Love!

Thursday Oct. 23rd 1862

It is long since I have had the opportunity to write anything here, for we have in reality had only one servant as both Hatta & Winter<sup>18</sup> have had the measles, so between making up beds, sweeping, housekeeping & serving I have had scarcely a moment I cd call my own. No time for now.

Thursday Nov. 6th 1862.

Today is the anniversary of the party at Craney Island! What an eventful year it has been, not only politically but, to me personally! Many thoughts are in my heart to wh this day has given rise but few wd come to my lips, nevertheless I feel a desire &, for a wonder, having the time I have sat down to indulge the inclination.

"Chill November's wintry blast" is a good description of the wind that whistles round the house today. The weather vane will be spoken of as "cold & dark & dreary." The faded leaves of Autumn lie scattered on the ground, & the rain ever & anow beats against the window pane - nevertheless there is light in my heart & although in some respects the associations of this day bring sorrow to heart or mind I have so much cause for thankfulness in that very sorrow that I feel there sd indeed be "Thanksgiving Day," incongruous as it seemed to be when announced as from the Chancel last Sunday.

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<sup>18</sup>Servants.

Happiness, such as I felt this day last year, never again will be mine, I suppose, but happiness of a far higher kind has today & thanks be to God often is, mine. I wd not give the lessons I have learned this year, though they were taught in a school of agony, for anything, or all, that the world contains. The past, though fraught with sad, even bitter memories I wd not exchange; the present is joyous, I, joyous, for the “marvelous light” shines above my head & casts beauty & a halo over everything, the future I wd leave to that God who has so gently & kindly led me all my life through, He is more capable than I am of guiding my onward course. He has indeed “led me by a way that I know not.”

Little thought I when laughing & talking at Craney Island that evening wd leave its indelible stamp upon my future life, or that the companion who constituted the pleasure of that evening wd, under God & as His instrument, be made the controller of my destiny, or that his hand when cold in the grave wd direct my footsteps in the narrow way wh leads to the gates of the Celestial City, “whose Golden Maker is God.” Truly has it been said that the Logic of a life is worth far more than the Logic of the Lips. Among my other causes of gratitude to God I ought not, nor do I, omit to thank him that he sent to me such a friend. In my hours of darkness, wh may be many, may I never forget the merciful God who has been my refuge in my day of trial but may I always rely upon that true friend wh is above all others! Bless the Lord Oh! my soul & all that is within me bless his holy name. Bless the Lord Oh! my soul, & forget not all his benefits. Who forgiveth all thy sins & healeth all thy infirmities. Oh! speak good of the Lord, all you works of his, in all places of his dominion, bless thou the Lord, Oh! my soul.” Amen.

Sunday Night. Nov. 16th 1862.

More than half of November is passed away & this is the last fall month! Today Mr Rodman preached an unusually good sermon on the works of righteousness. He described an active, growing Christian & my heart burned with the desire to be such “a living epistle” known & read of all men. Alors! How many fruitless desires does God see wh are formed by the children of men.

I have finished a very interesting little book today, “The Life of Ellen May Woodward” a child who was drowned in the waters of the Susquehanna at the age of a little more than thirteen & a half. She was certainly a remarkable character, not merely in the eyes of her biographer wh wd be but natural, but so in reality, for he gives facts, not opinions. Besides being an innocent Christian she was an unusual scholar for one of her age & indeed for a woman at any age.

There was a letter given, of condolence, by the principal of the Seminary with her parents, speaking of her conduct & acquisitions at school. He says that the preparations of her lessons were always "critical & thorough," that her translations of Racine, L'Allemagne, & Virgil were clear & "invariably brought out the strength & beauty of the original." The author said it was wonderful how she found time for all she did, that besides the time she gave to reading, meditation, secret prayer, writing her "Thoughts" (she wrote her Encouraging & Discouraging thoughts under different heads) & her journal, wh was by no means inconsiderable, she had time for ornamental work besides preparing the studies for a large Seminary, drawing & painting, wh she had made good progress in (her family has several specimens of both) & also music, besides it is incidentally mentioned that there were competitions every week.

He said that although she did so much she had a very gay disposition & never refused to go anywhere with her young companions (with whom she was a great favorite) when duty did not forbid her to go, besides she was so devoted to her mother that I have no doubt she found time to enjoy her society, & her teacher mentions that her general information was greater than is almost ever seen at her age. Now I cd scarcely imagine the performance of so much work much less cd I do. What a contrast! What a contrast does my life present! & as I said before, these are facts, few of them are opinions. Some of her compositions are given; one of them is on "The Improvement of Time." She most certainly did practice what she preached.

With tomorrow commences a new week. Grant oh! my Father, that the lessons taught this day may in this time bring forth fruit in my heart. One thing caused a feeling of deep mortification to me - it was the mention of her exemplary conduct as a pupil not only as far as lessons were concerned, <sup>that was bad enough</sup> but in regard to her behavior & manners. oh! what a bitter thought it is that my school days are gone past, but as Mr Rodman said today the past is fixed - we sd not spend many regrets upon it but arise & battle with the present, "still achieving, still pursuing." One thing she did I think I will try - to write down each day the sums of that day - I think she adopted it from a recommendation of Abbott in his "Young Christian," a book of wh she was very fond.

Her death was worthy of her life - going upon the ice with some young companions on a Saturday in January 1850, one of them fell in, another went to her assistance who also fell in. Then Ellen ran to the assistance of both & also fell in; she kept her head up for some time however & calmly directed her younger sisters to run for assistance, saying she thought she cd keep up for some time but before assistance cd be brought life was extinct in all three. The other two were Miss Ann Butler, who lived at Judge Woodward's house, & Miss Burman who was on a visit there. They went

upon the ice to see if it cd bear their going to Church the next day - the next day! she was worshipping in the Church Triumph. She "had been made perfect in a short time, fulfilled a long time."

Monday. Dec. 8th 1862.

Fall has passed away & winter fully set in, since I have written here. Winter indeed it is, for we are now having some of the bitterest of weather I have ever felt. Aunt Addie has returned after a long stay in Washington having succeeded in obtaining the pension & some of the back pay due to Uncle A.

I have never taken any notice in my Journal of the falling off of my friendship with Lizzie Williams at the time of the Evacuation of Norfolk. I did not wish to go upon us reaching up to see the Yankees. The feeling was not peculiar, being shared by almost all the ladies, but Lizzie on the contrary said her health wd not permit her to confine herself to the house, so she went out. Before that we almost always walked together, but of course this put a stop to that. Lizzie Wright, on the contrary, did go out, so Lizzie Williams & herself became walking companions. Lizzie & myself studied French together, but Lizzie soon tired of coming here all the time & wished me to alternate with her. I think now that it was disobliging of me not to do it but I plead now, with truth, that I did not wish to go on Main Street, & that she lived so near the Custom House (the Headquarters) that I wd have to see so much of the Yankees.

After a while Lizzie (in the meantime pleading various excuses for not coming here on specified days) commenced a course of reading with Lizzie Wright without telling me one word of it. By accident Lizzie Wright mentioned one day that Lizzie Williams & herself were in the habit of reading every day alternately at each other's houses. Now this appears a little thing to some people but it made a great impression upon me. Lizzie was so truthful & had always acted with such perfect candor in all her dealings with me that this insincerity, as I termed it, was exceedingly repulsive to me - I determined to be apparently ignorant of what was going on & act as usual to her, not condescending to complain of neglect & see how long she wd keep it up.

So matters went on for some time. Of course we cd not do so much together; as usual as her mornings were taken up by the readings & in the afternoons she often called at Lizzie Wright's, but when we met or walked together as we occasionally did, we talked on different subjects, never alluding in the remotest way to our morning occupations; until as we walking together one evening she said, in a careless way in the middle of a sentence, "You know Lizzie Wright & I read in the morning?" I said very

quickly, "Yes, I have known it for some time." I perhaps asked her why she had not mentioned it before, but I did not remember the words she said, "I wanted to see if you wd not say anything about it, I knew you knew it."

I do not remember making any answer, nor has the subject ever been alluded to again, but Lizzie I suspect knows me well enough to see through my manner, although I did not intend for her to see that I was displeased. Another subject was introduced & we finished our walk.

Time passed on until the day before my birthday, & as I was sitting alone in my room I thought of Lizzie & how our childhood friendship was fast vanishing away, & I sat down & wrote a piece of poetry to her wh I gave her some time after, wh spoke of how our intercourse had lessened, but without saying anything of the reading arrangement, in fact I believe I really forgot it. I attributed no particular cause, even in my own mind, to the fact that we saw so little of each other, thinking it was merely from the fact that she was now thrown naturally a good deal into Lizzie Wright's society, until Gay kept asking me what was the matter between us, as she was sure there was something. I do not know why it sd have worried me her saying so, nevertheless it did worry me. I assured her there was nothing in the world the matter, & so I believed, for I did not suppose for an instance that such a trifle cd break up our friendship.

After a while I showed Gay the piece I had given Lizzie. To my utter astonishment, she said Lizzie had cause, she thought, to be offended by it, as it seemed to her like saying goodbye to our friendship. I went out of the room & wrote a note to Lizzie & telling Gay, saying that Gay had often asked me if she was not offended, had told her that she was not, but that I wished she wd tell me if there was anything I had either said or done wh she did not like but if so, I was very sorry for it, as if that piece had offended her I wish she wd tell me of it.

I asked her if she wd walk with me on Saturday evening & tell me what she thought of that piece. I told the servants not to wait for an answer. Lizzie sent me no answer, but on Friday when I was walking [] Lizzie Wright, I called by there to ask her whether she intended to go or not. I did not see her, but her mother promised to tell her & I asked that she wd send around the next morning either an affirmative or negative reply. The next morning Lizzie came to the door, did not come in, but said that she cd not walk that morning as Mr Lacoste (a British officer) had sent her word that he was coming to see her that afternoon, but that she wd come around her on Monday morning to see me.

Monday came but Lizzie did not make her appearance, nor did she send any excuse, either then or for days. Sometime after I met Mrs Williams in the street & I suppose in answer to an inquiry of mine she said that Mary Camp had come over to see Lizzie that day. It was treating me rather queerly, to say the least I think, but still I determined to leave no stone unturned in order to clear up the affair, as I had begun to think myself that there must be something the matter so I went down to see Lizzie one afternoon.

She was out at first & when she was there her mother & young Mrs Williams were in the room so that when I got up to go I said "Throw your cloak around you & come to the door with me, Lizzie, I want to see you." "Oh! Cloe, it is so cold." was her reply. I must confess I was rather provoked, but I was determined that if I was at fault that an apology sd be given. She followed me to the door, saying to her mother & sister, "Leave the door open so I have some light to come back by." I asked her at the door if that piece had offended her. "No, it had not." I asked her if she heard that I had said anything she did not like or if she was displeased in any way. "No, in no way." I asked her why she never came to my house; then her answer beats all I ever heard in the way of oddity. "You know I read with Lizzie Wright in the morning & I walk in the evening & I cannot go out at night!" I wonder if Lizzie thought me simpleton enough to be satisfied with such an answer; nevertheless as she intended for one I chose to consider it in this light & so said "Goodbye" & came off, inwardly determining that I wd never enter the house again unless some more polite notice was taken of my explanation.

I determined as I walked home to write Lizzie a long letter explaining at full length the way I came to write that never to be forgotten piece, & if she chose to take no notice of it then let the odium of breaking up a friendship of years standing be on shoulders & not on mine. This was I think the nineteenth of November. I did so. I wrote that as she so studiously avoided giving me an opportunity of explaining myself in person that I wd take that opportunity in doing so in writing, & she must excuse my making such oft repeated efforts to do so, as there was nothing in the world for wh I had a more hearty contempt than for inconstancy & had therefore such "oft-repeated" effort to clear my character from the imputation of desiring to break up our friendship.

A good deal more I said & in conclusion thanked her for the kindness & consideration she had shown to me, <sup>alluding to two instances</sup> telling her that though she might have forgotten them, they were to me among the sweetest of "long ago." I told her that by more than one person I had been told that her conduct arose from mere fickleness, but that this assertion I have flatly denied, for I had too much respect for her

to suppose her to be guilty of such weakness, that I was sure she imagined she had just cause for what she did. I told her that whatever paths in life we sd tread I hoped we might at last meet where the misunderstandings of earth will fade away & it will no longer be true that we are "Strangers Yet." I did not sign it at all.

This I sent to her by Lizzie Wright, telling Lizzie to tell her it contained some poetry I had promised her, wh I hoped it is needless to say it did, for I had promised to copy some of Mr Jonnie Smith's poetry for her. I gave it her all right on Thursday November 27th & she gave it to Lizzie on Saturday the 29th. Lizzie has taken no notice of it although nearly a fortnight has elapsed (for I am writing on the 11th December) nor do I suppose she intends to do so. But be that as it may, I consider my duty done. I told Lizzie that she must see the propriety of my saying that that was the last attempt wh self-respect wd allow to make & that even then I was ashamed to send it to the house & wd get Lizzie Wright to give it to her. I have been this minute describing this whole matter but in after years I might see that if I was in fault at first I at least did all wh anyone wd in honour do, to atone for it - I might almost say - more!

Sunday Dec. 14th 1862.

Today Mr Wingfield,<sup>19</sup> from Portsmouth, preached a most thrilling sermon from a portion of the 5th verse of the sixth chapter of Isiah. "Woe is me! for I am undone; for mine eyes have seen the King the Lord of Hosts." He gave a most graphic picture of the terrified prophet beholding the glory of the Lord & asked what wd be our feelings at such a manifestation; then he looked further on to the majestic displays wh we made of the glory of God to wh he said, "This Advent season ought to direct our attention & wh is spoken of in the Collect for the day," the second coming of Christ. It was a sermon wh ought to be remembered.

Tuesday Dec. 23rd 1862.

Today Mr Jonnie Smith wd have been 26 years of age, but it is his first birthday in Paradise - absent from the body & present with the Lord - may the memory of his example live in my heart with the freshness of the evergreens wh mark this Christmas time.

Christmas Day, 1862.

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<sup>19</sup>John N. Wingfield, b. 1798, Episcopalian Minister.

Never have I spent such a happy Christmas. Never, I happily believe, have I spent a more pure one - not onto me, Oh Lord, but unto Thy name be the glory. The role cd never have given, & thanks be to God, the role can never take away the peace that fills my heart. I know not what to write save that I am happy - very happy, nor need I write more than to thank the Lord whose mercies to me are never failing. Today I dressed the parlor with cedar & ivy, for I felt as if the Christmas sd be kept. I think I will always do it hereafter.

Saturday Dec. 27th 1862.

As I have commenced an account between Lizzie Williams & myself, I may as well mention that on Wednesday, December 17th I met her at Mary Sinclair's while we were both paying a visit & had a seat next to her. Her manner was as sociable as ever but mine was not. I thought as I wrote her words that I had a right to some explanation & until that is given I do not think it is desirable that we sd be upon the same terms as formerly. I wished & intended that my manner sd be grave though kind. She talked upon different subjects & made no allusion to my note nor even to the poetry.

The next day, much to my surprise, she called here, but still made no remark about the letter. My manner was the same as the day before, hers as sociable as ever. When she rose to go I did not ask her to stay, it wd have been insincere & mean to do so, for I think it is almost insulting for her to pay a visit her & take no manner of notice at my modest attempt at an explanation. I thought perhaps she wished me to allude to the note, but I did not do so, as I intended what I told her that that sd be the last attempt I wd make to clear up matters between us.

I met her again yesterday at Aunt Addie's but very few words passed between us. Tuesday a week ago Mrs Chapman brought Mr Gros, the assistant Surgeon of the British ship Cadmus to see us - he seems to be quite a warm Southerner. Last night Father, Gay & myself spent the evening with Aunt Addie. She said when she invited us that she might not be alive next Christmas & she wanted us to spend this one together.

There are reports today that France has entered into an alliance offensive & defensive with the C.S. but I do not know whether it is merely a rumour.

Sunday, December 28th 1862.

The text that Mr Rodman served was "Let the dead bury the dead." He asked how much of this closing year we wd like to retain in our memories & said was there not some of it wh we wd give our right arms to forget? Did we not see, for the most



part, broken resolutions, omissions of duty & commissions of sin - he says that looking back upon our transactions was like walking over a battlefield the morning after the conflict & seeing the piles of slain men & beasts lying as the[y] had fallen save where in the agonies of death they had tossed from place to place.

For myself there are few of the events of last year wh I wd care to forget, many of wh will stay & wh I desire to stay in my memory after the Angel of God shall swear that time shall be no more. It has been to me the most agonizing & the most happy period of my life - within this year I have for the last time seen & for the last time placed my hand within his who was as dear to me as a brother, for it was a sister's woman's interest in love that I gave to him & not the soupy sentimentality of a lovesick schoolgirl - within this year I received the fearful announcement of his death wh came with such stunning, because such unexpected, force upon me when my soul withered in agony & I suffered as I have already said as I thought that not of earth cd make me suffer - then gradually unfolded to my astonished eyes what I imagined I knew so well the plan of man's redemption & I was born again - although more than three years had rolled away since I had knelt before God's alter & formally taken upon myself the vows wh bound me to his service - if I deceived others, I was myself deceived, for I thought I was one of the ransomed of the Lord. Astonished I was indeed when the beauty, the glory & the wonder of this place burst upon me - I was scarcely surprised that some should refuse to believe such a wondrous thing that God sd "in very deed dwell with man upon the earth" was marvelous, far beyond man's comprehension.

Then in light of God I saw clearly that I had needed his discipline, as I had been called to endure; then in mercy my course had been arrested, that I was erecting an earthly idol in the place wh of right belongs to God or I was making self the only object of consideration - instead of this Christ in all his glory, appeared to my mind I did not wonder that his praise sd be the anthem not only of the Redeemed of the earth, but the angels of heaven & that they who stand in the presence of God sd desire to look into these things - since then although much sin is raised up with my daily actions, I trust I have been making steady progress on the road to Zion, to the Glory of God only be it said - can I then desire to bury this year in oblivion?

Then too this year I have received - to me it almost seems fresh from heaven - the gift of poetry, so then coupled with the love of God within my heart - kind friends around my path - heaven at the end of it & a reunion with those of the loved who have passed from earth before me - is it any wonder that my heart is light & my spirit joyous?

Though the one whom I loved most is gone his place is more than supplied by the Lord of all & I know that "if so it pleaseth God" we will meet again in the cycles of

Eternity but the "Recognition in Heaven" a reality or a dream still God can make the Celestial city radiant with a glory that shall leave us nothing to wish for - it is no wonder then that I shall look back upon this year with loving eyes & with the thankful heart to the God who gave it.

My health is not as strong as formerly & I think the weakness is increasing, whether I shall see the close of another year I know not. I desire to have no choice in the matter; it may be that many years of active life are before me or perhaps many years of sickness & debility or maybe that God will soon recall the spirit he has given - may it be entirely as he pleases - He has led me safely by a way that I know not is abundantly able to give me over into death. Amen. So be it.

Wednesday Night, after 10. Dec. 29th 1862.

Aunt Addie & her family dined here today; although fatiguing it has been a pleasant day to me. What an eventful year this has been! Both politically & personally it is one ever to be remembered by me. Shall I ever see the close of another year or shall this one - to me - be endless? That only knoweth & to His hands I wd commend my spirit. Old Year! now tried & trying friend - farewell.

### CHAPTER III

#### “Virginia mourns a truly noble son”

January 1st, 1863.

Today being the time, according to Lincoln’s Proclamation,<sup>1</sup> after wh the negroes are to be free, they have had a grand procession.<sup>2</sup> True to negro character they have made a great deal of noise - their cheers resounded through the air. It is said that the procession was more than a mile in length. They went to General Viele’s;<sup>3</sup> he made them a speech, calling them “My friends,” Mrs Viele stood by him dressed in white &, it is said, waved to them. He told them that they had a very fine day for their procession & he hoped they wd enjoy it. All this I have from hearsay.

The procession was headed by Yankees, then there was an old man with an open Bible in his hands, then the elders of the Church, then the old women in black in token of their bondage - they were in carriages; then on the sidewalks were some of the younger women in white, one of them with a wreath of evergreens over her shoulders & in her hands a US flag. Their number was variously estimated; some putting it as high as ten thousand some as low as five thousand. There were numerous marshalls with blue scarves on their shoulders & many Yankee flags. Both of Miss Sarah Balfour’s servants walked in the procession, as also did Affey, our cook - indeed there were very few in town who did not. Among the honorable number was Aunt Hannah, to her credit be it spoken.

Viele now endeavors to excuse himself to the gentlemen for allowing such a thing by saying that there were a great number of negroes here, & he had but a small guard in town & a small guard out of town, & it wd have been dangerous to have refused an innocent way of letting them give vent to their feelings. When Father heard it he said, “Tell General Viele ‘Give us arms & we will protect you & the town too.’”

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<sup>1</sup>The Emancipation Proclamation, which effect January 1st, 1863, set free slaves of those states which were in rebellion against the United States.

<sup>2</sup>Ultimately the procession ended at the cemetery, where they buried Jefferson Davis in effigy.

<sup>3</sup>Egbert L. Viele.

Friday Jan. 16th 1863.

Night before last Father & I went over to Mr Whiting's<sup>4</sup>. His daughter Mary<sup>5</sup> has just come from Richmond & she gave us a great deal of interesting information. Last summer she was staying with her aunt, Mrs Poindexter, on her husband's plantation. For three months the Yankees were in the neighborhood. One day one of the guards came running in (there were four of them around the house) & said, "Hide me, hide me!" that the Confederates wd catch him - they said "How many?" "Two." "I hope they may catch you, I hope they may catch you," was the uncomfortable answer they gave him. Seeing that they did not intend to "hide" him, he ran off.

Two Confederates came up captured the other three Yankees & the arms & equipment of this one. These two were sent by Jackson<sup>6</sup> for Dr Poindexter to show him the road. While he was preparing to go, I suppose, the ladies were talking to the Confederates. They asked them if they did not know where the Yankees were; they did not, & the ladies said, "Why, there they are!" about half a mile. "Oh!" said the Confederates, "we will go & tell Jackson & have a fight immediately." (I remembering hearing that there wd be a fight in the afternoon, then the Yankees wd retreat in the night - the next morning wd be employed in hunting them up & again they wd fight in the afternoon,(this was during the Seven Days Fight.) "But," said the C's, "you have no time to talk to us, ladies, you had better prepare to leave the house."

The wagons were ordered but while they were being fixed they watched the battle, wh occurred in the fields just in front of the house for between a half hour & an hour. A shell flew in, struck the corner of the mantelpiece, exploded & broke the mantelpiece. She showed us a piece of the shell. Of course she felt deeply interested in this battle, for, supporting one battery was the 12th Virginia<sup>7</sup> wh has long been stationed in Norfolk, supporting another was the 3rd Alabama in wh she had many acquaintances & supporting another was the 6th Virginia in wh was her brother.

As they went the wagons, the Yankees shelled them, & Father said, "I do not suppose they knew who you were." "Oh! we saw them with their eyeglasses up to their eyes." She said the shot flew by their heads & the branches of trees were flying

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<sup>4</sup>W.N. Whiting, b. 1811, of Norfolk.

<sup>5</sup>Mary Whiting, b. 1847, daughter of W.M. and Mary E. Whiting.

<sup>6</sup>General Thomas Jonathan Jackson, 1824-1863.

<sup>7</sup>Another regiment, beside the 6th Virginia, in Mahone's brigade; raised in Petersburg.

around them but no one was hurt. This was the battle wh ended in the evening upon Malvern Hill, Tuesday July 1st.

They left the house for a day & night; when they returned they found President Davis, General Lee, General Jackson, the two Generals Hill<sup>8</sup> etc. holding a council of war in the house. Mrs Poindexter invited President Davis to come in & see them, wh he did accept & sat down & talked to them.

Mr Beverly Carter, who, I expect, she had known in Norfolk, asked her if she had ever seen a battlefield. She said she had not. Although she did not wish go he insisted that she must do so, & it wd never do for her to say she had not gone, so she went. She said that, in one pile she saw 800 dead Yankees. She was talking to Father most of the time so I did not hear a great deal. She said that Charlie Minageroud, the son of our former minister, who was in Stuart's cavalry, although quite a boy, captured Pope's coat, arms & papers. He offered the sword to President Davis, but he, with his usually propriety, declined it & told Charlie he must keep it himself.

Yesterday I went over to Aunt Addie's with Fannie who walked over, except when I took her to cross places, & cousin Addie said "Oh! Cloe, have you heard about Leonie Smith?" I said "No," & my heart misgave me for I feared he had been killed - poor Mr Smith, I hope he may be spared that blow - cousin Addie said "Why they say that the taking of the Harriet Lane & the capture of Galveston was due to him." She said she knew how delighted I wd be & she meant to lend me the paper - she was right in thinking I took a great deal of interest in that family - I begged for the paper instantly. She said "Take it home & read it," but that wd not do, so I read about Magruder in his report, says it is "To the indomitable energy & heroic bearing of Major Leon Smith that the country is indebted for the execution of the planned capture of Galveston, the Harriet Lane, etc. etc.

I told Cousin Addie I did not think it cd be the same person it might be someone named Leon Smith, she said that was merely a contraction for Leonidas I told her that Leonie Smith had the rank of major it was true but that he was a Quartermaster on Hinderman's staff & that he does not look much like being the commander of the ships & the artillery under Magruder. I hope it may be but I cannot feel sure of it yet. I think it wd be very strange if Magruder, who, by his order to charge the battery at Malvern Hill, instrumentally the cause of the death of one brother, sd now command the other, & lead him on to victory & honour.

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<sup>8</sup>General Ambrose Powell Hill, 1825-1865, and General Daniel Harvey Hill, 1821-1889.

Jan. 17th 1862. Saturday night.

Today I went according to promise to see Eliza Sharp. She was sick upstairs. As I told Gay, her company is like an exciting cordial - rich but intoxicating. I was, entirely unintentionally, very near offending her. She said something about Church, & I said, "I declare Eliza if you do not think me curious, I wish you wd tell me why you go to these week day services. I was wondering the other day? I cannot suppose it is for the interest you take in them in a religious point of view, so I thought it must be that it has been so long since you were out that you were glad to go anywhere." Eliza said, "Well, Cloe, I am not mad, but I think that is the hardest speech to make anyone - I wd not have said that about any nigger in the town."

I looked at her in astonishment for I saw that I had aroused deep feeling. I said "Well, Eliza, I told you that if you thought me curious you need not answer the question." She said "But that you cd think such a thing about me! I sd not think you cd like me, & I believe you like me, you say so & I believe you do if you thought such as a thing as that." I was surprised that she sd take the matter so seriously & I said "Eliza, as I have said this now let me explain myself. I cd not think that as a Christian you took an interest in the services & there is no sermon to wh you can listen so." "I think the sermon spoils the service when there is one." She said, "I never cd get tired of hearing the Episcopal service, but Cloe, I know I am not a Christian, but I do not know how you can know it?"

I hesitated, for I scarcely knew how to answer her. "Well, Eliza," I said, "I do not know how to explain myself, but there is an indescribable something about a Christian. Did you not see how Mary Sullivan changed?" "I never knew Mary Sullivan before she joined the Church," Eliza said. "Well, do you not see how Maggie Bell has changed since she joined the Church?" "Yes, I see that she has changed, but do you think because I have never gone up to the alter & had the Bishop's hand laid upon my head that I can never have a serious thought?" "No, I think joining the Church has nothing to do with it," I said, so a remembrance flashed across my mind of one whom I had as strongly misjudged in this very manner, & wh ought to be a warning to me about ever judging the feelings of others. "I think joining the Church has nothing to do with it, but I have heard you ridiculing the serious things." "Ridiculing?" "Yes, I have heard you ridiculing serious things at school." "Oh! at school, but I hope I have changed somewhat for the better in these two years & a half." More was said to the same purpose but I do not remember it distinctly.

Friday Night, Jan. 30th 1863.

Yesterday was Lizzie Williams's nineteenth birthday. It was the first time for four years that it has passed without my giving her some little memento; now it wd be the form without the substance. I thought of her, though, & love her on my heart to the throne of peace.

Tuesday Night Feb. 17th 1863.

Last Thursday Eliza Sharp spent the day with me. She has changed sweetly & yet sadly changed. I see now no longer the glad frolicsome child, intelligent but still a child, in her place stands a gentle thoughtful woman one who has suffered nor vainly suffered - her year's confinement with her foot has been no unfruitful season to her; I trust it may at last bear her "the peaceable fruits." I believe she is now "Not far from the Kingdom of God" may it be my endeavor not to mar the work of the Almighty by my attempts to hasten his time.

She told me that a letter had been received from her brother John, saying that he had received the Communion the day before, long ago he joined the Church but he did not received the Sacrament.

On the 6th of February, Mr Baker,<sup>9</sup> a lieutenant commander in the U.S. & who was engaged to my cousin Bettie Armstrong, came home from the Pacific where he had been all the time during the war, most unexpectedly to her. He wished her to marry him, they had been engaged nearly three years, before Lent commenced as he, being a Roman Catholic, cd not be married during that time; so they expected to be married today. But he in the meantime received word to go immediately to Philadelphia & he induced her consent to be married last Saturday.

For sometime before his coming, I have been resolving in my mind whether or not I ought to go to the wedding, as I know he might come on at any time. At first, I wd not go, but afterwards I thought of the text "As much as within you, live in peace with all men," & the other, "be courteous," & I was doubtful. Then I thought it wd do my beloved country no good for me to irretreivably offend both Mr Baker & Aunt Addie's family, so I, I can scarcely say changed my mind but I made up my mind to go & go I did.

Betty kept Mr Baker a long time waiting & he sent up two messages to her asking her to go down & see Mr O'Kief<sup>10</sup> above & then she cd go back & dress. When the carriage drove up to the door containing Mr Baker, I looked out eagerly to see if he

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<sup>9</sup>Francis H. Baker, b. 1833, from Abbeville, S.C.

<sup>10</sup>Actually Matthew O'Keefe, b. 1828, Roman Catholic priest.

wore his uniform. Much to my disgust I found he did. Not a full dress uniform, Gay says, but it was more than I wished to see, certainly. Then a question arose in my mind as sd I go downstairs or not? I thought I might easily escape unnoticed, for I was reading a book & cd have wandered off into another room; but then I thought it might be known & as I was in for it I wd e'en abide the distasteful sight of a Yankee uniform.

Bettie went down to see Mr O'Kief without her bonnet then came back. She told Mr O'Kief she wd not be ready for a half or three quarters of an hour; he told her there was plenty of time. After she came up, Mr Baker sent her a message that he had heard that she had told Mr O'Kief that she wd not be ready for half an hour but he wished she wd make haste. She said before that she was not going to hurry herself for Mr Baker or anyone else; one never saw a cooler, more collected bride in my life. After a while, I went down in the parlor where Mrs Vaughn, Mrs Campbell, Margie Hayward & Bettie Delk & Gay; presently, Father came in with Aunt Addie leaning on his arm, followed by Mr Baker & Bettie. The girls came in previously.

Bettie was in deep mourning even to a long crape veil. Mr Baker was very much agitated, the bride very cool. The ceremony consisted of an address from Mr O'Kief, then the words as in our service, "I, Francis, take thee Elizabeth" etc. because the lady does not promise to obey then he said "My friends, I wish you all happiness" or something equally solemn & appropriate & then Bettie stood forth to the world as Mrs Baker, the wife of a Federal officer. The company assembled kissed Bettie, some of his "sisters" shook hands with Mr Baker & he then, with Bettie leaning on his arm, led the way to the room in wh the refreshments were. I must say he behaved in a very gentlemanly way, Yankee though he was, & kept himself in the background as much as possible.

I soon left in the carriage, & after a due amount of kissing, accompanied to the boat by Agnes & Rebecca & so on, went Mrs Baker to take up her sojourn among the Yankees; if I am not mistaken she will find her situation not very pleasant, for all she looks so happy now, but she has my best wishes for both herself & her husband. As for his personelle <sic> I think he is very much like Captain Smith, both in face & figure. Lizzie Camp<sup>11</sup> says he is one of the finest looking men she ever saw in her life, but I do not agree with her, but I think I have sufficiently discussed all the points of this affair. I finish today the "Iron Cousin" & was very much interested in it.

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<sup>11</sup>Lizzie Camp. b. 1844, third daughter of George W. Camp of Norfolk.



Friday, March 13th 1863.

It has been so long since I have written here that I have much to record. First, upon the first of March, as had been for a long time expected, Miss Charlotte Balfour<sup>12</sup> died. It had been a protracted sickness & she was anxious to die. I went up to see Miss Sarah last Wednesday. She spoke much of her sister & said I might imagine how lonely she must be. She asked me to come up & spend the night with her sometime & I promised I wd.

Then there [] been something wh has given me great joy. Eliza Sharp sent me two sermons by Bishop Elliott of Georgia & with them a note saying that she supposed I wd laugh & wonder at her sending me sermons "But I hope you were mistaken that day," she added. I read the sermons & returned them to her with a short note & asked her "Can I, dare I give them (those works) their fullest meaning?" or something of the kind & asked her to explain them to me.

She wrote me that night a letter in answer to my note but did not send it to me; however in compliance with my earnest solicitations she gave it to me last Saturday. It was a full, candid & satisfactory letter. She said that she had written to me more freely than she had supposed she cd have written to anyone & asked me not to allude to it to her except in writing. It convinced me that she either was "not far from the Kingdom of God" or has by his hand been enrolled among its citizens. I wrote in answer letter, a very long letter telling her the pleasure she had given me & promising her not to allude either to her letter or to mine. It was a long letter partly in answer to the different points of hers & partly suggested by my own thoughts & feelings in seeing the answer given to earnest thoughts & prayers for her.

Last Thursday afternoon I went to see her. Mrs Wilson pressed me to spend the evening & I agreed to stay. Eliza & myself were sitting down before the fire very quietly on the rug talking on indifferent subjects when in burst her little brother Walter saying "Father is very sick like he was at Mrs Hayward's." "Where is Sis Claude? What is the matter with him?" I suppose it is the camp colic. "Oh! I am so sorry, so sorry," said Eliza.

Walter hurried off; I was beginning to think that as they were in such anxiety I had better go but I soon found that it was well I was there for Eliza said, "Cloe, I expect Sis Claude will stay up at Father's all night & you will have to stay with me." I said, "Very well, if she does I will stay, certainly." In came Mrs Wilson & was hurrying off when she said "Where is Cloe Whittle? Where is Cloe Whittle?" I said "Here I am Mrs

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<sup>12</sup>Charlotte Balfour, 1800-1863, sister of E.O. Balfour and Sarah Balfour, of Norfolk.

Wilson?" for it was so dark she could scarcely see. She said "Cloe, won't you stay with Eliza tonight? I will be up at Father's." "Yes, Mrs Wilson, I will certainly stay," I said & she hurried off.

Eliza begged her to call by Mrs Gardiner's & tell them not to come. Mrs Wilson said, "No," she met Lucy Gardiner & told her I was there & she must go out & spend the evening, so she came. Mrs Wilson came home between nine & ten as Mr Sharp was better. She begged me to come round after & stay with them & "brighten up" Eliza & herself! A useless undertaking, I think, where I am concerned, & a very unnecessary one where they are.

On Friday morning I went from there to Church & then home again. I like well enough to be with my friends in the daytime, but I must say I like, when night comes, to "Lay me down to sleep" within the sacred - aye, to me sacred - precincts of my own dear room. Dear as Eliza is to me I had rather been alone than with her; it made me feel almost sorry to think I had promised Miss Sarah to come & spend the night with her.

On Tuesday morning the third of March Lizzie Williams came here with Lizzie Wright - I thought on the latter's invitation. I had met her some time before at Lizzie Wright's or rather when I was there & Lizzie came in, one bowed or said "Good morning" & I, who had an album in my hand went on looking over it & asked Lizzie Wright to play for me, she did & Lizzie picked up some book. I asked L. Wright some question & Lizzie answered it, no further conversation took place between us, however. After a while Phyllis Jackson came & I asked L. Wright to tell me the words to the song "The Old North State" which I had forgotten, & she got me the book.

After I had learned what I wanted I got up to go, saying "Good morning" to Phyllis & Lizzie Williams. Lizzie Wright came out of the room with me. I regretted afterwards that I had not asked Lizzie Williams before Lizzie Wright if she had ever received the note I sent by the latter. I was very much astonished to hear a few days afterward that Miss Lizzie Williams & Miss Lizzie Wright were downstairs. I went down & of course thought it necessary in Father's house to take more notice of Lizzie than I had done at Mrs Wright's. I determined to ask Lizzie when they got up to go what I wished I asked her before; so on the front steps I said "Lizzie, did you ever receive the note I sent you by Lizzie Wright & the poetry?" She said "Yes, I received it," & there was a pause. I said "I was sorry to keep you waiting so long for the poetry (Some I had promised to copy for her) but different things prevented my doing it." She said "Yes, I was very much obliged to you for it - I was very much obliged to you for the poetry." Some few & different remarks were made & they set out.

Next Wednesday morning Lizzie Wright came to see me & Cousin Addie & Becky were spending the evening. Becky, Lizzie & I were singing "The Bonnie Blue Flag"<sup>13</sup> & I at the piano when much to my astonishment Lizzie Williams was shown in. I immediately rose & spoke to her, & Gay, who was sitting near the fire with Cousin Addie, was very polite to her as I was very glad she was. I was merely polite. I think she asked us not to let her interfere with our singing, so I resumed my seat & my song. Becky was standing talking to Lizzie Williams near the table; when I said, "Becky you have deserted me," she came in to the piano & joined in the song. I thought afterward I ought not to have called her but I did it more for something to say than anything else. After some singing & talking the two Lizzies left.

Lizzie Williams came here because some mistake had occurred about her walking with Lizzie Wright & she heard that the latter was here. This morning I went to Mrs Wright's & after waiting there some time Lizzie Wright, Lizzie Williams, Lizzie Camp & Mamie Camp<sup>14</sup> came in. Conversation was general. Lizzie Camp sang. I left them there. I must get ready to see Lelia Sinclair with Becky.

Sunday Evening March 22nd 1863.

I went to St. Paul's Church this morning. It was the first time I had been there since the sixth of last July on Sunday morning. How vividly remembrance of that day was before my mind, indelibly impressed as it will ever be not only for the solemnity of the sermon wh I then heard, but more specially for the events wh immediately preceded & followed it. Suffering - was the subject of Mr Okeson's<sup>15</sup> sermon & never will I forget one sentence "There is a sublime meaning in suffering." In blindness & ignorance I remember lifting up my heart to God, with the belief that I was willing to receive such instruction of such effects as he described wd flow from it. Little did I know how soon this was to be tested or how I wd bend beneath the storm as a reed before the wind. Weeks of agony followed that Sunday!

I have often thought since then that sermon was almost sent as a message to me. Today the remembrance of that time rushed back to my mind like a flood. I think it is strange that I sd feel it so much. I sometimes seriously ask myself who cd it be that I care for it? Can it be that is has, under the guidance of God's Spirit changed the whole tenor of my life? Why is it so? Surely God's thoughts are not as our thoughts, nor His

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<sup>13</sup>A popular southern song enumerating the states which had seceded. The Bonnie Blue Flag was an unofficial Confederate flag - all blue except for one white star in the middle.

<sup>14</sup>Mary Lou Camp, b. 1846, fourth daughter of George W. Camp of Norfolk.

<sup>15</sup>N.A. Okeson, b. 1822, Episcopalian clergyman.

ways as our ways. I cannot explain it to myself. But I have great reason to bless God & I do bless him that is so. & when the spirits land shall I ever meet him & tell him what good He has instrumentally done me? God grant it may be so!

And now another page of my life has been turned & I feel stirring within me glorious purposes & high sophistications; will they, shall they end in nothing as so many others have done? Oh! I dare not say it shall not be so; I am so weak, so miserably, miserably weak. I know that "do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me" I know that the fault lies entirely in myself & not in Him but my faith is so feeble, my fears so strong! God be merciful to me, a sinner! I can at least pray as the publican did & I know that Jesus commended his prayer.

I have alluded before in this book to my health. It is the same as it was then. Gay told me today, "You look as badly as you can, to be alive," but I think she is mistaken, & that I know, & sometimes think Gay knows the cause of my present state of health, but I am thankful to say she never alludes to it. I am aware that the late hours I have kept, little sleep & an undue amount of exercise may have contributed to this result; the principal cause, I think, is none of these. It may be either that I will recover or else drag through a number - it may be a great number - of years, or it may be that the call home will soon come - I know not wh wish whether the first or the last, the second by no manner of means wd seem agreeable - I sometimes think on that very account, it may be what I need - if so, so be it!

I do not think this is the same ignorant feeling I had near nine months ago, I trust something better! Sometimes I think I wd rather live to do some good - to use my time, influence & talents to some purpose - to redeem the past & win souls to God, but my work is so trivial, my sins so many, my time so wasted that sometimes, remembering that "He that is dead is freed from sin" I long to "lay down life & be at rest." This I know is a weakness of faith & I am glad that the decision is not left to me & I can gladly leave it in His hands who daily loadeth me with benefits.

I have been desirous for some time to make a will although it seems almost absurd, as I have so little to leave but it wd be gratifying to dispense of that little, but with the procrastinations who come into laurels I have not done it yet. I will try & do it this week if I possibly can as it will be a clear prediction, I expect, but I can write no more.

Wednesday April 1st 1863.

Last Saturday I went up & spent the day with Miss Sarah Balfour, was caught in the rain & stayed all night. I slept in the room where I suspect Miss Charlotte had

just died, but it made little difference to me for I was very happy that night. Happy in thinking of God's goodness. It seems strange that the three happiest seasons of my life have been after being with Miss Char. I do not attribute it to at all to that, however. Miss Sarah was very kind & hurried breakfast so much the next morning that I was able to get to Sunday school in ample time.

Miss Sarah proposed to the doctor to walk to Sunday school with me wh he accordingly did. I read there a piece by Tupper "On Estimating Character;" it was certainly admirable. I wd like Eliza Sharp to see it.

As today is the first of the month, I intended to walk up to the Race Field Bridge after Church. This morning I was talking to Eliza about Church - saying how sorry I was that I did not value it more. She said that she thought it the greatest blessing given to us. When thinking afterwards of our conversation, I determined to ask Mr Okeson about it & thought of going to his house before Church, but I told the sexton before church tell Mr Okeson I wd like to have a few minutes conversation with him after the service. I found out that the ladies intended to practice after church, however, so Mr Okeson proposed to walk up toward the Racefield Bridge wh we did.

I told him the object of my seeking the interview & asked him if there were any books wh he wd advise me to read in order to induce a more proper frame of mind. He asked me if I had ever seen the little book by Dr George "Thoughts on the Services" but he thought it a very useful aid. I told him that I had read some of it. He said that he thought that to read over his meditations before going to church wd be excellent help towards gaining more interest in the services. I told him that I had thought it strange that my interest in the Church had diminished while I hopes & believed that religion had increased in my heart. He told me that the reason that what I complained of, was a want of a devotional spirit. He said that I wd find that a book called the "Wain Commentary," a valuable aid towards gaining this spirit.

We took a long walk & I hope the Conversation upon the subject & upon the preparation for Communion will do me much good. As to the latter he recommended that the Communion Service sd always be read over, the week previous to the day, as one part of the preparation.

Sunday Night. April 12th 1863.

Little Paul Williams is dead! He died of swamp fever. He was at the dinner table on Thursday the ninth & someone noticed that he rubbed his head. The doctor was sent for that evening & pronounced it a slight case of scarlet fever, but it fled to his

brain & he died on Friday Morning the 10th of April at 11 o'clock. This is the third child who has died in this way lately.

On Friday evening I was lying down on the bed when Gay came home & told me that his funeral had been announced as to take place the next morning at 11. I was very much shocked & determined to go & see Lizzie wh I told Gay. She said she wd not advise me as I might regret it afterwards. The next morning I went to the funeral. There were but 15 ladies I believe besides myself. There were some gentlemen. It was a most impressive service. As I heard the words, "Behold, Thou hast made the days as it was stand long in thy age is ever as nothing & respect of Thee," I thought how appropriate it was to the little denizen of the coffin.

I went to the cemetery with the same carriage as Mrs Mary Galt, Mrs Davis, & Lizzie Wright. It was an unusually solemn funeral for the few who were there seemed really to feel the grief of the family. Lizzie Williams & Julia Paul,<sup>16</sup> his two young aunts, were the only members of either family who went to the grave. Catherine, his nurse, whom Mrs Galt said, seemed as much distressed as anyone, went in the same carriage with them. I saw Mr Paul<sup>17</sup> at the grave.

I thought, "What a lovely day." As we stood beneath the branches of the lofty trees under the dark blue canopy of the April sky, in wh floated soft, lacy clouds surrounded by the white monuments that marked the resting places of the silent dead, I thought of Lizzie & our broken friendship - I thought of her comfortless condition under the heavy pressure of her first sorrow & my heart yearned for her. When Lizzie Wright & myself were left alone in the carriage I told her that I was going to see Lizzie. She told me that she had asked Lizzie Williams the day before, (24 hours before that time, Lizzie thought Paul looked slightly sick, & did not know of his death until 3 o'clock when a little servant met her & told her laughing that Paul was dead - her feelings can better be imagined than described.) Lizzie Wright said she had asked Lizzie the morning before why she did not come here or something of the sort & that Lizzie had said that she had been here three times I think it was & that I did not return her visits. I told her that Lizzie knew perfectly that what was the matter was further back than that.

I went to Miss Sarah Balfour's afterwards but did not spend the day. In the afternoon I started for Mrs Williams<sup>18</sup>; my heart rather sank within me but I was determined to go. The house looked so familiar - I asked to see "Mrs Williams & Miss

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<sup>16</sup>Julia Paul, b. 1847, youngest daughter of Samuel W. and Mary I. Paul.

<sup>17</sup>Samuel W. Paul, b. 1802, a merchant in Norfolk.

<sup>18</sup>R.L. Williams, b. 1807.

Lizzie." The servant said she believed Miss Lizzie was out but Mrs Williams was at home - I thought that perhaps Lizzie had gone to Nannie, who was at Mrs Paul's, & I entered the parlor - I was startled to see Lizzie sitting by the window but went forward as she came to receive me - once again our hands clasped & our lips touched.

I took the seat by her in the window & said "I cd stay away from you when you were happy, but not when you were sad." She did not answer but handed me the book in wh she had been writing & said, "I have been writing to Brother<sup>19</sup>, wouldn't you like to read it?" I took it & read the little that was to be told of Paul's short illness. It was very well & skillfully written - a most difficult thing to do. I said, "They have given you a very hard task!" she said, "Well, Nannie couldn't write, & she asked Ma to do it & she did not feel well & asked me to do it & it had to go out tomorrow."

I told her not to let me interfere with her but to go on writing. She did so & asked me to tell her what to say, handing me the book where she had said that her mother went up to Mrs Paul's, adding significantly, "when Ma went up there, she found him dying." I told her that I cd not tell her but I did not tell her that she cd write it much better than I cd. She went on writing & I sat by her thinking of her, thinking of my letter to her, thinking of asking her about it, etc. etc. when after a while she said "Cloe! I wd have answered your letter but I did not know how to do it. I thought that you were \_\_\_\_\_," But I will not record the conversation.

I told her that what had passed between us no human being sd ever know, that they sd only know that we understood each other. It wd do her credit, however, if her words cd be blazoned to the world - more unselfish & honorable ones cd scarcely activate the breast of one of nature's noblemen. I do not suppose we will ever see much of each other again, but she has my warmest affection & respect.

Wednesday. May 6th 1863.

To-day has been rainy & so was last night. I heard some time ago that the weather upon the fifth & sixth of the month was an index of the weather of the month. Meeting, upon a visit to Eliza some time ago, four of the British officers of the ship Desperate, I mentioned it to one of them, Dr Johnson, wh I had just heard from Miss Millson & gave him merely for what it is worth saying that I wd not vouch for it & indeed cd not see how it cd be true as the months were not of uniform length. He seemed interested in it & said that the weather books were on board the ship for years

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<sup>19</sup>W. Carter Williams, b. 1833, merchant, son of Mrs. R.L. Williams.

back & that he wd look in them for the truth of it, but it has been so long ago I had forgotten all about it.

Last Sunday evening, as Father & myself were coming from Church, Eliza called to me to stop & brought to me a paper wh Dr Johnson had sent me naming me an account of the weather upon the fifth & sixth of each month as compared with the general weather of the month from February 1861 to April 63 & it does seem to confirm the idea. Lizzie Williams came to see me last Thursday afternoon. I have been to see her twice since the evening of Paul's funeral. One of the British officers, Mr Street, is rather attentive to her. I went to see Eliza yesterday. She has been sick & looks very badly. Her particular friend aboard the Desperate is a Mr Seatman, on board the Cadmus it was a Mr McKechnie.

Thursday. May 7th 1863.

We have received news of the most glorious victory!<sup>20</sup> General Lee's modest dispatches, Aunt Fannie observed as she read it, said as little as can be said. To the same Almighty God to whom he ascribes the praise be all the honour due! The discomfited Yankees are retreating across the Rappahannock. Gen. Jackson & Gen. Longstreet were the attacking generals. I hope they will not allow any of the fugitives to escape. What result will this produce? Will it be the beginning of the end? God only knows.

Friday. May 8th 1863.

Today one year ago! Then for the last time, as a denizen of earth, did I see Mr Jonnie Smith one year ago. Only one year ago. How long does this time seem to me? I went back upon what I was then as one wd look at the picture of another. I know that I looked almost beautiful that day as I stood talking to him, in fine health & spirits, the black lace of my hat shading my glorious cheeks, & eyes that wd have showed almost too plainly the love & joy beaming through in common with my long brown curls falling over my silk wrapping, wh covered a heart throbbing with pleasure & with pain for we had war & we were to part. What am I now? I sit in my room alone this evening, wan & pale, "my beauty gone, for very trouble" with scarcely a vestige of it left, prematurely faded, my health broken & my heart ah! there indeed is a change but it is a change wh gives me joy. Wd I had I the power be now just what I was then? Never, never again, so help me God! not for the universe.

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<sup>20</sup>The battle of Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 2nd, 1863.



I speak it thoughtfully, wd I be, what I was then. Cheaply, cheaply the lessons this year has taught me! I then never knew what true happiness was compared to what I have since felt. God grant I may look back this day next year & feel I have learned as much & strengthened as much as in this past year. Freely I have received, freely sd I give. Oh! what a life I ought to spend, a life of thanksgiving, a life of that faith wh “works by active love” remembering that

“As the trial is intenser,

His being hath a noble strength in Heaven.”

So be it. Oh, my God, for Jesus’ sake!

May 10th 1863. Sunday.

The anniversary of the evacuation, & of the coming of Yankees! Mr Robertson sang at the closing of the Sunday School the hymn 82, a “Prayer & Hope of victory.” I thought some news must have been received & asked Mrs Chapman, who said “The Alabama<sup>21</sup> has captured a California Steamer filled with gold.” It was particularly delightful to hear it today.

The doctor, Tunstall, came here yesterday morning according to Father’s request. He did not ask to see me but saw Gay.

May 13th, 1863.

A great & a good man has passed from earth! Our brave & noble high-sould Jackson is said to be no more!<sup>22</sup> The Rinaldo, a British ship, has come from Charleston & brings a Richmond paper stating the fact; in our late glorious victory at Fredericksburg he was wounded it is said by his own men who were firing rapidly &, as he was riding about he was shot; both in his right hand & in his left arm was he wounded. Then pneumonia set in & he died - shall I say he died - ? Can such a glorious life then be taken from our view? Yet it is hoping against hope to think otherwise, for the British officers say the flags at Charleston were at half mast to mark our country’s loss.

Oh! that he, the earnest Christian, the God-fearing general, “Upon whose prayer-bedewed banner,” Bishop Elliott said, “victory seems to wait.” That he sd be

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<sup>21</sup>Commissioned by the Confederate government early in the war, the *Alabama* did much damage to Federal ships until she was sunk by the *Kearsarge* on June 19, 1864. A song, “Roll, *Alabama*, Roll” told of her exploits.

<sup>22</sup>Jackson was accidentally shot by his own men; doctors amputated his arm, but he died of pneumonia on May 10th, 1863.

gone when our country needs her gallant sons so much. But as Gay said, "The Lord gave & the Lord has taken away." Virginia mourns a truly noble son. The man of prayer has now entered that spirit land where prayer is turned to praise! A soldier of Christ has now laid down his arms, both carnal & in spirit & humbly giving God the glory we can say from our hearts "Servant of God, well done."

<Several pages cut out>

Friday, May 22nd 1863.

Four years ago this day I knelt before God's holy altar & received the rank of Confirmation from the venerable hand of our Assistant Bishop. Clad in deep mourning, for not a year had passed since the death,<sup>23</sup> did I kneel there. Not yet had fifteen summers laid their hands upon my brow. Life was almost untried before me. I was ignorant of the state of my own heart. More deceived than deceiving did I take upon myself that solemn notification of my baptismal vow - & profess myself thereby as "Christ's faithful soldier & servant" all unfitted as I was for such a declaration; but I knew it not then.

I almost disapproved except in very rare instances of the public profession of religion by varying persons. Let them be true, earnest Christians, but I almost think it better for those who have the charge of them to prevent them proclaiming themselves as such until their characters are fully formed wh in girls is very seldom, I think, before they are at least 16. Much scandal wd then be saved to the Church & much remorse to those who in afteryears do indeed learn to know "The truth as it is in Jesus."

I know some might say that the Church is a good school in wh the character may be formed but may it not be used as such without admitting the young to the full privileges of membership. The Church indeed says, "When they have come to years of discretion," they sd be brought to be confirmed by the Bishop, but will anyone in their sharper senses say that a girl before the years of 16 has come to the age of discretion, or, in other, is discreet. Accountable she certainly is, but in those rare cases where great experience of life makes up for one of years & so puts an old hat upon young shoulders, a girl before that age is anything but discreet.

I think that girls between the ages of 12 & 16 need the guidance of a very firm hand & yet it is just at that critical period that parental authority is relaxed, if not entirely abandoned. Girls at this age are laughed at for being romantic, but those feelings are

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<sup>23</sup>The death of CTW's mother, Chloe Tyler Whittle.

more properly the subject for prayer than laughter. Women, throughout life, are so much controlled by feeling, that the proper guidance of these emotions when they first bring into existence will probably decide whether she becomes earnest & noble

“A good, true woman; doing true duty

“And looking higher,:

or a vain, idle, frivolous being or if possible, worse, a sneering, scoffing misanthrope, one, skeptical in all that is good, or true, or beautiful. I say will probably decide for of course what is impossible with man is possible with God but we know that He works by means.

And yet, strange to say, as upon these warm enthusiastic throbbings of the full heart that a girl is jeered at & ridiculed, until she learns the dangerous art of concealing her feelings from every eye, while they burst forth with augmented because at times, restrained power causing the soul to bow before their mighty strengths when the scarcely more than child feels that she is secure from the effects of this miserable want of sympathy from those to whom she has a right to look for help in this her hour of weakness. & it is here, that a firm, but gentle mother is so peculiarly a blessing, one that has passed through the same trial herself - of all pitiable beings one most to cause a sigh to swell the breast of a kindly being, is a young & motherless girl - she is peculiarly alone in the world.

Saturday Evening June 13th 1863.

I have been most unexpectedly to myself suffering last night & this morning from a violent attack of bilious colic, I think Dr Tunstall said. He thinks & the family thinks that a change of air wd be most beneficial to me so they think of sending me to Mary. Gay has gone over to Mrs Arthur Sinclair's<sup>24</sup> to ask about the Flag of Truce as she is going.

Now I think I will record here, what many persons may think me wrong to think, much less to write, but I do it for curiosity's sake that I, or others may see the fulfillment of the idea & the refutation of the motion. So I will state it plainly - it has often appeared to me as though I had a sort of foreknowledge of coming events, not of every event, only of some, & those sometimes of a very trivial nature but still I have known any of these presentiments if I must that superstitious word to fail in coming true. Now with regard to our cook Priscilla's coming here, wh seemed a very unimportant thing as I talked to her, a feeling came to me “She is our fate,” I cd not

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<sup>24</sup>Lelia Sinclair, b. 1813, wife of Commodore Arthur Sinclair.

explain it but so it was. However Father was not satisfied in his mind as to her not being a runaway & we did not engage her.

All seemed at an end with my presentiment but after I do not know what lapse of time we heard of her again while we were still on the lookout for a servant & this time so recommended that we engaged her but I will not specify other instances such as the evening of Father's return from Deep Creek,<sup>25</sup> still less will I, or can I speak of my thoughtless fancy about the decision of my destiny so strangely fulfilled when unheeded by myself but I will speak of the more recent occurrence wh has yet to throw its light or its shadow upon coming events, as the end will determine unless it proves but an ignis fatuus.

Last Sunday being the first Sunday in the month was the usual day for the administration of the Holy Communion, of course the alter upon wh the emblems of the Sacrificial Lamb are placed sd always be approached with reverence, but as I knelt there that day an awful feeling came over me, awful in the original sense of the word, not in the perverted sense of something horrible, but merely - a feeling of awe. I believe it was as pleasant as painful but still I believe it made me tremble from head to foot. It was so strange, so new; as almost to put aside all thoughts of the service in wh I was engaged. "Is it that I shall never kneel here again as I have knelt today?" was the question wh suggested itself to me but my mind returned no affirmative answer, indeed the feeling was undefinable & my mind returned no answer - the nature of the "event" was unknown wh cast its "shadow" upon me.

Strange to say I forgot all about the occurrence much as it impressed me at the time so day after day passed away until Friday evening; it was Church evening but I slept from about four until I think after 7. I got up feeling very badly & very much averse to going down to tea but down I went. I served after supper although I felt as though I wd almost choke if I did not get fresh air, but I determined to out into the portico as soon as I had finished what I was doing, so I did go with Gay; but we had hardly gotten fixed out there when Father called us in to prayers, so after they were over I obtained Father's reluctant consent to stay with Gay after he had gone upstairs, & we did so.

I spoke of how badly I felt, & Gay said how happy she wd be for me to have a change of air. I said I had often wished to go to Chester to see Mary & a Flag of Truce was to go soon, she did not favor the idea much & I almost gave it up. That night I felt

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<sup>25</sup>Deep Creek - a small village at the northern terminus of the canal, about eight miles from Norfolk.

very badly & I thought of not locking the door, in case of sudden illness, but finally decided to do so, thinking that I was not likely to be so ill as to be unable to open the door. I was quite sick in the night & suffered a good deal but was relieved towards morning by throwing up a good deal. When I was awake in the night my strange feeling of the previous Sunday recurred to me for I had never thought of it since, I do not think. I wondered whether it wd be that this was but the beginning of a spell of sickness & that my part on the great drama of life wd be acted out before the first Sunday of next month. I thought not, for I have lately fancied that I sd live a long life. I cannot help fancying that I have much work to do before I "Wrap the mantle of my thoughts around me & lie down to pleasant dreams."

The next morning I suffered even more than the previous night. Dr Tunstall, who had been sent for came in the middle of the day. I dressed & went down to see him. Gay, who it seemed had thought of our conversation of the night before, mentioned without my knowing it to Father & to Aunt Fannie the subject. They both seconded it much to her astonishment & she came upstairs & talked of it to me as a settled thing, & so she does still. I do not yet know however; nothing has as yet been done to forward the scheme. Today Gay heard that the Flag of Truce boat left on the first of July - if I go it will be before the first Sunday of next month. Did my feeling look farther into the future or rest here? I know not, but I feel as if it did look farther.

Monday June 15th 1863.

This morning directly after breakfast I went down to Mrs Chapman's<sup>26</sup> to ask her about getting a pass from Gen. Viele to get the box from Philadelphia wh Bettie is to send on. After thinking of different ways we thought it wd be better to get a Lieut. Field to let the box be directed to him so Mrs Chapman & Miss Lantzinger very kindly went to the Custom House for me, but neither Gen. Vielé nor Lieut. Field had come down. They returned to Mrs Chapman's but seeing from her door that Lieutenant F. was coming down the street, Mrs Chapman went out & met him, she told him that I wanted to go to the Confederacy for my health & wished to get some things from the North before going (How strange that sounded from a Southerner to say! What must we do?)

She asked him to come over with her wh doubtless he was very glad to do & she brought him over. I put on my glove & filled my hands with veil & parasol that I might not have to shake hands with him. Mrs Chapman introduced us, I bowed & took

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<sup>26</sup>Catherine Chapman, b. 1824.

a seat on the sofa, he took the next chair. He told me that if I wd wait a day or two he thought he cd get a box through for me. Very well. I told him that it did not so much matter about my waiting but that Mrs Lieut. Baker “whose husband is in your army,” I added, “is waiting in Phil[adelphia] until she hears from me.” He said he cd get for me on Wednesday morning in time for the mail, so I agreed to wait until then. He was very polite indeed & soon took his departure. He gave us a reason for asking me to wait that he had so many packages coming on directed to it that he was afraid of the Government suspecting him, he said laughingly, for they wd not think his family cd use all those clothes.

Soon after he went I left, to come & write to Bettie, wh I did. While I was writing, Aunt Addie came in to see me. While she was here Dr Tunstall came. After he left I read the form wh was to be sworn before the Provost Marshall & asked Father if we had better not go downtown & see about getting the pass from Washington. I wrote the letter only substituting “affirm” for “swear” & adding a P.S. to the statement, saying that it wd be taken for granted unless specially prohibited that some books, unwritten letter paper, etc. etc. wd not be considered as “contraband” & that wrapping in a handbag wd not be considered as “another” package.

Father & myself set off around 2 on a warm day & went down to Mr Tazewell Taylor’s<sup>27</sup> office, wh is over the bank. Father left me & went in the Bank. The people in the street seemed rather interested in our proceedings. After a little while a gentleman, Mr John Miller Southgate, came out & said my father wanted me there. I went in. Mr William Allmond asked me to take a seat, but I was called into the back room, so I went. Mr Taylor looked over it & made some remarks, & then induced me, wh I regret, to change the expression of a sentence for he has been trying to improve the Yankees’ own words wh was certainly a work of super erogation. When he finished it, he said, “Now all you have to do, is to go to Major Beauvé & - .” I looked up & smiled & said, “Are you going up to dinner soon Mr Taylor?” He understood it & said “Yes, if you will wait three minutes while I finish this letter I will go there with you,” wh I accordingly did.

Father & Mr Taylor & myself then proceeded to the Custom House; just as we reached there, Mr Taylor being a little ahead I said “Father, you need not go up here, Mr Taylor will take care of me.” He said, “Very well,” for I expect he fancied as little his mixing himself up with the Yankees as I do. I said, “Well, Father, tell Mr Taylor you

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<sup>27</sup>Tazewell Taylor, b. 1810, lawyer.

put me under his charge," so he did so. Mr Taylor offered me his arm wh I took & we proceeded up the steps into the hall of the Custom House to Beauve's office.

There were many people in the room & we went up to a sort of counter wh divides the Yankees from the common herd. There we met Mrs William Taylor. She talked to Mr Taylor & Yankees about as much as I liked to do. A handsome Yankee wandered up to the other side of the counter. He looked quite young, had neither beard nor mustache. Mrs Taylor asked him to write her a pass wh he did. He had a very noble face & looked unfit for Yankee service, as soon as I gave this description to Mary Bell in the afternoon she said, "It must be Capt. Gould, he looks too good to be with the Yankees."

Mrs Taylor turned & said, "So you are going to the Confederacy?" I answered that I believed so. We talked for some time, this Captain Gould seeming very much interested. It is so little intercourse they have with the citizens that they seem pleased with any scrap of conversation. After a while we heard Beauvé storming about a man's asking him for a pass to go in a boat out of Norfolk; I caught "You are always asking for passes to go in a boat up some little out of the [] creek & you never can say you have any business there, I tell you I can't do it." The man said, "It is only four miles from here." I dare not remember the answer but afterwards Beauvé wandered up to where we were standing, saying "You lost your fifty dollars in Suffolk." (I think.[])] "& I wrote letter after letter about it & I got it back for you." (I think he said), "Now you couldn't have gotten another Provost Marshall to take so much trouble, etc. etc."

When they came up Mr Taylor explained to him his wishes & said "Miss Cloe," for I was on the other side of Mrs Taylor. I went, at the same time wishing Mr Taylor wd not announce me to the assembled Yankees. "This is Miss Whittle," he said by way of completing my cognoscence. He said "She has an objection to swearing," as Beauvé raised his right hand - Mr Taylor directed me to do the same & Beauvé muttered some words wh I think were "I Affirm this to be my signature," then signed his name. Mr Taylor said "I warrant that is the first Oath of Affirmation you ever took isn't it?" "Yes it is," I said, & we departed.

We had a discussion, walking home, as to the propriety or impropriety of taking oaths & I must confess Mr T. rather shook me in my doubts. The letter was sent off to Washington. In the afternoon Mary Bell came to see me & so did Eliza Sharp. It was very gratifying to me to see how much they felt the approaching parting - so did I, with a strange unearthly feeling, for wh I cannot account. The Flag of Truce leaves on the first of July, it is said. The next Communion Sunday I may be in Chester. What will befall me between now & then? How will I get through the journey upon wh I am

starting without a human being as a protector, I - a woman, delicate & young? God only knows & he has said, "Fear not, I am with thee."

Tuesday Night June 16th 1863.

Today nothing much has occurred. Cousin Addie came over to see me this morning. I wrote again to Bettie & sewed a great deal for me. Emily & Lizzie Gardiner came to see me this evening. I sent over to Miss Sarah saying I was coming up Saturday night to stay all night with her & to Lizzie Williams to say I was coming to breakfast with them tomorrow.

Wednesday. June 17th 1863.

This morning after Church I went down according to my agreement to take breakfast with Mrs Williams & Lizzie. Lizzie & myself had a very interesting conversation after breakfast. She spoke of her brother's death, of how she was wrapped up in living, of her disappointment. She said Mr Robertson's sermon on "The Illusiveness of life" was almost her floating thoughts written out. I told her I thought life was far more happy than he represented it. I told her that the epistle to the Yankees was almost a sermon upon the subject of suffering, & asked her to read it, not as people read a chapter in the Bible as it were an isolated thing, but sometime when she had time to read it from beginning to end.

When I left there I went to Mrs Chapman's to receive as I hoped the permit from Lieutenant Field; but on the contrary Mrs Chapman had just received a note from him saying he cd not get the permit owing to new regulations, so we discussed how I wd be able to get them; Mrs Chapman advocated my getting them by Mrs, Cormer, but Mrs Williams & Lizzie both said she took so long to get them that they might be gone before I got them. Lizzie & myself went to Mary Camp's & got her to get the things directed to an Englishman. I hope they may reach her safely. There is some idea that the passengers may have to go to Annapolis to have their trunks examined. If so it is a most unreasonable thing.

Monday June 22nd 1863.

I spent Saturday night with Miss Sarah Balfour. She really seems very sorry to part with me. Mary Bell came round this morning to see me. We are going this evening to see Eliza Sharp. I received a letter this morning from Bettie about my box wh made me very much fear it wd not get here in time but I hope it will.



Saturday July 11th 1863.

I have not written here for a long time. I gave up going to the South the night before I was to leave Norfolk. I dislike leaving home very much & Sunday Night Aunt Addie & the girls had just left here after telling me goodbye when they found out that Aphy<sup>28</sup> had vamoused with the two children. Now home was delightful before but now the absence of these made it too delightful & I suddenly determined to stay.

Mrs Sinclair, who was to have taken charge of me was prevented from going on the Flag of Truce because her little daughters had 4 pairs of shoes in her trunk! Mrs Taylor's family was also turned back. Now the Yankees do not say what is contraband & only that nothing contraband is to be carried. The British officer who went up with Mrs Sinclair said the examination was a most disgraceful scene of thievery. They required the ladies to leave their keys to have their trunks peered into without their presence. He said that the Yankees took from the ladies a pile of shoes as high as his head.

For the past few days the Yankees have been regaling us with a series of inventions relating to the fall of Vicksburg<sup>29</sup> - the utter defeat of Lee,<sup>30</sup> & his demoralization, etc. etc. Aunt Fannie has been very much alarmed as she very easily is & cried over the New York Herald, day before yesterday today she paid the tribute of her tears to a more worthy subject - Mr LePage<sup>31</sup> sent up to Lizzie Masi<sup>32</sup> a slip of paper stating that Lee was not defeated, that Vicksburg had not fallen, that the Confederate Flag was waving over New Orleans & that the Confederates had caught 1500 negroes that had left Norfolk the other day. Of course this news was delightful. We ought to feel & I hope do feel very thankful for the blessings wh have been wrought for us by the mighty god of battles for to him is it due.

P.S. I have almost just heard that Mrs Sinclair has returned - what an outrageous thing it is to turn her back & it will be most inconvenient to her as her means were entirely at the South. I spent Wednesday & Thursday at Miss Sarah's - the 9th & 10th of July - but no company cd drive from my mind those fearful days - the 1st & 9th of July - now more than a year has passed away, but my heart keeps the record - not even can I write of it here.

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<sup>28</sup>Previously spelled Affey.

<sup>29</sup>After a six-week siege, Vicksburg surrendered to Grant on July 4th, 1863.

<sup>30</sup>At the battle of Gettysburg, July 1-3, 1863.

<sup>31</sup>Henry LePage, b. 1822, or his brother Lewis LePage, b. 1814, both merchants of Norfolk.

<sup>32</sup>Lizzie Masi, b. 1842, eldest child of George H. and Helena Masi.

Sunday July 12th 1863.

An awful thing occurred in Norfolk yesterday wh may be fatal & its results to the person concerned it is likely also to affect the citizens generally.<sup>33</sup> Then Yankees in their insolence & wickedness have armed the negroes! A regiment of them have come to pollute Norfolk with their detested presence.

Dr Wright was with Mrs Wright & was of course very much provoked to see them; as he was going out of his house Mrs Wright begged him to keep out of any fuss, to keep cool. He promised her he wd do nothing rash & went out towards the New Hotel, the negroes on the contrary went towards the Custom House. Mrs Wright, I suppose satisfied with his promise, went herself out. The girls were in the kitchen when one of the children heard a pistol shot; they ran upstairs to see what was the matter & looking out the window heard a nigger on the other side of the street say "Dr Wright." They begged him to tell them what of Dr Wright but he went off laughing & saying "I don't know" or something of the kind.

Miss Pencie walked home & saw her father coming down the street, with Yankees taking hold of his shoulders. She threw on her hat & ran down & joined her father; she put her arm round his waist, she thought he was wounded for his bosom was bloody. In this way she was almost in the Yankee's arms, who was holding her Father by his shoulders, so she asked him if he wd not please move a little & the answer was "I am as good as you are any day, you may thank your stars your Father was not hung up for he got this far. Mrs Wright also came up & joined him & they went on over to the Customs House, where the preliminary examination was gone through before Beauvé.

All the children joined them at the Custom House but at first Miss Pencie stood up by him for about an hour while a Yankee guard occupied a comfortable chair behind her - she had not even a veil available to protect her from the insolent stares of the rabble around her - but she is firm enough & cheery enough to endure anything where duty requires it.

Friday Evening Aug. 7th 1863.

Dr Wright's trial. Well the courtmartial is over & he is doubtless condemned by it but his counsel (a Norfolk Unionist who let no one forget the evacuation by the Yankees two years ago, but formerly a friend of Dr Wright's) Mr Chandler has appealed to Lincoln, with whom he was electioneering once & we know not what the

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<sup>33</sup>See Appendix B.

result may be. Lizzie Wright stayed with us for little more than a week when it first occurred, until the family returned home. They had had Dr Wright chained hand & foot since it first occurred & carried him through so day after day to his trial but when appeared before his judged they took them off wh Father says he wd not have allowed.

They are all very much changed by these weeks of suspense - but I have not yet mentioned the cause of all this. In front of Foster & Moore's store upon the return of the negro company, Dr Wright got into some fuss - nobody knows or else nobody will say why - but it resulted in Dr Wright's shooting the Yankee officer Lieutenant Sanborn who was commanding the company. Now Dr Wright never went armed, did not own a pistol, & had not owned one for years, so it must have been put into his hands. It is a most unfortunate occurrence & much to be deplored. I hope it may not end fatally to him.

Friday Aug. 21st 1863.

Today is a fast day by order of President Davis. Recently the Lord has not gone out with us to battle & our Beloved Ruler had done very right to call our people to a public humiliation of ourselves before the Sovereign of the Universe. If perhaps the Lord may be entreated by us & grant us pardon for all our iniquities. Though a Fast Day this is the anniversary of a Feast to me! This day the mantle of Poesy fell upon my shoulders or rather was first recognized as resting there - the dream & the delight of my life. For this & for all other mercies oh! Father Almighty make my heart truly thankful for Jesus sake, Amen.

Sunday Evening Sept. 6th 1863.

I have been reading a very interesting book today, "The Memoirs of Susan Allibone." It gives at first much thought. She mentions there that she keeps a diary mainly to record how she spends her Sundays as she regards that as her spiritual thermometer, so I think I will try, as my 20th year is about commencing, & record my occupations & feelings. <sup>on the Sundays on this year</sup> Today is Communion Sunday but I was not at Church, much to my regret. Gay has no nurse & I stayed with Fannie. I am afraid I did not prize the Communion Lessons as much as I ought but I always feel better for them. If I knew better how to prepare for them I think I wd enjoy them more but I never feel satisfied. I know so little of self-examination, it seems to me so difficult to perform I fear that I do it highly after the manner of dissemblers with God as something to be gotten over instead of a means of grace. I am afraid that I generally begin the Communion Sunday with more of a spirit of fear than of filial love that perfect

love that casteth out fear. I think thought that I always feel better & happier when I have received the emblems of "the body & blood of Christ," in Communion & trust that I have fed on Him in my heart by faith with Thanksgiving.

There is so much corruption in my heart & I grow so slowly if at all in grace & I am so far from where I ought to be or what I used to be oh! I wd that I were better but I do not wish that as I ought to wish it. I fear that I do not hunger & thirst after righteousness. Last Summer when my heart was crushed & bleeding & kept me near to God, I can fell the truth of that verse wh I once disliked so much:

"Trials make the promise sweet,  
Trials give new strength to prayer,  
Take me to my Saviour's feet,  
Leave me low to keep me there."

There is a prayerfulness & watchfulness gendered by affliction - a humility - wh it is very hard to feel when the sky is gray & the sunshine is clear. Now that the bitterness of my youth is well nigh gone & I can look with calmness & trust backward on the past & forward to the future, I fear that clinging like a child to God is lesson too.

Sometimes I wonder if it is possible for us to live so near to God when we are at ease as when His chastening hand is on us; I say possible not probable for that certainly is not but is it possible? If it be not - it is a very solemn truth & one suggesting very heart-searching inquiries to us, in wh condition had we rather be? Wh is preferable to us wealth & prosperity or the consolation of God & afflictions? How much inferior wd be our characters hereafter if it were possible for us to enter heaven having never suffered!

I agree with Eliza Sharp who said the other day that she thought affliction was the greatest blessing God had given to man. She is certainly capable of speaking on the subject for she has "Been sorely tried." Now that she has sprained her other foot she is almost helpless. She says it is the heaviest affliction that cd have befallen her, & she bears it so patiently. She has certainly been taught of God but the Church bells are ringing & I can write no more. Aunt Fannie went to sleep in the morning & I went after some fear down into the kitchen & offered to read to Violet, wh I did & did not find it such a formidable undertaking as I had thought it, I did not read much however, for they soon came from Church & we had dinner. After dinner wrote here until Church time. I say Mary S. in Church. She attends very often now.

We had a long serious conversation the other day; I feel very much interested in her. After Church I waited for her & telling her it was a very pleasant evening for a walk asked her to go & see a poor woman with me who lived at some distance. <sup>intending</sup>

to renew our conversation She seemed to regret not being able to go & I think said she wd go some other time but that she must go home then with her Father, she added "I will see you next week," I said "Very well, come up some morning," wh she said she wd do & we parted. She looked very serious. I think she really honestly desires to be a Xtian.

I then walked up alone to the Race Field Bridge. I do not know whether I am right to take that walk, it always saddens me; I do not know whether it is that "sadness of the countenance," by wh "the heart is made better" or whether it merely weakens both physically for the work of life & mentally for the warfare of life; once & I believe only once I felt that I came back stronger & better for taking that walk, but often Has it unnerved me.

I called by, on my return home, for a bowl wh I had left with milk & rice in it, on my way to Church, at Mrs Weston's. I stayed some time but it was not much of a Sunday visit. I then came home & laid down until Father called me down to tea. After tea Aunt Fannie read aloud to us, but the Book was holy & was not very interesting & I did not attend perhaps as much as I ought to have done. In Church I had vain thoughts & I did not attend as I ought to have done & besides I thought so much of Mary S.

Thursday Sept 10th 1863.

Yesterday afternoon I went to see Eliza S. She looks pale & sad. My heart yearned to tell her all my sympathy & the pang it gave my love to see her little face so changed but of course I said nothing. She said her foot hurt her almost as much as it did at first.

Today a box came for us containing principally dress goods for Gay, so I expect to be very busy rendering her my poor aid for I am not much of a seamstress, good in quality but not in quantity. I read this morning an interesting lecture written by Dr Wright on "Miasma." He said that Father wd perhaps like to read it. He is still in Jail but Gen Naglee who has superceded Gen. Viele in the command of Norfolk allows two or three members of the assembly to visit him daily & to send him meals every day but persist in keeping the handcuffs on him.

Gen. Naglee is pursuing a very liberal policy in regard to Norfolk & is much respected. It was owing to his complaisance that we enabled to get this box but on applying for a second permit, his reply was that he had received a dispatch that morning from Washington ordering him to give no more permits for boxes as it gave too much trouble. I, who went with Gay to apply for the permit, thought he seemed rather nettled

at it, he is an old bachelor & seems to have taken rather a fancy for one of our young ladies. Lizzie Bloodgood it seems has been there several times to apply for passes to go & see a Confederate, Mr Southall, a friend of hers; & Gen. Naglee when meeting her afterwards wd bow, wh courtesy she always returned wh is an unusual thing under present circumstances.

The other day our august Ruler sent a soldier with his compliments to "Miss Lizzie Bloodgood" & three pound pears supporting a bouquet of red, white, & red - while the three little intervals between the pears were filled with by little bouquets of red, white & blue.

Friday Sept. 11th 1863.

This morning after emptying the slop water & making up Father's bed & mine I dressed & went to Eliza Sharp's where I stayed until it was time to go to Miss Sarah Balfour's, where I spent the day; Miss Sarah went with me to Church at St. Paul's. As I came home I called by to carry Eliza a piece of verbena. She says gets so weary by evening but she has begun to exercise a little.

Sunday Evening, Sept. 13th 1863.

This morning Aunt Fannie waked me before 6 I hesitated some time but after a while got up. I delayed so long about dressing that I had not time to finish emptying the water & making up the beds before prayers & got down a little late. & then after breakfast I delayed about getting figs, so had no time to read as I had intended before S.S. which I ought to have done. I went to the figs because I thought I heard someone troubling them but I found that was Father who wanted to prevent a Sunday maraud. I again delayed about dressing so got to S.S. late & did not engage the children's attention.

In Church I did not feel much interesting in sitting; in fact today seems to me to have passed in a dreamy sort of way. This evening I have read little but have not enjoyed the day at all. The children were very provoking, noisy & almost disobedient. I dislike teaching very much indeed, but I know that it is great measure my fault & I do not think it right to give it up. I know if more if a spirit of love pervaded my conduct to my class I wd get on much easier & like it more & I also know that one who has been shown so much love sd act by that command "Freely you have received, freely give." But oh! the children are so lazy, so indifferent & there is no means of promising them, & I do not believe that anyone can govern without some means of punishment; the only

thing approaching to punishment is not giving them a S.S. book to read & this is very slight.

This week I find has been a very self-indulgent one; every day that I have recorded, I have gotten down late although four mornings I got up before 1/2 after six; I find vanity put down every day (except the one wh I did not record). Oh! what a miserable life, self-indulgent & yet most contradictorily, vain. I can join from the depths of my heart in confession "I have followed too much the devices & desires from our hearts. We have left undone those things wh are too have been done & we have done those things wh are not to have done." But I feel dispirited & discouraged this evening & yet I know where strength & help are to be obtained. I know, but I do not feel, I feel nothing but repining "Oh! wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of Death?" Why not take the next person? Oh! God! Oh! Father, deliver me for Jesus' sake.

