

## Cora (Owens) Hume Diary

July 28<sup>th</sup> 1864

Last evening 27<sup>th</sup> we had Mr. & Mrs. Thatcher, Mrs. Hardin, Dr. Moore and Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Wingate, Miss Marsh and Mr. Johnson - a Campbellite preacher, who boards at Mrs. Wingate's - Mrs. Pendegrass - a friend of Mrs. Thatcher who is spending a few days at Mrs. Thatchers - and Sallie Wingate, to tea. No children were expected but Sallie came over with her Ma. I think that the company seemed to spend a very pleasant evening.

This evening Ma and I went visiting - we called to see Mrs. Robert Moss (or Morse), a lady who has been residing in the neighborhood three or four months. She is from near Vicksburg, Miss. - they are refugees. They live at the oldest place in the neighborhood, known as the 'Cook Place' - It was a legend in its time and looks elegant still, though antique in style. The papering in the parlor is a representation of figures at the top and bottom of the wall, with festoons of green below the top & above the bottom - in the center, is drapery. The family is composed of Mrs. Moss, mother of Mr. Moss and Mr. & Mrs. Moss. We were very much pleased with both ladies. As we left, Mrs. Wingate, Mr. Johnson, the Graham Moore & Miss Sallie, [were] going in the house.

On the night of the 26<sup>th</sup> Mr. Malory & his grown son Mr. Sam Malory were going home which is about 2 miles from here, when a Pennsylvanian Federal killed the old gentleman by shooting through the heart. His funeral was preached today by Rev. Mr. McKee, but it was short, I heard, for Mr. M - was a very irreligious man, though good-hearted towards his friends. He drank to excess. Mrs. Wingate and company were on their way to the funeral. We also went to Mrs. Cary's and Mrs. Fry's., Mr. Carwardine, the carpenter, came out this afternoon to resume his work. Willie Owens came out on Wednesday afternoon.

July 29<sup>th</sup> Ma and I made four calls this afternoon - I went as company for Ma. We went to Mrs. Edward's, Mrs. Lindenberger's, Mrs. Pearson's & Mrs. Kennedy's. The two last were absent from home - both gone to the burial of Mrs. Kennedy's Mother. We were very much pleased with Mrs. E-----, her married daughter Mrs. Pratt - (her husband is a rebel soldier) - her single daughter Miss Sallie & Mrs. Lindenberger. I saw Miss Sallie E - at Dr. Robertson's picnic soon after we came up here (on the 4<sup>th</sup> of July)

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and wished to know her name, but never before knew. Ma took me up to Dr. Moore's in the Carriage then she came home. Mrs. Moore came in the parlor & excused Sallie. She said that Sallie was getting supper for the first time. (Mrs. Moore who had an immense deal of trouble with white servants & now her cook has left.) I stopped in at Mrs. Wingate's a few moments as I came through, to see Miss Marsh.

July 30<sup>th</sup>, 1864 The weather is intensely warm & has been for 3 three days - before that we had quite a cool - cold spell. We have had no rain for weeks, and everything is suffering so much from the drought. The Federals have taken possession of Dr. Bayless' house for the headquarters of some general. They ordered them (on Sunday) to leave Monday morning - which they did. They were ordered to [leave] such furniture as the General desired for his use, but they left none. They went to Mrs. Shreve's house, & they had offers from others to go to their houses. Pa says that at the breaking out of the war Dr. Bayless had charge of a Rebel Hospital in Virginia and is a strong rebel, but why they singled him out, to take his house, I do not know.

Sallie went to town ~~yestr~~ today to spend the day with Nellie. Willie went home yesterday morning.

Aunt Eliza. Gilbert and Cousin Lee Miller have been doing their own work for some time. Jim - their manservant ran away and the woman Aunt Eliza. owned has been, either sick or feigning to be so, ever since Jim left.

Sallie Moore is late in taking her first lessons in cooking. I learned at the beginning of this summer. I can made good bread, except - light-bread - I am determined to learn to make it too - for if the servants leave I want to make bread that will keep some time. I hope that we will not be initiated into the kitchen duties soon - unless the negroes get so bad that they are not worth keeping. Aunt Letty is never sick in bed, but Ann still breaks down. Our negroes do as well at least as the generality of those that remain.

Sunday July 31<sup>st</sup> 1864 Pa was going to town this morning and asked me if I wished to go for the ride. I went and we got back between 11 and twelve o'clock. We expected to go

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~~by home~~ only to the edge of town, but we went down to the Post Office for the Democrat. There is a new piece of music out by Will S. Hays - yesterday evening Pa got it out of the office addressed to me - it is entitled "Nigger will be nigger." It is very good.

The weather, to-day is insufferably warm - about noon we had a shower, but it will not wet the ground ~~through to the~~ sufficiently to lay the dust very long. I hope that it will rain again this evening or to-night, but it is ~~ver~~ quite clear now.

Sidney did not go to Cape May as she expected, on account of grand-mother Kennedy's death.

Aug. Wednesday - the 3<sup>rd</sup> 1864. I rode down to see Sidney this afternoon. I just slipped on a riding skirt and thought that I would stay a few moments with Sidney, but Sid started this morning on her trip. The party waited for her but they changed the plan and I do not know what it is. I did not get off my pony when I heard that Sid was gone, for there was some one there besides the family and they were strangers to me - Rev'd Dr. Craik & his wife - so I thought I would rather continue my ride.

Many persons have been arrested, ~~continue to be~~ & many are still being arrested. I suppose they are preparing for the election. They say that there is a secret association, arming themselves against the negroes - & that they are arresting the members - a list of whose names they found in Judge Bullitt's pocket. They have Judge B\_\_ - who lives near us - confined in prison. Mr. Lem Hyatt - our neighbor - has gone to Canada, we hear- They went to his office & asked for Mr. Hyatt. Mr. Tom Hyatt brother to Mr. Lem. Hyatt - told them that he was Mr. H\_\_. While they took him into custody, for Mr. L. Hyatt, the latter gentleman made good his skedaddle, for he knew it was he they sought.

Thursday, August, 4<sup>th</sup> 1864. Mrs. Crutcher and Nellie came out on the cars this afternoon. Pa did not stay in town all day to-day for business is suspended to-day - which is appointed By Lincoln as a day of fasting & prayer. ~~The~~ Pa is having a back porch built - around the ~~entire~~ entire back part of the house & some other additions made - the workmen worked on it all day. Ma, Mrs. Crutcher & I took a ride this afternoon after it got late.

Friday, 5<sup>th</sup> Ma and Sallie went in town with Mrs. C\_\_ & Nellie this morning

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in the carriage. This afternoon Ma had a visit from Mrs. Pearson. I like the Louisville fashion of making a quick return. I was ~~prejud~~ prejudiced against the name of Pearson - so was Ma, by some persons of that name at Columbus - and before either of us saw Mrs. Pearson, Ma was indifferent about calling on her, but she went to see her soon after she heard of her being in the neighborhood, at my request and both of us are ~~very~~ much pleased with her. She is very pretty though she has red hair - but, not ugly- red hair. I admire some red hair that I have seen. Mrs. Pearson is young.

Jennie Moore & little Merrie Moore came over this afternoon and Jennie brought a male canary bird to get Sallie to exchange with her. She has two males which fight each other & Sallie has two females, but they do not fight. They exchanged, with the agreement [to] reexchange next Spring, but after Jennie left Sallie concluded that she could not give up her female bird, so they are going [to] exchange again, on Monday. Sallie and Jennie get along admirably together. It rained here last night.

Aug. - Saturday 6<sup>th</sup> All war news lately has been good, better, best. The enemy have had a great catastrophe at Frederickburg; the dead and wounded in the trenches are said to be ten feet high - they speak of removing Grant. He is noted - all over Europe even - for heartlessly sacrificing the lives of his men.

Aug. Sunday 7<sup>th</sup> Morning. Yesterday ~~and to-day~~ was a bright-day and so far, to-day is bright.

Genl. Edw'd McCook - enemy - made a raid into Southern part of Georgia ~~and~~ with about ~~3200~~ 4200 men. He got back with 1000, the papers state. The rebels took 3200 prisoners. When we went to the Cave the Nashville\* depot was crowded with refugees from Georgia. Sherman burned 2 large factories (cotton) near Atlanta, & turned about 200 ~~hands~~ laborers out of employment; the government brought them here and sent some of them across the Ohio river, it is said, and left them unprovided for.

Mrs. Cornwall went down to the depot with a lady who heard that the refugees wanted employment, & thought of hiring. The first group they came to, they asked if they wanted places. They said "no - the government brought [us] here and ~~the~~ it might ~~take~~ support them."

\*Nashville depot in Louisville.

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It would soon break down the government to support them and they will have to work or starve.