Sunday Night, Sept. 20th 1863.

I have been sick more or less for the last two or three days & have kept no diary in that time of the sins I have committed & I am not well enough tonight to write much if I had; but I think this week has been by no means lost to me, I have been part of the time more unselfishly engaged than usual & have worked more for God.

Agnes<sup>34</sup> has been staying over here. I find however, even on the days I have recorded much sin; as usual vanity, meddling, & indolence my besetting sins & no light ones either. Today I got up very late & did not go to S.S. but went to Church. After dinner I read Abbott's "Young Christian" & looked some over my diary & then I went to Church.

After I came home I felt so badly I laid down until tea time; & after tea Father advised me to go to bed so I went upstairs but afterwards induced him to come up & sit with me. We had a very interesting conversation but not a S. one but he read some of the Bible.

Sunday Evening Sept. 27th 1863.

Last Sunday was the last time that I dressed. I have been sick throughout the week; the doctor who was consulted "under the rose" said I was suffering from not well defined intermittent fever. I have suffered very much with my head, slept very

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<sup>34</sup>Agnes Armstrong, b. 1842, daughter of William H. and Adelaide Tyler Armstrong; cousin of CTW.

little until the last two nights & never in the day & I have very high fevers; but I have been much better today & the feeling of returning health is very pleasant.

This week I think I have learned a good deal in patience & gentleness but I have been tormented by a feeling of self-complacency wh is very annoying. I think it sprang from the fact that I knew I had learned more patience & that I sd only have given rise to thankfulness not pride. Today I have read some of the Bible & a great deal in "The M. of Miss Allibone," my heart has felt very hard & dull not at all in a Sunday frame. I sang a little this evening but I think that reading has given me the headache. Lord, have mercy for me a poor sinner.

Yesterday evening Eliza Sharp sent me a sweet note telling me that she had only heard of my being sick the evening before & it had made her feel unhappy all day & she had thought of coming in a carriage to see me, but her sister thought she cd not stand the jolting but she sent me an assurance of her love & some beautiful flowers wh she had gotten for me (some of wh are by me now) & she sent two bands for neck & sleeves for Gay. It was almost like a message from Heaven to me. I answered her note, telling her but faintly the pleasure she had given, but I told her that I regarded her love as one of my most prized, my choicest & my least deserved blessings.

I was dispirited, sad & suffering when it came & it perfectly irradiated me. The flowers possessed a magic charm for me & I kept them by me & inhaled their delicious perfume as long as possible, Gay vainly pleaded that they wd give me the headache I knew that they did my very soul good & only reluctantly yielded them to her carried out of my room on the urgent entreaty of Gay & Mrs Rogers before I slept because I knew the joy was still in my heart & cd not be taken away - the charm still lingered & my sleep was sweet that night. Out of the power of love "it is strong as Death;" "many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it;" & oh, that God is love.

Friday was my birthday! I was 20. It is the first birthday I can remember to have spent in bed. So I left the world a young girl & returned it a woman, I cannot say a lady. I do not by any means come up to my standards of a Lady. None but an angel cd be a perfect lady. Oh! how gentle, how self-possessed, how well informed, how considerate, how modest, how holy a lady sd be, such be my aim! May it never be lowered to a more worldly estimate. As with my maidenhood, so has this book drawn to a close. It is the only one that I ever commenced & closed as a Christian. A fierce heart struggle has been recorded here. Much mercy & much sin have filled my life. I now enter a new period of existence may it be a better one than the past. Oh! God my Father, help, oh! help Thy child, for Jesus' sake.



Private Journal,  
commenced by Cloe Tyler Whittle,  
October. 1st 1863.

Private Journal,  
Norfolk  
Thursday Night, Oct. 1st 1863.

This morning, after a confinement of ten days, I proceeded down to Lizzie Williams', with the assistance of Father's arm. I felt very faintly when I reached there, but after a while recovered from it. I asked Lizzie if she knew how Mr Henry Talbot & Lizzie Wright came on; she said she had heard that they were to be married next week. I told her that Lizzie had sent me a message the other day asking me to come down there that evening as she had something to tell me, but that I had been prevented by my sickness from going. We were so curious to know what it was that I intended to try & get there before Father cd come for me; before I was able to do this, however, Patience came for me saying that Miss Mary Walke & Miss Bettie Poindexter had come to see me; & so I started off home, as soon as Lizzie, who was so kind as to offer to come with me cd get ready.

While Lizzie was getting ready Mrs Williams came in & told me some very interesting facts about her son Carter's interest in religion & his own words before the battle in wh he was wounded that Religion took up more of his time & thoughts than any one was aware of. She said, very wisely, that this was so much more comfort to her than a mere profession of religion on his death-bed, as she had little faith in that. She said she wished so much that Lizzie cd take an interest in such things. I told her that I did not think Lizzie was one to be much influenced by direct talking & that I thought I had erred too much that way with her. She said yes, that she was herself afraid of disgusting her with the subject but that she had asked Nannie to exert her influence over her in that way.

As Lizzie & I walked along, we fell easily & naturally into a religious conversation (for I never try to force the subject on her now). It commenced by Lizzie asking me if I had been to the Methodist revival & if I thought such demonstrations the result of real feeling or mere animal excitement, as she did. Lizzie seemed interested in the conversation, God grant it may do her good, for I know that with Him the slightest word may become "a two-edged sword, piercing to the dividing asunder of the soul & marrow & a discussion of the thoughts & intents of the "heart" while without His aid the most powerful human argument will fall powerless to the ground. How I used to

lose sight of this & think that true words must carry conviction, & so they may, to the head but not to the heart.

Lizzie wd not come in but left me at the foot of the steps. I had quite an interesting visit from the girls & part of the time a very earnest conversation. They, as is naturally the case, knowing so little of me, think me better than I am & though Conscience compelled me to say "You have no idea how bad I am," yet I am afraid my heart was puffed up by pride & vanity with these undeserved commendations. Mary Walke said, "Well, Cloe! you will certainly get to heaven if anybody does, you are so self-denying." I, whose besetting sin or rather one of whose besetting sins is self indulgence!

This she said when she heard that I did not dance - now this resolution was made when I was not even a Christian & I do not know whether wisely or not, though I do not think it at all likely I shall ever dance again, whether or not, for my heart is scarce light enough to permit my heels flying about in any such fantastic measure; but it shows how mature the world's judgment of the merit of actions is.

I felt very much tired after the girls' visit but played a good deal on the piano until Gay at last came in & said that dinner was over & they had supposed I was playing for the girls. After dinner, my curiosity getting the better of my tired feelings, I went down again leaning on Father's arm to see Lizzie Wright, where I encountered Lizzie Williams, who had been sent for by Lizzie Wright to communicate the important intelligence that she was to be married immediately on her Father's release, wh may be at the end of the month or it may be tomorrow, at least so they say, I trust they may not be mistaken.

Lizzie is very busy sewing & I brought home some. I cannot imagine where the money comes from to pay for her wedding outfit. She is perfectly self possessed & seems very well content. I am delighted. I have never had one of my young acquaintances married & my tie is not so close to Lizzie as to make me fear her forming a new one, so I am decidedly pleased. I hear Miss Fannie Talbot is very much pleased. I hope Lizzie may be happy & I think she is good & will not squander money but will remember the poor. Mrs Wright looks very badly & Lizzie looks rather badly.

There had been very good news today. Bragg's<sup>35</sup> dispatch says that the enemy are shut up in Chattanooga!

Mr Leony Smith's twenty-ninth birthday & the fourth anniversary of our trip to the South.

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<sup>35</sup>General Braxton Bragg, 1817-1876.

Oct. 4th 1863. Sunday Night.

This morning I got up about a quarter to 8. Since my sickness I have not risen early; after breakfast I was rather cross to Gay for interfering with my plans & then afterwards wasted the time wh sd have been spent in reading & preparation for the Communion in talking to her about next week's affairs, a very wrong thing to do on Sunday & wh resulted in Gay being scarcely able to attend to the Service at all for thinking of them.

Ever since my sickness I have felt a discontented, almost rebellious spirit brooding in my heart & all proceeding from the unreasonable & impatient cowardly wish to escape from the Warfare & Work of life before God thinks proper to send me release. I think I must have indulged more than I was aware of in the hope that I wd never recover from this sickness although I fell the need of the discipline of life sorely; & almost feel convinced therefore that I must "Learn to labor & to wail" - learn the lesson far better than I know it now before "Death comes to set me free[?]" I know it was wrong to feel in this way & I looked forward with longing to the reception of this Holy Sacrament wh Christ has ordained "to our great & endless comfort."

I felt in Church as if my heart wd almost burst with the weight of sin & the thought of the goodness of God in redeeming us from the curse of the law by being made cured for us but I hoped that when I had received the precious emblems of the broken body & shed blood my heart wd be calmer & filled with the "peace of God who passeth all understanding," & I was not disappointed. I was soothed & strengthened & I wish to "Let the dead Past bury its dead" & not to keep raking & scratching in its grave thereby forever dragging before my sickened eyes the hideous corpse of squandered talents, wasted time & neglected opportunities - "The remembrance of them is grievous unto me; The burden of them is intolerable" - but thanks be to God I have no need to hear it - why cannot my burden like that of Christians roll off at the foot of the cross?

If I wd not cling so perniciously to it wd - & God helping me to unloose its bands, it shall. I wish to remember that

"The Past is past, in faith & patience taking  
Its lesson, let us lay them to our hearts  
The chains attenuated links are breaking  
Be earnest, use the Present ere it parts![""]

After dinner, after reading "A's Young Xtian," instead of the Bible as I ought to have done, I went to Church at St. Paul's; but did not enjoy the Service much, was very

much fatigued when I came home & laid down & took a little nap then read some in the Bible. After tea read some in Lady of Manor, not very interesting.

Sunday Night, Oct. 11th 1863.

This week I have been quite busy preparing again to go to the South & have kept no record of the week. To day, I am sorry to say, I rose quite late & that as my delay prevented my going to S.S. We had a very good sermon from Mr Rodman upon the lookinwardness of the professors of religion. The hymn was that one that will always suggest such a crowd of recollections to my mind, "Be still my heart, these anxious cares, To thee are burdens thorns & snakes," it is very beautiful - I wd I cd live in its spirit.

After Church I lingered after the congregation & went over to tell Eliza Sharp, who was at Church for the first time since her last accident, that I was going. I cd not help being gratified though I felt sad to see that she cares so much about it. After dinner I wrote until near Church time & after Church I wrote again until tea time. After tea I got into a very inappropriate & rather self-satisfactory conversation about a trip taken some years ago to the Navy Yard. Then Father read us a very good sermon on Looking to Jesus, after that I read some of the Lady of the Manor, then we had prayers. I have not felt much in the spirit of Sunday for I feel in such a whirl about going away. I hate to go. I hate to leave Father so much, I only go for health.

## CHAPTER IV

“I feel in such a whirl about going away”

From the 19th Oct. 1863 Monday Morning

After several hurried & disagreeable days of packing, we at last came to the actual morning of starting. From a drayman who came for the trunks we heard that a train had started for Suffolk at 8; the regular train was to leave at 10. Father said there wd be no necessity to go very soon then, so I did not hurry & was very much surprised to hear soon after that Father & Gay had started leaving me to follow alone, much to my annoyance. Heavily laden with clothes & bundles that I cd not get into the trunk, I started on my long walk to the other end of the city.

On arriving there I found a large crowd of travellers in prospect, attendant friends, Yankees & run-away negroes through wh I groped my way expecting the Cars to leave at any moment. I was directed to my sister in one way by one negro & another way by another, but stumbling at last upon Patience, our servant who had been left with the large luncheon basket to wait for me (where she might have waited till Doomsday before she saw me if she had not had the sense to follow to the Cars, for I sd not have thought of going down Main St. so heavily laden as I was). I took the basket from Patience & sent her to look up the rest of the party. When they were at last found I went to them in not the most pleasant humor imaginable, I must confess. When arrived there I found Mr Rodman posted guard over Fannie, who was seated on a carpetbag in the center of a crowded platform at the imminent risk of being trampled on by the crowd & certainly greatly to the inconvenience of the passers by. I suggested that she sd be removed to a more retired position, wh suggestion being complied with, contributed greatly to the comfort of the people, in my opinion. Mr Rodman gave Gay his card with Mrs Rodman's direction, & asked her to write, wh has been done.

Fred Masi<sup>1</sup> came up & said Lizzie wished to speak to me, so I went over to where she was standing & had a little chat with Bettie Poindexter & herself. I spent the

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<sup>1</sup>Fred Masi, b. 1847, son of George H. and Helena Masi.

morning with Lizzie about a week before I left. Bettie wished me to do the same with her but I declined as there was so little time left to see Father. After repeated efforts to get aboard the cars, wh proved futile, & after being directed here & there by different Yankee sentinels as to the best way, I proposed to ask Gen. Barnes as to wh way to go.

We had been to see him several times about the Flag of Truce. The last time I proposed to get Mr Parker Jordan to go with us wh he readily consented to do. The flourish of trumpets with wh he introduced me to the General was positively ludicrous & the effect produced equally so. He spoke of us as ladies of high standing, daughters of one of the most wealthy citizens of Norfolk etc, etc. I thought Gen. Barnes looked quite taken aback at having to converse with such august personages. Mr Jordan then said, "I will leave her to plead her own cause," "& I do not doubt she will do it better than you wd, Mr Jordan." said Gen. Barnes.

It was agreed that I was to speak, as Gay's courage can seldom stand the sight of a Yankee. My object in seeking this interview was to protest against the form of parole taken wh was:

"In availing myself of the benefits of the within Pass I hereby give my solemn word of honor that I will give no aid. comfort or information to the enemies of the U.S. Government whatsoever, that I will use the pass only for the purpose specified & will not transfer it."

I told Gen. Barnes that as a Southerner it was impossible for me to promise to give "no aid or comfort" to the enemies of the U.S. He said, Oh! these words are merely technical & to be understood as such. "But," I said, I did not know how to understand them; that I thought they had but one interpretation & I considered them as almost equivalent to an Oath of allegiance to the U.S. He said that they had ever found a Virginian <sup>to consider</sup> his word of honor as inviolable as an oath & he hoped the Virginia ladies wd not be less conscientious.

I did not see what this was applicable to or what effect it was likely to have save to make me willing to sign such a pass. I told him that I did consider a parole as binding as an oath & did not wish to promise what I cd not keep. I told him that I might not see a sick soldier while I was gone but that if I did I sd certainly do all I cd for him & that wd be giving "aid & comfort to the Con.["] "Oh! he said, it was not intended to apply to charities; that he did not wish to prevent my doing good; that he hoped I wd do good & nurse not only to the sick soldiers of our side but those in the prisons. I looked at him but said nothing. He said that the ladies at the North had been nursing Confederate soldiers. The idea of comparing Southern gentleness to the same of the

Northern & European cities! I told him that I wd sign it not considering as at all binding on private opinion.

On Saturday night the 17th Lizzie Wright was married in the jail to Henry Talbot in the presence of her Father, Mother, sisters & about thirty other persons. Lizzie was sick in bed that day & very naturally but unfortunately for me, forgot to send me word. She sent me an apology next morning by Miss Sue Ingram, wh was polite but not the same. But to return to the day we left.

When I first was on the Car platform I saw a young officer talking earnestly to Gen. Barnes. Although the bloom of youth was still on his cheek my first thought was, "how dangerous such a man wd be on the battlefield." Though young & handsome his manner was prompt & energetic as if dictated by a clear, firm mind. There was no indecision, no hesitation; his words were uttered quickly & to the point. I thought it was well for the Confederacy when I heard afterwards that he was the Quartermaster or Commissary. When afterwards we asked Gen. Barnes wh way it was best to go he turned to this officer & said, "See those ladies aboard the cars," so he went on & Gay, Father, myself, Patience, Fannie & the bundles followed. Gay did not know that Gen. Barnes had sent him with us, but she heard him say to someone who, I suppose, wanted him to go somewhere else, "The Gen. has put these ladies under my charge," so after some delay we got on board.

A very big step had to be taken to get on the Cars in the arms of the Yankees or jacked up as I saw some common people getting up so I asked Father when it came to my turn to assist me himself; he seemed to think I had better take it quickly as every one else did but when I got up he did help me himself & the Yankee helped him wh was much more agreeable to me. The cars were crowded; I sat upon the arm of one of the seats. A Yankee officer whose name I afterwards found to be Capt. Tomlin came in & shouted very rudely to the persons to "be seated," he wanted to "see how many the cars wd seat.["] He was just by me at the time & unconsciously I raised my eyes with a look of surprise to his face. I thought he seemed rather taken aback & said (to the people guardedly), "We are sorry to speak as positively ladies but we [] anxious to see how many the cars will seat & we find this way succeeds best," or something of the sort. Of course I said nothing.

After many delays on the way for I believe the Yankees were laying the rails as they went along in some places, we at last reached Suffolk. The cars were locked & two women got out - it was said for the purpose of searching the ladies, but I wd not bet on it. However when we were at last let out we found it to be true. As we passed into a guarded lot at the gate of wh stood the same officer who had put us aboard the cars, he

asked for the passes. I had them so I stopped & handed him one; he took it & tore off the signature, saying, "Wait a minute & I will give it to you to keep as a relic.[""] I stopped involuntarily, for "relic" has a magical sound to me & he tore the other signature in my hand.

It all did not take the space of a second I suppose but I felt queerly to be in that position with a Yankee, handsome & smiling though he was, & I expect I showed a confused look in my face; but I smiled too & passed on with a "Good morning, Sir," as I did not know what else to say, not considering how much I was to see of him about the place during the day must have sounded very foolish.

I cd think of hardly any thing but a bag wh I had tied on under my hoops wh though containing nothing "contraband" that I know of; yet its position wd attract suspicion. It was full of odds & ends of things wh I cd not get in my trunk. After wandering about in a state of great discomfiture, Gay said to me that she wd cut off this bag & put it with the other bags if she were me. I snatched at the suggestion & did so immediately, or at least as soon as I possibly cd, she threw away some socks wh she had used as stuffing or rather did not throw them but hid them where she intended to get them again - this distinction is necessary to be remembered.

After staying I don't know how long in doubt whether to be searched soon & get over the disagreeable duty or to wait so long that the Yankee women wd be tired of searching very particularly. Seeing, however, Eleanor White pass by under the escort of Capt Tomlin, pass in & pass out in a remarkably short space of time & go off with the same Capt Tomlin; so I suspected that any one going to the ordeal with a Yankee officer wd get through much more easily; so I proposed to Gay to ask the officer who had put us on the Cars, & whose name I found to be Capt Dodge (rather an unfortunate name for a person in the Yankee Army) if he cd not get us searched directly & then we cd go off as we wished to go to Mrs Dr Webb's.

Gay had sent a note from Father to Dr Webb but he was not in town. I had asked while we were locked up in the Cars for Mr Norfleet, to whom the Wrights had recommended us & he had come to the Cars to speak to me. I asked him about getting us a wagon but there was no prospect of getting us one that day. Gay did ask Capt Dodge he seemed rather unwilling to have any part in getting us searched but said we cd go down town if we wished to Dr Webb's. This was what I did not expect & I was infinitely annoyed to think that I had cut off the bag & Gay had put it with her possessions as unceremoniously so at a little distance from where he was standing talking to a lady who also wished to go out of the lines, we had a short but earnest confab as to the possibilities of getting possession of the articles again. I advocating the



attempt but she very sensibly refusing to run the risk. The result of it was that she decided that I had better except the offer & go & see about accommodations for the night so she told Capt. Dodge that I wd go.

I daresay he had been watching us talking for at this he looked at me - not for a second nor for tow seconds but long & earnestly, so long & so earnestly that I at last laughed at the scrutiny wh I was compelled to undergo. I do not know whether the amused smile convinced him that I possessed an innocent conscience or that he was satisfied with his investigation of the honesty of my face howbeit she thereupon consented & two other ladies & myself set off with him. As we were walking towards the gate of the enclosure we were stopped by Cornelia Hopper who asked Capt D. to allow her to get her baggage as there was a cart there wh wd take her off directly if she cd get her baggage. I believe he said something about having to take some ladies down town but I was desirous to take that excuse from him so speaking to one of the ladies whom I know I said "Miss \_\_\_\_\_ suppose we wait until Miss Hopper has gotten her baggage, can you not?" Neither Capt D not the young lady seemed at all pleased at this arrangement & after some silence it was decided to go on, so seeing I cd effect nothing I said no more.

The young lady before mentioned said to Capt. D. "Now you are getting a cross look on your face, you must not get such a look, smooth that frown away," or something equally dignified & appropriate. I believe he smiled but I thought he looked rather -shall I say disgusted? perhaps not quite that but something like it, but at all events very much as if he understood the cause of her manner. He passed in through the gate & walked a little distance beyond when the aforesaid young lady spied some trunk or something she thought was hers after wh she started in pursuit but saying as she went "Here hold this!" handing him or rather thrusting at him her umbrella wh he took without saying anything. After she finished her search she returned & on claiming her umbrella said, "You might have had the gallantry to have gone after that" or something of the sort. It was almost amusing to see the almost nervous glance he threw at me to see if I did not think he was being made a fool of (to use a not very lady like phrase) for as the other two ladies came together I suppose he thought what one did the other approves of, I do not think he made any reply, but a few steps further on he said "I have some business to attend to, ladies, I will relieve you of my company," they protested against its being a relief but he was firm to his purpose & kept on his way, turning back however to say, "I wish you wd show that young lady where Dr Webb lives," one of them promised to do so & again we set forth. Miss \_\_\_\_\_ spoke of Capt. D. I said, "You appear to know him very well," She laughed & said, "Oh! one must

make use of them," I said "I cannot forget, while they have those swords dangling at their sides that they wd plunge them into any Southern heart if they had the opportunity," I think that rather startled her. Of course I expressed no opinion as to the propriety of her conduct but when a Miss \_\_\_\_\_ of Portsmouth was spoken of who had come up under the care of Lieut. Struble, I believe had gone down to Norfolk again the only lady in the cars & was to come up again with him that evening I did not attempt to suppress my opinion of her conduct, let some of the remarks strike where they might. After parting from them I went on under the charge of a little boy Charles Norfleet (the son of Mrs Norfleet to whom I had applied at the cars) to Dr Webb's. Mrs Webb came in to see me, her son had been severely wounded in a recent battle & his Father had gone to see him so she was there with a little boy only in the house. She invited us there & after spending some time with her & divesting myself on my surplus clothing thereby conducing much to my comfort, but feeling very much annoyed that I had left the bag behind, I set forth to return to Gay.

When I reached there after spending a long time at liberty I felt less disposed than ever to be waiting the convenience of the Yankee women in the house so seeing the unfortunate Capt. Dodge again doing nothing & seeming to be bent in victimizing him to be engaged in our boxes, bundles & bags (for the women were searching the lunch baskets) in order to facilitate the disagreeable operation of being searched, so accordingly Gay did ask him, he was very willing evidently to have anything to do with it - I must do him the justice to say he did not look as if he had been in the habit of prying into lady's boxes & bags --- "Where are they?" he said. "There on the steps, it won't take you a minute" he said nothing but walked on in that direction. On arriving at the steps he stood up with one foot on a step & Gay took a bag to undo, "What is that?" he said in an important way, "My child's clothes," Gay answered. "Well I do not wish to look at you child's clothes," he said.

Gay then took my bag, par excellence, the size & shape was enough to cause suspicion & I though he glanced at that more particularly but as soon as it was opened & its heterogeneous contents came to light the said, "That will do" & Gay took up the carpet bag. I had promised Mrs Webb to ask him if he wd take a letter to Norfolk for her to Mrs Pollard (she had known him when he was stationed at Suffolk & seemed to like him very much) but afterwards she & I decided that it was better to ask him to take a letter from me to Father I mentioning in it her message to Mrs Pollard, so I said "Capt Dodge, I have a favor to ask of you! Will you take an open letter to Father when you go back to Norfolk this evening?" "Certainly," he said, have you written it, if so you can give it to me now." "No," I said, "I have not written it yet," "Well, you can write it

when you go to Dr Webb's & I will send for it so you can bring it with you when you come."

I forgot that before this I had asked him where we cd put our packages to ensure their not being searched (?) again & he had said we cd carry them to Dr Webb's & that he wd assist in carrying them. The whole time he seemed anxious to be off Gay said she was in terror for fear that the people seeing how the things were being examined, wd, one after another, prefer the same request until we became the means of making him general examiner so with this fear in her mind & at the same time wishing to detain him until it was finished, she said "Wait now, wait a minute - when I come to the luncheon basket I will give you a cake," she added laughingly. I was astonished - perfectly astonished, the idea of giving a cake to a Yankee never entered my brain. "Very well," he said, & I think sat down on the step.

It was after this that Gay opened the carpet bag, she fumbled about & at last hit upon the most suspicious thing in the bag, a box of blacking, "This young lady is very particular about her shoes," Gay said, so she took them up. I thought his face wore an incredulous look, but he said nothing & after a little more of Gay's fumbling he said "Then that will do," "But don't you want to see more of the things, I am willing I am sure" or something of the kind Gay said & said more than that, was almost begging him to look at them against his will, "I do not see why you sd be so anxious to exhibit them Gay," I put in, for I did not want them brought to light for they were my clothes. Gay afterwards said that she did it because she wanted to be sure no one else wd have to look at them. To my expostulations she announced that if he thought it his duty she wanted him to do it. I wonder what he felt at this, he declined positively however seeing more of the contents of the carpet bag, so Gay turned to the luncheon basket.

She opened upon quite a display of cakes & biscuits & commenced to take out my little work basket wh was filled with bottles & pill boxes, "Don't take that, you will never get it in again in the world," he said. "It is a basket of medicine," Gay said, "Well! that will do." Gay seemed not entirely pleased & disposed to urge him to look more, I was annoyed at her pertinacity & said, "If Capt Dodge is satisfied, I sd really think you might be" or something of the kind. I believe Gay asked him if he was & upon seeing his answer she said, "Oh! you know I promised you a cake" & held the basket to him, he took the thinnest cake that I saw, when just at the time Capt Tomlin turned around & seeing him with it said, "What's that you got there Dodge" Capt D. broke the cake & handed him a piece, "Do pray, Gay," I said, "if you are going to do it, do it genteelly" in a low voice as he handed it to Capt Tomlin. She, not hearing, or not noticing, on the impulse of the moment I picked up some of the cakes in my gloved

hand & offered them to him. He hesitated & looked at me with his clear gray eyes as if he wd read me through & through & verily I expect the confused, hesitating expression of my face was legible enough, the doubt as to whether I ought to treat him as the beast wh his forming a part of the Yankee Army wd almost give one the right to consider him or as the gentleman for wh his uniform conduct through the day was convincing proof that Nature intended him, at last he took them but calling to Capt Tomlin gave him two, keeping two for himself.

In the bustle of getting ready Gay endeavored to stroll round to where she had concealed the socks & get them to carry away, Capt Dodge immediately turned his head round to watch her proceedings seeing this I addressed some remark to him wh politeness acquired him to turn & answer. I still went on talking but Gay had the good sense to perceive that he was too much on the qui vive to allow of the attempt, so she gave it up. We had so many bundles to carry that we asked the lady by whom we had sat in the cars to let her little boy go with us & carry one of them; she very reluctantly consented saying that he did not know the way back. I told her that we were coming & wd being him with us back. "Oh! you know we have got to come back, we have not been examined," said Gay. Capt. D said nothing, & we set out; he had before told me to give him the carpetbag wh I did.

When we had passed through the gate some boys were playing throwing things at each other, Capt Dodge called out "Boys!" in quite the military style then checking himself he turned to a citizen of the place & said, "Don't you think those boys wd be as well employed assisting these ladies as throwing stick at each other," the gentleman assenting to the proposition the boys were called by one of them to assist, Capt Dodge taking the bundle from little Frank told him to go back to his Mother. "That is kind of you, Capt Dodge!" said Gay wh whatever she thinks is very apt to say be the person who they may. After loading the little boys Capt. Dodge said, "You can just have these things carried to Dr Webb's & you need not return to this search, I intend exempting some persons who are ladies & who I know will not abuse the privilege from this examination," I think he [] something more rather as if intended to excuse the search but I do not remember it. Gay was as if she had received her reprieve from hanging. I was not less warm but grave in the expression of any thanks.

He made no reply but said to me, "You will have to be here some time this evening. The Gen. is coming up & you will have to claim your baggage," I asked him at what time & drawing out my watch looked at the hour & mentioned it, he did the same & then said he thought it wd not be before 5, so then with Mr Norfleet, who had joined me to inquire about the Wright family, I joined Gay.

In the meantime Gay, devoted mother as she is, had forgotten Fannie in the confusion leaving her in the inclosed basket we had left, so back I went for her, telling the guards at the gate that I was merely going on for a moment, for a little child, I suppose seeing us come out under the escort of Capt Dodge made them more willing for they did not hesitate to admit me. I walked up the path & found Fannie was where Capt Dodge was standing wh rather annoyed me as he might have had good reason to think it queer that I sd be back in the lot scarcely a minute after he had passed us by the guards. He did not turn or take any notice of my movements but I felt that he saw me, so saying aloud to Fannie, "Come, baby, Mamma wants you," I took her little hand. As if to corroborate my statement, Fannie said, "Here Mamma, Loe?" I said, "Well, darling, I am going to take you to Mamma," & we walked off slowly together, leaving Capt Dodge, I hope, convinced that I came for no nefarious object.

After I reached Mrs Webb's I wrote a long letter Father<sup>2</sup> telling him of our adventures, of how happy & good little Fannie had been, of how bitterly I felt the shock of leaving my lovely home & his fostering care of the annoyances & the pleasures of the day & saying "I must beg you to thank Capt Dodge warmly for his gentlemanly kindness & consideration in sparing us the annoyance of a personal search to wh much to their astonishment the ladies had to submit. Though politically an enemy he has acted more today in the character of a friend & I am sure you will see the propriety of asking you to thank him both in our name & your own."

While Mrs Webb was seeing about tea Gay wrote a little note & then Mrs Webb & myself set out to go to the Depot, though I believe it was after 6. When we reached there we found very few persons, the busy crowd of the morning had vanished. After some delay Mrs Webb addressed an officer who was standing there talking & asked him about the baggage. He seemed to think she wd know him but finding himself mistaken he said "My name is Tomlin, Capt. Tomlin. I was Chief of the Signal Corps stationed here. I built the Signal House." I believe he inquired after Dr Webb & said he wd like to have seen him. He said that a guard wd be placed round the cars containing the baggage that night & it wd be distributed at 12 the next morning when the Gen. wd be there. He said that he had charge of the baggage & that the Gen. had come down that evening & given him special directions not to "muss" the ladies baggage but that if he saw a lady had an honest face not to examine her trunk much but to open it & run his hand to the bottom. I laughed, & said You certainly won't be able to get your had to the bottom of my trunk. I do not remember what his answer was but he commended again

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<sup>2</sup>See Appendix C.

about "We had a great deal of trouble about seating the ladies on the car, etc. etc." I smiled at this apology No. 2. Mrs Webb & myself set out to the house & that night Gay & myself sent round to the lot & got the socks wh Gay had concealed.

The next morning I went down to see about the baggage. I found a great many ladies down there & the same Capt Tomlin & another officer, I do not know his name but he was very gentlemanly looking, were having the baggage taken out of the Cars. I found after a while that our trunks had been taken out but not the other two, & as they were all put in together it made me uneasy so I sent for Capt T. & told him about them, so he had them all gotten out & put together for me. The other officer I think asked me if I had the keys. I replied that I had, expecting them to be called for very soon. However after waiting there for a long time & after all the baggage had been gotten out apparently, & the people seemed to be gone off my keys had not been called for still. I saw Capt. Dodge approaching escorting, I believe, some ladies & I thought of asking him where the baggage was being examined but finding a reluctance to address him I determined not to do so, but as he passed he stopped & asked me if I had all the baggage (Miss Sams he called me from seeing Fannie's name on her trunk) I told him that I had, a useless declaration, as he had it taken out. I then asked him when the baggage was to be examined. "It has been examined.["] I told him No, that I had never parted with the key. ["]But the Gen. told me to look in the ladies faces & if they had an honest expression not to examine their trunks.["] Not knowing how to answer this I said nothing. He hesitated & then passed on.

I had the letter to give Capt Dodge in my pocket & so I did not leave the Depot but went inside the building, there I met a very pretty lady. She asked me where I was staying & on my telling her she said that she had intended to ask me to come to her home if we were staying at the Depot that she had felt so sorry to hear that anyone sd have staid there all night. While I was down there Gay came down with Fannie. She asked me if Mr Norfleet had gotten us a wagon. I told her no. She said a woman had met her & told her that a Mr Rowe or Roach had been inquiring for her. As she thought he might have heard of our wanting a wagon she immediately set off in pursuit of him. This lady, Mrs <illegible> said she thought he was a Yankee, then Gay thought he might have brought us up a letter from Charleston Norfolk so the next thing I saw Gay standing seemingly in a long sociable chat with a group of Yankees in wh was Gen. Barnes.

Of course I was all curiosity to know what in the world she was talking about but I will tell it as I afterwards heard it from her lips. It seems that she went up to this person & told him that she had understood he was asking for her, she said she thought

that he looked rather confused but said he believed the General wished to see her, so she went up to the Gen. with him & said, "Good morning, Gen. Barnes" & then told him, I believe, that this Mr Rowe had said he wished to see her. The Gen. said, "No, Madam - I - had expressed - no such wish," Then Gen. Barnes looked at Mr Rowe for an explanation & Gay looked & Mr Rowe & all the Yankees looked at him, intending to remove his embarrassment, "I only want to know whether you wish to take those gentleman's shoes & underclothes with you?" said this officious Mr Rowe. Gay said if a cannonball had fallen at her feet she cd not have been more astonished.

She hesitated a moment for an answer & then said, "I have no gentleman's underclothes." "I merely wish to know whether you wished to take them with you. I believe Gay repeated that she had no underclothes. "Did you not throw away some gentlemen's underclothes, making the remark that you intended to get them again after you were searched?" "I made no such remark. I threw nothing away at all & moreover through the kindness of Capt. Dodge my sister & myself were not searched at all," said Gay who for once in her life had self-possession when it was most needed. "When did you see Capt. Dodge?" said Pertness. "I saw him this morning a short time ago," said Gay. "Where is he?" demanded her catechist. Gay said she had a great mind not to tell him but she said "He has gone a little way up the street." "I will go & bring him here," said this Rowe "Very well!" said Gay, "you will find me at the Depot if you wish to see me."

As soon as he had gone, Gen. Barnes said "He evidently does not understand his business at all," Gay said, "Some of the officers whom you sent down, Gen. Barnes, have been very gentlemanly, such as Capt Dodge & Lieut. Struble & the ladies have had no cause to complain of their conduct," leaving him to draw the evident conclusion from the limitation. Gay told him that she had left a little child (pointing to Fannie standing at the door) in the Depot & she must go to her but if Capt Dodge wished to see her he wd find her there. Gen. Barnes said, "He does not wish to see you he has nothing more to do with you, can I assist you, Madam, in any way in getting on?" Gay told him that he cd not & I suppose thanked him & then came in the Depot building, where it is needless to say I immediately made an attack upon her with questions as to what cd have detained her in such a long chat with Gen. Barnes.

She said, "Well! I'll tell you what it was," in an emphatic tone & then began her account. I suppose she was agitated from her interview & I startled at the least mention of such a subject but however it was I put entirely wrong construction on the whole matter & was more frightened than ever before in my life, though I am by no means naturally timid. I refused Gen. Barnes' remark that Mr Rowe evidently did not

understand his business to Capt Dodge & thought that he meant it because he did not have us examined so I said, "What in the world made you tell him that he did not have us examined oh! Gay, now Gen. Barnes will speak to Capt. Dodge about it & he is just such a person that if you once put him on the scent he will never rest till he has ferreted the matter out, & the more so because he did not have us examined, how cd you do such a thing?"

My fears were contagious & Gay who knew she had no cause for alarm was scared into leaving Fannie at the Depot with me & hurrying off to the house to hide the socks wh I cd almost have wished at the bottom of the Red Sea. It wd have been positively ludicrous to a cool looker on if he cd have seen the excitement I was in about nothing. I daresay Capt Dodge wd have been very much amused if he had known how afraid of him I was. Under the influence of this fear I thought of an expedient wh I wonder I had the temerity to venture upon considering my fright but it was the very necessity of the case that nerved me to action. "Oh! if I cd only see Capt Dodge before Gen. Barnes sees him," I certainly never expected to long for the sight of a Yankee as I did that morning. After Gay went I staid there with Fannie almost in a fever of anxiety & excitement until I cd stand it no longer & then set forth with Fannie, all the possible or impossible results, almost, crowding into my head as flowing from the doings of that morning.

As I walked on to Mrs Webb's whom sd I see coming down the middle of the road or street than the cynosure of my eyes - Capt. Dodge <sup>with Capt Tomlin</sup> never in my whole lifetime, I do believe, did I ever welcome the sight of any human being as I did of this same Capt Dodge, officer in the Yankee Army though he was. "Goodbye," he said, & crossing Capt Tomlin he came to the other side of the road & shook hands with me. Now had he offered me his hand in the streets of Norfolk I sd not have refused to shake hands with him after his kindness to us but I cd certainly have felt that I was shaking hands with a Yankee but then I don't think I even thought of it, "Can I speak to you for five minutes, Capt Dodge?" I said. "Certainly," he said, doubtless very much surprised at the request & was also, I expect, Capt Tomlin who turned & stared as if anxious to know what this conference wh I evidently desired to be private might be for I had, in my hurry, taken no manner of notice of his presence but to cast an uneasy glance at him & draw back before speaking to Capt Dodge.

Although so thoroughly frightened & moreover in such a hurry (for he was then on his way to the cars) I still had my wits about me sufficiently to remember that I was speaking to an enemy - to a very shrewd headed, clear sighted one & one able & I did not doubt ready to draw his own inferences & act very strictly upon any stray word wh



I might unwittingly drop. I told him that some clothes had been found, (I thought he seemed on the alert the instant any thing contraband was mentioned & fixed his eyes on my face with a sternness & intensity wh decorum or rather politeness scarce permits from a gentleman to a lady. I was rather frightened at the delicate nature of the explanation I had undertaken fearing I wd make matters worse but I was in for it & the only thing left was to get through it as well as possible, so taking no notice of his manner I went on to say that suspicion had attached itself to my sister how - I did not know, the only way that I cd suppose was that a woman whom I had never seen before (she was the same person who told Gay that Mr Rowe wanted to see her) had told me the day before that she had a pair of pantaloons & did not know how to dispose of them & that I advised her to throw them away.

He said "Oh! those clothes have been attended to; the Gen. has decided about that!" I know he referred to a pair of Con[federate] pantaloons so I said, "No, there have been some more found." He was about to go when he thought it was the other things but he stopped again. I said Gen. Barnes spoke to my sister about them & I am very sorry to say she was so thoughtless as to mention that you had allowed us to pass unsearched. I am very sorry she did so as I am afraid it might get you into trouble." "Oh! it does not make any difference," he said. I said, "Yes, but you will hear of it again, I am afraid I do not think Gen. Barnes was very polite to my sister." I rather hesitated as I said this but he made no reply. I said, "I am very sorry indeed that she sd have introduced your name." "It does not matter," he said. "I suppose the Gen. will speak to me about it but it does not make any difference." He seemed rather surprised or indignant that I sd suppose he feared the authority of Gen. Barnes. This I judged from his manner, he did not say so. He was then about to take his departure without my giving him my letter so I said, "Well! are you going to take my letter for me?" "What letter?" I began to fear he had changed his mind about carrying it, at all events it was certainly being very attentive to his promise but I said, "The open letter to Father." "Certainly!" he said, so I handed it to him & we parted.

I hurried on with all the speed I possibly cd, urging on poor little Fannie's tired footsteps, at last she put in a piteous request "Take me, Loe!" in such a patient, sweet tone that I did take her up & try to get on faster but she is no zephyr & I found that with the addition of her 30 pounds it wd not do, so down the poor little creature had to get. I took her hand & I do believe she did her best but the little feet were very tired & so when we were near Mrs Webb's I left her & went ahead leaving her to follow more leisurely wh arrangement she did not seem to object to at all though I expect Horace wd have been shocked. The fact was I was still in a perfect fidget of anxiety & alarm for I

thought the Yankees might have been searching Mrs Webb's home. When I at last got in I found Mrs Webb & Gay seated on the passage sofa with an air of demureness about them as if they wished to be prepared for anything that might happen. I told them of my rencontre with Capt. Dodge & heard with pleasure that no Yankees had been there.

When I mentioned what I had said about not thinking Gen. Barnes had been very polite Gay said, "Oh! Cloe I declare that is a slander upon the poor old Gen. he was very kind almost fatherly in his manner." I felt very sorry that I had done him such injustice especially as he had uniformly been very polite not only to the Norfolk generally but particularly so to us, but it cd not be helped. I then received from Gay the true account of her interview with the General & found that I had mistaken its nature altogether & did not have the cause for alarm that I imagined. While we were sitting there a knock was given at the door; all my old frights came back & I went off into the dining room for my acting powers had exhausted themselves & I did not wish my fact to be seen, but it was only Mrs Brown, whom I had asked at the Depot before I left to tell Capt. Dodge if she saw him that a lady wished to see him at Mrs Webb's; she came to say that she had told him but he had said that it was impossible for him to return as the Gen. was going off immediately. I thanked her but told her that I had seen him myself. The Cars went off & we retained only the memory of our fright but it took me no short time to get cool again.

Mrs Webb is a very pleasant person. one who has been accustomed to wealth & I suppose still has it, but her servants have all gone off except a little hired negro boy who has remained faithful, & she is doing her own cooking & washing, as indeed are most of the ladies of Suffolk. They take it very cheerfully, turning it into a joke & it is amusing to hear the ladies comparing their experience in the culinary departments.

Gay & myself have had some experience as we were 6 days without any servant & during the whole of the summer I was principal chambermaid, while Aunt Fannie officiated as dining room servant, Gay being nurse & assistant chamber maid, but during those 6 days Gay & myself descended into the kitchen & regularly went to work cooking. We made hashes & boiled meat, baked waffles & baked beef, attempted to bake corn bread but cd never succeed, though Father bought us a new hoe but I made & Gay & myself baked what they all declared to be some of the lightest & best biscuits they ever saw, minus soda or saleratus either. It was astonishing how well Mrs Webb lived but she had some one to move the pots for her wh we found to be our great difficulty.

We hoped to have been able to leave the day after we came wh wd have been on Tuesday but we were unable to obtain a wagon. On Monday evening Mrs Webb was

going to make biscuits for tea but Gay persuaded her to let her put a loaf of our bread on the table & some of our ham & cakes & the next morning she wished her just to have the same loaf but Mrs Webb said she cd not that Dr Webb wd not like it. Gay said Dr Webb need not know it but Mrs Webb said he wd certainly find it out, that Philip wd tell him so she insisted on preparing breakfast herself.

Each day we hoped to be able to get a wagon but day after day passed, Mr Norfleet all the while promising to get us one until ~~Thurs~~ Wednesday night. In the meantime Annie Riddick, a former boarder at Mr Smith's school had come to stay with Mrs Webb. She is a relation of hers & Mrs Webb seems very fond of her. She had been staying with Mrs Webb in the summers & knew all her way. She wd take a broom & sweep out the passage when she saw it or do anything else of the sort without saying anything to Mrs Webb. I read part of a book called, "What a woman can do," I think while I was there & I found a very interesting piece of poetry written on a 20th birthday wh I wanted to have copied but I did not have time.

Mr & Mrs Prentiss came around one night while we were there. While we were at supper on Wednesday night Mr Norfleet came in to see us & to tell us that we wd be enabled to leave the next day, wh we were delighted to hear. He was speaking of Capt. Dodge having passed us without examination & said he was a positive man, or something of the sort, that he had heard him speak very sternly to Miss Hopper about her baggage. He then went on to say that it seemed Miss Hopper had gotten or thought she had gotten some promise from him about examining her baggage on Monday, so meeting him at the Depot on Tuesday she said, "I am very much obliged to you Capt. Dodge for keeping your promise so well & examining my baggage that I might be off" or some sarcastic speech like it. Capt. Dodge looked at her & then said, "Now your baggage shall be the last examined!" Mr Norfleet said he was very much afraid she wd say something in reply but she did not.

The next morning, Thursday, the 28th of October about 10, I believe, after taking leave of Mrs Webb & Annie, Gay & myself now assisted into the wagon by Mr Norfleet & Mr Prentiss. The latter had given us the most doleful accounts of the discomforts we might expect on our road to Ivor, wh was 28 miles distant & he declared wd take us two days to reach, at least that we must spend the night on the road for I was determined to bend every energy to reach it by night. Our servant rode in a cart ahead that containing our three trunks & carpetbag driven by little Charley Norfleet, followed by another cart with baggage driven by a boy named Jerry, then came the wagon with the party of 11 in it & the rear was brought up by another cart with baggage.

The party consisted of an old lady from Portsmouth, a Mrs Elam from Portsmouth & little son, under her charge was a young girl named Susie & her little brother, children of a Presbyterian minister I believe, then Mrs Riley from Norfolk with her little son & nephew & lastly Gay, Fannie & myself. Mrs R. was the only person we had known before but we found the others very agreeable fellow travellers. The procession moved on in this way until we reached a mill when the ladies all had to alight & walk over a log. After that I walked for about a mile & a quarter & then got up in Charlie Norfleet's wagon cart for the person who drove our wagon, an old man named Harrison, had said before that he wd have to get one of the ladies to get in there & I had volunteered to go, for I greatly preferred it, as it had the fastest mule & by going ahead of the others avoided all the dust, so we drove in this way all day. Part of the road was very pretty.

We passed the scene of a skirmish of the year before.; there, side by side, were the graves of the Confederates who had fallen, covered by rails to protect them from the cattle. There, near an old ruined Church, alone in the quiet woods they lay. I think there is something inexpressively sad in the words "It is grave of a soldier." What "aspirations after fame," what hopes of future glory, what boyish yearnings after home & the loved ones at home & yet, thank Heaven! how often what a patriot's love of country lies buried there, struck down in the very bloom of manhood for the sin of thinking that no human being has a right to rule him but one chosen by himself of his own free will; but on we passed & the graves of the Confederate soldiers were left to the quiet of the woods where the wild winds of winter say the requiem for the dead - & such is Life! what a marred existence, unseen by the light of Futurity?

When we reached Windsor about 2, I think, where Mr Prentiss thought we wd have to spend the night, I saw Confederate soldiers for the first time since the evacuation of Norfolk, more than 18 months, with the exception of one or two prisoners. They bowed & so did we. Towards sunset Mr Harrison wished to stop for the night at some house by the road but at Windsor (where by the way I lost a new green veil to my annoyance) I had engaged Mrs Riley to help me in my endeavor to reach Ivor by night so by the joint efforts of the ladies but principally by mine we succeeded at last in going on, so we traveled on towards the Black Water. The Confederate fortifications came in sight & so [] the evening air came the sweet bugle's notes.

When we reached the Ferry several persons came to assist us. "Are you a Confederate soldier?" said Mrs Riley to one of them, on receiving his reply in the affirmative, "Come here & let me shake hands with you," there followed a general hand

shaking with the ladies in the wagon. I, who had arrived of course first, had already alighted. One of the gentlemen, whose name I found afterwards to be Mr Daniels from near Raleigh I believe, then urged us not to go on to Ivor itself that night but to stop one mile from it as Ivor he argued was full, that some of the soldiers had had to give up their tents for the accommodations of the ladies wh they were of course very willing to do, he said, but that this house to wh he alluded was only occupied by one gentleman, a Capt. Watts, who had riden down that morning to say that if any of the ladies passed by he must tell them that this house was at their service. Of course this altered the state of things. Although I much wished to go on to Ivor I cd not persevere at the risk of turning Confederate soldiers out of their poor accommodations so I was silenced, & the party determined to adopt Mr Daniel's advice, wh he was very anxious cd be taken.

The best description of the Black Water is to say it deserves the name. The narrow stream meanders through the dark dell, overhung be pine & I believe cypress trees; it is a picturesque spot & the effect is heightened by the groups of soldiers on its banks & the little ferry wh moved slowly across drawn by ropes from side to side but it looks a place where dark deeds might be committed, deeds in keeping with the appearance of the place. I felt secretly ashamed to find how little patriotic emotion was called forth by this meeting with the Confederates & that I cd coolly <sic> scan their faces as I wd any strangers to see whether they were handsome or not. Mr Daniels had a very good looking face but was small & one of the others was good looking with a quiet humour about his eyes but the rest were decidedly ordinary looking. Of course the dress of all was coarse & plain but it seamed good & substantial. After we crossed the ferry one of the soldiers helped me into my seat & then stood & talked. They were all N.C's. I made use of my time in finding out Mr Daniel's name.

It seemed as if that evening a sneering, sarcastic spirit took possession of me, wh inwardly I had almost no control but outwardly I found myself to be very polite to the soldiers for I knew they deserved it at the hands of every Southern woman & whether I felt in the humour for giving it was not the question. After a while we started on our way again. Charlie Norfleet was a very nice little boy, unusually thoughtful & gentlemanly for his age but I was very much amused at one specimen of his precociousness. Mr Daniels, who rode on horseback to show us the way, above rode back & brought some wild grapes but after supplying the ladies in the wagon he rode up to my cart & gave me some & we had some conversation. The conversation flagged after a while however & Mr Daniels again rode by the wagon.

I noticed Charlie was driving slow after some time & I who always like to drive fast asked him why he was doing it he said he wanted to get behind the next cart that I

might have a chance to talk to the soldier too. I laughed & though it was certainly a most original idea for one of his years, but much preferring the front of the procession I assured him to that effect & we retained our position.

Upon arriving at the house designated by Mr Daniels we found lights already in it, it seemed that some one else had availed themselves of the accommodations it afforded. They had taken possession of the lower room & not knowing anything of their character we felt rather uneasy about our baggage wh we had left in the passage. We went up under the guidance of Mr Daniels to a room above. Dirt might be said to reign. Mr D. brought us up some wood & made us a fire & brought up a broom & wanted to sweep up the room but the ladies wd not consent & took turns, at least some of them, in sweeping. I thought it wd take about 20 sweepings & a good scouring, to make it clean. The hatboxes & carpetbags were then brought in for seats & we hung up our bonnets, wrappings & hats on some nails, wh we found, only wishing there were more. The ladies invited Mr Daniels to take supper with us, but he declined saying he had promised some of his friends to go back & bring them over. The ladies insisted, however, that he sd take something to eat before he went wh he did & then started on his moonlight ride. I stood at the window & watched him gallop by.

The road was skirted by a tall grove of pine trees through wh moon was shining beautifully & I thought how I wd like to be in his place rather than cooped up in that dirty room. The ladies were unwilling for the windows even to be open. I dreaded the night; had I have been a man I sd have started off for a walk in the woods but dependent womanhood has to remain under shelter. Mrs Riley sacrificed two clean blankets to be put on the floor for seats, quite the Oriental style. Gay put Fannie to bed in a corner on a little bed formed of our bundles & seated herself by her. Mrs Riley put her little boy to bed on a part of a blanket & sat on another. Mrs Elam also established herself in a corner & the others around, some on carpetbags, some on hatboxes.

In an almost incredibly short space of time Mr D. returned bringing with him a Mr Guy & a Mr Powell. The former took a seat just outside the blanket I was sitting on, Mr Powell sat on the floor by the door & Mr D. on the floor by my side. They cd not be induced to make themselves at all comfortable. Mr Guy after occupying that disagreeable position for some time took a seat on a hatbox just behind him. As he was a very tall man he must have found sitting on the floor anything but pleasant. He mentioned that they were having a dance at Ivor. Mr Daniels seemed to fear we wd regret not being there so he began, much to my amusement, to say how glad he was that he had been able to get that house that he had heard they were so much crowded at Ivor, etc. etc. After staying till about 1/2 after 10 they took leave & then offered to go down

& cut us up some wood. The bucket of water wh Mr D. had brought us the dog who was in the party had drunk noisily from while they were there so they got us another. Everyone tried to make the best of everything, so it passed off with a laugh.

When they had brought the water & the wood & gone off the horrors of the night began. As to letting my dress rest on the floor that was to be thought of, so I gathered my skirts under me & perched myself up on a hatbox. The night passed slowly & must uncomfortably away. It was one of the most unpleasant nights I ever spent & I cd realize the earnest longing of "those who watch for the morning." The most comfortable time I spent was with the old lady's head on my lap & my head on her shoulder but of course I woke up cramped. To my great delight morning came at last.

While the wagons were getting ready I attempted a sketch of the room, knowing nothing scarcely of drawing it was it is almost needless to say a queer looking concern. At length we started off in the fresh morning air, I again mounted on Gay's trunk in the little cart. A Confederate officer, a Capt. Green, was talking to the ladies in the wagon. He was going to Petersburg, & promised Gay to try & get my veil from Windsor & carry it to Aunt Fortescue's,<sup>3</sup> whether he accomplished it or not I do not know.

After really enjoying the mile ride the cart drove up to the Ivor platform. Hitherto I had always bowed to the Con[federate] soldiers & they to us but such a solemn looking one came to assist me out that I cd not muster the requisite courage to salute him, so gravely & silently & was assisted out. Strange to say this queer individual was good looking & appeared young. After I had gotten out a very handsome young gentleman came up to talk to me, whose name I afterwards found to be Harrison. The disgusted spirit, for I can call it by no other name, at least no better, of the previous evening, still hung round me however, of possible, even increased in feeling. My sense of propriety forced me to be polite to him & I blamed myself very much for feeling as I did but I certainly missed the broadcloth suits of former days & cd scarcely make myself believe that the queer looking brown & grey & drab jackets around me were the actual garments of gentlemen.

I felt at the same time contempt & mortification at my fastidiousness - that I sd be so unpatriotic as not to feel a glow of joy in my heart at seeing Virginia's sons - her indulged & petted children, throwing aside as objects of no value the wealth & luxury to wh they were accustomed - of no value in comparison to the freeman's rights to speak, act & think as his conscience shall dictate, subject only to the laws imposed upon him by his God - throwing all aside sleeping beneath the canopy of heaven when need

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<sup>3</sup>Mary Anne Davies Whittle, b. 1789, wife of Fortescue Whittle, CTW's great uncle.

requires, walking barefoot over Virginia's rocky valleys, fording her mountain streamlets, standing guard over her sacred soil while wet by Virginia's rains & dews & all for the holy privilege of fighting Va.'s battles - & then to think that a daughter of Va. sd fail to recognize the stamp of Nature's noblemen because clad in a garb of homespun?

But in however strong a light I tried to put the subject the feelings was unconquerable, so as I did not feel like talking I betook myself into the Depot & drawing out a pencil & paper I commenced to write to Father, in order that Charlie Norfleet might carry the note back to Suffolk. I think Mr Harrison must have thought me rude to him for whenever I met him afterwards he did not look at me or bow at all. While I was writing Gay came to me & told me that I looked so extraordinary & so tiresome to be sitting there writing that she wished I wd come out & talk. I told her I did not feel like it & I think I wanted to finish my letter. She said there was a very nice person out there talking to them I had a great deal better come out, that she thought he must be a Fairfax he was so much like them. I told her that I wd come when I had finished, so accordingly when I had finished my letter I took it & went to the door. Charlie Norfleet came for it as I had told him & after that I stood there & joined in the conversation.

The gentleman to whom Gay alluded was of medium height with a good looking aristocratic face but not handsome. He had very piercing dark eyes, sometimes almost fierce in their expression. I did not like them; they looked to me as those of a man who had been bitterly disappointed in life or who had run rapidly through the so-called pleasures of life & found Solomon's experience to be correct that all was vanity & vexation of spirit, but Gay thought them very fine. He was better dressed than the generality, wh was a salve to my fastidiousness for he was in the regular Confed[erate] uniform of blue pants & grey jacket & a peculiar looking hat wh I believe he had picked up on a battlefield suited his bronzed skin & regular features setting them off to advantage. It was turned up & the sides, bending low over the forehead in front, & also at the back from wh a tassel fell. His head & face looked much better in profile - then you did not catch the gleam of his eyes.

After staying there some time, inwardly chafing at having to stand still, my restless spirit got the upper hand & I went & got Mrs Elam to go & walk about with me. After we had set off a little way we found this gentleman had followed us. He took us about the camp a little until I found out a tent in wh Mrs Evans was, whom I walked in to see though I did not care a picayune for seeing her. I found her seated at breakfast with Miss Joanna Armstrong & a Lieut., both of whom she introduced. The trio were



evidently enjoying their breakfast to the fullest extent. They asked us to join them wh Mrs Elam & myself declined. The nameless personage had not gone in, I left him most unceremoniously at the door of the tent. Mrs Evans said it was provoking to think how much sympathy she had wasted on the Conf[ederate] soldiers, that she had been living on the fat of the land while at Ivor - fresh eggs, butter, etc.etc., after staying a little while we took our departure. At the door of the tent stood Janey Evans & Ginnie Gormby talking to two rubicund individuals apparently in the best of spirits, declaring they had had such a delightful time & saying how much I had missed by not being at the dance the night before. After talking a little Mrs Elam & myself went off, seeing nothing of our escort. He joined us however when we had gone some distance. I thought I had been so rude to leave him so abruptly that I told him I must apologize for not asking him to join with us. My trouble was thrown away though for he said that it was he who ought to have gone in with us.

After we returned to the Depot I suppose we went on talking but I do not remember much of the time until this person took Gay & myself round the other side of the house to get us out of the sun. Then we sat upon a plank supported by two barrels talking until an individual came up & began to talk to Gay, against whom I took up a more hasty prejudice than I think I ever was guilty of doing before. His face was burnt by the sun & moreover was round, his eyes were of that shiny blackness that looks common, his hair was dark & cropped, he had a small cap dashed on his head, red cheeks, & was stout; he had nothing of the manners of a gentleman in short he looked to me like the personification of a rowdy. Strange to say Gay took quite a fancy to him, so she talked to him & I to the other. I found him a very interesting companion & gradually he talked me out of my crossness. How he ever stood me before that fortunate event I can scarcely imagine, for I have rarely ever felt in a worse humour than I did that day. At least I do not know that that is the proper expression but I was certainly possessed of the most faultfinding, sneering spirit I have really cause to feel indebted to him from that service.

While we were talking I found a chance to tell him my name saying that I never cd talk agreeably with a person who had no name by wh to call me. He took the hint & told me that his name was Kidwell, assenting at the same time to the proposition advanced. To my great annoyance my horror being without occupation, as Gay had gone to see after Fannie I believe, joined me & took part in the conversation if his blunt remarks cd receive the name of a conversation. It was as much as I cd do to be decently polite to him. He seemed to be most extravagantly devoted to Mr Kidwell & showered his off-hand compliments upon him, once when we were talking of singing & he was

expatiating on Mr Kidwell's powers in the most rapturous terms I said something to Mr Kidwell about his taking it very quietly, he features slightly moved & he said, "I am accustomed to it," very quietly.

At last the railroad cars came. Before that we had gone round to the other side of the house to Gay. These two gentlemen assisted us into the Car & then Mr Kidwell went to see after the baggage while this Mr Hazewell or something of the kind hurry about. When Mr Kidwell returned the other stood at the side of the seat, I was sitting on the outside, & hung over talking to Gay who was on the inside. He leant over in such a way that Mr Kidwell cd scarcely join us in the conversation, he was talking to me, I asked him once to stand up wh Gay said she did not think he liked at all, but he very soon was leaning over just as much again. He had one hand on the back of out seat & the other on the seat before us & bent over till my head wd have been against his breast if I had not sat in the most uncomfortable way leaning over to Gay. I was very much annoyed at his pertinacity & I almost think Mr Kidwell ought to have made him stand up for he must have seen, if he took any notice how uncomfortable my position was.

I turned as much round as I cd & talked to little Mr Nightengale who was standing a little behind our seat on Mr Hazewell's right hand, while Mr Kidwell stood on his left. How long he stood there I do not know but after a while he went off. Fannie got into a tantrum about something & Gay got out of the cars with her as she was attracting the attention of the cars by her screams & I moved in her seat & sat sideways to get further from Mr Hazewell but he very quietly & coolly <sic> took the seat by me. I had been so much annoyed by him that I suppose I cd scarcely be so but however it was, as we sat there talking I began to see that there was something for Gay to like in him & that I must put his want of polish to the score of his extreme youth & entire absence of ladies society, that by birth by the qualities of his heart he was a gentleman, though in exterior he certainly retained his likeness to the rowdy I at first thought him.

Perseverance is sometimes its own reward for he certainly struck out my dislike to him. I do not remember each thing as it occurred but I know that after a while I got out of the cars again with little Mr Nightengale while there several of the soldiers came up to talk. I was amused that day to see the gradual sliding into an acquaintanceship. First the person whoever he might be wd stand at some distance & listen to the conversation going on then gradually drawing nearer he wd so far venture as to laugh at anything laughable that occurred, then the next step - to join in was easy. As I never expected to see them again I did not care who I talked to.

While I was gone Mr Kidwell returned & talked to Gay. Mr H. had found that I was a relation of his Capt. - Grayson Tyler though I had never heard of him & he went to his tent & brought him to speak to me. We had scarcely begun to talk when the whistle blew & Capt. Tyler had to assist me hurriedly on board. On the way to Petersburg I asked the soldier, who came round to examine the passports I believe, some questions about the starting of the Southern train, etc. & Gay also applied to him, his name was Young, so at last we found ourselves under his protection & very kind he was. When we arrived at P. Gay went with Mr Young to look after the baggage leaving me with Fannie.

After a while Gay sent me word to come to her, so taking Fannie by the hand I set out. It was then about dusk. As I drew near the platform wh was raised there some two or three step some one said, "Madam, let me take your little child," of course it was not necessary to stop & explain that Fannie was not mine, so I accepted the proffered assistance. I walked up & then down the platform looking for Gay & seeing nothing of her was beginning to feel rather awkwardly for it was growing dark when a young gentleman came up & said, "Miss Whittle can I be of any assistance to you? I am Mr Johnson of Norfolk." I never remember seeing him before but I said immediately, "Yes, Mr Johnson, you can be of the greatest assistance to me; I am looking for my sister." He offered to carry Fannie, but I told him it was not necessary. He was very kind to Fannie & myself & it was much more pleasant having him. We found where Gay was sending the baggage & staid with it.

It was a long time before Gay got matters arranged & I sd have felt very badly to have been alone on the crowded platform. When Gay came up I introduced Mr J. & told her what he said about our not being able to get to Chester by Sunday advising her to stay over Sunday with Aunt Fortescue in Petersb[urg] as Mr Johnson had been urging me to do, but Gay did not seem willing to do it & I wished it so much that I was afraid to say too much so gave it up. Mr J. walked with us to the hotel. Mr Young was so kind as to go with the baggage. Miss Caroline Langley,<sup>4</sup> Miss Emily & Ginnie came in to see us at night & Mr Cooke. Miss C. told me of Ginnie's having been confirmed. Ginnie was as sweet or sweeter than ever. Mr Cooke was very kind, showed Gay how to make up a little bed for Fannie on the floor of the cars, etc.etc. Well! off we started.

It soon began to rain & Gay to bemoan not having staid in Petersb[urg] wh I am sorry to say annoyed me to hear her keep on saying. She said she never knew me give up so easily before & she did wish I had persisted about staying, etc. To our perfect

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<sup>4</sup>Caroline Langley, b. 1830.

delight, but particularly Gay's we found Mr Young had come on in the train intending to go back when the up train crossed. It was very kind of him as he did not seem to have come for any earthly purpose but to be with us. He introduced us to a Mr \_\_\_\_\_ who was going further than Weldon, I forget his name. Mr Young returned before we were to reach Weldon & was to get back to Petersb[urg] about 1 o'clock, I believe. At Weldon it was raining hard; we went up to an uninhabited-looking room, where we heard the rain splashing through the open window & door of a room near. Weldon is always looked upon with horror in the best of times but in War & rain it is certainly not improved. We had a muddy walk back to the Cars & set off again. After parting with our unknown attendant, we were left alone till we reach Raleigh where Mr Johnson had told me to send for his brother, Mr James Johnson, to whom I sent a card & he came directly & transferred us to the other car & got some of the soldier's bread "hard tack" for Fannie as he cd get no biscuits as Gay desired.

I was very anxious to have stopped at Raleigh but it was very expensive & I thought I wd try & get on to Charlotte wh we were to reach at 6 next morning though tongue cd not tell how I dreaded another night's travel on the abominable train wh we were on, however on we went. I had a good chance of studying a phase of human nature in the couple who were my vis a vis. I fancy the lady was a widow somewhat older than her companion "Cousin \_\_\_\_\_," she called him. He was quite polite, rather attentive to her but she was - I can scarcely say what to him, but the study disgusted as much as it amused me. In the afternoon I discovered that a gentleman had been standing up I know not how long behind my seat, it was the last, so with much hesitation I offered him a seat telling him at the same time that there was a broken pane of glass & a puddle of water where he wd have to sit, but he thankfully accepted the proposition, in spite of the uninviting prospect held out to him. I was very glad afterwards I had done it, for I found him an intelligent N.C.ian one conversant with the politics of the State, an elderly man or rather middle aged & a Xtian gentleman. He made my trip much more tolerable than it wd otherwise have been, until we parted on the night. He gave me his name & address but I have forgotten both.

At Company Shops I got out for a short time agreeably to Mr George Johnson's request to see his Mother & Father & Sister, Mrs More. They did not know me at all & I was very much surprised at their reception, but when they found who I was, & just from Norfolk, they were delighted particularly as I cd tell them of their son's safety, he had been in the battle of the previous Sunday & had a horse shot under him, I believe. Mr Johnson got Fannie some rolls & Mr More went back on board with me. The little chat about Norfolk quite refreshed me.

At six o'clock I woke up at Charlotte thoroughly chilled, with my teeth all jarred with cold & withal feeling so badly that I told Gay it was [] worth a spell of sickness to me to attempt to reach Chester that day, this with the fact that it was Sunday made us stop, we went to the hotel I sending a card to Capt. Page. He came in a very short time & wished us to go to breakfast with them. He urged it so much that Gay <sup>thought</sup> that I had better go so I went. They were very glad to see me & very kind. Mrs Page sent around her nurse & brought Fannie to spend the day with her little boy so Gay cd go to Church & take a nap. I met Mrs & Mr West & Sallie after Church & also Mrs Ramsay nee Julia Cooke & Jennie Penrose. Mrs West asked me to come to dine with them as also I think Capt. Page asked us both but we staid at the hotel; in the afternoon we held quite a <illegible> - Mrs Williamson, two Misses Murdaugh, Mr & Mrs Ramsay, Bettie West, Mrs West & I believe Mr West & Sallie, Miss Neilson, Bettie & I believe Capt. Page are those I recollect.

Mr & Mrs West & Sallie came for me at night to go to Church & begged me to call by & see Bettie again wh I did. Mrs West asked me very affectionately to come & stay with Bettie & made me promise to do so if I returned to Norfolk in the Spring, as I then intended to do. Bettie & Sallie had been confirmed not long before. The next morning Gay had me up about 4 & we were dressed & in the parlor when Capt. Page came very early to carry us to the cars. After about 3 1/2 hours travel we reached Chester, about 1/2 after 10. We travelled in the best car wh we had yet been in & were very much pleased to hear it had been made in the Confederacy since the War. Arrived at out journey's end. I applied to one or two persons to know where the Revd. Mr Sams lived, a person whom I do not think I then noticed was a clergyman said, "Mrs Sams is expecting her Sister by the train today." I thought it was I as May knew I had been coming on in the summer & had written me word she wd expect me until she saw me. I was very sorry to hear it as I had meant to go up to the house & announce myself as coming from Norfolk & bringing accounts of her Father & see if she wd know me but this put an end to my plan. We got some one to carry up our bags & I followed, leaving Gay with the rest of the baggage.

After trudging up hill & down dale we at last reached the house. I was chagrined when I saw it. It is built on the side of a hill so as to make it a convenient height for the back of the house from the ground the front is put so high as to be disproportionate & paint wd certainly improve it but the view to the South is beautiful & in summer it must be very pleasant. In the passage I met a baby in a little negroe's arms whom I knew must be Conway. My speaking to him brought May forward. I kissed her - it must have been much to her astonishment for she did not know me & said, "Is it

Cloe?" in a very doubtful way. She was delighted to see me & when she heard that Fannie & Gay were on their way to the house she did not seem to be able to believe it. I thought at first that she looked badly but it might have been nervousness. Julius was not at home.

May's house is very small, has but four rooms. Her chamber & the parlor are the front rooms & are tolerable sized, the dining room & other chamber are marvelously petite. May & Mr Hutchinson, the minister, who was staying there, were invited to dine out & spend the evening. When at last at what hour I do not know, May woke to think of such a thing as dinner, the question arose sd she send to beg to be excused or, May proposed send word that she wd bring us with her, that Mrs Dunovant, where she was to dine, always prepared far more than sufficed for the company invited & she knew her so well she did not at all mind doing it. Gay replied, very sensibly though I never wd have thought of doing that May knew better what terms she was on with the people than we cd do & she had better decide what to do, so May wrote the note but tried first to induce Mr Hutchinson to go by himself - that he wd not do, he wd go with us or he wd stay with us - we cd not tell him what was the real state of the case that we cd take any kind of dinner, for May had given us some cold waffles, milk & sorghum, wh we enjoyed very much, but Mr H. must be treated more ceremoniously, however he wd not do it.

We went over to Mrs Dunovants, where we met Miss Clara her sister-in-law, Mrs Dunovant herself, her eldest daughter, Adele & her three smaller daughters. My first impression of Adele was not favorable. She was sitting on a sofa, dressed as it them appeared to me very much, with a book of poems, I think, in her hand; the room was very fashionable in its darkness & altogether I thought it savoured too much of the fine lady a la novel style to suit my simple taste.

The time wore on till dinner was announced. At the table I had a seat by Adele when Lo! my unfavorable opinion vanished like smoke. I think her classic head & face had much to do with it but I saw more than any mere beauty in the regular outline of the profile & before I rose from table I determined if possible to make her my friend. I cd then see that her dress was of black silk, everything in perfect taste & it no longer appeared fine. After dinner music was asked for. Adele performed beautifully. Her harp she cd not use as she can get no strings. I sang two or three songs. Just as we were leaving the gate of what I call the Parsonage Julius appeared. He, different from May, recognized me before Gay. He told me afterwards when they had partly worn off that the first thing he noticed was how much I was freckled, May had already commented on my having gotten so burnt.

At the dinner table May received a note inviting Gay & myself to Mrs Douglas' to tea. We went about 1/2 after 7 or 8. May & Gay determined I sd bear some share of talking to Mr Hutchinson, who was quite deaf so they hurried off with Julius, coming home, leaving me with him. Of course I had to talk very loud & my throat having been ulcerated was not improved by the [c]hilly air, so the next day I felt the effects.

We were a good deal entertained in Chester & cd have had a very pleasant time but that I was soon to part with Gay & she was anxious to get to Horace. He was not willing to have her come without an escort & that was difficult to obtain. At last Horace becoming impatient sent his brother Clement<sup>5</sup> up for her. He came in very unexpectedly one day, as we were sitting down to dinner. I had never met him but once before & did not remember him at all, so was not prepared to see May & Gay kissed by a person with a face burned almost mahogany colored. He asked me to go to Church at night, saying he had not been for a long time, so we went. Mr Picket, a methodist minister preached, he has a most singular style of conducting his services, sings an unusual number of hymns, some of wh are sung by the congregation, some by him, one was sung by him, the congregation joining in the chorus.

The next day my dear Gay left me, that was the 9th of Nov. I took some horseback rides with Ginnie Brown, Lalla Faber, & Mary Brawley, wh I enjoyed a good deal. When I returned Adele's visit we were talking about taking walks, May had proposed for us to walk together, & she asked me to go that evening. I declined however, as May & Gay were to go out. When I returned & mentioned it, May said she expected Adele had thought she did a great deal in asking me, that it was seldom she asked anyone, she was so reserved, so on Saturday I wrote a note asking her to walk with me, wh she agreed to do. We were talking of our names, as we walked home, hers among others & she said, "You have an uncommon name, 'Cloe,' Miss Whittle is so stiff that if you will let me I wd like to call you Cloe, that is," she added, "if you will call me by my name." I was very glad she had made the proposition, though I was surprised, as everyone pronounced her so unsocial. I readily agreed & told her that I had thought if I ever knew her well enough to call her by her name I wd call her Adele, as I thought it prettier than Adelia. She asked me to study French with her but I expected she knew so much more than I did about it, for she speaks it, that I was ashamed to do it. She also asked me to learn a duet with her, wh I agreed to do but never practiced it with her & she also asked me to read History with her, but her course

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<sup>5</sup>Charles Clement Sams, 1837-1865, son of Benners B. and Martha F. Sams, half brother of Horace and Julius Sams.

was such a full one & her method so thorough I despaired of my life being long enough to accomplish it much less my stay in Chester.

Julius after a while went to St. Thomas & May & my days passed quietly away in writing, reading, sewing, visiting & walking. We quite frequently spent the evening at the Clifford's. They are a very pleasant refugee family consisting of Mr & Mrs & two Misses Clifford, & two adopted daughters, Geraldine & Carrie. Geraldine plays beautifully & is a very sweet girl. I took quite a fancy to the family, particularly to Mrs Clifford & they seem to like me very much. They appear to me more "unspotted from the world" than any wealthy people I ever met, there is something refreshing in being with them, & as they seemed very anxious that we should come, we went there frequently. May took me to see Mrs Ed. McLure<sup>6</sup>, & Mrs Bedan two ladies with whom she is quite intimate who were sick. Mrs Bedan had sent me some flowers. May also took me to see Mrs J.J. McLure<sup>7</sup> who was in mourning & did not visit. Mrs Ed. McLure I liked very much. She has charming manners.

On the 11th of Dec. the long looked-for, long hoped for letter from Father came at last. I dreamt of it that night. It was my constant companion. I copied all of it & Aunt F's letter for Gay. The day after I received that letter Mr Ancrum called. I looked so badly that day I knew, that my manner was very embarrassed I expect & his manners are so peculiar that I scarcely knew how to get on. He staid such an interminable time however that I had time to get perfectly accustomed to him. He is a very queer person. Something was said about housekeeping wh I said I disliked very much indeed, he advised me not to let the soldiers hear me say so as they were looking out these times for good housekeepers & it might interfere with my prospects. "Well! I dislike housekeeping very much indeed," I repeated emphatically, he laughed. He had said something about having to be somewhere by one I think & after a while seeing him look at his watch I supposed he was going but I suppose it must then have been past the time & he still sat on.

He had evidently been accustomed to be made a great pet of, he had been at the point of death recently from a wound in the face, & I felt no disposition to assist in ruining him - much the same feeling that I have to a spoiled child. I think it must have been this that made me feel particularly perverse that morning. Something was said about the termination of the War, the difficulty of boundaries, etc., & he said that Western Va. wd have to be recognized. I said Va. wd never consent to this. He said

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<sup>6</sup>Louisa McLure, b. 1837.

<sup>7</sup>H. McLure, b. 1834.



that the Confederacy wd do it without her consent. I said she cd not. I think he asked why. I replied that even the U.S. Constitution forbade the formation of a new State within the boundaries of an existing state without the consent of such State & I did not suppose the C. Constitution wd guarantee less. He said, "I know that. I merely wished to see how far your knowledge extended," or something equally impertinent. I think it is taking a great liberty for a perfect stranger & withal such a young man to be "pumping" me in regard to my political knowledge or any thing else.

I cannot imagine how I looked I must have been so astonished but I replied that my knowledge extended very little way & was mainly derived from Father's conversations or something of the kind, wh might serve to save him the trouble of any further pumping. He said you have gone pretty deep, in a meditative kind of style. He seemed to think I was a lesson wh it was his particular business to study. During the course of conversation he informed me that he admired a talented woman wherever he saw her, wh certainly has the merit of being unusual in one of his sex & age. May was obliged to be a good deal absent from the room & the management of servants(!) was one of the topics discussed. I am sure we had time to bring the destinies of nations on the carpet before he left. A propos to the former, he said if there ever was a Mrs Ancrum Jr. she sd have control over every thing in his house except himself. "Take care she does not have that too," I said, as he took up his cap. "Yes, I will take care of that," he answered. I had given him a long extract wh Father had sent on, as he said his brother-in-law was going to Charleston the following Tuesday, to have published in the Courier. May came in to tell him Good-bye. He loitered & loitered &, I believe, looked at every likeness of the many on the mantel piece, told he hoped to meet me again to wh I think I very impolitely made no response & finally took his departure.

On December 16th received a letter from Eliza, telling me of her having received the Com. on the 1st of Nov., the beautiful All Saint's Day. On Christmas Eve we were invited to dine at Mrs Gill's. I did not know it was intended as a compliment to me until I saw that two young girls were the only other persons there & Miss Henry told Mr Gill to take me in to dinner. It was an elegant entertainment, quite a surprise in these war times. After a substantial dinner there was a dessert (always my favorite) that wd have done honor to any times. Charlotte Russe, stewed blackberries, whipped cream, citron tarts, blackberry tarts, snow cream, custard I believe, apples, etc. Coffee & tea were handed later, just before we left. Mrs Gill & Mrs Henry are both sweet persons. Mrs Gill plays & sings delightfully.

The next day, Friday, was Xmas day. How happy I had been in Norfolk a year before! Shall I ever spend another Xmas in or dear old home? Four days after the 29th

we left Chester for St. Thomas. Eliza Fuller came to tell me Good-bye & asked me to write to her. She walked down to the Depot with me & carried my shawl. I called by at Mrs Dunovant's & told her & Adele Good-bye. Soon after we went on board May introduced a Mr Clawson to me, who had come down on the Cars from York. He made the morning pass much more pleasantly than it would otherwise have done & perhaps the afternoon but by the time we parted, which was 12 p.m. I think, I expect we were pretty well worn out with each other. He was only nineteen & I think the notions of boys or young men whatever you choose to call them, are very crude & unpolished at that age. After he left an old gentleman asked me if I had any objection to his taking the seat by me, to which I replied in the negative, so he sat down. He bore a remarkable resemblance to Gen. Lee's likeness & was a very agreeable companion. I found during the conversation that he was a relation of Pres. Davis'.

We reached Charleston about 3 in the morning & went to Mrs Living's house, a friend of Julius. She gave us some delightful coffee which I really enjoyed & breakfast. She was very kind indeed, went about with us to see different places & wanted me to stay longer with her if I could get back to St. Thomas. May would not tell me of this as she was afraid I would want to stay.

I went with Dr Sams through the Burnt District. Poor Charleston has certainly suffered very much in this War & the people bear it without a murmur. At 1 P.M. we left on the N.E.R.R. for Lower St. John's. Dr Barker had understood that we were coming by the train from Florence which arrived at night so the carriage was not at the Depot. As we were standing there cogitating a lady came up to May & introducing herself as Mrs Hague asked her if she would not walk up to Dr Motte's & dine while a boy who was there from Dr Barker's would go back for the carriage. The matter was referred to me & I was so tired with my walk about Charleston that I preferred waiting there for the carriages, so Julius went up with the ladies & May & I staid at the Depot with Mr Holmes & Mr Milliken, who refused to leave us. Dr Motte however sent his carriage for us, which made me feel sorry I had not made an effort & walked there. Mrs Motte with whom May had been previously acquainted, when Julius preached for six months in Cordesville, very much regretted that he had not accepted the Parish permanently. There was a large party at the dinner table that day, Dr & Mrs Motte have four sons then there were Mr & Mrs Holmes, an old lady who, I believe, was Mrs Hague's mother-in-law, Mrs Hague, another elderly lady, Julius, May & I.

After dinner Mrs Hague took me out to see the grounds. They were very pretty, there was a little island in the center of a pond, with an ice-cream arbor (rather easy to melt one would think) but which, owing to the War had never had any in it, & an old bell

overgrown with moss, a little set of steps led down to the waters edge, so that you could get in a little boat & go about the pond, a narrow bridge connected it with the main land.(!) Dr Motte told May I must come back in the Spring & eat strawberries there.

After a beautiful drive of two miles, we came to South Mulberry. Dr Barker's, where we met by the Dr & Mrs Barker, Miss Susan Boughton (her sister) Miss James & Mr Boughton. Mrs Barker's cousins & Henry & Tommie Barker. We had bad weather almost all the time we were there & at last left in the rain for Chelsea. Mrs Barker begged me to come & stay with them in the Spring & I promised to try & do so. At Chelsea the most marked thing that occurred to me that May, Conway, & I, all had the most violent colds, not agreeable companions by any means. I read while there *The Partisan Leader* by Judge Bev Tucker of Va.<sup>8</sup>, a striking fore-sketch of the present time, written in 1836, but the plot of the story laid in '49. I also read *The Betrothed* by Scott.

Mrs Waring urged me, & wd scarcely listen to my refusal, to come & stay at Chelsea during the time when a Fair was to be held at Black Oak. After a fortnight we went to Pooshee, Dr Ravenel's. I enjoyed the time there very much. I liked Hennie very much & the music in the evenings by Mrs Dwight & Pennie was delightful, the only drawback to being there that I knew I had to contribute my part. One seems to breathe an atmosphere of Christianity in that house, I believe that are truly amiable people. Hennie's position is so much like my own now, as a daughter keeping house for her Father, or at least what was my own, that that may have helped to interest me in her. She promised to try & meet me at Dr Barker's in the Spring as she wanted me to go to Pooshee with her. I was really sorry to leave there, when we did. Dr Dwight asked me one day if I had seen a piece in the *Courier* from an English clergyman, etc., I laughingly recognize my old friend that I had given to Mr Ancrum. Hennie lent me "A Woman's Thoughts about Women," by the authoress of John Halifax, Gent., I believe, & *The Wide, Wide World* & "Queechy" all of wh I read.

We left Pooshee on Saturday, the 23rd of January. The day before was Conway's second birthday & Hennie had made him a dessert of custard, stored peaches & potatoe <sic> pone, wh last is very disagreeable I think but her custards are delightful & it was kind of her to be so thoughtful. At the Black Oak Church I met Mr Du Bose Porcher.<sup>9</sup> He looked much handsomer but not in such good health as when I met him in S.C. before. Saturday night we spent at Limerick Mr William Ball's & also Sunday, as it was the day for Julius to preach at the Chapel wh is only 5 miles from there. On

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<sup>8</sup>Nathaniel Beverly Tucker, of Williamsburg.

<sup>9</sup>Isaac DuBose Porcher, b. 1832, son of Thomas and Elizabeth Sinclair DuBose Porcher.

Monday we came on to the Rectory. It was the 25th of January, Maggie Bell's birthday. The Rectory is spacious compared to the House in Chester. It has six rooms on the first floor with fireplaces in them & 2 others without; a portico the length of the house & four closets; so it is quite comfortable.

Jan. 29th was Lizzie William's birthday & I wrote to her a long blockade letter, sending it by Wilmington, I hope it reached her. Here I first met Emma Ravenel, with whom I was corresponded, she having send me a Palmetto cockade after the Secession of So. Ca. I like her, I do not know why & I like Mrs R. very much. I have not seen so much of the rest of the family, Dr R., Miss Mathilde & Carey. Dr & Mrs O'Hear I also like very much. I rode up on horseback, with Julius & May & spent the night at Quinby, the plantation of Mrs Shortbred, when Julius went there to preach I took a beautiful walk with her the next morning & then we dined at Mrs Lucas', whom I had met the previous Sunday. She has been a kind friend to May. She invited her to her house when Conway was born & acted almost more than a mother's part by her. I like her very much. She was merely on a visit to her husband then but expects to come down to stay in April, when she wishes Emma Ravenel & myself to come & stay with her. Middleburg has belonged to eight generations of her family before Mr Lucas. The house itself is about 180 years old, I believe.

On the night of the 17th of February Julius, who had gone down to Charleston brought up a canister of butter from Chester & in it were about half a dozen letters, three for me. One was from Maggie Lamb to whom I wrote about sending letters to N. With a prayer that it might be from Norfolk I took up a larger letter - the direction was in a strange hand - I opened it & the first thing that met my eyes was my dear Father's writing. Oh! the joy of such a sight, but it was bad news that it brought. Butler is forcing the Oath on the Norfolkiens & what is worse they are acquiescing to the pressure. Father said not more than a dozen men of property had stood out. I believe he is the only one of the Canal Co. who had remained firm. Oh! it had been my prayer for some time that Father might not take the Oath & that I might get a letter from him. Why is not our faith stronger? Why do we not oftener pray believing? "How much it may be, we lose by our "little faith." Lord! increase my faith.

Father mentioned that Dr Balfour<sup>10</sup> had died on the 29th of January, the day we left Chester, & been buried on the 31st. The next Day he took an officer to administer the Oath to Miss Sarah, that she might qualify on her brother's estate & to prevent Yankee officers being quartered on her. It seems very strange to me that Miss Sarah sd

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<sup>10</sup>E.O. Balfour, 1808-1864.

choose Father, as doubtless she must have done, to bring up a Yankee officer to administer the Oath, when she must have so many friends who have themselves taken the Oath & wd seem to be the proper persons to whom to apply. Father's property seemed to be confiscated but bought in by a friend & I suppose he is living at home for the present but how long the Yankees will let such an arrangement I do not know. The letter was written expecting the Yankees to read it but Gay says they wd not have let it have gone if they had seen it. It was written to Pencie Wright for her to bring with her when that afflicted family left Norfolk. She wrote to me at the same time & mentioned that Henry Talbot expected to leave, with Lizzie for Europe in a few weeks. Of course we were much excited by the reception of this letter & Father added in a pencilled scrap that he had applied for leave to come to Dixie but did not expect it wd be granted.

While still in a whirl of excitement I thought of the other letter & opened it; it ran as follows: "Miss Whittle has perhaps seen in the Courier of the 8th the letters she gave me to have published: they have been anxiously looked for by myself for three weeks past. 'Twas not the fault of him to whom she consigned the epistles but of the <illegible> -" Not being cool enough for much though as to the writer & perfectly astonished, I glanced at the signature - "James H. Ancrum" - the revulsion of feeling was almost hysterical; at the contrast between the intensity of feeling called forth by the former & this, I scarcely knew whether to laugh or cry. There were but two lines more "I send a copy by this mail wh I beg you will accept with the best wishes of - Your Humble Servant, James H. Ancrum. Columbia S.C. Jan. 11th, 1864. It was perhaps well for the wrought-up feelings to have something else to <illegible> there than Father's exciting letter.

I copied off the letter for Gay & also one wh came by F. of T. very soon after. In it Father said that he expected to remain where he was, so I suppose the Yankees have refused his request. Feb. 22nd was Jennie Whittle's birthday & I wrote to her. I do not think I recorded the reception of a F. of T. letter from Aunt Fannie early in Dec., while in Chester. In it she mentioned that Minton Wright had been killed in the battle at Gettysburg & also that Mr Tom Barraud<sup>11</sup> had died of wounds received in the same battle. I spent the night of March 8th at the Grove, Dr Ravenel's, & expect to spend next Tuesday there. Dr Wright's family have certainly been fearful sufferers in this war, but thanks be to God! I trust they have not been losers for Eternity. Before he left Norfolk, when a prisoner Minton received the Communion. I was so thankful to see it & am still more so now. Then Dr Wright was baptised after he was put in prison &

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<sup>11</sup>Thomas L. Barraud, b. 1830, clerk, of Norfolk.

took the Communion with his family in his cell, Mary receiving it for the first time with him. They are now in Petersburg. I wrote immediately to her begging her to tell me any thing she might remember about Norfolk. I have written a great deal since I have been here.

In my letter to Pencie I enclosed a F. of T. letter to Capt. Dodge to try & get interested in obtaining leave for Father to leave Norfolk. I said, "Sir, Remembering your kindness to my sister & myself upon the occasion of the F. of T. leaving Norfolk, for the 19th of Oct. last, I have taken the liberty of applying to you for assistance again. My Father, Mr Conway Whittle, has applied for leave to come to the South but it has not, or had not sometime ago, been granted to him. His family, consisting of three daughters, he has no sons, are at the South, and, as next August he will have reached the advanced age of sixty four, it is scarcely necessary for me to say that the U.S. Government need not fear he will do them much injury by being allowed to be with his children. If you will endeavor for him the desired permission you will add another obligation to those already existing. I wd take this opportunity, Sir, of thanking you for your safe delivery of my letter to Father from Suffolk. If you will be so kind as to comply with my request a few lines addressed to the care of S.A. Plummer & Co., Petersburg informing me of your success or failure wd reach me safely & be very acceptable. Yrs respectfully.

I wrote to the P. Master at Wil[mington] asking about sending blockade letters & he wrote word that all such passed through the hands of Major W.H. Gibbs at this place, so I wrote to Major Gibbs enclosing Lizzie Williams' letter. He wrote very politely in reply saying he wd send my letters for me with pleasure - it will not do me much good now, though, as Father wrote me word to write only by F. of T., I do not understand why as he has not taken the Oath, but perhaps he thinks Butler might make some new regulation before our letters cd reach him. He has affixed the penalty of Death to any one who shall be found in communication with the South after taking the Oath. The style of taking the Oath is for the people to go in crowds to the Customs House, hear the Oath read & each one receive a certificate of loyalty, but I am thankful Father did not yield.

Among the letters I have written twice to Adele, twice to Geraldine, & once to Eliza Fuller. Yesterday I received a letter from Geraldine & one from Jennie Whittle. She said Willie<sup>12</sup> was in Paris when she last heard from him. Beverly<sup>13</sup> is a private in

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<sup>12</sup>William Conway Whittle, CSN, b. 1840, son of William Conway and Elizabeth Beverly Whittle.

<sup>13</sup>Beverly Kennon Whittle, b. 1846, son of William Conway and Elizabeth Beverly Whittle.

the 2nd Virginia Cavalry, in Lee's army & Jennie says he has had his share of privations & hardships but she "wd not have them at home for worlds" is her feeling. She says she does not intend to recognize any young man as an acquaintance, who fails, in this struggle, to come up to the mark. So I have brought down my journal to the present time.

I was leading a quiet, happy life with Julius & May, who are very considerate & kind to me. In sewing, reading & writing, & walking, the days pass evenly by, marked by few changes, troubled by few cares. I feel as if it were a breathing spell in my life, before some great struggle; but it may be wrong in me to cloud the present on the shadow from the future. I am very thankful for the pleasures that cluster around my pathway. My health is much improved. I am now strong & well as ever, perhaps in better health then ever before. The past is not forgotten by me, far from it, gravely & gratefully it is remembered, remembered as that wh has given coloring to my life; its joys, its sorrows are alike remembered as cause for gratitude, perhaps particularly the latter, & trusting to the guiding care of One who has indeed led me by a way that I knew not, I wd go forth into the future, with a resolute heart & without fear.

## CHAPTER V

“The fighting is not over yet in my dear native state”

St. Thomas. March 25th 1864. Good Friday.

The first Good Friday I have ever spent out of Norfolk is passing away, with its solemn memories & its thrilling thoughts. On last Friday I received a letter from Jennie Whittle, in wh she said that she had heard from two or three sources that Father had refused the Oath & the next day a letter came from Ginnie Langley in wh she spoke of having heard of Father’s “great kindness” to the Norfolk people. We do not understand this at all. On Tuesday I also received a letter from Evelyn Sharp.<sup>1</sup> From the latter two, I learnt that May Walke<sup>2</sup> had been arrested & carried before the Provost Marshall for writing to & aiding her brothers. (She has three in the C[onfederate].A[rmy].) Mr Foster saw her passing his store, went out & joined her. She bore her trial so bravely, Evelyn said, as to excite the admiration of the Yankee officer, who offered to send sealed letters for her by F. of T. She came off without any difficulty.

Negroes are allowed to occupy vacant rooms in any house, Evelyn also told me. Butler or someone like him has condemned the Reverend Mr Wingfield of Portsmouth to sweep the streets of Norfolk & Portsmouth for three months, for not taking the Oath & for his conduct, the Yankees say, during the prayer for Lincoln. Such is the condition of my native city! Surely Lent is an appropriate Season to them this year but I suppose they are cut off from the Church, for it is ordered that negroes are to sit in any pew & penalties to follow any disrespect by look, word or gesture. How well I remember the Passim Week of last year, where will I be the next?

McPhersonville April 5th 1864.

On Tuesday March 29th Julius & myself set out to ride to Palmetto Hall, Mr Elfe’s, to go in his boat to Charleston but he thought it too windy so Julius left me there to spend the night, intending to come early in the morning to go to Charleston. My

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<sup>1</sup>Evelyn Sharp, b. 1840, daughter of W.W. and Mary Sharp of Norfolk.

<sup>2</sup>Mary Walke, b. 1845, daughter of Richard Walke.



surprise was great therefore to find him back in the afternoon to carry me to the Rectory to spend the night. May had been so nervous & Julius said he had regretted his proposition as soon as made, to leave me at Mr Elfe's, so May's wanting me back gave him a good excuse to come for me, so back we went. The next morning we set out with a beautiful day feeling confident we wd be able to go, but the wind was so high that Mr Elfe said we had better wait till 12 o'clock. The wind had risen still higher then so perforce we had to wait till the next day much to the annoyance of Julius & myself, at least I was sorry to able to say this of myself. Miss Elfe & myself planted Palmetto & I crocheted.

The next morning after many provoking delays we set out about a quarter of 10 & reached Charleston about 1/4 of 1. Julius & myself went to the Treasury office & he attended to his business. Mrs Living seemed very glad to see me. After dinner Julius & myself set out for a walk Mrs Living being unable to accompany us. Soon after leaving the house Julius & myself met a white headed man, with piercing black eyes, with another person, we both pronounced him "Beauregard," though we had never seen him. I had long been desirous of seeing him. I said I wd like very much to have spoken to him, Julius said if he had have known it he wd have stopt him & introduced me.

After going to different places I proposed to visit a gunboat, so we made our way, after some trouble to one wh seemed to be finished. We were in doubt whether we wd be allowed to go on board but Julius who was ahead was invited aboard by an officer, so we went. "Do you know our Capt.?" was asked. "No," Julius answered, so a gentleman who was coming up the steps was introduced as "Capt. Tucker." He invited us down. I was amused to see how accustomed he was to getting the ladies' skirts down the narrow steps. "Come to me, don't be afraid," he said. As I was not at all disposed to be afraid, having often been on ships before, the reassurance was unneeded. He was disposed to profer much more assistance than was at all necessary & in fact more than I liked. As we came down the second flight, he appeared to think that his arm around my waist or nearly so wd be an assistance in wh I disagreed with him & quietly put it aside, only consenting to be helped by my hand. Again at his cabin door he tried the same experiment by way of facilitating my ingress but it was dark & gloomy & I drew aside & waited for Julius.

Once in it looked bright enough. He gave me a seat on the sofa, taking himself a seat by the table, on wh burnt two lights. Julius did the same. The conversation fell upon Norfolk. He was much surprised to hear that I was from there & the daughter of Mr Conway Whittle. He had married a Norfolk lady. He inquired after Cousin William & Cousin Frank Whittle. Julius & himself had also a tie in common - their Alexandrian

acquaintances.<sup>3</sup> Julius after a while mentioned that we intended going to see the big gun, upon wh he proposed to have his gig manned & that we sd go in that, to wh we agreed.

After talking sometime longer we rose to go. Capt. Tucker regretted that he cd not accompany us but went to help me in the boat. He told me to put my foot in a rope in getting in the boat but as it was a long step & though I wd put one foot on the iron of the side thinking that it wd be sufficiently rough to resist my shoe & then put my other foot either on the rope or the side of the boat, but I suppose my shoes were too thick soled to obey the motions of the foot & it slipped & wd have slipped quietly down to the rope but it was too good a chance of making a scene to pass by Capt. Tucker as he fairly caught me round my waist & deposited me on the boat. I was annoyed but there was nothing to be done. Julius said it was a wonder I had not had a fall but in my opinion I was in no danger of falling, for the slope of the boat was very gentle, & I merely meant to let my foot slide until in reached the rope, a distance of 12 or 15 inches.

Julius & myself set out in full possession of the boat, I think Capt. Tucker intended to have sent a Lieut. Stockton, who was quite disposed to take part in what was going on, if Capt. Tucker wd have let him, but who appeared afraid to interfere with "The Capt.," but for reasons best known to himself Capt. Tucker said nothing more of his going. All that Lieut. Stockton ventured to do was to stand at the head of the steps & render what assistance Capt. Tucker wd allow. What was particularly provoking to me in Capt. Tucker's mode of putting me in his gig was that the deck seemed to be full of officers, who were doubtless watching. Capt. Tucker asked if Julius cd steer & said "You ought to know how - coming from Norfolk," or something of the kind to me. I told Julius as we were rowing along that I thought Capt. Tucker was perfectly delighted at our having come on board. Julius proposed that we sd walk back after seeing the gun but I told hem I did not think it wd look polite & it was well we did not for Capt. Tucker seemed to have been waiting for us when we returned.

But to go back to the boat. I was dismayed when I saw that the mode of landing was to - I may say, crawl up a pile of loose bricks, in the water, & manœuvre through a hole in the wharf, but I did not think talking about it wd help me, so I set to work & achieved the feat. After walking some distance & scrambling up an embankment we came in sight of a gentleman who was standing looking at the "big gun." "Dr Dwight!" said Julius & he came to meet us. We were all very much pleased to meet & had a pleasant little chat. Dr Dwight had left his wife (formerly Miss Rowena Ravenel) only

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<sup>3</sup>Julius attended the Episcopal Seminary in Alexandria, Va.

that morning. We asked to be remembered to her. The sentinel could not allow us to go nearer than a certain distance from the gun, so after a little while we went back to scramble down the hole again.

Capt. Tucker was ready to receive us & it is needless to say I followed his directions about getting out of the boat implicitly. He offered me his arm, as he did whenever there was the distance of 10 steps to be gone over. He took me again down below to see the guns. He was expecting an attack any night from Farragut's<sup>4</sup> boats. Walking ashore on a rather narrow piece of wood, Capt. Tucker still kept me leaning on his arm & walked with us some distance to the outside of the inclosure round the gun boats. He told me that if I would drop a line in the P.O. when I was again in Charleston he would send his gig to take me round to visit the batteries, which I intend if nothing prevents to do. Mr & Mrs Mitchell spent the evening at Mrs Living's.

The next morning after taking a cup of Mrs Living's delightful coffee Julius & myself went down to the R.R. Depot. He met there Ed Cain & introduced him to me. Julius brought up the conductor, Mr Foy, & introduced him & asked him to take care of my trunk & myself, which he promised him to do. I, however, wanted him to put me under the charge of some gentleman which puzzled him very much to find. However at last Dr Manigoe passed & Julius asked me if he should introduce him to me. I who had never seen him said, "Yes," for anybody was better than nobody, so he brought him to the window to me. He made a very good travelling escort & after about 5 hours of the R.R. we reached Pocatigo.

Horace met Dr Manigoe & myself at the door of the cars. I introduced them & told Horace he must thank Dr Manigoe for taking charge of me, which he did with a bow & a smile. I had told him to relieve Dr Manigoe of my valise, that he might look after his own things which he did & then offering me his arm he took me into a lumber room where there was a chair to wait while he saw after the trunk. Mr Julian Porcher whom I had met when in S.C. before came up & introduced himself, for I had forgotten him, or rather did not recognize him in soldier costume, had a little talk until he was obliged to go off in the R.R.

After a pretty drive, as I thought it, of three miles & a half we reached McPhersonville, but at the depot I forgot to say that Clement came out & shook hands with me & said he was coming up to see me. Gay, whose room window to the East looks to the gate saw me when we stopped, ran out & brought me in her room. Fannie has grown very much. She looks like a little girl & no longer a baby. I think she must have

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<sup>4</sup>David Glasgow Farragut, 1801-1870, in command of the West Gulf Blockading Squadron.

remembered me. She called me Sit Toi & all day seemed to take fresh delight in seeing me, as often as her eyes fell on me.

Gay hurried me to get ready for dinner & we went into the parlor. There I was introduced to Graham & Dr Calhoun Sams & met Mrs Sams, Dr Randolph Sams<sup>5</sup> & Richie, who is also a Dr now. The latter is much handsomer than when I last saw him. He has been married now for more than a year & has a little daughter who is to be called May, about two months old.

I like this house for a Pine-land house very much. It is large & commodious. My room is next to Gay's. It is fitted up in the soldier style, rather. A cot bed, with straw mattress, wooden water bucket, & pail, & a tin can. I have had a disagreeable bilious attack since I came of two or three days but hope to feel better tomorrow, March 7th, 1864.

Fast Day. Friday April 8th 1864.

To-day has been appointed by Pres. Davis as a day of fasting & prayer, it ought to be solemnly kept, for this Spring campaign is likely to prove one of vital importance to our country. Cavalry troops have been ordered from here to P. & it is thought a raid on Penn. is in prospect. Day before yesterday we were gladdened by the reception of a F. of T. letter from Aunt Fannie, containing much news. We were thankful to see that Father & herself seemed to be comfortable; she mentioned that they read aloud to each other every evening. They had received three letters from Gay, the last of wh came with four from me & a fifth to Aunt Addie, so they must be well informed of our condition.

I have gotten well after a little bilious attack of two or three days. Mrs Gregorie, Mrs Miller, & the Misses Barry have called to see me, but I have not yet returned their visits.

Tuesday, April 12th 1864.

Yesterday I received a letter from May, enclosed I found a letter from Dr Barker & one from Hennie Ravenel. I also received a letter from Ginnie Langley. May mentioned that Mathilde was very low. Her convulsions were so strong as to require five persons to hold her in bed. I sd not think it cd last long at this rate. How much Mrs Ravenel must suffer & Emma. Ginnie spoke again of Father's "great kindness" to the Norfolk people, she says "he has the blessings of every one," she says, "how noble

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<sup>5</sup>Graham - probably James Graham Sams, b. 1839, son of Lewis Reeve and Sarah Givens Sams.  
Dr. Calhoun Sams, b. 1838, son of Lewis Reeve and Sarah Givens Sams.  
Dr. Robert Randolph Sams, 1827-1910.

in him to exert himself to assist those poor creatures who seem to be so destitute both of means & friends." We cannot imagine what he can have done for the people in Norfolk. I wish she wd write more definitely. On Saturday Gay & I returned the visits at the three houses from wh I had received visits & yesterday Mrs Hutson & her son called. He was a classmate of Mr Branley's of Chester, but a more agreeable person.

Wednesday April 13th 1864.

Yesterday afternoon Horace & myself took a delightful horsebackride down to the battle ground of Pocotaligo,<sup>6</sup> where about 400 of our men defeated about 6000 of the enemy. The road was very pretty, at one place is was overarched by oaks draped with moss. We rode home when the moon & stars were shining.

Thursday April 21st 1864

My mother's birthday, the anniversary of my sister Mary's confirmation & of Aunt Mary's death & the 3rd of the burning of the Gosport Navy Yard! An eventful day to me! How well I remember it! Day before yesterday three years ago I attended our mathematical class for the last time. Our little class! A young teacher & two young scholars. He is now the occupant of a soldier's grave on Va. soil & my classmate, Lizzie, is in deep mourning for her brother killed in the War & I am a refugee from my native State, while my Father & my home are in the possession of the enemy. But over our heads an all-wise Ruler governs, with calm majesty the raging of the inhabitants of the earth. Amen.

Sunday afternoon April 24th 1864

This was the day on wh I was to have met Dr Barker at the Strawberry Church but now I am at McPhersonville. I feel strangely this evening. The memory of the dead has hung around here today - not sadly, but rather as we hear the faint echoes of sweet music far off. I know not why I sd feel as I do, I know not whether it be the "shadow" upon my spirit of the 'coming events' - said to be so fore shown, but if so my Guardian & my Guide be with me as I pass through there.

The memory of the dead! Oh! truly it is a holy thing. Who wd be without some loved one, of whom to think, who has "passed through all Death's mystery?" I surely wd not. How real & how homelike it makes the land of spirits appear, when we can not only say "There are the good & blest" but truly added there also are "Those I loved most

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<sup>6</sup>A skirmish took place at Pocotaligo on May 29 1862.

& best" - what follows is then a joy to us, "Then too I soon shall rest" & this is what enables us to feel "Heaven is my home." Oh! God, my gracious Father, keep bright in my soul I beseech Thee the thought of my "Fatherland," may it steer me through Life's trials, guard me through Life's joys, hallow the memories of the Past & gild the hopes of the Future but oh! above all, above all, may it enable me to sanctify the Present - the momentous, the God-given Present. How much more I think of the Past & the Future than of the Present. Oh! I wd I cd live in the Present the duties of the Present, the realities of the Present.

Have I not suffered much in my lifetime from castle building & yet I much fear that I am now too busy rearing a castle, wh I may never occupy, upon the hope of returning to live in Norfolk with Father, when in my secret soul I almost feel certain it will never be again. I know not why, I cannot define the feeling it may be, I trust it will prove, a merely morbid fear of losing what I so much value.

Thursday April 28th 1864.

On April 19th we received a letter from Father dated February 2nd. It ran the blockade into Wilmington, we suppose. It was unsigned & no one was mentioned in it. It was written very guardedly. He told me not to write blockade letters for it was suspected that spies were employed to deliver such letters in order to get persons into trouble. Father told us not to be uneasy about them, that they were getting on very well.

Saturday before last Graham Sams dined here & the next day Clement. On last Saturday Mr Stanhope Sams & Franklin<sup>7</sup> dined here. I walked out with Miss Hutson, a young lady of this place, whom I liked more than any one else I have met here. Yesterday morning Gay & I returned the visits of two ladies, Mrs Scriven & Mrs Heely who had called. Mrs Scriven was out, but we saw Mrs Heely. Miss Cellie Barry came in while we were there & also Mrs Heely's son. He walked home with us. He is a Marylander. Afterwards Gay & I walked down to the Spring to get a glass of water. There is to be a play acted at the Beaufort Artillery Camp, but I do [] know about going.

Joy! Joy! A letter from Norfolk. A blockade letter from Aunt Fannie. A very affectionate letter indeed, she said in it, "Eliza came here to tell us that she had heard from you. I wanted her to produce the letter, but of course did not ask her to do so. She says you are the only girl friend that she ever had. I put in the word Girl - it wd have [] too forlorn to have left the Friend by itself. I was very glad to know that she

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<sup>7</sup>Stanhope August Sams, 1820-1899, son of Lewis Reeve and Elizabeth Hext Sams; Franklin Fripp Sams, b. 1823; son of Benners B. and Martha F. Sams, brother of Horace and Julius Sams.

had heard, but I was not surprised to head she did not give Aunt Fannie the letter to read. Our friendship is too sacred for any eye to look at its expressions. Dear Eliza! may her love for me be everlasting.

For Friday April 29th 1864.

Horace & I rode down in the buggy to Mrs Gregory's plantation. Lieutenant Frazier, whom Horace had seen playing with a little dog at the back of the house came through & offered to assist Horace in getting some flowers. Horace introduced him & he gathered me a huge bunch. On our return home we found Miss Barry & Mr Heely here. Mr Heely was very urgent in begging me to go the Beaufort Artillery entertainment. I plead my throat as an excuse. He told me he wd give me a seat where my throat wd be protected. He was astonished to hear it was merely a precautionary measure, my not going. He told me I must rub my throat with flannel wrung out in as hot water as I cd bear & repeat it as often as I cd stand it then wipe it dry. He said it was his Father's prescription & if I wd do it going to the B. Camp wd not hurt me.

Sunday May 1st 1864.

Mrs Gregorie sent me a very pretty bunch of flowers this morning & sent to inquire if there was any Church today. There is to be a Methodist preacher here to day, who will preach. This is Communion Sunday at the Church in St. Thomas & I suppose in Norfolk. Aunt Fannie evidently goes to Church & I wonder if Father does. I sd not think he wd run the risk of being incommoded by negroes, or kneel at the prayer for the Pres. U.S.

This is the first day of a memorable month to me & the last Sunday, I expect, of my stay here. What will be my condition & what my surroundings a month hence? Returned from Church. Heard an excellent sermon from a text beginning, "But it shall not be well with the wicked." The minister was evidently an earnest worker in the world's laboratory. He has been appointed Musician to the soldiers on the S.C. coast & said he wd preach here once a month if agreeable to the congregation. I am sure they will be glad. Various thoughts disturbed my mind while there but still I am thankful to say, I enjoyed the Services very much.

I have enjoyed my stay very much with Gay. Horace & herself are very affectionate to me. How thankful I ought to be & I trust am that God has given two such husbands to my sisters & two such brothers to me. & then the accounts from Norfolk are so much more cheering than we have any right to expect. Father & Aunt

Fannie are so cheerful & helpful. Truly "God is very good." My very life, during the coming month, be such is "to show forth his praise."

**Monday Friday May 24th 1864**

On Monday May 16th we left Columbia & after a very fatiguing day reached here between 8 & 9 in the evening. Mrs Dunovant's carriage wh we expected to meet us was not there, she was expecting us the next night. We walked up to her house. She asked us to spend the night with her, wh we did. I had felt very badly all day & after the exertions felt was as I anxiously listened for the proposition to go to my room. When I went up I found Adele in bed, she had retired before we came. When I laid down by her I kissed her & told her "Good night." I told her how much I had felt for her & we talked a little of her sister.

The next day Mrs Dunovant asked me to stay with Adele but I did not like to leave May all the work to do here so I declined it & after all did not help May at all but was sick all day & for several days afterwards. Mrs Faber, the Misses Clifford & Miss Blake, & Margaret & Lalla Faber & Mrs Anderson came in the afternoon. On Friday morning Geraldine sat a long time with me.

Mr William McLure<sup>8</sup> came while she was here. He is rather good looking but very weak & thin. He has been very ill. Mrs B<illegible>, his sister sent May round, the day after she came, a waiter with tea, coffee, a mackerel, white sugar & a loaf of bread & Mrs J.J. McLure sent a large plate of butter. Everyone was delighted to see us, the Rowlands particularly. We went round last night to see the Cliffords.

I received a letter from my precious Gay the day after we came. Mr Anderson has joined his company. He is in the Hampton Legion in the co. with Mr <illegible>.

**Wednesday, May 25th 1864.**

War prices are so ridiculous that I must record some of them. A felt hat in Columbia costs \$100, calico the last time I heard a price was \$10 a yard, lady's shoes about \$75, boots \$400. Last winter a person came to Mrs Clifford's to sell eggs - price \$1 apiece. "Are you not mistaken?" "No Ma'am they is \$12 a dozen, you can buy as many as you please." Butter in Columbia was \$15 a pound, beef in Charleston \$7 a pound, turkeys \$150 a pair; this was in the winter, now chickens are \$10 a pair. Grits was \$20 a bushel in Charleston this winter.

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<sup>8</sup>William C. McLure, b. 1837, farmer.



We have lately had glorious victories in Va, oh! will this summer end "this cruel war?" but the fighting is not yet over in my dear native state. May the Lord of hosts battle for us at this trying time. I read yesterday some of Eliza's notes, will our sweet friendship every be renewed? To both May & Gay a kind of trial is coming this summer - how will it pass? & what effect will it have on my future life? I have promised May if she dies to take charge of her children until I can return to Father. I wd very much like to be with Gay but she thinks it wd not be safe for me to go to McPhersonville in August, but may she have a better Friend with her than I cd be.

Yesterday a brother of Col. Mrs Dunovant died, his death has been expected for some time.

Sunday, June 5th 1864.

To-day is Communion Sunday. It is a bad day but we were enabled to go to Church. I thought much of Adele. Will she ever come forward & take of the breath of life & live forever? & Emma Ravenel, she had filled many of my thoughts lately. How I wish they were both Christians. Fine, sweet, noble natures they both have, but God is not in all their thoughts. It used to be such a grief to me that Eliza was a stranger to the covenant of promise & lo! God had opened her heart & He can do the same for those two whom I have learnt to care very much. Lizzie Williams & Mary Walke, too, how I wh they were God's children. Mary Walke, I think, is "not far from the Kingdom of God." I have heard her say & I think it came from her heart that she wished she was a Christian.

It has now been a long time since we have heard from Father. The last date was the 1st of April, received about the 18th. I trust no evil has befallen him but I know he is in the hands of a tender Father, & that ought to steady & I believe does calm my mind. Clouds big with effects upon the future destiny of the South hang over the sacred soil of Virginia. Already it is said that 75,000 Yankees have fallen victims to the pertinacious determination of Grant to do what each one of his predecessors has failed to accomplish. "The Lord hath gotten Himself the victory." I sd think no one cd fail to acknowledge this. David's Psalms soon - so very appropriate to us at this time, we can feel them as we read.

Thursday, June 16th 1864

One June 3rd I attended a lecture by Col. Dawson on the subject of the Kentuckians. It was very interesting. He spoke of their valor in this struggle. He said on one battlefield, it may have been Chickamauga that 1700 of them were stretched on

the ground in 40 minutes. Before they went to the assault wh ensued with a fearful intensity, upon the reception of the order the commanding officer exclaimed, "What a slaughter pen!" & the next word wh rang from his lips was "Forward!" & such was the result. Bragg, who Col. Dawson said, "loves not the Kentuckians" said upon the battlefield, "Of the 20,000 stragglers who have been in this Army I have never known a Kentuckian either a deserter or a straggler." Col. Dawson may return & give a lecture on "National Honor." I hope he will do so.

On last Friday Horace came up to carry Gay's trunk to her. He left on Tuesday morning. I took him to see some ladies while he was here. I sent some things to my precious Gay by him.

Last evening we spent with Mrs Douglas; the Fabers were there. Mrs Douglas does not live as if it were War time. She had the most delightful breads, tea, coffee, fresh butter, cake & Spanish cream & stewed peaches.

Geraldine Clifford, Eliza Fuller & myself have constituted ourselves a sewing society & reading club, to meet on every Thursday at each house alternately. Today we are to meet at Geraldine's. I hope Adele will join us next week. I spent the evening there last Friday, most unexpectedly, being caught in the rain. I have been seriously looking out for a letter from Norfolk for some time. Our last date was April 1st. Bishop Polk was killed instantly by a cannon ball on the <left blank>. We have lost many Sons recently. Stuart was a great loss. Mr & Mrs Lamb were detained by the Yankees, a month at Fortress Monroe before they wd let them come to the South. I have written to Maggie Lamb.

Monday, June 20th 1864.

It has been six years ago last night at 12 o'clock since my mother's spirit returned to the God who gave it. I wonder if Father thought of it. We have not heard yet from him & this is the season when he always is sick last year I did not think he wd have survived the summer. I trust we get a letter today.

Saturday June 26th 1864.

On Thursday I received a letter from Gay; she had her trunk safe. She seemed in good spirits, said Horace enjoyed his visit very much. In the afternoon I began a letter to her & Adele sent for me to walk with her. When I returned I found May sent word she was going to spend the evening with Mrs Bedon, who was very urgent for her to do so. Julius & I went round after tea for Julius talked to Mrs B. Mrs

P<illegible> to May & Mr McLure to me. On Friday after Church we went up to the Clifford's & spent the evening. Mrs Anderson & Lalla Faber were there also.

Jenny Wiley told me the other evening that Mr Anderson had been wounded again. He lost his horse on his way to Virginia & had his hand wounded on the door of a Car, he has met with many mishaps. Mr Bedon has not yet been heard from. I expect he has been killed. I expect soon to read Macaria, & Les Miserables. I think that style of reading will do me some good but I am afraid of neglecting my work while reading them, but I will try.

Sunday Evening June 28 1864.

The last Sunday of the months of the half year is drawing to a close. The coming week brings with it the solemn anniversary, to me, of the 1st of July, that holy day, fraught with such hallowed memories. I have read this evening those heart searching commands, "Rejoice ever more; Pray without <illegible>ing. In everything, give thanks. Oh! who is sufficient for these things." Today my thoughts wandered in Church as, alas! they always do. Julius preached from the text, "For though we sent Moses, etc."

Sunday Evening, July 3rd 1864.

The 1st of July has come & gone. Two years have passed since the battle of Malvern Hill. I suppose that nought save moldering bones are left of the bodies of those who fell on that fearful day. & where have their spirits been for these two long years? Oh! how fearful must be this thought to those who "have no hope." O, if I cd but hear that the one whom I have loved for so many years had before his death confessed his Savior before men in God's holy Church how thankful I sd be. By the beauty of his daily life, by his own writings, by the universal testimony of his confirmation by the earnest efforts for others' salvation, by his "daily" going "himself to prayer & the study of the Bible" by each & all of these have I reason to believe that he confessed Christ in his actions but oh! to hear that he knelt but once & received the emblems of his Saviour's broken body & spilt blood - oh! my heart yearns - yearns for this.

Surely it sd be enough to prevent any from neglecting the means of grace, even if it can be done safely, to think of the pangs of heart of the remembrance of such neglect gives to those who love & are left to mourn. I wish I cd hear from his Father, for I once heard him express a doubt of the possibility of the salvation of one in a Christian land who failed to confess Christ before men in his Church. I think I believe

in his salvation, oh! what agony it was to doubt it. I hope that the one who wrote to his Father for more trusts that what they had had were exhausted & the men after the fearful battles, were in a fit state to receive them, that he who had prayers in his tent for others & went about almost as a minister in the camp, "teaching his comrades the way of life," I trust that he was not preaching to others while he himself was to be a cast-away. I trust that he whose name cd scarcely be mentioned in Norfolk even before a young man, without something being said of his religion, while a warm personal commendation showed that it was not the rigidity of a mere moralist. I trust that he had not a name to live while he was dead.

This day too is an anniversary to me. Five years ago today I received for the first time the Holy Communion, today I received it for the first time without a single member of my family. I knelt between a mother & daughter but I was alone - all alone.

Sunday July 10th 1864.

I have not been to Church at all today thinking it best not to leave May. I finished a little S.S. book called, "The Will Forgers," read in the Bible & the Evening Service, also some parts of a book upon Missions. Yesterday was the solemn day upon wh two days ago, Pencie Wright told me what has altered my life so materially. What a world of emotions has been crowded into these two years! How many have been summoned from the din of the battle field & the crowded wards of hospital into the presence of the Lord, to answer for the deeds done in the body. Wd I cd think that each one was covered with the robe of Jesus' righteousness but ah! is it so. Oh! God, pour down Thy Holy Spirit upon our country. May men & women awake to the solemnity of the day in wh we live.

Friday, July 15th 1864.

Last evening about 8 o'clock May's family circle was added to by the birth of a second son. Julius Stanyarne,<sup>9</sup> I suppose, will be his name. He is quite a large child, has long eyelashes, already, very large hands & feet, some hair all over his head & an old face, these are his principal characteristics at present. The Dr said that he wd have been still born, strangled to death, had May have been sick long but she was not in a great deal of pain much over an hour & only at intervals then. She was truly blest. The baby seems strong & hearty but has a bad cold. Mrs Faber staid all night last night & is

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<sup>9</sup>Julius Stanyarne Sams, 1864-1867.

here now. She is very kind. I received a letter from Gay & a bundle brought by Mrs Hemphill today.

There is news from Virginia. Early is within three miles of Baltimore & the Confederates are said to be shelling Washington. I hope it may be for the best if true.

There is said to have been a daring expedition sent from Wilmington. Two ships, purporting to be Yankee ships, with a 1000 men, two hundred dressed as Yankees & 800 as prisoners, have gone to some place, called Lookout,<sup>10</sup> where 20,000 Confederates are guarded by 800 negroes. They intended to leave their supposed prisoners, fall on the negroes & free the Confederates.

Saturday, July 16th 1864.

Dear little Fannie's birthday! Three years old today. I received a letter from Gay yesterday, a sweet letter. She said she was always feeling anxious about me, she said she supposed it was that I was so precious to her that she was always anxious whenever her treasure was out of her sight. She said she had been reading over the three pieces of mine, wh I had copied to her in Horace's book of her poetry, & her tears flowed fast, she did not know whether from the thought of our being apart for so long a time, or the strain of sadness that ran through them. I do not feel as I did when I wrote those pieces, I say with gratitude. I wrote in answer to Gay, begging her to let me come down & be with her in August. I told her I longed to be with her & she wanted me & both might be satisfied by a word from her. I promised to take quinine as a preventive to fever if she wd let me come. I have received no answer yet.

Aug 18th 1864. Thursday

Gay has declined my coming there; thinks the risk too great. May's baby is five weeks old today. May seems quite well & strong. Mrs Clifford has sent to invite us all to there & dine to Gay. Julius & I are going. May will come when the children are in bed. I rode out with the Cliffords day before yesterday. Jennie Whittle has written to me ask[ing] me [] look out for a situation as governess for her. Hunter's, Cook's & Averill's band of raiders have destroyed or stolen \$30,000 worth of their father's property. They lost almost all of their clothing, Jennie lost all her winter clothes, \$10,000 worth of choice wines Jennie says, their silver, etc. Jennie says the things were too numerous to mention that they lost. The Yankees issued an order to burn their

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<sup>10</sup>Point Lookout, Maryland, where the Potomac meets the Chesapeake Bay. The largest prison in the North was established there in August, 1863.

house but afterwards revoked it, they did not know why. I have written to Mrs Dr Matte to see about a situation for Jennie.

Willie Dunovant<sup>11</sup> has lost an arm. Dr & Mrs D. went to him & expect to bring him home next week. Adele & I took a walk together & had a long, earnest conversation the other day. Lt. Julien Wilson was also wounded on the same day with Willie D. but has since died. Jim Marsden is also dead & John Pegram.<sup>12</sup> Theodore Williams is married. Mattie Southgate is to be married in a few weeks. Evelyn Sharp is in Rich[mond] waiting for a F. of T. to return to Norfolk. I wrote to her a long letter for her to take with her.

I have found that I have been mistaking Capt. Hunter for Capt. Tucker. Capt. Hunter spoke of our visit to his gun boat to Cellie Fuller & in that way I discovered my mistake. Julius told me it was Capt. Hunter but Horace spoke of Capt. Tucker whom he had met at Father's & I then confused them. He was finding fault with Cellie's way of fixing her hair & said he wished she wd fix it as Miss Whittle did. She asked if he meant Miss Cloe Whittle & found he did. I had had it curled around my head when he saw me. He said it looked so exquisitely picturesque as the light fell on it in his cabin. He seems to have been quite attentive to Cellie. She is certainly very handsome.

Aug 26th Friday 1864.

On Aug. 22nd I received a letter, F. of T., from Lizzie Williams. It told me very little, but said Father did not seem to be in good spirits. Julius says who can be, but I wd like to know what she meant. Last evening we took tea at Mr DeGraffenried's. Mrs DeG. plays delightfully on the piano. Mr & Mrs DeG. & Miss Laidee walked part of the way home with us.

Mr Ancrum was spoken of. Mrs DeG. said she supposed I had heard him sing. They say he sings delightfully & I believe he plays also. Miss Laidee says he is a very accomplished man. She seemed surprised that I knew him slightly, that he spoke as if he knew me very well. I asked what he had said that made her think so. She seemed to hesitate to tell me & then said, "Well, he paid you quite a compliment, at the expense of others, I believe she added. "He said you were the only intelligent young lady he had met in Chester," was I think his polite remark. I said it was a very rude thing to say of the ladies here, she said Mr Ancrum can say very rude things sometimes. I hear him cried down on all sides as being so conceited & had asked her about it. She said she did

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<sup>11</sup>William Dunovant, b. 1845, son of Mary McC. and A.Q. Dunovant, farmer.

<sup>12</sup>Gen. John Pegram, 1832-1865. Killed at the battle of Hatcher's Run, February 6, 1865.

not but think him more conceited than the majority of young men & that he had enough to make him so, that he was almost the only, if not the only young gentleman in Chester, that he received all the attention from the ladies & paid them just what he chose. She says he is very young, will only be 21 in October. That surprised me - to think of his being younger than I am! Julius says he looks as if he were 30.

Adele's brother has come home. A young Captain - not yet 20. I am going this morning to read *Cosette*<sup>13</sup> with her. No letter from the office. I am expecting news every day from Gay. The DeG.'s house is beautiful. Large, lofty rooms, long piazzas, extended grounds. I told Miss Laidee how many questions Mr Heely asked about her. She guessed immediately who it was. It seems he wrote to her, he forwarded two letter for her to a mutual friend in Maryland. He asked her if she knew me, when he wrote. There has been a difficulty between Dr Randolph Sams & himself so I suppose I will not see him at McPhersonville, in the fall.

Col. & Mrs DeLaniel who have been recently with Mrs Rowland<sup>14</sup> have left for Charleston. They are very pleasant people. Col. DeLaniel has the polished manner of a West Pointer. There is nothing I admire so much as polished manner. In a gentleman it is particularly necessary for they look so rough without it more so than a woman cd look. I wd far rather have elegant manners than great beauty, it is much more powerful in its influence on others.

Sunday Afternoon, Aug 28th 1864.

Last night or rather afternoon I called at the Post Office, scarcely expecting I sd receive anything & did receive a letter from Gay, containing a copy of a F. of T. letter from Father of July 28th. He said that they were well & doing well. We have certainly great cause to be grateful but I never cared so little for a letter from Father. I think it may have been that I have heretofore always seen the originals & this being a copy I did not value it so much.

Bettie Armstrong has a son. Julius gave notice of the coming of the Bishop, in Church to day; he will be here on the 18th of next month. Adele was in Church. Mr Hamilton Rowland & his wife were here yesterday. He was a member of Co. F. He spoke of the gallant conduct of Mr Jonnie Smith in the battle of Malvern Hill, of his charging over the hill & urging on the men. He then lost sight of him for about five minutes before he was killed. All the old feelings surged over me & I felt my voice was

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<sup>13</sup>Probably a reference to Victor Hugo's *Les Miserables*.

<sup>14</sup>Sarah Rowland, b. 1812, wife of John Rowland.

husky, not tearful but husky. I seemed carried back in memory over the two years, & standing as I then stood. Mrs Rowland says Ellen Alice married very well. Mr Leony Smith is a Lieut. Col. of a regiment Mr Rowland believes.

Monday morning Aug 29th 1864

My precious Gay's birthday! I received a few lines from Horace to day announcing that Gay has a little son wh Horace proposes to call Conway Tyler.<sup>15</sup> A letter from Gay came with it finished on the very day of the baby's birth, speaking of her "little girl" as she supposed it wd be. It was born at 5:00 of Thursday, August 25th, we must have been sitting down sewing before we went to Mrs DeGraffenreid's when it was born. Oh! my heavenly Father I thank Thee for Thy great goodness in bringing my Gay safely through, grant that her husband's wish may be realized & that he may be a minister of the Gospel, if he can best serve Thee as such. I have written to announce it to Father.

Sunday Evening, Sept. 4th 1864. Com. Sunday.

In this past week I have heard of the great goodness of our God in bringing dear Gay through the great trial of childbirth. Today I have again received the emblems of the broken body & shed blood of my Saviour. I enjoyed the Service this morning very much; I believe one cause was that I had been enabled to think more of it beforehand than usual lately. I also took Harriet Rowland's place in teaching her S.S. class. I felt great doubts of my ability to teach such lay scholars but this led me to a plea for help & I enjoyed teaching them very much. This afternoon I walked part of the way to Church with Fannie Faber & May Dunovant<sup>16</sup> & May gave me some <illegible> leaves & a geranium leaf.

Wednesday Morning, Sept. 14th 1864.

The Bishop is here on an annual visitation, Bishop Davis. I like him very much, as also his daughter, Sallie. Two ministers, Dr Stoney of B. from York & Dr Lord from Winnestons' are here also, staying with Mr Rowland. The Bishop, Drs. Stoney & Lord, Miss Davis & myself had a long & animated discussion after dinner yesterday, everyone against Dr Lord. He is a High Churchman. I think the Low Churchmen are wrong sometimes in their little attention to form & I like the practice of the High

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<sup>15</sup>Conway Whittle Sams 1862-1909.

<sup>16</sup>May Dunovant, b. 1855, daughter of Mary McC. and A.Q. Dunovant.



Churchmen in some particulars but I will never allow myself to be classed with either party, surely Episcopalian is a hard enough title for anyone but far, far better were it for us to call ourselves Christians, & endeavor by the help of God to live up to that high calling.

It is lamentable to hear such doctrines advances as Dr Lord proposed yesterday. "The Church," the Church," not Christ Jesus our Lord. He actually says that the Spirit of God does not enter into the heart at conversion but only after a man has united himself to the Church. When I hear a person speak so I very much fear they have never felt the indwelling & constraining power of the Spirit of God entirely apart from Church or church ordinances but I fear are right to judge of this. Dr Stoney is not at all like him. He seems to be a warm hearted person.

Sunday Evening, Sept 18th 1864.

Last Thursday the Bishop confirmed Fannie Faber & Janey Wylie. There were dressed in pure white & very simple & appropriate it looked. Neither Adele nor Mary Donovan I am sorry to say were with them. Mary seems very serene but Adele not at all disposed to yield to the claim of God to her poor services. I do not know why, but I believe her mother is awfully fond of me. Mrs Dunovant & Mrs Edward McLure I feel more than any one else in Chester excluding Adele who is wearing my affection for me herself very much.

This is the last Sunday that I shall be twenty, next Sunday is my birthday. Nearly a year of my life have I spent away from Father. The day the Bishop came, last Tuesday, I received two F. of T. letters, one from Aunt Addie dated Aug 16th one from Mary Bell, dated Aug. 2nd. All were well except Aunt A. who has been confined to a couch since last April from the effects of a burn. She was scalded with hot coffee. I think I ought to be at home with Father, to enliven his hours & do the thousand little things that an attentive daughter can do to contribute to a parent's comfort but how am I to get there? I cannot believe it to be my duty to take the Oath to go to him & I do not see how it can be avoided. I wd be very glad to have the chance of an hour's conversation with Gay upon the subject.

Dear little Fannie has been very ill & may be so now. She is so weakened she cannot walk & spend most of her time in bed. She is nauseated at the sight of food. Julius is evidently very uncertain as to the result & so is Horace & they both know far more of these fevers than we do. It wd be a bitter blow to Father & Aunt Fannie. I am surprised at my feelings about it, much as I love her, I seem, even to myself, almost callous as to the result. Though I know the letter, it may be, announcing her death, is

most probably in the P.O., I have not felt the slightest inclination to send for it. I think it wrong to send for letters on Sunday, but I do not think it is that, for I do not feel the least desire to send. I seemed just so before Gay's confinement however. I felt as if I might at any moment hear of her death & yet it seemed to produce no emotion but when I received Horace's few lines saying that her trial had been gone through to safety my heart throbbed & beat till it almost pained me with its beating. Oh! Gay is dear to me as the apple of mine eye & her little daughter scarcely less so. No other child can ever be to me what she is, not even any other of Gay's children. She was the first grand child; she was born at home; she is a Va.ian, no slight tie to me. She has known & is loved by my dear Father; I have traced her growth from the time of her birth till I taught her to speak of the God who made her & to look up to the "moon & stars wh he has ordained" & now she may already have gone forward to an early grave.

Thursday, Sept. 22nd 1864.

Yesterday morning I was much surprised at the receipt of a letter of six foolscap pages in an unknown handwriting. I turned it this way & that way & saw no signature but at last discovered it was from Mr Harris of Norfolk. He has been staying in Chester for some time & I have met him two or three times & he was the means of my sending off a letter through Wil[mington] to N[orfolk], so he took the excuse of my wanting to hear of opportunities of writing to write to me. He was a baker in Norfolk but a very much respected man & I had no objection to his writing but was very much surprised.

Today to my great joy I received a letter from Gay, saying Fannie was better. I feel very thankful for it. Julius returned from York today & spoke of what gave me no little sorrow & indignation to hear - that there is a party at work, even in Congress, to bring about a reconstruction of the Union! Saved by God, are we going to throw ourselves back into the jaws of the lion? What a shame it is! Brown of Georgia & Stevens the Vice President are invited to a conference with Sherman, who does not scruple to say that, if they will consent to meet him, he can incur Peace! Peace! rather war to the knife than such peace. It seems to me that all that is needed to win us wd be for God to take Pres. Davis out of this world when Stevens wd succeed him. Pres. Davis & C<illegible> are said to be thoroughly opposed to all such proceedings. May God preserve his valuable life to us! It is said this reconstruction party is very strong.

I went down to the Depot today to see Bishop Davis & his daughter. May took him hot coffee & cake. I thought he looked better, than when here.

Sunday, Sept. 25th 1864.

My birthday! My twenty first birthday. Last year I spent my birthday in bed. It came in a sickness that was very important in its results to me, as I suppose had it not been for that I wd not have left Norfolk. In this year Norfolk has been under the control of Butler: many, many of its citizens have been under his tyranny & taken the Oath of allegiance to his wicked governance, of those whom I met in friendly intercourse few are left in the old town, the majority are scattered to the four corners of the globe, Europe, the West Indies, the Confederacy & Canada have received the refugees; many of her young men have been laid to sleep their last sleep neath the evil of Virginia in whose defense they died; mothers & sisters, wives & children mourn in the garments of woe for the victims of the battlefield; mighty conflicts have been fought, brilliant victories & severe disasters have alike been ours, & still Time has slowly but steadily kept on his way & the days as they pass over my head have brought but few personal changes to me - why am I kept here so long? is a question that often occurs to me as I hear of one after another who has gone to his long home, old men & young soldiers, brides & young girls receive & obey the silent summons, but no message comes to me. Valuable lives are cut short, dear ones are taken for wh many wd give all that they possess to save & yet I am left, who fill a scarce-defined place in life & who cd certainly be taken out of it, it seems to me, without any one being much to worse for it.

And yet I think it ought not to be so. I think every one sd find & act his part in life. Can it be that I left my "character" behind in Norfolk? Is attendance on my Father the destiny I sd fulfill? I sometimes think so, & that in leaving him, in quest of health, I abandoned a positive for a probable duty. Oh! my Father guide me, I am too weak & erring to guide myself. "So long Thy hand hath led me over it still, Will lead me on." When I look backward to the Past, & forward to the Future, my heart wd utterly fail me if I had not that Hand to wh to look for support. How powerless we are! At twentyone years of age I sd feel like a very babe in the grasp of a remorseless Destiny if I did not believe that this destiny is controlled by a loving Father. Oh! my God I thank Thee for this sweet belief. How utterly wretched wd life be without it! How any one can endure life who is not a Christian!

I sd think the universal feeling wd be what I heard of a gentleman saying the other day, that if it were not for Eternity he wd put an end to his life, but with a Christian's hope how bright the darkest moment may be made. Often our happiest seasons are when everything around us is blackest & dreariest, for 'tis then that God will most powerfully sustain His child. How much of this support I have received from Him, how mercifully He has always dealt & how unworthy I am of the least of His

mercies. How little, how miserably little I do for Him who has done so much for me! How selfish, how vain, how indolent, how proud, how passionate I am. God be merciful to me, a sinner, O Lord, pardon my iniquity for it is great, is my only plea for mercy for I believe, blessed be God! that, "if any many sin we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the Righteous."

This year is even more vague & uncertain to me than most years, must necessarily be. For our whole country, it is uncertain whether there will be peace or war & this involves many other uncertainties, then if there is a continuation of the War my future is undecided. I am not willing to live with a brother in law, kind as he is, for an indefinite time & yet I do not know that Father wd not be much displeased if I took a situation as a teacher, May certainly wd be then I do not know that I ought not to try & get back to Norfolk.

I am afraid impatience of life mingles more in my feelings than I am aware of when looking to the Future. "One more day is gone & I care not how fast the others follow it" is I am afraid my half conscious feeling very often when the shades of evening close round. I know it is not a right feeling. I wish I cd learn to labor & to wait. I believe I feel it particularly as my birthday comes round again & again. I wd not be a day younger for any consideration if the past was to be unaltered in the future. There is not a year of my life that I wd live over again for the pleasure it brought me, never, never; go over the sins, the follies, the mistakes, the sorrows of a year for the flashes of pleasure that came with them! - who cd continue to do this & be a gainer by the act? It is true these were great mercies that came to aid us but there were aids & I wd not wish to put myself where I had need to be aided -

"Who wd be young again? so wd not I!

"Our time to mem'ry given, onward I hie.['"]

In God's other mercies to me He has this year given to both my sisters a little son & brought them safely through woman's peculiar time of trial, be with their children & bless them I pray Thee, my Father. This day I heard a most excellent sermon at the Presbyterian Church, for Julius is sick in bed; "The righteous shall grow like a palm tree, he shall flourish like a cedar in Lebanon." I wished that I cd apply it to my heart as a sermon for the day. Oh! be with me in this coming year, my Father, grant that I may indeed "grow in grace;" oh! make me more worthy of the sacred name I bear; make me more willing to wait Thy time for everything; to leave the issues of the future with perfect confidence in Thy hands, oh! bless the lord my soul & all that is within me bless His holy name. Bless the Lord my soul & forget not all His benefits.

Oct 8th Saturday Evening, 1864.

It is now more than a year since I began this book. What wd an unprejudiced eye think of the scanty record of the year? In this last week I have come to the conclusion that I am very much given to consulting my own comfort & pleasures not only without reference to the pleasure of others but even in direct opposition to it. This is by no means a pleasant conviction, that I am selfish, I wd once have indignantly denied but it is now forced upon my notice. The very evening of the day that I came to the conclusion that I was living to, & for, myself, the commentary I read in the Old Testament lesson was the one containing the thought of the inspired Christians, "The love of Christ constraineth us," "we thus judge," "he died for all," "that henceforth they who live sd not live unto themselves but unto him who died for them & rose again." I have since tried, by God's help, to live not so much unto myself. I have succeeded, I was thankful to say, a little, but it is very hard work. To put myself aside in the very smallest way for another is far more difficult that I sd have imagined it wd be.

Yesterday to my great joy I received a flag of truce letter from Father directed to Madam Virginia Christian. He began by "Dear young lady" but it was a very affectionate letter. He says he misses me greatly but cannot find it in his heart to wish present arrangements changed. He says they have had an abundance of fruit. Lizzie had received my letter.

Tuesday Evening Oct. 11th 1864

Last Saturday we spent the evening at Mrs DeGraffenreid's. I like them very much. We made an arrangement to go to look for persimmons today, so I went up there. I was asked into the parlor where the two young ladies were sitting & a soldier on the sofa. I spoke to them & Laidee introduced "Mr Ancrum, Miss Whittle," as much to his surprise as mine as neither recognized the other. He is said to be courting Jennie. Whether it was the idea of breaking in upon them, or the surprise, or the tin bucket I had in my hand or whatever it was, I was thoroughly confused. I took a seat in an armchair & Mr Ancrum almost immediately said, "Did you see the letter I had published for you, Miss Whittle?" I fancy he wanted to find out whether I had ever received his letter. I said, "Yes, & I was much obliged to you for attending to it for me." He said it was much admired by his friends & I made the commonplace remark that I thought it was a very fine article.

Mrs DeGraffenreid urged me very much to spend the day, wh I declined doing, when Mr Ancrum from the other side of the room said, "& I am here too, Miss Whittle? The Va. ladies are usually very attentive to the soldiers. Won't you stay with a

wounded soldier?" I smiled but made no reply, the others laughed. He brought in a pistol to frighten Mrs DeG. as she wd not take it he put it in my hand. I took it & he explained the way in wh it was prevented from being dangerous. I cd not tell what it was but there was something, to me, exceedingly unpleasant in his manner. I rather liked him before & I believe he liked me & the result of this morning's interview, though not lasting more than 10 minutes, I suppose, has been (I fancy) to cause a mutual repulsion.

I proposed to Laidee that we sd start. She went to get ready & Jennie also went out. I saw Laidee was ready, so I got up & left the room, saying "Good morning, Mr Ancrum," as I passed through the door. "Are you going, Miss Whittle?" he jumped up & followed me into the passage, it seemed to strike him as a new idea that I was about to take my departure. "I wish that you wd present my respects to your Sister, Miss Whittle," I said, "I will do so certainly." He lent Laidee a pair of gloves holding them for her to put her hands in. Standing as he was, sideways in front of me I looked up & at my leisure studied his profile. An indomitable will, an imperious temper joined to a most jealous disposition I fancied I read there. Willie DeGraffenried, Laidee & I then set out, leaving Mr A. & Jennie to have their conversation together. We found very few ripe persimmons but Laidee carried back some green ones "for Lord Ancrum" she said. She walked with me as far as the Depot & we arranged to walk together soon.

Sunday Evening, Oct 16th 1864

A beautiful day in the Indian summer has this been. I have been twice to Church today. This evening Julius preached an excellent sermon on "Blessed is he that endureth temptation." I thought very much of Maggie. Her engagement has been broken this last week. She is a noble girl, may the blessing of our God be upon her. Friday night we were all invited to Miss J. J. McLure's. I did not go. I was convinced that Father wd come that night & I staid [sic] to give him support. Butler has declared that no one shall take the Oath but they who declare they do it from love preferring the success of the U.S. & that all over the age of 16, who do not take it are to be sent out by Oct. 15th.

I took up the idea that Father wd come here on Friday. I trust he has not taken the Oath. Horace has been ordered from McP[hersonville] to Mt. Pleasant I do not know what Gay will do. Horace wanted to board her with Julius for the winter, but I wrote begging him not to attempt such a plan. I have a dread of family money matters & then it is very difficult for two sets of children to get on together in peace. I also

wrote to Gay urging her on the same subject, expressing my surprise at her having given her consent to such an arrangement.

Monday, Oct. 17th 1864.

Lizzie Wright's wedding day. Poor child, I hope her married life may be more happy than its beginning promised. Married in a jail, the week before her father was hung, she must ever feel sad I sd think at the return of the period.

Thursday, Oct. 20th 1864

Day before yesterday was Gay's wedding day. Yesterday was a year from the day we left Norfolk. I went yesterday with Julius 7 miles on the Railroad to see an old lady Mrs Babcock. I hoped to have met Father on the train. A gentleman passing on the R.R. sent the Rowland's word that the people of Norfolk were in the most dreadful condition - he had been in prison & said he wd certainly have been hung, if tried. All men & boys refusing to take the Oath are imprisoned, women & [unreadable] sent out of the lines. Where is my dear Father? Anything, anything rather than he sd take the Oath.

May received a letter from Mrs B. Sams today saying Gay & the children were with her in Barnwell. The Clifford's, Mrs Faber & Harry & the R's spent the evening here last Monday. Mr & Mrs Robison, the DeG.'s & Mr Ancrum on Tuesday. Tonight we are to be at the DeG's. Julius promised yesterday to teach me Latin & May will teach me French.

Sunday Evening Oct 23rd 1864.

This day last year Dr Wright was hung. That most awful deed of darkness that has yet marked the Yankee reign in Norfolk. Gay & I were in Ivor, went to Petersburg & started for the South today. Today I enjoyed the Service more than for a long time. I have gotten into a most inattentive way in regard to almost anything but today was enabled to pay more attention than usual. I made it an especial subject of prayer this morning & I was answered. I also prayed that Adele might be in Church & she was there.

Julius preached a most heart searching sermon "Thou believest that there is one God, thou doest well; the devils also believe & tremble." Oh! that it may be blessed to her heart & her brother's, they were both there. I do not see how anyone can hear such a sermon & do as Julius well said that the devils do not do, believe & yet do not trust. If God chooses to make use of this sermon how much good it will do. Julius spoke of

the difference of the faith of devils, of angels, & of men; the despair of one, the intensified joy of the angels of God & the weak faith of man.

Today 7 years ago my mother gave me a child's party, 5 years ago Father, my sisters & I knelt at the Com. Table in St. John's together, then one year ago Dr Wright died as a martyr for the South & today May & I are the only two of the five forming our family 7 years ago, who are now together, all have been scattered "some at the bridal, one at the tomb," such is life.

Friday. Oct 28th 1864

Day before yesterday was a year since we came here, I trust ere another year passes away, I will be again in my dear home. Gay & Horace wish to board in St Thomas. I have done all in my power to induce them to relinquish such a plan, as likely to be productive of anything but pleasant feeling in the end. My words have had little or no effect though.

Today Adele came over to sit the morning, a very unusual thing. I spoke of the piece of hers, recently published by her Father in the Carolinian, a letter to Mr Boyce. I do not think it does her justice; she said she did not write it for publication but after several days urging from her Father she consented to it. For the last two nights Julius & I have played chess together before tea he is a fine player & I am glad to have the opportunity of playing with him. Every Friday night we spend at Mr Clifford's when he & Julius play together.

Last Tuesday I went out nutting with the Cliffords. I was very much fatigued though I did very little of the work. I dined at the C.'s & spent that evening with the Faber's. Adele looked pale today, I expect her studying & taking so little exercise will break her down soon. Everything is most unsettled in Norfolk. Many gentlemen have run the blockade. I wonder Father did not come. Perhaps he knew nothing of it beforehand. I hear Capt. Dodge is still in Norfolk & has been made Major. Lieut. Struble too is there.

Nov. 2nd Tuesday Evening. 1864.

A bleak, rainy cold & I might almost say cheerless November day, if we, who are so blessed, have a right to think any day cheerless, but the sky is leaden, houses dripping, leaves strewing the ground etc., etc. I ought to be very thankful however to have received day before yesterday a letter from Gay inclosing one from Father to her dated the 19th of Oct. He says "We are all well & have no individual cause of annoyance, but are looking forward with hope to the future." What creatures of hope



we are! I wonder the world contains the wretched being who is not "looking forward with hope to the future." I have determined to try & give more of my daily life here, thinking will interest me to read it in after years.

Well - after waking & dressing this morning & eating breakfast, consisting of hominy & waffles, I read Carwithen's His. of the Ch. of Eng. quite an interesting work, then read the Psalter for the morning & the 2nd morning lesson & both Morn. & Eve. lesson in the O.T., with the remarks in the Domestic Commentary, then fixed my room, in the absence of Lou, & then read the His. till dinner time (dinner consisting of coffee, hominy, potatoes & butter) after dinner read the History again, then the Eve. Psalter & the 2nd Eve. Lesson, wrote to Miss Susan Broughton, copied a piece of poetry I had written, in my book, & am writing here. Tonight I expect to sew on a sacque for Julius. It will be unnecessary to repeat much that I have said every day, in fact, one day wd do, as a sample of many, except to fixing my room & when it is good weather I always make it a point to walk out. But this "brief November day" is drawing to a close & I can no longer see to write.

Sunday Evening Nov. 6th 1864. Chester.

Most probably the last Sunday we will spend in Chester this year. On Tuesday might we expect to leave for St. John's. It is also the last Sunday before the Presidential elections in the U.S. a solemn time for both countries - & today seemed like the calm before the storm. Julius is away preaching at the Landsford Church. The Revd. Mr Johnson read Service this morning & this afternoon we went to the Presbyterian Church where Mr Douglas preached. Oh! how incomparable our Liturgy is - we must go elsewhere to appreciate its beauty & fitness - but it is too dark to write. I have not felt the privilege of this day as I ought, I am sorry to say, I think our approaching trip has contributed to secularize the day, against my wishes & endearing though they are not such as they ought to have been.

Pooshee Plantation, Saturday night Nov. 12th '64.

Last Tuesday night, the 8th we left Chester. Every one seemed very sorry to part with us & they were very kind. Five persons wished us to spend Monday night with them & several on Tuesday, the first we spent at the DeGraffenrieds & second at Mrs Rowland's. The Cliffords & Fabers went down to the cards to see us off. Mr Clifford was very kind about assisting me on the cars. Part of the way I had a seat by a very intelligent gentleman, the remainder I spent thinking & sleeping. From 7 to 5, P.M. Wednesday we spent at Kingsville. I read a novel Adele lent me, Blanche

Dearwood,<sup>17</sup> rather trashy, she did not recommend it, only lent it as an old book for me to read on the cars.

Mrs Dunovant & in fact every one was very kind in sending us lunch to travel with. Mrs John McLure sent three hot cups of coffee on a waiter about dusk, it was delightful & so thoughtful of her. After spending a very uncomfortable night Wednesday, on the cars we reached this station about 1/2 past 4 Thursday, took the carriage 4 miles here. The carriage ride made me feel very badly, I believe travelling, as usual, has made me bilious. I feel very badly tonight. I wrote to Horace & to Gay today & began a letter to Adele. This is a very pleasant house to stay in, the family seems to be very amiable & are very hospitable.

Hennie surprised me very much tonight - something was said about Laura Porcher being much younger than I by Hennie & I said you know my age, do you not? "Twenty-three?" said Hennie, seeing I suppose that I looked surprised she guessed "Twenty-two?" then "Twenty-five?" "Oh! Guess older," I said, but she did not seem to believe this & seemed astonished when I told her I was twenty-one the other day & rather incredulous, I almost fancy yet, but it is getting late, so no more tonight.

Pooshee, Sunday Evening, Nov 13th 1864.

I have spent almost all day on the bed, a regular bilious attack. I was unable to go to Church but heard afterward that it was Com. Sunday. I felt as if I sd like to have been there, as if it wd have strengthened me. I think I have felt very unamiably to May today, because she cannot understand how badly I feel. I have been able to read but little today. I have thought of those words today, "The languid feeling Thou cannot tell, The nerveless spirit true." I wish I cd feel their power more.

Thursday, Nov. 24th 1864. Pooshee.

Came down stairs day before yesterday for the first time since last Thursday. Hennie has been very kind indeed, as kind as a sister cd have been. Last night Julius came not knowing that May had gone to Dr Barker's. I expect to go in the buggy with him today, to join her there.

South Mulberry Nov. 26th 1864.

On Thursday I came over to Dr Barker's with Mr Sams & have had a very pleasant visit. Yesterday Miss Fannie Ferguson came over to see me with her Aunt. Miss Kate Barker from N. Mulberry having called on Thursday before I came I went

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<sup>17</sup>*Blanche Dearwood, A Tale of Modern Life.* Published in 1855.

with Miss Susan, Miss June & May to return the visit this morning. I like her very much indeed. She is very pretty & has sweet manners.

Mrs Gen. Ferguson, who was Miss Kate Lee, a cousin of Olivia Robinson, came to see us this morning. She was about a year in Norfolk it seems, on the opposite side of the street from us. She became engaged to Gen. Ferguson upon an acquaintance of a week. or less, & married him on a three weeks engagement.

Dr Barker is a very pleasant person very intellectual & has the most polished manners. He reminds me, in some ways of my dear Father, I know not how. He has offered me again the use of his books & is to write me off a course of reading for this winter. He has been much tried; he lost in the yellow fever in Charleston of '58, I think, his eldest two sons & his only daughter, 16 years of age, to whom he was perfectly devoted & she to him. His eldest son bore his name & seems to have been a most promising young man.

S. Mulberry Nov. 27th 1864. Advent Sunday.

After reading a chapter in an excellent little book of Miss Susan's, called Self-discipline, I got ready for Church & drove 6 miles in Mr Broughton's buggy to Strawberry ferry. On the flat Miss Jane introduced Capt. Barker, a nephew of Dr Barker's, to me. When he heard that I was to spend the winter probably at Mt. Pleasant, he said we wd be neighbors as he was stationed at Sullivan's Island. He mentioned having seen Horace lately who came up & spoke to him on hearing his name asking if he was a brother of a Major Barker who went to College with Horace.

At Church we had a fine moral lecture I cannot call it a sermon, of "Christ crucified" we only heard distant allusions; he was by no means the subject of the discourse. Since dinner I have read some of Isaiah & Hebrews, just before dinner some in Taylor's Holy Living & Dying. And now the light of another Lord's day has almost drawn to a close & it has gone to carry its record to God. I do not think it has been a very profitable to me, I have thought too much of myself & not enough of the Lord my God but then I miss Julius' earnest Gospel sermons & I do not think I have entered into the spirit of the parts of the Bible I have read.

South Mulberry Nov. 28th 1864. Monday.

We expect to leave this afternoon for Chelsea. Today I have finished stitching a shirt bosom for Dr Barker begun on Saturday; mended Miss Susan's parasol torn by a twig riding to Church yesterday while is my possession, ridden over to pay a visit at

Draken, Col. Ferguson's place & written a letter to Father, now I have to pack up & I wish to read. I finished also Self-Discipline this morning before breakfast.

Capt. Barker came here yesterday afternoon while I was in my room, with Capt. Howard from Maryland. He asked about my letter wh I had thought of getting him to send to Horace if he had been going down in time for me to have written it today. He said he expected to see Horace today. I wish some one had thought of telling me he was here. But I may receive a letter from Horace tonight.

Chelsea, Nov 30th 1864.

On Monday evening we left Dr Barker's & reached Dr Waring's before tea time. Dr Waring's mother & sister are here in addition to his family. I suddenly remembered that a letter might be here for me so I asked Edith & May said yes that two had come. "One from Chester & one from Charleston." it is amusing to see how much trouble people give themselves to find out what does not concern them in the least. I begged for them immediately & found one was from Gay, the other from Geraldine. Dear Gay's letter told me that she had reached Mt. Pleasant & gave me a description of their manner of living.

The Q. Master's clerks have rooms in the house. Clement sleeps in the office below their parlor, a Mr Latham in the kitchen opposite over wh Stephen, a man of Clement's, presides, then there is an old gentleman in the two rooms opposite. She wants me to spend the winter with her, wh I hope to do. I wrote to her telling her I cd come down, nothing preventing, on Dec. 12th. with a Mr Jervey from this parish, if she cd be ready for me by that time.

Dr Barker lent me a book I have long wanted to read Wallenstein by Schiller. I was bound with the 4th Book of the History of the Revolt in the Netherlands, wh I have found very interesting. On Saturday evening the ladies walked out, Mrs Barker saying I must not go on account of my cold & leaving me with Dr Barker, we were talking about books & reading & I asked him what I had wished to ask him before to write me off a course of reading for the winter. I was, very foolishly, very much confused at asking him & had been trying for some time to bring my courage up to the point, so I suppose my voice was very indistinct, for he stopped still in his walking up & down & looking attentively at me asked me over what I had just said, wh of course did not tend to lessen my embarrassment. When he had understood what I wanted, he asked me what kind of reading I preferred or what course of study or something of the kind. I told him Mathematics was my favorite study but of course I cd not read upon that subject & cd carry that on alone. He said then he supposed I wanted a general course. I said yes &

not a very "particular general course either," tho' I might not have a great deal of opportunity for reading. He laughed & promised to write it for me on Monday morning.

On Monday when we were about to get ready to leave he brought me in Wallenstein, wh he had heard me say I wished to read & I asked him if he had remembered the list, as he said nothing of it. He said, yes, he had remembered it but he had not been able to finish it to his satisfaction, that he had been engaged upon it but had been interrupted & wd send it to me before I left St. John's. I parted with real regret from the family. Mrs Barker begged me very affectionately to come & stay with them in the Spring, saying that I had not come last Spring.

Pooshee Dec 10th.

On Monday, the 5th, we left Chelsea where Dr Waring & his family had been very kind & attentive to us. Dr Waring thanked us for the visit & said if I wd repeat it he wd put me on his list. When we reached Ophir I felt quite badly & accepted quite willingly Laura Porcher's proposal to lie down. In the evening Laura & I took a ride on horseback. Mr Wm. Edmund Stoney spent the day & night at Ophir & Mr Alex Porcher dined there Tuesday. Laura & I rode on horseback again.

On Wednesday we left Ophir, dining at Somerset, Mr Cain's. Ed. Cain was at home but is soon to leave for Va. He looks badly. Miss Cain looks very sad. The gentleman to whom she was engaged died from a wound two years ago. He was Major Gendrom Palmer. Wednesday night we arrived at Whitehall, Mrs Kitty Porcher's. It is the prettiest plantation house I have seen in any part of the country where I have been. Miss Marianne Porcher<sup>18</sup> is intelligent & has seen much of men & manners; she has travelled in Europe as well as a great deal in this country.

May & I stayed in the same room for four nights & cd see more of each other in that way. May seemed very sorry to part with me today when I left Whitehall today. I am sure I do not see why, for I do not think I have acted right about the children while with her. To do for Gay's children is my delight but not so about any one else in the world, & I have not tried to overcome the antipathy to the work as I ought to have done. If we are spared to be together again may God help me to do differently.

I have received 3 or 4 letters upon the subject of my coming to Mt. Pleasant & expect nothing preventing, to go there on Monday.

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<sup>18</sup>Marianne Eugenia Porcher, b. 1832, daughter of Thomas Porcher and Catherine Guillard.

Dec. 11th 1864. Communion Sunday. Pooshee.

In the bustle & stir of last week, I forgot until this morning that there wd be Communion today & I think one never profits so much by the solemn service unless they have endeavored to prepare for it beforehand. I read the Bible before & after Church. The words "Ye know not what shall be on the morrow, for what is your life? it is ever a vapour" seemed almost startling as I thought of my travel in prospect tomorrow. I am sure I wish to say, "If the Lord will," about it for I have lived long enough to learn that it wd be far from a desirable thing, were it possible, for us to have the direction of the smallest affair. Oh! my Father, if, on the morrow, I for forth to unknown scenes & temptations do Thou go forth with me, Lead me not into temptation but deliver me from evil; I here renew the dedication of myself body, soul & spirit to Thy service, oh! make me to live as a Christian sd live; in all company & on all occasions make me to remember the Cross upon my brow, oh! for Jesus' sake, I ask it.

Mt. Pleasant, Tuesday Dec 13th 1864.

Yesterday morning about 2 A.M. after dressing & packing & drinking a cup of tea Hennie brought up for me I left Pooshee for the Railroad. We were ready a 1/2 hour before time & it was very cold. We started off finally however. Mr Porcher & myself sitting together. We talked of various things & after a while, the Charleston Library was spoken of & I asked if any one cd get the books, he said yes if they had permission from one of the members, I think he said & asked if I wanted some books. I, in some way, in my answer, got into telling of Dr Barker's being going to write me off a course of reading for this winter. Mr Porcher very abruptly said, "He must be nearly 60?" I said, "Yes, I suppose he is, why, Mr Porcher?" "Why, he is old enough to have more sense than to attempt to write off a course of reading." I said it was because I thought he had so much sense that I had asked him to do it & then told him what I had previously told Dr Barker about my being away from Father & having no one to guide me in my reading & yet was not content to read only in a desultory way. He said desultory reading was the most improving mode of reading, unless, you took some one question & read upon that subject. I told him that last winter I had taken S.C. as a subject but had read as much upon that subject as I cared to do as I was not a resident of the State. He asked me if I was fond of poetry & I told him I was & that led to speaking of the book wh I had with me Wallenstein. One thing he said of a course of reading was that someone had said it was always composed of books without wh no gentleman's library was complete & yet wh no gentleman thought of reading. I replied

that it was just that I thought Dr Barker was a person of too much sense to do such a thing that I had applied to him.

When we reached the Depot no Horace was to be seen. I forgot to mention that Capt. Barker was on the train but did not come up to say one word, he merely bowed & though near me a good long time & perfectly unemployed did not come up to speak to me at all & as soon as it was at all practicable hurried out of the Cars though he must have known I was on my way to Mt. Pleasant & he might have saved me a good deal of trouble & annoyance by telling me something about the boats. I though he wd very likely be offended at my not going down to see him at Dr Barker's when I did not know he was there & I thought too he expected some response from me when he said we wd be neighbors this winter but in my lifetime I have seen so much of young ladies seeking young gentlemen's attention that perhaps I rather err on the other extreme & look rude when I only mean not to seem over polite.

After waiting a long time at the Depot & really fearing my feet wd be frost bitten, it was such a severe day Mr Porcher proposed to me to go to his room but though he is an old gentleman I did not fancy such an arrangement & he even seemed to think it wd hardly do & asked me if I knew Dr Sams & whether his family were in town. I told him I did not & thought most probably not. Then he asked me if I had no other acquaintances in town. I told him I knew Mrs Living in Van St. but expected she had left. Then he proposed that I sd go down to the Mt. Pleasant wharf, thinking we might meet H. there. We went but he was not to be seen.