Sunday Aug 7<sup>th</sup> 1864

Monday, Aug. 8<sup>th</sup> I received a letter from Myra Moore, this evening, saying that a large number of Columbus citizens were to be sent to Canada, (banished) on Monday, Aug. 8<sup>th</sup> (to-day) and she gave me a list of names, ~~among~~ by which was communicated the sad intelligence of Mr. Moore's banishment. Almost the whole of Columbus (I mean the old citizens) have been sent, as will be seen in the following list. Mr. Moore, Mr. Horne and his widowed daughter, Mrs. Overall - Messrs. Richard and William Cook - Messrs. Pembroke and Burns Walker - Mr. George Moss - Mr. Malone and family, Mr. Charles Richie - Mr. Vance - Mr. McKeen Hubbard - John G. Glenn - Mr. Yantice - Mr. James Morton.

~~Some~~ The heads of some families have been taken away - separated from their families - and sometimes a father & daughter, as in Mr. Horne's instance. He has a wife & large family of children. His widowed daughter, Mrs. Overall, has been very imprudent in speaking and acting, therefore she is sent with her father. Mr. Moore has been as prudent, quiet - [as] undisturbing [a]

man as there ever was, but he is banished - he was Postmaster in Columbus, and John G. Glenn staid in the office. Mr. Moore's family have received the federals but talked secesh to them all the while.

Those families left at Columbus, are totally unprotected and badly unprovided for. Mr. Moore's family - I do not know how will get along, and I doubt if the others are as well off, for Mrs. Moore has so many relatives that will assist her - & so has Mr. Moore.

Teusday, Aug 9<sup>th</sup> I went over to see a young lady at Mrs. Wrights this morning - Miss Maud Baker - Mary Baker they call her. She is from Shelbyville Ky. (30 miles from here on this pike.) Mrs. Wingate, Mr. Johnston, J Graham Moore & Sallie Moore ~~went out of the railroad-~~ ~~yester~~ took yesterday morning's train - two first mentioned, for Lexington - the latter for Frankfort. Miss Marsh & Charlie Moore stay with Sallie & her company at night.

Ma took her sewing and went over to sit awhile with Mrs. Heather this morning, & Mrs. Thatcher insisted so much ~~on~~ that she should stay and spend the day Mrs. Chenoweth - Dr's ~~not~~ step-mother & Mrs. Dr. Chenoweth,

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Mrs. Grigg and Mrs. Hardin that she staid.

Jennie Moore came for Sallie to stay all night with her to-day night as Ma promised last week & Sallie went with her. Jennie's birds have been ~~staying with~~ staying with Sallie's for a day or two at Jennie's special request - this evening Sallie was changing one of Jennie's male birds from one cage to another, preparatory to letting Jennie take him home, when he made his escape out of an open window, which Sallie & Jennie had ~~carelessly~~ left open after Ma's telling them to close it. It has not been found. Sallie will get Jennie a female I suppose which ~~is~~ Jennie wants more than a male.

Ma and I went down to see Mrs. Kennedy's this afternoon but she was not at home. Ma and Mrs. K. have bad luck about meeting - many times Mrs. K's absent at Ma's visits - and many times Ma is absent at Mrs. K's visits, and neither are run-about.

I went over with Ma & Pa, after tea, to see Miss Marsh, but she was over at Mrs. Cary's.

Wednesday Aug. 10<sup>th</sup> Sallie had some little girls (with their dolls) up to her dolls wedding this afternoon & they seemed to have a gay time. Miss Anna Brannon & Miss Sarah Vennigerholz came over this ~~evening~~ afternoon.

Mr. Carwardine the carpenter - came out this afternoon to finish his work here - as near as possible - he is going in for three assistant carpenters in the morning - I hope that the four will soon finish this job. It has been intolerably warm for several days.

Thursday, Aug. 11<sup>th</sup> 1864. I have an invitation to a picnic up at Pewee Valley to-day. Johnnie Cornwall told Pa that he & his sister who is up there - were going. I did not wish to go; if I did, I would not like to go without Pa or Ma & Pa could not go. Ma never thinks of going to such a place - 'twould worry her ~~nearly~~ out. Johnnie Cornwall says it is a lovely place.

Pewee Valley is a very gay place in the summer season, ever since the war.

So many (and, indeed I have seen but one girl or young lady since I've been here that did seem to be a real Southern girl) seem to know

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or feel nothing about the war.

From the New York Daily News, Friday, Aug. 5<sup>th</sup> 1864

A pen sketch picture of the officers in Johnston's (Genl. Joe) Army.

(Correspondence of the Columbian Carolinian.)

While at Cassville I saw a picture worthy of the brush of Vandyke. General Johnston's quarters were in an open woods. He formed the centre of a group of officers immediately recognized. Opposite to him and holding one corner of the map, was the fine-looking soldier and gentleman, Lieutenant Polk; and on Polk's left, also holding and examining the map, stood a general of renowned reputation. His small grey eyes, sharp features, and earnest look, proclaimed Cleburn

Bending over the map and wearing a black fur hat, looped up on one side with a star, was another widely known to fame. The hat, with the crutch under his arm, and the cane in his left hand, declared the dashing Hood - the flanker of the army. Yonder, reclining in the corner of the field, in a gray uniform, is an officer whose gray beard and singularly shaped head, one would readily recognize, even did he hot spring up as General Polk calls out, "Hardee, come here!"

These officers are tracing a road on the map, and intently watching them, with now and then a quick toss of the head, is Wheeler; while Jackson leans lazily back in an attitude that bespeaks the love of his ease.

Yonder heavy-bearded man is Stevenson, the best officer in Pemberton's army. He is talking to Stewart. The officer who approaches and raises his hat so politely is Hindman. There stand Walker and Loring, in earnest conversation; and General Mackall, "Chief of Staff" is wandering about, now greeting some staff officer, and now dispatching some courier.

The gallant ~~Pate~~ Bate, the jolly but fiery ~~Cheatham~~ Cheatham, and the composed,

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dignified Stewart, forming another group, Cheatham evidently coming to the point. A gay retinue of staff officers surround this distinguished gathering of the most of the leading spirits in the gallant Army of Tennessee.

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(Extract from a letter to the Mobile Tribune.)

Montgomery, July 23<sup>rd</sup> 1864

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Gen. Braxton Bragg and staff left the city day before yesterday for Columbus, Georgia, on his way back to Richmond. He wore no uniform, but his tall, commanding presence made him generally observed. During his brief stay, he visited every hospital in person, recognized every soldier who had ever been under his command, and was courteous and affable to all. The surgeons were not at all astonished to see him so kindly inquiring into every case, for no General in the service manifests a greater anxiety for the comfort of sick and wounded soldiers than Gen. Bragg. His visit to the hospitals did the men a world of good; they appreciated the compliment paid them, and felt grateful for his courtesy and kindness.

Lieutenant General Stephen D. Lee is now at the Exchange Hotel, with his staff. He is said to be the youngest of his rank in the service, and if his general appearance does not belie him, is a man of unusual energy, who believes in striking while the iron is hot. He has a large sphere of action, and can easily make his name historical if he desires to do so.

Wednesday, 17<sup>th</sup> Aug., 1864. Sallie went down to Mrs. Walworth's to a party this evening. Frank called this morning and invited her to go at 5 o'clock. About nine o'clock Ma, Pa, and I, rode over there for her. She enjoyed herself very much. Mrs. Crutcher sent Ma word this afternoon, that she and Mrs. Johnston would come out tomorrow on the cars and remain all night, if convenient for Ma. They are afraid to ride home after tea, in these times, & it is too warm to spend the day. It is very bad to be without Ann's service but as there is no probability of her being of any use soon, Ma will send for them to come.

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Thursday, Aug. 18<sup>th</sup> [1864] Noon.

A busy day, this has been, for it is Ma's cleaning day and company is expected, too. Aunt Susan and cousin Ida may come, judging from what Uncle Mort. said to Pa.

Night. No-body came, but they tried hard enough to come. Mrs. Crutcher got to the train just as it moved off & Mrs. J\_\_ was waiting for her. They hunted for Mrs. Johnston's hack but could not find it. They then got a one horse carriage, & were coming, but an army wagon ran into it & broke it. Mrs. Crutcher was detained in the afternoon by the sudden illness of a servant.

It has been quite cool all day, and to-night it is cooler than has been this summer, before, I think. It has been misty, very, all day long.

Friday 20<sup>th</sup> 19<sup>th</sup> It rained last night, and has been raining to-day.

Saturday, Aug 20<sup>th</sup> I went over to see Emma Thatcher and Ella Ross, this afternoon. Mrs. Thatcher came over and said that the girls wished me to spend the night with them. I was dressing to go to her house when she came, but could not stay all night. Sallie Wingate went over there soon after dinner, and is going to spend the night. Emma and Ella wished to show me a letter from Louis.

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Ma and Sallie went to the city this afternoon and did not return until nearly dark. They brought Nellie Crutcher home with them.