I felt really badly about detaining Mr Porcher from the College but did not know what to do. He found Dr Bowman there however who was going over to Mt. Pleasant & put me under his charge. I do not think the Dr was at all pleased at receiving such a charge especially as I did not know where Horace lived in Mt. Pleasant but as I knew Mr Porcher was as glad to get rid of the care of me as Dr Bowman was unwilling to assume it I chose the chaperonage of the latter as bringing me nearer the end of my journey at all events. The Dr was very polite, spoke of having met me on the cars last winter, etc., & Mr Porcher said he wd leave me. I told him certainly, & thanked him for his care & he took his leave, doubtless feeling thankful to be rid of a bad job.

No boat was in sight & there I sat on a bag of groundnuts, cold, cold, cold for it was one of the most severe days I ever felt. A boat was announced as coming after a while & we set out for the wharf. To my astonishment a swarm of Irish women were being jerked out of the sail boat, such people as I cd scarcely imagine the name of woman wd be used in reference to, large, coarse, loud-talking, profane specimens of humanity. At last Dr Bowman & I were seated in the boat with a similar set of Irish

people, soldiers & negroes, we had an icy passage over the water, with every now & then ducking our heads to avoid having them knocked by the sail. Two or three times the boat leaned till it almost let me in the water & when we neared Mt. Pleasant we set off for Charleston again, twice did we do this, before we reached the wharf.

Arrived there. Dr Bowman asked several persons if they knew where Capt. Sams lived but no one knowing he said I had better to up to his house & he wd send a servant to inquire. I did so, was very hospitably received by Mrs Bowman. She carried me to her room & had a fire made & prepared some toast & tea & mutton chops for breakfast. As I was curling my hair at the glass I saw Mr Clement Sams come up the steps & heard him inquire for Miss Cloe Whittle. Soon after breakfast I told Mrs Bowman that I knew Gay wd be expecting me & after thanking Dr Bowman & herself for their kindness I left in Dr Bowman's buggy for Lucas Mills where I found Gay, after being fooled by Mr Sams, who made me believe she was living in a stable, for I wd not have been surprised at anything in the unpleasant time.

The lot around the house is very much pulled to pieces but it is a good house. It faces the south, it is almost needless to say. Gay has two rooms, a small bedroom & a larger parlor, in wh I take up my quarters at night. Gay & I felt as if we cd hardly talk fast enough the first day & I wrote to May. The next day we talked & read in the morning & walked in the afternoon together when we returned Mr Sams came up for we came home early & intended to have walked with us, he said.

Thursday, Dec 15th 1864.

Yesterday passed pretty much as the day before, in the evening Gay & I set out for a walk & Mr Sams followed us & took us where there was a very pretty view of the sunset. Gay was anxious to hurry home & he told her to go & leave us there but I came when she did. Gay said something jokingly about my telling her a story, I asked him why he did not defend me & he said, "I do not believe you wd tell a story, Miss Cloe, I believe you are something like me on that subject," an interested compliment.

Monday Dec 19th 1864.

On Friday Horace tried to make some arrangement by wh I cd visit Sullivan's Island as the armistice was to terminate the next day. He found that another party was trying to do the same thing, so it ended by the two coalescing & we went in the afternoon in two ambulances. In the one in wh we were were Miss McEleron, Miss Edmunstone, Miss Toomer & Miss Fen. Mr Tomlinson, who appeared to be the leader of this party, came up here with the ambulance but did not dismount from his horse to



be introduced to me & Horace very properly did not introduce him on horseback. I think he expected him to have done it but had he been less intent upon exhibiting his horseman ship & more upon being polite, it wd have been more in accordance with my opinion of Southern chivalry.

Arrived at the Island. Horace went to see what affairs he knew & the ladies began to talk of a picnic they think of having, they said they hoped my sister & I wd join. I said I cd not answer for my sister but I did not know that I wd be able to do so. They all joined in saying I must certainly come. When we got out of the ambulance Dr Dawson joined us & we went on the ramparts, there we found an officer showing the ladies through a sky glass. Horace came up after a while bringing a Lieut. Stoney up to introduce to me. He showed me gun after gun wh I have been shown ever since I cd walk, & wd far rather have seen the Island. Horace was not pleased because neither the officers nor the ladies in the other ambulance had been introduced to him nor to me but I think the root of that lay with Mr Tomlinson.

Miss Edmondson called to us to come & fire off a friction tube as Miss Fen & herself had done & went & was stupid over it but at last succeeded in firing it off. Horace, Lieut. Stoney & myself walked on afterwards together. We went to see some other gun when Horace took me off to show me something & we then walked on together. We went to the Col.'s quarters to hear the band play & Horace then seemed really annoyed that the ladies did not talk to anyone. I think they might have remembered a little that I was a stranger but it is a good deal to expect of young ladies to stop talking to gentlemen in order to pay attention to another young lady.

Horace talked to me a good deal until Mr Tomlinson called to him & told him he wished to introduce two gentlemen to him, Mr Stuart & Mr Rhett. I think Lieut. Stuart must have asked for Horace for H. had met him when he first came & he had told him he wd come round there to be introduced to me. Horace brought him up & introduced him to me. He is tall & slight, with blue eyes, I think, a face calm & serene, with a clear steady look out of his eyes, that look straight into yours & before wh everything impure & untrue wd shrink away, if ever I read Purity & Truth written in legible characters on a human being's face I read it there.

Surely we little think how much our faces, even, do in this world, affecting others for good or evil. I speak not now of the effect of beauty, wh is always great, but of that undefinable thing called expression, the moral effect of wh is incalculable. Pass a face in the street on wh is impressed, "The peace of God" & even if worried & "of little faith" before the lesson goes home to the heart, how opposite where we read the mark of the Prince of Darkness! I thought afterwards that I was the better for having

seen that guileless face, with its earnest, truthful look, then came the question, "Why sd not I bear about with me the same witness for the Good, the True & the Beautiful? Why sd not "The children of God" be the mental acknowledgement of every one whose path I may cross in my journey through life? Oh! it cd but be so & it might be so & wd be, if I only lived more in a spirit of prayer, it has been forcible asked, "Why sd we do ourselves this way, & others, that we are not always strong?" & it goes on, "When with us is prayer & with Him faith & hope & love.

But I have gone far from our visit to Sullivan's Island. I wd have liked to have ridden round the beach instead of looking at the guns of Fort Moultrie all the time but we went late. After Lieut. Stuart & I had talked some time, there was a movement to go & Horace & Mr Stuart went with me to the ambulance. Mr Stuart lent his hand on one side of the ambulance & stood by me but said very little, he is not one to have much small talk at his command; in the piazza of the Quarters, he spoke very seriously of the grave aspect of affairs, now that Sherman<sup>19</sup> is threatening Savannah but he had no chitchat to while away the few moments before we left. In the ride home we were more sociable than when coming.

The next afternoon Miss Toomer, Mrs Evans, & Miss Fen called to see us. They invited me to a party to be given on Tuesday in Xtnas week, Miss Toomer saying she was commissioned by the ladies to do so. Gay thinks of going, I do not. Clement, who I got to come in the room to see them was invited also & say he is going. He had asked me to take a walk with him that evening, so after the ladies went, we took a walk.

On Sunday there was no Service in the Episcopal Church. Gay went to the Methodists. Gay's nurse had a baby on Friday, so for three days we have had no servant, & the baby has had much colic for the last two days. I heard from Hennie Ravenel & Jennie Whittle last night. Hennie has a very good situation as a teacher in Amherst County, Va., where her salary, board being deducted will be about \$15,000 & scholars daily increasing in number. This afternoon Dr & Mrs Moore called. The Dr has been here before since I have been here.

I think Conway is very much like Gay. He is unusually smart I think, wh makes him very troublesome, crying after Gay, etc. although not yet 4 months old. Gay is not surprised though, says that he knew her more than 8 weeks ago, they said in Barnwell.

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<sup>19</sup>General William Tecumsah Sherman, 1820-1875.

Friday, Dec 23rd 1864.

Dark are the looks of things now. Savannah has fallen! & Charleston may follow but my faith in the final success of our course is not shaken. In the solemn light of day I cannot view things from an earthly standpoint - the birthday of the dead is a solemn thing, bring old time memories with it. Twenty-eight today! or wd have been, but there is no time in heaven, who is it said, "Let no man praise the day till the night comes?"

Christmas Day, Sunday Dec. 25th 1864.

Another Christmas spent away from my dear home. It has been a very sweet day, though coming in the midst of our country's reverses. After the morning work was done for Gay has still no servant I persuaded her to go to Church with Horace. It was a treat to see Fannie with her first Christmas stocking. Gay has been telling her for some time about hanging up her stocking at Xmas but we wd not remind her of it today until she was dressed & then she was sitting on Horace's lap I told her that today was Xmas day & asked if she did not remember about hanging up her stocking, "Oh! I forgot," said she, & ran almost screaming into the bedroom & began a frantic search in the bed for it. After sundry hunts she discovered it hanging at the head of her cot & having it imprisoned she ran off with it, & sitting down by the fire she began her researches, discovering two say babies, peanuts, pecans, biscuits, cakes, sorghum biscuits & peanut candy, much to her delight. She cd not have been more delighted had she have found the most valuable dainties.

This evening Gay & I walked in the piazza & Mr Latham, a clerk of Horace' who has been wounded in the war came up & talked to us. When we went in, Gay invited him in & he came & sat some time; after ten we talked until prayer time. The baby slept all the time Gay was at Church so I had time to read but did not enjoy it as I ought to have done. I dressed the house for Xmas wh I intend to try & always do.

There has been some talk of evacuating Charleston since the fall of Savannah but there is a report out tonight that there is to be a 90 days armistice to consider terms of peace. Horace is afraid to trust the temper of the people after our recent success he says, but I hope it may end in an eternal armistice if it be true.

Where has my dear Father spent the day & how? I expect he has thought much of me. I trust our next Xmas may be in a time of peace. We have tried to feel in the spirit of the day & have succeeded more than we hoped. I think dressing the rooms does much to assist the feeling of joy with wh every Christian ought to welcome the day. Forgive the sins of the poorly <illegible> O my God.

Wednesday Dec 28th 1864.

Yesterday Horace brought me up two letters & opening one I was astonished to see Father's hand writing & infinitely more astonishing when I found his letter involved a permit to return to Norfolk. He said Aunt Fannie had been trying for a fortnight to obtain it & had at last succeeded. He said it was accompanied with the requirement that I should take the Oath to the U.S. Government & promise not to return to the Confederacy during the war. The latter I might promise, the former I never could. Father said they had acted on the assurance of my young friends that I wished to return. The temptation of the devil, as I considered it, to take the Oath & the bitter fear that Father would be disappointed in me if I did not return caused such a complaint in my mind as made me feel really sick.

In the midst of the excitement Gay sent for Mr Latham to see about making some arrangement about boarding me with his father & I had to be the diplomat on the occasion, as it was a delicate matter. Then Miss McEleron came to beg us to go to the party at night, I told her positively that I could not go but promised to try & induce Gay to go. She begged & pleaded with me, but all that they had wanted on me was a dancer. I told them I would not be of much service to her in that way, as I did not dance. Oh! she declared I must dance, I replied that I never did. At the end of her visit she asked me to promise that if Gay did not go, I would; I told her I would try & get Gay to go, as I had no idea of going, so she departed. After she went I tried to get Gay to go but she would not. I commenced to think & talk about my getting & my head began to ache & when Gay was urging me to go to the party I told her; that by evening I expected my head would feel like splitting, she said on the contrary it would direct my mind in some measure & she tried to get Mr Sams, who was up here, to join her in urging me to go.

Miss McEleron had said in the morning that the party had been computed into an oyster supper as there would be so few. After a while I began to think it would be a pleasant relief from the pressing thoughts of going into the Yankees hands or disappointing Father & commenced to take an interest in the idea of going, from which is an easy transition to going. I do not know that I was right in going under the circumstances & scarcely expect to go to another dancing party as it is almost a reproach to the others to see a young person not dancing & I do not know that there is anything wrong in dancing, for others, I only do not intend to dance myself. I think that, so many other things must be settled by each individual conscience.

We went, Mr Sams & I, to Miss McEleron's, where Mr Tomlinson brought an ambulance, which he also intended to bring up here, he told me. In it were a Miss Rose, & Misses Venning, Miss McEleron, Mr Tomlinson, Mr Sams & myself filled it, with

them, & we proceeded to the house, where we found - a servant woman - not a soul had come though it was about 9 - it was to have begun at 5 & broken up at 12. There were a good many gentlemen there but they remained outside. Mr Tomlinson was in a great deal of trouble because he cd not get the band & after working very hard over music succeeded in bringing together two viols. As the ladies were standing together over the fire a gentleman came in chewing & smelling strongly of cloves. He seemed to be known to the ladies & began talking to them.

After a while Miss McEleron proposed to me to go into the other room & we did so. Clement came in soon & talked to us. Sometime after the clove chewer who I heard was Dr \_\_\_\_\_ came in there with a gentleman who he introduced to Miss McEleron as Lieut. Marshall. She then introduced the Dr., wh I do not think she ought to have done, as he was evidently intoxicated. He talked to me, as well as his disturbed intellect wd allow him. I happened to mention that I was from Norfolk, upon wh Lieut. Marshall turned & said "From Norfolk? Then your poor old city has gone up the spout!" - a phrase of wh I never heard until I came here. "Not quite, I hope Sir," I replied, & we continued to talk for some time, as I considered him a decided improvement on the Dr.

What was my astonishment then to hear the latter say "Excuse me, Miss Whittle, but will you allow me to introduce my friend Lieut. Marshall!" He had the self possession to bow, but I was so taken aback that I scarcely inclined my head & Lieut. Marshall soon left the room, whereupon the Dr apologized for not introducing him before. I said very foolishly, as it is no use to talk sense to a drunken man, "I think it was needless when you did." I was very much amused at one point of his conversation.

Finding that I was living at Lucas' Mills, he said he thought he had met me coming across the common. I replied that it was very likely as I had been to the village several times.

He then said, "Is the young man who is with Capt. Sams a married man?" I was very much amused but looking very grave I replied that Capt. Sams had several clerks. He went on to specify the person & as I really did not know whether Mr Latham was married or not, though I felt certain he was not & I chose to consider Mr Latham, the person, whose status was the subject wh was so intently occupying the remains of the Dr's mind I replied, "I do not know, Sir, Mr Sams," turning to Clement, "perhaps you can inform this gentleman better than I can." "Ah! that is the young man I meant," said the Dr very much surprised, "I did not recognize you, Sir," all the same coming over the room & offering Clement his hand, wh the latter received very stiffly, wh I was glad of, & he afterwards told me that but that there were ladies present, he wd have been

stiffer still. "Are you a married man, Sir?" said the persevering Dr I do not know what answer Clement made if any, but I said, "Fortunately for himself he is not, in these war times." I think that rather disconcerted the Dr., who said "Well! perhaps it is a matter of congratulation."

A Mrs Hall who was to matronize the party & a Miss Simmons soon came, the latter in a short sleeved, low-necked muslin. I did not wonder that Horace detests low necks so, & I was indignant for the sake of outraged womanhood at the sight. Seeing the ladies leaving the room I rose & calling Mr Sams I went also. We had been speaking about dancing & had said I did not dance before. There was a Lieut. Simkins, a merry hearted, merry looking but very gentlemanly person who had been with us in the other, this by way of parenthesis. I heard soon after I reached the latter room the gentleman saying in the passage, "Miss Whittle does not dance. etc.", the Miss Whittle being all I cd hear sometimes. I crossed over to the fireplace to Miss McEleron & laughingly asked her if she saw what a scrape she had gotten me into.

Lieut. Marshall must then have come up to talk to me for the next thing I remember was standing talking to him in the center of the room & Mr Tomlinson coming up & asking me if I had any objection to being introduced to Capt. Witherspoon, I replied, "Certainly not," & he brought him up & introduced him. Capt. Witherspoon is a decidedly handsome man but is, I believe, slightly bald, stoops somewhat & is not tall, not quite as tall as I am. I do not think all this might seem a contradiction to saying he is handsome, but his face is his redeeming quality. It is open, manly, frank & intelligent. He looks you straight & fearlessly in the eye but there is nothing bold in his manner, on the contrary there is the unmistakable air of a gentleman mingled with the air of command wh never fails to appeal favorable to a woman. Lieut. Marshall is handsome too & looks like a gentleman but wd never take the position of the other.

All the gentlemen joined in expostulating with me upon the subject of dancing but of course unsuccessfully. Capt. Witherspoon talked to me I believe until the dancing began when he went to his partner. Dr \_\_\_\_\_ was also talking to me about that time & Capt. Witherspoon soon afterwards. I asked him if he did not have some relations in York of his name, saying that I had met a Miss Witherspoon, then we talked of Chester.

I talked to Clement as much as I cd get him to talk, wh was not much, Mr Tomlinson talked some to me & Capt. Witherspoon came again to the side of the mantel & talked to me but a good part of the time Clement was standing like a stick by my side during the dances, for Mr Tomlinson had been so cunning as to invite only about one

gentleman to a lady, that piece of information I got from Miss McEleron there were gentlemen who came to look on outside whom he wd not invite to come in. After sitting in almost dead silence during a set I thought I heard a gentleman ask Miss Toomer to introduce him to me & she came & introduced Lieut. Dargon. I fancy he is very juvenile indeed but he was rather agreeable - not a whit goodlooking, though. He made an attempt to talk to me during a set & took a seat by me for that purpose but a gentleman by him wd not let him rest, continually telling him that Miss Toomer was on the other side of the room & not dancing. I told him that I expected he had better go & join the dancers, so he went leaving my "silent partner" & myself together.

Capt. W. told me when he was talking to me before, that I wd find it dull sitting over there not dancing, & Lieut. Dargon, when he was introduced to me, asked me to dance, I told him I did not dance, he said he had noticed I was not dancing the previous set, I expect everybody noticed us. At one time when I was sick & tired of Clement's persevering silence, I saw Capt. Witherspoon pass just as a set commenced, & I thought, "I do wish you wd come & talk to me," feeling what an infinite relief his cheerfulness wd be to what I cannot help thinking was perversity in Clement. Capt. Witherspoon passed without a glance but he is one of those people who, I fancy, see everything without looking or rather the appearance of looking. In a second he returned but as I thought he came, perhaps, for the chair by me. I took no notice of him but seating himself in the chair he laughingly said, "Well! now I am where I want to be," or something of the sort, I am sure he was equally where I wanted him to be. I drew back my chair to make room for him out of the way of the dancers & he rose & took the chair on the other side of me in the corner made by the side of the chimney & said something about our being comfortably fixed for a little talk. He asked me with whom I had spent last summer in Chester & I told him. He then asked me if I knew Tom Nash of Norfolk, I told him that I knew none of the young gentlemen in Norfolk, as I had never been out in society in Norfolk.

He said he supposed I knew the family, I told him yes, that I had been to school with a sister of his. He said that he had been the life of the gaiety whilst stationed here, & was very much liked. I told him that the connection in my mind with Tom Nash was that he had been the cause of an engagement being broken off. That the gentleman objected to the lady he was engaged to dancing the fancy dances especially with Tom Nash, & she persisting in it, he broke their engagement. I think Captain W. resolved the matter in his mind where he said, in a meditative sort of tone, "I do not think he was wrong about that." I said "Neither do I. I think he was perfectly right, but he was very generally blamed for it." Captain W. said "I do not think when the parties are very

intimate it is objectionable, but I wd not like to see any lady I am interested in dancing; I wd not let a sister of mine dance a round dance.” I said “Let them! Wd your sisters mind you so well?” “Mind me! A sister of mine wd not dare to do what I told her not to do.” I said “I think it is natural that a gentleman sd have some influence over the lady he was engaged to but I am surprised his sisters yield so to a brother.” The idea seemed to amuse him that he sd be able to control his sisters. Then speaking of engagements, he said “I know I wd not let any girl who was engaged to me dance the fancy dances, at least she might do it once but she wd never repeat it.”

This assumption of such absolute power on the part of the lords of creation, always confuses me, though I think they have a right to it & moreover always feel a contempt for them when they have not the manliness to assume the position & the firmness to maintain it, but I found it rather difficult to find an answer. At first I said nothing, finding a refuge from the eyes that were scanning my face to see the affect his words had produced by twisting & twirling something in my lap but afterwards said, very coolly, that even if the young lady had not considered his request a very reasonable one, I thought she had better have acceded to it to oblige the gentleman. It is amusing to see him like in some respects though unlike in others young gentlemen & ladies are. Each tries on the other the effect of certain speeches to see how the other will take it but the speeches themselves vary with the say of the speaker.

Captain Witherspoon asked me if I knew Miss Annie Wylie of Chester. I told him that I did very slightly, that I knew her sister better. I fancied that I have learned that Annie Wylie is engaged to a Mr Witherspoon. I sd not be surprised if this is the very person. He asked me if I meant Miss Jane Wylie that I knew & said that she had sent him a message by his sister that his sister had told her she wished she & himself cd meet, knowing that he likes fast girls, & she sent him word to come along that he wd meet his match in her. I said “That implies a great deal with regard to yourself, Captain Witherspoon?” “How? he said,” looking rather taken aback, “I did not intend to produce that impression on you.” I do not see the meaning of this speech, for it might be no less true an influence if he did not intend it to be made by me. I said something about his sister having taken such a view, or something of the kind, he tried to explain away what he had unwittingly said by talking of having sobered down as he grew older but very soon the set was over & a lady turning to the corner where we were sitting he rose & gave her his chair & our conversation ended.

Clement wished me to go before supper, but though I half hesitated about going I told him I was sure it wd give offense if I did & even acknowledged it might, but I was very near doing it, foolish as it wd have been. Soon, however, supper was



announced & Clement offered me his arm. We went to the supper room & with my usual proclivity for getting into a corner, I went into one there. Clement asked me what he sd get me & upon my saying anything he went off & piled my plate up with a cold chicken, oysters, rice, potato custard, in fact I suppose anything he saw. I expressed my astonishment at the supply but have better had transferred it to him than ask him to get me some little thing but I ate some of the oysters & extracted the potato custard from under the cold chicken. Captain Witherspoon's eye coming to light upon my plate he came & offered to get me some potato custard, thinking very probably that it was likely to be more suited to a young lady's appetite. I declined, it however, thinking there might not be a very large supply. As I was just about to begin eating something, a gentleman came up & said Mr Buchanan had asked me to give him that - a silver fork - I had not noticed that I had a steel one & was almost to decline the other but Clement scarcely gave me an option almost taking the steel one from me. As Mr Buchanan is a particular friend of his I suppose he had no idea of my refusing any piece of politeness from him.

Captain Witherspoon talked to me about the quantity of rice & sweet potatoes eaten in the low country, etc. & soon we returned to the parlor Clement then wanted me to leave immediately but I thought we ought to visit a little while. Clement did not like waiting at all, saying he wd wait until the next morning if I chose wh Miss McEleron hearing, she said "Very good natured, isn't he?" wh might have been a keen cut if she had so intended it. He wanted me to walk home & not go in the ambulance wh he said wd not be ready for him but Miss McEleron wd not hear of it & said they wd not like it if I walked so I waited & she sent a message to Mr Tomlin & the ambulance was then said to be ready & shaking hands with Mrs Hall & Miss McEleron who was by me I left the room, not wishing the appearance of breaking up the party. On the way home the ambulance took it into its head to break down & we had to walk home through muck & mire in a much worse way than if we had come by the footpath, as Clement did not fail to remind me. At last, after all, we reached the Mills, about half past one & I told Clement Goodbye at the parlor door but I dare say each was provoked with the other, so ended the night of the 27th.

Saturday, Dec 31st 1864

Yesterday I went to see Miss McEleron. Miss Bell & Miss Edmondson came in. We talked a great deal of the party, of wh they seemed to have heard much. They all walked home with me & Miss McEleron proposed a walk on Monday. They are going to try & get up a party to ride horseback to Sullivan's Island, for me to see the beach.

Thursday Night, [for] December 31st 1864

Horace has been away for the last few days so that left Gay & I to finish the Old Year by ourselves wh I am not sorry for as it leaves Gay & myself at our liberty to talk about past, present & future for as I expect soon to leave for N. I may not see much more. Clement came up to see us tonight so the last evening of the old year has passed away where will I be the next? God only knows.

## CHAPTER VI

“Can it be that Peace is really not far off?”

Friday Jan. 6th, 1865.

Mid-winter, & yet the weather is that of a rainy Spring morning, warm & moist. The whole winter has been very mild, broken every now & then by intensely cold weather but they are short & far between. Last Sunday, the first of the year I went to Church for the first time here. The Church is Gothic & very pretty, I felt more as if I was really in church than since leaving Norfolk for with the occupation of the churches in Columbia I have been in nothing that seems suited in the least to the solemnity of a church. It seems very inappropriate to me to have the pews in a church of white - it looks so glaring. Here they are of some dark wood color. The sweet tones of the organ too are delightful to hear again. These externals are by no means necessary to worshipping “in spirit & in truth” yet they are most appropriate & solemnizing.

On Tuesday night Mr Jones spent the evening here & Wednesday Dr Moore. He is a delightful companion. He is not older than Horace at least he is 36 & has 10 children! We were very sorry to hear yesterday that he had been ordered away. Yesterday Horace told me that he had met Captain Barker & he had told him that he had brought down a large package of books for me from Dr Barker. He said it was too large for Horace to bring & did not even tell him where they were. Very polite & careful.

Last night Clement brought up a letter from Father to May. He spoke of my coming “if I cd find a fitting escort.” Today after we were dressed I fixed up my lounge, so that the room looked nicely then I read French to Gay & the Bible. Walked with her in the piazza, fixed some lace on my hat & now it is about 4 o'clock. Soon after I reached here Captain Barker seeing Horace told him he had come down in the train with Mrs Sams <sup>meaning May</sup> a few days before. Horace expressed surprise on comparing notes Horace said “Why that was Miss Cloe Whittle.” Much to the astonishment of Captain Barker. Night before last I alluded to something in Church the Sunday previous to Dr Moore & after answering me he said “to tell you the truth I

mistook you for Mrs Sams <sup>meaning Gay</sup> & someone who asked me of who you were I told her you were Mrs Sams." I told him that I really had no individuality at all & Horace mentioned the other circumstance. It was Major Blanding who had asked him.

Some time ago something caused Gay & I to speak of Mr Heely & she said that Horace had been so indignant at my saying in a letter to her that I cd not help liking Mr H. after a fuss about a mule of Frank's. She said that sometime before that Mr H. had paid a visit to Dr Heely & Mr Heely had asked him when he expected Miss Whittle. He replied that he did not know, doubtless was being very much provoked at the question. Mr Heely said that the want of one escort sd not stand in the way, that he wd go up to Chester & bring me down if necessary wh was of course rather impertinent. Horace, I warrant very stiffly said that I wd never need an escort as he wd go himself. He indulged in sundry animated versions to Gay such as he now wishes me to come to McPhersonville again, that he wd have nothing to do with me again if I married "such a man as Tim Heely." All of wh seemed a very needless waste of ammunition as Mr Heely had never intimated the least wish that I sd do "such" a thing.

The next thing that was heard of Mr Heely he was applying for a furlough to go to Chester. Horace says his feelings must have been, to say the least, unenviable, but it all blew over as I heard nothing more of it, or Horace either. It was after H's visit to Dr Heely that my letter came wh was extremely provoking to H. I am certainly likely to be well looked after I am sure I am thankful for their love.

Friday January 13th 1865.

On Tuesday we were delightfully surprised by a visit from Julius. He rode up from St. Thomas in his buggy. I never knew I cared for him so much as when I saw him there. He came up to go with me to Virginia, but Horace thinks, & so do I now, that Father does not wish me to start unless I can find someone who is going through the lines & then in a later letter he says not only an escort but a fitting escort. Julius & Horace neither approve of my going, but are silenced by thinking it Father's wish. Julius had been talking with Dr O'Hear about it, & he thinks I will either be expelled from Norfolk or get Father into a great deal of trouble. I only think there is danger of my being turned back.

Julius said, "Dr O'Hear paid you a sort of compliment, Cloe." I immediately asked what it was, telling him compliments were scarce. "Well," he said, "You will agree with me, Mr Sams, that intellect above the common order is a disadvantage to a woman." It is hard to find what this applies to.

The other evening I took a walk with Miss McEleron & Miss Simmons. Today they come here to try some of the government horses to see wh they cd ride for we hope to take a horseback ride on the beach at Sullivan's Island on Monday.

Today Horace met a young friend of his, Mr Hamilton, who is aboard the Chicora<sup>1</sup> & he says he is coming to see him. Horace told him of Captain Hunter's promise to take me round to see the Forts & he said he was sure Captain H. cd not know of my being here as he was too gallant a man to fail in a promise where a lady was concerned. He said he is coming over with Captain H. for us. Then Horace met another friend, stationed at Castle Pinckney,<sup>2</sup> & told him he wished very much to see the fort, & that there was a young lady here who wished also to see it, wh last he must have taken for granted & he also said he was coming for us. I hope one of the two may turn out something.

Today after we had tried the horses, we saw Major Vardell riding about on his business. I was very anxious to speak to him; as he had been so kind as to offer his own horse for me to ride to Sullivan's Island, I was very anxious for him to be one of the party, in fact I want the party to wait a day or so upon his convenience. The ladies proposed sending for him, but for all I know he was a married man, I hesitated very much to do such a thing. We wanted to see Mr Hall who had been helping us about the horses & get him to bring up Major Vardell but as the latter rode very near, while we were talking of it, they said "Oh, let us send for him." & I consented but I think I had better not have done it for as I was the spokesman it had exactly the appearance of my having sent for him whereas I hesitated much more than either of them. Major Vardell is a very quiet, intelligent & gentlemanly looking person, just such a one as to disapprove & by his very face discountenance anything approaching to the "fast" in a lady.

Wednesday Jan.18th, 1865.

Yesterday we were delighted to receive another visit from Julius. He spent the night; there was a great deal of talk of the evacuation of Charleston now. I trust it may never take place. Julius left this morning & will, I expect, carry his family up to Poooshee tomorrow. I carried him to see Mrs Bonneau yesterday & today we took a walk to Sullivan's Island bridge. It was a lovely day, skies overhead & water beneath

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<sup>1</sup>The *Chicora* was built in Charleston, South Carolina, and was burnt in the evacuation of Charleston in 1865.

<sup>2</sup>An 18-century fort built on a shoal in Charleston harbor. Used to harbor Federal prisoners during the war.

were both beautiful, but I felt very sad when I saw the proud outlines of Fort Sumter & thought of the Yankees taking possession of it & then at the spires of Charleston in the distance & thought how they wd enjoy walking the streets of that noble city.

I did not feel at all as if we wd go on our ride tomorrow, but I did finish on the last date. Well! Major Vardell came round to the door to speak to us & I went down the steps & told him I had taken the liberty of asking him to come to speak to us as we wished to know about the ride & wished him to be one of the party. He said he wd very much like to go if his business wd allow it. It was then fixed for the next Monday. He said the horse he rode was the one I was to ride. I handed him some gingerbread of wh we had been eating. He took one & talked for some time & then left. As he had been so polite about the horse I wanted him very much to go with us & got Horace afterwards to see if Monday suited him. He said later in the week wd suit him better so Clement & I fixed on Thursday.

This morning I spoke to Clement & got him to see about the ambulance & he went to Major Vardell & set up Dr Moore & asked him. I was sitting here writing to Hennie from whom I received a very affectionate letter today offering the use of her maid to Gay for a nurse when there was a knock at the door. Horace said, "Come in," so did I. There was a hesitation. Horace went, Mr Latham appeared; more hesitation; in came Horace & introduced "Major Vardell, Miss Whittle," & then to Gay. She had the baby in his nightclothes getting him to sleep. I cd scarcely look round to see the condition of things, I was so astonished. Major Vardell said he had promised Mr Sams to come round & tell me about the ambulance then went to say it had no seats but he said we were welcome to anything we cd find up here. He was so polite about it, regretted that he cd not go with us, said Mrs Vardell wd have liked to have gone but was <end of entry>.

Monday Jan. 23rd 1865.

Saturday Evening Horace & I took a very pleasant little ride on horseback. Today Horace brought me the books Dr Barker sent & a letter from him. This evening Major & Mrs Vardell called. I like them both very much.

Thursday Jan. 26th, 1865.

Day before yesterday, the day appointed by me for visiting the Forts proved to be so very cold & boisterous that I thought Capt. Hunter wd not send his gig & was quietly sitting down reading Miss Bronte's life to Gay when a knock at the door & a little boy or rather a youth walked in & the boat was announced as having come. I was

at a loss to make out who he was - I saw no uniform & knowing that one of the rowers on Capt. Hunter's gig was a quiet, almost gentlemanly boy a year ago, I thought he must be one of the sailors. However, Gay had introduced me as Miss Whittle & we talked as much as we cd to a boy.

I got ready although I thought it was an awful day for a water excursion & sent for Miss McEleron. I was very much provoked with Capt. Hunter first for not coming himself & then for not sending some older person than this boy. Gay lit upon who he was by asking him if Capt. Hunter had any of his family with him in Charleston. "Only myself," he said, so after that we had a name to give him. When Miss McEleron came, wh was quite later, we started. It was an icy journey to the Chicora It was certainly far from my intention to pay Captain Hunter a second visit but so it ended. What was my astonishment to find upon our arrival Capt. Hunter absent! I was really annoyed, but I understood very soon that he was on a Court Martial for the city, wh mollified me.

We were introduced to Lieut Hall & we went down to the Capt.'s cabin. It was very awkward there. Horace blamed we afterwards for not having tried to make things go off better but I rallied as soon as I cd, for I was no little put out. Mr Hall apologized for leaving us & so we were Horace, Miss McEleron, Mr Hunter & I in a quartette. I tried talking to Mr Hunter, who was sitting by me in a lively way but it came very near to what people call "no go." Mr Hunter said we must not leave the ship until the Capt came, that was the law. Horace laughed & said it was a very good law. I blamed myself for almost everything, for letting Captain H. know I was there, this that & the other. Soon a Mr Hamner from Miss. came in & when Mr Hunter got up he came round & took the seat by me.

It was rather agreeable & talked to him a long time till "the Captain" was announced. He came in & it being very dark upon when he first came in the room (for it was underground & lights have to be lit all day) Capt. H. went up first to Miss McEleron, I introduced them, he then shook hands with me & I believe said he was glad to see us on board. Many & many times had I wished myself at Mt. Pleasant. I fear I am very exacting & expect entirely too much from those around me when I do little or nothing for them but so it was. I was by no means pleased that Capt. Hunter was going about the room looking at a new hat that had come for him, wh by the way I believe he sort of threw to me to look at, & doing different other things before he came to talk to me.

Coffee & hardtack had been handed to us before the Capt. came, while I was talking to Mr Hamner. The latter rose when the Capt. came in, he asked him to remain but was in his seat by me before he left the room, indeed was there when he asked him

to stay. Capt. Hunter immediately began a series of the most flowery compliments wh did not at all make me forget how long he had been in the room.

He said he had seen a little girl that morning whom I knew who had curls like mine & asked me if I knew what he had told her about. Of course I replied I did not but was very anxious to know who she was, as I am always thinking of Norfolk people, but he wanted to excite my curiosity & he said that he had told her that her curls were very pretty, I believe, but not so pretty nor so long as mine, "that you had last spring," he added. He appeared to think they had disappeared. Of course he talked a great deal about ladies, said the world was not worth living in without them & I do not know how the War was brought in but he said did I suppose any soldier wd fight if there were no ladies to fight for, what wd be left worth fighting for? "Honour & their country," I said. "Honour!" he said, "And the country! Do you suppose I wd stay a moment in the country if there were no ladies here?" But with all his floweriness he showed more right feelings than I thought he possessed.

For instance when speaking of girls education he spoke much more solemnly, in fact, nay, so expressive, than I wd have expected from him. He said that he wd never allow his daughters to be sent to a public school, but he kept them under his mother's eye as long as she lived. After her death he had a governess for them but he thought he might say that a more thoroughly educated girl was not to be found anywhere than Madeline. He said he thought the natural effect of these schools was to teach the girls to be perfectly heartless. Speaking of Miss Thompson's governess, he said he had always respected the position of a governess & I asked him if he knew that Cellie Fuller had taken a situation. He said, "Yes, & I honour her for it," wh made me like him better.

Again, speaking of card playing, he said that he cd do nothing without giving his whole heart to it. That if he played, he wd be a gambler. He said he had promised his mother not to touch a card & wd not know one from another if they were put before him.

Horace asked if Mr Hamilton was on board & went to see him. Capt. H. said he had heard of my being in town had abused me like anything for not letting him know. I told him that I had had hard thoughts of him for not coming to see me before. He said, "You had," rather reproachfully, & said he was busy every moment he was not on board ship on the Court martial, but was coming the first leisure moment he had to see me. He said he was going to send his gig for me on the first bright warm day to carry me up the river to the Cemetery. I do not how he came to speak of a likeness he had in his pocket but gave us to understand it was his lady love. And when he was speaking of the cemetery he asked me if I had ever seen the tomb of a lady erected by a



very eccentric husband with different remarks around it & that he had recently married a young girl of 18. I said I did not suppose he was very different from what the rest wd be. He said, "Well, look at me! I have been a widower for eight years." I laughed & said, "I don't expect that has been your fault, Capt. Hunter." He said, "No, it has not been, but for four years it was," he added. "For four years I never spoke a kind word to a woman," was his queer motive of expressing himself I think.

Walking me down to the boat, & has he said goodbye, he said, "God bless you," in an earnest tone. He had surprised me by several things during the morning by none more than this. He said then something about his friendship for my cousin & I partly because I did not know what to say, asked him if he did not think Cousin William had been very inactive during this war; he said yes, that he thought the best officers had not been employed, although on his own account he ought not to say so. We went off soon after. Mr Hamilton had asked to go back with us & Capt. H. agreed to it. Mr Hamilton is very tall & quite handsome & has very easy manners, but is quite young, younger than I am, I expect. I invited him to join our horseback party to Sullivan's Island & he seemed very much pleased & said he wd do so with pleasure if he cd.

Saturday night Jan 28th 1865.

On Wednesday the 25th we went to Sullivan's Island. It was a very cool day but we went. Miss McEleron, Toomer, & Clement, Horace & I, each picked up some of the pretty shells & seaweed. Last night as Gay was undressing the baby a knock came at the door & a Major Robertson & Capt. Bowie came in. The latter is inspecting the post commissaries. He was wounded in the Battle of Gettysburg & is really disabled from service. He is a Virginian & a very gentlemanly person, quite good looking, but too much in the fashion plate style. He is from Westmoreland County. He left after breakfast the next morning.

While I was writing, a note came from Mr Hamilton saying why he cd not leave the vessel. Two of the officers are sick & he is obliged to be there. He told H. to tell me he wd bring Eliza over as soon as they were well. There are multitudinous rumors floating about concessioning peace. I trust they may be true, but they are hard to believe. It is said the British have ordered the seizure of all Yankee vessels in their ports & France has secretly recognized the Confederacy. One as incredible as the other. Vice Pres. Stephens & two other persons have certainly gone to Washington to confer about peace, unofficially, though, as the Blairs came to us. I trust it may end well.

Sunday Jan. 29th 1865.

The Bishop was here, & confirmed two persons today, & the communion was administered afterwards, but I was not able to go to church, wh I was very sorry for. I have not felt in the spirit of Sunday at all, wh I know is my fault, for attempting to make Horace & Fanny go anyway instead of letting them alone, but this evening, I feel more the sweet influences of the day. Lizzie Williams is 21 today. I expect she had thought of me as I have of her. I trust this may be a profitable year for her.

Tuesday Jan. 31st 1865.

Yesterday morning Mr Hamilton came over in Capt H.'s gig bringing Eliza Fuller & a Mrs Strobot & her daughter & Dr Henderson. I was taken quite by surprise at seeing such a large party. Mrs S. is a sister of Mrs Dr Waring of Chelsea. Mr Hamilton was very lively & agreeable. He is very fine looking, has an elegant figure, a handsome, open, manly face & very easy manners. He crossed over the room & came & sat down on Gay's trunk behind me. I was not able to talk to Mrs Strobot at all while she was in the room, so was very anxious to do so as we walked to the boat & doing so, I fear, seemed rude to Dr Henderson, who was walking with me. Miss Strobar is beautiful, a very, very beautiful girl - it is sweet to look at her, if I was a gentleman, I wd soon follow up my acquaintance. Mrs S. urged me to come & see them, wh I will try & do. Mr H. seemed to regret very much that he cd not come to go to Sullivan's Island. They did not stay long, as they had only gone to visit the ship & Mr Ham. had run off & brought them here.

In the afternoon Miss Toomer came around & brought a Mr Robertson of the Marion Artillery. We had just finished dinner, things were still on the table when they came. Mr R. looks like a creole, has clear, olive skin, dark, fine eyes & the reddest lips I think I ever saw, they are rather a disfigurement to him as they give an extraordinary look to his face. He seems to be earnest & trim, was confirmed the night before last in Charleston. Miss Toomer begged me to come round there that night; I declined but Gay encouraged it & she urged, so I agreed & went. There were two Misses Scott, Mr R., Miss Simmons there. It was rather stupid. I am certainly not fitted to be in a crowd. I played & sang, the former very badly. Mr Robertson I asked about Henry Barker & he said he had been looking for this man. I told him he must bring him up to see me wh he said he wd try & do.

This morning Col. Bacon called. He formerly commanded here & Horace was building his hopes of a match between him & myself when lo! he was ordered away before I came & Horace's air castle tumbled down. Col. B. is however a Baptist & a

very devoted one. That wd be a sufficient objection to me. He said he had been given a prayerbook last night, however, wh he intended to study very attentively. The donor was, I expect, Miss Mary Edmondson. I hope for her sake it may make him an Episcopalian. He is very tall but not at all handsome I do not think though Gay does. I had heard his eyes spoken of as very fine but I do not think them anything rare at all.

This afternoon Gay & I walked out & had a very pleasant walk. Coming home a gentleman on horseback bowed & then turned his horse & said, "You are Mrs Sams, I believe, Madam?" Gay said she was. He said, "I do not think you recognize me," as he dismounted. Gay said she did not at the moment, he came up & shook hands, introducing himself as Capt. Smith. Gay thought he must be from the Eastern shore but he was Maggie DuBose's husband. He said he had been coming up here to see us this morning to apologize for his rudeness in not coming up to speak to us when we came to Battery Marshall the other day. I said he was very excusable, that we did not remain until the drill was over & of course, he cd not come under the circumstances. He talked a good long time, says he is coming to see us. Gay told him that when we went to the Battery she wd let him know as we might go in a day or two.

Friday Feb. 3rd 1865.

Day before yesterday afternoon, Miss Toomer called with Miss Edmondson, Miss Simmons, & Mr Scott. After tea Mr Jones came with the Chaplain of the Post, Mr Hunter. He is rather a peculiar person & speaks very slowly but is an intelligent man & I believe a sincere Christian. They stayed unreasonably late, though; my watch said twelve minutes of twelve when they left.

Yesterday Horace dined with Major Vardell; in the afternoon Smith, Henny's maid came down from Pooshee. It is very kind of Hennie to send her. Hennie is a friend indeed because "a friend in need." We find it impossible to get a grown servant & Hennie had sent her down for a time to us.

The peace rumors are really astounding. Can it be that Peace is really not far off? It is said that the commissioners are received with cheers by the Yankees. I trust it may end in something. I think it a true coup d'etat of our Congress, the resolution they have passed about carrying out the Monroe Doctrine in conjunction with any power who may attempt it as soon as Peace is established. I do not think a league offensive & defensive with the Yankees a desirable thing by any means but in this one particular I think we might venture to be allied with those disgusting creatures. Nor do I consider it an unbecoming concession or any concession at all - it is as much in our interest as

theirs & it may be the means, appointed by God, of bringing about a speedy Peace but nobody agrees with me in this opinion.

Sunday Feb. 5th 1865.

Today, thanks to Hennie's having sent Annette, Horace, Gay & I went to church together but I did not enjoy it as I ought to have done (for the Service is always enjoyable whatever the sermon may be) but I did not profit as I ought to by it for my thoughts wandered dreadfully in church, in fact they wander over anything. I do not think it is a particular perversity of religious things, but of course it is more wrong over them but I sadly fear that my power of concentrating my mind for the last two years has been much more feeble than formerly. It may be that I have not the same necessity as when at school & consequently do not make such vigorous efforts to obtain it or it may be that with a want of practice has come the natural accompaniment of want of power but from whatever cause arises I fear the fact is indisputable.

I very much regret it with regard to the church service especially for so much is lost by not profiting by the public worship of God & I by no means feel as if I drew nearer to Heaven as day by day passes over my head when two years ago I lay down in weariness & rose up in weakness I lived much nearer Heaven, now, oh! why are we so ungrateful? Why sd the goodness of God in giving us mercies be returned by us with the cause of driving us further from Him? He certainly knew human nature well, He said, "How handily shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God?" Riches whether you take them to mean health, wealth, attendance of friends or prosperous condition. Have mercy on us, Oh God."

Charleston Feb. 15th 1865

Many, many things have happened since I last wrote here. Our time passed on in its quiet way until a day or two ago when Horace became convinced that the evacuation of this city had been determined upon, when he wished Gay immediately to leave wh she agreed to do. What must I then do? Go with her or attempt to get to Father by staying here? I prayed for light as to what I ought to do, prayed for guidance, prayed that a way might be opened for me. Horace, without my knowledge, went to Mr McEleron & asked him if he wd take me there as I had intended to have done. I pray that their answer might be an index to my duty. Gay & H had both by that time come to the conclusion that it might be best for me to remain. They agreed to take me but it was doubtful whether Miss McE might not go herself. Under these circumstances they, Gay & H, both thought I had better go with her.

Very unwillingly, I packed & came in the boat. Not unwillingly because I fancied the plan of remaining in pleasure nor fancied being in Norfolk under present circumstances but because I believed it to be my duty to be there with Father as he is now growing old. At the wharf we met Capt. Morgan, Maddie Moseley's husband. He had seen the boat coming & had come round hurriedly; he went out with us to the depot & helped us greatly. He advised me to remain in Charleston & go to Father, saying that if his wife were here he wd like her to do the same. This determined Horace & determined Gay & myself. I took it coming at the time it did & having the effect of Horace & Gay what had as being a token of the will of God & accepted it as such, though I must confess it is with a heavy heart that I resign myself to falling into the hands of the enemy with no one in the place who cares for me, whether I live or die or what becomes of me. As usual, in looking back over even the smallest portion of my life, I see bitter cause for repentance over sins done & duties omitted oh! if I am ever saved, it will surely be "as by fire." God be merciful to me, a sinner, is the only prayer I am fit to use. The blood of Jesus my only hope of salvation.

An awful thing happened last night. Sharp, a decent, respectful industrious servant belonging to Mrs Charles Porcher was drowned in the darkness while unloading ammunition supplies. It was an uncommonly dark night; it was known that someone had gone into the water & today he has been missing. Oh! never in my life was I so shocked as when I heard of it, words fail to express how I felt I have often heard of people being drowned or dying suddenly in any other way & death by sickness has been in our own circle but never did I feel so the sudden change from life to death from time to eternity as when I heard of this. Through all the excitement, fatigue & suffering of today the thought of that floating corpse has haunted me. I trust he was a Christian. He was certainly one who did his duty faithfully, but without Christ woe! woe! to him that dieth.

At the depot Capt. Morgan was very kind, he took care of Fanny & carried whatever was needed & did everything he cd. He introduced a Mr Selden from James River to us, who asked me if I was a relative of Lieut. Whittle & said he had had a delightful passage with him from Europe lately. In answer to me he said that he believed he was the Executive officer on board the Sea King now.

On the train I met Prof. Porcher who took care of me coming down & also Dr Porcher. At the depot we met Mr Jones who was to take charge of Gay & Capt. Barker. Eliza Fuller was going & her father is to take care of Gay after she parts with Mr Jones. After the train left with dear Gay in it with Fanny & Conway, Horace & I went to Dr Sam's to see if he wd take me to board with him. He said he cd not even get

hominy to eat & was not able, so we went on to Mrs Finney's on Montague street where I now am, & have gotten board at 30 dollars a day.

It is a very pleasant place to be, if I am to be at a boarding house. Mrs F is very kind & her daughters very polite, very different from most boarding housekeepers. As I was standing at the door of Dr Sams, a gentleman came by & I thought looked in as if he recognized me, but as he passed on I went in to get up my things to go. I heard someone talking to Dr S & found Dr Price & come in & spoken to him when I came out he shook hands with me & gave his name as I did not recognize him. We talked a little while & then he left.

Soon after we met, or rather were overtaken by Capt. Barker, who Horace had just said might offer me a seat in his buggy, wh he did not do, but rode along by us while we were plodding through the mud, asking about some books of his wh by his calculation had gotten mixed with his uncle's that he did not bring over to me. I was quite polite to him, Horace very stiff. I told him I was sorry he sd have been troubled with the books, meaning it to be a cut & he took it literally & said he was only sorry cd not get them to me sooner, to wh I said nothing.

Soon after, I met Emma Ravenal to my great surprise & pleasure. I kissed her without noticing how stiff she was. I am afraid she will never again like me as she as done. I asked her to come & see me, she said she wd not be able to do so today, but I think she said she wd when she returned from St Thomas. They are coming to live in the city in view of the evacuation.

This evening after I been writing here sometime Horace came in to see me. Dear Horace, I was so glad to see him. Capt. Morgan told me this morning he wd be here tonight & I have been looking forward with great pleasure to that but seeing Horace was a great deal better. May God bless & protect our scattered family oh! my father hear me & be merciful to us as Thou hast always been. Oh! we are thankless beings ever to doubt His love & care He has never failed us & never, never will.

Feb. 16th 1865.

Last evening before tea, Mrs F, her daughters, & Mr Buchanan a boarder here, & myself were sitting around the parlor fire & talking, being a sociable house it made everyone feel more acquainted. After tea cards were proposed & I declining playing, Mr B. asked me to play chess with him. While we were playing, Capt. Morgan came in. He said I was taking things very philosophically. He said he was going to bring over a

Miss North<sup>3</sup> to see me who lived on the opposite side of the street & soon did so. I like her very much & am very glad to know her. She is going to stay after the Yankees come. She asked me to be sociable. She is a very peculiar person. Very large, fair hair, short in her neck, a throat looks as if it cd give forth volumes of sound (she is a magnificent singer) she speaks very low, seems very observant, I fancy nothing physical or mental escapes her notice. They went about 10. Capt. M says he is coming tonight.

I hope to go to church this morning in St. Paul's. It will be pleasant to hear the familiar service in a strange land. Capt. M says he will tell Captain Hunter of my being here. I do not know whether he will avail himself of the information, but I hope so as it is very pleasant to have someone to come & see me. I wrote to May & Gay this morning. I trust our Heavenly Father will take care of us all. I read today two works in Prov. III "Lean not to thine own understanding; in all thy ways acknowledge Him & He will direct thy paths." that is just what I wish to do as I opened the Bible with a prayer that what I read might be blessed to me & have taken the promise to myself.

I also read "Be not afraid of sudden fears neither of the dissolution of the wicked when it cometh. The Lord shall be the confidence & shall keep the fort from being taken." Blessed be the Lord our God who giveth medicine to heal our broken spirits. No service; Mr Gadsen, who was, to his shame here, I suppose, gone. I had the great pleasure of seeing dear Horace two other times in the day, when will I ever see him again? He told me goodbye but I hope he may have time to come once more.

In the afternoon I walked with Miss North, took quite a long walk. Capt. Morgan did not come, talked after tea to Mr Buchanan, whom I like very much indeed.

Friday Feb. 17th 1865.

This morning I took quite a walk with Miss Finney. To add to the general confusion, the Yankees are shelling the City. The shells sounded as if they were coming right over our heads at least one of them did. I wrote to Gay this morning & Mr B took the letter for me for I fear the one I wrote yesterday will never reach her. Where she is, I cannot imagine. It says that Kingsville has been taken. The R.Road has been cut & she with her two little children & no servant is somewhere on the Road; & yet I ought not to be fearful, I know she is in kinder, wiser Hands than any human friends & yet my fearful, faithless heart will not "be still!" "Know that I am God," ought to check any doubt. I know He can control all things & all men, & I know that all things will

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<sup>3</sup>Susan C. North, b. 1840, daughter of Richard L. and Martha P. North.

surely work together for good to those who love God. oh! that I cd feel it, feel it more than I do for without even my weak faith I believe I wd sink utterly nothing but that holds me up.

5 minutes of 5, P.M. .The tolling of a bell whether for fire or what I know not & the constant sound of shells bursting or explosions add to the solemnity of this time. Horace has not come today. I suppose I will not see him again "it may be for years & it may be forever." No! not for ever, I trust to meet him in heaven; he is a good man, a trusting Xtian, may God bless him. I have begun the second volume of Ferdinand & Isabella today. I wished to distract my mind yesterday I read Shiller's "Bride of Messina."

Saturday, Feb 18th 1865.

Last night explosions were heard all night & this morning came a terrible one wh so shook the house that I rocked in my bed. I believe it was the blowing up of the N.E.n. works. Some poor foolish boys it is said set it on fire before the time & it is reported that 600 lives were lost. I trust this is a gross exaggeration. Capt. Morgan came last night to see me. He was very kind. I hope I shall never forget his kindness & that I may have some means of returning it one of these days. I asked him if he knew any of the officers of the fleet that wd be in the harbor & after a while he remembered that he knew Capt. Ryan. He said that he was very much of a gentleman & told me to apply him if necessary. I asked him to write a note to him for me wh he readily promised to do & I think said he was very glad I had thought of it. He told me I must keep up my spirits. I felt as if I was parting with an old friend.

Just before tea Miss North came over & told me a lady wished to see me over at their house. I went over & found a Miss Gibbs who begged me to come & stay with them having understood from Mrs North that I wd prefer being in a private home not knowing what sort of boarders might come here. I heard that afterwards that a boardinghouse might be protected from the convenience of it when a private house might not. Mrs North favored my going there, but I asked her to advise me as she wd her own daughter & prayed in my heart that her answer might be the guide to what I ought to do & she changed & advised me to stay, so I determined to do so.

1/4 of 12 am - the Yankees have landed it is said.<sup>4</sup> We were walking down Meeting Street intending to go once more on the Battery when a man coming from that

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<sup>4</sup>The Confederates evacuated Charleston on February 17th, 1865, and Federal troops occupied it on the 18th.



direction told us that we had better not go, that the Yankees had landed, a few of them, & more were coming down the river so we turned back.

Today is my mother's wedding day - Forty-one years ago did she stand as a young bride, not much older than I am, & pledged her faith to my dear father. I wonder if he remembers it today.

Sunday, Feb. 19th 1865

Last night Mrs<sup>5</sup> & Miss North took tea here. I had felt wretchedly in the afternoon & finally cried to relieve my overcharged heart. I found it a blessed relief, blessed by God & of God. He seemed to speak comforts for the future almost while calling to mind my sins of the past. I went downstairs much refreshed & feeling far more cheerful than before. I found Mrs & Miss N. there.

I believe Miss North is really fond of me. She called me to come over & sit by her on the sofa & after tea when she had taken a seat on the other side of the room & I came & sat down on the sofa she soon crossed over & took a chair by my side & sat on the arm of the sofa. Just then any demonstration of affection was most soothing to me & it made my heart glad. Since Horace went when I have had no one who loved me, & child that I am still! no one to kiss me so when she was going I really wanted a kiss & I believe the feeling was mutual for the kiss came very naturally to both parties.

I made an agreement to go to Ch[urch] with her as she was going. We were to sit in the choir so I thought I wd go but this morning she came over to say that they raised so many objections to her going at home that she had decided not to go. As I then had to sit in the body of the Ch I hesitated to go but a verse I had read in the morning came to mind, "In all places where I record my <illegible> I will come unto Thee & I will bless thee," & I determined to go.

I was very glad I had done so for the services were eminently soothing & comforting. The very Collect for the day, Lexigisima Sunday seemed to transfer our cause into God's hands; & the selection of the Psalms, the 101st, tells us that "those who place on <illegible> God their trust Like lions rock shall stand" & that as the mountains are around about Jerusalem so the angels of God encompass His children "to guard them from their foes;" the hymn, too, the 11th, the words "My times are in thy hands" was beautifully appropriate. The sermon was on the words "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." He alluded very clearly to the present

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<sup>5</sup>Martha P. North, b. 1815.

state of things, & said that God sd work his own will through the midst of these most trying times.

I had determined before Ch. to try & speak to Mr Howe after Service & Mrs Finney's brother went up to the Vestry Room & told him. He asked me to come there, I suppose, because he was in his robes. He came forward to meet me seemed to recognize me as soon as I mentioned my name. He said he wd come & see me tomorrow. I think he wd be a good person to go & see the General with me, being a Northerner & a clergyman.

After Ch. I went by to ask Miss North about going to Ch. this afternoon, telling her mother that everything was quiet & there was quite a good congregation, so she says she will go. She came in [] a Mr Druay the brother of the Norwegian Consul.

We have very much to be thankful for. I did not dream that the Yankees wd have taken possession here so quietly.

Monday, Feb. 20th 1865.

Last night as we were sitting around the fire talking after tea, Mrs Finney, her two daughters, Mr Vincent, & Mrs F.'s two brothers, a ring was heard at the door. Someone said it looked like a cap passing the window. Mrs Finney was called out & after a little talking at the door three Yankees were ushered in - naval officers. I cannot describe how I felt at being in the room with them. They were very gentlemanly in their conduct, took seats in the corner of the room, bowing politely as they came in. Mrs Finney's brothers & herself talked to them.

They asked some questions about affairs generally but it was very stiff at first. Miss Finney said some few things to them but her sister & myself said nothing. When they asked if the peace rumors had any affect upon the currency I wanted very much to contradict Mr Stanson's answer that it had by saying that it was Mr Trenholm's policy with regard to cotton & gold that raised the price of the Con[federate] money & also the public sale of gold by the government. Only one out of three bags exposed for sale here were bought but I cd not muster up the courage to speak.

Mrs F. asked them about the possibility of anyone's getting to Norfolk, so this morning at the breakfast table Mr Hayward,<sup>6</sup> who seems to be the most gentlemanly of the three, at least I like him best, alluded to it & said that in a few days he doubted not it cd be done without difficulty. I fancy he suspected that I was the person interested & Mrs F. said the same thing afterwards.

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<sup>6</sup>Lt. George W. Hayward, USN.

I waited to go down to breakfast for Miss Finney. I found on going into the room that I wd have to sit next to one of them. I left as much space between as I cd, & the servant moved my plate up to me. They were certainly a very gentlemanly set of persons as we are now entirely in their power.

Mr Hayward is eminently a gentleman. He said he was very happy to find that off of the field the two sides met very kindly. The captain said yes that in New Orleans he had heard the subject very little discussed & it was much better so as it had been worn nearly threadbare. I got Mrs Finney to ask what had become of Mr Hughes. Mr H. said he had been retired. I then asked if he knew why, hoping that even at this late day his conscience might have spoken. He said physical disability, he believed. So he who might have had position & respect while fighting for his native South has now been ignominiously discharged by the enemies of his country from fighting in their behalf. He has truly deserved it, but I still feel sorry for him.

I received a short note from Horace yesterday saying he had sent some stays over to me wh I never received. The house we lived in at Mt. Pleasant has been burnt to the ground, Mr McEleron says, who came over to see me but I was not at home. Mr Howe & Dr Sams came.

Wednesday, Feb. 22nd 1865. Fast day.

Miss Finney asked these officers here about my getting to Norfolk & they seemed to interest them selves in it, & I hope something good may come of it.

Yesterday evening I received a little note from Miss North addressed to "Miss Wittle." She began it "Dear Chloe (Mayn't I call you so?)" She proposed to me to learn German with her. I really trust to be in N. before I can make much progress but I began it.

Today I went to church in St. Paul's again. I was very glad to be able to go. Mr Howe came up & spoke to me.

Cd Washington look down & see how his birthday is kept in his country today with the conflict of hostile armies, how it wd grieve his Father's soul! Heavy cannonading was going on a short time ago. I hear it is the mid day salute. The editor of the Mercury said before that the Yankees made as much fuss over Washington's birthday as if Washington had been a Yankee.

Feb. 23rd 1865.

Last night I asked Capt. Tower<sup>7</sup> about my getting to Norfolk. He thinks I may have to go to Port Royal & will have to go to N.Y. I trust my funds will last out the trip. I certainly never calculated for any such journey. Capt. Tower is very kind in promising to make all necessary inquiries for me.

I have practised a good deal today & read some of Angela, a book by Mrs Marsh & admirably written too. I cd wish the heroine had a more practical name.

Friday, Feb 24th 1865.

Yesterday afternoon I went over to Mrs North's. Sue was taking her German lesson but I saw Dr<sup>8</sup> & Mrs North. I like Dr N. very much. A Mr Cart was also there, we had quite a serious conversation upon the state of the times of course.

When I came over here having heard that Sherman had received a check, I asked Capt. Tower what was the news. He said he knew of none. I ought not to have asked I suppose. He had some old Yankee papers with him, wh he seemed to want us to read, said they contained an account of the setting of fire to the N.Y. hotels. In innocence, really, for I had forgotten I had ever heard of such a thing I asked him who set them on fire. He [] not answer & I thought I had better have let the matter rest there but I asked again, "Rebel agents," he said then whether to soften off the terms wh was used for the first time by them he turned to Mr Crosby & said "Some of them had commissions from the Confederate government."

I said, "I think they might have been better employed," alluding to their being fighting, but I do not know whether he understood me but he said that "There is a report that Beauregard is an extinguished community," was, I think, his expression. I said "He wd have had as many lives as a cat if he had been killed as often as report has killed him." "Yes, he wd have been dead a hundred times, I never believe it when I heard any of the Rebel Generals are killed." The repetition of the word was too much for me so I got up & left the room only returning for a book wh I sat in the dining room & read.

They are very fond of society & it happened that the Miss Finneys had been out to take a long walk in the afternoon so I do not think they ever came into the parlor after tea so I hope he got enough of his speeches. He came in to get some water as I was reading & said, "All alone by yourself" I said, "Not alone, with a book." He laughed.

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<sup>7</sup>George B.N. Tower.

<sup>8</sup>Dr. Richard L. North, b. 1810.

I thought, though I did not say, "It is better than some company." He said ["]You will freeze out there," as he passed into the parlor, to wh I said nothing.

Nothing ever seems to escape his observations, he seems to have eyes & ears always open. He alluded last night to my having said some days ago that my hands & feet are always cold, asking me if I was not fond of reading & studying & said that where the brain was actively worked it always drew the blood from the extremities to it, certainly a complimentary reason for cold hands & feet. So he notices everything. I hope my disapprobation of his politics did not escape him.

Again today at breakfast he said we felt the war here but at the North they did not feel it at all, a statement wh is so true, & it annoys me a little to hear it. I said "<illegible> not it is a different war for the two parties." I almost wish I had added, "On the one side it is a war for Independence, on the other, for conquest." He said, "Oh! the war wd have been over long ago but that the Secessionists at the North are more violent than those at the South, & we can fight against an open enemy but these others we cannot tell whether they are friends or enemies." I pushed my chair from the table to break up the conversation & soon after left the room. He must be obtuse he cannot understand it. When I will get to Norfolk is a question remaining perfectly unsettled. I went to Church this morning but someone had gone off with the key.

The negro soldiers seem by no manner of means subordinates & give all the trouble that is given in the city. Several have been killed by their own officers.

Dear Gay's likeness is lying by me on the table. May heaven protect her. I thank God from the depths of my heart for the check to Sherman - may it be but the beginning.

Afternoon

Capt. Tower & I had a downright conversation at the dinner table wh I am very glad of. He certainly acted the gentleman on the occasion. It came I think from my asking him if he knew Captain Whittle, formerly of the U.S.N. He said he did not but that someone (mentioning the name) knew him & added, "He knows a great many of the Norfolk families." It is evident he had been discussing them with him. Capt. T. asked, "Is he a relation of yours?" I said, "Yes, he is a first cousin of my Father." Capt. T. said, "There was a midshipman of that name in the service when I entered it," I said, "Yes, William Whittle, he is a lieutenant now & Executive Officer on board the Sea King." I laughed & said the last time I saw him he was just out of Fort Warner. Captain T. laughed. I said that he spoke in high terms of Col. Dinmore the commandant.

He said that when we came in contact with the old line of officers, they always met gentleman, that it had not been the intention of the Government to make the prisoner's time uncomfortable, etc. etc. I said it might not be the intention of the government but it cd not always answer for its officials. I expected his answer, "Well at any rate the condition of the prisoners there is not to be compared to that of those at Columbia!" I said that is not our fault, that it is not the fault of the Confederate Government, it cd do no better; all the soldiers were in want of many things. He spoke of their being out in the open air, "in a pen." I said that we cd not help it, that it had occupied public attention very much, that we had wanted to exchange them & the U.S. wd not do it. He slurred over that point & said something or other about it all being over soon.

I said that some of the Confederate soldiers did not think so, as some of them had voluntarily enlisted for 90 years or the War. He is that is as long as they live but that may be put an end to as things are going on now, I don't think it can last long.

I do not know what I said to that but at last I said "Capt. Tower! did I not hear you say that thought the subject of the war had better be dropped when not on the battlefield,["] "So I do, so I do, you brought it on me; you got me into it, & I believe you did it in malice prepense," he said laughingly. I said, "Well! It must be settled now at the point of the bayonet, it is no use to discuss it, I get too excited." He said, "Well! It does not excite me at all. War is a trade & off the field, etc. etc." I said, "Well! I cannot make a trade of killing people, I must do it under a strong sense of duty."

I said "Do you think it is as a trade we make a gentleman leave all the luxuries of life & go as a private soldier, barefooted & bareheaded?" He said, "Well! a man may be fighting in the first instance with the best intentions in the world but after a while it becomes as a mere trade in the battlefield it is to see how many you can kill." Miss Finney said, "Well! I am glad I am not a man." I turned to her & said, "You are? Well! I wish I was a man," & at the same time folded my arms unconsciously on my chest. Both Capt. T & Mr Crosby laughed heartily. "I suppose you wd be in the Southern army?" said the latter. "Yes indeed long ago. As soon as I was able to hold a musket," I answered. The idea seemed to awe them a little.

I said, "Father has no son, & I wish I was a man, I think no one worthy the name of man wd do otherwise," than to be in the army I meant. "Well!" Capt. Tower said. "I was in the service before the War," wh I suppose was intended to be a sort of an apology for being there at all.

The conversation grew more general. Capt. T. said there wd be wars as long as the world lasted. I said, Yes, as long as human nature is what it is, but that it was a disgrace to mankind. I left Mrs & Miss Finney & himself at the table & went into the piazza, but the conversation had made me like him better than before. I read there some time.

It was raining & I afterwards went in to the parlor where Miss Carrie & Capt. T. were reading to get my Prayer Book & as I was coming out of the room to go upstairs, he said, "What are you trying to do? Freeze yourself in the cold out there?" I laughed & said, "No, sir," & added, "not with that intention, at least." Capt. T. was married only 15 days when his wife died of a disease of the heart. He told Mrs Finney that he had never since her death been as much in ladies society as he had since being here.

Sunday, Feb 26th 1865.

I suppose my last Sunday in Charleston. I went to Church this morning with Sue. Mr Howe preached an excellent sermon on "There standeth one army yon, whom you know not." The Lesson seemed truly & sadly suited to the day from Samuel 1st. "How does the city sit solitary that was full of people!"

When I came home Miss Finney called me & told me that she had heard of two ladies who applied to start for New York Wed. or Fri. & that a Miss Quincy wd introduce me to them if I wished it tomorrow afternoon so if nothing prevents I suppose I will go on with them.

This house is full of Yankees now - ministers, shopkeepers & officers. Oh! it is bitter to see them enjoying our pleasant places.

Feb. 27th 1865. Monday.

Well! certainly I am not likely to forget last evening or the ensuing night in a hurry. My hand trembles with excitement as I write. After tea Capt. Tower proposed our getting a book & singing sacred music. We were engaged over the piano when Mr Hayward, who came here the first night, came in. I did not recognize him at first but as I was sitting by the fire place & he the other side of it I heard Mrs Finney talking to him & she called my attention to him & I then bowed & said I had not known him when he first came in.

He got up & came & leant on the corner of the mantle to talk. He was asked to join the music. He sang for quite a long time & then Miss Stanson began to talk to Mr Hayward about the shelling of the city. He disapproved. I knelt down by Miss Stanson's side & talked too. I told Mr H. that the first thing that made me have a kindly

feeling in the least to one wearing that uniform was his saying about all the officers not approving of it. He looked very much pleased & said that he was very glad to hear it.

I told Capt. Tower that he had provoked me so by saying that it sometimes did good. He said "I knew it." I said "I saw it in your eyes. I had not been in the room three minutes before I saw what you were, & I felt a little bit of inclination to tease you."

Gradually the conversation grew more serious, carried on almost entirely by Mr Hayward & myself. I asked him about several things that I told him I wished to know what was thought of by them by one I believed to be conscientiously acting on the other side. Some of the things I said seemed to shock him as fearful.

I told him that I thought from the first the South sd have fought under a black flag, never to have taken a prisoner but made it a war of extermination from the first. At that time we took many prisoners, they hardly any, not a prisoner ought have been brought off the battlefield to eat up our provisions & embarrass our movements. Then I told him that I far preferred extermination to reconstruction, the latter I regarded as the deepest disgrace that cd befall us, far deeper than subjugation.

"Oh! don't talk so," he said, "I hope you will change your opinion before a long time." I said. "I seldom change an opinion I have once formed, Mr Hayward. Do you think you change yours?" He said, "Well," & then hesitatingly said, "It seems unkind to say so," in a very gentle way. I said, "I want truth, not kindness, Mr Hayward," "I think it will all be settled in such a short time there will be no opportunity for me to change." I said, "I wd rather see every one I loved die on the scaffold as Dr Wright died than see them shake hands with the U.S. & make friends with them." "Oh! Miss Whittle!" & Mr H. looked aghast. "Don't talk so, it is awful," I cannot well remember what he said but he looked all through the conversation almost petrified with horror. He never seemed to have realized in the faintest degree the depth of feeling on the part of the South.

All the time we were talking Capt. Tower was making foolish remarks, laughing at us, Mr H. tried to make him stop & once when he was going on so I said, "Oh! I do wish he wd stop." Mr Hayward said, "I hope you are alone in your sentiments, etc. I trust few others feel as you do." Capt. Tower said, "You are under a great mistake, Hayward, she is not near as rabid as many of them are."

But it wd be impossible for me to do justice to the conversation, not for what was said but the times, the thrilling interest of the subject, the immense importance of the result, the evident purity of heart of the advocate of tyranny, the nobility & grandeur of cause of the South, the devotion of her people, wh I tried to portray all combined to



give an intense interest to the words spoken & it seemed to thrill through everyone who heard us.

It was not a discussion; we began with the declaration we did not have the slightest expectation of convincing the other. I admired & esteemed the true gentleman & devoted patriot whom I recognized in Mr Hayward & he showed the greatest courtesy & much gentle consideration to one whom he considered not only enemy but as doing & having things done all that lay in her feeble power to break up a glorious country. I said, "I do not wonder that you sd consider it a glorious union, Mr Hayward. If I was a Northerner, I sd think so too, it was a glorious nation for you." The North was growing rich on the products of Southern industry. The great staples were raised at the South & yet the Northern cities were growing up like mushrooms in a <illegible> while the South was paying far more than her due share of taxes. I do not wonder that you sd consider it a glorious union. It was like having the goose that lay the golden egg. Of course you did not wish the goose to go off & set up for herself." A homely but appropriate simile.

I knew that I was thoroughly excited & I saw he felt very much the conversation but I did not suspect he felt it near as much as I did. It was great excitement but no anger we were both very calm & when we parted for the night I told him Good-night with the feelings of the deepest respect & kindness towards him, whatever I thought of the government he serves.

I went to my room but not to sleep, how long it was before I went to bed I have no idea. I trembled from head to foot, every nerve of my body seemed to be vibrating with intense emotion although I firmly believed what I told Mr Hayward that I thought it wd result just as God saw best. If he thought it best for the South to be subdued she wd be subdued & not unless, yet the perfect confidence with wh they looked to the result I must say affected me far more than I wd have liked to them to see.

At, I suppose, one or two o' clock I went to bed. There I lay quivering with unspeakable emotions. I tried to calm myself but it was of little avail. Through it all not one unkind thought of Mr Hayward or Capt. Tower entered my mind. I have the most sincere regard for both. Sometime or other in the morning I went to sleep.

I woke at 1/2 of seven. At the moment of waking I felt calm but immediately it all came back to me. I dressed & went downstairs. No one was in the parlor & I sat down & played "The Witches' Dance." After a while Capt. Tower came in & asked me to play "The Shower of Pearls" for him wh I did.

He asked if I knew that the State I had referred to <sup>the night before</sup> as having seceded was Mass. (his own state). I said, "Is it?" He said, "Yes, didn't you know it?"

I said, "I did not at the time I made the remark or I sd not have alluded to it in your presence but I suspected it afterwards." Much to my annoyance Mr Hayward came just at that moment as we were speaking & asked if we had begun again so early in the morning. I said no, I had carefully avoided it & repeated what had been said & immediately changed the conversation.

Mr Hayward's & Capt. Tower's manner to me since has been tender in its extreme gentleness & with an almost reverential deference in it. Mr Hayward took a seat at the other side of me at the piano & lent on it. We talked of various things, we three, the oppressors & the oppressed. The sight of Mr Hayward sitting there made me still more excited, if such a thing was possible, than the night before.

He sat by me at the table. Oh! it is a strange, strange state of things. No one can tell how I dislike sometimes to receive an act, a simple act of courtesy from one of them - such a little thing occurred then - Mr Hayward handed me the butter. I took it & put it down by me without touching it. I seemed to loathe it but fearing that he wd be really wounded if he noticed & suspected it I forced myself to help myself.

In the afternoon we four walked out. It made me sick at heart to see the streets filled, especially King Street, with our enemies. With this feeling in my heart I stood at a corner where we had met an acquaintance, talking. I turned half round seeing two Yankee officers coming I turned quickly round. They turned the corner & Miss Finney said "Why, girls, that was Mr Hayward & none of you returned the bow."

After what had occurred the night before I wd not have had such a thing happen for a good deal. My action looked so deliberate in its rudeness I determined to tell Capt. Tower how perfectly unintentional it was & asked him to tell Mr Hayward of it.

As I was playing in the morning Capt. T. said, "I did not know you played, you have never played before; how came it?" I said, "I play every day." He said, "Yes but you take pretty good care to play when nobody hears you." I do not whether he meant as much as he might in truth have meant, for I have always avoided contributing to the social character of the evenings by playing.

Capt. Tower spoke of his trying to get me a pass & said he wd try to bring the Provost Marshall round here. I said, "Oh! Captain Tower if it is not necessary do let that be avoided." He laughed heartily & said, "I do not think you have any great liking for the officers." I laughed but did not make any attempt to deny the charges. This was while we were sitting at the Piano. Mr H. said very little.

Languages ancient & modern were spoken of, suggested by the German grammar I had laid on the Piano.

That night my playing was called for. Capt. Tower was sitting just by the Piano chair where he had a full opportunity to criticize fingering, hands, mode of playing, etc. & I knew him to be a good judge of music so it did not at all contribute to relieve the embarrassment I already at playing for so many. I took my seat however, but really hardly knew if I wd be able to get through the piece at first. I seemed to have almost no command over my playing but I tried to put it aside & at last got on very well. I have a song "The die is cast" wh though written long ago emits our own struggle for liberty & I had determined before I played to play that.

I went over to see Miss North who had sent for me for sometime after tea & it seems Capt. T had been speaking of this very song. I expect the girls had led him to it.

But first of all for an episode. After coming from Miss North I was sitting by Carrie Finney on the sofa when Mrs Finney brought over a Mr Fowlesby & introduced him to us. He soon took a seat by me & spoke of a very pleasant time he had had before the war at Beaufort. I told him I was not a Carolinian but I had heard some Beaufort ladies speak of the visit of the Brooklyn. He said something about not expecting to be so soon something or other.

I said, "No, I suppose you did not expect so soon to be here running against the South." "I am a southern man, from Washington." I heard no more of his conversation. I rose & crossing the room took a seat by Kate Finney who was playing. He looked around at me very steadily. Whether he read my action right I do not know.

Soon after that it was that I played. I asked Capt. Tower to sing "The die is cast" with me & gave him the words that I had in my pocket. The room was full & we talked so much at the piano that everybody was talking in little parties around. At one of the pauses Capt. Tower said, "That is a beautiful verse." Adding as he glanced over it, "you can see the words are Southern." I said, "Capt. Tower, that is a tribute to nature." "It is the same everywhere." "No, sir, these words were written years ago but it is the cry of the oppressed." He looked very much annoyed & turning his head away said, "Oh! of course," or something of the kind. We went on with the song.

We afterwards began to talk of Mr Hayward. He said he was a noble man. I said, "Yes, you can see that; I believe him to be a high-toned gentleman & I believe him to be fighting with the purest motives." I told him about our meeting him on the street that afternoon & asked Capt. T. to tell him that we did not know him wh he promised to do, seeming pleased at the request.

He said that they had been talking the conversation over in the morning, that Mr Hayward said it made him feel so badly that he cd not sleep (when I lay awake from the excitement that night it had annoyed me to think that Mr Hayward was doubtless quietly

asleep while he was the one who had driven sleep from me). He said, "Mr H. said he had gone over the conversation piece by piece in his own mind."

I said, "There was a question I wd have liked very much to have asked Mr Hayward but I did not think I had the right to do it. I wd have liked to ask him if he wd be very sorry if all this carnage was put an end to by the recognition of the independence of the south by the U.S. I believe he wd be sorry." He said, "We were speaking of that this morning; I asked him how he wd feel at such a thing. 'I wd feel it drowning myself' was his answer," Captain T.'s more sober conclusion was, "I wd feel like never owning that I came form the U.S." "& she feels just so," said Mr Hayward, alluding to me.

If this be the feeling on both sides I do not see how there is to be any settlement but extermination or independence.

I forgot to say that before tea Mrs Finney, Capt. Tower & I were sitting in the dining room at the tea table. I do not know what had last been said but I was looking down, playing with a knife I think, & I believe thinking of the war at the very moment when Capt. T. said suddenly, "Well! you are the queerest specimen of a Reb I ever saw." I said, "What sir?" I am glad to say not understanding him at all. He laughingly repeated it. I had to appeal to Mrs Finney for an interpretation. "A rebel," he said, almost as if he was afraid to bring the word out.

"How?" I asked. "You are the only one I ever saw who I believe to be sincere in what they said. I believe you to be perfectly sincere. I have heard many talk but I do not believe they felt one word they uttered but how under the sun you can believe it is the wonder to me. If they have all the provisions under the sun" (I was glad the presentation of facts, with regard to the provisions the night before had not been forgotten) "they must be starved out in time."

I said, "Well! Capt. Tower I have never said that we will be successful." "No, that is the very thing; you do not say so," & that seems to make him attach more importance to my words than anything else. "I have only said & say that the result will be just as God sees best. There is a great deal of pride at the South & if He sees best to humble that pride & there wd no more affective way of doing it than to subdue us to you, we will be subdued but the strength of your armies will never affect it otherwise."

"I think the Lord has very little to do with this war. I look upon it as the Devil's work most decidedly." "So it is doing the Devil's work when men go to fighting & killing each other but it is all overawed by a Higher Power in the end." "I don't know. We are told," & I believe he referred to Job as an instance of the unlimited power joined

to the Devil. I said, "Yes, he is allowed to do great evil but God controls it to His own purposes."

When we were talking at the piano he spoke of my faith in a possible success of the South. I spoke of my aunt saying that she had never believed that it was possible for the South to succeed but still felt a perfect contempt for any Southerner who did not join the cause of the South. I said I thought that unreasonable. It was more than was to be expected of any man to embark in a sinking ship, that I could not understand the feeling.

Capt. T. said, "Yes, I can understand that, what I cannot understand is your feeling." Then he said, "You believe it?" I said, "Yes, I do." "You believe it?" still more earnestly. I was startled, & paused to think, & answered deliberately, "Yes, not that we will be but that it will surely be settled as God sees fit." "You believe it?" "Yes I do." "Well! I believe you," said Capt. T., "but how you can believe it I cannot for the life of me see."

He means that the Confederacy is to far gone he thinks for hope of any kind. I told him that I did not think he felt as much interested in the subject as Mr Hayward did. He said that he had a very hot temper & did not trust himself to talk of it for fear he would say more than he would like to do. I said that he had made up his mind in the first instance as to what he thought he ought to do & then gone on as a regular course of action dismissing the subject from his mind. I told him that of course I knew that he thought himself in the right, that I would have a contempt for anyone who would wear the U.S uniform & not think so, but what I meant was that I thought he took more interest in his profession than in the war. He said, "Yes I do," I said but I did not think Mr Hayward did.

Alluding to the dislike that they felt to this city, that the leaders of the rebellion I asked him if he knew why Mr Davis & Mr Stevens had been chosen as president & vice president, that so far from being leaders they were chosen because being very backward & having a great hankering after the Old Union they were taken in order to conciliate the lagging & bring all parties more together. I then said it would perhaps have been better to have chosen a Secessionist as one who had viewed the matter in that light for years might have been prepared to meet the occasions that might arise later. He said that the Confederacy would not have kept together this long if we had had a secessionist at its head.

We were just ambling as it were upon different subjects & I asked him if he thought the Oath would be administered to the people here. He thought it would be to business & professional men (I had promised to ask for someone) but he did not think it would be to private citizens or ladies but to anyone who wanted to take a house, etc. I said, "They

will take it.” “Yes, I know they will,” he said, “you wd not.” “No,” I said, “I wd not, “but there are very few who wd not.[”]

The night before we had been speaking of the intense dislike of the people to the U.S. Mr Hayward doubted it, & brought up “the little town of Norfolk” as an instance of the growing content with the U.S. government. I said, “You do not perhaps know, Mr Hayward, that I am a Norfolkian.” He did not. I said, “You must allow me to know a little more of the feelings of the Norfolk people than you do,” & went on to speak of the devotion on the part of those who had taken the Oath, to the Confederacy & their hatred, intensified by the very fact, to the government under wh they for the time bowed.

He seemed thoroughly startled. He really seemed to have supposed that everyone who had taken the Oath was with them in heart. His open soul & honorable nature spurns deception & his position renders him unfit to sympathize with the feelings of those who have thus managed to soothe their souls with sophisms & it was with evident disgust & contempt that he asked where was their honor, their truth that they wd act so. I told him that they said an Oath under compulsion was not binding that I had heard many say that they wd just as lief take the Oath every day.

He denied that it was under compulsion. I said, “I do not consider that such a thing as compulsion is possible but you know confiscation of property wd follow a refusal.” “It wd,” he said, & you cd see how entirely above a mere money consideration he held his home & his truth. I tried to make him put himself in the place of a father of a large family, dependent for bread upon the one act of taking the Oath, that he might be able to understand the feeling of the southerners better.

It was this <sup>part of the</sup> conversation, altho’ I defended those who cd reconcile it to themselves to take the Oath that left the impression in Capt. T.’s mind that I wd not take it. I think it is the first time in either of their lives that they have been aroused to any degree of proper appreciation of the real feelings in the deep importance of this struggle, as either right or wrong, successful or not.

They seem to have fancied that a blind, perhaps volatile people have been led on to make a spasmodic struggle by the cunning & wickedness of a few demagogues - this seems to be the first suspicion that has crossed their minds that after all this may be the mighty “Vox populi” for wh a Republican always feels a respect.

Monday night, while I was sitting at the piano, I alluded to what Capt. T. had said about my not liking the officers & asking what he meant. He said “I meant you had rather see officers of another kind.” I laughed. He said, “You cannot deny that.” “No, I do not deny it, but whatever I fell to others, I will always be glad to see you, Capt.

Tower," I said, "I hope you do not think I cd ever be ungrateful to all your kindness to me. I assure you I appreciate very it highly & I hope if you are ever come to Norfolk you will find us out." I told him that there was no officer in the army or navy of the U.S. I wd say that to but himself. "I will certainly do so," he said, & looked pleased at first. But I said that I sd never forget his kindness to a perfect stranger & one who had no claims on him & know that Father wd thank him very much for his care of his daughter & I declare, great big man that he is, & accustomed to the world & the world's ways as he has long been, he seemed thoroughly confused, he twirled something he had about in his hands without looking at me & said I was very welcome to anything he cd do for me, & I do believe he felt as if I had plunged a dagger into him.

For Tuesday, Feb27th 1865.

I was wiping up the breakfast things with Kate Finney for all the servants, save one man, had vammosed when Capt. T. came in & talked to us. He spoke of his mother with the greatest affection & of his sister, though she seems not at all to equal the former in his opinion. He told me the night before that I wd think his mother was a Southerner, that her eyes were darker than mine & he cd remember when her came down to three inches from the bottom of her dress & she had a dark skin. He seems devoted to her.

He showed me a belt he had on with the arms of Va upon it. "Sic semper tyrannis," he said, & as I looked at Liberty with her foot on the neck of the tyrant, the reverse of the present position, I exclaimed without thinking, "Down with the tyrant." He only laughed however but I really startled myself, for I hardly knew what I had said, & it was going pretty far. I told him that I felt so queerly to be going to N.Y. that I never expected to have gone to the U.S. as long as I lived. This I said for nothing but mischief, & it was no use to say it. He laughed & said, "If you live anywhere on the North American continent ten years from now you will be in the U.S."

Sue North came over in the morning & we had some of her sweet music. I sat & unpicked the hem of my black calico dress that I changed with my dear Gay. In the whirl of the past fortnight, Gay, Horace, Fannie seem like mythical presences, so the only thing that seems real is Yankees forever. On Monday night there were 6 Yankee officers here besides no end of Yankee ministers, & Yankee shopkeepers. They swarm around like bees.

After Sue went we were up here talking, Kate, Carrie, Eliza Stanson & I, when a gentleman was announced as wishing to see Miss Finney. Kate of course went down. A Mr Manly (Lieut.) who had been here the night before, but who, as it happened had

not been introduced to either Kate or I, got up & introduced Capt Chaplin. Kate acknowledged the introduction & then said, "But I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, Sir," to Mr Manly. He must have been quite astonished as he mistook her for Carrie who he met the night before. They cd have not have thought they met with a very warm reception.

It seems that they began to ask after me, to ask if I was here, etc. & ended by asking to see me on the plea of having known William Whittle at the Naval school. I went down. I don't know whether I had better have done or not, but I went down. I found Capt. Chaplin looking very angry, his face was very much flushed indeed. I found he had gone to the naval school with Willie for a short time ten years ago, & had never seen him since! Great reason for asking for me, to be sure.

Evidently, Capt. C. had been annoyed before I came in. Soon after, something was said about the Yellow Fever next summer. One of the girls said they hoped they wd have it & it wd drive them away. Capt. C. said I think that he hopes so also, that if so they wd burn down all the houses & leave the place. I said, "Oh! you must excuse me, but I must give you credit for more gallantry than to suppose you wd burn the houses over the heads of the women & children." He said they wd send them away first & then burn the place, "For you know, where a Yankee once his puts his foot down he never takes it up." No reply was made to this evident contradiction.

Mr Manly said talking of Carrie Finney that he expected before a year had passed she wd be married to a Yankee & living in Boston. "I hope she will never disgrace her family in that way," replied her sister. They were evidently going full tilt into a discussion of the War & Capt. Chaplin was already I saw hardly master of his temper. He said something about the Georgia regiment in the Confederate army. I said, "I will answer that. It is admitted by everyone the tone of the Georgia people is much more true now than before Sherman passed through the state but do not let us discuss the war; it is a question now for bayonets not words & speaking of it can do no possible good." Capt. C. looked at me & made no reply.

Politeness is the most effectual shield in the world. It is literally invulnerable. This man wd really have been insulting to those girls if they had provoked him much more. From the time I came in the room, the manner of alluding to the war changed, no more joking or trifling with such solemn facts. I made no remarks about the fever, but was very polite, icily so, it is true but still they found the power of that courtesy wh will be obeyed. There were stiff attempts at conversation.

Capt. C. who was remarkably polite to me, asked about many Norfolk people. Mr Manly told me he had been in Norfolk that day week. I thought, "Then you did not



find any ladies to associate with as you did here.” He said that it was very gay - the theatre was going. I told him I had heard so.

There was some talk about the steamers to New York & seeing I was interested in them Capt. C. asked me if I wished to send a letter. I said, “No, sir, I wish to send myself.” He seemed quite surprised & asked if I was going under the care of anyone. I tried to say about the ladies that might go, but felt that something wd yet come of my uncalled for admission that I expected to go to the North. He then said that he expected to go in that same steamer himself & if Capt. Tower cd get me on board (he is to come in her from Port Royal) he wd take charge of me to New York & then go with me to Baltimore & see me safe on board the Baltimore boat, that it wd not be much out of his way.

I suppose it was a kind offer but I felt very queerly about it. I said something neither accepting or declining the offer. Kate said more, trying to make up for my silence. It is a proposition I am very loath to accept, but more of that hereafter.

In talking, I asked him what state he was from. “Virginia”. I made no remark whatever but only looked down. There was a pause, “A renegade you wd say, Miss Whittle.” “I must confess, sir, I feel differently to men who are from the north,” I replied. Again a pause. It seems that before I came down he had spoken of Virginia & one of the girls told him that it was more disgraceful than ever & the only effects seem to have been to make him angry. My silence seemed to have had a better affect.

“Miss Whittle,” I looked at him, he now bending over, his face was very earnest but there was no anger in it, “I fight for my government & my country. It does not matter to me whether that government is in the top of the Rocky Mountains.” I said, “I thought a Virginian considered Va as his country.” “No State is my country,” he replied. Desirous of getting out of the subject, I said, “You have some high in authority to keep you company,” & mentioned Stribbling & one or two others, he mentioned a Mr Steadman. This was I think before his offer to escort me. He seems to have lived in both Ohio & Pennsylvania & has been with the service for 15 years so I wish he wd please to forget his connection with Virginia & not sully her fair name with anything traitorous. The conversation was kept up in a reserved way for a considerable time, for they paid quite a long visit. As they were going Capt. C. renewed his offer to wh I again evaded giving an answer. Then they left, much edified by their visit, it is to be hoped.

I did not come down to supper till quite late. Carrie F said when I came in, “Well! I was wondering when you wd condescend to remember there was such a thing as a table.” After we finished he sat & talked to us. I sat still too, till he spoke of the

Rebel batteries, upon wh I got up & left the room. I went in the piazza, as there were people in the parlor. I walked about for some time & then Capt. Tower came out & joined me, asking, "Why did you leave the room just now?" "Because I preferred coming out here," I replied. "Because I was afraid you left because I made use of that unfortunate word." I said, "If you wish to speak in that way, I wish you wd do it in my absence, Capt. Tower.[''] He said that he was so accustomed to speaking in that way that he did it without thinking. He said, "What shall I call them?" I said, "Call them Southerners, that will do for either side." "No, I will call them Confederates," he said. "I do not expect you to do that unless you choose, but you can call them Southerners."

On this subject Capt. Chaplin spoke of the Rebels taking his ship. No one said anything to that, but Kate said, "Yes the Confederates manage to get a victory sometimes." Kate said she looked at him & his face flushed up & he replied, "Oh! certainly they do." I noticed some time after he referred to the Confederate service.

Capt. T. & I talked out there some time & I then prepared to go in & we were at the door when Miss Finney came to it & said, "Miss Whittle & Capt. Tower, here is a gentleman who has come to see all of us," alluding to Lieut. Adams, who had spoken to us before he went into the parlor. I must say, slight as the occurrence was, it rather annoyed me. I told her that I was then on my way in. I told Capt. T. about Capt. Chaplin's proposition & asked for his opinion. He said he wd think of it & tell me in the morning.

Ash Wednesday, March 1st 1865.

Second Lent has begun since I left Norfolk. The weather has been so dreadful today that I have not attempted to go to Church. I do not suppose there was any Service. This bad weather is a most excellent thing for us. I view it as a token of good from God. I did not think how beneficial it was till I heard Mr Hayward remark that the rain wd interfere very much with movements. It is such a blessed thing for the Confederates to have a breathing spell before the fighting begins again, a time in wh they can arrange plans, etc. without there being battles to be called into action at any moment.

This morning I went down into the parlor & picked up a volume of Herbert. I was looking at it when Capt. Tower came in. I said I wondered whose it was. He said he had gotten it out of a store, that the store was confiscated & he had gotten that. I said, "What was the reason it was confiscated?" He looked at me so whimsically that I said something about everybody's feeling alike - why was that one confiscated. "Why?"

because its owner is in the Confederate Army." I felt as if the book was something almost sacred.

Afterwards I asked Capt. T. what he thought about Mr Chaplin. He said he had been thinking of it, & if he was going straight to N. Y. & wd see me on my way to Balt[imore] I had better agree to it. I told him he said he wd go to Balt. with me & see me on the Balt. boat. He said then I had better do it. I told him that I felt peculiarly to Mr Chaplin, that I looked upon a Virginian in the U.S.A. or Navy as a traitor. (He did look queerly at this.) I hardly felt like putting myself under such an obligation to him that if I did I wd have to remember it in the future & receive him if he ever came to N. & that I did not know that this wd be agreeable to anyone. Capt. T. said it did not seem so much as an obligation to Capt. Chaplin for the truth of the matter was that a Naval officer so seldom saw a woman that he wd put himself to fifty times as much trouble to oblige her as anyone else & think nothing of it.

In speaking of Capt. C's being a Va.ian he said that Capt. C thought State's Rights a humbug as he did. He said he did not care for Mass., that it did not matter to him whether she went out of the union or not. I told him that I knew that, that no one did at the North, that they call themselves Americans. I said, "You never hear a Southerner calling himself an American. He calls himself a S. Carolinian or a Virginian, he does not feel proud of the title of American.[''] He began to talk of Va., saying that she had been drawn into this to answer the selfish purposes of other States. He says I am an <illegible>Va.ian; Va.ian to the backbone.

At night when I went into the parlor I found an old gentleman talking to Kate Finney. I wonder she had the temper to stand it; he provoked me intolerably. His astonishment & indignation to the burning of the cotton & his remarks generally were so annoying that I was thoroughly put out; when in came a Judge Cooly, an uncommonly frisky specimen of a Yankee, quite young, & with an unlimited amount of assurance but gentlemanly in his manners. He insisted upon talking to me much to my annoyance. I answered his Yankee questions & read hymns out of my S.S. book in the meantime.

Miss Parker & Miss Grier came with Eliza Stanson to spend the evening. Miss Parker is entirely too free in her manners with the Yankees to suit my fancy. We were all sitting around the room, I far up in the corner by the piano, then when Miss Parker called out to me, I was fitted to grace a more conspicuous station. Capt. T. crossed the room & told me I had not been downstairs all day. I told him now I had been busy writing, "but your chair was vacant at the dinner table." I told him yes, I was busy then. I remembered a little while ago it was Ash Wednesday & looked hard at me & laughed. Nothing escapes his eye.

He told me in the morning that he knew that when I got up in leaving Mr Formsby & sat down by the piano that something had been said I did not like, then he thought, "Well! I am not in a hurry, I will find out what it is presently," so he said he knew, when I left the supper table the night before, that he had said something wh displeased me & turning it over in his mind remembered he had made use of that word, the truth was he was so much in the habit of speaking in that way that he did it without thinking & asked me if I did not know that the pickets called each other Reb & Fed. I told him that I did but thought it undignified, that there was a company called the Rebel Troop, that I wd neither take nor allow myself to be given a name of the kind.

But for last night. He told me that he intended to see the Provost Marshall about my pass. He said a friend of his was going down to Port Royal in a day or two & if he sd be unable to make the arrangements for me to join the Arago outside the harbor, I cd go under his charge to Port Royal. I told him whatever plan he thought best for me I wd adopt. He said he wd rather I joined the vessel in the harbor, "but if the Col. makes one thing requisite, you will not go in this way." I knew to what he referred & it made me feel badly to hear such a subject started. "No sir, I cannot," I answered. "I know that."

He told me that if Col. Woodruff made any objection about it he wd go to Gen. Hatch. I told him I thought it was very little to be making such a point with a young lady. He said he agreed with me perfectly but asked me if I had ever seen people who wd make a fuss about a so little thing & let more important ones passed unmentioned. He said however that he did not doubt that General Hatch wd do such a thing for him, that he was one of the old line of officers & moreover he cd refuse to do any work for him at any time & the Admiral wd relieve him in a moment & then everything wd go to pieces here so he had no doubt the Gen. wd oblige him about almost anything of the kind.

He was with me for most of the evening. He said I did not look well, I told him I felt perfectly so. "So you say," he said. Kate said he told her at dinner that he did not like the look of my eyes, I did not feel well, but he was mistaken. I feel of course worried all the time with Yankees all about, even one I like as much as himself.

Judge Cooly asked Miss Parker several times to sing The Bonnie Blue Flag wh she at last did after receiving a promise from him that it sd get her into no trouble, "It is by the unanimous request of every Yankee in the room," he said. They got me to play it, & Cheer boys, cheer. I almost felt it to be profanation to sing it for them & wd not sing myself. They got me to play The Witches Dance. After I stood up Capt. T. crossed over & leaning over me said, you have not played my Monastery Bells. I told

him I wd play it after they had gone, that I did not care to play it then. "All right." But I was so tired after they left that I did not play it. The Yankees clapped their hands at the patriotic songs & seemed delighted.

Hearing Judge Cooly speaking about the Islands around Beaufort I asked him if he knew anything of Datha. He said, yes, that he knew it well, & I told him that it was a plantation of my brother-in-law. He says the house is there & a Capt \_\_\_\_\_ has bought the house, wh was sold to pay the taxes! He asked where my brother-in-law was. I told him he was a Captain in the Confederate Army. "Ah!" he said.

He asked me if I ever played chess. I had to confess it. He said it was rather late then, wh I warmly seconded. He then asked me to favor him with a game some other night. I told him he wd find me a very poor player & took care to engage Carrie to play with me the next evening.

Thursday March 2nd, 1865.

This morning I came down late to breakfast. Capt. T. had finished I believe. I told him I wd like to see him a moment before he went, so after breakfast he came in the parlor where I was playing on the piano & I asked him if he thought it advisable to show Gen. Shipley's pass as he proposed to do, saying I thought it wd occur to anyone to wonder that I had not gone in the way specified. He said he wd not use it if he cd avoid it.

He seemed in no hurry to go, & sat down by me at the piano. He used to play & is evidently a fine judge of music & I asked him as I had often done (all of us together) to try & play something. "Indeed I cannot, I wd do anything to oblige you, Miss Whittle." Then he rather took it back, saying, "anything of the kind," but that it was impossible for him to play, so I said no more.

Finding he had no intention of going, wh he is never in a hurry to do, though he is in great fever about his buggy coming early, I got up & walked to the window, not exactly liking to leave the room, as he has been so kind to me. Someone came & called for him & I was going upstairs when he came & asked me for a piece of string to tie up some papers so I went & got it for him & tied them up & he went off.

I sat upstairs with Kate & Carrie till dinner. We talked of the Yankees, of how galling it was to have to submit to them, receive so much courtesy from them & yet be made occasionally to feel the pressure of the iron hand under the kid glove.

Doubtless my face bore the marks of the conversation. Capt. Tower has a fashion of turning half round in his chair & studying my face at his leisure, a mode of procedure of course calculated to put me very much at my ease. After this had been

going on for some time, he said, "You have been doing what I very much wish to have been doing this afternoon - lying down?" "No, Sir," I said, "not in the daytime." I suppose he judged so from my flushed face. "Then you have been playing chess." I laughed. "No, Sir, if you want to know, I have been working, unpicking the hem of a dress."

Kate was not well & her dinner was to be carried up. I did not want to stay longer at the table so offered to carry it. Mrs Finney wd not hear of it. I took up the plate, but there was no knife or fork. I called, "Jim! Bring me a knife & fork," but he was at the other end of the table, & either did not hear or did not intend to hear. Capt. T. looked up at me, & then reaching down the table, he asked a gentleman to give them to him, & handed them to me. "Thank you, Sir." "I saw you were bound to have your own way," he said, as I left the room with the plate.

I wrote in the afternoon until Sue North came. She spent the evening & sang many of her exquisite songs for us. "Bird of Beauty" is fascinating to me. Judge Cooly made many fruitless attempts to converse with me. I answered his questions with distant politeness but even his Yankee perseverance is overcome by my manner & his remarks are few & far between.

Capt. T. did not return during the evening. There was talking, & a gentleman, a Mr Wilson, who went & took a seat by Mrs Finney. I felt sure, I know not how, that they were speaking of me. I talked very little during the evening, feeling so annoyed at the presence of the Yankees in the place that I was in no humor for conversation. I had just been looking over & marking Macaria wh I had borrowed from Mr Hayward to read & that had fired my heart with unspeakable emotions.

I do think her dedication is grand - to the Armies of the Southern Confederacy - To the soldiers whether limping on crutches through the land they have served & defended, or seeming uninspired to enjoy the fruits of their labors in the establishment of Constitutional Republican Liberty, or filling nameless martyr graves - by one though who though debarred from the dangers & deathless glory of the tented field, wd yet offer her inadequate tribute to the valor & patriotism of our brave defenders - this is a fair representation of the beauty & pathos of the few simple, majestic lines. Thoughts suggested by this book made me little disposed for chitchat & I suppose I must have looked very grave for Mrs Finney said Mr Wilson told her I had such an intelligent face?! but looked very sad. He wd like to do anything for me, & regretted he was not going the same day as I was, wd take charge of me with pleasure.

Saturday, March 4th 1865.

Yesterday morning I packed up my unpleasant work & I was thankful when I had accomplished it. Capt. T. came in late to dinner & sent up to say he wished to see me. I was dressing to go to walk with Sue North, & got Carrie to go & tell him I cd not come down immediately, if he was in a hurry he cd say anything to her, but I wd be down presently. He sent word he cd wait certainly, so I curled my hair & dressed, put on my hat & cloak & went down.

He had gone into a gentleman's room, & Kate told him I was in the parlor waiting on him, as they express it here. He came down in a moment & apologized for keeping me waiting. I told him that it was I who sd apologize, & explained that I had begun dressing when his message came. He said it did not matter about him, he had nothing to do. He then told me it wd be necessary to go to Port Royal, that the Provost Marshall here had not the authority to allow anyone to go from here to N.Y. He then showed me the pass, "Permission is granted to Miss Chloe Whittle to proceed to Hilton Head by any Government Steamer reporting to the Provost Marshall there. Good for the trip," Signed, etc.

He had also gotten a friend of his to write a note to the Provost Marshall General who is there, "Major B. W. Thompson, 32nd Regt. U.S.C.T. Sir, Any favors extended by you to bearer will be gratefully acknowledged by yr. obt. servant, Milibyre." He says that the pass is proof presumptive that I had taken the Oath so I will not be troubled upon that point at Hilton Head. The Provost Marshall asked him if I had taken it & he told him, "No," that I was not a citizen here & of course did not wish to take the Oath here. The Provost Marshall asked him if he wd vouch for me & he replied that he wd. I do not know what he considers himself vouching for.

I told him that he had undertaken a great deal. "It is not everyone that I wd do this for, Miss Whittle, by a long shot & yet I consider you to be one of the most determined - what shall I say?" "Southerners." I said, "Confederates," he laughed & said, "I will not use the objectionable term," he added.

I said something about it. Something had not been done. I wd have had to take the Oath I suppose he meant if I went at all. I said "I wd not have done that, Sir; I wd have applied to be sent through the lines to the Confederacy." "Yes, I know that," he said. I said, "Capt. Tower, I wish you wd tell me what good is affected to your government by making young girls take the Oath? One wd suppose they were very dangerous characters." "They are dangerous characters. A woman who feels as you do is in some respects more dangerous than a man for they influence the minds of young men." He was speaking very seriously, not at all jocularly.

I said, "Well! I cannot conceive what good it can do except to mortify the people it may be sure in that way." "Mortify the people? Now what good does that do?" "When you make them do a thing that is more or less dishonorable you do them an injury & consequently that <illegible> to the opposite side." He said, "Now to pay you for that, Yes to pay you for it, I will inform you that a Flag has just been presented to the first volunteers from this place." Negroes they were. He thought I wd feel it very deeply, I know, from his manners & his words. I felt it less than he intended but I colored nevertheless but very coolly replied, "Oh! no, I thought you had the first S.C.V formed at Beaufort."

In speaking of taking the Oath I told him that I knew of a young lady with just as honorable feelings as I had, but with different feelings regarding taking the Oath who had a mother & several little children dependent on her, who had lost all their property & she had taken the Oath in order to teach to give them bread, that I had heard the scene described. She had a dreadful cry before going there & when it was to be administered she turned deadly pale, then flushed up & so \_\_\_\_ took it.

I asked him if he thought she was any more partial to the U.S. for it & if she wd not try to do just as much for the Confederacy without their knowing as ever. His face was very stern, I have never seen his manner as it was then in the slightest degree upon any other subject. He spoke very quietly but it almost made my blood curdle to think what wd be the fate of one I loved who had taken the oath if they fell into the hands of such a man. He said it was not taken under compulsion - that certain privileges were offered to those who took & withheld from those who did not take it & it was left optional to the parties to take it or not as they chose & if he found one who had taken that Oath & she had broken it, I think his expression was, "Heaven help her!" He said he wd not put out his hand to stop any proceeding against her if he had the power.

I told him that when those we love look to us for daily bread & we cd only give it by taking the Oath that few, very few wd not think they were under compulsion to take it & I told him they cd but imprison a lady. He said, "Yes, but I cd make that imprisonment very uncomfortable." He did not explain what he meant & I did not care to ask him what he did mean.

I saw Sue North come to the door just at that moment & I told him I wd make her sing a song for him if he had time to stay as he had not heard her the night before. "Yes, do." She came in & I got her to sing "Bird of Beauty." I mentioned "Robert, toi que j'aime" but she begged off, saying she wd bring over the music & sing it at night.

We had a very pleasant walk together save for the Yankees. We walked down on the Battery. The Yankees were strutting about, measuring this & examining that.



I brought back a piece of the great gun wh I am thankful to say the Confederates burned before they left.

Sue & I talked of many things. I like her very much. We begged some flowers & as we walked home she told me to put the hyacinths in my hair with some snowdrops & to put on my blue dress. It showed she cared for me & I liked it on that account. "Do you care what I wear on me?" I said, just to receive her answer.

Carrie told me that Mr Hayward was coming round that night. Sally Quincy & Eliza Stanson came to spend the evening as I was going the next day we supposed. Sue came & sang exquisitely as usual. I called to Mr Hayward to introduce him to her & he stood & talked to me wh I did not intend. I spoke of matters & things in general touching very lightly on the War, we both avoided it.

I told him there was something I wanted him to do when I had gone, & asked him if he wd do it, wh he promised to do. I asked him if he ever read novels, he said he had read three, I think, in the last three days. I was surprised at it & told him so, saying that I hadn't thought he wd have been a novel reader at all. He asked why. I told him I had fancied he was a very grave, quiet sort of person who wd hardly read a novel.

I then told him it was a novel I wanted him to read. Asking him if he had ever read "Beulah,"<sup>9</sup> I found he was a great admirer of it, having read it 4 times, & I [] very great admirer of Miss Evans, so I think the seed will have good ground to fall upon. I told him he must not think the opinions of the writer were all endorsed by me that I wd banish every <illegible> epithet & all the hatred from the book. He said he was very glad to hear it & added that he thought I felt very much as he did about the war, that the feelings were alike. I said, "Yes sir, on the different sides. I think we do." "Yes, on the different sides, but I think you wd be for having the war conducted on the principles of humanity," & went on speaking on the subject.

He spoke to me of Willie Whittle. He seems very much attached to him. They were classmates & also spoke of Cousin William. He said Willie ranked as a first class officer at Annapolis. He says the feeling to a classmate is almost the same as to a brother.

We talked a good portion of the evening, part of the time Capt. Tower was also taking to me. I do not know how he came to say it, but he said, "He was proof against new influences." Mr Hayward looked up at him two or three times after he said it & Capt. T. looked very hard at him. I did not well understand it but I fancy Capt. T. rather fears the effect of my sentiments over Mr H.'s mind. Not my influence, but the

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<sup>9</sup>*Beulah!* by Augusta Jane Evans Wilson, a popular contemporary novelist.

influence of Southern sentimentality expressed by me. I am glad he cannot prevent his reading Macaria anyway. I have noticed his coming into the conversation & trying to mar the effect whether by ridicule or otherwise when it seems to startle Mr Hayward into thoughtfulness.

Mr H. said he had often thought of our last Sunday's conversation since & had feared he had treated the subject too lightly but that it was only his manner with everything, that he had seen how much I felt what I said. I told him Yes that I had felt it so much as not to sleep till nearly daylight in consequence of it, but that I did not think he had treated the matter at all lightly, that on the contrary I had been struck with the respect with wh both Capt. T. & himself had treated my opinions, though differing from theirs. That some gentlemen seemed to think if a lady went below the surface of things either that she was trespassing upon a province that did not belong to her or meddling with things that she did not understand. He said that when that was the case he always suspected the acquaintance of the gentleman upon the subject in question. I said, "No, I know it to be the case with some intelligent men," & spoke of Dr S.

I told him that I hoped he knew that I did not give him Macaria to read to worry him. He said oh! it wd not worry him. I told him no, but I wanted him to know I did not give it to him with that wish. He gave me one of his beautifully simple, earnest manly looks, & said No he knew I wd not do that. He must be several years older than I am, but I believe he is much younger in feeling. There is about him the freshness & enthusiasm of youth. I feel as if I were talking to a younger brother when with him. I believe him to be profoundly ignorant of the true nature of the mighty contest in wh we are engaged & I believe were his eyes once opened he wd be as ardently for the south as I am. God grant Macaria to be the instrument to open them.

He says he is no politician & hopes never to be one. I told him that I almost thought every man & every woman ought to be well versed in the politics of our country but I thought that with men it was undoubtedly the case. I did not say that I thought no man ought to take a sword in his hand at such a time as this without deep study as to the right. I told him that these were delicate questions that involved mighty issues. It was about this time that Capt. T. said he was proof against new influences.

In speaking of Macaria I told him it was not intended as an argument for the South, that it was written for Southern, not Northern people & was meant but as an exponent of Southern feeling, that the dedication wd show him its intent. I got the book & handed it to him. He read it & then very gravely said, "I am afraid that will never be." "No, you are not afraid of it, Mr Hayward."

Kate & himself got to talking about the War later in the evening when I was at the piano. As I played, Capt. T. sitting by me, I said, "Why do not you give me the benefit of your criticism sometimes?" Alluding to his telling Kate to play slower the other day. "Because I am satisfied," he said. "Oh! I wd not take that for what it is worth I suppose," I, not very politely, replied. He did not answer that but said he had criticized me the other day. He had said that I do a great deal more with my left hand than I did, that I cd play more like a man than a woman if I used my powers. He asked me later to play the Monastery Bells again so after Sue went I went back in the parlor with Kate & Carrie.

Mr H. & Kate were talking politics. I tried to stop it. Mr H. told her that she wd not sleep if she talked of it & said that he cd talk much better to me, that I was so cool. I played the Monastery Bells, Capt. T. coming up & sitting by me. Then I touched the first notes of the "Shower of Pearls" knowing it to be a favorite of his. "Yes, play it." So I played it, & then we sat at the piano & talked. We went up quite late to bed as we thought it my last night.

The next morning at breakfast I came in late & had to take my seat facing six officers. Capt. T. talked to me across the table & Mr H. himself lingered after all the rest had gone & talked to us. Capt. T. wanted Mrs Finney to ride to the market in his buggy, wh Mrs F. tried to excuse herself from doing. Mr H. tried to help her out of it, understanding it. At first Capt. T seemed disposed to make a point of it, but gave it up with some remark about his not being respected enough to ride with.

Being the 4th of March<sup>10</sup> they wanted to have a grand dinner & some officers were invited. We dipped into the basket of apples as soon as they came. Capt. T. brought in some flowers. He handed one bunch to me. I looked at it but did not choose to consider it given to me. "Take it," he said rather roughly, for I expect he understood my not taking it. I took it without thanking him. He gave one to Kate & one to Carrie. I thought of putting some of them in my hair as I usually wear flowers but I took them out on account of the day.

At dinner everything was rather quiet, rather tame, I thought they all seemed to find it. As the asparagus was handed to me, I declined. Capt. T. made some remark about them. I said yes they were nice, but I preferred spinach. He said, "Then I am disappointed for I got them, thinking you wd like them." After we left the room he sent upstairs three glasses of wine & a plate of apples to us. At night Lieutenant Adams came in not at all himself. I left the room. Capt. T. came & found us in the dining

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<sup>10</sup>Inauguration day for Lincoln's second term.

room & talked a long time to me, very seriously. He spoke of his baptism when he was 8 & said he was confirmed at 23. I think he is one not far from the Kingdom of God though he seems to think himself past hope. He is certainly very earnest & manly in owning his belief.

March 6th 1865

Yesterday morning Capt. T. asked me if I was going to Ch. I told him yes & hurried out of the room to prevent his asking me to go with him. He took the hint & did not go with us. It is Com[munion] Sunday & I was very glad to be able to receive the Com.

At night Sue came over & played many hymns for us. Mr Hayward & myself talked a great deal. During the evening I said, "Mr Hayward! if you must come to Norfolk before the war is over do come & see us?" He said he wd do so. Afterwards I asked him if he wd have come without my asking him. "I don't know," he said. "I can't tell how I sd have felt after I reached Norfolk. I sd have liked very much to have come - how much, I hardly like to say & I believe I wd have been received, but I wd have hated awfully to have been refused" & he looked indeed as if he wd. He gave me full warning that he thought it very probable he wd be in Norfolk. I cd not resist the temptation to ask him but I wonder how Father will like my bringing such company to his house but he is such a perfect gentleman & has acted in such a gentlemanly way as a conqueror here that I really made up my mind to ask him.

I had quite a shock yesterday evening - oh! by the way for the morning going to Church, Kate, Eliza Stanson, Sallie Finney & I were together, when whom sd we see but Judge Cooly coming down the street after us. We walked very rapidly to the corner & then ran & yet he was so determined that he caught up with Sallie & joined her asking why we were in such a hurry, well he paid me at night. He came in the room with an officer & standing him right by me announced "Capt. Whittle!" I looked at Mr Hayward & said, "What a dose for me!" He seemed very much amused at my perturbation. Immediately persons wanted to know if he were a relation. Capt. Tower came up & asked me about it. I told him certainly not, that I had not a relation north of Mason & Dixon's line.

Later in the evening this Capt. Whittle asked for an introduction to me. He had already been introduced once so I did not think there was a need for a repetition. Sallie said do say yes, so I did so & she introduced him. I immediately said politely on his referring to the name that I had not relatives at the North. He very quietly said that he had met a Mr Whittle in Louisiana, had had very pleasant times at his house. I said Yes

(Carrie & Frank) & they had been trying to trace the degree of relationship, very coolly assuming the disputed point. He was a very gentlemanly-looking person - Sue North says he is like me!!

This morning when I came down to the breakfast table, Mr Hayward said that Capt. Tower must make his peace with me. I said I did not know it had been broken. It seems the boat was to go today from Hilton Head, not on Wednesday, as we had supposed, so I lost my passage this week. Mr H. seemed very sorry for me.

This morning I learnt a German lesson & wrote some verses to Gondoliers for Sue. She said she was delighted to hear I was not to go so soon. She made me a very pretty cravat bow on Saturday. I believe she really likes me, Mr H. & herself like each other very much I saw last night. He says he wishes all women had a voice like Miss North. Today in a note from her she said, "I like Mr Hayward extremely," so today after dinner I gave him a piece of poetry call[ed] "The Men" to read, thoroughly Southern, & after I knew it had made him feel badly I gave him Sue's note to read. She had asked me if I knew where she cd get any U.S. stamps & he asked if she had gotten them & then if I thought he cd venture to give her some, so he gave me what he had & I sent them to her.

March 7th '65

Last night I did not feel well & came up before the rest. This morning had rather a political discussion with Capt. T. - says two years from now my eyes will be opened to the motives of the Southern leaders. Had quite a long chat with Mr Hayward as he thought it might be the last time he saw me, he asked me where I lived in Norfolk. I thought of Father. Of course we got on politics. He asked me if it was not impertinent for him to enquire but what I wd do if the South failed. I told him that Father said he wd never stay in this country in such an event, & I wd on no account remain here unless I hoped by my presence to be able to do all in my power to keep alive the spirit of resistance to the ruling government.

**CHAPTER VII**  
"General Lee has surrendered"

Private Journal  
of  
Cloe Tyler Whittle  
Norfolk, Virginia  
March 22nd, 1865

New York, March 22nd 1865

A most delightful day spent with Mrs G. This morning after helping Miss Maury about the breakfast things, reading some of "The A<illegible> Women of the Family," in Littell, chating, I went to Church with Miss M. Dr Hantes preached a very interesting lecture on prayer, as a means of grace. After Church we joined Mrs G. Miss M. was walking ahead & I took the opportunity of speaking to Mrs G. of the subject most interesting to us both, telling her I had suspected her feeling, the previous Sunday when in her pew. Our little talk made us both like each other so much that she told Mrs Maury that she must spare me to her for today to wh arrangement I willingly acceded. I had made an engagement at breakfast however, with Mr Tobin Maury, to go & see Miss Draper this evening, so I told Mrs G. that I must try & be back in time for that.

After a little shopping we all proceeded to Mrs G's where Miss Maury took luncheon with us. A snow white tablecloth & long-fringed napkins, a dainty silver service, wh produced the most delightful tea, a fresh loaf of bread, a small cake of butter, a dish of meat & one of preserved quinces, to be eaten out of infinitismally small saucers, with little silver spoons with salt bowls, all looked luxurious in the extreme to eyes accustomed to Confederate simplicity - often pine tables, earthen-ware dishes & tin

cups, while the silver is buried underground & the china & linen sent off to a safer locality.

The dining room itself was the picture of comfort; a marble mantle, with a low, open fire place, surmounted by a tall mirror, rose wood beaufet & sideboard, three windows, draped with green curtains, a green & white carpet underfoot & green leather chairs completed the furniture of the apartment. By folding doors it opened into the parlors, wh were separated & yet connected by arches, supported by pillars. The parlors, covered with velvet carpeting of a bright pattern, with deep bordering, were furnished with blue brocatelle furniture, with trimmings of maroon velvet. Low book cases of a peculiar form, a centre table on wh lay a few books, vases of rare flowers, a rich looking plate holding *Camelia Japonicus*, of red & white, set in grass, tall mirrors & curtains of blue finished the room.

In the midst of all the surrounding luxury Mrs G. was the same simple, unaffected warm-hearted woman, who had so taken my fancy when I met her in Church, in her deep mourning dress. "The Christian woman" is unmistakably written on her. Can anything out of heaven, be nobler than the character of one who is a true woman & true Christian! I have often thought, sad as it was to think that I had never met one who came up to my ideal of a lady - Mrs G. does - no higher praise is it in my power to bestow. Were she toiling for her daily bread, as was so many of her Southern sisters, instead of the possession of that fugitive thing, wealth, anywhere wd an appreciating eye mark her as nature's gentlewoman.

After Miss M. went Mrs G. proposed for us to go up in her rooms, saying that now we cd speak unreservedly. Up the long flight of stairs we went & into Miss G's room. Out of it on either side opened chambers, all softly carpeted & richly, yet simply furnished. I think the furniture of her house is a fair criterion of the mistress's character. There is nothing flashy; no senseless ornaments; no cramming of unnecessary things in the rooms, everything, though elegant, has a use; the colors harmonize, the ornaments are few; in every room books such as a Christian tries to read lie on the tables, not many but one or two everywhere. In her own room a well used Prayer Book & Bible with the mark to put in at the Lessons for today lay on the table, for I read them when she left me to tend to some business.

Afterwards we sat & talked in a little sitting room near her room - a dear little room, only large enough to hold a prettily-shaped writing desk or cabinet, an arm chair & three other chairs all of pale blue. A canary hung in the window. "Write ye this woman childless" - such has been the decree of God & she, with her sweet, woman's heart must sit day after day in the quiet house, never hearing the welcome pattering of

children's feet upon the stairs, never feeling the gentle pressure of little arms around her neck. Certainly, God's thoughts are not as our thoughts. I might search the world over & not expect to find a woman better qualified to guide immortal beings on their pilgrimage from earth to heaven & yet God, in his infinite wisdom, has not seen fit to intrust her with that vast responsibility, so little thought of, so little cared for.

Long & earnestly did we talk, till the shades of evening came on, then we went down into the parlor. After a while Mr G. came in bringing a friend to dine with him. I suppose about 6 we dined. Four or five courses were brought on the table, a custom that I do not like, soup, dinner & dessert consumes as much time as it is at all to spend at the table. About 8 Mrs G & I left the dining room. Mrs G. proposed our sitting on the sofa together to talk. As I sat down it was on my lips to say what a treat it was to have met her when she said how strange it seemed that sometimes when one wished to learn to know another, it seemed impossible to accomplish it even after a long & seemingly intimate acquaintance & then again with another the knowledge wd seem to come in a moment that she felt as if she had known me for a long time; again we sat & talked earnestly, sometimes sadly, but generally with a calm hopefulness. Mr Walker came in for me & after making one ineffectual effort to go, I at last set out, parting with a kiss from Mrs G, who said, "But I will see you before you go."

Arrived at Miss Maury's I found Mrs Arthur had called to see me. She is the daughter of Capt. William Lewis Herndon, the gallant commander of the Baltic, who lost his life in his noble efforts to save life, refusing to leave his vessel till all the passengers were saved. He was called after Aunt Fannie's husband, & was dearly loved by Aunt F. who has described to me the noble way in wh his daughter took his death, in a way worthy of such a father, though devotedly attached to him, yet calmly & heroically did she bear up under the awful shock. Miss Maury thought I ought to call on her on Aunt Fannie's account so I went the other day. I was very much pleased with her. She is a Virginian, & a true one & a simple, unaffected woman; entirely free from N.Y. ostentation besides. She reminds me somewhat of Mrs G. but the latter is my favorite, perhaps because she is better grounded upon my darling theme.

I also found here a note of farewell from Miss Maury & a sweet affectionate note of welcome home from Eliza Sharp. She says though that Evelyn regrets having left the South "preferring bodily privations to mental suffering, wh abound here." She says I am coming to anything but a bed of roses. I have given no account of my going here, nor doings since here, that I will do, nothing preventing tomorrow, as it is very late tonight, after two. I do not know when I was last up so late.



New York, Friday March 24th.

Mrs Arthur came to see me yesterday, also Mrs H. - I was out both times. I expect to leave tomorrow.

Norfolk, Thursday, March 30th 1865.

Again in my old home, but I must give a detailed account now of my trip as a whole.

The last four days in Charleston passed pretty much as the rest had done. On Friday night Mr H. came up from the Island, was 5 hours in coming. Kate & one or two of the girls & myself were standing in the dining room talking when Carrie came in saying "Girls! I met a ghost" ushering in Mr H. He said "Good evening," & to me who was standing nearest him "Allow me to prove that I am not a ghost, Miss Whittle," extending his hand as he spoke. I shook hands with him & he lent on the pier table & talked. As usual I felt perfectly out of sorts that night. In the morning I wd wake up feeling pretty fresh but as the day wore on the constraint I was under, the irritating presence of the Yankees, all combined made me grow more & more out of spirits until at night I was generally good for nothing, but was a constant source of conversation to Capt. Tower, who I do not believe ever lost sight of me for five minutes together. He kept a watch on my books & feelings like a mother over a sick child.

Feeling especially so that night I declined playing but some time after Mr H. who had wanted me to play before, looked over to me, got up & arranged the chair for me & then crossed over the room to enforce his wishes by his presence, I suppose, doing all with such a quiet way of assuming that he wd be obeyed, that I got up & went to the piano. As I rose Capt. Tower, who had been sitting by me with his head leant back & his eyes shut, said, "You know what I want you to play." "The Monastery Bells' I suppose," I said, but did not play that at first. I soon slipped off to bed, leaving them all down stairs. I heard peals of laughter from the party after I left.

Mr H. had advised me to go the next day, saying he thought it very imprudent to wait until Monday. I knew that Capt. T. had spoken to him about going down with me to Hilton Head, but I had not heard anything more of it. I told him that Capt. T said he had a great mind to take a Steamer & carry me down himself. I saw him draw in his lip, a peculiar way that he has. He said, "It is impossible, Miss Whittle, he cannot possibly be spared from here for a day, he cd not possibly go." That made me feel worse than ever, the idea of travelling alone. Capt. T. soon came in & said, shaking hands with Mr H, that the sight of him was good for sore eyes. Capt. T asked him if he wd be able to

go down with me. He said that he wd not, so I was left to look forward to the trip alone.

I took no part in the conversation that went forward between them. When I was at the piano Sue North said something to Mr H. I believe asking him if he were going to take charge of me to Hilton Head. I hated to have him say again that he was not, so I quickly [] that he was not to have such a troublesome charge, said I felt very much like getting Capt. Tower to go with me but knew he cd not be spared from Charleston. Mr H. said, in a very dubious tone, as if he thought the proposition wd most likely be refused & not looking at me at all, speaking to Sue North, "I tell you, Miss North, what I cd do - of course with Miss Whittle's permission - I cd ask our Fleet Captain & I think he wd certainly let me go down to Hilton Head with her." What under the sun then did he mean by telling Capt. Tower he cd not go? I believe he thought I meant to stop his going by telling him about Capt. Tower. What a funny game of hide & seek it had like to have been. I told him on his saying this, very simply that I wd be very glad if he cd go but said something about the trouble. He said he was very much obliged to me for letting him go. So it was decided that he sd ask for the leave of absence.

The next day I read a good deal of Joseph II & his Court expecting to be summoned at any moment but the boat did not come in, all day long. At night Carrie & I played chess & Mr H. sat by me in a rocking chair. It was this night that I left early & went to bed. Capt. Tower usually managed to keep people alive in some way or other & that night he seemed out of sorts & did not stay in the parlor at all, so I felt more than ever depressed. When the girls came up to bed I was still awake &, as usual, we got to talking. I said that I thought Kate was Mr H's favorite, that I did not think he liked me much, that I was Capt. T's I know, but I thought she was Mr H's. "Oh! of course you are Capt. Tower's favorite," she said, but declared how much Mr H. liked me, that he had been talking of me after I left the room, that he asked after me she said he said I was the most intelligent woman he had ever met & it was just the sort of intelligence he liked.

The next morning when I came down stairs I went into the dining room Capt. Tower was there. As I was going out of the room he said, "Hayward says you heard one of my bursts yesterday evening," alluding to the way in wh he had spoken to Jim about his horse. I do not think I made any reply but I wanted afterwards to have had an opportunity of speaking to him on the subject. On going into the parlor Mr H offered me the rocking chair, wh I declined. He said I had been a runaway the night before. I told him I had not felt well, that it was on that account I had declined playing at first. He said something about "our" boat coming in.

After breakfast a Mrs Cahill who had come in here came up to Mrs Finney's. I understood Mr H. to say that she wd most probably not leave till the next day. I happened to mention when talking to him in the piazza that I did not intend to go to Church. However, afterward I did go to a church with Carrie. A Yankee chaplain preached & he did not dose us with war sentiments though indeed disguised, but he was so determined to liken this "rebellion" in every respect to the conduct of services against God, that he actually spoke of the "minority" who, rebelling, wd be lost, not exactly the Scripture doctrine.

On our way home, we met Mr Vincent, who crossed over, & joining us, said Mr H. had sent him for me, that the boat was to leave at 1 o'clock, & the carriage was to come in a few moments for me. I disliked very much going on Sunday but I had prayed that if it were meant for me to go on that day, I might not have the opportunity, but the opportunity was afforded me so I availed myself of it. When I was near Mrs Finney's we saw Mr H. & Mr Hanson, Mrs Finney's brother, coming to meet us. I did not know how to do about meeting them, I was very much afraid they wd walk with us & Mr H. too looked very much confused. He said "Bear a hand, Miss Whittle," & then said "Excuse me" & told me there was need to hurry. I did not at all understand the naval phrase, wh I suppose was the first that occurred to him when he was confused. He referred to it afterwards in an apologetic way. Carrie however explained what he meant & he turned quickly round & walked off with Mr S. leaving us to follow.

Arrived at Mrs F's I found that she, at Mr H.'s suggestion, had had my trunk & carpet bag brought down in the piazza. It seemed really queer for Mr H. to have so much the direction of my affairs. He had taken me at my word that I cd be ready at 5 minutes warning to go to where he had said when I told him so, "Now the idea, Miss Whittle, of telling me that a lady cd be ready to start on a journey of 700 miles on 5 minutes notice!" My reply was, "Try the experiment then!" "Indeed I will not. I will give you all the time I possibly can." But it has come to it after all.

I put my Bible & Prayer book in the piazza, ran up & got my tucking comb, settled with Mrs Finney & announced myself as ready. The carriage had driven up while I ran up for my comb, so I asked Mr H. if he wished to go that moment, alluding to my taking leave of the party at Mrs F's. He said there was some moments yet to spare "but let them be moments, Miss Whittle." So I shook hands with all who were in the room, kissed Mrs F, Kate, & Carrie, left a message for Capt. T. saying I regretted not seeing him & then went on & Mr H put me in the carriage. He seemed about to shut the door, so I said, "Are you not coming in too?" fearing that his regard for my feelings

about his uniform might prevent his doing so. "Oh! yes, I will go round to the other door." So with another "Goodbye" to the group at the door I drove off.

Mr H had jumped in the carriage & taken the seat by me as if it were the most natural thing in the world for him to be there, whereas I felt as if I were in the most queer position under the sun, entirely dependent for protection & care, as far as this world was concerned, upon an officer of the Yankee Government. How wd he act? How [] justify the great trust I had reposed in him? If he chose he cd make himself exceedingly annoying by paying me officious attentions, or assuming the role of the beau. He leant his arm around a good deal of the back of the carriage seat, a very promising beginning. I said nothing but sat facing him, so that his arm cd not be in the least behind me & I do not think he kept it there long. "I suppose I must take off these straps," alluding to his uniform. "Oh! no," I said, but thought, "I have another way of obviating that difficulty," & drew my veil over my face. I opened my carpet bag & took out my passes & a roll of money & gave them to him.

Before I left Mrs Finney's, he had told Kate before me that there was a friend of his going down in the boat, who was also going in the Arago to N.Y. "And if Miss Whittle chooses" he said, without looking at me, just as he did when he offered to go to Hilton Head with me, that he cd put me under his care from there. I knew that it was intended for me, thought addressed to Kate; so I answered that I wd like him to do so. As we were riding down to the boat I told him that it was a proof of my confidence in him that I sd prefer travelling under the charge of a friend of his, even though he wore the U.S. uniform, than with Mr Wilson (A civilian who had offered a few days ago to take charge of me from Hilton Head).

I asked him if I had not justified my assertion that I cd be ready at 5 minutes notice. He said that I had indeed, & said that my farewells too were very soon over, "are you always so quiet?" I told him yes & spoke of my parting with Gay, when she went away after her marriage. He said that he cd not do it, that even when parting with one of his brothers he showed far more feeling than he liked, "With everyone except my Father," he said. I asked why he was the exception. "Well! every boy likes to appear a man before his Father."

Arrived at the boat Mr H. got out & left me in the carriage for a moment, but returned immediately & helping me out, he offered me his arm to go to the boat. I took it, again thinking what a queer position circumstances had placed me in. The gangway was very steep; he took one of my hands in one of his & stretched his right arm across, so the least slip wd have thrown me into his arms, but I walked very carefully & did not slip at all. He pushed aside the negro soldiers to make way for me in the crowded boat

& I then first began to realize how much better it was for me to be travelling under an officer's care, of wh I became more & more convinced every moment. The insolent looking soldiers dared not resist an officer's authority. "You see there is some good in a uniform," he afterwards said to me & I frankly admitted that I had derived much benefit from it.

He is a great smoker & he had told me in the carriage that he had not had his smoke & that after he had arranged me comfortably on board he wd go off & smoke. I thought it a promising prospect for me to be left alone but of course seconded it promptly. After we reached the cabin of the boat & I was seated I wanted him to go & smoke, "After the boat gets underway." The cabin was very narrow & I preferred going outside but feared I wd be taking him against his inclination. He got up to see who was out there, & I think, said there were gentlemen, "We can go, if you will allow them to gaze at you, wh they certainly will do?" "Oh! I can easily remedy that with my veil," I answered. So I threw on my veil & we went outside, where Mr H. got me a seat & took one beside me.

I spoke of Capt. Tower & how much I regretted not seeing him, saying that I felt under great obligations to him. Mr H began to apologize for Capt. T.'s language the evening before. I told him that Capt. T. had told me of his having informed him that I had heard him. I said that I cd not help hearing him. Mr H. said everybody in the house cd hear him, that he had lectured him about it & Capt. T. had turned round & lectured him. I said that I thought profanity was the most inexcusable sin, that I suppose every other sin had some pleasure connected with it but this brought no gratification to the one committing it & was the most awful & daring offense against the Almighty, that it was the only sin in the Decalogue of wh, it was emphatically said, "The Lord will not hold him guiltless" who so sins. Mr H. looked very grave.

I said that as I sat & listened to Capt. T. I wondered that I cd feel as kindly as I did towards him when I knew that he wd do such a thing, that I supposed to him (Mr H.) it cd not shock him as it did me, that mingling in the world he must have heard so much of it, it cd hardly make the impression it did on me. He said that he cd never get accustomed to it, that although when very much excited he sometimes made use of words he wd give anything to recall, yet profanity never failed to shock him so much as to render it impossible to prevent speaking to the person about it. I was very much surprised & asked him if he had not managed to retain much more of the freshness of youth than was usual with men of his age. He said, no, he did not think so, "but you are a better judge of that than I can be." I told him that I did think so & added "In some

things I believe you are as sensitive as a woman." He smiled & said "In a thousand, I expect, Miss Whittle."

I asked him repeatedly about going away to smoke after the boat got underway but he put it off. I had told him, soon after coming on board, that whatever he wanted me to do I wished he wd tell me plainly. Before dinner he asked me if I wished to go to the table & I told him no, that I wd prefer not going. "And I had much rather than you sd not," he said. I said, "Now Mr H., why didn't you tell me so at first, without asking me about going?" He said something about giving me the choice. I told him that I thought, when I was under his care, he wd have been very wrong to have let me have gone there (wh I might have done on his account) if I thought I ought not to go.

He tried to get me a stateroom but did not succeed. There was a delicate-looking lady who excited his compassion very much. She was quite pretty. I afterwards found she was a Georgian, only 19 who had married an Englishman, Mr Waldron, & had a baby only 6 weeks old. She told me the next day that when I first came on board with Mr H. she thought it was a Yankee officer & his wife, but soon saw by my manner that that was not the case but she continued to think me a Northerner until we talked together. Mr H., on the contrary, declared her to be a Southerner from the first, says that both by the face & the accent he can always tell a Southerner.

It wd be hard to tell what he was. Sue North said one day that he seemed so much more like Southerner than any of the rest, thought Capt. T. is, for all the world, like a Southerner. I asked him one night, not to be offended but how it was that he had escaped being like a Yankee. He said he expected I had seen but the worst specimens of Yankees. But both Capt. T. & Mr H. have very soft voices, nothing "insinuating" in them though, & gentle, reserved manners, ask very few questions, have nothing prying about them; remarkable specimens of contrast to the rest of the boarders at Mrs Finney's.

Mr H. spoke of Pagie Cooper, saying she is the most beautiful woman he ever saw. He says that he saw a good deal of her from July to October & feels as if he had known her for years. I asked him what sort of person she had grown up to be, for I have not seen her for many years. "She is a brilliant, good girl," was his straightforward answer. In speaking of Macaria I expressed my astonishment that he sd admire the character of Electra so much, that what I particularly disliked about her was her being jealous, that I regarded jealousy as on of the littlest traits of character one cd possess. "It is an accompaniment of love." I told him I denied in toto that it was a necessary accompaniment of true love, that true love was perfectly unselfish, desiring only the good of the beloved, that if the happiness of the loved one cd be better obtained

than by loving in particular direction true love wd never for a moment stand in the way of its being sought where it cd better be obtained. "But how many are capable of loving in that way?" "Very few, it may be," but I told him that it was the same with friendship, that I thought very few friendships deserved the name but surely that does not prove that they are true.

He wd not go in to dinner, said I cd not go into that crowd on any account. At one time he thought he had left my trunk behind in Charleston & without telling me why he hurried off to look for it. It was while the boat was lying off Ft. Sumpter for Mr Brown, Mrs Brown & Miss Brown from N.Y. to go & inspect it. Mr H had asked me before I reached there if I wd not go & see it. I believe I told him I did not care to go there & see it with the U.S. Flag flying over it. He asked me if I wd go if there were no Flag over it, I had not decided on that point when the boat stopt & he finding they had to go in small boats did not himself wish me to go. When he saw the ladies up on the ramparts he said that he knew just where they had gone to get there, through a place where he wd not take any lady.

I read my Prayerbook while he was gone. When he came back he asked me if I was trying to remember it was Sunday. I handed him the book open at the Psalter for the 11th of the month, Morning Prayer & told him to read the first Psalm. I told him that it was the Psalter for the day after the evacuation of Norfolk. He read it. "Yes, there are parts that you must have felt very much," he said, sadly. Capt. T & himself seem to feel so very sorry for me, in view of what both regard as certain the failure of the South. I trust it may be I who will have cause to feel sorry for them.

Every now & then I spoke of his going to smoke, but he still did not go, he said he had not felt the want of either smoking or eating wh he thought was strange as he cd put one in the place of the other. He spoke of Miss P. of Charleston. Neither Capt. T. or himself like her at all, they will not even admit that she is pretty, wh she certainly is. "Now she is a young lady that I cd not bear to hear express any love for the Confederacy," he said. I told him that she had evidently been a spoiled child all her life, petted & flattered for her beauty & I thought that her faults were owing very much to her education.

About twilight just after we were speaking of Pagie Cooper he said he wd go then & take his smoke that he was not going far, just to the stern of the boat. So I returned to my prayer book but an old gentleman, a civilian who had been introduced to me at Mrs F's came up & asking if I was Miss Whittle took the vacant seat by me. Mr H looked round sometimes to see how I was getting on, & after the doctor left he came up & said something to me. I told him I had moved my seat in order to get out of the

perfume of work wh some fine gentlemen were sporting. I told Mr H that he cd sit down on the bench & smoke, that the smoke wd not come my way. He said he had never done such a thing in his life before but I promised to tell him if the smoke came to me, so he sat down.

He had put on his great coat & wanted me to put on my shawl, so as I never wish a gentleman's assistance about wrapping myself up & gave him my veil to keep him still. He said, "You gave me the veil to hold & won't let me help you put on the shawl?" I told him I cd put it on very easily & put it on over curls & all. When it got later, we went into the cabin, but it was very warm so the stay was not long. Again outside Mr H proposed introducing Mr Torburt, a paymaster in the navy, under whose charge I was to travel. He said he thought I had better become somewhat acquainted before I was put under his care, to wh I agreed so he brought him up. Mr T. took the seat by me & Mr H one in front.

Mr T I soon found to be a very gentlemanly person & quite au fait to polite society. He mentioned that he was Marylander. I saw Mr H. turn his face quickly from me & look out on the water. I wondered whether he was afraid of my saying something but I made no reply. I asked him afterwards if he had thought I wd be foolish enough to say anything to Mr T. about it. He said no, <sup>he did not think I wd say anything</sup> but he was amused to think of Mr T.'s mentioning it as if it were a recommendation. I did not know what became of him after a while, he may have gone to try & get me a stateroom for he had said, "I do not like to tax your gallantry, but Miss Whittle ought to have had a stateroom." I answered for Mr H. that he had tried to get me one but had not succeeded & that I never liked staying in staterooms any way if I was able to be on deck.

After he left Mr H & I as usual got into politics. He asked me not to say "our Navy" referring to the Confederacy, not to speak, in short, of politics at all, on board the Arago. I promised him to be very careful. I said, "There is a question I want to ask you, Mr Hayward; I do not know that I ought to do it, but if you think I ought not do not answer it whatever you may think - cd you feel any respect, cd you help feeling a contempt for a Southerner who had been in the Confederacy during this struggle, seen the unparalleled sacrifices, for they are without a parallel in history, wh her children have cheerfully made, witnessed day after day the self-devotion of her people - cd you help feeling a contempt for one who had seen all this & yet cd welcome your troops into Charleston with gladness? I do not speak now of those Southerners who have staid on the Northern side but of one who has been in the South & seen it all!" "Not a contempt, Miss Whittle, but for such a person & the feeling I have for one who can speak of the subject with the candor that you do, there is no comparison."



He went on to say though that he thought a person might be willing that the excitement, danger & privation might be put to an end to by its passing into the hands of the U.S. He asked me what place it was that I had told him to go & see near Beaufort. I told him it was Datha Island. I spoke to him of Gay, of her marriage, of her being but 5 months, out of four years of married life, in her husband's home. I told him of the old oak tree in the Datha cemetery, of Horace's lines "Bury me 'neath the old oak tree," written in his plantation book, wh Gay finding, she wrote some verses "Bury me too neath the old oak tree," & put them in with his, & then I said the lines for him.

We spoke too of slavery. He does not think slavery wrong per se, "but since the President's proclamation I am an Abolitionist." How unfit is to be the tool in the hands of the Lincoln Government to work out their iniquitous decrees! I spoke of the life on the Southern plantations of the instruction of the negroes, of my rising early one morning & looking out on the front avenue of a plantation house & seeing the servants returning home neatly dressed & on inquiry I found that the mistress, whose husband was dead, had prayers every morning for the servants in the chapel, before she had family prayers & attended to her household concerns.

He seemed much interested but said that though he doubted not that was the case in hundreds of cases, that the masters were kind & had the negroes instructed, yet was this not still the exception, were not the majority of cases different. I told him that of course the Christians in any part of the world were the minority & that of course this personal care of the spiritual welfare of the negroes was only found when the master or mistress was a Christian but that the moral effect of religious instruction upon the character of the negroes was so well understood, that it had surprised me no little to find that where the master cared nothing for going to Church or for religion himself, he wd put himself to no small trouble & expense to secure religious instruction for his servants, that it was a tribute to Christianity. I spoke too of the care taken of the physical wants, that it was the owner's interest viewed as mere interest to take care of them. I spoke of their happy faces & merry lives. Of how, on the plantations you wd miss one of the young ladies from the room & presently hear of one of chorus of voices of the little negroes, of how fond they were of singing, & that it was found well to teach them as much as possible in this way, etc. etc.

It was a beautiful night, I do not think I every saw one so beautiful as that night of the 12th of March. The moon seemed to me unusually brilliant & it silvered the waves & the white foam in the wake of the ship. Arrived at Hilton Head Mr T. went to try & get me a room at the hotel, leaving me on board the boat with Mr H. We went in the cabin, & he gave me an armchair & drew up another beside me. There we waited till

Mr T. returned saying it was impossible to get a room at the hotel, that the hotel keeper told him that even the parlor floor was covered with men sleeping. It was 12 when the steamer got in & I sd have felt very uncomfortable with nine gentlemen out of ten but with Mr H. I felt as much at my ease as if he had been my Father or a brother. There was nothing whatever of the young gentleman about him, nothing "beauish," he was as grave & matter-of-fact as possible. I gave myself no manner of concern about the arrangements to be made, left my things for him to settle with Mr Torburt.

The latter proposed that Mr H. sd take me on board the Arago & get me a stateroom there while he looked after the baggage, so I took Mr H's offered arm & went forth with him at one o'clock at night, in a strange place, with the most perfect confidence. A short walk brought us on board the Arago, where Mr H. immediately got the promise of a stateroom for me. I sat & waited & Mr H. walked about, worrying himself about my being kept up so late, wh I told him was perfectly unnecessary. "Now don't you feel tired? Do you not feel worn out?" I assured him I did not. I made him take a cake, one of those Mrs F. had put up for me, but I cd only induce him to take one, he wd scarcely touch them on board the boat, either. After a while Mr Torburt came announcing that the baggage was safe.

Mr, Mrs & Miss Brown had arrived on the Arago bringing men with their arms full of trophies, much to the disgust of Mr Torburt & Mr Hayward, though it only amused me. Mr H., after walking off & inspecting some of them, said, "Wd you believe it! She had brought whole bricks from Sumpter." She had also the variety of Palmetto called Spanish bayonet in abundance, flowers, walking canes, etc.

About two o'clock my stateroom was announced as being ready. Mrs Waldron had come aboard with her baby & Mr H. & Mr T. seemed much annoyed at its crying, Mr H. professed sorrow for it but Mr T. said he had rather hear heavy artillery. The latter said, "Perhaps you will have it for a neighbor." In truth I did & it kept even me, awake sound sleeper as I am, awake. Mr H. carried my carpet bag to the stateroom door for me. He told me not to expect him very early in the morning that he wd come as early as possible but wd attend to the passes first. He asked the stewardess about getting breakfast for me, & made her promise to call me & then, saying Goodnight, went off. I was too tired to undress so I laid down in all my clothes & slept as well as the baby next door wd allow me.

In the morning, I dressed but cd not make up my mind to go alone to the table, so I ate the two or three cakes that were left in the paper & did not go to breakfast. I went out after a while however. No one was there except Mrs Waldron, with her nurse. She tried to raise the piano & I assisted her. I went off & sat down. She began Dixie I

was delighted to hear the familiar tune & immediately suspected she was a Southerner. A waiting man came up immediately who went up & locked the piano. I heard her speaking of it to her nurse & I smilingly asked her if she did not think the tune she had selected might have been the cause of it, though the man did not say so. "Well! they fight with it," she said. We soon made each other aware of our common Southern birth, she a Georgian, I, a Virginian, & I talked a good deal to her before Mr H. came.

At about 11 he came in. I shook hands with him & we sat down & talked of the passes. He said he had been working hard for three hours to get it, that he had been asked a half a dozen times whether I had taken the Oath, that at one time he had almost despaired of being able to prevent my being brought up to the Provost Marshall's office, "And then," he elongated his face in a whimsical way, he said that the letter Capt. T. had gotten for me to the P.M. "though so short & sweet" had had a great effect. He said the clerk positively refused to give the permit without seeing me, that he had asked where the lady was, Mr H. said, "On the Arago," then had to explain how he came to carry me there, for it was against orders. "Well! she must come here." Mr H. said that was impossible, that it was no place to being a lady in all that crowd. "Can't give a permit without seeing the person," was the answer.

Mr H. went to the P.M.G. .He, having the letter, was willing to give me the permit & told Mr H. to tell the clerk to write the pass; the clerk refused to do it. "The truth of the matter is the clerk was right & the P.M.G. wrong, said Mr H. He said that he had not acted the part that he <sup>(Mr H.)</sup> had done without thought, that he had come to the conclusion that such a case wd not occur once in a hundred times, "One thing, Miss Whittle! This is Entre nous, if this is known, to say the least, it might get me into trouble." I told him there was one exception he must make to that request, in the case of Father & Aunt Fannie, that it wd be impossible for them to appreciate properly his kindness to me unless they knew all the circumstances, he said, "You can tell them that I have done what I cd for you, consistently, with my honor as an officer," but I determined to tell them more minutely than that. He said upon the clerk's refusal he had gone back to the P.M.G. & he had written a positive order to the clerk to write me a pass free, so accordingly he did so but refused to sign it, so it was signed by the P.M.G. himself.

Mr H said, "There is one word you must not look very hard at, there." I read it over carefully, but cd not see anything amiss, & said so. Mr H pointed to the word "Refugee." "And what is a Refugee?" "One claiming U.S. protection." I told him that it made not an iota of difference to me what they chose to call me, that they might put what they liked on the pass. He said he wd much have preferred my paying my

passage, as he knew I wd prefer it (in wh he was mistaken, as I was not perfectly sure about my finances holding out for such an <sup>extended</sup> trip &, as I told him, I did not care an iota what the Yankees chose to call me) but that it was impossible for him to raise a point about such a thing, as it wd have immediately led to suspicion.

He then asked me again about not talking at all on the subject of politics. I told him I believed he wd be glad if I was bound by that Oath. "I wd indeed," & he went on to say that it was not such an Oath as wd not be null if Norfolk was ever given up by treaty, in short he wants me to be kept out of mischief in the mean time. He more than half admitted that he thought he was aiding a dangerous character, I told him that I cd do more good a great deal by being in the Confederacy than in Norfolk, that if the authorities sent me across the lines they wd only be putting me where I was not quite sure I ought not to be now.

He seems to have his suspicions fully aroused on every point he spoke of F. of T. letters, wondered whether they were subjected to any test, "of course if they were not it wd be easy to write so that the writing might not be seen. I said of course it wd destroy the texture of the letter if they were subjected to chemical experiments, as there were numerous methods that wd be hard to trace. He enlarged upon the fact that any discoveries that were made of illicit correspondence wd lead to the suppression of that mode of communication, altogether. I was inwardly amused at his covert lecture, but listened to him with all the gravity imaginable.

He asked if I had been to breakfast, seeming to expect an affirmative of course. In my replying that I had not, he straightened himself up suddenly & actually scolded me & said he intended to speak to the stewardess about it. I told him that she was not to blame at all that she had come to tell me. I told him I wd go to dinner, "Yes, you must," was his emphatic reply, "but," & he began again about my not going to breakfast. After a while I went up on deck with him & then he began on the same subject, said he cd not get over my not having had breakfast. "Don't you feel hungry?" he asked. I told him, "No." He said I had taken hardly any breakfast the day before at Mrs Finney's that he had noticed I left the table very soon, that I had had no dinner & no supper & now "no breakfast," it must have been a very huge breakfast for him as it seemed, to use the children's phrase, "to stick in his throat" so. He did not seem to regard the bundle of cakes as anything.

As he & I leant on the railing of the ship, looking to the village of Hilton Head, we spoke of our political conversations. I said I had not thought I wd have ever met with persons, fighting against the South, to whom I wd have condescended to have spoken on the subject of the cause of the South, that it was not everyone to whom I wd

so speak. He said that he, on his part, had never expected to have spoken on these subjects with anyone at the South, that he had never expected to have met one who cd speak so coolly as I did, "there are few who cd do it," he added. I went to dinner with Mrs Waldron, whose husband was absent in the village.

After dinner Mr Hayward returned, after talking a while he asked me if I was lonesome. I told him I was not & spoke of Mrs Waldron, "because I was thinking of running away," he said, & told me that he thought of going on board one of the ships, that there were good accommodations there, very different from what Mr T. & himself had had for the night before. I told him by all manner of means to go, so presently he set off. I was sorry to have him go, of course, but wanted to have him make himself comfortable, as he had so much trouble on my account.

Not expecting to see him again till the next morning, I was not a little surprised to see him back in a few moments. He said Mr Torburt wd not let him leave him. I told him that I cd not help being glad to see him. I was speaking of my leaving Norfolk & he said he had wondered why I had left it & if it were not impertinent for him to seek to know he wished I wd tell him. I told him I left to recruit my health & then I began to tell him of my coming out on the F. of T. It was a long story & I told it on deck, sitting on one of the settees. I told him of Capt. Dodge's kindness to Grace & myself.

As we were sitting there, he said "I am very sorry you do not like the uniform, Miss Whittle," looking a little - well, it is hard to say what, as he said it. I answered, quietly, "I like the wearer, Mr Hayward, & that is more important." "Yes, you have had patience with me so far," he said. He had spoken of the fact that only an officer was allowed to come & go from the ship & afterwards said he "wd ask me to go & hear the music on shore if" something or other. "Cd I go?" I asked. He touched one of his shoulder straps, as an answer. "Then I wd like to go," I answered, for I wanted to get solid ground under my feet in place of the rocking vessel, so I started off with him. Under the reflection from the glorious U.S. uniform, the guards passed me without question, & it was a treat to be on land again.

After walking the whole length of the long wharf & starting in the direction of the music to the astonishment of both it began to rain & we took shelter in the porch of some Government house. I was glad that Mr H declined positively the repeated offers for me to walk in & after a few moments he pronounced it had stopped sufficiently to walk on. But the rain had broken up the band & after walking past the place where they played & some more drops of rain falling I proposed to turn & we retraced our steps to the vessel, wh I did not leave again till the middle of the day on Friday, that was Tuesday afternoon.

On the way back we met a party of Confederate deserters. Mr H. appeared to take no notice of them but I asked them if they were not such. "Yes, a few." I asked if they were to be put into their army. "No, not unless they choose to go." Arrived on the steamer the stewardess told me in her usual, courteous way that if I wanted any supper I had better go down & get it. Of course Mr H. was shocked at the idea of his keeping me from my supper. He seems to think I am to be fed like a fattening turkey. I told him Good night & went down to tea.

After tea sat & talked with Mr & Mrs Waldron & a Mr Cox, also English, until I felt so tired I went to bed. That night I regularly undressed & went to bed, not intending to do so after the vessel put out to sea. The next morning after breakfast I read the Psalter I believe till Mr Hayward came. I told him I had begun to think he had taken French leave. "How," he said, seeming surprised that I could think he would do such a thing. I told him from his saying about disliking so much to say Goodbye. He seemed greatly astonished but answered very politely to suit the occasion, saying something about when a person was as cool as I was, it helped him through. Altogether it was a most ridiculous & mal-a-propos speech on my part, it looked as if I was conceited enough to fancy Mr H. would really care for parting with me, which it was certainly not my intention to express, but I have heard of persons carrying a dislike of farewells to such an extreme as to feel badly at parting with a mere stranger but what under the sun he made of my speech I cannot imagine.

We sat & talked of various things. He opened his pocket book to put it & gave me also the money I had given him. I got him to give a portion to Mr Torburt when he returned. He held me his pocket book to read a few words written on it. On the red lining of leather was written, "No. 20 Bush Street, Norfolk." I said, "Oh! yes," but told him that the Boush was spelt "B-o-u-s-h." "Who would ever have thought of such a thing?" he said. I told him it was a proper name & the street was called after the first husband of my Grandmother,<sup>1</sup> who lived in the house in which we now live. He took out of the pocket book a card to Nible's Gardens. "There must be some associations connected with that," I said, not intending to ask a question. "Only I went there with Miss Pagie," he said, with an air as innocent as a child, as if there may not be a great deal in an "only."

As he was standing up to go, I told him that I hoped he would bring Mrs Hayward or one of the Misses Hayward over to me in Norfolk sometime or other. The remark would have done well enough but what must I, very foolishly, do but look confused as I

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<sup>1</sup>Jno. Boush.

said it. He did not smile but said gravely that he expected it wd be a long time before one of the Miss Haywards wd be likely to be in Norfolk. He spoke of Mr Waldron, said he looked as young as his wife. I said he was in his 22nd year. "Twenty-two & has a wife, if I live to be thirty I will not have one!" "Yes!" I said, "he has the cares of a family upon his shoulders."

I asked Mr H. if there was anything he wd like me to do for him, that if it involved sacrifices on my part, I wd not regret it, that it might show how much I appreciated his kindness, that he might not know of anything now but if he ever did. As he was about to speak, I said "Of course letting alone the subject of politics," suspecting some allusions to F.of T. letters or something of the kind. "Must not?" he said, "then," bending down, "look upon me as a friend." The request was so unexpected, so straightforward & so congenial to my own feeling, that it please me very much, & looking up at him with the same frankness, agreed & added, "& you must look upon me as a friend." I said, "There is one thing I wanted to ask you, Mr Hayward, if the South was successful cd you still continue to regard me as a friend?" "Yes, & thousands more," he said. "You cd?" I asked. "I know you cd if you were successful, that wd be the time of trial for me, but I think I cd still continue to look upon you as a friend but cd you?"

In answer he told me of an agreement that had been entered into by three of his friends & himself years ago, that each one sd invite each other of the three to his wedding, & they were bound to come. He said he had determined if he were married during the war to fulfill his part of the agreement - two of them are on each side of the contest. When we had been talking some time before of the result of this war, I said that I had never felt bitter but I was afraid if the South failed I wd find that was a root of bitterness there wh wd spring up. "No, Miss Whittle, read that," pointing to the Prayer Book, lying in my lap, "& the other & you will never feel bitter," was his answer.

Speaking of looking upon him as my friend I told him that I had always wanted a gentleman friend & he was the first. He did not answer & I did not fancy it altogether pleased him. Some how or the other his request had put me perfectly at my ease with him, wh I had hardly been since my unfortunate speech about farewells. But he was going, so I shook hands with him. I was very sorry to part with him; very little was said however. I did not get up from my seat; he walked off some distance & then returning talked a little while to a servant who was standing near me & then went off without another word, or even a look towards me. I cd not make up my mind whether he was sorry to part with me or glad to be rid of the trouble. Certainly when I went on deck with Mrs Waldron some time after he was still there talking to a gentleman, when

of course he cd have been with me if he chose. I did not bow to him as I passed him, for I was fearful of appearing to call him to me.

We went the other side of the vessel & sat down. Mr Waldron & Mr Cox were with us. Very soon Mr Torburt came up to talk to me. I introduced him to Mrs Waldron. Presently Mr H. was going to leave the ship. Mr T. said "Has Hayward told you 'Goodbye.'" "Yes," I said. I want to see him a moment before he goes," said Mr T. so he went up & spoke to him. Not even a glance, or a bow to me & he left the ship - rather queer, I thought. Mrs Waldron soon went down & I, after her.

I read Don Carlos by Schiller & tried to keep off sea sickness. Had Mr Torburt had the sense or the inclination whichever was wanting, the latter most probably, to keep me on deck I do not think I wd have been sick but I think he regarded taking charge of me as of hardly any importance save to oblige Mr H. I had promised the latter to go to every meal that I cd & to eat something at every meal if it were possible, so I went to dinner with Mr Torburt who came for me. It seems as Mr T. laughingly told me that the stewardess was disposed to dispute his right to enquire after me, asking where "the other" was. Mr T. told her that he had gone off & he was in charge of me now. I felt badly at the dinner table & dared not stay & I did not reach the stateroom much too soon.

I did not get out of my berth from Tuesday evening till Thursday morning, nor out of the stateroom till the afternoon. I was not sick much but I felt dizzy when I sat up & I did not think Mr T. cared whether I staid in or came out, so I chose the easier way. I received from him & sent to him a message sometimes, I sent him word on Thursday that I wd like to go on deck that evening, so he appeared accordingly. He made himself rather agreeable, told me of a time when Gen., Mrs & Miss Tilghman were prisoners on his ship, of the airs of the ladies, Mrs T. refusing to pour out his coffee in his cabin. He said he was not surprised at the young lady but he wd have thought her mother, from her age, wd have had more sense. He said the Gen. was very affable & that in a short time the ladies also "came round," he taking no notice of their airs. He said that he expected they had been sent to his ship because he was a Marylander, that it might be thought more pleasant for them, they also being from Maryland. I wonder if a Marylander on the Yankee side does not know what a contempt is felt for him by southerners.

We spoke of the flashing of the waves under the keel of a ship in tropical waters. To my surprise he said it cd be seen as high as that & promised to bring me up to see that night. After tea I talked to Mrs Schufarry from Phil[adelphia] until Mr T. came. The water looked very pretty with the phosphoric flashes in it. I staid some time



& looked at it then walked up & down on deck with Mr T. but did not stay very long. One more night & the next morning we were in sight of land before I left my stateroom. I packed up all my things & then went out met Mr T., with whom I went on deck.

It was arranged that we were to go on the 11:30 train. He was to stop at Phil., I to go on to Balt. Mr H. had told me that he had made Mr T. promise to write word how I had gotten through N.Y. Mr T. told me that if I had any difficulty in passing through Balt. in consequence of their offering me the Oath, that I had better go to Barnum's & ask for one of the proprietors, tell him exactly how matters stood & I wd be sure to find a friend, that they were thought to be so disloyal (!) that at one time the Federal Officers were forbidden to go there.

When the vessel neared the wharf the Stars & Stripes were flaunting full in my face, as if in mocking of the child of the South who came with so heavy a heart to the Northern Shores. I thought of how untouched they had been by the war, of their exultant feelings at the turn affairs had lately taken, of the prison we passed in the harbor where our brave Confederates were immured & altogether felt good for nothing.