August 21<sup>st</sup> Pa sent an application, last Teusday, for me to go to "St. Mary's Hall," Burlington, New Jersey, to school next session and if there is a vacancy, it is decided that I will go there, if nothing unexpected prevents. The term does not commence until 1<sup>st</sup> of October.

We did attend church to-day. Weather still cloudy, & occasionally through each day.

Monday, Aug. 22<sup>nd</sup> 1864.

Teusday, 23<sup>rd</sup> I went to town this morning with Pa and spent the day ~~with~~ at Uncle Mortimer's. Came out on the 5 o'clock, afternoon, train with Aunt Susan and Cousin Ida. I called on Miss Annie Long and Miss Sallie Roberts today. They are going to spend to-morrow at Mr. Fry's ( Mr. Gray and wife are there & Mr. G\_\_ taught them at Russellville (their home) last year. They are coming here to spend to-morrow night.

~~Teusday~~ Wednesday 24<sup>th</sup> It thundered a good deal this afternoon and ~~every~~ the appearance of the sky indicated a storm, but it only threatened. Cousin Ida, Sallie, Emma Thatcher and I went over to Mr. F\_\_'s for Miss Long & Miss Roberts.

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Mrs. Long (Mr. Nimrod L\_\_'s wife, Annie's step-mother) and Miss Sallie Long, were at Mr. Fry's. The young ladies came home with us and Aunt Susan went to town with Mrs. Long

Thursday, 25<sup>th</sup> It ~~is~~ was very bright to-day. The girls staid with me all day and this evening Miss Sallie Roberts and Cousin Ida went over with Emma T\_\_ who has been here all day - to spend the night. They had an engagement to go to Mrs. Fry's, but sent an excuse this evening that Annie Long was sick. Miss Annie had a severe head-ache and remained here. She went to sleep before dark and I suppose will be well when she awakens.

Friday 26. The sun has not appeared to-day until about 6 o'clock this afternoon. It has been raining, raining, raining. Mrs. Thatcher sent Cousin Ida and Miss Sallie over in her rockaway this morning. Mr. Walker came out with Pa last evening and spent the night. More candy.

Pa, ~~went in~~ Mr. W\_\_, Miss Sallie & Miss Annie, went ~~in~~ to town in the carriage, about ten o'clock.

Pa Ma has received a letter from Rev. E. K. Smith, at St. Mary's Hall, and there is no vacancy - so I cannot go there this year, unless a vacancy occurs before first of October which is not probable & no dependence can be.

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put on such a probability.

Saturday, Aug, 27. Cousin Ida and Sallie went to town this morning with Pa. Sallie will come home on Monday evening. It is very clear and bright this morning. The Sunset last evening was glorious - reminded me of scenery in the Mammoth Cave.

Old Aunt Nancy, (a negress, who lives to herself, under the protect of her master, in town) came out on the cars this afternoon, to see the servants. We are as glad as the servants are, almost, when Aunt Nancy comes. She seems so cheerful and so glad to get here.

Rev. E. K. Smith, in his letter, called Ma's attention (Ma wrote to him requesting him to let us know, if possible, immediately, whether there was a vacancy, & it was to Ma that he wrote) to the school of Rev. Dr. Clerc, Carlisle, Penn.

Pa sent for a catalogue, but Mr. William Cornwall has written to St. M[ary's] H[all] to use his influence to get me in there, as he is acquainted with the principals and they requested him when he was at Burlington to use his influence in favor of the school - now he has recommended it to Pa and there is no vacancy. They take day-scholars and I suppose

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that any one who wishes can board at a private house. There could be a splendid arrangement be made, here at home and which Pa probably would make, but for the shortness of the duration of it. Mr. Coleman has accepted a situation as teacher of "Natural Sciences," in the "Female High School," and he will only be engaged at that, 2 hours and a half, each day. Pa thought of getting him to board here, and teach me, music, French, ~~German~~ and Latin, this year, and let Miss Marsh teach me - at school - other branches, for a year, and as Mr. Coleman consented to the plan he may do so yet - but Mr. Coleman is so changeable that he may not remain of the same mind that he now is, but if he were to begin such an arrangement, I think he would continue it.

As he speaks French and Latin, it would be very improving to have him here every

morning, and in music it would be an advantage too. Ma spoke French, years ago and could readily do so again, I suppose.

Sunday, Aug., 28<sup>th</sup> Ma and I did not attend preaching to-day. Pa went up to a Campbellite Church, a mile and half from here, with Mr. Hardin, who called by for him. Ann has been up for more than a week now. We are all surprised and do not know why she got up so suddenly - I hope that she will remain well enough to stay up. Last year she was taken with small pox the very day that our school closed, and was sick all summer & all spring. Smallpox always improves the health physicians say, but she says that her sickness this summer is caused from her having had small pox.

She has been sick all this summer - taken down in bed the day that our school closed, 10<sup>th</sup> of June, but she was always sick every week before that - at least 2 or 3 days out of every week. Of course when she is sick, no-body wishes for her to do anything, but she "put on so many airs," and was impudent too. Kept lights burning in her room all night, that disturbed Aunt Lettie & Uncle Minor, in the room next to her and Fannie, ~~with her~~. She slept in day-time as much as she desired. She got up at ten o'clock in the morning, sewed for herself as much as she wished and walked about as much as she wanted to, which was a good deal, but never did she go to her meals, until Pa found it out and stopped Aunt Lettie & Fannie from carrying them to her.

Monday, Aug 29<sup>th</sup> Mrs. Lindenberger called this afternoon ~~Teusday~~ 30<sup>th</sup> A Demo-

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cratic Convention met at Chicago, Ill. to-day, for the purpose of nominating candidates for president & vice-president. They nominated McClelland [McClellan], for Pres. [and] Pendleton of Ohio, for vice-pres.

Teusday, Aug 30<sup>th</sup> Emma Thatcher was here this afternoon.

Wednesday, Aug 31<sup>st</sup> Sallie spent the day with Jennie Moore yesterday, and Jennie was here this evening. Pattie came up this morning for S\_\_ to spend the day with her (as she was not at home yesterday when Sallie went there) but Ma ~~could~~ cannot let her go until to-morrow. Mrs. Thatcher came over, this evening and remained to tea. I was at Mrs. Wingate's & they had supper so very early that I was forced to remain until after it. I met Mr. Collins Moore, from Danville, & Miss Bettie Davis, from Shelbyville, besides Mrs. W's family and boarder.

Thursday, September the 1<sup>st</sup> Ma and I have been writing letters to our family in Texas, to send by a gentleman who is going to Matamoras, & who will forward them from that place to Grand-Pa. Maybe we will be able to communicate regularly with them hereafter. Oh, I hope so.

Mrs. Thatcher exacted a promise from Ma, that she would go to her house to tea this evening and as Emma expected ~~me~~ me to stay all night with her, both of us went over and Pa went over after tea. Sallie came by, on her way from Mr. Kennedy's.

As the people were returning from the race track this evening, one horse, to a buggy, got frightened at a rock's flying on his back, then catching between some of the harness, and broke one ~~shav~~ shaft. There were two gentlemen in it - one was a little hurt. Mr. Thatcher asked them to the house & let them brush the dust from their cloths; ~~and~~ then they walked to town, after leaving one of Mr. Thatcher's men some money to take care of their horse until morning.

Friday, Sep. 2<sup>nd</sup> Ma, Pa, Sallie and I went over to Dr. Moore's, after tea and staid until about 9 o'clock. Miss Davis was there, and a Miss Ella McCraw. Ross Smith was there too, and two gentlemen came just before we left. Soon after we got there, two girls from Dr. Craik's came



up to Dr. Moores for a moment only & did not come in the parlor. Sallie Moore said that they just jumped into somebody's buggie and made a black boy

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drive them, but when the truth came to be known, the negro was Mr. Sam Mallory. They did not drive up to the house at first, and Charly Moore went to them, & asked why they did not drive on, they said that they believed that negro was asleep. Sallie Moore did not know any better until Mr. Mallory, as he drove by the parlor window, asked if she did not think he made a good negro. The girls were, Miss Adelle Peters and Miss Nina Smith from the city. They were a wild set, of young people there last night.

Saturday, September 3<sup>rd</sup> 1864.

It rained some today - has been cloudy, almost all day. Ma went to the city this evening, to call on Mrs. Nimrod Long.

Sunday, Sept. 4<sup>th</sup> This evening about 4 or 5 o'clock the young Messrs. Ross Smith and Charles Moore called. C. W. Moore is going to start to Danville, to Centre College, to-morrow a week. Both, members of the Presbyterian Church and visiting on the Sabbath, but really if they do nothing worse, I think that they will do tolerably well.

To-morrow is the day for the draft - many have procured substitutes already, and I know a Southern gentleman (in principles) who has procured one for 600 dollars, and feels quite badly, now, for having done so, merely because he would have to pay, probably, 800 or 1000 for one if he should be drafted, for substitutes will rise as the draft is enforced, but in buying a substitute before the draft a man is surely put into the enemy's ranks, whereas a man may escape the draft.

Miss Marsh is at Lexington and will not commence school until tomorrow-a-week, but as Pa has decided to let me receive instructions from Mr. Coleman in Music, Latin, French and Chemistry, I will begin to-morrow in those subjects.

The following is a copy of a notice from the Louisville Journal - We are informed that the Committee of the Female High School have appointed Prof. W. C. Coleman, a graduate of the University of Vienna, Austria, to fill the place made vacant by the resignation of Prof. Hailman, professor of Natural Science. Prof. Coleman was formerly Prof.. of Mathematics, in the Institution at Lagrange, Tennessee, and for the last year has been a practical Chemist of this City, eminently successful. We have no doubt that he will prove a valuable acquisition to the school. I have no doubt but we will have to call him Professor Coleman.

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I have no doubt but he will prove a valuable acquisition to the school. I know that he can teach, but [he] ~~his manners are~~ so peculiar in his manners - though he is perfectly polite and used good language to expresses himself well.

Monday, Sept. 5<sup>th</sup> We hear nothing of the draft - I suppose that it was post-poned. I have been very sick all day - not in bed. I really am discouraged - I hoped at beginning of vacation to be well, entirely, by Sept - & ready to begin a new school year. I feel that the desired end has not been accomplished, and I am disheartened, for I am so sick almost every day- and it is merely for the want of the proper exercise. I know that I cannot stand a year of study with my present feelings.

Teusday. Ma and Sallie went to town this morning. Ma returned with a head-ache but will go to Dr. Cheonweths this evening if she is able, for she told Dr. C\_\_ yesterday - when he

came to see Ann - that we would go up after tea, as Pa wished to see him about Ann. Some lady called this afternoon and Ma was excused ~~herself~~ Ann did not go to the door, and the lady gave no name. Fannie, never having been in the habit of going to the door before Ann's decline of health, did not ask for the name. Sallie annoyed her, too, while she was there. I think that it was Mrs. Morse.

Wednesday. Sept. 7<sup>th</sup> We went to Dr. Chenoweths. I saw a book of Autographs, which Mrs. C\_\_'s brother sent her from the Ohio Penitentiary, - he is a prisoner, belonging to Morgan's command - and the Autographs are those of Morgan's men in prison with him. There were Morgan's, Hines, Basil H, (I believe it is H for the middle initial) Duke, C. H. Morgan, &c. The Penmanship is generally very good, but there was one name of an inferior officer - rather of one in low ranks, that ~~I could~~ was scarcely legible.

Wednesday, Sept. 7<sup>th</sup> 1864. It was cloudy this morning, but it ~~was cloudy~~ cleared off, before dinner time, and Ma, Sallie and I went to town to have our Photographs taken - rather Sallie and I did. Ma had one of her headaches and took morphine last night, so she rejected the idea of having hers taken - it would have been "Mirabile dictu," if she had have had some taken, for I never saw a picture of her and have plead[ed] for one. She never had many taken and rubbed all of those

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out, except one, kept by the artist, who did not redeem his promise to rub it out, but sold it to Mr. Henry Cook. I had my photographs taken at Jennings' - my hair was curled - it curls naturally, but I never can curl it to suit me, so I never wear it so, all the time. Ann could curl it for me every day (~~as when~~ (when she is well, as she curled it to-day.) But Ma says that it makes it red to wet it so much, and it will not curl good, except at the ends, without using water. This is the first time I have had my hair curled for a picture, since I was small. Ma thought of having our portraits painted from these, but I do not know whether she and Pa will like them after they are finished. Sallie concluded that she did not want hers taken yesterday. I had on a beautiful white dress - and it took well, but it looked perfectly plain, almost. Photographs are very hateful things - even when ~~colored~~ painted.

We went down to Mrs. Crutcher's, and stopped a few minutes - but did not get out of the carriage. Ma would have left Sallie with Nellie, but N\_\_ is going to school and S\_\_ will go in with Ma and I Friday when we go to spend the day with Mrs. Crutcher.

Thursday - Sept. 8<sup>th</sup> It was stated in the papers yesterday, that Gen. J. H. Morgan, was killed in Tennessee, - was surprised by Col. Gillem Hall. It is not generally believed, for the report came through a winding unreliable channel. Some General telegraphs that another one said, some other General telegraphed to him to that effect. Again - General Grant says he saw the announcement of his death in a Richmond paper.

It is said that Genl. Morgan has been dissipating since he escaped from prison. I think that he was disappointed by not getting a command that suited him. Atlanta, they say has been abandoned by our men, & the enemy took possession, but that is all we hear. Mrs. Hardin went up to Mr. Albert Hardin's on a visit, last week, and now we hear that she is not expected to live. Mr. Hardin went up there this morning. We heard a day or two ago that she was sick but not much. I love old Mrs. Hardin I do hope that she will not die, soon. She wants to come home.

Friday 9<sup>th</sup> Sept. We spent the day with Mrs. Crutcher to-day, and came home earlier than usual to be here when the cars passed, for Mrs. Coleman was expected but did not come. We

found Sallie and little Nannie Kennedy here, to see Sallie. I walked home with them and Mr. Kennedy gathered me a beautiful bouquet from the yard. Mr. Hardin came

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down this evening for Mrs. Hardin's clothes - he says that she is dying - And when he left her too. I still have hope. Ma, Pa, and I ~~were~~ are going up to Mr. A. H\_\_'s to-morrow. It is 13 miles up there, of the worst kind of road - especially since the recent rains. We cannot go until late in the afternoon and stay all night, for Pa cannot go sooner.

Saturday - September 10<sup>th</sup> 1864. This morning we received the funeral notice - She is to be buried this evening at 3 o'clock - What a loss to Mr. Hardin - the old gentleman - and how it will grieve Mr. Albert Hardin, who was perfectly devoted to his Mother. I suppose Mr. Johnson will preach the funeral - he rode in that direction on horseback this morning She is a member of his church.

When we first got up, ~~we~~ no - just before we got up we were startled by hearing that our dear old horse - Charlie ["Indiana?" asks a later note inserted here] - was not in the stable - has been stolen - the whole household grieve his loss. Uncle Minor, looks lost -

The dogs aroused Pa last night about bed-time by barking and Pa felt confident somebody was about mischief, but got up and saw or heard nothing of anyone. Tanna, the best barker, was not heard by Pa, or Aunt Lettie, who were both up, and this morning he is lame. I went out to the pike, and the tracks of the horse - good creature - were quite fresh - he must have been stolen near daybreak. I found a jacket, grey [two or three words blotted out] and very dirty. I think maybe - but no! I will not conjecture. The lock on the stable door was partly pulled out and was not to be found. He is a horrible ~~ridin~~ saddle horse. Pa is going to offer \$100 for the thief and \$50 for the horse.

Ma was at Mrs. Thatcher's a short time yesterday evening and Emma said she had a document for me, but she did not give to Ma as they thought that I would pass through there on my return from Mr. Kennedy's. But I did not, so I have not yet gotten the document.

Sunday, Sept. 11<sup>th</sup> Pa wished to see Miss Marsh about schools and wanted Ma to ask her over here - so Ma went to Mrs. Wingate's yesterday evening and Miss Marsh promised to come and stay all night, but ~~for some~~ she went home at bed time. It is strange that she gave none of us any reason to think that she was not going to stay all night, and then she ought to

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have made no promises to stay if she did not intend to come. Charlie Moore and Eddie Wingate came over for her, but as she was not ready to go, Eddie came in and Charlie sat out on the porch. He would not come in - so I went out there and we had a long talk. He is going back to Centre College to-morrow.

The thieves, night before last, took four of Dr. Moore's horses out of the stable, and yesterday the horses were found in a lot, two tied to the fence, the other two loose. They broke open a gate which had been nailed up - they left one old broken down plow horse. Pa saw Mr. O'bannon yesterday, and he says that the robbers were piloted to his stable (~~for~~ they took his fine saddle horse) by a negro, and before Pa came home, Ma & I felt convinced that a certain negro man, conducted them to ours and Mr. Moore's stable.

Uncle Minor stopped ~~Uncle~~ Moses - Mrs. Wingate's hired negro man - on his way from Market yesterday and was telling him about it. Moses said about 11 o'clock that night he was

returning home from town with a horse (he had taken a buggy into town for Dr. Moore) and he saw three men at the end of our lane. One of them, he said, picked up a rock, and he was so frightened that he hurried his horse for fear that they would take him.