The vessel lay at the wharf Mr T. had gone to look after my baggage & I was sitting on the pilot house steps when a gentleman came up to present me with a letter <sup>in</sup> an unknown hand. I took it in rather a startled frame of mind for Mr T. had feared that my pass as a "Refugee" might subject me to unpleasant attentions from the authorities. It was directed to "Miss Chloe Whittle, Passenger from Charleston, on steamer Arago." but I read it Refugee from Charleston wh confirmed the previous notion. I opened it & found a permit from Norfolk, wh was written so badly I cd not read it, matters were no clearer. I opened the next paper & recognized Father's writing. Mr T. came up & I handed him the permit & asked what it was. He said it must have been sent to me by Father for me to come to Norfolk. The gentleman who brought it said he was Mr Walker Maury. It had on the back, "Presented by Mr Walker Maury" & that Miss Maury was expecting me at their house. I asked if I cd not go straight on to Norfolk. He said Yes but I wd want to get some silks & satins & explained that the permit was for me to bring on what I wanted from there. So I said Goodbye to Mr T. asking him to come & see us if he sd come to N., he touched his cap at the request but from the way he received it I do not think he wd come & I am sure I trust not, but I thought politeness required it.

Mr Maury, then got my baggage, after Mr T. left & asking me to take his arm, "Or, what is left of it," he said, we left the vessel. I had noticed he had lost his hand &, of course, referred it to the war. When we were seated in the carriage he again referred to his having lost it & I said, "The result of the war, I suppose, Mr Maury?" "Oh! no,"

he said & asked if I was for the Union or something of the kind. "Oh! I think politics had better not be discussed in N.Y.," I answered. "Well! my brother & myself are Secessionists, my Aunt & Uncle are Unionist, you will be governed accordingly," he replied. It was very pleasant to find I was to have a friend & indeed friends at hand, but I did not trust myself to get started on the subject.

After rather a long drive we reached Miss Maury's. She opened the door for us & welcomed me very affectionately, after sitting for a while she proposed our going upstairs for the purpose of taking off my things. I laid down however feeling very weary & feeling continually as if rolling still on the ship. When I came down Miss Maury insisted on my taking some luncheon, as she said they dined late, they dined between 6 & 7. I sat & talked to Miss M. & her niece, Mary, a daughter of Mr Meath. Mary came in. She was quite lively & pleasant but had the regular N.Y. voice that I disliked so much. After tea, wh they had about 9 o'clock as Miss Maury, her brother Mr Rutson Maury & I were sitting in the parlor, their nephew Tobin came in; he is quite handsome but is not tall & speaks quite shortly, but I liked him much better than I did his brother.

On Sunday I went to the Church of the Annunciation, to Dr Tyng's, & to Calvary, where Dr Coxe preaches. I did not hear Dr Tyng. On Monday I spent the evening at Mr M. Maury's. I also dined there once. They asked me a great deal about the South, among other things Miss Gilpin asked if they talked of surrendering everything. I told her that extermination or success were the only alternatives the Southern Army thought of. I said as little as I cd, only answering the questions they asked as I thought a Southerner ought but I do not think I ever forgot my promise to Mr Hayward, when the subject of politics was introduced.

Miss Mary Maury is an ardent unionist. I heard from one of her cousins that when the family were going to England summer before last she did not like to leave her country in this its time of trial. When I laughingly alluded to this one day to her she asked me if I had heard the reply of a lady to that - she wd take care of the country while she was gone! I laughed & told her, "No," but that she deserved it.

After spending 8 days in N.Y. & receiving every kindness from the two households who both liked me very much despite my anti-Union principles, I left on Saturday, the 25th for Balt. Miss Mary & Mr Tobin Maury went out to Jersey City with me. Miss M. put me to sit by a lady who was also going straight to Balt. The journey was very uninteresting. I talked a little but I thought most of the time. At Balt. this lady asked me if I wd like her husband to get me a carriage, wh I said I wd be very much obliged to him to do. He was a Yankee officer, naval. He got the same carriage

for us both & jumped in too. I asked him if there was any news, knowing he must take me for a Northerner. "Nothing extra," he said, "the Rebels have been destroying Sherman in a fortnight. There is a big battle fought at Richmond any day but" & he seemed desirous of soothing my mind under these reverses "they can't hurt him. He will turn upon them yet." I had schooled myself to ask the question but had to look away from him not to show my joy at his answer. I staid two days at Mrs Sandall's with Miss Sarah & saw much of the City, went to 3 churches on Sunday; saw Mr Leonidas Smith & family, Hope Smith, Mrs Leigh, Mrs T. Taylor. On Monday afternoon I left for N. Miss Sarah going to the boat with me. A tiresome passage down & Tuesday the 8th found me here.

April 3rd Monday, 1865.

Very bad news today! After breakfast I set about making yeast & Aunt Fannie went to the Post Office. She returned very soon & almost dissolving in tears, told me, "Richmond has fallen."<sup>2</sup> I said I did not believe it. I had heard the bells ringing but thought it was fire. However the Yankees had so many bells ringing, bands playing, & guns firing that I cd not help the belief stealing on my mind that it was so. It is certainly on awful blow but I do not feel like yielding to tears, I only want to fight the harder.

Mr Masi came in to see me. I had asked Father about my taking lessons from him in Thorough Bass, so Father told him of it. He says he will come on Wednesday. I asked him about having the piano fixed wh he has promised to see about. He is not near so despondent about the times as he used to be & as I expected to find him but seeing some ribbon lying on the table, of wh I was making a bow of "red, white, & red," he said, "Ah! I see you have the colors here, Miss Cloe, but I am afraid they wont last long.[']" Lizzie W. came to see me this afternoon & as she took her seat she wiped the tears from her eyes, as she spoke of Richmond. Such a demonstration of feeling in very unusual for her & although I do not feel like it myself, yet it pleased me. Tonight Aunt Fannie read a letter from Admiral Jones & another piece from an English paper that <illegible> to cheer her.

Tuesday April 4th 1865.

This morning Aunt Addie was here. Father, she & I talked politics, as we cd scarcely help after the news of yesterday. Afterwards I went down to the Post Office with Aunt Fannie & to see Mrs Williams & then to Mrs Sinclair's with Aunt F. Mary

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<sup>2</sup>Union troops entered Richmond on April 3, 1865.

looked very beautiful. An English Capt. here has most kindly gone up to Richmond & says he will see every Norfolk person there to relieve the anxiety here.

I have written to Sue North since I came. It shocked me, when I first came, to see how much thinner Father had grown but I fancy he looks better now. Maggie Bell came to see me the evening I came. She told me with tears in her eyes of her having taken the Oath, "But it does not make me like them any the better, Cloe," she said. She spoke of Thomas said he came in one day & said "Maggie, you & I have to go out of the lines," he then told her of the order that had been issued about the Oath. She decided that he must go & she must stay. She has an old father & mother & is the only daughter. I do not think that makes it right but such are the facts. She said how badly she felt when Thomas, the last of six brothers, went, but said she wd rather all sd die on the battlefield than that they sd give up.

The next day Mary Bell & Eliza Sharp came. Mary had on a blue & white cravat fastened with a coral breastpin. I asked her what she was wearing red, white & blue for, saying something laughingly about Union girls. "Oh! yes, we are all Union," said Mary, but added that it did not become me to be throwing stones. Father had advised me not to say that I had not taken the Oath, on account of the Yankees having me up about it, so I did not say anything but I looked her full in the eyes & Eliza said, "She has not taken it." I said that I had not said so, "No, but I know you have not," & I did not object to her knowing it. She said she thought it was an awful sin her taking it, that it had made her sick & I believe she was out of her mind & thought herself eternally lost for doing it. Mary said that she had said the other day that she did not know how any body cd have taken it. I wd have believed Mary wd have had more firmness. Eliza never had any independence, so it seems more natural in her case. It has altered my feelings to the girls very much. I feel indeed "like one who treads alone."

Some nights ago I went over to see Isabel who is sick in bed with inflammation of the knee. Bettie's baby, Frank was asleep in bed with her. Bettie said she understood I had met Lieut. Hayward of the Navy, "Pagie Cooper's beau." "Yes, he is engaged to Pagie Cooper," said Agnes. I told her yes that I had met him, & on some one's inquiring if he had ever spoken of her to me I said yes he had said she was the most beautiful woman he ever saw. "How foolish to speak of one's sweetheart so," said Isabel, & there the matter dropt.

Today at Mrs Sinclair's, Mary was saying what I have heard before, that the Yankee officers were much annoyed that the British sd be received & they not allowed to mix in society at all & I cd not help thinking of Capt. Tower & Mr Hayward. Even if I had not myself asked them to come here if they came to Norfolk I wd not refuse to see

them but it wd place me in a very awkward situation if they really did come, & Mr H. said he thought it as certain that he wd be in N. as that he sd go to his house. Think of one of our visitors coming here & meeting a Yankee officer leaving our house! And Father too, he does not & I do not suppose can be expected to realize under what great obligations I am to those two officers & he says that though he sd receive them politely if they came he trusts the visit may be postponed until this war is over. I think I echo the sentiment.

Mary Bell & Lizzie Masi came to see me, (not together though) this morning. I believe the fall of Richmond has altered my feelings for Capt. T & Mr H. a good deal. I know they are rejoicing at what is so grievous to me but I believe to that they have both thought of & felt sorry for me. "Look upon me as a friend" - I think that wd be next to impossible if the South was subdued. I think meeting either Capt. T or Mr H. wd be productive of exquisite pain, in such an event, if not of still less kindly feelings. Richmond was almost entirely destroyed by the Confederates before they left, the Capital, the Mills, the foundry, machine shops & 1/2 mile of Main Street, burnt. It is the shell of a city, & such I wd were all the Southern cities they approach. Oh! I cried, how long? How long?

Mr Masi came today, he is completely without hope, thinks peace will be made in a few weeks - peace! what a farce to call it a peace!! It sd rather be called the unresisted license of a tyrannical government. But I will not lose heart. How can I? Did I not this very day send those inspired words "With men it is impossible but not with God for with God all things are possible." & thought for the first time His hand may be heavy upon us for our manifold sins yet He can save us if He will & let us pray but the more fervently to Him, & "He giveth not always the battle to the strong, but can save by many or by few." Oh! help us Lord.

Monday April 10th 1865.

Yesterday after coming from Church, in the morning Father told me that it was said that there were some Confederates in the next street & asked me if I did not want to go & see them so we went. We walked through them & I thought by the way that one of them glancing up at us that they were prisoners & not deserters of wh alas! there are too many. We stopt sometimes in the street speculating as to whether they have anything to eat, & finally came home. Father thought they had food but I thought how much I wd like, as a gratification to myself, to give them something & said so several times. So as I was going up stairs after dinner Father got out a tin box with crackers &

biscuits in it & proposed to me to carry them to them. So I ran up for a basket & putting them in it & 3 dollars in my pocket I went off.

They were just at the corner of Wash. St., where it joins Granby. My heart failed me as I thought of really going up to Yankees, soldiers, & all - alone too as I was but I thought of its being for the Confederates & went on. I addressed myself to the guard, a tall & really gentlemanly looking man, asking, "Is there any objection to my giving a few crackers to these solders?" "No, I suppose not" & he moved aside for me to be able to hand them to them. I offered the basket to the first one, a slender, wiry-looking young man with eyes that looked as if nothing cd escape them.

I was very anxious to ask but cd not broach the subject of desertion, I think there was something about him that forbade it, he however received me. "These are not all prisoners, there are some 5 or 6 who will take the Oath." I handed the basket to the next, the first having taken two, & at the same time, asked the second to hand it on. The guard told me in answer to one question that they were to be taken down to the Provost Marshall's those who took the Oath to be released, I believe; the remainder to go to Point Lookout. Become a traitor & you are free in an instant, be true to your country & you are shut up in a loathsome prison, "never free from the gnawings of hunger" (as one of the prisoners at Ft. Johnson says is the case with himself), & it may be, unable to strike a blow for home & Fatherland again during the war - all honor to the noble manhood that resists the fierce temptation!

I turned to the guard & asked if I might give them a small saving of money he made no objection but the one to whom I had first spoken said "Oh! no, we do not require it. I am very much obliged to you but it is not needed." I persisted, though feeling face crimsoning & told him to take it & if he did not need it himself to give it to some one who did. I asked him if there was anything I cd do for him, when he was in prison, telling him I wd be glad to do it. He asked my name & one of his fellow prisoners for a pencil. I hesitate very much to give my real name, not wishing to bring Father's name before the Yankee eye also my own as I have no Yankee "protection" to exhibit, but reflecting that a fictitious signature might cause the loss of the letter & that if I wd venture anything for such a cause I cd do it little good, I took the pencil & wrote my name down.

I asked his, Rufus Morgan, he is from the neighborhood of Petersburg & a nephew of Gen. Morgan. He asked me if I cd get a letter through the lines for him. I told him yes by flag of truce but that if he wd give it to one of the officers (Yankee) it wd go more quickly. I offered him my hand, we shook hands & parted. He had told me that the Yankees had caught him a fortnight before & he had gotten away from them

& they caught him again, that they had threatened to make an end of them very shortly, treat them as bushwackers as they had caught them in the bushes, but they had not done so.

After I went back home I felt sorry I had not carried them some tracts also as they were all lounging about & it was Sunday. I told Aunt Fannie that I was sorry I had not done so & she proposed my carrying them there. I did not wish to go back again so I decided to go over to Mrs Allmand & get one of the little Blows<sup>3</sup> to carry them if they were there. Aunt F. gave me another \$5 also for them & I set off. Little Allmand was the only one of the children at his Grandmother's, however & after trying to explain the message to him I found he was too small to understand it, for I had brought also some sheets of paper & had written on a slip, "If Mr Morgan will write any letter he desires sent through the lines it can be submitted to the inspection of the Provost Marshall tomorrow & go on the first Flag of Truce, C." & I wanted this to be handed to the Yankee sentinel before being given to Mr Morgan that he might see I was carrying on no underhand correspondence with the prisoners, but I despaired of making this little fellow only six years old understand it, so I begged Miss Lou to go, telling her that I [] been twice.

She consented, rather reluctantly to do so, for it is not pleasant to any body to mix in such a crowd, & took little A. with her. I went down the steps with her & was to wait about till she returned. Just then we saw a Yankee with two prisoners coming down the other side of the street. Miss Lou hailed him & asked if we cd speak to them. The Yankee consented saying that it had been prohibited, speaking to the group at the <illegible>, but that he let us do it "against order to oblige you ladies," wh must have been a most unnecessary falsehood as there seemed to be no objection afterwards to anyone speaking to them, however we immediately availed ourselves of the privilege.

The one I spoke to was a Mr Duprey, from Louisiana, a very nonchalant, handsome young man, about 24 or 25, I suppose. In the perfect abandon of his manner & in the soft & yet brilliant depth of his truly Southern eyes he reminded me, in a way that thrilled a broken chord of a loved face, beaming when last I saw it, like his now with an unalterable determination to conquer or die. He knew Mr Morgan & I gave to him the paper & note. I told him if there was anything he sd need in prison that Mr M. had my address. I found it almost impossible to offer such a man money, but forcing myself to do it, for I know they are sometimes in fearful straits in prison, begging him to excuse me for taking the liberty I urged him to accept it. He positively declined, even

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<sup>3</sup>There were six Blow children.

more peremptorily than Mr Morgan but taking a hint from my previous success I told him then he cd give it to any one who did need it & laid it on top of the paper he was holding in his hand, for he wd not move his hand to take it.

He evidently felt receiving it very much & said he hoped when happier times came they wd take an opportunity of repaying all the kindness they had received. "You are repaying, Sir, in the way we most prefer, by resisting the temptation to wh you are exposed," or something of the kind, I answered & feeling relieved to be over the money business, I asked if there was nothing we cd do for them in that hurried time in the way of clothing, etc. With the same "don't care" air, that I have so often seen another handsome young face wear, Mr Duprey answered that it was not worthwhile for them to have any decent clothes in the miserable place to wh they were going but the other gentleman, who looked older & has I expect more practical sense of the necessities of life, answered, though hesitatingly, that he wd like something if it was convenient. Mr Duprey added an expostulation again on "giving the ladies trouble," but "the ladies" did not stay to listen, we instantly dispersed, I first walking fast, then running.

I called hurriedly to Father to come & given me some clothes for the Confederates & he came upstairs after me & got two shirts & two pairs of socks, I hurried into my room & got two handkerchiefs & rushed off. Miss Lou & Mrs Allmand called out "too late, Cloe," but I was not to be daunted & ran on. I was not insensible even in my hurry of the ludicrous picture represented of a young lady running after a gentleman with two shirts rolled under her arm, but "Old Virginians" never tire & I ran on calling to a little boy to come to me. He came & I gave him the bundle, telling him to run & give it to the gentlemen on the inside - Mr Duprey. He did so, & I had the satisfaction of seeing him receive it, then turned homeward.

Mr A & Miss Sue had given them shoes, clothes, money & food & Mrs A. set a ham & a loaf of bread down on the steps for any who passed to help themselves. At the corner we met two of the little Blows carrying a large bucket of coffee, a quart of milk, & an enormous loaf of bread for the prisoners. They besieged us with entreaties that we wd go there with them seeming really afraid to go alone. It was very much against my wishes to go there I did not wish to be hanging about a party of gentlemen even if they were Confederates & still more did I not wish to attract the attention of the Yankees by my zeal in helping the former but it was impossible to get away from the children. I believe they actually held me by my dress. Miss Lizzie Allmand was as unwilling to go as I was, for she had no wrapping around her but it was no avail.

We went so twenty yards from the place & by earnest representations to the children that the Yankees wd be more likely to let them assist the prisoners than us (for



we still believe the Yankee's unnecessary statement that it was forbidden to speak to them) we induced them to go on alone. Mr Whiting staid with us. While the children were helping them Mr Morgan wrote & sent to me a few lines, "I am under many obligations for your kindness but I find that there is so much confusion around me at present that I cannot sufficiently collect my wits to write anything, or even if I cd have not the time. Accept my sincere thanks for your kindnesses etc.

Yours very respectfully,

Co. "I," 24th Va Cav.

Rufus Morgan[']

Miss Lizzie found a dollar in her pocket wh she sent by one of the children. It was returned "Couldn't take it from ladies," by my advice she sent it back with my old direction wh had proved so unanswerable "If you do not want it, give it to some body who does." Mr Whiting also, hearing Father had been up to them went & as I saw him fumbling as if for money I suppose he gave them some. I suppose there were between twenty & thirty besides those out of sight in the house. When the children came back we turned homeward. As we reached the corner a little boy, who had been sent after us, came up & handed me a note; I opened it & read it aloud, "To our unknown friends, We the undersigned take this means of testifying our sincere & heartfelt gratitude for, & appreciation of your kindness & sympathy - May God bless you & be assured, that though for the present prevented by the misfortune of war from serving our country as we wd wish, we will live with the hope of one day being allowed to strike for our homes again & those friends who like some of us have homes in the hands of the stranger - Permit us again to offer our thanks for your kindnefses. Pris of War

Allen C. Ridewood, Co. "C" 1st Md (C.S.) Cav.

T. Duprey, Co. F La. Zouaves

Rufus Morgan, Co. I 24th Va. Cav.[']

The paper had been hastily torn off & it was written in lead pencil but it was worth more than a jewel to me & I felt thankful that the little boy's having brought it to me gave me a claim to the right of keeping it. I felt in my basket & found a pencil but what sd I do for a piece of paper? I cd not find it in my heart to use a piece of either of their notes. Some one suggested writing it on a piece of a handbill that was posted on the Tazewell wall just there. A piece was quickly given me, & though I thought it wd be imprudent to sign our names to anything that might fall into Yankee hands I cd not refrain from answering it in some way.

"We feel very thankful to have been able to do the least thing for those to who, under God, we owe everything. If you sd need any articles wh you are allowed to

receive in prison & will write to me, I will esteem it a favor to be allowed to assist you. "C." I ought to have said "we will", but I wrote in a great hurry & not the calmest of moods. On reaching home & seeing the yellow jessamine look so beautiful as it hung on the railing, I gathered a bunch of it, & giving it to one of the little Blows sent it to them. When I told Mr Duprey that they repaid anything that cd be done for them in the least way, he spoke of the unfaltering spirit of the ladies. I told him that it was to them that credit was due for being unfaltering for they had the privations to bear. Witness himself - there he is serving as a private in the ranks, with his toes out of his shoes, as Mrs A. said she noticed they were when she gave him the shoes. Oh! may God bless & support our brave men & give them the priceless boon for wh they were straining, "Republican, Constitutional Liberty!"

After I returned home I tried to remember it was Sunday & sat down to read the Bible, but I thought that if I was to go to down to Mrs Alice Bell's she might like to do something for them. I finished what I intended reading first though & then started off to Mrs Bell's. On the way I met little Blow & little Cooke, who said the prisoners had gone & had said they were very much obliged for our kindness & wd not forget it. I asked where they had gone. "To the P.M.'s office." So I went down to Mrs Williams, hoping I might there find someone who wd take them the message I had in my pocket for them.

Mrs Williams was alone, very sad about the fate of the Confederacy. I tried to cheer her. There was no one there who cd be of any assistance to me about the soldiers & as I had an engagement to go to Church with Eliza Sharp, I set off down Bank Street, to go for her. I stopped & spoke to Maggie at her door. Her cousin Miss Lucretia Johnson came up & we all went to Church together. Miss J. had just come from the P. M.'s office where she had been to see her cousin, Mr Reed, a prisoner. She said, "Oh! Maggie, there was one there who was so handsome," I knew who she meant, "Mr Duprey." I laughingly told her not to lose her heart with him, that may be some one had been before hand with her. She laughed & said she had done it already.

I like her very much. She has very attractive manners & is quite pretty. She said it was delightful to hear Mr Duprey answer when they called on him, "What is your name?" - "Duprey." "Where are you from?" "Louisiana." "Have you anything to say?" As a temptation about the Oath. "No, I have nothing to say. "Do you wish to be exchanged as a prisoner of war?" "Yes!" "Well! pass on that way." Miss J. said "They looked at him as if he had been a king." I wonder what her ideas of looks appropriate for a king are? She had a permission to return the next morning & I made an arrangement to go with her & determined to collect all I cd.

After Church I got Eliza to promise to try & collect something & send it to Mrs Alex Bell's before 8 in the morning. Eliza walked home with me & to my surprise as it was Sunday came in but I was not surprised when she told me how impossible it was for her to be quiet or alone for a moment, as there were so many persons in their home. We had a very nice, quiet grave talk out in the portico & it was late before she left.

Having heard that Miss Sue Klein & Mrs Cooke were very sorry not to have had an opportunity of giving something to the prisoners, I went round with Father at night to tell them I wd take anything in the morning for them. They seemed really grateful to me for telling them of it & in the morning sent round a basket with crackers, cheese, cake, pins, soap, towels, handkerchiefs, etc, for me to carry so with what I had gathered I set off to Mrs Bell's. She had a bottle of coffee keeping hot at the fire, & bread & butter, etc. ready. While I was waiting for Miss J. to get ready, two ladies came up & said they were gone, that the Yankees told them an order had come very unexpectedly in the night & they had left at 1/2 past 6. Miss Johnson wd not believe it however & went herself to see about it, I staying at Mrs B's. Everyone thinks it was a Yankee trick to prevent the citizens assisting them for they were merely taken down to Old Point, where they had to wait for the Balt. Boat wh does not leave here till the afternoon. I talked to them a little while & promised to spend next Monday evening there & then went back to Mrs Cooke's, & to their great sorrow, returned the basket, & then went to Church.

Tuesday April 11th 1865.

General Lee has surrendered himself & the Army of Northern Virginia to Grant!<sup>4</sup> Lee our Heaven-commissioned General, as we have considered him & the Army of Northern Virginia, the picked army, the flower of Southern chivalry! What are our feelings under this blow? I cannot tell what I feel I suppose, in the first place, I do not realize it. How is it? Why is it? I cannot understand the movements of the last fortnight at all. I thank Heaven it is not Davis that the Yankees have. I wd rather even that they have Lee than Davis. What sudden & awful reverses have come upon us lately!

To day we went to Church, the Psalter was that impressive one (so connected in mind with the evacuation of Norfolk - the 11th of the month;) then Mr Okeson began the 1st lesson. I do believe it thrilled everyone in the Church with horror. Mr Okeson read

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<sup>4</sup>Robert E. Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia to Ulysses S. Grant at Appomattox, Virginia, on April 9, 1865.

it very slowly & as we sat & listened to it each word seemed like a probing knife. It was the XI of Daniel to the 30th verse. "The king of the earth shall be moved with choler, & shall come forth & fight with him, even with the king of the earth & he shall set forth a great multitude; but the multitude shall be given into his hand For the king of the north shall return & shall set forth a multitude greater than the former & shall certainly come after certain years with a great army & with much riches. And in these days shall many stand up against the king of the south . . . So the king of the north shall come up & cast a mount & take the most defended cities, & the arms of the south shall not withstand either his chosen people, neither shall there be any strength to withstand. But he that cometh against him shall do according to his own will, & more shall stand before him & he shall stand in the glorious land wh by his hand shall be consumed."

He went slowly on with this most remarkable chapter, so horribly suited to these times & wh I feel as if I had never seen or noticed in my life before, till the sextoness came up & spoke to him - there was a silence in the Church - an unbroken silence - a silence "that might be felt" it was an awful break after the ominous words of the Bible - without a word of prayer - without the benediction even Mr Okeson said, "The congregation is dismissed." Hurriedly the people left the Church to ascertain the cause of sudden cessation. The Yankees had sent ordering the bells to be rung an hour as a rejoicing over the surrender of Lee, of wh we had heard yesterday. "That chapter in the Bible," was on the lips of everyone. Are we indeed living so near the end of all things as some have long predicted? Very strangely did Mr Okeson read the prophecy of the end of the world the other Sunday & the injunction "And ye, when ye these things come to pass, look up & lift up your heads for your redemption draweth nigh." How holy sd one be who ever suspects that any day the earth & heavens may be rolled away as a scroll!

I have long had a feeling that wd come over my mind very suddenly at times, that I wd never die, but that I wd believe when the glorious day of Christ arrives. I have tried to reason it away by remembering that it is not natural for human beings to be able to realize that they must die as all before them have died & I have endeavored to do, as I have seen advice given to do, to try & bring before any mind the probable circumstances of my death, the failing strength, the nerveless arm, the languid flow of blood, the glazing eyes but all is little, the punishing feeling that I was an exception, that I wd not die, as others had died. I may be weary & I think sometimes of my death. It may be that some eye will light on this page when mine are closed forever on this earth, if so it will be a strong proof of the worthlessness of presentiments.

The Norfolk people seemed almost stunned at the “blow on blow” wh we have had in the last week or two. For myself I believe that God can raise us up a Joshua if he has taken away our Moses; an Elisha endowed with a double portion of the spirit of Elijah if He chooses; that we have possibly given too much honour to Lee the instrument in His hand, forgetting that God has said, “I will not give one honor to another.” He may desire to show us that He can accomplish His purpose without the aid of Lee, as I have sometimes thought was the reason of Stonewall Jackson’s being taken away. Or, it may be, & I wd rather look the possibility in the face, that our “sins have separated between us & our God & the He will not hear.” Heaven help us to drink the deadly cup of submission to the Yankees; if He held it to our lips - I wd not have us rebel against the will of the All Wise & All Merciful but it will truly be “A drink of deadly wine,” to a Southern man or woman.

Submission to the Yankees! to the race that we have ever despised, & detested, & some, alas! many of us have hated. Were I a man I wd covet death on the battlefield before that awful day shall come. Far, far sweeter to have the green grass move gently over our mangled bodies, “Free among the dead, like unto them that are wounded & lie in the grave,” while our spirits return unto God who gave then than drag out a life of sin as a boon by the Yankees. But that can only be a death according to God’s will, no human being sd dare to take God’s providence in his own rash hands & put an end to his own life.

I know of a Confederate officer who has sworn to die by his own hand before he acknowledges the supremacy of the Yankees. He is wrong, wrong, utterly wrong. When God does not call one of his creatures hence but lets him live on year after year, He had work for him here to do - “The Lord hath need of him” & woe be to him who crosses that purpose of God. Although he may be unable to prevent himself from casting many a wistful glance at “the quiet grave in the dewy grass,” yet he sd work on through the heat & burden of the day, the language of his heart. “All the day” of my appointed time will I wait until my charge comes.”

With an organized body it is different. I think the Confederate Army wd be justifiable in contending until it may be every one of them is slain they represent the interest of many, it is therefore lawful for them to hazard & to lose their lives in such a cause. One ray of brightness, one little ray, when I think of the subjugation of the South that the bosom of his mother Virginia has received the fancy uniform I loved ere that hour of humiliation comes. That he fell on the field of battle, with his face to the foe. Oh it is a sweet, sweet thought that he will never live to swear allegiance to the upstart government, or else expiate his crime on the scaffold. May Heaven help me

never to soil my soul with that infamous Oath! Whatever may be the consequences, nay I be true to myself, my country & my God. These are certainly times that try men's souls. I trust we may never see worse. I trust that this may be "the darkest hour" wh is said to precede morning. Surely it cd scarcely be any darker & leave us any political existence at all. But our sure Rock is - "it is the Lord," & may we be able to say from our hearts - "let Him do what seemeth him good."

Yesterday I thought when I heard of the surrender of Lee, I cd not say "Thy will be done," but after reading the Bible & God's gentle words, "Ye have forgotten the admonition that speaketh to you as unto children, My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord nor faint when thou art rebuked of Him, for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," I did indeed feel "rebuked of Him" & felt able to say "Be it unto me even as Thou wilt." I can not see into God's purposes, none of us can see into them & we ought to be willing to allow Him to work out His own plans in His own way but it is hard, hard, very hard to think of the failures of the South, all the unseen agony that this war has cost me, wh no one but God knows, the longings for success, the buoyant hopes, the anxious fears wh cd only be rolled off at God's throne, the prayers of four years, the treasured promises of the Bible as to special answers to special prayers, make the thought of failure almost like treating out my very heart strings.

An almost envious feeling flitted through my mine when I heard of the people who were killed by the explosion of the N.E. Depot in Charleston. "How can I bear to see the calamity of my people?" is my heart's muttered language. It now seems very natural to see that Moses sd ask God to take his life too if he destroyed the children of Israel. But I will not do myself much good by writing on in the same strain over & over may God strengthen us all to bear the future.

## CHAPTER VIII

“God bless and preserve my precious Gay...Horace is dead!”

Wednesday, April 12th 1865.

Lelia Whiting<sup>1</sup> is dead! A lovely girl, in disposition no less than face & form. A telegram today announced it.

Easter Eve April 15th 1865.

A most solemn & eventful week has this Passim week been, one I can never, never forget. The chapters in the Bible have been so awful in the prophetic tone, as to hush the very soul into stillness. Towards the latter part of the week good to the South seemed to me to be foretold. “How can it be?” was my thought, from whence can it come?” but I tried still to have faith & a feeling gradually grew on me that the Easter wd bring good with it.

This evening Mrs Rogers came in & announced a most startling fact - the assassination of Lincoln, Seward & Seward's son!<sup>2</sup> It seemed incredible & I said I did not believe it, but it is said to be confirmed. It seems a strange coincidence that Lincoln had appointed Good Friday as a day of Thanksgiving for their victories, & that very day while attending the theatre, one of the scenes of festivity, I suppose, he met his death. I do not suppose he was an Episcopalian & did not intend, I take it for granted, any disrespect to the day set apart as commemoration of the crucifixion of our Saviour but it seems strange that that day singularly selected by him as a day of rejoicing sd be his death day.

It was to be made a special day of rejoicing in Charleston. Henry Ward Beecher being chosen to deliver an oration upon the raising of the Flag on Fort Sumpter. Every one but myself thinks & says that it is a very bad time for the South. I do not think so principally on account of our precious feelings <illegible>. I do not believe the South had aught to do with it, but I do believe though I cannot see how, that God intends to make it of

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<sup>1</sup>Lelia Whiting, 1843-1865, daughter of W.N. and Mary E. Whiting, of Norfolk.

<sup>2</sup>John Wilkes Booth shot Abraham Lincoln on April 14th, 1865. Seward was not assassinated.

use to the South. We have said again & again that we looked to God alone for success but still we kept leaning on God's instruments instead of upon Him & we were on the brink of destruction. We looked to Lee as if he were more than human, some swear that as long as we had him they had hope - he was taken & I think God may choose to show us He can dole out his own purposes without him. The very tauntings of the rabble to our Saviors, "He trusts in God that he wd deliver him let him deliver him now if he will have him," I involuntarily applied to the Southerners.

Capt. Tower's mocking tone in wh he said that we had need to pray to Heaven for help, for we were not likely to get from anywhere else - if we have that, what need we now? "If God be for us, who can be against us?" May God preserve me from feeling glad at this awful & most horrible transaction. "rejoice not when thine enemy stumbleth & let not thine heart be glad when he falleth, lest the Lord see it & it displeaseth him," came to my mind after I heard it as a solemn warning.

Lincoln I have read was a Christian, I am sure I trust so, but Seward, that awful creature, to be summoned thus into eternity! He is said to have been stabled three times in his bed for he had broken his jawbone, & his arm when on a tour of inspection around Richmond. I think taking human lives in this way is perfectly unjustifiable & have always said I was thankful we had had no assassinations, not even Butler, the Outlaw. I did not believe this to be the work of Southerners, they have their hands full enough just now, I believe it is Northern men who have done it. Why they killed Seward's son no one knows.

What a precious specimen they will have at the head of the Government to represent the U.S. Andy Johnson,<sup>3</sup> a man who is said to have been so drunk, at his inauguration, as to have been pulled down into his seat by his coattails, then making his speech, to prevent his disgracing himself, & as a consequence, disgracing the country & those who chose such a man to the responsible position of Vice President. What he did say was disgusting in its vulgarity. A man of such a low character as to have had his nose pulled in a public vehicle by one who despised him. He was treated with every kind of indignity on his passage through Virginia some years ago, perhaps he may try to avenge himself now. Little can we tell what is to be the result of this - we may be thankful it is all in God's hands not ours.

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<sup>3</sup>Andrew Johnson, 1808-1875. Elected Vice-President in 1864, became president after the assassination of Lincoln in 1865.



Easter Sunday, April 16th, 1865.

The face of every one bears the impress of earnest, intense thought. The unknown future none know what it may bring. There is a report that when Lincoln was shot there was a cry "Sic semper tyrannis! Virginia is revenged!" & every light was immediately extinguished. It is supposed to be entirely true about the lights but whether or not the former part be true we cannot tell.

Sunday night - We had just come upstairs for the night when a ring was heard at the door. I wd not tell Father hoping it might not be repeated, for I did not know what it might be - there are a good many negro soldiers encamped at the corner - but a loud knock was again given & Father who had I believe undressed called to ask Aunt Fannie to go. I went with her. We asked who it was before we opened the door & found it was a lady who had very kindly come to tell us the most recent news. She says that Booth,<sup>4</sup> one of the actors of the theatre Lincoln was attending was the assassin & had been taken. He had gotten out of Balt. She says it was a Southern conspiracy, comprising hundreds, & it was contemplated to kill all the heads of departments. Staunton's life was attempted it was said.

She asked me very earnestly if I made any change in my position in Church at the prayers for the President of the U.S. today. I told her I sat down on the <illegible> instead of kneeling, wh is certainly not doing much. She begged me not to do it, in wh of course Aunt Fannie joined, saying she had been astonished at my resolutions, wh she did not intend for a compliment certainly. This lady said that many ladies had been watched & Eliza Sharp had been marked as showing disrespect at that prayer - that their names had been carried to the Provost Marshall's, she said that Eliza's name was the only one she had heard, but Aunt Fannie is convinced she had heard mine. She said the Yankees say the people ought to be careful, that we are living on a volcano, that the Provost Marshall & the officers say it is with the greatest difficulty they can keep down the negroes. No negro church was allowed to be open tonight.

There are 500 Confederate prisoners this night, she says, in this city, guarded by 900 negroes - Heaven preserve them from evil! Andy Johnson says now it is war to the knife, he had better take care there may be some pistols behind the scenes. I do not wish to believe that the South had resorted to such means as assassination to accomplish its ends. I wd not like to see Capt. Tower when he receives this news. Lee has issued an address to his troops in wh shows plainly that he does not think the war over, he tells them they are only prisoners still regularly exchanged. Lee's army at the time of its

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<sup>4</sup>John Wilkes Booth, 1838-1865, actor.

surrender did not number 9000 men, wh the Yankees think was a lack of faith. Mosby<sup>5</sup> has sent word to the Yankees that he does not regard himself as included in Lee's surrender & will fight as long as he has a man left.

Wednesday April 19th 1865.

Lincoln's funeral is to take place in Washington today. The Churches here are draped in mourning by order & Service is to be held in one Church. Father & Aunt Fannie have gone. I felt slightly prompted by curiosity to go but that is certainly no proper motive for appearing in Church & as I did not know what Yankee matters might be gotten on I have staid at home.

There are many Confederate prisoners in town & one of them, Mr Shields, told Father that he heard a Yankee officer say that if every there was a whipped man it was Sherman. I trust it may be so & if true I thank our Father for it, but I am slow to believe anything, whether good or bad, these days. I went to see Misses Leigh with Father last evening & Alice Mallory hearing I was there came in to see me. Her brother Connor<sup>6</sup> had returned a prisoner on parole two days before. He gives a most lamentable picture of the demoralization of Lee's army. He says had they have been true to Lee he cd have gained a victory. That Lee told them that if they wd stand fast they cd win their independence in 30 days but whole companies threw down their arms.

I purposely write here what I consider to be a disgrace to me & to the whole country. Of course God will not help those who do not help themselves. With God's blessing on our determined resolution to be free at any sacrifice of life, limb & property the Yankees never never cd subdue us - it will be our own wickedness & want of manliness that does the work if God leaves us to our own devices. Only two divisions stood firmly by General Lee to the last & one of them - thank the Lord! - was Mahone's - our Virginia - Norfolk - general. Oh! I thank heaven for this.

When speaking of the infamous conduct of the miserable dastards who deserted Lee some one said to Connor - "But they are the common class of people, they are not gentleman?" "No, I am sorry to say they may be gentlemen," he replied. If it were not that the command is very plain, "Thou shalt not kill!" I think it wd give me the only pleasure this world cd give me to plunge a dagger into my own brother were I to have one base enough to abandon this country in this hour of peril. The blood of the wretch drawn by kindred blood wd be the only thing that cd (if anything cd) wipe out the stain

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<sup>5</sup>John S. Mosby, 1833-1916, leader of a band of independent partisan rangers.

<sup>6</sup>Connor Mallory, b. 1842, son of Mary Mallory.

upon the family honour. I can well enter into the feelings of Sparta's daughters who killed her own son who had run from the battlefield - "Sparta! I love him but I die for thee!" wd fill her heart with indignation that he cd be so faithless to the high destiny for wh she had brought him forth - & become only a disgrace to her.

How any one can desert his country is incomprehensible to me. As I lay in bed the other night I thought of that short but grand saying, "It is sweet to die for one's country" & I thought how gladly, how joyfully I cd pour out my heart's blood drop by drop if by doing so I cd benefit my land, my native land - the beautiful sunny South. To die for Virginia!

If a sacrifice was required to enable her to be free, if my act wd enable her again to stand with the prostrate tyrant at her feet, oh! how sweet, how unutterably sweet it wd be to die any death, however degrading, however agonizing, but to do what a man is required to do, to go on the field of battle under the guidance of such a chieftain as Lee, to contend with an insolent foe, exulting in the hope to strike down every right I held most sacred, one who wd ever deny to me the freedom to worship God as I chose, to fight against the spoilers of our homes, the slayers of our people, the insulters of our women, against the men who long & strain to raise against us a servile insurrection, these, who have stolen & then armed our negroes - to call this a duty - a mere duty, to fight with the eyes of an admiring world upon you (if they are too selfish to aid), to fight with the prayers of thousands ascending to Heaven for our welfare, to meet with the grateful smiles & joyful tears of our women, to look up with trusting, hopeful eyes to heaven & implore the blessing of the God of Battles with the humble confidence of one who is doing his best to accomplish the end pressed for, to feel the smart consciousness of being in the path of duty, to have as fellow soldiers such men as Lee, our sainted Jackson & thousands of kindred spirits - call this duty - duty - it is a glorious, God-given privilege, that any angel might almost envy.

To be a Christian soldier contending for the rights he has received from his Creator - what higher destiny can a mortal man obtain? & what does a man deserve who can desert his country, his oppressed country battling for freedom? Let maudlin sentimentalists call the death penalty cruel, earnest thinkers & earnest patriots be they man, or woman, can see in the <illegible> of eternal justice only the words written "By man shall his blood be shed," & were he my own flesh & blood, & I the Judge Heaven helping my weakness, I wd not shield him from that justice. If the South yields to the North it is my trust that the people of the North, with Andy Johnson at their head will make them feel the presence of the iron hand so heavy, so cinching, that they will be thankful to escape from that pressure even at the cost of a second war for independence!

War is awful, war is fearful, I need none to tell me that, God alone knows what this war has cost me but well does Robertson say, surplised priest as he was, "There is something worse than war.["]

Friday Night April 21st 1865.

My Mother's birthday & the day of Aunt Mary's death & of May's confirmation. Last night four years ago the Navy Yard was burnt. How many & what vast changes have been wrought in this time. It is announced this afternoon that Sherman & Johnston<sup>7</sup> have agreed to a cessation of hostilities between their two armies. wh the former tells his Government he trusts will result in a peace from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. One of the best signs is that the Yankees are very much annoyed at it, want to have Sherman court martialed, etc. I trust it will end in anything but a peace unless that peace is based on the independence of the South. May God bless our rulers now!

Frank Masi came down from Richmond yesterday. This morning Mrs Rogers asked me if there were any other officers boarding at the house I was in Charleston besides a Mr Whittle. I told her there were plenty more but asked her how she knew anything of Capt. Whittle, whether I had ever spoken to her of him. She said no but that a lady had told her that she heard I had been very much insulted or something of the kind, at his being supposed to be any relation of mine. I was immediately very much interested & got the whole story from her. It seems a Mrs Darman, wife of Major Darman, asked Mrs Rogers if she knew a Miss Whittle of this place who had recently come from Charleston. (I did not know the Yankees knew anything of my arrival) & she told her she knew me very well. It seems that an officer told her in Richmond, about some one asking me in Charleston if this Capt. Whittle was any relation of mine & that I "feathered up" & said No, I have no relation north of Mason & Dixon's line.

What a trifling thing to travel from Charleston to Richmond & back again to Norfolk! In the midst of the stirring events that have happened since too! One wd think the Yankee officers' minds must be very destitute of ideas to treasure up such a circumstance all this time & discuss it with a perfect stranger hundreds of miles from where it occurred. I was highly amused; but there is one thing that I do not understand. I made the remark to Mr Hayward & Capt. Tower. Now I know they wd not repeat it with any intention of doing harm & they were so careful to prevent me making remarks

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<sup>7</sup>General Joseph E. Johnston, 1807-1891, commander of the Army of Tennessee, surrendered to W.T. Sherman on April 26th, 1865.

where others might hear them, that I can scarcely suppose they wd have repeated such a thing accidentally, the only supposition wh is left after taking away these two is that the remark was overheard, yet I remember just where it was made & all the attendant circumstances & can scarcely suppose that to have been the case. I have asked Miss Maywest to find out anything she can about it for me.

One of the Yankees says that he has been written down town all the remarks made by Southerners, that they are kept in order that if they do anything more decided all these things may be brought up against them! An honorable mode of carrying on warfare truly! Well! I have never sworn allegiance to the Yankee Government & I have the right therefore to say my soul is my own so far as they are concerned.

Tonight, I went over to pay a visit with Father to Mrs Allmand's. Mrs Blow<sup>8</sup> was there. She spoke of the time when Gen. Blow<sup>9</sup> was in the Va. Convention to decide upon the question of Secession. He was elected from this place - the Union Candidate, in opposition to Mr Hubard, the Secession Candidate. She said that the Convention sent a committee into Washington to ask the Government if they were going to reinforce Fort Sumpter & the answer they received convinced them that the honor of the States required Secession. She says it was done with the utmost reluctance, that old men signed the Ordinance with the tears streaming down their faces, & it was then, after full deliberation & deep sorrow of heart that Virginia cut the tie that bound her to the old Union & now it seems as if this ocean of blood had all been spilt in vain - in vain! Oh! what a bitter thing to be.

There has been a letter of Booth's published, a noble letter. It was written last Nov. He then only contemplated the capture of Lincoln. He sets forth his reasons for joining the cause of the South why he gives up an income of \$20,000 a year & goes to be a private soldier in the Southern Army. He says that he has not a friend at the South, save under the sod, that his relations, his connections & his interests are all at the North, that in a foreign war he cd say his "Country right or wrong" but not in a war of brother against brother, that then he must take the right, that if the South be indeed driven to the "last ditch" at the North declared that it will still be his delight & honor to stand in the "ditch" & rise & fall with her. He signed himself "A Confederate acting upon his own responsibility," thus nobly endeavoring to take all blame off of others. This letter he gave to his brother-in-law, a Mr Clarke, "for safekeeping," & since Lincoln's death, he

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<sup>8</sup>Elizabeth Blow, b. 1824, wife of George Blow, Jr.

<sup>9</sup>George Blow, Jr. , b. 1814.

opening it & handed over to the U.S. authorities. Strange to say they have no tidings of Booth since, although \$50,000 is offered for him.

Saturday Night, April 22nd '65.

This morning after Mr Masi had given me my lesson in Thorough Bass & gone, I was practicing at the piano when Father came in. A few minutes after he said, "Oh! I have a letter for you," I turned & waited for him to give it to me. "You take it very quietly, after being so anxious to get one," he said. Every body will give me credit for such an amount of quietness & I do not deserve it either for I was not taking it quietly. I was very anxious to get a letter from Kate Finney in Charleston to hear how they were all coming on but as soon as I saw the Old Point post mark I said I expected it was from one of the Confederate prisoners & so it proved.

It was from Mr Morgan dated April 19th. He said "Camp Hamilton, Old Point, April 19th. I have at last taken advantage of your kind offer to forward a letter for me & leave it open so that if there is anything in it, that may compromise you in the even of an accident, you may see it & correct. If it were not that my mother had no idea of my whereabouts & hadn't heard from me in a very long time, I wd not put you to the trouble of forwarding this but accept some less sure plan. As \_ \_ \_ [sic] I am sure you can appreciate the matter. My friends, B & D, write with me in expressing their sense of the many obligations we are under for your many kindnesses. I sd have forwarded this some days ago but I have been waiting, hoping that something might turn up in my favor wishing to write as favourable account home as possible but it seems now as gloomy as ever.

Allow me to add that if ever I am a free man again, you will never regret having obliged a "Rebel." Yours very respectfully, Rufus Morgan. P.S. I still have a sprig of that beautiful "Woodbine" preserved between the leaves of my Testament & I shall always cherish it as reminding me of one of the most grateful reminiscences of prison life. R."

Underneath was written "Pro Mar Office the enclosed letter taken out. Ex." Now Father thinks Mr Morgan took out the letter & wrote this. I, on the contrary, think the Pro. Mar. wrote it when he examined the letter - I think Mr Morgan cd not have expected the letter to have been opened by the Yankees by what he says about my reading it to see if there was anything that wd compromise me "in the event of an accident" what accident cd he refer to but its falling into the hands of the Yankees but I can scarcely suppose he cd be so foolish as to think they wd allow a letter to leave a prison without examination. So I was quite at a loss.

I wrote to him & told him what was written on his letter whether by himself or the Pro. Mar. I cd not determine & said that he had better be made aware of the fact. I told him he thanked me for kindness that was hardly worth the name, that I hoped it wd not be much longer that he wd need the sympathy naturally felt for prisoners. I told him I was glad to hear of the preservation of the piece of jessamine for the sake of the book in wh it was preserved - the best companion in prison as in every other situation in life, that there were passages on the lines of the Apostles that must come with peculiar force to the heart of a prisoner, as experience was the best commentary upon the Bible, a fact of wh I had become more & more aware as the events of the past four years had come to pass. I said he must be very much in want of reading matter & offer to try & send him any book he might desire - sending my respects to Mr Duprey as well as himself. I signed myself & closed. I put three lilies of the valley in the letter, as he seemed fond of flowers.

April 25th 1865.

Last evening I spent by appointment with Mrs Williams & Lizzie. L. was not at all well. Her face was much swollen & she had been suffering with nausea & her hands were very hot. We made an agreement to learn German together. She was speaking of the French officers & asked me if I wd not like her to bring some of them up to see me. I told her I wd like it very much, if I cd talk French to them but felt sure I cd not understand a word they said or speak a word to them. She said she wd not bring anyone who cd not speak English at all.

Yesterday Dr John Baylor was met on the street by a young man who had been librarian in the St. Paul's church Sunday School & he shook hands with Dr Baylor. The latter asked him what part he had taken in the war. "Oh! I am neutral, was the reply, Dr Baylor said this was no time for people to be neutral, that he wd have been man enough to take one side or the other. This M<illegible> then replied that he had been in the Federal Navy but that he was now in business. Dr Baylor asked him how dare he shake hands with him then, & never to offer his hand to him again. I suppose the man was in a rage & he went off & reported him upon wh he was arrested. The Pro. Mar. asked him, Norman Bell told me, if he did not intend to recognize any of his own cloth. Dr B said "Yes, Sir, I have received much kindness & courtesy from genuine Federal officers & that I intend to return by kindness & courtesy but when I meet a man from my own state & my own town who has taken part against the South in the contest, I do not intend to have anything to do with him;" so the P.M. said that wd do & he cd go.

Friday April 28th 1865.

The bells are ringing & cannon are pealing, only twice before has it been - once at the occupation of Richmond, once at the surrender of Lee. What new piece of awful "good news" can this be? Can it be - can it be the surrender of Johnston! Oh! I trust not. Poor Booth, Father mentioned at dinner, was shot in the attempt to capture him. He sent word to his mother that he died in the service of his country.

Sunday April 30th.

A day of darkness & of dreariness! A day of clouds & of thick darkness! Johnston has indeed surrendered upon the same terms as Lee did. How it all to end? How has this collapse so suddenly come? Why has God permitted it? - questions that involuntarily arise but to wh no answer can be found by the mind of man. I can almost imagine the Saviour saying of each Christian at the South "Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat, but I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not." We have cried earnestly to the Lord for help & so far as we can see our cries have been heeded, but I do not believe it. I believe they have been heard & that God will answer them in his own time & way.

May 3rd 1865.

Yesterday I received a very affectionate letter from Kate Finney & sent off an answer of nearly 8 pages to day. She says they missed me very much after I left, particularly Capt. Tower, who said, "It does not seem like the same place" repeated times without number. She adds that Mr Hayward also missed me but was quieter about it than the former. She wrote very affectionately & I answered the letter that evening.

In answer to her jests about Capt. Tower & the "impression" made on "that strong minded individual," I told her that I knew she was aware that I considered an ourangoutang about as eligible as a Yankee. I also told her that if the time was to go over in Charleston I thought I wd act differently than I had done, & wd be more reserved; that I hardly regretted it as it was done but that I might almost say that I trusted never to set my eyes on Capt. T. or Mr H. again; that the friendly tie formed then I wd not for worlds cut but that I desired to leave it exposed to the influence of wind & weather & that if they corroded it no one wd be to blame. She spoke of the times & said of this awful failure, "I feel it deeply; you will be crushed; but only for a time . . .to give strength to others you much be strong yourself" She said it was an awful chastisement,



that we deserved it but it was very, very hard to bear. "I may become resigned, never contented. It will always be a cross."

May 12th Friday.

The Yankees rearrested John Baylor on a subsequent account of the same creature, & kept him confined some time but then finally released him announcing his release in a list of the released from the Norfolk jail wh was headed by a negro man, then came "John C. Baylor," then two negro girls. Dr Baylor's name having no title or anything of the kind the only way you knew it was not a negro was that they did not say he was.

This morning Eliza sharp came to see me. We did not have a very satisfactory time of it. Eliza said I did not care for her as much as she did for me, that my manner to her during the visit had been very peculiar, that I did not know how much she loved me, much more than I did her, that I did not care for her so much as I did before I went to the South; wh being the plain truth was not to be contradicted. She then asked the reason why? after putting her off from some time I told her plainly that I had been disappointed by the conduct of the people of Norfolk about taking the Oath. Then she of course began to explain about it. I told her that I did not desire to discuss the point again, that I thought the people ought to have died at the stake before they took it & turned aside the argument wh is worse than needless to discuss with one who has taken it.

Then she again began to ask me about my altered feelings to her & I told her that there was no use in my saying anything about it but after trying to screw out my reason she asked if it was because she danced the round dances with gentlemen - hitting the nail right on the head, to use a cant phrase. I did not deny the charge, on the contrary, told her that when I heard it I wd not believe it. She said she danced with very few people & those she knew well, etc. I said that, If I danced, I wd not object to dancing the round dances with a gentleman whom I wd allow to set with his arm around me on a sofa, that I saw no difference. She said she wd not let any one set with his arm round her in company but did not see any harm in dancing with a gentleman she knew well, she then referred to my feelings to herself personally about it.

I told her that I had at one time before I went away from town looked upon her as some thing superhuman, if I may use the word, that I had thought her so immaculate, that the idea of her with a gentleman's arm - I was afraid to finish the sentence as I felt like doing for fear of really insulting her. She said she thought a person ought to avoid the appearance of evil & if this were thought so wrong that she said she wd not dance

them any more. I told her I had no right under the sun to direct her actions & wd never have alluded to the subject to her if she had not forced it on me. She afterwards said she did not think it may be so it was not wrong for her, so I do not know what she intends to do. She is going to the club tonight, & I am anxious to hear & shall ask Mary Bell whether she does dance them.

One thing that makes me really believe she does care a good deal about me is that she always detects a change of feelings in me when I have not intended that my answers sd convey in ways such impression to have on any one & had no idea that it did convey such. As she was going away she laid her head down in my bed & said, "I am afraid our friendship is something to be dreamed about." I think we parted more coldly than we have ever done before. My feelings have changed but I regretted that we sd have parted so coldly. She was very pale today & said when she first came in that she was very much worried. I did not ask her why. Reports say she is engaged to an English officer, A Mr Turtin. I do not know whether it is so, or not. She told me today before we had that expose, when she was saying how much more she cared for me than I did for her, "I wd give up anything before I wd give you up, almost" what, or how much that almost meant she left in doubt.

This afternoon I went to see Maggie Bell. The more I see of her the better I like her. She is as honest as the day. She is going to the Camps party tonight & was much scared at the idea of it. As I was coming away, she remembered a letter that a lady had given her & told her to give it to me. It was from Mr Allen C. Redwood, one of the Confederates whom the Yankees had at the corner some weeks ago. He says "Present our regards to Miss Cloe W. We hope one day to make our acknowledgments of her kindness in person." He goes on to say, "We heartily concur with you in wishing to return to our homes, desolate thought they may be, but only in an "honourable" way or otherwise never. So I trust they will not disgrace themselves & their country by taking the Oath, as almost all of the soldiers here have done. There, to my mind is the subjugation, there, is the dishonor. Not that we were compelled in our exhausted state to lay down our arms for the moment, or it may be for years, till our soldiers can grow, for out of 14,000 whom Henrico County sent to the war only 1800 remain who are not disabled by wounds or death - but when our young soldiers go up & volunteer to take Oath of Allegiance to the detested Yankee Government - there is the subjugation of the South. One man may persecute another but he can never degrade him, that must be done by the man himself.

Sunday, May 14th '65.

Today Lizzie Talbot came to go to Church. After Church I went to see her for a few moments. She was very affectionate & wanted me to go over & stay with her. Something was said about Tuesday but no definite arrangement was made. Mr Talbot says he is jealous of me. I have felt perfectly out of sorts today & indeed do almost always. I used to think I had an even temper but I cannot flatter myself so now. Almost the only thing that affords me any pleasure is to go to sleep. I am sorry for the morning to come, glad when the day is almost done. I feel dissatisfied with everything & everybody - principally with myself. I do not think it is entirely my fault (for I want to look at it as coolly as possible) I think I lead too lonely a life, except at the three meals, & sometimes for a few minutes at the times that I see Father & Aunt Fannie or when I pay a visit, I am alone from before 6 in the morning till after 11 at night. For my age & my temperament this is too much solitude yet when I go into company I feel more "alone" than ever. I look forward to Gay's coming with the two children (for we have heard that one of my sisters is to be on soon, with the Langleys) as something that will give me a healthy stimulant yet not brain wearying.

May 15th

President Davis is reported to have been captured near Macon, Georgia.<sup>10</sup>

Monday, May 22nd 1865

May God, even the widow's God bless & preserve my precious sister, my dear Gay! This evening Mary Bell & myself were to walk together & I was going to ask Maggie & herself to tea & Father had invited Mr Ingraham to come up. I was dressing to go when Aunt Fannie came in the room & said, "Cloe, dear, you can't go out this evening." I knew there was more bad news, of what kind I had no conception. "There is bad news," she said. I looked away from her. "Horace is dead, & Clement Sams is dead." It did not come as a surprise to me, strange to say, I had been thinking as I was singing in Church yesterday, for it is inexplicable how such thoughts come over one, that if Gay had never married it was most likely I wd never married either but have devoted myself to her & now I thought if Gay comes home a widow it may be the same thing. The chance did not shock me it almost seemed as if I had known the circumstances & was weighing them apart from all feeling.

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<sup>10</sup>When Richmond fell, Davis and his cabinet fled south. Davis was captured near Irwinville, Georgia on May 10th, 1865, and was sent to prison at Fort Monroe for two years.

Mr Rowland was downstairs with a letter from Chester wh contained the information. Dressing hurriedly, I went down. He cd only repeat what Aunt Fannie had already told me. He gave me the letter to read & I took it to copy off that part. It gave few particulars. Gay & the children were in Camden, S.C., Horace - died! shall I say? - died! in Greensboro, N.C. so Gay had not even the sad pleasure of being with him. Oh! I have looked at young widows with an aching heart & thought how impossibly sad, sad above all others it was theirs, & now to think of Gay, my own Gay suffering such agony. She was so happy in Horace's love, so happy in him as a husband & as a father to her little ones, he was so gentle & good. (Oh! what a comfort that is now!) so loving & merry hearted, so conscientious & kindhearted - there is no need to ask for death bed confidences with Horace, no need to ask if he put up a hurried prayer when Death's icy hand touched him, he lived a very Christian life, therefore no doubt he died a Christian's death.

No selfrighteous Pharisee was he, but an humble, childlike Christian one who loved to think of Jesus as standing on the right hand of God interceding for man, one who was a man of prayer, one who "delighted in the law of God," who wd sit down & read page after page & chapter after chapter of the Bible for pleasure. Years ago in speaking of Horace did I said that he was the most earnest Christian I knew. What a difference is the consolation this gives from a faint hope cherished up from some expression made use of when a sick person is half unconscious, on his death bed. "Not dead but gone before" we can most truly believe, & "them that sleeps in Jesus will God bring with him," I think "Asleep in Jesus" might with truth be inscribed on his tombstone. How will Gay bear it? I wrote to her this evening. Oh! God strengthen her with Thy strength! Give her thy peace, uphold her, bless her, sanctify her, oh! Gay, Gay, Gay how can I meet her?

May 27th Saturday 1865.

A day or two ago received letters from Julius & May. Father started this morning for Chester to bring our poor Gay to her future home. From the letter received there seems to be much sickness all through the South. Horace died of Typhoid fever, so did Clement. William McLure is dead & May mentioned several others. I trust Father may not be taken sick. I have thought very much of Horace today, as I sat making a mourning dress - thought of his gentleness & of his sunny temper, wh was so heavily tried by the impossibilities of his position. How he mourned over Datha, very little as a loss of property comparatively, it was to him holy ground.

I wrote to Capt Tower day before yesterday on this subject of getting back the title to Datha if possible. I told him had Horace lived I had hoped he wd make no effort to regain it though the home of his father & grandfather & the burial place of generations of his family but he had not outlived the wreck of our country & we hoped it went to my heart to think of his children being strangers to the home he loved almost to idolation.

I told him I cd not give him a higher proof of my esteem & regard than by applying to him on such a subject, that it wd have been almost impossible for anyone to have made me believe, three months ago, that feeling as I do now, I wd have asked <illegible> & aid from an officer of the U.S. Government, upon a matter touching me so closely, but to him I came as to a tried friend. I want him to make inquiries & let me know if there is any chance of redeeming the land, if so upon what terms, if not I want to hear it plainly.

Sunday May 28th 1865

Before Ch. I heard Ginnie Langley was down stairs. I persuaded her to go to Ch. with me. She left Chester last Wed. week. She was at Clement's funeral. It all seems so strange & sudden I can hardly realize it. Ginnie seems shocked at the levity of the people here, she says at the South the people are bowed down with grief at the termination of the war. Here they are giving & going to parties & soldiers & all seem not cast down in the least & make a joke of taking the Oath. After Church, Cousin Mary Armstrong came here with Henry Conick. Tonight we received a letter from Julius & May. Gay is in Chester, came the day Ginnie Langley left.

Monday May 29th 1865.

A most disagreeable surprise tonight, after tea while Aunt Fannie was washing up the things came a ring at the door. Sarah attended it; she came back seeming very much amused, even laughing, & said "Miss Cloe!" I came to the door. "There are two gentlemen & they look like naval officers." A suspicion shot through my mind. "They gave me their cards." I asked for them & sent her for her lamp, for Aunt Fannie having taken the large lamp to put in the parlor before the door was opened, I was in total darkness. I followed her to the back door to read the names for I thought some of the best creatures I had seen in Charleston might have volunteered to come here & I wished to know how to treat them. "W.F.A. Torbert, Paymaster." I never thought he wd have come! I turned to the other card, "G.W. Hayward, Lieut., U.S.N."

There was no help for it, in I must go. I shook hands, upon entering, with Mr Torbert, then turned to Mr Hayward, & shaking hands with him introduced both of

them to Aunt Fannie, I then took a seat in the rocking chair by Mr Hayward. It wd have been hypocritical to tell them I was glad to see them, I was not glad to see them. I thought of Horace, thought of Pres. Davis in his lonely cell at Fortress Monroe & I cd not feel glad to see them. I believe I like Mr Hayward, I know I pray for himself & Captain Tower every day of my life but I am sure I cd have taken their lives tonight without the slightest agitation even, much less an emotion of sorrow.

I wd not kill them because I do not think it wd be right but if a voice from heaven were to tell me to do, I do not believe my hand wd even have trembled in putting the command into execution. And it is not hatred, they have been very kind to me individually, & I do not believe they have the least bitter feeling to a single Southerner, as to Mr Torbert I believe that in his soul he is ashamed of the part he, a Marylander, has taken in this war, though I dare say he wd die on the rack before he wd admit it, but they are my enemies they always will be my enemies, if I know myself; Mr Hayward's hands I am sure are red in Southern blood. Mr Torbert is a traitor to his poor "Mother state."

I wished to be polite but I cd not avoid being very frigid. I expressed my thanks when a remark of Aunt Fannie's called for it, but I sd think any one might have seen that the lips moved but the heart scarcely went with them. They seemed quite satisfied however & in a very good humor with themselves & everything. Mr Hayward said he was on his way to see me yesterday evening but he fell in with five or six Confederates whom he had known before the war & that detained him. "And how did you meet?" I asked. "Like brothers." I said "It is very strange but how did you talk?" "Like you & I do." "Yes, but I have not been actually in the field. I think if I were a Southern man," I do not know how I finished it at all, but he said, "I always was glad you were not a Southern man & I am more glad than ever now."

He told me of Charleston, of the conduct of the ladies, disgraceful conduct I considered it. Gen. Hatch has given a ball & Mr Hayward says it was barely attended by the citizens. "By Gov. Aiken's family, & Dr Mackay's, I suppose," I said. Mr Torbert laughed, Mr Hayward took no notice. "Miss North was there," he said. "Miss North!" "Yes." "Who went with her - you?" I asked in rather a contemptuous tone. Mr H drew himself up & answered in a would-be-dignified way that he had had the honor of going with both Miss & Mrs North. By that time my surprise was more under my control & I merely said, "I am more surprised at Mrs North, than at Miss North," referring to Kate Finney's letter. He seemed puzzled by my saying this but not to like to ask an explanation bent on to say, "Miss Kate Finney was there." Surprise naturally left me mute here I only looked down on the carpet.

Mr Torbert said, "You are telling tales out of school, Hayward, Miss. Whittle's correspondent will not thank you for your disclosures." "Miss Finney is not responsible to me for her actions, Sir," was my reply. "Miss Carrie Finney was there too," said Mr H. He seemed to be administering his remarks like disagreeable doses of medicine to me & sat quietly watching their effect. Carrie was even more stiff than Kate about our intercourse with the Yankees. And this is the metropolis of South Carolina & the origination of the war! she seems to desire to take the initiative in every move! I suppose Mr William Taylor wd say "These accursed bottom states" more than ever if he knew of all this.

Mr Hayward asked me during the evening if I did not intend to try & soften down my feelings. I told him I did not, that I wd deepen them if I cd. Something was said of negroes, I said "Your pets!" "They are not my pets & you know they are not." "Well! they are the pets of your Government." He said something about it being my Government also. I said, "No, it is not mine. I am an alien enemy of the United States & always shall remain such." He looked very reproachful & tried to say something, I do not know what.

In speaking of the negroes I had said that it was a knotty question they had to unravel as to what disposition was to be made of them. He said it was one we must help them to untie. "No, indeed, we will not, you may cut it for yourselves, we will have nothing to do with it." But you must." The conviction that he, or any one else sporting a Yankee shoulder strap, was now in a position that made a "must" to be of effect to a Southerner confused me so thoroughly that I think he read both the feeling & its cause in my face, for he repeated the expression but with a qualification "You must for the sake of your own safety." I do not know how I answered him but it was to the effect that they had brought on the difficulty & they might find the way out without aid from us. "And I suppose this is what you call Reconstruction?" very bitterly I am afraid, I asked. He was as patient as possible, "Not yet, but everything is being settled as quickly as it can be."

I think it was a very uncomfortable evening to Mr Hayward; he never saw me in such a mood before; in fact I never had the same cause before; had the South been successful I wd have felt very differently. I was perfectly at my ease with both of them, bitterly so. I seemed to be watching my opportunity to say unpleasant things something being said about Church I told him he had better go to Church on Thursday, that I thought they wd have it all to themselves. "What is Thursday?" asked Mr Torbert. "It is Andy Johnson's fast day." I fancied I saw Mr H. draw himself up in a peculiar way he has when he is not pleased. Mr Torbert said something about Lincoln about the

Thursday, "I scarcely suppose Mr Lincoln appointed Thursday," I said - no reply was made.

Something being said about the last day that was solemnized, I said that Good Friday seemed a similar day to be appointed as a day of Thanksgiving. "Was that the case?" both seemed to be surprised. "Yes, Good Friday, the 14th of April, Mr Lincoln had appointed as a day of Thanksgiving," I said, feeling sure they wd remember the events of the day. I do not think it cd have been right for a Christian to feel as I felt all the evening. Mr Hayward was mistaken in thinking I wd never feel bitter, most intensely so did I feel all the evening, I wonder if he did not see it?

Although Aunt Fannie was out of the room they got up to go soon after my remarks about Good Friday. I suppose they thought the place was too hot to hold them. Mr Torbert shook hands with me & after he did so Mr Hayward offered his hand, reluctantly I fancied. At the door we met Aunt Fannie who was followed by Sarah, waiter & almonds & raisins & cakes on it. I was surprised at Aunt Fannie & I think Mr Torbert was certainly much surprised. They resumed their seats however & Sarah handed the waiter to the latter, then to Mr H. & then to me. It showed how distrait Mr H. was that he did not offer to help me before he helped himself, wh was certainly no very favorable exhibition of Northern gallantry.

I do not know what led Mr Hayward to say sometime during the evening, "Can we not talk upon any subject except the war?" "No," I said. "Well! I believe it is impossible." "I never think upon any other subject for 5 minutes together, so I can speak of no others." "Do you not?" he asked. "No, on that, on some subject connected with it," I answered, thinking of Horace, "I cannot turn my eyes in any direction without meeting something to remind me of it." After being employed upon the almonds some time Mr Hayward, who was going to put his plate down, asked me if he sd take mine. I put it in his hand & went on talking - not very polite.

The only thing I said during the whole evening that was like my old manner to him, was when I thought what an icy reception I was giving one who had put himself to so much trouble on my behalf & as I cd not say I was glad to see him, I said, "It looks very natural to see him." "Does it?" & seemed pleased. I then said, "I want to have a good long talk with you," for a moment the old feeling of cordiality came over me & I glanced at Mr T. as I spoke for the latter gentleman always acts like a refrigerator upon me, I afterwards regretted that I said this, for I felt as if I never wished to see him again. In reply he had said, "Mr Torbert was so anxious to come up with him that he had agreed to come with him - for a first visit," he added. I think however he grew graver & graver as the visit wore on.



When they for the second time rose to go, it was Mr H. who made the move. Mr Torbert again shook hands, wh I thought was really too much, three times in one evening, & I only gave him my fingers, Mr Hayward did not offer his hand. Aunt Fannie went in the passage with them, I did not, & both Aunt Fannie & myself accidentally omitted to tell them they must come again wh I suppose I wd have made myself do if I had remembered it. The door had scarcely closed upon them when I said to Aunt Fannie "I had no idea how disagreeable it wd be to meet them," forgetting that they cd have hardly have gotten out of the front porch & the windows between where I was standing & the porch was raised. I hope they did not think it was said for their benefit.

There was a knock at the door while they were here. I was horrified but, rising, I went out of the room, closing the door, wh had been open, after me & answered the door myself, meditating vague ideas of asking any company into the other room for I cd not bear the idea of being found sitting up talking to Yankees. I do not know whether they guessed my intention but to prevent their noticing about the door I closed it again when I reentered the parlor, for I am thankful to say, it was only a man inquiring for Father. I cd not be polite enough to ask him to walk in for fear he wd accept.

Monday, June 12th 65.

Today we received a letter from Father. He has been gone for more than a fortnight. He says he may be here the last of this week. I also received a short letter from my precious Gay. Her children are both sick. I also received a letter from Emma Ravel. She says the day they reached Charleston she went to the boarding house to inquire after me but heard I had gone the day before. She says had they had been in Charleston I must certainly have staid with them that they cd not bear the idea of my being at a boarding house all alone these perilous times. She says they spent 3 weeks of torment on the plantation but then the Navy took them under their protection, & they went to Charleston.

Mr Hayward has never been to the house again & I have taken a step that almost surprises myself with regard to him. Cousin Addie to whom I mentioned he had been here for fear she wd hear it elsewhere & reproach me with receiving a Yankee, said that our not asking him to come again wd prevent his doing so. That made me feel badly to think after all his kindness to me, he sd think he had been treated impolitely here, then one night when Aunt F. & I were talking of them Aunt F. said she thought it was a case when a present might be given to show my sense of the obligation, that surprised me not a little. Aunt Fannie said "a signet ring." Now I think rings are presents that sd be

reserved for peculiar gifts - not like the present scarcity, but I thought "If Aunt Fannie looks on it in this light, when I cannot make her appreciate how much I do really owe Mr Hayward, what must he think of my gratitude when, after all my protestations, I hardly received him with decent courtesy in my own house, jeering & laughing & saying everything that I knew wd be unpleasant to him."

To be sure it was partly his fault for bringing himself before my notice when, in view of the South, to use a homely & rather fierce simile I feel like "a bear bereaved of her cubs," but still I ought, I suppose to have covered over my feelings to disguise this, well! the result of it was I suggested that instead of giving Mr H. a present, wh, if Cousin Addie were right, I told Aunt Fannie I wd have no means of getting to him, I sd write him a note asking him to call at the house again. Aunt Fannie said I had better say that we had not that an invitation to that effect necessary etc. I wrote the note & read it to Aunt Fannie. She was horrified at the first part in wh I told him plainly what my feelings had been that night after he left. When I had finished it she said it "was very handsomely expressed & if the end cd be known from the beginning, it wd do very well, "but said she really wd leave out one of my "thoughts that night." I can never look upon Mr Hayward as any thing but an enemy," I had said, in allusion to his asking me to look upon him as my friend, so I left that out & said I thought it over carefully & seriously & hoped I saw matters in a calmer, clearer, truer light & the result was if he still wished me to call him friend I was willing to be a friend to him.

I directed it, & Aunt Fannie took it to the Post Office, but it was directed to Norfolk & Lizzie Williams says it sd have been directed at last to Old Point if I did not know the name of his ship, so it will very likely never reach him. I have nothing to do with that, I have done my part in writing it. Eliza Sharp spent the day with me on Thursday. Mr Burne an Englishman came for her & spent the evening.

Friday, June 16th 1865.

I feel an inclination to write here, I know not why for I have little or nothing to say, but I followed it. Father & Gay may be here this evening though I do not much expect them. An ominous quiet broods over our poor country now, even rumour is silent. It was ruffled a little by a negro waiting in Portsmouth a day or two ago, the troops did not wish to be sent to Texas, expecting that their soldiering wd be brought to an end when they arrived there I suppose.

Gen. Lee's indictment & that of 50 others have been sent out to Washington. Pres. Davis' health is said to be wretched. I walked out this morning for health & returned almost sick as I frequently do. The sight of the Yankees parading the streets

“lords of all they survey,” & the recollections of the past, the humiliations of the present, & the anguish of the future to wh the sight gives rise makes it an excruciatingly painful & disagreeable thing to walk the streets of my native city. Alice & Connor Mallory came to see me the other evening & he says when Lee surrendered he knew the end of the war had come. That night he walked up & down his tent & felt that all was over, what a conviction it must have been! no wonder he returned to Norfolk looking almost ill, as I have heard he did.

Oh! it is an awful thing - I try to school myself to bear it - I try to remember that the Southern character may be improved by an infusion of Northern energy in the competition for daily bread - I try to remember that pride is the most hateful sin in the Lord’s eyes & that his affliction is well calculated to remove it from Southern hearts - I try to remember that God’s clouds have always silver linings - I try to remember that every step of the plan of the Divine economy is preparing the way for the time when “the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the seas” & when I stay at home, out of sight of the conqueror, I feel in a measure calmed & soothed by leaving the fate of my beloved country in my Father’s hands but when I walk upon the public streets & see their flags & their uniforms & their muskets & their parades “the root of bitterness,” wh these symbols of our degradation plants in my heart, seems in a moment to put forth leaves & branches, blossoms & fruit. Heaven have mercy upon us & teach us to drink submissively the cup He hath put into our hands.

I went over see Isabel Armstrong a few days ago & sat some hours with her. It is always painful to go there, for they do not feel as I do. How one step leads to another! Bettie’s marrying Capt. Baker, a Yankee, <sup>to whom she had been engaged for years before the war</sup> however has led them gradually to receiving Yankees & the other day Beckie had on a black silk body with U.S. buttons down the front, very decided! If they were not my only first cousins I wd not go to the house, but Aunt Addie is the only surviving member of my mother’s family & I go there. They always prevent my being annoyed by meeting Yankees, carrying me straight upstairs when they are in the parlor.

Cousin Addie told me she had seen a piece in the paper about Mr Hayward & gave it to me to read. I almost writhed as I read it. We built in Charleston a very fine ironclad, wh this piece facetiously termed, “The pride of Charleston,” it was complete but in launching her she struck upon an old revolutionary wreck an went to the bottom. This piece stated that Admiral Dahlgren<sup>11</sup> had appointed Lieutenant George W.

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<sup>11</sup>Admiral John A. B. Dahlgren, 1809-1870, in command of the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron, assisted in the capture of Charleston and Savannah.

Hayward, Fleet Captain Matthews, Engineer Danby & another officer to superintend taking her up,<sup>12</sup> when this was accomplished & she put in sea-going order, Lieutenant George Hayward was put in command of her & ordered to Norfolk, & she accomplished the trip from Charleston bar in 56 hours. The idea of his being in command of a Confederate vessel is so provoking. It was modest of him to tell me merely that he "came up" on an ironclad when I suppose this "Columbia" is the first vessel he ever commanded. That F. Capt. Matthews was very instrumental in getting Mr Hayward the permission to go down to Hilton Head with me.

He had said before that he wd like to come to see me, wh Mr H. reported to me but as I did not give him the permission Mr H. never mentioned the subject again. He had told me that Capt. M. knew a great deal about Norfolk & the Norfolk people. Mr Danby is an intimate friend of Capt. Tower's & was frequently at Mrs Finney's but Capt. T never introduced him to me, though he spoke to me very highly of him, nor did he ever introduce any officer to me, he seemed satisfied to let well enough alone. He seemed to consider his own acquaintanceship rather uncertain for he told me one night that after I got to Norfolk I wd not recognize him, but I refuted that charge.

By the way Mr Hayward told me the other night that Capt. Whittle in Charleston came to Mrs Finney's expressly to see me & asked me if I was aware of it. Of course I was not. I asked him how he heard it, he said a gentleman told him so but did not give his name. He also told me he had waited on the wharf an hour or two after he left the Arago at Hilton Head, to see the vessel go off. Individually I have never met aught but kindness from him - if I cd forget his uniform & the Government he serves I sd feel nothing but kindness to him.

#### June 18th Sunday 1865.

Seven years ago today or just at 12 between today & tomorrow my mother died. A child of 14 was I then; a woman of 21 am I now. Very much altered was I not only by the natural progression from the child to the woman but changed, changed for the better I trust. I did not feel well today & Aunt Fannie advised me not to go out in the heat to Church. I was sorry not to go but I never enjoyed a Sunday more in my life than I did this morning. This morning I finished a book by the author of the "Schonberg-Cotter Family," called "The Two Vacations" that is a most beautiful definition of woman's life. The tears came again & again to my eyes as I read it & it stirred my very

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<sup>12</sup>Lt. G.W. Hayward was ordered to take temporary charge of the ironclad *Columbia* by order of Rear Adm. J.A. Dahlgren, USN, April 25, 1865.

heart's depths. It spoke so much of the study of the Bible & the delight we sd find in it that it made me try, this afternoon, to read it in that spirit. I wish I loved the Bible more.

Isabel Armstrong was complaining of exactly the same want the other day. I know it is that I do not "hunger enough after righteousness" for when I am sorrowful the Bible shines with a radiant glory that I fail to discover when I am "at ease in Zion." For instance, when I felt so lonely & wretched in Charleston, I used to read the Bible four or five times a day & found it like a precious cordial to my soul, but when my anxieties passed away I lost that keen wish for it. Now this seems so ungrateful. I have had an instance of how God answers prayers to day that ought to encourage me to pray. In view of how unprofitable my Sundays usually are, I prayed last night, thought with a cold faith, that God wd give me the influence of His Spirit today & enable me to say in the evening "I have walked with God today," & as I before remarked I never enjoyed a Sunday more in my life than I did this morning. As I read the Service to myself it seemed instilled with new life & beauty. Ought I not now when I pray to "believe that I shall receive?" I had forgotten the prayer even - when feeling what a new power the familiar words of the Service seemed to possess I began to cast about in my mind for the reason & then remembered the prayer last night, forgotten by me - but remembered by God, who put it into my hands.

June 22nd Thursday, 1865.

A day or two ago I went out to Aunt Addie's. In the conversation Bettie mentioned a report I had heard before that Com. Farragut had been (to use a cant phrase) "given the cold shoulder" by Father. I told her it had amused me very much & I had told Father to see how astonished he wd be, it not having occurred. "Well!" she said, "Col. Howard spoke to me of uncle Whittle & said "that Conway Whittle is the most Secessionist in the place!"

He then went on to speak of the minute size of the pieces of crape hanging in the windows after Lincoln's death saying he "wd like to do" - I do not remember what to Father but one thing was to have him go & sit on the steps of the Presbyterian Church & hear the lecture delivered on the occasion. I laughed & said that sd lose its point if he had known that Father activated by curiosity did go & hear that very lecture. Bettie went on that this Col. Howard (who has now been put in command of this place) said Admiral Farragut told him he had met Father on the street & Father turned his back on him. The utmost that this sd have been made out of was that Father seeing Farragut at a distance & wishing not to be brought to the alternative of speaking to him, or refusing to

recognize him, walked with his umbrella in such a position that it was not necessary to see the Naval grandee. I am very well pleased that he chose to consider it a slight, however & I trust he regards it as an exponent of the feelings of the Norfolk people towards himself.