I believe that, to save his or rather Mrs. Wingate's one horse, he took them to other stables. Mrs. Wingate talks peculiarly about it. I don't know whether she has any idea why they skipped her house, or not. Ma had some pet turkeys a short time since - some that were very large and fat - such as we never see in the market, and one morning when Nellie came was here, half of them were gone. The old hen was shy - and changed her roost - when before, she and the young ones would come right up to us. Nellie was speaking of it at dinner, that day (when she went home) and Mr. Crutcher said that he saw them in Market. He never saw such turkeys in market before of that size, for people that raise them do not do it to sell at that size. He said that he was satisfied from the manner in which the negro talked that they did not belong to him. He said that it was Mr. W\_\_'s man that had them - the very ~~peop~~ person that Ma and I suspected. I suppose that the reason they did not take Dr. Moore's clear away, is that they thought they were watched, though they were not. They heard a noise at Mr. M\_\_'s - a good deal of noise, and one of the men got up & looked out - then went back to bed, but William, a little black boy ran down in the yard and called to know who was there, and

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I suppose that the robbers feared some one would be on the lookout, after that alarm, and it was enough for them to get away.

Mr. Hardin came home last evening, and brought Miss Lou Trigg with him. I think that Mrs. Hardin told him not to break up house-keeping - that Miss Lou Trigg (a niece of Mrs. Hardin, who has for a long time wished to live with them for she has an unkind step-mother) would keep house for ~~her~~ Mrs. Trigg and him. She died from billious fever and she looked so well - complexion was so bright when she left home. She seemed to have some kind of presentiment when she left home, that she would not return, which she never had before. She had some right new clothes which were seemingly made for her shroud. They were all in one of her bureau drawers at home, and she told Mr. Hardin where to go to get them and insisted on his coming down for them.

Emma Thatcher came over ~~this~~ last evening and brought that document - a letter from Geo. T. Cannon, which, of course I shall pay no attention to - it was disgusting to me.

I know a splendid joke on Charlie Moore, to tell Sidney when she returns home. She is expected this week. Emma T\_\_ came over this afternoon.

Monday Sept. 12<sup>th</sup> Morn. To-day - Mrs. Marsh, opens school. Sallie has gone to school, but I will not start until tomorrow morning, as it will not be fully determined until this afternoon, whether the present arrangement will be continued or whether I will go to Burlington. I ~~hope~~ wish earnestly, that it may continue, but really know not what is for the best. I fear going away from home, at this time - yet, I think it will turn out for the very best in the end no matter where I go. I am not afraid of being made a yankee of, but I would rather not go among them, if we could get a better place now - if we stay at home we are apt to have yankee teachers - but I would have superior advantages, from Mr. Coleman.

Last night, Pa saw some one in the lane, near the stable, but he could get no answer to his call nor could he see anything of the person after he dodged, when Pa asked who it was. He was quite near Pa, (who was sitting on some lumber near the stable-yard) but the corn crib was

between them, when the man (I suppose it was) slipped away. I firmly believe that it was Martin Cook - alias - \_\_\_ Williams, (and I don't know how many aliases he may have) that stold Charlie, ["Indiana?" asks a note made later] dear creature.

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Martin Cook is a notorious horse thief, whose favorite assumed name seems to be Williams. There were three men at a town not very far from here, and enquired the way to Hobb's station, on Friday evening. Friday night Mr. Obannon's horse was stolen - he lives near Hobb's station. The civil orthoratives [sic] have had him - the thief - imprisoned several times ~~and~~ but he invariably escapes them. It looks like negligence, that so dangerous a character should be allowed to get out, repeatedly.

I went to the school house a while, to-day, to see something about the studies, but did not stay all day, - did not enter as a scholar. This evening I went over to Mrs. Hardin's to sit a while with Mrs Trigg & Miss Lou, but Ma soon sent for me to come home to see Mrs. Pratt and Miss Sallie Edwards. Sallie (my sister Sallie) has a severe headache this evening. She slipped off to school through the cold & dew with slippers on, before any body saw her. I noticed it at breakfast, & told her of it - but she thought she would not take cold.

Teusday, Sept. 13<sup>th</sup> 1864 Mr. Coleman did not come out yesterday evening - he went to see Pa and explain to him, why he did not come.

Dr. Chenoweth called this morning, to see Ann - says he is better. He brought me a good photograph of himself. When we were at his house, last, he gave me one, to keep until he gave me a better one. The first one I had was taken, one day, when he was tired, and the Dr. says that, in it, he looks like he is chewing a ten-penny nail - so fierce does he think that he looks ~~in the first photograph.~~

I did not go to school to-day, as Pa must talk with Mr. Coleman, before he decides what he will do.

Yesterday morning Miss Helen Thompson was married to Dr. Fulton of New York. (N. Y. City I think) She lost her lover (Capt. Fulton) 18 months ago. She was sick for some time after, and has not gone into society since, nor seen company, much, at home, and now she has married a brother to her deceased lover. She has married a New Yorker, who is said to be a yankee (in feelings) and had a private wedding at ~~Christ's~~ Mr. Craik's church - because her brother is in prison. I expect that her brother would as soon for her to have a large wedding, as long as she has married a yankee. She ~~went to~~ started, soon after the ceremony to New York, but maybe she could love no one else - or, no one else loved her, and she did not wish to live to be an old maid.

Sallie still suffers from her aching head. I expect that she will be subject to headaches from cold as Ma is.

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Wednesday, Sept. 14<sup>th</sup> 1864. Pa decided this morning to send me to Burlington and Ma has commenced preparing me to go.

Thursday Sept. 15<sup>th</sup> Mr. Richard Prather came home with Pa this evening. He has abandoned the idea of moving up here - he was packing up to come when his son John, by accident, almost shot off his right arm - & was not able to be moved for two months - he cannot use his arm even now. George, his third son, (he has seven & no girls) has been here for 18

months, going to school and started this year to Mr. McCowan (who has a boarding school of 50 boys), but as there was no vacancy for John in the school, Mr. Prather is going to take them both to Columbia, Mo., to school where they can be together.

Tommie Prather joined Forest when he went to Fulton county - he is in his 20<sup>th</sup> year. After long persuasions, Mr. Prather induced Tommie to start here to go to school; he got to Hickman, where he was waiting for a boat, when the enemy arrested him - took him to Union City & put him in the Guard house, trying to make him enlist, or something of the kind, but released him when they found they could do nothing with him. Then he told Mr. Prather that it was no use to send him to school - he had too many other things to think of, to learn anything. He could not go to church, without having his horse & saddle taken from him & he said that he must fight the enemy, for he was treated at home, by them, as though he was not their equal. Mrs. Prather encouraged him to go.

Hugh Upshaw is on Forest's staff - Hugh is not more than about 17 years of age. Charlie Prather is really married - has been for nearly two years - over a year, at least - and has a baby boy. It seems so funny that Charlie is married, for he seems to me younger than he really is - he is in his 22<sup>nd</sup> year; was about 20 when married. Mr. Prather thinks it was very foolish for him to have married when he did. He writes home, and his letters are very cheerful - has not been sick an hour since he left home, though he has had some hard work to do. He never wrote a word about who his wife is, whether she has a father, mother, or anything, except that

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her name was "Zoe Davis", the finest woman he ever saw, and all of that kind of thing. She lives in Enterprise Mississippi, (where he was married), which is the place he said, direct his letters to, for his wife would be there, & she would forward them to him, wherever he was.

Walter Debro was not killed at Perryville as we heard, but was taken sick & fell into the yankee's hands - was taken away up in Maine, and afterwards exchanged - went to his regiment, when they all thought Walter dead. Mr. Debro has married the fourth wife - has not been long since the third one died. When we were first at his house (he had his 2<sup>nd</sup> wife) he was always complaining of being sick. I expect that he gets well when his wives die, at least enough so to hunt another one - but he does not hunt for one long. I am glad to hear that Walter and Robert D\_\_ are both alive.

Friday. Mr. Prather went to town with Pa. It is so really refreshing to hear Mr. Prather talk. He looks a little more care-worn than when I last saw him at Columbus but I think that he looks young to have two grown sons & other ones nearly grown.

Another change - Mr. Coleman has made arrangements to come, since the High School has been arranged & regulated - so that he has time. I hope that he can come regularly - I had so much prefer staying at home, this year, especially. So I suppose I will start to Miss Marsh, Monday. She said she would take a great deal of pleasure in preparing me for the Senior Class of St. Mary's Hall, so that I could go there, if she should leave here. I am not afraid that I will not learn, if my if health does not break down and Mr. Coleman can come out regularly. Probably, he will board here, so that he can be here all week & have more time for our music and for my studies, too. Mr. Kennedy wishes to employ Mr. Coleman to teach Sid and Pattie, Music, independent of the other neighbors' arrangements.

Ma and I went over to Mrs. Hardin's and Mr. Thatcher's this afternoon & found Mrs. Thatcher very sick - was dangerously ill last night. Ma expected to sit up, part of the night with

Mrs. T\_\_, so she went to bed very early and I followed her example, as I intended to get up very early in the morning, to write a letter to Col. Outlaw, but I had hardly undressed when Dr. Moore, Mrs. Moore and Miss Sallie Moore, came. Ma & I dressed

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very quickly and went down to see them.