Aunt Fannie received a letter from Mr Maury today saying Miss Maury has gone to Richmond to see some relatives & I have written to ask her to come & stay with us on her way home. We expect Father & Gay tomorrow.

For Friday June 30th 1865.

Last Friday, the 24th, Father, Gay & the children came earlier than we expected. I went into the passage hearing a noise, found Gay standing there, perfectly calm though tearful, in her deep mourning with the baby in her arms, & Fannie standing by her also in mourning. I cannot describe how I felt, an agonizing feeling came over me but I begged her to let me relieve her of the baby & strange to say she let me take him directly. Gay was very gentle & sad but perfectly composed. She did not want to go to the dinner table, so I went with her upstairs. Her self command nearly gave way when she saw her Bible that Horace brought over to me in Charleston. Many persons have of course been to see her this week.

On Sunday, the 26th, I heard that a gentleman (Mr S) was down stairs & wished to see me. I found it was a Confederate who had gotten out of Camp Hamilton on what they call "a dead man's oath." A friend had gotten for him an oath which had been taken by a man who died a few days afterward & he came out with that as a pass. He told me that Mr Morgan had escaped & was in Southampton, Virginia without having taken the oath. Mr Duprey took the Oath & went to New Orleans. He told Mr S that he felt like a disgraced man for having taken it, & was ashamed to be going home. Mr Redward is bookkeeping for the Yankees at Old Point not yet taken the Oath. Mr S says Mr R wrote to me & had been complaining of not having received an answer & that Mr Morgan never received my letter. He came up to see me again on Monday & staid a very long time.

Cousin Addie told me on Sunday that Mr Hayward has gone on to New York to see Sue North & that they are to be married in August so I doubt if he ever gets my letter. The officer who told them of it said Mr H. thought so much of me, also said I was a very great Secessionist but wd "come round in time." I hope Sue & Mr H. will be very happy though I do not approve of Southern girls marrying Yankee officers, even when it is such a man as Mr Hayward. As far as I can see Capt. Tower wd have

been a more appropriate husband for Sue than Mr Hayward, but of that I suppose the parties themselves are better judges than I can be.

Mr H.'s engagement puts me much more at my ease about him for there is not danger of impertinent jokes now but I cd wish he were engaged to a Northern girl, as I cannot avoid having a peculiar feeling to a Southerner who wd marry a Yankee & what is almost worse I am afraid they will both be perfectly conscious of it. I wonder if she will send me an invitation to the wedding! Of course I wd not go, but I wonder if the compliment will be paid. I fancy not. I am not at all surprised that Sue has not written to me for once when she said in Charleston that she wd as lief marry a Yankee as anyone else if he were a gentleman I expressed my feelings to the contrary perfectly plainly.

Last Friday Mr Aristides Smith came to see me & paid me a long & very agreeable visit. He looks very well. He told me many anecdotes about the war. He had in his pocket a likeness of Mr Jonnie Smith, wh was very good. It was taken the day he left home to go down to Craney Island, April 19, '61. The eyes were as beautiful as a representation of his eyes cd be. I wd have liked very much to have had a copy of it.

## CHAPTER IX

“...an organization for the Relief of the poor and needy...”

Private Journal  
of  
Cloe Tyler Whittle  
Norfolk, Va.  
July 1st 1865

Norfolk, July 1st 1865.

It is always with a peculiar feeling that I begin a fresh book of my life! What events will be recorded on these pages? What sorrows & what joys will be mirrored here? Little did I think when I began the last that Horace's death & Gay's consequent widowhood wd be written there. A new phase of my life is now opening before me, having Gay & the children living here. At present I live almost like a man. Persons have expostulated with me for doing so but I do not wish to visit or go out at present. Then there is one thing I cannot shut my eyes to - Father's increased feebleness. Night before last he told me that he had found for some time that his mind was not as retentive as formerly.

Independently of my love for Father it is a fearful thing to think of his death. Julius knows nothing whatever of business, nothing, he has even to write a bank check at Mary's dictation, Horace who was so eminently fitted for business & cd have looked after my affairs as well as Gay's, is dead, Gay & myself know nothing whatever of business, May is the only one who has any knowledge whatever on the subject. I have not only a great distaste for it but it is all a profound mystery to me, for the solving of wh both the inclination & ability are wanting. I know I ought to try & understand it, Gay says I ought to make it my study.

As matters at present stand unless we all turned over everything to May to manage in case of Father's death, we wd all of us, Aunt Fannie included, be at the mercy of any lawyer who chose to cheat us out of all the property we might possess,



humorously speaking. I cannot think of a gentleman in the world to whom I could turn with confidence for advice upon any subject, in case we were left without a protector, certainly I would find it a hard matter to find one in Norfolk. Not that I mean to say there are no honest or intelligent men here but there is not a single one on whom I have any claim or am sufficiently acquainted with their principals or judgment to care to trust to them in a matter of importance. With Father nearly 65 years old this is no pleasant state of affairs. But I know there is One who can always take care of His children that ought to be enough to know I suppose, though that be an excuse for my doing nothing & I must really try & be stirring upon the subject.

Aunt Fanny & myself spent quite a pleasant 4 weeks together while Father was away, considering our recent affliction. It was sad to see on the mourning for Horace, but we got on very well together & we read some beautiful books together.

Franklin Sams was baptised in Chester, while Gay was there. I was very glad to hear of it. I have hardly spoken of Clement's death at all. He died almost in May's arms. He said he trusted implicitly to Christ & was perfectly willing to go. Gay says Horace told Randolph that except for his wife & children he had no wish to live, that he thought a thousand deaths were better than subjugation. A very natural feeling for an honorable man - a Southerner & a Christian.

Lizzie Williams came by here, a night or two ago on her way to the Point with Mrs Chapman, to tell me that she was to be confirmed on Sunday. She knew I would be glad to hear it & I know what an effort it was to her to come & tell me of it. I had suspected sometimes since I came home that Lizzie was a Christian & felt like asking her but did not. I kissed her & told her she knew how glad I was. I have for years prayed for Eliza Sharp - Eliza is now a Christian; I have for years prayed for Frank Sams - he has recently come forward to be baptized & May says she thinks that he has done it with a full realization of the importance of the step he has taken; I have prayed for years upon years for Lizzie - she has now determined to armor herself on the Lord's side. Now I have for years prayed for Mr Leony Smith, I have prayed day after day for Mr Hayward & Capt. Tower, Sue North, Adele & Emma Ravenel have I not good reason to hope my prayers will be granted with regard to them, when they have been heard, & answered in just as improbable cases? Surely we have every <illegible> to pray to our prayer hearing God. Oh! Lord increase our faith. This is one of my most solemn anniversaries - three years ago today was the battle of Malvern Hill.

Sunday, July 2nd 1865.

There was a very large Confirmation today. There were more than enough to surround the chancel once. Bettie, Rebecca & Agnes were confirmed, Katie Chapman, Nonie<sup>1</sup> & Lizzie & Mamie Camp, Mary Sinclair, Maggie Saunders, old Mr Moseley, Thomas Bell, Sallie Sinclair, Mary Whiting & many others besides Lizzie. I trust they have all been really born again. Lizzie came up to see me late yesterday evening. She spoke with much feeling of her confirmation, said how much she wished she had attend[ed] 6 years ago that it was so difficult to alter her habits that were formed. Bishop Johns gave a most forcible exposition of the plan of salvation before the Rite of Confirmation was administered.

July 4th 1865.

I was getting some figs in the garden a few moments ago & Father passing by me & alluding to the crackers wh the Yankee boys were firing in honor of the day I suppose said "They are making as much fuss as if this really was a free country."

Friday, July 7th 1865.

Today I went to the Post Office to carry a letter to Kate Finney & took out a letter from Capt Tower only a few lines. It was dated Charleston June 26th. "Miss Whittle, I received upon your letter of 25th ult about two weeks since & immediately wrote to Judge Corley but have received no answer. I shall be in Beaufort in the course of a week or ten days & can then find out the state of the case exactly of wh I will give you due notice.

I am as usual up to my eyes in business but I can assure you that your interests in the Island shall be looked out for - as far as is in my power. With great respect

Your former adviser

G.B.N. Tower

Last night I went with Father to Aunt Addie's. They talked a great deal of Mr Hayward's engagement & of Sue North. They told me that the father of Mr Hayward has recently died & he had gone to Wisconsin to see about the property. It is a very [] responsibility to be the eldest brother of nine children. I feel very much for him. He was away from home also when his mother died.

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<sup>1</sup>Mary Lou Camp, b. 1846, daughter of George W. Camp.

Saturday, July 8th 1865.

Father brought up a dreadful report to day - of there being Yellow fever in Norfolk. Ten years ago this summer it disabled this City. The reports now are vague & I wd give no credence to them were it not that it was just so before. It was denied until it cd be denied no longer. It is said that some jars wh were brought up from New Orleans being opened by two gentlemen, Mr Merrin & Mr Ferguson both were taken sick. Mr Ferguson is better but Mr Merrin has died very mysteriously - report says from yellow fever. I remembered, when Father told us of this that Mr Whiting, who died a month ago or more, was said by some to have had this fever, others said it was bilious fever - the answer was made "Who ever heard of a case of bilious fever terminating in four days?" that again was answered by "Who ever heard of a yellow fever in May?" "Yellow fever is a high type of bilious fever only," said another. Heaven have mercy on this poor, devoted land! War, famine, pestilence - every horror has visited us. Trust us, oh! Father to be ready to do Thy will trust us to leave events in Thy hands.

I believe this report. I feel as if a solemn cloud were about to envelope us. If I know myself I do not fear death. I do not see why Aunt Fannie who has had the yellow fever & myself sd not stay here in order to nurse if possible while Father Gay & the children go away. I wd not have them here for the world. If Gay were not here living with Father, I might feel it my duty to be perfectly willing to go away in order to induce him to go & also perhaps it might be my duty not to risk my life in any way in order to stay alive & take care of him but now that the providence of God has brought her home to live & she is so much better fitted to take care of him than I am, I know of no one who cd more conscientiously put themselves in the way of danger than I. I wd not fling away my life, I am content to live, I have not the longing desire to die wh I once had, but I know & feel, as well as believe, "that if this earthly tabernacle were dissolved, I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," & I believe that the preference wh I feel for life or for death is about equally balanced.

As far as I am personally concerned though I have no desire to die, I have no desire to live. By living I believe I will be a comfort to Gay & of use to her children, as well as some pleasure to Father & I may be disciplined & improved by the life-lessons God teaches his children & thereby taught nearer to Him, & made more meet for "the inheritance of the saints in light," for I know I have learnt many valuable lessons that will, I firmly believe, alter my character for all eternity, believing this I also believe that I have a long life before me for I feel that I have very much yet to learn & I think much work to do if on the other hand God chose to take me away it wd be because I was no

longer needed in His plan for earth; because He might have work for me to do in dying, because there may be work now waiting for me in heaven; because I may have been kept long enough for His purposes on the battlefield of life; because He may now see fit even after my short conflict to give me "the rest, wh the conflict & toil are seen" & He may choose to let me go "where the wicked cease from trouble & the weary are at rest," & I am sometimes very weary. But still I have do distaste for life. I wd not shorten if I had the right to do it, my pilgrimage on earth by one day.

I am perfectly willing to live or die as God sees fit. "I am content to do Thy will." About making the choice of my future I can but say "I wd not if I might." There is no use in mentioning anything on the subject of any remaining behind at present for I know it will meet with violent opposition if not from Father from Gay & this may all pass by as a horrible <illegible> off, but I think it will be my duty to try & affect it if it be but too true. I have no one dependent upon me, no husband or children to leave, Father has Gay as well as Aunt Fannie to look after him, Gay has Father & Aunt Fannie to take care of her & her children & I know nurses for yellow fever are hard to get & good careful nurses by no means common. I know that in '55 both the doctors & the nurses who came here acted, at least some of them, abominably, I know many a valuable life is saved, indiscriminately, by faithful attendance; I have no tendency to fever & no fear of contagion all of wh point me in our direction. God grant I may do His will.

July 12th Wednesday, 1865.

Among the other outrages against humanity with wh the Yankees stand charged in the face of the civilized world a recent act is likely to have a disagreeable preeminence - the hanging of a Washington lady, Mrs Surratt,<sup>2</sup> charged with being an accomplice in the assassination of Lincoln, a charge wh is declared to be unproven & denied just before execution by herself - the N.Y. News plainly styles it a "midday murder." The only things that I can understand she was charged with are 1st that the conspirators met at her house, not very surprising as her son, was one of them but has escaped & 2nd that she carried a piece of rope to some place wh it is supposed was intended to put across the road to trip up the cavalry if they sd go in pursuit.

The report of the yellow fever being here seems to have subsided. There is said to be a great deal of yellow jaundice about & that may have given rise to it.

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<sup>2</sup>Mary Elizabeth Surratt 1823-1865, owned the boardinghouse and tavern where the Lincoln assassination conspirators met. She was convicted of complicity and hanged July 7th, 1865.

Sunday July 16th 1865.

Dear little Fannie's birthday - four years old. I trust she may be spared to her dear mother for many a return of this day. She has been sick lately & Gay has been very worried about her but she is much better now. I got her some sponge cake wh had delighted her. May's little Julius' first birthday came day before yesterday. I feel very happy this evening, happy in being perfectly willing to leave my future in God's hands, trusting to the measureless love that has been always so much more tender of me than I have deserved or even asked. Father had been reading to me this evening a h<entry ends here>.

Saturday July 22nd '65.

Life goes on pretty much as usual - little stirring abroad, no change perceptible in the house. I have just finished reading the first volume of Prescott's "Mexico" & have begun the second today. I also finished yesterday "The Diary of Kitty Truylbyana" by the author of the "Schomberg Cotter Family," etc. Everything that came from that pen is a treat. We have thought Miss Maury might come to stay with us but it is not certain. Mr Hayward I hear is to be married the first of September. I have tried to find out where Sue is, for I believe I will write to her if I can ascertain. Isabel Armstrong has now gotten out on crutches. She is a very interesting girl & I believe a true Christian.

May gives no flattering picture of Yankee faith in her letter, in speaking of the negroes she says, "Hunger brings thefts & thefts bring crime, & I expect this winter will be dreadful. Already there has been much trouble. One man struck his young master with a hoe, another woman came behind her master & struck him with a rolling pin - both were allowed to go at large - an incitement to others to do the same. I fear that double-dealing is going on - they are free but we advise them to stay with you & go with their work as formerly if they do not work turn them off, do not feed them. On these conditions some of the planters are trying to go on as before, feeding the whole plantation, old, infirm, sick & children. In the meantime the privates go to these same plantations & say, 'What are you working for? you are free' - so they stop & lay, & sleep, & smoke, & when the planters come they of course feel prouder & speak & then some act of violence is done, & the planter is arrested. I hope they are not trying to make trouble, but in several cases you cd trace it straight back."

I wonder if Mr Baker gets the benefit of May's letters & what he thinks of them. In another place May says, "I think if the Northerners cd see for themselves the condition to wh they have brought their colored brethren there wd not be so much

exstasy & rejoicing at the North. I do not expect them to feel with us - I know they have so sympathy with the planter but I believe some of them were sincere in the interest they professed for the "poor African" they really deserve that little word & I hope those who have made them as they are now will take charge of them - there is the promise of a redundant harvest but they are spending their time sleeping & lying in the sun. "The good time has come," they are free, no one can make them work & what wd be the use of being free if they made themselves. "When their present clothes wear out, wh through four years of war their masters contrived to keep them supplied with, are gone I do not know how they are to produce covering. The weaving & spinning that the planters had arranged are stopped. I think the best that the Yankees cd do wd be to cloth them for one year at least. The goods that they bring here to sell are sold 50 per cent discount. The semi-annual distribution of clothing to the old, the infirm, those who were too young to work has ceased & what are they to do? I feel sorry for the servants, they have behaved well through the whole war - some even now wd stay with their masters but they have been so impoverished that they are not able to live in the kind, patriarchal style of former days."

July 28th 1865

On the 25th Miss Maury came & staid a day & night with us. Almost the first words she said to me were to ask me if a report wh she had heard that I was engaged to a Mr Sams was correct. I told her that it was not but colored at the question, she said, "Not engaged, but on the way to being?" Of course she had no right to ask such questions but I had no objection to answering them so told her that such was not the case at all, that the only unmarried brother was twenty years older than I & a confirmed old bachelor,<sup>3</sup> so I hope she was satisfied on the subject. Why sd she take such an interest in the matter I wonder?

To day long & interesting letters from May. A letter from Hennie to May she sent on also. May says that an army of 30,000 negroes were marching on Charleston to demand their rights when some one managed to get to Charleston & inform the Yankee Commandant & he stopped it.

It is a remarkable fact & one well worth the attention of the pseudo philanthropists <illegible> Abolitionists that while there has been no insurrection of the negroes all through these bloody four years despite the many (& I can almost find it in

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<sup>3</sup>Franklin Fripp Sams, b. 1823.

my heart to say diabolical) attempts to excite a <illegible>, yet when they have succeeded in abolishing slavery for their own interests notice there has been a constant succession of conflicts between the white man & the black - not the wrath of the misused slave directed against the master who has so long & so unjustly say the Yankee fanatics deprived him of his birthright of liberty, but the indignant outburst on the part of these poor misguided creatures as they begin in some faint degree to realize how they have been abused to the selfish ends of demagogues - the wrath of the slaves against the busy bodies who have interfered between "the poor African," as May says they may now truly call him, & his natural friend & protector, the Southerner, who from his cradle & his nurse's arms have been brought up with negroes.

Mr Okeson, in speaking to Gay of the war said, it was a feature in this dispensation wh he cd not understand at all, the condition of the negroe [sic] consequent upon the success of the Yankees. He spoke of what dreadful sufferings they had met with & to wh Heaven only sees the end & said they seemed to him as an innocent people, having no part in the crimes of the white man wh have brought on this present deplorable state of affairs. How blind we are. How little we can know the future of this distracted land.

Saturday Evening July 29th 1865.

Last evening I went over to Aunt Addie's. Bettie met me at the door & speaking quite stiffly as she usually does said Isabel had gone out that they had all gone except Aunt Addie who was in the dining room. As she gave me no option but to go I started down the passage. Mr Baker & herself had been talking together in the porch. I believe it is principally embarrassment that makes both of them so awkward. Bettie called to me before I had gone far however & told me she was going over to the Yard to live in a few days. I am always very polite - both to Bettie & Mr Baker & I expressed my interest in her proceedings, so she proposed going to tell me about it so she came into the dining room & told me about the house they were to live in, interspersing her description with "exquisite," "beautiful", etc. etc. If her intention was to make me feel badly at the comfort in wh the Yankee officials were living in our Virginia Navy Yard she certainly succeeded but my intention was equally strong that she sd not be aware of her success, so I assumed a cousinly interest as far as she individually was concerned but a public indifference to the subject in general. I always feel it necessary to arm myself with a double casing of politeness when I am to encounter Bettie.

When the girls came in she excused herself to me as she was going to see Mrs Leonard. She followed me into the parlor & there followed the discharge of a small

battery for my benefit, wh wd have been meaningless, most probably, to an outsider. "Sister! Sister! if Capt. Perry sd call please tell him that I have gone to see Cousin Carrie (I wonder if he is acquainted with the Christian names of all her relatives?) "Tell him she begged us (!) so much to go that I had to do so." "Yes, Bettie, I will tell him." "Now, Sister, if Capt. Perry sd come don't forget to tell him; tell him Cousin Carrie begged us (!) so much I had to do so. "Yes, Bettie, I will certainly tell him." "Or if any other officers sd come if Capt. \_\_\_\_ or Capt. \_\_\_\_ tell them so too, say I will not be gone long." "Very well, Bettie, I will."

Having no excuse for giving a direction a third time that had been understood the first she was obliged to content herself without the chance of making any further impression upon her imperturbable cousin she was quickly seated, enjoying the breeze at the window, seemingly taking no notice of her words though hearing everyone, wh was doubtless intended for my benefit we never having begged nor ever asked Mr Baker to come to the house.

Father came for me & we walked down on the Point. I did not like to go off without asking them to go too so Beckie & Agnes went with us. Ellen, Gay's nurse came down there after me, & said a lady was at home & wanted to see me, so we turned homewards. Speaking of a family who leave for Europe today & who by their decided Secession proclivities & having stopped speaking to the Armstrongs on the street are much disliked by them they said, ironically how distressed they were, that they must drape their house with mourning, said one, "Oh! no play them "The Star Spangled Banner" said the other, all in a very loud tone of voice. All this was of course exceedingly annoying to me & I told Agnes that I wd be very much obliged to her if she wd keep her animadversions upon people & things in general till she was not with me. It has decided Father & myself never to ask their company in the street again.

At home I found Sue & Lizzie Baynall & her brother. Sue had a great deal of conversation, Lizzie not much, & her brother, Dr Baynall, still less or he did not fancy talking to Father all the evening for there were dead pauses in the conversation between them, wh I tried to break without much effect. I finished to day the 2nd of Prescott's Conquest of Mexico. It is very interesting. I began a day or two ago Very Hard Crack, the sequel to Love Me Little, Love Me Long - two books I promised Mr Hayward to read. I like it very well.

I have heard neither of him or from him. I suppose my letter to him is in the Dead Letter Office at Washington now. I am thankful it has no signature to it. My mind is completely divided in my detestation of the whole Yankee government. I cd wish never to hear of Mr Hayward again, as a conqueror & an oppressor the thought of him



is hateful to me, on the other hand my warm regard for him personally when I can view him apart from the Service in wh he has been engaged makes me regret very much that he sd have come here to see me when he did & thereby giving me the opportunity of saying some bitter things to him wh I sd think he wd find it hard, if not impossible, to forget.

Then I feel disposed to write to Sue about her engagement to him, if I can find out where she is, for wh I have put many inquiries afloat & show her how much I am interested in both her & himself & thereby try to secure the friendship of both & on the other hand I am drawn back by thinking she is doing very wrong as a Southerner in marrying him, although I have always thought it more excusable in Sue than in any other Southerner, as she never professed to feel any interest in the fate of the Confederacy, so it cannot be said to be inconsistent in her - well! time must determine my conduct. How exceedingly awkward it wd be if he sd bring her to Norfolk!

The Kleins says they wd not recognize her - I think I wd certainly call on Mr Hayward's wife were she a Comanche Indian, much less one who tried to contribute to my pleasure & was very kind to me in Charleston - a pleasant predicament truly & not a very improbable one either. I thought that neither Mr H. or Capt. Tower might be ordered to Norfolk, though Mr H. said it regarded it as certain that he sd go home, & in less than two months he was ordered here. Under other circumstances I wd like to ask Sue, even as Sue North to stay with me, as Mrs Hayward I wd certainly wish to do so, but I cd not & wd not outrage public opinion by doing so under these circumstances. Well! the future must take care of itself.

Thursday Aug 4th 1865.

Mrs Cooke & Miss Mary Klein came to see me the other evening. I had walked part of the way to Church with her the day before & had asked Sue North's direction, telling her I thought of writing to her. She declined flatly to give it to me, expressing the greatest surprise that I sd think of such a thing. She said she had too much regard for me to allow me to write to a girl who had disgraced her family. Well, the next day Mrs Cooke & herself came. Evidently Mrs Cooke's house has been thrown into a commotion by my even thinking of writing to poor Sue for I really feel sorry for her. Miss Mary says she has heard from a first cousin of Sue's Mr Thurston who is in N.Y. & he says he does not intend to go near his Aunt or Cousin. "She says Dr North says he will never speak to his wife or Sue again." I feel as sorry for Mr Hayward as for Sue. He had little idea when he addressed Sue, that he was offering an insult to her

family that wd be felt in its most remote branches, he certainly did not intend it to be received in any such way & it places him in a very awkward position.

He is certainly not to blame because Sue accepted him & it is certainly not for him to withdraw now, & yet if he knows anything of all this he must feel it keenly. To be the cause of dissent in between a father & his only child is very sad. Dr North seems to be deeply mortified from Miss Mary's accounts. He left Charleston because he wd not take the Oath & then hears while banished from his home for his country's sake that his only daughter has engaged herself to an enemy of that country. I heard Dr North tell Mrs North that she was not to invite any Federal Officers to come to his house - & behold the result! Then Sue's having met Mr Hayward by coming to see me & my being the one to introduce him to her, wh I sincerely regret, make me feel also implicated in Dr North's family quarrel.

Mrs Cooke told Father that if she were in his place she wd not allow me to write to Sue that she wd not permit any one in her house to do such a thing. They were so very earnest that Father at last told me he wd rather I sd not write wh of course put an end to my doing so. Without that prohibition, after I heard that Dr North disapproved of the match, I did not know what to write to Sue, as I do not think a daughter sd marry against a Father's consent. I tried to tell Mrs Cooke & Miss Mary that Sue was not being inconsistent that she never professed to care for the Confederacy in marrying a Yankee, etc. - they said that only made it worse that they did not see how I cd care for any one who cd be so heartless as not to feel the sufferings of her native country.

They amused me by their vehemence, although I admit the spirit from wh it springs & do myself think it very sorry for a Southern girl to marry a Yankee officer but I cannot help feeling sorry for the young couple, who are making their debut upon the stage of married life under such a storm of almost imprecations from their relatives, near & far off. Miss Mary says she knows one of her uncles who will never speak to her again, Capt. North of the Confederate Army. When talking of it after they left Father said, "It wd have embarrassed my conduct very much during this time if I had a daughter who had taken the course Miss North had done." I wondered if he was thinking of me.

I have been very much interested in a pamphlet by Edmond A. Rolland of Rich., called Eight Months in Prison. He gives a very graphic & very sad account of life in Fort Warren. The fare for the day was a thin slice of bread in the morning, a thin slice & a piece of pork for dinner & a thin slice of bread for supper, to drink they had dirty cistern water, no coffee, no tea. The slices you cd see the light through. The last entry

is made Feb 20th, 1865 & in it he speaks of the "bright prospects" of the Confederacy - alas! alas!

Aug 5th 1865.

Wrote to Dr Sams this morning on the subject of Datha, & to Miss Maury.

Sunday, Aug. 6th 1865.

Received the Communion today. Bishop Johns preached from Heb. 4 11th. "There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God."

Sunday, Aug 13th 1865.

Today I had a wretched cold & Father not being well also I staid at home. We said the Service together & then I read him a chapter from "Principalities & Powers," by Charlotte Elizabeth, called "Christ seem of angels." We then got to talking of Saul & Samuel & the witch of Endor. Last week our precious Father was quite sick, having taken a violent cold, & having quite high fevers also, we became uneasy & sent for the Dr, but I am thankful to be able to say now that he is better, much better. I felt almost in despair when I thought of his being ill I ought not to make myself so dependent even on a Father I know. I ought to leave everything concerns my loved ones as well as myself in the hands of my Heavenly Father & it is my wish to do so.

Friday, Aug 18th 1865.

Isabel spent Saturday night with me & Lizzie Williams Wednesday night. I have finished Prescott's Conquest of Mexico & begun Bancroft's U. States. I have been reading "Jane Eyre" for the last few days. It is certainly interesting but certainly also, objectionable. Some of these days I am going to read "Shirley," & "Villette." A novel gives me more pleasure to look back upon, to think of in amusement when I do not feel able to read than it does in the reading & I believe that is the principal use of them. I have begun learning German with Wright Whittle. We began on Aug 9th & I like it very much.

Monday, August 21st 1865.

Today is my dear Father's birthday, sixty-five today. Three years ago today did I first find myself in possession of power of writing poetry. Today Father brought me up a letter from the Post Office directed to No. 20 Boush St. I opened it & found a card

- "Zion Church, Cor. 38th & Madison Avenue, Thursday, Aug 24th 1865 at 12 O'Clock, George W. Hayward, U.S.N. Susan North." It was mailed in N.Y. on the same day I posted my letter to her. I am very glad she sent it especially as in the No. 20 Boush St. I recognized Mr Hayward's co-operation. I sat down immediately & wrote to her assuring her of my best wishes for the happiness of both, told her I sd think of them next Thursday.

Thursday, Aug. 24th 1865.

I suppose Sue is Mrs Hayward by this time. Sue Hayward - quite a pretty name. I doubt not Mr Hayward is supremely happy. I think Sue has acted very wrongly both as regards her Father & her country, but I trust their union may be blessed to the good of both. I have nothing to do whatever with the propriety or impropriety of her conduct. As Mr Hayward's wife Sue North the Southerner becomes a different person to me. She is, to me, the wife of a Yankee officer to whom I am under great obligations. This morning it was her duty to break off her engagement to Mr Hayward, now it is her duty to love, honor & obey him until death them doth part, & Heaven grant she may keep her vows.

I must confess it is not without great misgivings that I think of her as his wife. I wd he were a more determined character & not such a worshipper of the female sex, it might enable him to see more clearly & consequently act more efficiently. I think there is little doubt that she will marry him, not he her. & it wd be a blessing to her too to have some one to whom she cd look up to for guidance & may be control sometimes. "Howsomeever," it is no concern of mine. I wish them all happiness imaginable or rather I <illegible> that God sees can be given them in safety.

Sunday, Aug September 3rd 1862<sic>.

Communion Sunday - Gay was not able to go to Church & seems to feel quite unwell - her head hurts her. Dr Walker of S.C. came to pay a visit here yesterday morning & was invited to spend the evening. Father asked him to come & go to Church with us this morning wh he did. Service for tonight was announced as to be held in St. Paul's (wh the Yankees have just given up) & he asked me to go with him so he is to take tea with us & go. He is very agreeable & what is far more seems to be a Christian. He received the Communion with us & even before that by different expressions I thought he was one who viewed things by the light of Eternity. He thinks of settling in Norfolk & I hope he will do so & his wife & himself might make an agreeable addition to our society; he married Miss Jane Perkins of Suffolk.

At night Mr Okeson preached an admirable sermon on the text, "that wh hath been is now, that wh is to be hath always been & God requirest that wh is past to <end of entry.>

Wednesday, Sept. 13th 1862.

Mr John Rowland having come from Chester May wrote asking Father to entertain him, so Father invited him to dinner yesterday, also Capt. Connock, Mr DuBree & Mr Chas. Rowland. One or two others were invited but did not come. Eliza Sharp came home some time ago. She wrote me a very affectionate note apologizing for not having been to see me. Aunt Fannie & Father took me to task the other day about my "frigid" manners to her. I have lately been reading "The Daisy Chain," a work by Miss Yonges, "an overgrown tale, she styles it, but it is very interesting. "The Trial," the sequel is not so good Aunt Addie says.

I have much interest in watching Bishop Wilson's course. He issued a Pastoral to the people of Alabama & in it forbade the Clergy to use the prayer for the Pres. of the U.S. until civil authority is introduced. Yesterday I read a letter from him to Bishop S of Vermont upon the question of reunion with the Northern Church, wh Bishop Wilson opposes strongly on the grounds of Christianity & give his reasons. He says "our people are not yet out of mourning for their dead." He says we will have work to do to keep politics out of the Church. That our Church has suffered & is now suffering untold misery from the influence of once local and political prayer & plainly says we must make our prayers more Catholic in their spirit. The tone of the whole letter is manly & independent.

Wednesday, Sept. 20th 1865.

At a meeting of the Trustees of the Church on Sunday Father was appointed the Lay Delegate to the Council to meet at Richmond today. I had been expressing repeatedly my desire to be present at this Council in hopes that it wd meet here but I never spoke of my wish to go after Father was appointed, but on Monday night Father said it wd have given him so much pleasure to have me with him but that he did not think his purse wd bear the double drain on it wh satisfied me completely for I had felt rather hurt at his saying nothing when the whole house knew what I have been wishing before I dreamt of Father's being sent to R. Father went off yesterday morning.

I wrote to him today also to May. I have almost finished "The Trial" & like it full as much as the "The Daisy Chain." Some time ago Mrs Gardner wrote me a note

speaking of the pleasure my acquaintance had given her. After some delay I answered it, & received almost immediately a reply wh I have not yet answered.

I am very much afraid that I am the victim of a very unpleasant failing & one that interferes woefully with the comfort of the person it besets - I mean overfastidiousness. I find that an inelegant action, an unladylike expression, an awkward gesture even, will disgust me. I am afraid a want of tact, or a deficiency of intellect, a want of grace or beauty, or an absence of refinement offends me as nothing that is not morally wrong ought to do. And it interferes most awfully with ones happiness, as there are very very few who do not wound my over-sensitive taste in some way or the other. I am not such a piece of perfection myself as to allow of my being so sever upon the rest of the fallen world. And yet I am in an almost constant state of fault finding with the people I meet in the world. I may keep my lips from uttering any thing but in my heart I am despising them for wh often they cannot help. Is not this a grievous sin against our pitying Father? And yet it seems constitutional that I do not know what to do with it & so long as I restrain my tongue from uncharitable remarks it seems to demand & obtain liberty to exercise itself in private.

Monday, Sept. 25th, 1865.

My twenty-second birthday! And a very happy day it has been. In the first place I asked Father to take me to see some stereoscopic views at a Photographic Gallery with the design of inducing him to have his likeness taken with me. He has always refused to have himself taken at all & I was very doubtful of my success but with many an earnest petition for help I tried the experiment. As he was sitting down looking at the views I put my hands on his shoulders, standing behind him & said "Father." He got up - that was not at all to my purpose & I said, startled, "What is that for?" "To give you an opportunity of seeing the views." "Father this is my birthday!" "Is it?" & he looked at me to see what was to come. "Yes, & I want you to give me a present," he might well be amazed at such a speech from me & I think even before he heard what it was he had suspected & began to remonstrate. I then plied my argument vigorously. He declined flatly, No, no, he cd not think of it, he did not like it. "But that is not the only important thing, Father" I said, there was nothing to be said to this, at least by so modest a person as he is. "Some other day, then," he said, but I had full faith in the old saying of Procrastination being a thief & thought he might steal the fulfillment of this promise from me - "But I have had all the trouble of dressing up today!" "Have you?" said Father in a sympathetic tone & he ran his eyes over me as he spoke - to other objections I had plead that I had never been photographed before &

asked him to treat it as a childish wish to have my face taken (rather a lame arrangement at 22) "& you cannot refuse me on my birthday!" The result was Father yielded & we were taken. how - is to be seen tomorrow.

Gay gave me a wrapping for my head, called a Seafoam. Aunt Fannie told me she was going to send to Phila. for a Photographic Album for me - a want of mine for years. Lizzie told me to day I must not think she had forgotten my birthday but there was such a poor selection of things in Norfolk her mother had advised her to wait till she reached Baltimore.

Com.Sunday, Oct 1st 1865.

Saturday I went to the Institute (Miss S. Balfour is boarding there.) It was the first time I have been within those gates for about three years & a half. How changed is everything within & around me in that time! The place looked beautiful - beautiful. I sat for some time on a bench under the Magnolia & thought, at first sad regretful thoughts. The place reminded me very much of one day, early in Jan. 61 I think, when I was there & the pure, white snow enveloped everything with its radiant mantle. I knew not why yesterday reminded me so much of it.

Last night Cousin Addie & Agnes took tea here & after tea Eliza Sharp came in with a Mr Marshall from Fauquier, Mr Fielding Lewis Marshall.<sup>4</sup> Eliza & I are going to walk, nothing preventing, tomorrow afternoon & wants Father to come up & spend the evening with me at their house, Gay wants me to go on his account. Today Mr Marshall was in Sunday School.

Mr Williams preached a most thrilling sermon on "On him there is plenteous redemption," today. He dealt on the meaning of redemption & its value, but especially on its being plenteous, that "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sins. The congregation seemed very much impressed, I trust with many it may be sure that an impression passing away like a moving cloud. I went to see Louisa Pitt before S. School. I think she is evidently dying. I told Mr Okeson in S.S. about her, he said he wd go & see her. There is to be service to night in Church, of wh I am very glad.

Tuesday, Oct 10th 1865.

A long & most gratifying visit from Mary Bell. I did not know she valued our friendship so highly as she must do to unfold herself to me as she did. I never saw her look so pretty before. Her eyes were sparkling & the crimson deepened & still

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<sup>4</sup>Fielding Lewis Marshall, b. 1819, farmer, of Fauquier County.

deepened in her transparent cheeks. Poor child! I yet doubt not the trial will be a blessing to her - already I cd see some fruit from the hours of self-communion she had been obliged to spend. I never say her so much in earnest as to the end & object of life as on this 9th of Oct.

I had seen on Sunday in a book I was reading some account of a girl's sewing society, & proposed to her for us to endeavor to establish one. She seized on the idea with an eagerness that surprised as well as pleased me, but I afterwards saw why it was natural. She needs work, work that will draw her away from & out of herself. And I will do all in my power to assist her to find it. I never loved her so much before as I did as I drew down her head to me, as she stood by me, & touched her glowing cheeks with my lips, I felt our friendship was closer than ever.

Thursday, Oct 12th 1865.

I went to ask Bettie West if she wd not come join the sewing society to wh she agreed but will no be able to do so just at present. I then went to ask Mary Selden about the same thing, to wh she also agreed after some demur about being very busy just at present confessing to me, when she made up her mind to join, that the dread of her sisters ridicule had caused her to hesitate. It is just like Mary to make such a candid confession. I went afterwards to Mary Bell's. Poor child, she looked very pale & badly. She seems very glad to see me, at least as glad as she cd feel at anything. She thanked me for the letter I wrote her the other evening & said, "Do you [] what I did when I read it?" I suspected but wd not say. "I cried over it." I asked her, although I hesitated to do it if she minded telling me what first had brought forth the tears, "No - do you remember the beginning of the third page?" I did perfectly I had said there - "Mary wd be surprised that I sd treat this so seriously - you may be now - for I warn you that you may meet them as a child of God." Mary said, poor thing, that she cd not take interest in anything around her as she used to do, that she wished so much she cd, but she felt as if she did not care for anything.

She has asked Mary Irwin about the sewing society, & Mary likes the idea very much & will join. I hope this may be of some interest to Mary Bell. She needs work; earnest work for others now as a tonic to brace up her mind. Speaking of Mary Irwin Mary said I had no idea how much she thought of me. I have noticed she had been to see me very frequently since I returned home while I have been there only once but I did not think she really cared anything for me. She begged me very affectionately to come to see her the last time she was here so I feel some curiosity to go & will try to do so



tomorrow. Mary Bell has a very high opinion of her, & is always saying something good about her.

I went yesterday afternoon to ask Mary Walke to join with us about the sewing society. She does not know yet. She had been quite sick. She offered me Napoleon's life of Julius Caesar, wh I wd like very much to read. Bettie Poindexter & Alice Mallory do not seem to be very well disposed towards sewing for the society.

Friday, October 13th 1865.

Have today come to a decision about a point of duty that is far from agreeable. I have decided that I ought to tell Mary Bell some reports I heard last summer affecting, most seriously, the character of the one she loves so well, if true. I think it what I wd have a right to expect from her were I in her care & the direction to do as I wd be done by is plain to my understanding on this point.

Thursday, Oct. 19th 1865.

Two years ago today I left Norfolk & my dear Father to try the benefit of change of air on my health.

Tuesday, Oct 24th 1865.

To day my precious Father left us to go on to Phil. for Aunt Mary's body, at Aunt Fannie's request. It is rather a stormy night & I wd be very uneasy in thinking of his being on the Bay if I did not know that our tender Father holds the waters in the hollow of his hand. As it was I hated to part with him. He told me he wd have liked to have carried me with him but thought Aunt Fannie wd not like it to seem at all like a pleasure trip.

This evening Cousin Addie came over to see us. She told me that she met last night an officer who spoke of Capt. Tower to her. He told her Capt. T had resigned about a month ago & taken a situation in Charleston wh has something to do with transport wh will give him an income of \$20,000 a year. What the position was she did not seem clearly to know. This officer also told Cousin Addie that Capt. Tower or Mr Tower as I ought to call him, was very intelligent, stood high in his profession & was a very hard student. She has heard nothing of Mr Hayward.

Thursday, Oct. 26th 1865.

Gay & I took a walk in the country, over Drummond's Bridge this morning. The water & sky were the most beautiful blue. Yesterday our sewing society met.

Some work was cut out, but not a great deal was done. The next time we meet at Mary Irvin's. Some how or other I was disappointed at the meeting. I hardly know why. There was a great deal of conversation I thought had far better not have been held & yet I took part in it. I wonder at myself & I regret it. I think there is a coldness arising between Mary Bell & myself, if so there is much that will go to increase it. Poor <scratched out> she is subjected to a trial I have been mercifully spared. How pitifully weak we all are! "Strong" & "self-reliant" to whom can such terms be truly applied & yet how often they are used.

We are as very "reeds shaken in the wind" when feeling is interested. I believe, if he is without religion, confidence in any human being is misplaced. I [] yet how slow we are to believe our idols are of clay! High toned, honorable feeling; exalted position in society, bright prospects for the future - how often have we read & known of their being but stones in the path of temptation & yet Christian women go on trusting their temporal, if not eternal happiness in the hands of men who are enemies to God - "honorable men" "incapable of a mean action" - must it not be hateful in the eye of God? Is there a sin in the Decalog wh each one of us is incapable of committing unless restrained by the mercy of God? Have we any right to hope that one who is "a stranger to the covenant of promise" will be so restrained? Christians how dare you, sworn servants of God, insult the majesty of your Master by vowing to "love, honor & obey" one who does not obey his Maker! Oh! it is strange, passive strange. The specious excuse of "hoping to influence him for good" appears to me presumptuous in the extreme.

The plan, as I understood it, is to disobey the commands of the Almighty by "yoking yourself together with an unbeliever" with the expectation that the disobedience will be blessed by Him by making His disobedient child the happy instrument of converting an immortal soul. "How knowest them, oh! wife, whether thou shalt serve thy husband," is quoted almost blaphemously. Any one with any knowledge of this passage & any candor ought to be ashamed to bring forward such a miserable argument, wh proves nothing more than the weakness of the cause wh requires to be so bolstered up. When two heathens had married before they heard of Christianity & one of them had become converted if the other party was still willing to remain united to a despised Nazarene the Christian was commanded to remain with him, the reason being given that "How knowest thou, oh! husband, whether thou shalt serve thy wife?" & "How knowest thou, oh, wife, whether thou shalt serve thy husband?" In the name of decency & fairness how can anyone so preserve this as to apply it to a Christian voluntarily uniting themselves in the close & (as it sd be) holy bonds of matrimony with one of

whom it is expressly said in the Scriptures of truth that “the wrath of God abideth on him?”

In the Bible it is said that an unmarried woman is at liberty to be married to whom she will - “only” mark it Christians - “only in the Lord.” Is it possible to misunderstand this? It is possible to disregard it, but is it possible to misunderstand it? There is no half way ground upon wh one can stand. Either a man is a Christian or he is not. I do not allude to professed Christians, they may be Christians, or, as I suppose is the case with the majority, of Church members, may but know the first principles of the doctrine of Christ. I mean either a man has had his sins washed away in the blood of Jesus, or he is an enemy of God, “doing despite to the spirit of grace” & how dare a woman, how dare a Christian woman choose as the giver of her youth, the Lord of her household, the father of her children, the daily companion of her life, till death doth part them, a man out of whose heart, as its natural fruit, proceedeth, “Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envoyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings & such like.” Do they believe in the doctrine of original depravity? I trow not.

It is true that the lives of most men who are not Christians, do not present pictures to our eyes drawn in the strong colors in wh the Bible paints them, for only “the Lord looketh to the heart” we see the result as it is left by the restraints wh the conventionalities of society, family pride, the dread of consequences the love of admiration, & the directly restraining power of God himself holding them with a strong grasp & compelling them to work out his plans against their will, throw around them, keeping them from the sin wh in their hearts they have. But in the eyes of God all their motives for the actions fair to our eyes are traced through all their devious windings up to their polluted source, the sin strained, guilty heart of man, in far clearer lines than are the bendings of a river in a chart before our eyes.

Christians! is there nothing abhorrent to you in the idea - to you, who if you are what you profess, are striving to be as holy as God is holy - nothing abhorrent to you whom Heaven is a Fatherland - in becoming “bone of his bone & flesh of his flesh” to a man who if he died the day after you married him wd lift up his eyes in hell, being in torments? Can you insure his life for one day that you have time to exact the influence of wh you think so much of him? Our gentle, pitying Saviour says, “He that believeth not, is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.” dare you to become one with such? If so, have you no excuse to tremble for the reality of the profession you have made in the sight of men & angels? Do you not fear that you have “a name to live but are dead”?

Saturday, Oct 28th 1865.

To day Mary Selden gratified me very nicely by making me the confidante of her future prospects. She promises to make her fiance like me. I said, "I am sure I need not ask, Mary, if he is a Christian?" "No, indeed, you need not. I believe he is truly one. But there is one thing you wont like - he is not an Episcopalian." "What is he?" "A Presbyterian, but I have my hopes." We talked a good deal more of him.

Sunday, Oct. 29th, 1865.

To day I have felt was a solemn one to me. I have been for some time thinking of writing a book exemplifying Va. characteristics, & founded upon the war but one thing or another came to put it off, but on Thursday I did begin it. I find the balm of the manual writing much more arduous than I supposed it wd have been. I always wrote slowly & I cannot in three or four days write a quarter that has been arranged in my mind on the first day & then different parts of the plot come crowding in my brain while I am obliged to confine myself to writing one & am afraid of forgetting all the others. I believe I cd keep three or for <sic> secretaries at work at the same time.

I was so worn out & tired last night after writing hard almost hard all day, that it was with a feeling of the greatest thankfulness that I thought of the rest of this blessed day. I do not know how it may end. One thing I do know most positively - it is not from any desire, not the faintest, for fame that makes me write. I hate the very suspicion to cross my mind that my name may come to light, as an authoress, & intend to try by any means in my power to remain unknown. I agree perfectly with Judge Tucker's opinion that it deprives a women's name of its sanctity if it becomes the property of the public. The longing desire of my heart is to live hereafter as an influence for grace, myself remaining unknown.

It may all come to nothing. Circumstances may present my ever finishing what I have begun or no one may think it worth the trouble of publishing. I desire to have no wish upon that subject. I have placed it in the hands of God. To Him, I desire to dedicate every faculty of my being. I have asked for His assistance in my work & that He wd take it in His own hands & do with it as seemeth good in His sight. The last two or three days have been ones of hard work to me but I cannot go on in this way, for I have no time for reading or answering myself. I wish the hand work cd be done by machines. This first Sunday after my taking up what may be even to me a profession is a solemn pause to me.

Next Sunday will be a Communion Sunday. I am very glad of it for I feel I need strength. I have enjoyed this day very much as I prayed last night that I might. Bishop Johns preached a most earnest, thrilling sermon upon the words "Are there few that be saved?" I read this evening in the Bible those fervent words of Paul "There are things I do, forgetting those things that are behind; I press toward the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." I wd that my life, my whole life cd be the doing of "this one thing."

I saw Mary Bell at S. School to day. She says our Sewing Society is known all over town. I do not dislike it near as much as I though I wd at first, but it seems very strange to me that people sd interest themselves so much in other people's affairs. Our dear Father has not yet returned. We expect him on Wednesday, but have received no letter. I must go to bed now for I feel very, very weary but I wanted to be able to look back at the feeling of this time when long years have passed away.

Nov 2nd 1865.

Yesterday our Sewing Society met. We were engaged in sewing & had finished a story wh May Selden read aloud upon the Early Dawn of Christianity in Britain when a cart drove up to Mrs Irvin's door without our noticing it but a large basket was brought in covered over & set in the middle of the floor & an accompanying one handed to Mary Irvin. The note requested Miss Irvin if the society did not meet at her house wd she be so kind as to direct the driver where to carry the basket.

Peals of laughter rang through the room as the basket was uncovered. Old Con[federate] pantaloons, old waistcoats, an old flannel shirt, a jacket, socks, etc. were brought to light, there was also a long note written from "Head Quarters Ragged Rebel Association" & was addressed "to the Ladies of the Norfolk Female H<illegible> Association." It began "Kind Ladies, understanding that you have formed an organization for the Relief of the poor & needy, & believing that the wants of the Ragged Rebel & returned Raiders fall within the scope of your excellent design XXXXX your Confederate friends have formed an auxiliary organization XXXX for the purpose of forwarding XX the tattered & spattered garments that have been borne on the owners over many a tiresome march & bloody battle & for the further purpose of bringing to your favorable notice such indigent individuals of rebellious antecedents as regards your resistance in any manner XXXX whether applied to physical necessities, moral defects, or mental aberations believing that in any case the friendly hand, kindly counsel, & sweet voice of women will be found an all sufficient remedy. We send herewith a small installment of dilapidated vestments wh we can confidently intrust to

your skill. Our organization being still imperfect we hope all due allowances will be made for the paucity of the articles, we shall largely increase our membership during the coming week, & hope by duty canvassing our respective districts to be able to furnish a supply of working materials that will give full employment to you generous impulses.

XXX The Ragged Rebel Association

P.S. As times are uncertain, please send Receipt by Dray man for Basket & contents enumerating each article. Treasurer R.R.Assoc.”

I read it aloud so well, as laughter - my own & the others, wd permit. We had heard before that some of the gentlemen had gotten, some how or other, possession of the knowledge of our society & since it was intended to take charge of all wounded “rebels” in every way & those who were too modest to pop the question it wd be done for them by the society. Each article was labeled in the basket with what was needed for its repair. Among the other things, there was the end of an alpaca dress wh had been cut off with the braid on it - old & dusty, this was labelled “Please make into Neckties.” The Neckties being in quotations marks. Mary Bell sat down & answered the note, principally at my dictation, “The ragged & spattered garments have been received & they shall be duly repaired & given to the needy. As a few names were suggested to the President of our Association they shall be borne in mind in the distribution.” (This sentence above was Mary’s entirely.) “The basket will be kept for the use of the association. As many made contributions of the same kind as can be spared from the wardrobes of the Ragged Rebels will be thankfully received & applied to same end.

The Ladies of the Association”

This was sent by the Dray man. Then Mary proceeded to cut the strip of dirty alpaca in pieces - five or six - & tied each into a knot. one she labelled to Capt. Tucker, another to Dr Southall, another to Mr J. Allen the rest so merely labeled “Any other Ragged Rebels” not feeling certain who chose <illegible> was concerned calling to two little boys passing she sent them to Capt. Tucker’s law office with a line requesting him to distribute them, telling them not to tell where he came from but to come & tell us how they were received. They soon came racing back & repeated that they had given them to him as he came down the steps & when they tried to go off he caught hold of one of them & tried to make him tell where they came from.

After dinner after having received a visit from Mrs Sayre of Ala., I heard that Miss Mary Bell & Miss Mary Gordon were downstairs. I went to the parlor & there stood the girls, & before the large glass over the mantle stood Capt. Tucker & Dr

Southall in the most dandified attitudes arranging their cravats, Mary Bell introduced "Mr Tucker, Miss Whittle, & Dr Southall." I bowed, but Capt. Tucker came up & held out his hand, looking in my face with the most humorous expression & Dr Southall came up also & they both began expressing most warmly their thanks for "the cravats that the Association of wh you are a member Miss Whittle sent us this morning" & the same time arranging the miserable ruffled pieces of alpaca wh they had actually paraded the streets of Norfolk in. To laugh was almost irresistible but we have agreed to feign ignorance of the whole affair & looking as innocent as possible I asked Dr Southall to what society he referred. He looked me straight in the eyes & said "the society to wh you belong wh met at Miss Mary Irvin's today." "Indeed! you seem to know a great deal about it truly, pray where did you get your information from?" Oh! I have my spies about." "So you say I belong to it who else do you suppose belongs to it?" "Miss Mary Selden, Miss Mary Bell, Miss Mary Irvin, & Miss Ginnie Langley."

Capt. Tucker said, "Indeed Miss Cloe we are very much indebted to you. I never received half so many smiles in my life as I have done this evening." No wonder! "Well, I am sorry I cannot lay claim to your thanks but I assure you I never touched those cravats in my life." "Indeed" said they "I must really look at myself again["] said Capt. Tucker & he went hastily to the glass. "There is a glass here also at your disposal Dr Southall," pointing to the one at my other side. "Thank you, Miss Whittle, but I arranged mine before you came in," he answered in the most business tone. "It seems to me I heard something of this Society," I said. "Ah! Indeed" said Dr Southall having his arms on the arms of the sofa so that he cd catch every expression of my face "what did you hear? And when did you hear it?" Mary Bell afraid I wd trip myself up answered quickly "You must have heard it after you left." Both of the gentleman caught at this & said "When were you with Miss Mary & where?" (I did not say that they in their turn professed utter ignorance of the basket & therefore of why the cravats had been sent to them).

I answered very quietly, "I was in the street with Mary this morning. I went to borrow some books from her." (Daisy Chain). "But what did you hear Miss Whittle?" "I heard that a Society had received quite an acceptable present." They thought they were certain of catching me. "Ah! what was it? what was it?" "Well, some goods, some war made goods, such as a piece of calico & a piece of cotton, very acceptable & a basket also." I knew the basket was a sore subject for they must have borrowed it for the purpose & lost it for their pains. "Ah! what was the basket for?" To keep the work of the society in." A good deal more badinage upon the subject & Mary Irvin showed me with an air of great surprise a note she had received that morning thanking her & us

for the "neckties" & requesting directions as to the distribution to be made of the others, saying that any distinction he made wd be considered invidious as so many were anxious to possess them, it was signed "in the bond of 'Neckties'."

I read it aloud & at some home-thrust I glanced at the girls. "Tucker, Tucker, that was a very significant look." Very satisfactory, very." Gay said the peals of laughter that came from the room were almost contagious. As they went away, they again expressed their gratitude. I knew politeness required me to ask Dr Southall to call again but the influence of the report I had heard, although I did not believe it, made me not give the invitation but I laughed & talked as they were going that the omission might not be noticeable. Now for a little serious talking, with myself.

What is the result upon my mind of a day spent in laughing & joking as yesterday was spent? It leaves me with undefined sense of discomfort. But does this arise from a knowledge that the time has been spent improperly, as, at first sight it wd appear that it did? Of this I am not at all sure. By natural disposition I believe I have a fund of undeveloped humor wh ancient <illegible> have contrived to keep down. My childhood was sad, very sad. I was by nature thoughtful & to such minds the great problems of existence can but come with overpowering force sometimes over them, throwing aside the present & ushering us into the grand & solemn regions of thought - this leads one away from others who are incapable of entering into the feeling Christ engendered.

Then the dread of my mother's death hung on my young heart like a pall. Devotedly as I loved her she did not understand me & whenever a sense of mental solitude led me to seek companionship in her or any one else I found my feelings misunderstood, my motives more or less ridiculed, not intentionally perhaps. It may have been my fault that I did not express myself more clearly but so it was. I have "dwelt apart" all my life.

Many have loved me & I love many very dearly but no one has ever felt with me. The feeling of isolation has been bitter sometimes. All this has quieted & perhaps saddened me but I can enter more fully into fun than most of my companions think but here comes the question how fun it is right to laugh & joke away life. There is much to be said in favor of gaiety as well as against it. I find myself feeling much better in both health & spirits after a rollicking day as I may almost call today. Sharing feeling more lighthearted makes me brighten up home more & that is good for the sad hearts here, then, what I value much it puts me upon common standing ground, with those around me, bringing me more "heart to heart" with the human beings whom I meet in daily life.



My tendency is to live an intense life (not of action as I believe God intends, but) of thought & imagination - my own or others & I know it is injurious to me so to live. My health is certain to give way. Never ending headache, flushed cheeks, cold hands & feet, & general debility is the result of a week spent as inclination disposes me to spend it. & what is accomplished by this mental suffering, for it is really such. If I were doing myself or my generation some great good it might be excusable in me to wear out my brain before my time but is any earthly good attained by it? I read very little, astonishingly little; I have the character of being a blue-stocking but if that means a great reader the term never was more misplaced. I doubt if there ever was a girl of my age & position who had the pretense of an education, who read so few books, I must speak seriously. Hours of thought, intense thought, wh will certainly be revenged upon me, bring no tangible good to me or any one else. It may be that months or years after I find the benefit when carrying on some argument but what is that worth! No hours headache or rather brainache? Scarcely. Now when I mix with the girls - go into company or as Mary Bell wd say of herself "behave myself ridiculously" it is the greatest use to me. I feel refreshed, invigorated, enspirited. This is certainly worth something. Saying foolish things, laughing at nothing, letting the brain be idle, is the greatest relief. Is it not lawful to use it? Then for the other side.

I once heard of an old gentleman who had been a drunkard & had been returned. The physicians told him if he did not continue to drink he wd die. He knew if he drank at all he wd be a drunkard, the habit was too strong for moderation. He referred it to his daughter & she advised him not to drink at all. He took her advice & - died. Was he right or wrong? Now this has to my notion some bearing on the present case. Suppose it is injurious to my health to lead an untiring earnest, severe life. Suppose I wd be benefitted by mixing in gay life, by laughing, jesting & foolish talking. Is it my duty to consider my health & be governed accordingly? The Bible says "teach the young woman to be sober," let XX all foolish talking & jesting be put away from you," "for every idle word that men shall speak they shall in account thereof at the day of judgement," is this contrary to the other or is it only my obtuseness that makes me blind to the right & the wrong? for the life of me I cannot tell. If I know myself I desire to do my duty, to live as in the presence of the unseen God but I am often (with all my thinking!) very much puzzled as to what I ought to do. My cogitations came to a sudden end.

Nov. 19th Sunday.

Day after day slips away & winter is coming fast upon us & yet it seems to me I accomplish so little. Week follows week & so little is there to look back upon with satisfaction. Very little is done at the Society, almost nothing at my writing & what else is there? Washing up the china, a little dusting, a little reading the news, a little of Bancroft, the Lessons & Psalter for the day & the time has flown. So goes day after day, week after week, year after year. I wonder if anyone ever accomplished so little as I do who yet was always doing something. It is anything but a pleasant record to look back upon a Sunday Afternoon when we wd fain see a long list of duties done, usually accomplished. I am always hoping the next will be better, but is it not preposterous so to hope with such a past behind me?

Tuesday, Nov 28th 1865.

Yesterday Julius came on to stay a week or ten days with us. Mr Grigsby, Mr McPhail & Col. Talcott were dining here & I did not know he had come until Aunt Fannie & I had left the table. I received a letter from Miss Mary Toomer today, the arrival of wh surprised me very much. I think her object was to hear the particulars of Clement's death, wh I like to see.

Received a second letter from Miss Toomer on Dec. 22nd.

Sunday, Dec 31st, 1865.

The last day of the year! always a solemn time. During this month our new minister Mr Barton has come. He preached for the first time on the 17th. The morning text being "The glorious gospel of the blessed God," at night it was "I must work the works of him who sent me, etc." On last Sunday the text was "Being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." I was not able to go at night. On Christmas day it was, "Glory to God in the highest, etc." This morning "I beseech you brethren, though the mercies of God that are present your bodies a living sacrifice, etc."

Tonight I was again unable to go much to my regret but Father told me his text was "be \_\_\_ journeying to a land wh the Lord our God hat promised us' go there with us, for we will surely do thee good." I thank Heaven that we have such a minister. Not that is so talented; I think Julius a much finer preacher he had a much more logical mind but he preaches such earnest gospel sermons, full of the love of God in Christ & seems to intend to work so heartily in the vineyard on the Lord.

& so this sad year personally relatively has come to a close. If it please God may I never live through such another. Horace's death & the ruin of our country have marked it in black colors. Much have I to be grateful for I know. Through a trying time of danger was I brought safely. Friends have raised up to aid me when I did not expect it, my health has improved greatly, & greatest mercy of all, I have been enabled to bear the great blow of the downfall of my hopes of the independence of the South better, far better than I cd have imagined possible.

Forgive me oh! my Father , that this year has not been better spent. Little of good, done, or gained can I look back upon. Opportunities of good I omitted to use, time wasted in idle, & vain thoughts - "sins committed while conscience slept," "words, idle words, for earnest deeds," forgive me oh! my Father.

In this new year I want to propose for myself two or three things to accomplish or to overcome. I will add to them as I think of them but I want them to be so few that I can keep them well before my mind first I will put

1st To acquire a habit of early rising.

2nd To overcome a propensity to interfere.

## CHAPTER X

“Of course I went repeatedly to the Fair”

Sunday Night, Jan. 21st 1866.

All gone to Church & after clearing away the tea things I sit down to write here. Much has taken place in this new year - much to me, though little in the eyes of others. On New Year's Day Mr Barton had a short service in the Lecture room; he read as a lesson the 12th of Romans very impressively & his lecture was in keeping with it. He said he wished us to take as a motto for the coming year a few words from the Acts of the Apostles “God, whose I am, & whom I serve.”

On Saturday evening the 6th of Jan. he had a service preparatory to the lesson the next day & afterwards I went to the Vestry room to speak to him of two plans wh had been in my head for some time. As there has been no afternoon service for some time I have been in the habit of going on the Sunday afternoon to see Miss Frankie. On passing the corner of James & Queen Sts. I almost always found a crowd of from 20 to 30 boys congregated there, breaking the quiet of the sweet Sunday evenings for the whole neighborhood. I thought if a Bible class cd be held somewhere in the neighborhood it wd keep them out of mischief & might do them good. I thought at first of trying to do it myself but then I thought a gentleman cd have more authority over them so I determined to speak to Mr Barton on the subject. I knocked at the Vestry room door & Mr Barton opened it. I asked him if he had time cd he give me a few minutes, thinking we cd talk as we walked from Church but he said certainly & invited me in, asking what he cd do for me. As I had not thought of sitting in the Vestry room to talk to Mr Barton who was almost a perfect stranger this rather disconcerted me but I thought the best way wd be to make as short work of it as possible so taking the offered chair I began promptly.

He also drew up a chair & immediately seemed to take an interest in it. He said that the neighborhood was a most desperate one & these boys the most desperate characters, that they broke up services at the neighborhood Chapel, played cards, etc. etc. & he wd of course like to make some impression on them. He said, What were

your plans, Miss Whittle?" I told him my first intention had been to try teaching those who wd come myself without saying anything to anyone, but had afterwards thought a gentleman might be able to do more. He said that with that material a lady cd often do far more than a gentleman. He said of course I ought to have a gentleman with me & asked me if I did not think I might interest some young gentleman in it. I told him that there was not one in Norfolk with whom I was on such good terms as to warrant my doing such a thing. He spoke of Norman Bell, said he thought he wd do very well. I told him I thought so too "And," he added, & I thought it showed how he took everything under consideration, "he is too young to be looked upon in the light of a beau by any one." It was settled that I was to go the following evening & try [unreadable] many I cd induce to promise to come.

Then I spoke of another thing I have long thought of. I told him that I knew the public schools were not able to accommodate all the children in Norfolk & there were numbers growing up to take their places in the ranks of wickedness, "The very thing!" & he laid his hand quickly on my arms, "The very thing I have been trying to arrange for - a parish school. " I told him that I was perfectly willing to give certain hours on certain days in the week to teaching them & I felt some others were equally willing to do the same; it only needed some one to direct it. He seemed thoroughly delighted that I sd have spoken of it. "Now Miss Whittle, you just take this thing in hand & I will insure the rest of the room & all other expenses" I told him that it was he who wd have necessarily to arrange matters, so he appointed a meeting on Monday at Mr John Rowland's<sup>1</sup> at 4 1/2 o'clock, as he felt sure the Rowlands wd take part & in the meantime I was to see whom I cd get to assist so I rose to go. "Oh! be careful whom you ask, Miss Whittle, I beg of you."

We walked away together but at the Church door met Mary & Jeanie Rowland<sup>2</sup> who were arranging a star to be put in the east of the Church. They got Mr Barton to go with them & I went off to get recruits for the school. On Monday we met & it was arranged to try to get the Pres. Chapel on Ch. St. for the purpose. I spent the evening at the Rowlands, as did Mr Barton, Capt. Tucker came in during the evening, Mr Barton dropped the Miss Whittle at the tea table & called me Miss Cloe. I was surprised to find he called Jeanie Rowland "Jeanie," without any title whatever & remarked upon it to Mary Rowland. She said he very frequently called her by her name "Mary" with no prefix. Mr Barton walked home with me. I asked him during the evening if he was not

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<sup>1</sup>John Rowland, b. 1809, merchant.

<sup>2</sup>Mary Rowland, b. 1839, daughter of Martha Rowland; and Virginia, b. 1844, daughter of Sarah and John H. Rowland.

coming to spend the evening with us some time during the week & he promised to do so on the coming Thursday.

For some months I have been on very cold terms with Eliza Sharp - no quarrel but I had ceased to care to carry on the friendship & shown it very plainly. As her affectionate manner to me had continued & I had heard so much said about cultivating her love at home, I had come to regard almost rudeness as the only means of putting an end to what had become distasteful to me. This had led me to go very far, too far for a Christian, as I became conscious when thinking over the past before receiving the Communion on Jan. 7th. I wd have liked to have met her that evening that when kneeling to receive those precious emblems I might have felt that I was in perfect charity with all men but I cd not so I determined to try & meet her as I cam out of Church. I did meet her & offered her my hand, saying at the same time that I wd like to see her some time. She is very forgiving & said, giving her hand that she wd come. That night as I came out of Church Mr Sharp met me & gave me a sealed letter from Eliza. I told Aunt Fannie, who is very fond of Eliza, of the occurrence of the morning, & the following day read her the letter, 11 pages of note paper. It was very affectionate, contained a full explanation of a slight occurrence that I had disliked but I did not like the tone of it. I answered it on Sunday night & read the answer with the note to Aunt F. she did not like the answer at all, opposed it so much that I did not send it. I read it to Mary Bell in order to get her advice that was perfectly justifiable but I did not think it was to Maggie Bell, Ginnie Langley, & Mary Irvin. I am surprised that I cd have done it. I do not think it was honorable. Still I did not know how to answer it & time wore away.

On Wednesday night Mr Barton lectured on our Saviour's first miracle of turning the water into wine. He spoke of our Saviour's mixing in the joyous scenes there, said doubtless there was much mirth there, but he did not consider it inconsistent to be with them & applying it to us said it taught us "the sacredness of things natural," he said a Christian ought to go out into the world, but he sd go as a Christian. He said that the last time we heard of Jesus before we meet him at this wedding was sitting on the temple & so it is in his closet a Xtian cd make ready to go into the world. He said it seemed natural to us to hear of Christ's being in the temple but we see him next at this feast in <illegible> but that wherever he was he never forgot who he was & what he had come here to do & so sd it be with the Christians. I think I particularly needed this lecture. I am too apt to fly from the temptations of the world by busying myself in myself but as Mr Barton told us we must greet with many a fall, many a bitter mortification in discovering our weakness.

Tuesday Evening, Jan. 30th 1866.

It has been long since I have written here but I will try & correct that time with this. On the next evening to that Wednesday night Mr Barton took tea with us. He staid till nearly eleven & Mary Rowland told me afterwards that he had spoken to her of how much he enjoyed the evening. With him the conversation naturally turns upon religious subjects & it was a very different evening from those usually spent among Christians. The next day Gay said she thought I ought to consult Father's wishes before engaging regularly in teaching the boys on Sunday evenings, so I asked him about it, & he was opposed to my being at the head of anything of the kind. I was in a quandary; Mr Barton must know of it, & yet to tell him! Oh! I dreaded it, but the longer I delayed it wd be no better, so I dressed immediately & went. Gay told me it wd not be as bad as I feared, but I went with a sinking heart.

I thought it was best to enter at once upon the subject so as soon as I had shaken hands with Mr Barton I told him that when I had spoken to him the night before about wanting to see him about the S.S. it was to know what sd be done at the School but that I had then come on a very different errand & one wh was very unpleasant to me. He of course wanted to know what it was & I told him of Father's objection to my undertaking such a thing; he looked very grave & I did not think liked it in Father at all but he was very kind to me, he said that often a Father's very love for his daughters made them interfere with their usefulness. I told him that I had felt very badly about it. "Why?" It was a difficult question to answer, "It looks like drawing back after putting forth one's hand - but it was not my wish," as I answered him I felt my cheeks crimsoning & the tears almost coming into my eyes. He talked to me very gently & very kindly said that I had better not press the matter with Father now that when an opportunity was removed from us we must take it for granted that God did not call on us to do that work & said "you will soon have plenty of work to do," wh I understood better afterwards than I had done at the time.

We talked of who cd be gotten to take charge of the boys. I suggested Miss Amy O'Grady. ["She wd do very well if she wd undertake it." He said that when Mrs Barton returned he had no doubt she wd willingly take part in it. That she was young & wd prefer to begin her work in the congregation among that class rather than with children of a better sort & that she had rather she sd. I told him that if Mrs Barton wd take it in charge I thought that wd remove all objection in Father's eyes to my joining it. It was arranged that I was To see Miss Amy & if Father was willing to go with her for that Sunday. I rose to go. Mr Barton spoke of a book he had been reading & said he wd like me to read it, asking me if it wd take me long. I told him that it wd not & I wd

read it with pleasure. He went up & brought it down, "Praying & Working" by Stevenson. He said "I think when you have read it you will be a better Christian & a wiser woman." He walked away with me as far as the Post Office, & I left him with a lighter heart than I had supposed possible an hour before.

I went with Miss Amy & Miss Lou Allemand, with Father's consent the next evening & we had quite an encouraging meeting, many more by now were there. On the following Saturday afternoon I went with Mary Rowland to see Miss Jackson & get her to join with the Parish School Teachers at Mr Barton's desire. Mary Rowland said "Have you seen Mr Barton recently?" I had not seen him since Wednesday night when he walked home from the Lecture with me & stayed until about 11 o'clock. By the way he had surprised me very much that evening. Mary Rowland was talking to him & to me about the Parish School. Mary spoke about my going the next day "And who goes with Cloe?" he asked. The absence of any title surprised me not a little & I have since found that Father disliked his plan of calling the young ladies of the congregation very frequently by their Christian names alone very much.

But to return to Mary Rowland. "I might as well tell you what I know Mr Barton will tell you when he sees you - he has appointed you a Manager of the Jackson Orphan Asylum." I suppose astonishment & annoyance & displeasure held my tongue still for a few moments. When I did find utterance it was not in a very respectful remark. "Well! I thought Mr Barton had better sense!" "I'll tell him! I'll tell him, sure as I am alive!" said Mary laughingly. "Very well. I don't care if you do. Tell him, I like him to know what I think of it." "Well I'll tell him but I wish I cd give the expression with wh it was said." She said it was of no use for me to say anything, that Mr Barton was as obstinate as possible & I wd certainly do it. "I will do nothing of the kind. Mr Barton is not my master. I have not the least intention of doing it." I was really very much annoyed or I wd not have spoken in this way wh was of course a very improper one.

Miss Jackson agreed very readily to join us about the Parish School, said she had received a message on the subject from Mr Barton. I was so much irritated that the bare mention of his name was almost an offense. It was Saturday evening & I wanted to know if Mrs Barton who had returned since I saw Mr Barton wd go the next day to teach the boys so I had asked Mary to go & see her with me after we saw Miss Jackson. We went accordingly. Mr Barton came in the passage way to receive us. We went in, & found Mr William Taylor & Mrs Dr Cooke there with Mrs Barton & Miss Dic Dickson. I took my seat by Mrs Barton & we soon began to talk about the boys school. She agreed to go very readily & after a while Mary & I were about to leave as it was getting late. "Cloe," called Mr Barton from the other side of the room, "I wish you wd



remain. I will walk home with you presently." I thought how surprised Mr Taylor & Mrs Cooke must be at the style of salutation. Of course I stayed.

Presently Mr Barton came up to a little center table & began to talk to Mary in a low tone. "Miss Cloe," he called. I went to the table & took a seat, apologizing for breaking up my former conversation. "Are you prepared to enter upon your duties as Manager of the Orphan Asylum?" A cool way, I thought. "No, Sir, I am not. I want to see you upon that subject some time, Mr Barton." I think he must have heard from Mary of my unwillingness for he answered in an easy kind of way, always assuming that I was to do it however somehow from the time he began to speak upon the subject I took sure not to say again that I wd not do it, a certain undefined conviction that Mr Barton wd have his own way not I, crept over me, not that I admitted it to myself, I determined to struggle against it as hard as possible, but I took care not to take grounds I might be compelled to leave.

I told him that I never saw anything, was perfectly unobservant, knew nothing about management. "You can supervise their studies them," he said jestingly. "No indeed I am not fit to do it." "You'll teach them Greek," Mary said. "Wash their faces?" he laughed. Though his manner was jesting yet he never admitted that there was a possibility of my not doing as he wished for a moment. The only concession he made at all was in answer to some as strong objection as I cd make. "After you have tried it for six months if you find that you are unable to perform the duties I have something else that will require a great deal of arduous work to do it." & went on to explain that there was one thing he must "insist upon" on the part of the Communicants of the Church, that they exercise systematic charity, that for that purpose he intended to require each one to let him know what he considered himself able to give weekly to the support of each object, that in that way he will be able to know what he will have to depend upon, for the purpose of collecting these sums he will have to have a number of collectors. Even as annoyed as I was in view of the Orphan Asylum I thought it wd be little in comparison with going around & collecting weekly from a number of unwilling persons 10, 20, 25, or 50 cents - the very idea frightened me.

I had spoken of Mr Barton as having nominated me, he cd say nothing as it was done at the meeting. "Yes," I said, "but I happen to have heard you say that of course each minister had the choosing of those from his congregation." He laughed. I added, "Besides, nobody in Norfolk wd have done it besides you & you wd not had you have known me a month longer." He said nothing to that, & I did not fancy de exactly liked it.

Just before we started, Mrs Barton & himself Mary Rowland & I were standing around the center table. He was saying something to me & Mary & Mrs B were enacting a tender scene. I think Mary must have sent her some book of poetry. I think I must have glanced at them involuntarily but went on talking to Mr Barton. Mr Barton said, "Emma! let Miss Mary Eliza Rowland alone!" Upon some exclamation of surprise from his wife, he said "I will not have a difference made between any young ladies in my congregation." I was very much amused - as I was the only other "young lady" present I took upon myself to answer laughingly, "Oh! you must let us work our own way in Mrs Barton's estimation," Mrs Barton took the hint however, most submissively, as she usually does any expression of his wishes, so when we were going away she pinned up my frock for me & kissed me.

A little touch of his positiveness with her, wh though a small thing I thought I wd not have liked had I been a wife. He had gotten some letter wh he had not time to read. He was putting them in his pocket as he left the room to get his coat to go out. They were from Warrenton, his former Parish & she seemed very glad to see them & asked for them, as if it were a matter of course that she sd have them. "After I have read them," he replied going on putting them away. "Why! I don't think you waited till I had read my letters while I was away," she answered a little petulantly. he made no reply & left the room. She took a seat & began talking to me but I cd see she was annoyed & I think justly. I am not foolish enough not to think it creditable to both husband & wife where he is the openly acknowledged head of the partnership. I think a wife sd obey a husband implicitly & where that obedience is not yielded willingly think he is right to compel it, but there sd, in my opinion, be the utmost gentleness, & chivalric courtesy in the manner of a husband to a wife.

Conscious of his power over her, knowing the strength of the had wh, humanly speaking, holds her destiny sd he not be willing that the glove wh covers it must be of soft material & most delicately tinted. She is so weak, a woman is so dependent on her husbands very looks & lightest moods for her happiness, she has yielded herself to him, body, soul & spirit - none but her God have a superior claim to her allegiance - is it too much to expect that while the control he exercises over is more absolute than that of a master over his slave, his manner sd ever be as gallant as when first he was in love.

Oh! surely man can afford to be gentle to man & yet it seems to me that Mr Barton is more gentle to everything & everybody than to his wife. He can be exceedingly gentle, as I know by experience. He was most kind to me on that morning when I had to tell him Father's objection to my teaching & two days after that evening again I thanked him in my heart for his gentleness - but to his wife - I do not write this

to judge him unkindly, I have not spoken of it to anyone, but I do wish to form a correct estimate of his character & I want, when years from now to may read what I have written here, to see how far I have been right how far wrong. Now what is the cause of this difference with regard to her & to others? I do not believe he loves his wife, not much at any rate. I think his was a marriage of convenience, that he fancied that to marry an American wd assist him in his ministry in this country, though I do not think she suits him. A Southern woman who had been accustomed to be the pet of the lords of creation & wd therefore have been more exacting wd not have fostered his domineering spirit (for it can scarcely have a softer name) as she has done. She is a Northerner by birth, from Rochester New York & I know not how it is but I have never seen that delicacy, that extreme refinement in a Northern woman wh is sometimes, not always, met with in the Southern woman. Were she less capable or looked less capable of taking care of herself, I think he might have been more tender of her.

But I think there is something deeper than all this & what is it? Only one thing can I conceive of & it is a strange notion to enter a young girl's head. Can he have been disappointed that she has borne him no children? I daresay that such a feeling sd influence him in his regard for her is unknown to himself, of course I may be mistaken, all this is not the result of seeing them together that one evening however - without my knowing it I have involuntarily been forced to revolve in my mind again & again this subject. I am not much given to busying myself in my neighbor's concerns & I have been rather surprised to see how closely I have been studying this couple & their love for each other. There is no doubt of her devotion to him, it is perchance all too evident. Did she ever read those words in Lucile "I had loved her the more, had she less loved me"?

But I have wandered far from my visit with Mary Rowland. After receiving Mrs Barton's kiss, we sallied forth in the drizzling rain. Mary had an umbrella, I had none, she offered me a part of her, "No, I will take care of Miss Cloe," & held his umbrella over me & offered me his arm. Mary turned off & walked on in silence(?) That night I was in such a state of annoyance, that I actually felt sick. I did not mention the Orphans Asylum at all at home & the next day I asked Mary Rowland not to mention it to any one, telling her that the more I thought of it the more I was opposed to it & I must see Mr Barton about it. That night I determined to write to him instead of speaking to him for I had a suspicion that I wd not get the best of the argument.

On Monday there was to be a meeting of the teachers of the Parish School at Mr John Rowland's, before I went I wrote to Mr Barton, telling him that nothing but deference to his wishes as our Rector prevented my declining positively having anything

to do with the affairs of the Jackson Orphan Asylum but urging every reason I cd think of against his continuing to wish me to take the position wh I told him he had paid me the undeserved compliment of thinking me worthy to fill. I told him that, truly, I wd say it with all due respect a larger study of the material of wh his congregation was comprised wd enable him to judge better of the capacity of its members for work than six weeks acquaintance cd possibly have done.

At the meeting it was arranged on what days we were to go to the school. Mondays & Thursdays were appointed as my days. Mr Barton wished some one to go up once a week & teach the children to sing. I suggested Mrs Barton. "To act officially?" Mr Barton asked with a smile, alluding to his having said that other morning when speaking of Mrs Barton's teaching the boys on the Sunday afternoons, that he disliked a minister's wife to be brought permanently forward, that her acts were made to bear a semi-official importance. I answered him with a smile, "No, sir, perfectly unofficially, as one of us." "Very well, I have no objection." Afterwards when it was to be arranged what day she sd come, for he had taken it for granted that it was settled that she wd come, Miss Jackson said the day sd be left to Mrs Barton's convenience. "Not at all, Mrs Barton will go when it is most convenient. These things sd not be left to personal inclination. My wife will go when I think it best." I do not think it is out of place that a husband sd feel himself able to answer positively for the actions of a wife, but as Mr Barton said this he turned & looked me full in the face as much as to see what I thought of it. I caught his eye but not caring to give any answering look I turned my head & looked out in the street. Ginnie Langley afterwards spoke with a good deal of annoyance of his remark. She is exceedingly jealous of the dignity of woman & I came in for a share of the annoyance for defending the doctrine of the obedience due from a wife.

Mr Barton proceeded, no one answering his last remark to arrange Thursday as the day for Mrs Barton to go. When the meeting was over I wanted to give my note to him as he was going away but I saw he had business with Mary Rowland & as no one was near them, I went up to him as he was leaning on the mantel & handing it to him, asked him to read it when it was convenient. He took it, saying he wd do so, I added that I had not mentioned the subject at all at home in order to leave him free to act as he chose - he smiled a rather peculiar smile. I turned to go but at the moment thinking I had gone pretty far in hinting that he had been hasty in his action & had not given due attention to the choice he made. I said, almost involuntarily, "I hope you wont be displeased, Mr Barton?" "Oh, no, my child, " he replied in the kindest, gentlest tone, putting his hand on my shoulder. I went away leaving it with him. I <end of entry.>

Ash Wednesday, Feb. 14th 1866.