Saturday, Sept. 17<sup>th</sup> 1864

Ma went over to Mrs. Thatcher's this morning - Mrs. T\_\_, sent for her to sit with her a while. Addie T\_\_, the afflicted one, came over this morning and brought Mama two geaneas [sic] [guinea hens?]- such pretty creatures. She came home with Mama and staid all day.

Mrs. Wingate came over here before our breakfast, to offer to take Mr. Coleman to board. Miss Marsh seemed to have understood me to say, Friday, that he [Mr. Coleman] wanted to board in the country, & that Ma did not wish to take him but would do it to secure his services - an entire misunderstanding for Mr. C\_\_ has promised to come here whether we will board him or not. Mrs. Wingate would like to have him, for Sallie's benefit, & to accommodate Miss Marsh who wishes to learn French from him, but Mr. Coleman would not go into such an arrangement.

I am waiting very patiently for the decision to be made - I would not be surprised if I go to Burlington yet. Miss Sallie Moore begged me to go to Mr. Sloan at Danville. I almost know that I would like the school, but Pa I think would not be willing for me to go there in preference to Burlington, & I would not oppose him, of course, though I know that I can go anywhere that I choose to. I expect that the school at B\_\_ is the best of as far as study is concerned, but I know nothing of the accommodations - whether they are comfortable, and I know that those at Caldwell Institute are elegant, though the advantages for learning are not so good, probably. I would prefer the former, if my health would not suffer, even though it is so far from home. Ma is in favor of Patapsco Institute, but Pa is not since Mr. Archer has left it. (we heard that he was in the Rebel army.) for he was the person who gave it so much reputation. I want to go to a good school and I feel satisfied that I will go to no other, than a good one.

Sunday Sept. 18<sup>th</sup> I did not tell Pa that I was writing a letter for him to take to town to Mr. Prather, who left yesterday, for he was to have waited on account of something else, so he went off before I knew it - and I was disappointed in not getting to send my letter. We are so anxious to hear from

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Col. Outlaw and I know that he would be glad to know where we are. Had it been at all convenient, I would have sent it in after Pa left.

Mrs. Thatcher is better - I hope that she will soon be well again.

Cousin Ida Owens has started to Mrs. Nold's. I suppose that she can graduate there in two years, as she expected to enter the junior class this year, which is next to the senior.

Sunday, September 18<sup>th</sup> 1864 Nothing unusual to-day.

Monday - 19<sup>th</sup> 1864 Ma went to town to-day - met Mr. Coleman & he came out on the train. Ma came on it too, & I went to meet her. Dr. C[henoweth], was here to see Ann. Commenced my lessons with Mr. Coleman. Draft came off to-day - great excitement in town. Of our neighbors, there were the following drafted - Dr. Moore - has to buy a substitute - Mr. Kennedy - confirmed invalid - Mr. Snyder - I suppose will get a substitute for he would go in - Mr. Walter Cary - abolitionest - but lame - Judge Bullitt - in prison.

Teusday - went to school.

Wednesday 21<sup>st</sup> Had a new scholar to-day - Mary F. Logan - a very nice little girl.

Thursday 22<sup>nd</sup> To-day Mary Logan brought her little sister Lizzie to come to school. She is very bright for her age - ten yrs. I was up until 11 o'clock - until half past ten, saying my lessons to Mr. Coleman.

Friday, Sept. 23<sup>rd</sup> 1864 A few nights ago, Pa told us that he saw a letter from Columbus, written to Mr. Frank Turner - saying that Miss Moore had married a yankee lieut., who had been paying her a great deal of attention. As Miss Lou was engaged to Mr. Charlie Moore, and I suppose she still is - it must be Myra that is married. She had had something to tell me for a good while - this must be it, but she was afraid - she said - to tell me. Every letter - no, not every one, but often have I spoken to her of how heartless it is in girls, who are Southern - to be marrying Federals - & I expect that she was afraid to tell me - for fear of it making me angry with her - for I know she loves me dearly - & she would not marry a yankee under ordinary circumstances, I know, but I cannot account for it, unless she thinks that there is no one else to marry & she loved this Federal. I wrote to her as though I knew nothing about it. I hope to hear from her. Her Father is in Canada - Miss Sallie in the South & Miss Mollie

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in New York - where they have lately come to, from Liverpool.

I went down to see Sidney this evening late; did not stay very long - did not even go into the house but sat a few minutes on the porch. I did not expect to go in but went for the walk & to see if S\_\_ would be at home to-morrow - if so I would go & spend the day with her - but she had an engagement to go to town to-morrow to see some relatives. I partly promised to go down to-morrow a week. Sidney does not know where she will go to school this year. I forgot to enter for Wednesday 21<sup>st</sup> that Sidney got home on that day, & came up to see me, Wednesday evening. She was gone exactly 7 weeks.

Saturday. Dr. Moore has at last gotten a substitute - a negro - I believe - and he started to New York day before yesterday.

I would have gone to Patapsco Institute, if Mr. Archer had been there & I am not not [sic] certain that he has not been there all the time. There is a Mrs. Archer there & from what Sidney told me the old Mr. Archer must be there too. Sidney went to Baltimore & then out to see a friend of hers - Florence Colsten. - who lives but four miles from Patapsco Institute - Mrs. Archer was at Dr. Colsten's while Sidney was there. Sidney did not go to the Institute.

I want to go there to school - Ma wishes me to go there & I think that Pa likes that school and St. Mary's Hall - better than any other - however - I will not go from home, I hope, this year.

Saturday - Sept 24<sup>th</sup> 1864

Sunday - 25<sup>th</sup> 1864

Monday - 26<sup>th</sup> ~~Received a card postmarked Milwaukee, Wisconsin, this.~~ This evening at tea, Pa gave me an envelope, postmarked, Milwaukee, Wisconsin - it contained a card with the following engraved upon it -

Mr. & Mrs. Jocelyn S. Foulkes.

Myra M. Moore

I will write to Miss Lou, to know more particularly about the marriage.

Teusday - 27<sup>th</sup> Sidney started to school yesterday. I am so glad that she is going ~~this~~ [to] our school this year, as I am going.



Wednesday, 28<sup>th</sup> 1864 - ~~Thursday 29<sup>th</sup>~~

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Friday, 30<sup>th</sup> of September, 1864 I ~~was~~ suffered very much all day yesterday and came home before school closed - had a hard chill and all night, a hot fever. At bedtime, I took some pills - which did me much good to-day. Ma had a treat, musicale last night, as Mr. Coleman was unoccupied after tea, by not having to hear any recitations. I could not enjoy the music as much as usual, but I could not help enjoying it, though the noise of every note nearly set me crazy - it seemed to me.

About dinner time I felt very well and would have gone to the school house, but Ma forbade my going.

It rained almost all day yesterday, and to-day it is very cool, though the sun has been out all day. I hope that the sun will shine warm to-morrow - for I want to go to spend the day with Sidney. She wrote a note to me and sent it by Sallie, telling me to be sure and be well enough to go. I saw her as she went home and told her that I thought I would be well enough. She expects Mary Barbaroux and Mary Hewett out, this evening. I hope that I can go - for I have not had a good long talk with Sidney since she returned home.

~~Saturday~~. Dr. Chenoweth says that Ann is better to-day. Charlies horse passed here to-day, to a rockaway, which had two ladies in it. I and Fannie ran to the front fence, but they were gone too far to be hailed. I am confident it was he.

Saturday, October 1<sup>st</sup> 1864. The first of any month ~~brings~~ recalls pleasant thoughts to me, of the first of May. As I feared, it is very cool this morning, - rained a great deal last night, and drizzled this morning, until breakfast time. It is very muddy and disagreeable. I know that Sidney will not look for me, as it is such ~~ba~~ unfavorable weather.

Sallie wished to go to Louisville, to spend the day with N. Crutcher but Pa thought it too disagreeable weather for her to do. She was very much disappointed. I was not so much disappointed but that I could stand it very well, if it would only brighten up now, for it looks so dreary out of doors, and the dampness effects my head uncomfortably. Sent a letter to Miss Lou Moore, ~~by~~ this morning, - one which I wrote last Wednesday. I do hope that it will clear off before evening. I hope, too, that Pa will bring me some letters this evening - I think a nice letter would do more to refresh me now, than anything else.

Oh; I had such a pleasant, sweet dream last night - wish that I could continue it to-night. ~~I thought~~ Those who figured extensively in my dream, were the last of whom I thought before falling to sleep - so I think that I had better endeavor, by the same means to-night, to have sweet dreams. Oh - I dearly love to dream sweet dreams - and seldom does a night glide by that I do not dream them, but not to my hearts content.

26.

Pa came home this evening, quite unwell - he took cold in some way to-day. He brought me a copy of the "Guide Manual to the Mammoth Cave," which W. Cornwall, Senior sent to me. I was very glad, indeed, to get it, for I intended to get one sometime before very long.