Last Ash Wednesday I was in Charleston. We yet had an army & a country, Horace was alive - now how changed!

Third Sunday in Lent, March 4th 1866.

All gone to Church tonight save myself. We received the Communion today. I felt strengthened & refreshed by it but still it did not prevent my being cast down unduly. I suppose by the Evening S. School not going on well. I was opposed in the beginning to carrying them to the Catechism but Mr Barton had directed it to be done so I did not feel at liberty to interfere but the boys dislike it very much so this evening there were hardly any there at 4 o'clock. Major Taylor agreed that it was a false move, so meeting Mrs Barton later in the evening, I said that we wd have to give up carrying them there. "That is a question for Mr Barton to settle," (!) was her answer. I did not think it well to dispute the point with her so I let it drop.

Mr Barton was absent all last week. I do not suppose I wd have missed him so & said so at home - Aunt Fannie repeated the remark to Mrs Barton, who came to see me yesterday about getting uniform check aprons for the Parish School children.

This day last year I was in Charleston. Capt Tower brought me a bouquet in the morning. I disliked exceedingly to receive it but did not know how to refuse, I wonder what has become of him. Though he lent a helping hand to dig the grave of my country yet I shall always feel a deep regard for him as a man & a gentleman. I prayed for him this day with my whole heart.

5th Sunday in Lent March 18th 1866.

More than a year has now passed since, having completed the journey from Charleston, I set foot in the great city of New York. Yesterday was the anniversary of the day on wh I landed there - St. Patrick's day, wh if report be true, was to witness the first shedding of Irish blood for the recovery of Ireland. God has very mercifully led me through the heartsickening events of this year & much have I been taught, & yet sadly far am I from what I ought to be. As I listened to day to Mr Barton's earnest words, hearing for their keynote Jesus & Him crucified I felt an intense longing that the future might be different from the past, how often, alas! have I felt the same & with what results. "That we might have Him & the fellowship of His sufferings," was the text. Never does our pastor tire of speaking of the dying love of Christ, he seems to dwell on it as the sweetest thought that cd possibly fill his mind.

The Opera is to be here next week & without speaking of it by name he pleaded with his young communicants that in view of the coming Passion week they sd spend the preceding week in earnest preparation with an eye fixed on a dying Saviour & learn to know the fellowship of his sufferings. Mr Barton is becoming more & more endeared to us all every day. There is a depth & an earnestness in his Christianity that I wd to God all Christians shared with him.

Wednesday, March 28th 1866.

A year in Norfolk, an eventful year it has been - a very long year too. I have for the last ten days been confined to the house, only going down stairs for the first time day before yesterday evening. Father is in Washington, on business, for the Dismal Swamp Canal; he went Monday before last. We have heard from him twice. In his last letter he said that he had been introduced to Gay & my former traveling companion Capt. Dodge, who is now a Brevet Major General. He said he thanked him for his courtesy to us. He mentioned also that he has paid a visit to the White House but not its inmates.

March 31st Easter Eve.

This day sd be an impressive one for several reasons - the last day of the month - the last day of the first quarter of the year & last but principally the last day of Lent - the solemn Easter Eve. It is a question well befitting earnest attention what has been the benefit received during this season now drawing to its close? Daily service has been held & much more than daily service. With a vivid realization of his responsibility to God our pastor has plainly & faithfully drawn out the various lessons the last six weeks have been so admirably calculated to impress upon our minds. To him we cannot lay the blame if this season has been uninspired but of ourselves, or rather of myself - for I have nothing to do with others - what can I say.

Interesting as Mr Barton's lectures are often & over have I had to reproach myself with my absent mind & as to the prayers - I have sometimes heard the beginning of the first & the end of the last prayer, but the intervening part! - the beautiful petitions for "all things that are needful both for our souls & bodies," & wh might have brought such rich blessings to me! For the last fortnight I have been held back by the hand of God from his sanctuary, was it in punishment of my coldness? I went out to Church yesterday, Good Friday, but all the former part of this holy Passion Week I cd not go, a sore throat kept me a close prisoner from the Communion on the Eve of Good Friday. I was debarred very much to my regret. We have had Daily Service at 7 in the morning &

Daily Service again either in the afternoon or at night & yesterday we had service Morning, Noon & Night.

Wednesday, April 25th 1866.

Went to the Society today wh met at Eliza Sharps; had a very pleasant time. But I must go back & give some account of the past fortnight. On Easter Monday morning there was early Service & Mr Barton mentioned that he wished any of the Managers of the Asylum who might be present wd remain a few moments after service, so of course, I stayed. He said he wished the ladies to inspect the workings of the system more closely, that it ought not to be a mere form & that he wished them to endeavor to reduce the expenses to a more economical footing, as he wished to put two or three more children there. Some lady pleaded that hardness of the times & the high prices as rendering it impossible to make the expenses less. "Yes, I know that, & for that reason I do not press"(or some stronger word) the point - were it not so I sd put the children there at once" he significantly remarked.

I walked home with Mrs Chapman, who is one of the managers, but declined breakfasting with her. She mentioned that she was going up to Baltimore to the Southern Fair to be held there. I spoke of it at the breakfast table without the most remote idea that anyone wd think of my going. To my great surprise Aunt Fannie offered to pay my expenses if I wd like to go with them. I thank her very warmly & Father said she had just anticipated him, that he was about to make the same offer. I went up to the Parish School that day for an Easter Celebration. Mrs G. Newton, Mr & Mrs Rowland, Miss Dic Dickson, Miss Sue Jones, Mr & Mrs Barton, etc. were there besides the teachers. It was a very pleasant time. After it Mr Barton hurried Mary Rowland & I off to the meeting of the Christians (or managers as he called them) to be held at the Asylum. Mrs Chapman who was there accepted the charge of me to Baltimore very willingly. I tried to induce Mary Bell to go also. Her mother did not wish her to go, so she did not.

On Wednesday afternoon, we left. Mrs C, Miss Virginia Dawley,<sup>3</sup> Miss Sophie Jackson, Mr Ingram, & myself formed the party. We boarded at Mrs Waite's No. 5 Saratoga Street. Mr Robin Taylor & his wife & Mr John Taylor, Mrs Winslow & Mr Williams, Mr Keeling's family, Mr & Mrs Cansby (a Yankee who had married a Marylander) & a Mr Buchanan were the boarders. Of course I went repeatedly to the Fair. I had promised Maggie Bell to mail a letter to the Sewing Society, directed to her

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<sup>3</sup>Virginia Dawley, b. 1830, daughter of M.D. Dawley, of Norfolk.

wh wd get there by the next meeting. When thinking of writing it, I though I wd write it in verse,<sup>4</sup> incited thereto by Mrs Chapman, relating her struggles through the crowd to Mrs Sinclair & the latter remarked, "I declare somebody ought to write a caricature on this Fair." Mr Ingraham came in before I had finished it & I took it out of my pocket & handed it to him to read the first two verses - an act very unlike me for I have always concealed very carefully my writing verses from almost everyone, partly that I thought of it as a precious possession that wd lose some of its delicate sweetness if known & partly that I was ashamed of it - a contradiction some might say!

Mrs Chapman came in & asked what it was so I let her see it & then finishing it I mailed it without thinking much more about it. After dinner Mr Christian called & Miss Dawley went down to see him. Mrs Chapman came upstairs & said "Cloe! Jennie has told Mr Christian about those verses & he says you ought to let them be published that they wd make so much for the Fair." I was astonished & exclaimed against the idea, telling her they were not worth publication, that they were only written to amuse the girls at the Society, & only fit for that. She said I need not sign my name to it, though she wd like me to do it, but I cd just publish them as from a lady of Norfolk, still persisting that they wd make so much for the Fair. How they were to do that I did not see, nor do I understand to this minute. Afterwards Mrs Chapman came & told me that Mrs Sinclair wanted us all to come round there & to bring those verses that she wanted to hear them & Mr Sinclair that I certainly must let him take them for publication.

In the afternoon Lizzie Williams came to see me & I told her all about it & showed them & she agreed with me that they did very well for the purpose for wh they were intended but were hardly worth publishing - a true friend! She begged me for a copy & Mr Smith coming to see me she said she wd stay up there & copy them. I had a very pleasant visit from him I had seen him before. I went to see Mr Leonidas Smith & himself & he then gave me what I thought was well worth the trip to Baltimore & far more, a photograph of Mr Jonnie Smith taken in his fatigue dress, while stationed at Craney Island.

After a while Lizzie came down & then Mrs Chapman & Mr Ingram came in. Mrs Chapman began to talk to Mr Ingram of the unfortunate verses, that I almost began to repent on having written. Then the conversation became general & Mr Smith was informed of it. "Wd you object to Mr Smith seeing them? & let him judge." I laughingly said that Mr Smith had seem too many of youthful effusions for me to mind him. Then Lizzie produced the verses & Mr Smith was appointed to read them. I do

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<sup>4</sup>See Appendix D.



not know what I did not wish wd happen to me - to me! When publicity is a perfect horror of mine. Mr Smith went to the window & seemed to be trying to see the fine writing. I did not wish to hear them made worse than they were by being blundered over so rising I said if they were to be read at all perhaps I had better read them as Mr Smith might have some difficulty in making out the hand. Mr Ingram immediately rose & offered me his chair by the window & I took my seat hardly able to command my voice. At a part wh referred to an incident that Mr Smith had himself told me, I glanced up at him & he returned it. After I finished he said that he was in favor of its being published. After he went away Mr Ingram took his seat by me & Mrs C, he & myself chatted away till dark.

That night Mr Sinclair was taken away sick at the Fair & his mother came down the next morning & asked me for a copy of the verses saying that she thought they wd amuse him so much. I gave them instantly. He gave them to a friend of his for publication without consulting me any more though nothing was said in the request about their going beyond himself. Also Lizzie's copy - Mrs Chapman went to see Mrs Williams, & found herself, Annie, & a Baltimore lady in consultation over there. This lady wanted to take them off to the Fair General, saying Byron cd not have written a better description of the Fair. Mrs Williams said she not [] possible <sic> take such a liberty without consulting me, but Mrs Chapman coming in at that moment, said she wd take the responsibility on her shoulders & let this lady go off with the verses. What became of either copy I never heard. But enough of had been done & Mr Robie Taylor, his wife, Mr John Taylor, Mrs Waite, Miss Dawley, I think Ginnie Tunstall, & Mrs Chapman asked me for copies - to not one word did I give one line of it.

Among the girls it raised a storm on my head. Some time ago \$5 was sent anonymously to our Society. We were convinced it was sent by Capt. Tucker. It entered into the brain of a friend of mine to thank him also anonymously, so a letter was written. I did not altogether like the letter so wrote it off leaving out some parts. I signed it "in the 'tie' of (Alpaca) yours D. of Z," alluding to the basket from wh cravats of old Alpaca were sent them, & to a Nickname of Daughters of Zion given us by one of Maggie Bell's brothers. This was about two months ago & never having heard of it I concluded it had been lost, so in writing to the Society I signed it rather foolishly, affectionately yours. The letter was not lost & the girls got hold of it, compared the two, tried, judged & convicted me of friskiness, officiousness, & a host of other enormities moreover they showed the verses to Capt. Tucker - Mary Bell said she did it to save my reputation & that he liked them very much but is foolish enough to be very much mortified at the letter.

Today I received a scolding in no measured form from all the young ladies, coupled with what puzzles me, great commendation of the verses. I have never thought them good. They are faulty in measure do not touch upon many noticeable point mention many unimportant things for the sake of rhyme & doubtless by a more impartial judge might be shown to have many other blemishes & yet they have never been spoken of by any body but with warm expressions of praise & I flatter myself I have sense enough to know mere expressions. I believe I might have given myself ten times more trouble & written what I considered a far better piece & yet it wd not have been liked half as much as this has.

Yesterday afternoon Mr Ingraham came to see me. I had quite a pleasant visit from him, found him more conversationable (what a word!) than usual. Mr Barton has a wretched cold. At the early Service today he cd hardly speak. He is so useful amongst us & I have learnt to love him so much that I trust he will not be taken away from us. On Monday I went to the Parish School. There were rumors of a negro procession. On last Monday there was a procession & some difficulty occurred, it is not know[n] what, & several lives were lost & persons wounded white & black. I really was frightened at the idea of being up there, way out on Ch. Street, with only Ginnie Langley & proposed to her to close the school. She was much less alarmed than I though she was up there last Monday when they dropped a man by covered with blood & pistol shots were being fired in every direction & bayonets flashing. I am not afraid of death, still less of a sudden death, but am afraid, terribly afraid of an insolent murder.

Tuesday afternoon June 12th 1866.

Mary & Julius arrived, with the children on the 16th of May. They brought with them the body of our dear Horace. We went immediately to the Cemetery, where Mr Walter Williams, in Mr Barton's absence, & at his desire read portions of the Burial Service. Mary Selden made for me a cross of white flowers, wh Mary Bell brought. It was laid upon the box containing his coffin, at the boat & buried with him. The word read there seemed no mockery in his case.

Blessed are the dead; who die in the Lord. Yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors, & their works do follow them."

"I believed in the resurrection of the dead."

Sunday June 17th 1866.

This morning Mr Barton preached a very good service on "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over our sinners that repenteth." He spoke of the

ministry of angels. I was struck with the beauty of two sentences speaking of the munificence of God - "The very air we breathe is full of Divinity The whole jubilant creation has a part & a share in our salvation." I had a new scholar added to my Sunday class, Lyttleton Hyslop, making eight now. There is a great deficiency of teachers. Today there were 170 scholars present & but 32 teachers. On going into Church I found a paper in the pew headed "An appeal to the Parishoners of Christ Church" & signed O.S. Barton, Rector of Christ Church." He is anxious to have each Communicant, in addition to the Communion Alms, contribute twenty-five cents a week for the purposes of charity, "Inner Missions," as he styles them. He says that many need help & "They must & shall have it." The ending is more appropriate to the mildness expected of a "Shepherd." "beloved, I plead reverently & earnestly for the lord's sake. Work while you have time. Give while you have it in your power to give. Offer unto God while you have the means & opportunities. May the blessing of Him who have himself for us rest upon us all."

Monday July 2nd 1866.

Last Thursday, Maggie Bell, Mary Irvin, Bettie Poindexter, Emilie & Ginnie Langley, Pocahantas Hopper, Bettie West, Mr Todd, Capt. Tucker, Wright Whittle, Dr Ward, Mr Addington, Norman & Thomas Bell, spent the evening here. May met Mr Barton down town the evening before & he spoke of how much he missed his wife & May asked him to come & take tea with us the next evening so he came. I did not get down to tea till I had finished & Gay said she thought Mr Barton looked surprised when I shook hands with him, at my white dress. As there was to be no dancing I thought he wd not object to being present so had not let him know anyone but himself wd be here. We had a very pleasant evening. They staid till one. At 10 minutes of 1 Mr Barton tried to leave the room without being seen but they then looked up. At Church at 1/2 past 6 the next morning six of our party were present besides Mr Barton. Tonight Ginnie Langley has invited the same set, our Sewing Society to meet at her house.

Yesterday in S.S. Mr Barton told me he wished to see me this morning before eleven about the Jackson Orphan Asylum so Gay went down town with me after breakfast & I go there to go there afterwards. Mr Barton warned me against getting into any discussion with the ladies of St. Paul's Church at the meeting tomorrow told me not to defend him, said he had a pretty broad pair of shoulders & cd bear all the blame they choose to put upon him. He told me very plainly that I was not doing my duty about that Asylum, wh is one of the plagues of my life. He expects me to go all over the house against the wishes of the Matron, to propose things to the ladies wh wd almost

choke me to say. He made me assume the position of a visitor & now never speaks to me on the subject of the Asylum without giving me very clearly to understand if he does not say so in plain words, wh he has more than once done, that he is not al all satisfied with the way I am fulfilling the duty.

He read me some of the regulations to day by wh he said the Visitors sd be governed, at one part he said "You hear?" "Yes, Sir, I hear," I answered, not disrespectfully , for I know I ought to be governed by his wishes about it, but what am I to do? Mrs Chapman herself said, Mr Barton must have more brass than she had if he cd ask to go over that house under the circumstances. As I went away Mr Barton said, "Miss Cloe, I will see you again," I am always afraid of these interviews about the Asylum for I wd not receive a right down decided reproof from Mr Barton for a great deal.

I wrote this evening to Lizzie Williams mentioning a plan wh I have long thought of. It is that ten persons be induced to promise 100 dollars apiece, for the purchase of a building in wh our Parish School can be held & wh can be used for other purposes. I prayed before writing the letter that a blessing might rest on the plan, so if it comes to good it will be God's doing, not mine.

July 7th 1866. Saturday.

I went on Tuesday afternoon to the Asylum. It was anything but a unanimous meeting. I have not been down stairs since that night & am not at all well yet - came near having Hysterics through weakness this morning. We of the sewing society are talking of spending a day at Ocean View soon. Mary Bell came to see me yesterday.

Sixth Sunday after Trinity July 8th 1866.

I am thankful to say that I am much better. It has been so intensely warm to day that I have not been able or have been afraid to read or employ myself too much. I have not yet been able to ascertain the text. Father, Rebecca who kindly taught my Sunday class, & Ginnie all declare themselves as having listened but were unable to hear it. Fanny Light (Cowdery formerly) died yesterday & was buried this evening. A bright young creature she was, who married, has suffered fearfully at the birth of her first child & also this last & had died in her confinement.

The morning's text was "I will love him, & will manifest myself into him" John XIV.

The text at night from Phil. 1,19 "I know that that shall turn to my salvation through you prayer & the supply of the spirit if Jesus Christ."

Rebecca said Mr Barton came & spoke to her in Sunday School & inquired after me.

Seventh Sunday after Trinity, July 15th 1866.

I did not go to Church this morning as I have been sick but I hope to go tonight. Father told me that Mr Barton preached an admirable sermon. The subject was Moses choice. "He chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." It has been intensely warm today & was also last Sunday. I heard there were five sun-strokes in Baltimore on that day & twenty in New York. I am feeling much stronger & better than before I was sick. I think I was utterly worn out mind & body. Of course the strength I feel now is that convalescence & not much in itself but I feel renewed. I thought it could realize what Miss Nightingale says that sickness is a recuperative process. I believe the family feared I was going to have Typhoid fever.

I received last week a reply from Lizzie Williams. She said her mother approved my plan. about the Parish School, but did not have that amount of ready money at command, she advised me to lower the subscription. I do not know whether she will assist me in the end. The text at night was John VIII, part of the <illegible> "If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; & ye shall know the truth & the truth shall make you free." He spoke of the different kinds of knowledge, the hereditary knowledge, as it might be called, the rational knowledge, & lastly that of experience, he also spoke of freedom, "the glorious liberty of the sons of God," freedom from the consciousness of guilt, from the pollution of guilt, freedom from the fear of death, both this knowledge & this freedom was to be obtained instrumentally through the study of the word which teaches throughout Christ shown in the types & sacrifices of the Old Testament & brought fully to light in the New. The practical application was that this study was to lead to the Imitation of Christ, by which alone can the knowledge be truly acquired, that in an humble attempt to walk in his footsteps our strength would increase & the glorious liberty be enjoyed.

For the Eighth Sunday after Trinity, July 22nd 1866.

Was not at all well very much to my regret I could not go either to S.S. or Church. Mr Barton's text Father said was "We have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear, but we have received the spirit of adoption, hereby we cry Abba, Father." Father seemed much pleased with the sermon. I am glad to see Mr Barton's earnest piety is

working its way into Father's heart. He has always respected him, but Mr Barter's autocratic temperament is very much at variance with Father's disposition, who is thoroughly Democratic & averse to all rule unless it may be from a petticoat government. In talking to Father of our ministry I always dwell particularly on his worries & annoyances & it seems to draw Father to him, to think of them more than anything else.

If Mr Barton were to be very sick, or suffering in any way I think Father wd really love him but so long as he seems to stand so independently of others & (as he does in regard to spiritual matter) assume such absolute control over everyone around him, Father appears naturally to take attitude of defiance towards him. An element of pity is needed to draw them nearer together. It is an earnest wish of mine to see such a friendship exist between them, as is possible between two men formed in so strong a mould. At night I went to Church. The sermon was upon the last part of the epistle for the day, beginning with the text of the morning.

Aug 4th 1866. Saturday Evening.

Since last I wrote here one of Aunt Fannie's friends, Mrs Adela Newton & her daughter Lilah have staid here. They are very pleasant people; very fond of music. Miss Newton had a good deal of Mendelssohn's music. One little piece - a song without words - I copied. She gave me Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata. I have practised a good deal lately, to day I practised about three hours & a half. I sometimes ask myself if it is not a waste of time but no one can play difficult pieces well without it & one thing particularly reconciles my conscience to it. I have not been at all well lately, & I am entirely unable to go out in the sun, so I am cut off from out door occupations. I find reading long gives me the headache, also does sewing for any length of time, so I almost divide my time between trying to sleep & practising. While Mrs Newton was here Mr & Mrs Barton took tea here.

The Langleys came over after tea. I think it was the stiffest & most tiresome evening I ever spent. I committed quite a faux pas during the time. Mr Barton did not come in till about 9. Ginnie Langley was playing on the piano. I thought he must have taken tea but that I ought to ask him. He said that he had not, but urged that I sd not trouble my self about tea for him. I said no, I wd not trouble myself & left the room to arrange for him. Gay followed me to get something & when I was ready I asked her to go & ask Mr Barton to come in the dining room where I was waiting to give him his tea! Gay said as soon as she has delivered the message to him she thought she saw a change in Mrs Barton's manner. It is too ridiculous - Mrs Barton is the most jealous person I

ever saw. I have noticed it long ago & if it had occurred to me I wd never have made such an arrangement. Of course Mr Barton came but declined taking anything but a cup of tea & a dry biscuit. Lizzie & Lacy were in the room washing up the things & he was only there a few minutes, so one wd have supposed Mrs B. might have been satisfied. He held the door open for me to go in the parlor but I told him not to wait for me as I had something to attend to, so he went back alone.

No conversation cd be gotten out of Mrs Barton during the evening. She wd not talk & finally crossed over & took a seat by Mr Barton & told him it was time to go. He went on talking. She tried to move him with her fan. He put out his hand & receiving the tap of the fan upon his fingers turned & looked at her. She was not subdued as usual by his eyes but said, "It is time to go." I do not know whether he spoke but he continued to look at her for an instant, then resumed his conversation with Mrs Newton. I suppose it wd have been more than she dared to speak to him again but she continued to sit by him I had crossed over to talk to her perfectly conveniently, for it had never occurred to me that she cd be offended in any way with me.

After talking for some time, Mr Barton turned to her & announced his readiness to go. After they left I said how unusually uninteresting Mrs Barton was. Dont you know why?" said Grace, & then spoke of the unfortunate "tea drinking" as she called it. I cd not help laughing, it was so absurd, but I was provoked too. Gay says she thinks Mr Barton is aware of how jealous his wife is of him. She must have a pleasant time of it, for a minister is necessarily thrown so much in the society of ladies. When I was out of the room after tea, seeing about sending in the Ice cream Episcopal Sisterhoods were discussed. Mr Barton speaking of Mary Rowland as one who wd make such a good head for such an institution Mary indignantly contended against the whole subject. How I was brought in I know not. Mrs Barton said in case of anything happening to Father wd I not find such a place a very desirable place. Father said in a low tone to Mary, "I give Cloe far better sense than to be caught in such a trap." What did Mary do but turn & say, "Mr Barton do you hear what Father says?" & repeated what he had said. Father the next day told Gay that he had said it in an undertone & that is was not a remark wh he wd have made to Mr Barton. It was a great want of tack on Mary's part & I wonder what reply Mr Barton cd have made to such a speech. I do not suppose an equal number of persons ever spent a more uncomfortable evening together.

Harriet Rowland breakfast here yesterday' she is a very fine girl.

I have given up the picnic to Ocean View, but may go there with Mrs Chapman.

Mary Walke came here the other evening with her brother Richie. She said they were coming up soon to see me after tea. Eliza Sharp was here at the same time. On

last Monday the 30th of July, Father fell down on Main Street, his foot having slipped on a piece of watermelon rind. A day or two afterwards a woman slipped down at the same place & her head hitting the curb stone was broken & she died in a few moments. I feel that I cannot be grateful enough for my precious father's preservation. How trite seem the expressions, "In the midst of life we are in death" - & "There is but a step between us & death," yet how true they are. I thank thee oh! God for this great mercy.

This morning there is a Service at 6 in preparation for the Communion.

Mr Barton lectured on the necessity of self-examination. He urged that each one should examine his heart finding something that chiefly interfered with his growth in grace propose to himself to eradicate that during the coming month & at the next season examine himself closely to see whether he had succeeded. He was very solemn.

Tenth Sunday after Trinity, Aug. 5th 1866.

Mr Patterson read the Service. Mr Barton lectured on the Gospel for the Christ weeping over Jerusalem especially dwelling on the words, "If thou hadst known at last on this the day the things that belong to thy peace." It was an admirable discourse. About the Orphan Asylum Mrs Smith has yielded & at the direction of the Managers the children are to come to the catechism this evening. I feel quite badly but am going too. Father, Mary & Grace severally remarked how pale I looked in Church. I enjoyed the Communion very much today. I hope it may be of benefit to me.

At night Mr Patterson preached. Father advised me not to go as I was not well. Mr Patterson's text was "Our commiseration is in heaven, from whence also we look for the Lord Jesus," he spoke of influence, then how he came to speak of the ministry I do not know but he said "they are the ones anointed to lure you, whether you like it or not, it is the case." I suppose Mr Barton had no objection to such doctrine being taught his flock.

Friday Aug 17th 1866.

I have written so irregularly here for some time that I do not think I have ever alluded to a plan which nonetheless occupies much of my attention.

Some time last Spring, <sup>May 25th</sup> I proposed to Harriet Rowland to endeavor to get up a Library in Norfolk by inducing a number of persons to contribute \$5 each & combining the money purchase a number of books to the value of the amount contributed. A yearly subscription of \$3 was to keep it up afterwards. Harriet liked the scheme very much, so we went to Mr Charlie Wilson's book store to propose it to him. He seconded it warmly & made very liberal offers of assistance, said we could have the use



of the room in wh he keeps pianos & keep the Library in, etc. We proposed it to several persons & some thirteen have agreed to it, & about eight more will, I think subscribe. With the money that has been paid we have indeed some fifty books.

Some time ago when we were there Mr Wilson asked us to see the room it is just over his store, No. 65 Bank Street. He opened one of the pianos & asked Harriet to try it. She does not play, so of course, he asked me to oblige him. I sat down & played part of Tam O'Shanter, though I felt foolishly very much confused.

A week or two ago Harriet took breakfast here. We then agreed that we ought to have a President & board of Managers for our Library, in hopes it wd grow larger & that it wd be much easier to attend to it in the beginning. So we appointed Mr Wilson, President, Mr Grustin, Secretary, & Mr W. Rowland, Capt. Tucker & Father, Managers. Mary Rowland wrote the notes very nicely to that effect. Harriet came around that Monday to tell me Mr Wilson had asked us to come down & see the books, half of those we ordered had come. Accordingly on Tuesday Morning we went down to his store. The previous day I had gone to see Mary Walke & after asking about the plan she said that her brother & herself intended subscribing. When we went in the store, Mr G. asked us to go up to the room, saying Mr Wilson was there. On going in we found Mr Richie Walke over the books with Mr Wilson. I told him I was glad to hear he liked our scheme. He said he wd have subscribed to it long ago but that he had despaired of any good thing succeeding in Norfolk. (Is it not more manly to go heartily to work to make a "a good thing succeed?")

Mr Wilson had just been telling him of the compliment the ladies had paid him (by appointing him President). Mr Wilson expostulated against the appointment. I urged that no one who wished well to the plan sd refuse to lend their aid to perfect it. Mr Walke said we were wrong not to keep it in our own hands, that it wd succeed much better under ladies. I said we by no means wd cease to take an interest in it, but wanted the business attended to by gentlemen as they conducted matters so much more methodically. He said the duties were not onerous. "Then no gentleman need refuse to assume them, Mr Walke." Mr Wilson finally said that he wd act as President for the remainder of the year. About a secretary he said that we had better appoint someone else than Mr Grustin as he wd really not have time to attend to the duties. "Now there is Dick Walke why not appoint him, he wd just omit the position, he cd sit up here all day & read these books; Mr Walke laughed but expressed a great dislike to the idea - said when I attempted arguing with him that it wd be particularly disagreeable to him, again spoke of the ladies acting as the officers. I said "Let me ask you one question Mr Walke. How wd you like Mary to be placed in that position?" He laughed at finding it

brought home to him in that way but tried again to speak of their not being much for the ladies to do, "It is not that, it is the publicity." He made no reply.

We four discussed some of the books for a while Harriet talking principally to Mr Wilson, I to Mr Walke. He asked me if I had given up the plan of an excursion to Ocean View, when he came to see me with Mary some time ago I told him yes that the girls were so provoking I had told them I wd have nothing more to do with getting the party up, that I wd join any that they formed but wd not arrange for one. After waiting a long time in vain for Harriet to make the move to go I proposed to leave, asking Mr Wilson to detain Mr Walke for fifteen minutes wh he promised to do. As we were on our way out of the room Mr Wilson opened a piano & again asked Harriet to lay. Of course she said she did not play. "Miss Whittle, wont you play?" now I played before to oblige Mr Wilson & I thought that was sufficient. The windows were wide open admitting broad streams of the "garish light of day", very unfavorable to musical influences. Mr Walke was standing on one side of the piano & Mr Wilson on the others & knowing how badly I had felt at playing before I cd not stand the idea so I said, "I did play the other day, Mr Wilson, but I must beg you to excuse me this morning." He said no more, & Harriet & I left. I hope he did not think it disoblging. I wd have played had he have urged it but I much preferred not doing so & when I told Grace about it, she said she thought I was right, though at first she thought I might have done it, afterwards she said she did not think it wd do for me to be playing for Mr Wilson whenever I went down there, that if he wants to hear me he can come here, as he has been invited to the house.

Harriet & I went back to Mary Rowland's & got her to write a note to Mr Richie Walke appointing him Secretary & also five notifications of a meeting to be held at Mr Wilson's at 6 P.M. on Thursday, to wh he had agreed at a hint from me. One of the notifications was inclosed with he appointment to Mr Walke. We were going back down town so we carried Capt. Tucker wh I sent to him by Joshua Wright, also Mr Wilson's wh I gave to him accompanied by the one for Mr Walke. Mr Wilson was as grave as possible, whether he was not pleased about the piano I know not. I said "Mr Walke wd not wait?" "No, I think he is disposed to get off altogether." "Oh! Mr Wilson, dont let him do that." "Your only way will be not to accept his resignation." I bought a Testament for Father & we came away.

On Wednesday evening May & I took tea with the Rowlands. Mrs & Miss Bontwell were there & a Mr Barley with whose daughter Ginnie & Harriet were going to spend the summer & who was there - very devoted to Harriet. Capt. Tucker walked home with Harriet & she told me that he intended to accept the office of Manager & was

going to the meeting the next evening. He told her that "Dick Walke" as the gentlemen call him did not intend to accept & was inquiring to whom he could send a refusal. The next evening Father attended punctually, but found Mr Walke there before him. He seemed to have determined to accept his honors very meekly, which, considering the rebellious spirit he had shown, was not a little strange. He told Father that there was a meeting fixed for that evening, which Father had heard from me for three days previously, so the three Mr W's repaired upstairs. Capt. Tucker & Mr G.W. Rowland failed to come, so no real business was transacted. An adjourned meeting was appointed for Monday evening & Father says that if three are present he shall advise acting without waiting longer. Mr Wilson urged upon Father to become the President. Father told him that as was right on the spot it was better for him to be such. Harriet made me promise to write her a full account of the meeting, so I wrote two pages to her to day but shall keep the letter till after Monday.

Mr Barton & wife are away. He will return the first of Sept. she 1st of October. A few days before he left I went there with Ginnie Langley to get some books from him. He sent for us to come up to his study where he was writing a sermon. He lent me two books, one of them the Primitive Church I have read half through. I mentioned to him that Mrs Leonard had asked me to go down to see President Davis with her. He evidently did not approve of my going with her. His words had so much effect as to make me refuse positively several times when she urged it the other day but she went down & spoke of me to the President & he sent to ask me to come so Father & I asked to go with Mr Leonard.

12th Sunday after Trinity Aug 19th 1866.

R. Gatewood & James Hunter at S.S. (only). Mr Walke came up to talk to me. No service at Christ, so I went to St. Pauls. Mr Okeson preached an excellent sermon on the text, "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards." He said "Trouble is the greatest gift, Christ excepted, that God has given to man." I have been reading some of Counsel to the Awakened upon Self Examination. Mr Barton urged the necessity of it in his last lecture preparation to the Communion. It is an exceedingly difficult thing. I have tried some times to give on Sundays a sketch of my standing in this life, but it is very hard. Of course each person has temptations peculiar to his disposition on that account my faults are the more subtle & the less easy of detection.

In the eye of those outside of this house I am almost perfect - because they know nothing about me. It is a far easier thing to conform the outward life to a given standard, however rigid, than to cleanse the heart of the very faintest impurity. Even the

conformation of the outward life to the propriety of a Christian profession I do not attain as the number as my own family knows. They witness the crossness & impatience with the children, the want of punctuality, the frequent disregard of the comfort & convenience of others, the self-will, the opinionativeness, etc. etc. of wh outsiders necessarily know nothing, but even they [] not a tithe of the wickedness that is in me & this leads me to suspect whether there is not very much hid from even my scrutiny. Some persons have open faults that the world condemns & their own hearts condemn, such faults it is easy to get at, they can be openly fought against, & they tend to keep one humble, but mine are "hidden things of darkness," "secret sins" that the world knows not like a whited sepulchre all is fair without while within it is full of dead men's bones & all uncleanness," & strange to say such things tend more to foster pride than to increase humility - while I say these things of myself & know them & feel them, they do not humble me sad, sad, it is but to know oneself unclean in the eyes of a holy God will never so lower sinners in their own eyes as to be unclean in the eyes of man.

A man whose besetting sin is drunkenness is humbled by it & may bewail it before the throne of God & I doubt not is less sinful in His eyes, than the proud man who hugs his pride to his heart, while at the same time he day after day confesses it as a sin so deadly in the sight of God as to make him say "A proud look I hate." Yet who was ever humbled by the consciousness that pride was his besetting sin? Oh! the "secret faults they are terrible." Who can tell how oft he offendeth?" And yet it is the Herculean task that is attempted in self-examination.

I believe I can truly say that whatever I do in regard to religion is done to advance the spiritual life in my soul & to promote the glory of God, not in the least degree to enable me to gain Heaven or avoid hell.

By nature my faith, where I give faith, is strong. I believe (I think as firmly as I believe my own existence) that God will admit me to heaven when I die through the merits of Jesus, wh has been accepted by me as my only hope of salvation. This is my understanding of God's offer to man, that if he will give up all thought of merit, wh is blasphemy, give up all hope of winning heaven & accept the pardon of his sins & the glory to be revealed, as a free gift from God, given because Christ love in His own person the punishment wh was obliged to follow the sins of mankind, that from that moment they are secured to him & he "may set to his seal that God is true." This is very simple, but I believe this to be the sum of "the Gospel" the "good tiding", over wh angels rejoiced, while the majority of men wonder - speculate - & - perish.

I believe then that the general notions from wh I act are pure, perfectly pure, but I mentioned two motives as influencing me, both good but of very different relative

importance - the advancement of my own spiritual life - & the glory of God - wh is the most peaceful in my heart? The glory of God sd be the ruling aim of every creatures' life. Pride might act a most devilish part by insinuating itself into the advancement of spirituality. I do not refer to the wish to appear to possess a goodness not one's own, that is the lowest form of spiritual pride, & too contemptible to annoy a Christian for any length of time but

“The soul of man createth its own destiny of power

And as the trial is intenser here

His being hath a nobler strength in heaven”

is there no room for pride in such a thought? If so it is not the most terrible form in wh pride cd appear? I am jotting down heads of thought so I cannot stop to explore this subject if indeed it cd be explored. I have said I believed my minor motives, of the larger kind, if I may so express it - I mean my springs of action as regards lines of conduct to be pure also.

I believe a desire to appear well in the eyes of some one whom I love very much to be the lowest motive from wh to act - I state this in order to see the best of myself, but here all “purity” stops. I may truly say in a different sense from the poet

“Dark, dark as night are the thoughts that flit

“Through the dim chambers of my troubled mind.”

I have caught slight glimpses & heard faint whispers of storms & tempests that naught but the controlling hand of the Omnipotent keeps from raging & tearing through the regions of my soul. “I am afraid of myself” some wise man has said & he must have had some heart knowledge to have uttered those words. It may be that all other human souls have such dark “chambers of imagery” but I often think that if my heart were to be laid bare that moment before the eyes of many who think me almost perfect, as an equalled young lady who spars the time she is not doing good in the improvement of her vast intellectual powers, as many persist in thinking despite my protestations to the contrary - loathing & disgust, horror & dismay wd be but faint expressions of what they wd feel. Some of these dark spots I cannot touch even here. I feel that to put my hand on my mouth & my mouth in the dust & cry “Unclean, unclean,” is all for wh I am fit.

There is another point wh I think “Self-examination” ought to assist me to understand - my influence over others. I know some gifted with eloquence have moved thousands by one speech but in my limited experience never did I meet with man, woman or child, who possessed as much influence over others, as has been committed to me. It is a fearful talent & I feel like a child with a two-edged weapon who has just sense enough to know its danger but not enough to us it rightly. Not only when I am

alone with anyone, for then I can move almost anyone to do almost anything but when there are many present, though I am not a great <illegible> yet the tone of the company becomes grave or gay, deeper than ordinary, or skims the service at my will - I almost tremble to say it. This is general then there is a much more powerful because more personal influence that is easily in my power to exert. It is not that persons always like or love me, it wd almost seem as if the rebellion of their nature against the control they cd not avoid took the form of aversion to me sometimes, but (if I except Mrs Barton) never from my childhood did I ever try for a fortnight to acquire an influence over a person without obtaining the greatest power over them, their lips will be unsealed, their lives will be thrown open to me, thoughts & feelings they had carefully concealed from every eye shown fearlessly to an almost stranger. I do not know how often I have had it said "I never had talked anyone as I have talked to you," "I never thought I cd have spoken to anyone as I have done today," "I can talk to you as I can talk to no one else."

In connection with this there is a piece of my poetry of about half a dozen verses that on one has ever read without shedding tears. I have almost smiled as I saw eyes "unused to weep," unable to withhold the tribute while I cd not understand why it sd be paid. Now this influence over the minds of others while of course it is flattering to my pride & vanity is peculiarly useless to me, as far as pleasure goes. For instance I have very little or no curiosity yet I am made the confidant of family quarrels, family troubles, & in some instances, family shame. As to love affairs, etc. etc., I suppose I cd gladden the hearts of all the gossips in Norfolk by retailing one hundred part of what I am bound by no promise to conceal. Then again while I cling with a love that is strong as death to a few friends yet I care nothing for "Making friends," while I cd make them by the score. What am I to do with this influence? If I had one truth of it I might feel as if I cd use it well - but To know that a word of advice from you might affect the whole future of many a life is more alarming than agreeable. While my heart is known to have one, the whole coloring of my life not guessed at by my intimate friends, numbers of hearts lie bare before me. When I can almost feel their very pulsation, change under my fingers dare I speak a word? If "A word spoken in due season how good it is!" what can limit the effect of a wrong word. And it is with such a nature that one is require to deal in self-examination - who is sufficient for these things? If I try to lift the veil I must confess the sight is not of such a nature as to make me at all desirous of taking a second look. Yet I suppose it must be done, The Epistle today ought to furnish me with answers to the question asked above "Only sufficiency is of God." Dare I say Search me oh! God, & know my heart. Try me & know my thoughts, & see

if there be any wicked way in me & lead me in the way everlasting? Have mercy on me  
O God!

Aug 21st 1866. Monday.

Father's birthday. We have dressed his room with flowers, mosquito net, bureau, mantel, washstand, & the table has a profusion of flowers forming a wreath around it. On it is a cake, cup cakes, a bottle of blackberry wine, an envelope containing Conway & Julius's likenesses, a pen wiper, & a large print Testament. A very handsome dressing gown, bought by Aunt Fannie & made by all is hanging by the door.

Yesterday Father attended the meeting at Mr Wilson's about the Library. Again Mr Walke was there before him. They were standing at the door when he came but then went in. After a while Mr Wilson said, "I think we will be the only three again, Mr Whittle." Capt. Tucker however made his appearance in quite a hurry (Father says he believes Mr Wilson sent for him), saying "Gentlemen, I have some business to attend to wh will not take ten minutes & I will then return." "No, Capt. Tucker, this will not take you ten minutes & you can then go," said Father, so he staid. Father was urged again by Mr Wilson to become the President, he said it wd give dignity to the enterprise, or something of the kind. The gentlemen agreed to have the room open for reading purposes from 4 to 7 to lend pamphlets for one week, books for two; to meet on the first Monday of every month; that any one of the five may propose a book to be agreed on by all; to print labels for the books; they impowered Father to draw up a set of regulations to be copied by Mr Walke; etc. etc. After Capt. Tucker left, Mr Rowland came. Upon hearing what had been done he agreed to it. I wrote Harriet Rowland an account of the proceedings today.

Gay's little Conway is not learning to speak very smoothly. He is an uncommonly pretty child had dark golden hair, very abundant, very dark eyes that can look as mild as possible & again flash fire. This house has been as noisy as possible this summer for none of the four children are remarkable for goodness & scream & cry upon little or no provocation. Little Julius is a dear little fellow with flaxen hair & blue eyes, with quite a contrast to the other three. He is the best of the four, decidedly.

## CHAPTER XI

“So began our long talked-of expedition”

Private Journal of Cloe Tyler Whittle  
Commenced August 23rd 1866  
Norfolk, Virginia

Visit to President Davis on August 22nd, 1866

After being urged repeatedly by Mrs Leonard, Mr Davis' niece to go with her to Fortress Monroe to visit her uncle & having often refused for fear of intruding upon him I at last consented to go & having persuaded Father to go with me I met Mrs Leonard on board the steamer Eolus before 6 o'clock yesterday morning. So began our long talked-of expedition. The Dismal Swamp had been burned some days previously so the sun was obscured by the smoke wh gave to water & sky a leaden hue.

In reading & talking to Miss Ella Tazewell<sup>1</sup> & Colonel Bradfoot the time passed until we reached Old Point. Colonel Bradfoot escorted me from the boat & Father, Mrs Leonard. She had hoped to meet Frederich, Mr Davis' servant, but not seeing him immediately we waited in the present Hygeia Hotel, a poor substitute for the former one, much nearer the wharf, however, wh was a convenience. After waiting some time we set out for the Fort & as we expected, met Fred on the way. He turned back to try & pass us through the officer's gate. The sentinel on guard said we might go inside but must wait there till some officer cd be sent for.

We sat down by a tent on a bench under the trees; there was a table with a chair by it in front of the tent at wh the Yankee who was brought up sat down & having inquired our names, wrote them in a book. He professed himself unable to pass us, however, so he sent for the officer of the day. Some moments after this latter personage came hurrying up, red sash, sword, etc. all complete. “Cloe, he has stopped to put on all those ‘fixings’ for our edification,” said Mrs Leonard. Upon his salutation to the party Father & Mrs L. explained her relationship to Mr Davis, so after spending a few

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<sup>1</sup>b. 1830, daughter of Jno. and Louisa Tazewell, of Norfolk.



minutes in pretended study he went to the table & wrote a permit to leave the Fort during the day & gave it to Mrs Leonard.

Thinking it too early to go to Mr Davis' casemates, we went to the Parade Ground where the garrison was about to drill. It was no pleasure to me to see Yankee soldiers parading. In fact it was painful but the time had to be passed away. In consequence to some remark of Father's to the Yankee officer, whose name we afterwards heard was Capt Parker, he joined himself to our party, wh was anything but agreeable. By a skillful "falling back" on Father & my part he was left with Mrs Leonard, who seemed to have no objection to talking to him though her conversation must have been not a little irritating. She spoke of how ugly she thought the Yankee uniform said "she hoped if she lived any length of time under the U.S. government they wd change it" said she preferred the old uniform such as he now wore, both pantaloons & coat are of dark blue & not (the pants) of light blue as the private soldier wears. "I suppose you prefer the grey," said Capt Parker. "Oh, yes & I hope to see it again some of these days." "Well, I sd not object to wearing it," he said, fortunately entirely mistaking her meaning & connecting her two remarks together but added as if he had been too condescending "it wd not matter to me who had worn it before."

She kept on touching upon the subject of the war until he told her in an indirect way that he had had many things said to him by ladies wh he wd not have allowed a gentleman to say. I took no part in the conversation, never addressed a word to them. Father only made one remark on the subject. In answer to some remark of Mrs L.'s Capt Parker said in a rolling tone of voice quite pompously, "It was the fighting against the old Flag that the Northern people cd not stand." Father very quietly remarked that the Germans were very patriotic about the old Flag. It is needless to say Capt Parker was totally inattentive at that part of the conversation. The only enjoyable thing about the Parade Ground was the delightful music. Any one who had heard a regular Military band knows how delightful it is. Capt Parker, suddenly remembering that he had forgotten half his duties in the charms of Mrs Leonard's conversation, rose hastily & touching his cap, walked around the bench, then set off at a run, his heels flying in the air, showing great proficiency in the Yankee accomplishment of beating a retreat.

In a few moments Mr Davis' little daughter Varina came up, in her nurse's arms, & with a woman's pleasure in doing little spiteful things, I took particular pains to hurry forward to meet her, on account of a group of Yankee officers who were gathered under a neighboring tree. She was a fine child, only two years of age, has a broad, massive forehead & large, steady blue eyes, was very simply dressed & talks very plainly.

Soon we went to see the large guns wh I did not care at all to see, while the baby & nurse went to meet Mr Davis, who was confined at night in Carroll Hall but returns to his casemates for breakfast. Walking on leisurely, Father saw Mrs Whiting, who was staying with Mrs Moody so we went & sat in front of their casemate, wh is but a few doors from Mr Davis! Little "Winnie," as her father calls her, was with us, when seeing her father going towards his rooms she set up a cry & went to meet him. Mr Davis turned at sound of the child's voice & Mrs Leonard proposed that we sd go to him also.

Mrs Leonard was some distance ahead. He folded her in his arms & held her there some time, then as Father came up Mrs Leonard released herself & introduced "Mr Whittle." I had fallen behind, feeling ashamed at my temerity at coming but Mrs Leonard pronouncing my name, I put my hand, feeling that it sd have been gloved, in Mr Davis' offered hand. "My daughter," his voice was feeble as that of an old man, "I am very glad to see you. I was disappointed that you did not come with Mrs Leonard the other day." I do not know what answer I managed to make though the "daughter" so gently spoken had drawn me to him at once.

I had told Father as we went to meet him that Mr Davis had not been to breakfast, so he said to Mr Davis' invitation to come in that he feared we were interfering with his taking breakfast. "Oh! no, walk in Sir, I hope that we will find breakfast for us all." Mr Davis & Father went into the room wh is used as a parlor & dining room, Mrs Leonard & I into the other - Mrs Davis' bedroom. The servant announced breakfast as ready but Mrs Leonard had to smooth her hair & I to fasten up my curls before we went in. Mr Davis rose & invited us to the table, laid up for four, as we entered. Mrs Leonard sat opposite to Mr Davis, Father on his right hand, I on his left. It was a small round table about a yard in diameter. As soon as we were seated, Mr Davis, laying his hand on the table, bent his head & in a most reverential tone asked the blessing upon the meal, "For Jesus Christ's sake."

As little things are of importance, when in connection with such a man, I will give a minute account of the table & breakfast. When we sat down peaches, pears from our garden & cold bread were the only eatables visible. Mr Davis took pears, making some remarks upon their origin as he did so. He thought they were originally from England, Father that they took their name from the owner of a Northern farm. Mrs Leonard said that they were very good if they did come from Yankee land & I said they were the products of Virginia soil. Mr Davis looked at me & smiled at my state pride. When we finished the fruit, earthenware finger bowls were put before each person. Dr Selden's family wanted to send some china for Mr Davis' use but Mrs Davis said that

her stay was uncertain & they preferred using plain articles that cd be left behind. Muffins were put on the table when the fruit was removed & small corn cakes almost half an inch thick were put by Mr Davis. Tea & coffee was put on the side table, also a hash wh was handed around, as were fried brains, poached eggs, on toast, was put on the table before Mrs Leonard.

Father & I had breakfast before we left home, Mrs Leonard had not. I suppose Mr Davis thought she was more at home & Father was a gentleman so he particularly interested himself in inducing me to eat. I took a cup of coffee & half a muffin but that cd not be spun out very long. "Well! if you will not take anything else, try one of my little cakes," he said, handing me the saucer. I answered laughingly that I wd try one on that account & took half of one. "Hand Miss Whittle the butter, Frederich," but I declined it saying I wd take it with the coffee. The chivalric courtesy of the Southern gentleman wh the etiquette of no social station cd improve was visible in every word & gesture.

Sitting by his side at the table I for the first time had a good opportunity of looking at him. The first feeling was one of disappointment. Thin, almost to emaciation, tall with rather a small head & features, I was provoked to think the Yankee caricature was yet the best likeness I had ever seen of him. The shape of the head, also, though peculiar was unpromising. In appearance there was nothing to indicate a great man. He spoke very slowly, probably the effect of weakness, & his voice was feeble. Though I had been charmed by his manner, so cordial & courteous, but perfectly unaffected, yet the suspicion crossed my mind that Mr Davis had been overrated. Conversation at the breakfast table was necessarily desultory & may have helped that impression.

After breakfast Father, Mr Davis, & I withdrew to the end of the room & Mrs Leonard took herself away about some children's patterns. Then began a conversation of wh I record every word. The brilliant, penetrating intellect for wh Mr Davis is so remarked had full play when speaking of the events of the past four years; & it came more & more to light, shaming me for my want of penetration for not discerning the power wh lay dormant under the calm exterior of a Southern gentleman. As he spoke of the various causes wh wrought our ruin I felt that he was speaking history as it will be written in the passions of the moment have passed away. Though deeply agitated, it was evident, when speaking of the disagreements between himself & the Confederate Congress his words flowed without hesitation, in as beautifully rounded periods as are so noticeable in his messages to that same Congress. I feel so inadequate for the attempt to portray suitably such a conversation that I am reluctant to try it, at the same time when

years have passed away I know sd regret that I did not record it while so vividly before my mind.

Father told him there was one subject he wd like to ask him about (for the freedom of his manner & his words invited confidential discussions) that subject was the interview at Old Point<sup>2</sup> between Hunter,<sup>3</sup> Stevens, Judge Campbell, etc., on our side & Lincoln, Seward, etc., on the Yankee side, on the question of reconstruction. Mr Davis seemed glad to have an opportunity of speaking freely on the subject.

“Why, Mr Davis, did not the Confederate commissioners after they had exhausted the powers given to them by you, ask Mr Lincoln what terms the South wd receive if she acceded to the proposition to lay down her arms?” “Judge Campbell did, Sir, & cd get no answer. He told me that he had done so & only received a reply that the U.S. cd make terms with Rebels holding arms in their hands, but the troops must lay down their arms, disband, return to their homes & they wd then be dealt leniently with. Mr Lincoln, who in his easy good nature, might have been induced to give a more definite answer, was under the complete control of Seward.”

“Seward was there!” said Father. “Seward was there, & influenced every word that Lincoln uttered. Upon raising this objection to treating with men in rebellion, Hunter said that history showed it to be the case repeatedly & adduced the case of Charles I.

“I don’t know much history,” said Lincoln, “I only know that Charles I lost his head.”

“When the Commissioners returned” (Mr Davis went on) [“I urged them to lay the whole facts before the public, telling them that had a right to know this - no! They had bound themselves under a pledge of secrecy to the Yankees & it cd not be done. I then urged them at least to give the impression that the interview had left on their minds to the people. That also they wd not do. They wd only give the meager statement wh I had published & to wh I added what I had wished them to give, the impression that their account had left on my mind.” He spoke of the conduct of Congress & said that they had held secret cabals & meetings at night as if he were the enemy, that he found he had to fight not only the Yankees but Congress & felt convinced that in such a double contest he wd certainly be whipped so he endeavored to bring Congress upon some platform where both might work together.

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<sup>2</sup>The Hampton Roads Conference, February 3rd, 1865, meeting to discuss terms. Failed when the commissioners were told by Lincoln that they were in no position to negotiate, and that reunion was the only possible alternative.

<sup>3</sup>Robert M. Hunter, b. 1809, Confederate Secretary of State 1861-1862, then a senator from Virginia.

He spoke of the integrity of Barnwell (Robert, of S.C.)<sup>4</sup> said he was very useful to him in Congress but that the doings of the secret cabals were kept from such a man as he was & only revealed to Hunter & such as he on the express condition that they wd not disclose them to Mr Davis. For R.M.T. Hunter he expressed a good deal of regard but said he was a man utterly in wanting in physical & moral courage. He said that the Commissioners upon being arrested & thrown into prison have been so thoroughly terrified that he has been deeply mortified at the statements they have made in regard to that interview at Fortress Monroe - differing so completely from the account given to him immediately upon their return. He said it was humiliating to see what men wd do under the influence of fear, but he hoped when Hunter is pardoned, his spirit may return. "I have his promise to give a written statement of that affair," He said the Commissioners left upon the mind of the people the impression that they cd have gotten some terms from the enemy but were prevented by his "obstinacy" from doing so.

He spoke of the Yankees trying to file the charge of the assassination of Lincoln upon the South, said it was their own projects that had returned upon their heads. That in the first year of the war he had received a letter from Philadelphia wh he supposed the writer was afraid to sign stating that a man had been released from a Southern penitentiary on the express condition that he sd take his (Mr Davis') life with the promise of 100,000 dollars if he succeeded, that this man had said he needed an accomplice - another man was released from the penitentiary, he had been called for a second - a third man had been released & this letter was to urge Mr Davis to be on his guard. I think it was the very day he went to receive this letter that he was returning from his office to his house in Montgomery & observed a man crouched down by the stone parapet that supported the iron railings in such a way as to command a view of the gate through wh he usually entered his house. Seeing him there Mr Davis entered a side door gate & hurried to the spot where the man was slumping but seeing that he was observed the man ran off before Mr Davis reached the spot.

Father said he supposed he was afraid of his calling the police.

"No, sir, there was no chance of his being caught, unless I caught him myself." Father laughed & said certainly it was a Democratic country where the Chief Ruler has to take care of himself in that way. Mr Davis made no reply, I fancied there was some bitterness in his remark. He said that on another occasion he was riding with his family I think when he was shot at, "So I thought."

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<sup>4</sup>Robert Woodward Barnwell, b. 1801, governor of South Carolina 1850, senator from S.C. to Confederate Congress. Staunch Davis supporter.

Again he was riding with an aid on horseback when a shot passed so near him that he thought he could discern exactly the spot from whence it came, so telling his aid to ride on & without appearing to take any notice they did so for a short distance & turned & then they galloped at a swift rate around to the spot. They found nobody; but a vacant house stood near at the window of which the aid thought he saw someone as they approached. They dismounted & examined the house but finding nobody they reported they must have been mistaken, & rode back to Richmond. No allusion was made to the incident during the homeward ride but it made such an impression upon the aid that he went immediately to the police station & asked that the locality be examined. This was done and the house also. A square hole was found cut in the floor of the second story about the size to let a man down. The floor was taken up & a man found there. This man upon his discovery professed to be a Dutchman & in the employment of a baker in Richmond. He was arrested & steps taken to bring him to trial. It came to Mr Davis' hearing that this "baker's assistant" had employed counsel that was very expensive & had in his possession a large amount of gold so he concluded that he was acting under an assumed character, had U.S. gold in his pocket & was there on U.S. business. He said he was very desirous of keeping this attempt upon his life from the knowledge of his family, so he sent this man to Lee saying that as he professed to be a citizen of the Confederacy & was under the military age to see what could be done with him in the Confederate army. "I never heard what became of him & I suppose he ran away."

I think what led him to speak of these attempts at assassination was Mrs Leonard's asking him if Mrs Davis who is now in Canada would bring back Maggie his eldest child, who is there in school.<sup>5</sup> "No, I would like very much to see my little daughter, but not here. A Yankee garrison would not be a good place for her nor would I wish her to be in one." "Maggie is a very sensitive child" he hesitated, then added "there were some things that occurred in Richmond that affected her very deeply & I would not have her here; any casual remark that she might chance to hear would hurt her deeply," or words to that effect, for I want what I put as Mr Davis' words to be his to the very letter. Some things he said to Father took for granted a knowledge of the politics of former days & of the affairs of Washington life, an ignorance of which renders me unable to remember the broken links as his remarks were to me minutely.

One thing however which he said of Mr Tyler<sup>6</sup> I think I can give verbatim. He said he was chairman of a committee before which I think Mr Ingersoll brought charges against

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<sup>5</sup>The Davis children were sent to Canada in the charge of their maternal grandmother after Jefferson Davis' capture and confinement.

<sup>6</sup>John Tyler, 1790-1862, succeeded to the presidency in 1841 after the death of William Henry Harrison. Tyler was president from 1841-1845.

Mr Webster of using improperly the Secret Service money during the Presidency of Mr Tyler. He (Mr Davis) offered Mr Tyler the use of a book in wh was recorded each item of expenditure. Mr Tyler declined to use it, giving from memory each entry perfectly correctly. Mr Davis said his accuracy astonished him & as soon as he cd do so he spoke to him of it. Mr Tyler said he had been in the habit of considering this money as something for the use he had been accountable to no one so he had made it a matter of conscience to inquire into & remember every expenditure with the greatest minuteness. Mr Davis said he thought it was an exhibition of memory & conscientiousness equally creditable.

He spoke of his repeated efforts to get the writ of Habeus Corpus suspended & the opposition wh they met with in Congress. He said that Yankee emissaries were continuously going over to the enemy with information most disastrous to us to be known that he had urged that the writ sd be suspended at least in Richmond, that it was a besieged city & sd be put in the position of a camp but "They wd not do it, sir." He said the members of Congress wd cluster around a returned blockade runner, get drunk with them, go to oyster suppers at their houses, that these men held levies at their houses larger than those of any public man & then - return to the North, & the public wd find to their dismay that the enemy were acquainted with the doings of Congress & their secret council. All this the suspension of the writ wd have prevented by enabling Mr Davis to get rid of these characters. Such results might have occurred through accident but Mr Davis instanced a man by the name of Singleton whom he said he now feared was a hired emissary.

After a while Mr Davis wrote a note to me, "Miss Cloe let me take you in the next room. They are preparing dinner & will not make this very agreeable." Father said he wd look around the Fortress as he had not been there for some time before.

Mr Davis showed me in & then returned to get a cigar the second he had smoked since breakfast. I had heard Mrs Leonard say he was in the habit of lying down much in the day, so I tried to induce him to go but he wd not. I said, "Mr Davis do you not want to.-"

"Get rid of you?" his eyes sparkling.

"Yes sir," I answered laughing. "Not at all! Not at all," so I took a little rocking chair & he a large one wh he wheeled around till its back was turned to the door. I might not have noticed the action had not Mrs Leonard told me earlier that numbers of people try & peep at him through the shutters of the door, "as many Yankees as Southerners," she says. Mrs Davis is always glad if they can see him in that way

without annoying him & never tells him they are looking at him as he sits reading but if Mr Davis sees it it worries him & he tells Frederich to pull down the curtain.

Mr Davis opened the bureau drawer & taking out his pipe showed it to me. Father was much struck with it afterwards. The mouthpiece & stem were of agate the lower part of carved ivory in imitation of a birds claw holding an egg wh formed the bowl of the pipe. It was sent to him, Mrs Leonard told me, by a gentleman of Baltimore.

While I was sitting there with Mr Davis he spoke of Bishop Polk, that he had told him that he considered it his duty to go in the army, that Bishop Polk cd give the matter his consideration & determine upon taking the step & that Bishop Meade approved of it.

I told him that my sister had spoken to me of a conversation she had had with Bishop Meade in wh he had told her of an interview he had had with Mr Davis in wh he had requested him to allow Bishop Polk to return to his Episcopal duties. Mr Davis had replied that he was at liberty to do so but that he considered it his duty to remain in the Army & this argument so convinced Bishop Meade that it was.

Mr Davis said he remembered the conversation & added, "There is no Meade now." I said no & the Church wd feel that there was no Meade, that Bishop Johns though a more thorough Low Churchman wd never be able to maintain the Low Church as Bishop Meade had done. He spoke of the council of Bishops wh took place after Bishop Polk's death, said, "If the resolutions upon his death did not mean censure upon the memory of the dead Polk I do not know what they meant.["]

I said I believed his course was censured by Christians generally & I cd not understand it for there were many ministers who felt called on to go into the war & I did not see why a Bishop might not feel the same call. Mr Davis said, "Mr Polk told me he looked upon this war as one 'pro aris et facis.' And he did not see why a Bishop was not as much bound to defend the altars & fireside as any other man.["] He spoke of a piece upon his death by Mrs Clark of N.C. wh she had sent for him & he had published in one of the Richmond papers, said she had no little talent.

He touched upon Bishop Wilmer's conduct & said it was strange he sd attach so much importance to his appointment being confirmed by the Northern Bishops, it seemed to move him not a little. He said it was deeply mortifying to see how some had acted who he had thought so staunch & true. I asked him about Bishop Inintard's conduct, told him what Mr Barton had said about his disclaiming sympathy with the war but that I hoped it was not true. He had not heard it & said he thought Mr Barton must be mistaken & he did not believe it. In speaking of those who had proved untrue to a



fallen cause through fear he said that he did not see how any man cd dishonor himself to save his life. I did not, as I do now think that he was thinking of himself & I said No but that it was not even a question of danger to life but merely the chance of personal inconvenience or loss of property. He said "Yes, but if it were, how cd they prefer a few years of a dishonored life to an honorable death?"

In speaking of our cause & the chance for a trial for independence in years to come "I hold it to be an impossibility that the noblest race upon the face of the earth, by that I mean the Southern people, sd be for a length of time be held in subjection to the meanest race upon the face of the earth, by whom I mean the Yankees," adding, "Ours may not be as long as the Babylonish captivity."

Mrs Leonard & Father presently returned & after some conversation a servant coming in to apprise Mr Davis, he rose & said, "As you will not stay with me to dinner, I have had a little lunch prepared," & going to the door, waited for me to go in. The same little round table, on wh there was bread, butter, cream biscuits, grated cheese, dried figs, cake & wine. Mr Davis when he filled his glass bowed to me & I thought of proposing to drink to his speedy release but the words died on my lips as I thought of the unknown so instead of returning his salute I looked at him for an instant & tasted the wine in silence. I do not know what he thought of my manners. I wd not feel as I do about Mr Davis were it not for the awful tragedy of Dr Wright.

At the table he was very lively & agreeable, much more so than at breakfast. Mrs Leonard must have told him about Father's connection with Mr Tyler for again he spoke with him in the most flattering terms, said he excelled any man he had ever known in the facility with wh he cd make a handsome speech, without the least preparation. He spoke afterwards of politeness said he thought it was in its best form the result of instinct, but if a man did not have this instinct he must be taught the forms but that courtesy arose from the power to see what was the proper thing to be done at a particular moment. Mr Tyler's great politeness was exactly of the nature he described - the result of instinct, not education, but the conversation changed.

As he rose from the table, it was nearly time for us to go to the boat. Mrs Leonard went to get her bonnet. Father shook hands with Mr Davis & said he hoped to see him in Norfolk sometime. He thanked him & said no one cd tell when that might be. Father left the room & then Mr Davis walked with me to the door. I turned & looked at him. He said "My dear daughter," as he took my hand, wh he kept, "It is a great pleasure, having seen you, Mr Davis." He put his left arm around me & drawing me to his breast he stooped & kissed my cheek. An instant; & I passed through the doorway, my eyes full of tears & my lips trembling. Father began some remark but

looking at me, he did not finish it. Mr Davis too I think was moved for when I left him I heard him walking up & down & using his handkerchief as gentlemen do when they wd not show any emotion. I cd feel that kiss burning on my cheek for moments afterwards & I am afraid my heart burning too against those creatures who cd keep that Christian man a prisoner in this boasted land of freedom.

I had been much struck with a remark of Mr Davis' when I was sitting with him & Mrs Leonard & Father were away. "Providence always equalizes things in the end," alluding to the future of the South. Coming from one in his position on the brink of the grave it may be it had a peculiar force. ["It took a strong faith to believe that a year ago, " I said, he repeated that it was true. I had omitted to mention that at that time I had told him that Mr Barton had said to me some days ago he hoped we wd soon have Mr Davis in Norfolk. He said such reports were constantly afloat then remarked that he did not wish to be released without trial, that he had asked for it & wished to have it. I said Yes, & that the South was very anxious he sd have it, but I thought the North were very much afraid of the revelations wh wd be made at that trial & indeed they wd be very sorry to stand such a test.

He said that persons acting from passion or prejudice (or words to that effect) seldom acted wisely & that in that way they might do what prudence wd dictate they sd not do.

But to return to our departure. Mrs Leonard for some reason went to speak to Mr Davis & he returned to the room with her. Mrs. Leonard took a beautiful bunch of grasses that Mrs Davis had fixed, perhaps for her, & brought me a bunch of very beautiful grass that Mr Davis had gathered & he wanted me to take it. Something led me to think Mr Davis had not said one word about my taking it & Mrs Leonard only wanted me to take it knowing that I wd value it very highly out of the kindness of heart without meaning to say what was untrue at all, & I have a horror of the Yankee style of running after relics (bricks from Sumpter, for instance) so I declined it. Mrs L. understood me, however, as well as I understood her & she pressed it upon me. As I was resolute, she appealed to Mr Davis. "Uncle! Do you not want Cloe to take these?" Again I expostulated, saying that Mr Davis might have gathered them for some particular purpose.

"No, Uncle, don't you want Cloe to take them?" "If Miss Cloe will take them, I shall be very glad," he said with an amused look at the whole scene. Then I looked at him & said I wd be very glad of them if he did not want them, wh he said he did not.

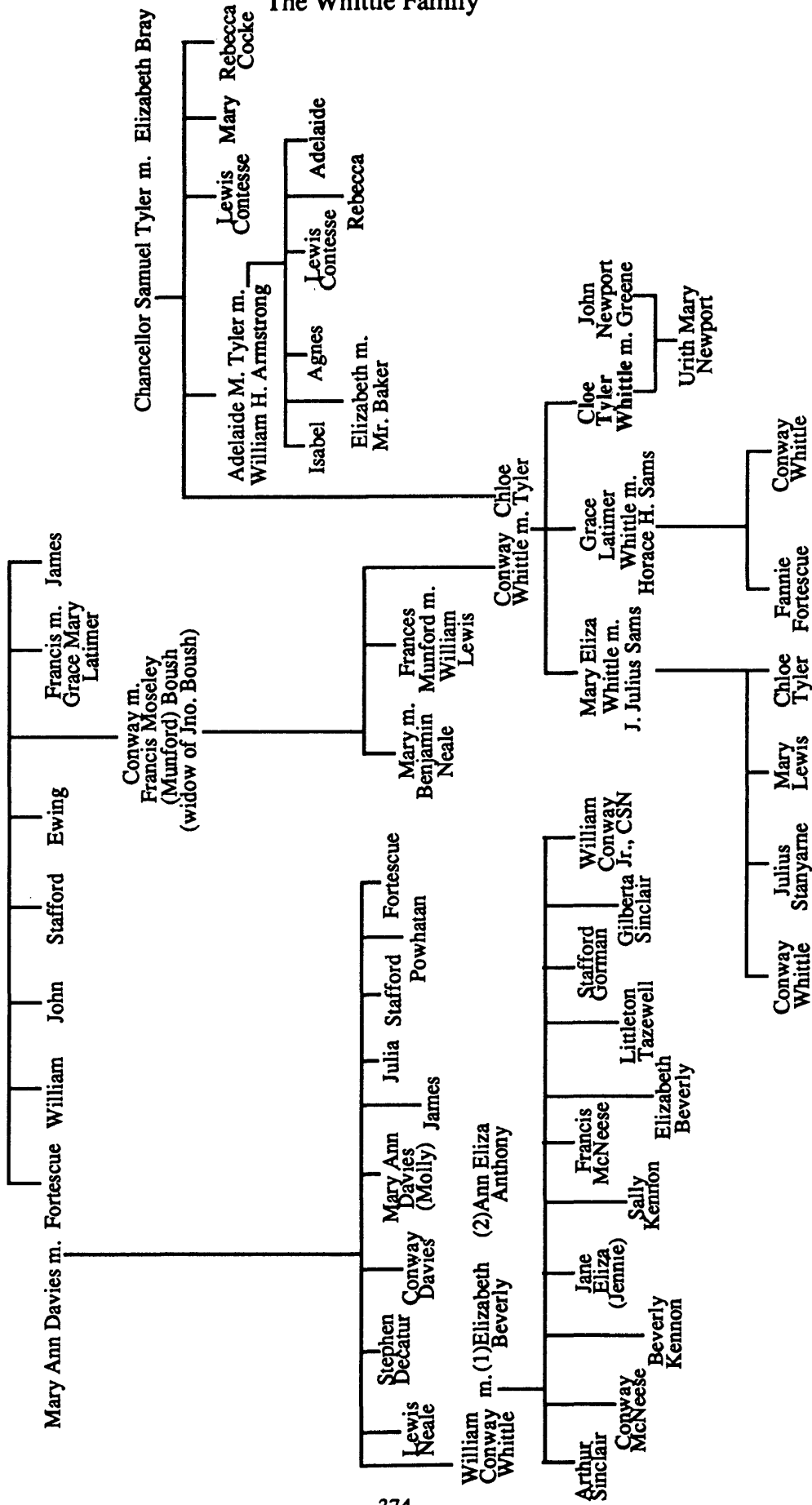
"Are you not coming to see me again?" He asked me, with an air of real interest. "If you [] like me to come, I wd certainly like to come," I said.

“Then I hope after Mrs Davis returns you will come & see me again. I wd like you to meet her,[] or something of the sort.

Father shook hands with him & asked if he cd be of assistance to him in any way. But Mr Davis declined the offer with thanks so with a final “God bless you, Sir,” Father parted from him. He then kissed Mrs Leonard & stooping under my large hat kissed me again & we left him.

APPENDIX A

The Whittle Family



## APPENDIX B

### Yellow Fever Epidemic

In 1855 a Yellow Fever epidemic swept Norfolk. Although at the time it was believed to have originated from a sailor on board the steamship *Benjamin Franklin*, Yellow Fever is now known to be a virulent viral infection spread by mosquitoes. Residents fled the city to escape the scourge, which lasted until the first frost. Norfolknians considered it the worst calamity since the great fire of 1776. Literally thousands of people died - supposedly as much as one-third of the total population.

### The Wright Incident

From "A Doctor's Experiences in Three Continents," by Edward Warren, published in Baltimore in 1885; account located in the Wright files of the Sargent Room, Kim Public Library, Norfolk Virginia:

"Soon after the evacuation of Norfolk by the Confederate forces its citizens were astonished and horrified by the organization of a military company of negroes, commanded by an officer of the United States Army. The poor Doctor, in the excitement of the moment, as it passed him for the first time, exclaimed, 'How dastardly!' and the captain having heard the remark, turned upon him with his drawn sword. At this critical moment some friend thrust a pistol in his hand with which he killed his assailant. A trial by court-martial was immediately held; no extenuating circumstances were admitted; and the simple fact that an officer of the army had been slain by a rebel sympathizer outweighed all other considerations; and this good man who had never entertained an unkind thought toward a human being and who had only fired as a last resort when his life was in jeopardy, was condemned to die the death of a felon, and was actually hanged despite the entreaties of his wife and children, the appeals of his friends, and the protests of the Confederate authorities. On the day preceding his execution his eldest daughter obtained permission to visit

his cell, and made a desperate effort to rescue him. Enveloping him in her cloak, and placing her bonnet upon his head, with its veil dropped over his face, she sent him out of the prison by the route by which she had entered it, while she covered herself up in his vacant bed, and awaited the result of her brave experiment. It came near succeeding. It was the sentinel at the last gate who recognized the boots of a man as the disguised figure passed through it and arrested the fugitive just as he was on the point of joining the friends who waited without to convey him to a place of safety. . .”

An appealing petition was sent by the citizens of Norfolk to Abraham Lincoln for clemency, but to no avail.

## APPENDIX C

### Cloe's Letter

This was the letter Cloe wrote to her father that she gave to Captain Dodge to deliver.

Suffolk, Oct. 19th 1863.

My precious, precious Father,

Owing to the politeness of Capt Dodge, who will be the bearer of this, I am enabled to relieve your anxiety as to our past adventures & future prospects. Oh! I had no idea that leaving home would be such a wrench - it is the most fitting word to describe the feeling; strong as my eyes generally are the tears wd flow & flow abundantly - may it be our last separation, my darling Father, but you must not imagine that I intend to mar the benefit wh I might otherwise receive by "Home Sickness" no, no, I look forward to a joyful reunion & in the best time to an end to this devastating war. By the way I must beg you to thank Capt Dodge warmly for his gentlemanly kindness & consideration in sparing us the mortification or rather the annoyance of a personal search to wh, much to the astonishment of the ladies they had to submit, though politically an enemy he has acted more in the character of a friend, & I am sure you will see the propriety of my asking you to thank him both in your name & ours. After you left us we went on rapidly for sometime but after a while the train would stop, it seemed to us every few minutes, I believe for the purpose of laying the rails but about 1 we reached Suffolk, when the doors of the train were locked, but two - shall I call them ladies? got out of a car - some persons said for the purpose of searching the ladies but I do not think it was much believed. I looked out of the window "to see what I cd see" & seeing Lt. Struble I got Gay to ask him about Dr. Webb. "He is not in town," was the answer. So I set to work to find out Mr. Norfleet - who, you know has always been my reliance but Gay sent the note by a little boy to Mrs. Webb (who by the bye never received it). I asked about Mr.

Norfleet & after a while he came near; my inquiries were so many that some one directed him to me; he bowed & addressed me very solemnly as madam. I suppose he thought such a determined personage must deserve that title. He said his own conveyance had been promised but that he wd do his best. I gave him my said recommendation & he made many inquiries after the family. After the a while we were let out of our hen coop much to Fannie's delight & followed very foolishly into the guarded lot wh contained the house of the Inquisition as Aunt Fannie wd say. After being there for a long time we obtained Capt Dodge's permission (!) for me to go to Dr. Webb's, he passing me, with two other persons, through "the lines" I returned after paying Mrs. Webb a visit & seeing Capt Dodge there I proposed to Gay to ask him to examine our lunch basket & other paraphenalia to facilitate the operation of being examined, he consented rather reluctantly, & I am sure that his superficial examination annoyed him more than us - I was amused at Gay's anxiety to have the examination full & his telling her not to take out the basket of medicine as she could never get it in. Mr. Norfleet says we can certainly go on tomorrow & we have a very agreeable lady & a little boy to whom F. has taken a great fancy, to go in our party, we were with her in the cars. We are staying at Mrs. Webb's & she says please tell Mrs. Pollard that her (Mrs. Webb's son) was wounded on the knee very badly yesterday a week ago & that Mr. Webb went to him yesterday. Mrs. Webb herself may have to go tomorrow. It is so dark I can hardly see so that must be an excuse for this scrawl. I am now going down according to Capt Dodge's directions to claim our baggage and Gay is putting F. to bed. Please give my love to Aunt Fannie Aunt A. Miss Sarah, Eliza & the girls generally & believe me my precious Father to be your devotedly attached daughter

Cloe Whittle

God bless the wandering ones & my Father's home this night

Thursday morning Oct 20th. Capt Dodge did not go down last night as I I <sic> ascertained when I went down with Mrs. Webb to see about the baggage. We saw Capt Tomlin who informed us that Gen. Barnes had come up in the evening train & given directions about searching the ladies trunks, among others as he reported it, that he was not to "muss" them. Mrs. Webb thinks that he said the baggage wd not be examined until 12 oclock but I intend to see Mr. Norfleet as to what time the wagons can start & if earlier than that to try & get him to examine them previously. The officers have been very accommodating & look back upon I think it was a much less



disagreeable time than we had cause to expect. Mary & Horace will be very much amused, particularly the latter, as a more interested party, in our adventures of wh I will give you a more full account when I have more time. Gay & myself flatter ourselves that we have cheered up Mrs. Webb a good deal. She treats us with that true Virginia hospitality wh makes the recipient feel so truly at home. There was much to edify, much to amuse & much to annoy a cool observer of human nature looking from our peculiar standpoint yesterday but it wd take an artist or a graphic wood painter to do justice to the scene & I must leave it to your imagination to picture the conduct of persons actuated by interest, undeterred by principle & removed from the restraints wh the public opinion of the place in wh they reside has heretofore thrown around them I watched the scene with an instinctive feeling of contempt wh I think was showed in the better portion of the opposite side.

Please tell Aunt Fannie, Father, that Mr. Rodman is coming round on Wednesday Evenings to spend the evening for I know she wd not like to be taken by surprise & you may forget it & please ask her Father Gay says will she be so kind as to go some time to Mrs. Calvert Taylor's house & Tell a Mrs. Hodges who lives there to come round for the old baby things she left & I say will she please send the flower pot with the coral plant in it to Miss Sarah Balfour when she sends the book & please be sure to send the two papers wh are in the book to her, telling her one of them is important I wish she, as an interested party, wd take charge of it. Goodbye, my darling Father. Cloe.

## APPENDIX D

### Cloe's Poem

Although there is no evidence that Cloe's poem about the fair was published at the time, the following article is among the items in the Whittle-Greene papers:

Saturday, April 18, 1903

The Baltimore Fair of 1866

Written by Miss Chloe Tylor <sic> Whittle, afterward Mrs. Newport Greene.

On April 2, 1866, the fair for the Ladies' Southern Relief Association in Baltimore started and continued for two weeks. It was the greatest fair ever held in that city and the first for Southern soldiers. Thousands of dollars were made, and the halls of the Maryland institute, where it all took place, were thronged with the beauty and fashion of the day. It is curious to read of the high prices - tickets for the season were two dollars, and single tickets, fifty cents. Everything else was dear in proportion, as low prices were unheard of.

A lady has kindly sent us a poem written at the time describing the fair. We quote a few verses and regret we have not space for more. The description of the surging crowd is very good.

A push in your side from a gentleman's arm  
A struggle to keep your new Gypsy from harm,  
A shove from behind and a pull from before,  
And horror! A crowd pouring in at the door.  
Hurrah for the Baltimore Fair.

Bewitching dark eyes and deep serene blue,  
And hair frizzled high with gold cords running  
through,  
And long curls and short curls and crimps and  
bandeaux,  
But, alas! they are lost to the eyes of the beaux,  
Who struggle through Baltimore Fair.

A frantic attempt to manoeuvre your fan,  
A blast from the wind instruments forming the  
band,  
"Five dollars a chance!" some sweet voices  
beseech,  
A spasmodic effort your pocket to reach  
In the mazes of Baltimore Fair.

See that beautiful girl in her deep mourning  
stand,  
Her lover went forth for his dear native land  
To contend for her rights he fought well and he  
died,  
And she thinks of him now as she stands thus  
aside,  
Yet she serves at the Baltimore Fair.

Touch gently that dress - 'twas a widow that  
gave

The tears dimmed her eyes as she thought of a  
grave  
'Neath the Maryland heights, yet she stitched  
away fast  
And strove to drive back all sad thoughts of the  
past  
For the sake of the Baltimore Fair.

But patience would fail were I to attempt  
Telling all that I've seen in this Fair at full  
length  
And its nearly the time when I've promised to  
walk,  
So the rest I'll reserve for a long, friendly talk  
On the wonders of Baltimore Fair.

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