What a delightful trip I had to the "Mammoth Cave" - every thing relating to it recalls pleasant recollections. I am so glad that I went with Mr. and Mrs. Cornwall - they are so good, I think and I love them so much, for so short an acquaintances.

Well, my proposed visit was not made. It did not clear off this afternoon. Tis late - I must retire.

Sunday, Oct. 2<sup>nd</sup> We've been at home all day except a little while this evening. Ma and I went to see how Mrs. Thatcher was, and found her sitting up. She is very rapidly recovering. We met Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Brannon and Mrs. Wingate, besides the family. Emma was not at home. Such a gloomy day this has been - almost as much so as yesterday. Mr. Thatcher is coming over after tea to see Pa, who started with us but came back - did not feel like leaving the fire, for he is not well.

Just before school began, I commenced reading "Rob Roy." The first part of the few "Scotts Novels" that I have read, is quiet dull, I think, as I enjoy reading last part more than the first. I have not read any in Rob Roy for some time except a little while yesterday - then I was a good deal interested.

Monday Mr. Coleman did not come this evening.

Tuesday S. Kennedy says that Mr. Coleman was sick yesterday. He came out to Mr. K's this evening, to give S. and P. Kennedy their music lessons. Pa heard one of my lessons, last night - so I can get another one to say to Mr. C---. Prof C--- I mean.

Pa saw Mr. Horne and Mr. Walker a few days since. They have lately returned from Canada, and have gone to Frankfort, to try and have their goods returned to them. About \$10,000 worth were taken from each by order of General Paine, when they were banished. Pa intended to ask them a good deal about the man Myra married, but he only saw them for a short time, and was talking of Mr. Moore, who left Canada, or expected to leave - yesterday, - so 'twas a mistake about his having returned home.

He will be reinstated in his office, when he returns to Columbus. Mr. Horne, or Mr. Walker, said that Mr. Foulkes was considered a very clever man, was in the Quartermaster Department and Commander of a Dutch regiment - but I suppose that such items, as Pa gathered in a short time, are at all reliable.

Mr. James Walker has not been out to see us for a good while. He had been to Cincinnati - and staid a week, as he intended. The weather

27.

has been ~~has been~~ too bad ever since he returned, for him to come out.

In looking over the "New York News" to-day, I saw in the list of personals one for Mrs. Thomas Smith of Nashville; Pa sent it to her. It was from M. A. E. - asking to know if she knew anything of Col. \_\_\_ Smith, who was reported killed. We supposed it was her son, referred to - and if she knows nothing of him I suppose, the inference is, that he is dead.

I wish that we could know where Cousin Mary is. Ma has not answered her letter yet, and if cousin M. does not write again, it is not likely that we will hear soon.

Thursday 6<sup>th</sup> It was really cheering to see the sun shine once more - for we have had foul weather for so long; until today. But it is bright to-day, though the ground is not dry. I would have felt very much better than usual, this morning, if the weather of the last few day had not already had the effect of giving me a severe head-ache, with which I awakened this morning, and for that I took one of the tonic pills which Dr. Chenoweth prescribed, and they always make me very sick for some hours. I think that I must have been quite dull in my Arithmetic and Algebra, which are the first recitations that I have in the morning.

Friday, 7<sup>th</sup> It turned quite cool this evening - had a hard wind, and I thought that it would rain too, but it did not. I intended to go to town to-morrow, but I do not wish to go, since it has turned so cool. I have not felt like myself this week, have felt worse than myself, and I hope that another week will not be commenced with such feelings. Blues it must be, and if Saturday and Sunday's rest does not disperse them and restore me to my equanimity, I do not know what I shall do.

Emma Thatcher would have staid all night with me to-night, but she thought that she had to take her music lesson, - Mr. C\_\_ sent word by Pa that he could not come out this evening. When he started to town this morning on S. Kennedy's pony (Mr. Kennedy agreed to let him ride the pony until next spring) he made himself so very ridiculous that to give a detailed description of his preparations &c, &c. &c. would fill several pages in this book, I am afraid. He says that he took riding lessons, four years in Austria, but he knows not so much about managing a horse and "Cora", Sidney's pony knew that he was frightened. He started at 6 o'clock, from here, and got to town at a quarter before eight.

I hope to get a letter to-morrow from Columbus. It is certainly time, for I sent the letter (which I am most anxious to hear from, just now, a week ago to-morrow. Oh, what a blot I have made of this

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this page but I have made the whole book the same way. I really take no interest in this book, but I must try to not to give away to my feelings so. I will go to bed now and try to let a good rest restore me, for I so really feel dreadfully. I will not write again until I can do better.

Saturday night, Oct 8<sup>th</sup> It is really very cold to-day - the wind is piercing. Sallie Owens and Jennie Moore went in on the cars this morning - Sallie to spend the day with Nellie, Jennie, with a cousin. I went down to the Fairground to meet them this afternoon; Sidney and Pattie went in on the cars and came out on them. I stopped a while to speak to S\_\_ and then came home with Miss Marsh, Sallie, and Jennie. "Aunt Nancy" & her little grandson, (Ann's kinfolks) came out here on the train.

Sidney looked very sweet and pretty this evening..

Sunday, Oct, 9<sup>th</sup>. Morning A beautiful day - I would like to go to church, but Pa has not gotten a horse yet - if he gets another I am afraid that some body will steal it.

Pa has been suffering a great deal lately, from his face - the bad weather has been hard on him. He wishes, as the cold weather approaches, that he could go South - if the troubles were only over he would go. The very mention of the impossibility of our going South soon, gives me the blues. Oh, I would that the war would close soon, very soon, but I fear not, though I cannot realize that the war can last until I am past girlhood. I cling fondly to the hope that the war will close by the time I complete my education, and that is one idea which cheers me in pursuing my studies.

Sunday, October 9<sup>th</sup> 1864

Monday, October 10<sup>th</sup> 1864

Teusday - Oct. 11<sup>th</sup>. Two large shows paraded through the streets yesterday and there was great excitement, Pa said. One of them is more of a menagerie than circus and has a Hippopotamus attached to it. It was drawn by three elephants. I expect that both are very good. We are going in to one of them to-morrow night.,

~~Wednesday.~~ Thursday. Rained at 5 yesterday ~~this~~ morning. I thought our trip to town would have to be postponed, but before 11, (according to the old adage - if it rains before seven it will cease before 11) it was very bright & by four, it was dry & beautiful weather. Ma went into town on the cars and remained to tea at Aunt Susan's. Pa came out for us about 4 and we got there in good time to get a top seat. We met ~~E~~ Mr. T\_\_\_, Emma, Addie & the other two children, at the livery stable, & we all went together to the best circus, - "The Equescriculum". "The Horse Carriage."

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'Twas a good circus and the animals - monkeys, dogs, Bears, The Sacred bull - ~~and~~ buffalos and horses & mules, were well trained. What they pretended to do, they did well. Clowns & everything did their part well. The star rider was James Roberson & ~~one~~ another a woman - Madam Louise Fourniere, ~~did~~ almost equaled him, but for a woman did as well as he I suppose. Both rode with out Saddle or bridel. Miss Stickney & a youth rode, in highland costumes & kept good time to Scotch airs - in everything they did. Madame L. F. rode once in a black habit - & did wonderfully & then rode in thin, short, white dress with a long piece of red tarleton which she handed with true grace & arranging it in different ways about her head &c made herself look like a lovely picture, ugly as was her face but her ~~form~~ hands & feet were exquisite, & her ~~form~~ neck & form too.

But I will not attempt a description of anything, for it would be useless. I enjoyed parts of it very much - but some parts which I have seen over and over again - wearied me. It is the best I ever attended.

~~Friday, Oct. 14<sup>th</sup>~~

Saturday night, Oct. 15<sup>th</sup> Have just returned from town, this evening in the cars. We (Ma, Sallie, myself and Fannie) went to the city yesterday evening about 4 o'clock, and spent the night and today with Uncle Mortimer's family. Aunt Susan's sister and niece (Mrs. Ray [later corrected to Rhea] and her little daughter,) are there from Russellville. All of us went last night to the show which has the Hippopotamus and other animals with it. Those that I remember, were the spotted leopards, tiger, lion, lioness, elephants, monkeys, etc., etc., etc. There were some fowls too - a red parrot, some snipe, peculiar chickens &c. There was a sacred bull at this show, and also a sacred cow (From Hindostan, but they are not educated I believe[]).

I think that the two shows are connected. I think so from several circumstances, one of which is, that, Mr. W. Cornwall Jr, heard one of the actors call for something pertaining to the circus, and another one said that 'twas up with the other squad.

The show was almost as good as the "Eques &c." but 'twas evident they concentrated their force as far as the circus was concerned, upon the Eques&c. but still had attractions enough to draw a crowded, very crowded canvas all the time.

A man at the show which left last night (one we went to last night) performed certainly extraordinary gymnastic feats. He put a ring (just large enough to slip his body through and which I know was nothing flexible) around his feet, then

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doubling himself backwards, very flat, slipped his head through the same ring, thus linking his head & feet together. Then slipped himself entirely through the ring. He could double himself backwards and stand on his head and feet at same time and touch his hands to the ground - And

slide down on the ground, but I will not continue, it was too strange and wonderful for me even, who saw it, to believe scarcely ~~any~~ a long time from this. Pa thought of returning (after going home) to the show, but he did not. I am sorry that he was not there.

I received a letter to-day, from Miss Lou Moore, dated Monday 10<sup>th</sup> Oct. Mr. Moore - accompanied by Miss Mollie & her baby, little George, returned to Columbus the Wednesday preceding the day on which she wrote. Myra was married on the 13<sup>th</sup> of Sept. at Cairo, she said - to Mr. Jocelyn Foulkes (an Englishman.) & she said she could not praise him too highly. They have known him for 20 months. They are now at St. Louis, but she did not say how long they would remain.

Uncle Mortimer, when ~~they~~ he ran from the draft, went to Windsor, Canada, & there saw the Columbus people. The gentlemen that were banished went to housekeeping, and when they returned home, they rented the house that they occupied, to Mr. Malone, who will remain with his family. Uncle Mort, saw Mr. Henry Moore & wife, also. And, saw (but not to speak to) Myra & husband.

Mr. Foulkes - who has resigned his commission, Uncle M\_\_\_ says is a small man, but very good looking. Mr. James Moore does not like her marrying a yankee, but treats him well, for I suppose (I know he & Mrs. Moore ever have felt hurt that they should have to receive & have their daughters to be with the yankees) he thinks that Myra was hardly more to blame than he - for she was thrown so continually with them, but he has had a hard time - his careworn countenance bears marks of it.

Mr. Henry Moore (as I expected) will not speak to Myra and will not see them at his house, but says Miss Mollie can do as she pleases about going to see Myra..

The worst of it is that Myra's husband (as Uncle Mort said) was the identical man who wounded their dear soldier brother, & caused his death.

I will close this sad recital - sad indeed! Oh, it seems that each day reveals a new and sad feature, in this cruel, cruel war.

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When Camp Jackson at St. Louis was broken up in the first year of the war, by the dutch troops capturing the command, the Steamer B. P. Cheny was allowed to run between Columbus and Cairo. There were some of the prisoners confined at Cairo. One of them feigned to be sick, and was taken to the hospital, from which he escaped and made his way down to Columbus, on the "Cheny", I suppose, & came to our house. He was on his way to join the Missouri Army, & his name was Russell. I remembered his name well. He was afterwards at our house when the C. S. A. was there at C\_\_\_.

To-day Ma received a letter from him, a prisoner of war at Johnson's Island, Ohio, requesting her to write to him as captivity was very lonesome. He said that he learned from Maj. Malone & other gentlemen, formerly of Columbus, Ky, that we were living at Louisville.

Coming out on the train this evening, (Pa came too ~~with us~~ though in a separate car for he could not find us) the conductor took a list of votes for McClland and a list of votes for Lincoln, : "to see how the trains would stand" - using his expression. They always do it, and to take the best of two evils, all of us and everyone around us voted for McC.

Sunday - Oct. 16<sup>th</sup> Monday Oct. 17<sup>th</sup>. This evening Aunt Susan, Mrs. Ray [later corrected to Rhea] and little Nannie Ray [Rhea] - came out on the cars. I started to meet them at the cars, but they came out an hour earlier than usual and had gone out when I left school but Sid

begged me to walk & I went - we met a good many yankee soldiers but kept at a good distance from them. I had [to] go through Mr. Kennedy's and Mr. Brennon's. When very near home I was walking on the pike - I thought that all of the cavalry had passed but two stragglers came up. One of them said - "Is that Moll? Raise your veil & let me see." The other one said "No, that's not Moll." But the first one stopped his horse and told me again to raise my veil and let him see if it was Moll. I paid no attention whatever and came on - leaving him to continue his journey. I was so mad but did not intend to let him think that I was afraid. Ma says I mustn't go out alone again.

Teusday Wednesday - Oct. 19<sup>th</sup> Mrs. Ray [Rhea], Aunt Susan

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and Nannie went home this morning - Ma went in town to do some shopping.

Thursday Oct. 20<sup>th</sup> Friday Oct. 21<sup>st</sup> Mrs. Walworth - & her neice Grace Graham, and Mrs. W's little girl were at school to-day to ~~school~~ hear our exercises.

Saturday. Emma Thatcher spent last night with me & after going home sent to ask me to go in town with her in their carriage. Nobody but. Mr. T\_\_ & Emma. Sid was going to [visit] me tonight - rather she wished to & I expected her but she'd promised Mrs. Craik to take tea there. I went to town and did not get home until nearly dark.

Sunday, Oct. 23<sup>rd</sup> 1864. Last Teusday, Ma and Aunt Susan were in Ma's room, when they saw two yankee soldiers galloping down the pike, while one seemed trying to overtake the other, before he could reach our lane. The foremost one was riding one horse and leading another, and when the man behind caught up with him, he took the bridal from the hands of the other man which was on the horse - and cursing him told him to go to the stable and get it quick. Then the one, to whom the order was given, rode up to our stable. When he was at the gate leading to the stable, which is about 15 yards from it, Ma started there also, & got there as quick as the horseman. She was very much excited, indeed, and having her whole mind on the pony which was in the stable lot told the man that if he got that Pony he would have to pass her first. He said that he did not want the horse, for he was too much of a gentleman to steal horses, he only wanted to borrow a saddle to ride up to the "Point" [St. Matthews] & he would return it. Ma said when she was talking about Pony - "Some of you rogues have stolen one of our horses, and I do not know what you want. Our saddle is not here - Mr. Owen borrowed a horse to take us to the show and had to ride the horse to town - he left the saddle there." The man kept asking if there was not an old saddle here. Ma told him that if he doubted her word, he could go in and look. He had already dismounted, and went back of the stable but not into it..

He then left seeming to be satisfied that the saddle was not there, or perhaps did not think the trouble of getting it would pay him for Ma was terribly enraged. Ma took Uncle Minor's word when he said that the saddle was not in the stable, but the truth, when it came to be known, was that the saddle was hanging in the stable. Ma asked Uncle Minor why he told that story about the saddle; he said " I didn't want him to hab de saddle." We never suspected Uncle Minor of prevaricating.. Ma told the yankee that the side saddle was in the stable - he could

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have that if he wished, but he did not want that.

Monday, October 23<sup>rd</sup> 1864. While I am writing a train of yankees are passing. I will go and count the cars before they get out of sight.

There were 12 cars. Inside were white yankees, outside were black ones.

Ma went to town this morning and she told me to come home early this afternoon, to take my music lesson, as soon as Prof. Coleman should get here. But he did not come on the cars. 'Tis five o'clock and he has not yet come. Neither did he come last Thursday. I do not know why. It is very strange.

I have been negligent in writing in my journal - because I have been so busy that I wrote entirely too hastily - and a few words from Ma - recalled to my mind that fault. From the writing, heretofore in my journal, no correct opinion could be formed either of my penmanship or composition, and I regret it exceedingly. Ma asked me this morning, if I thought that I was improving in my penmanship this year. She said that I ought not to slight anything as long as I go to school - should try to write every thing I write, well.

Miss Marsh, often tries to impress upon the minds of the girls, the importance of being always careful, but nothing she has said, or can say, would ~~de~~ have as much effect on me as what Mama says. 'Tis true, I try to do what Miss Marsh tells me, but a word from Ma seems to inspire me with new energie, for everything she says is so sweet and full of truth. I wish that I were more like her, but, no, I do not. I think it wicked to be dissatisfied with myself. She has returned from the city - I hear her in the hall.

Teusday, October 24<sup>th</sup> Ma had one of her severe headaches last night - but it has worn off to-day. She ~~has~~ did not take morphine, nor has she been taking it for the last two or three times she has had headaches - We begged her so much, not to take it, that she does not take it now, and I hope that she will not take it again, as a constant remedy.

Wednesday - Oct. 25<sup>th</sup> 1864. Rained almost all day, and Mrs. Crutcher & Mrs. Johnston were disappointed in coming out to-day - for they intended to come out. Miss Marsh dismissed school for the rest of the week. She has yeilded to the temptation she says to go to Cincinnatti, to-morrow to meet her sister. We resume school on Monday.

There is a painter here, named Adam Bozee(~~or~~ I do not know how his last name is spelled) He is German - but strong Southern in his feelings. He was arrested several days since and put in prison where he remained all night. The next morning his friends got him released. He said that he had heaps of friends. He painted this house and has worked here a great deal. We like to hear him talk, very much - he is so amusing.

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The carpenter who has been working here, has finished his jobs ~~here~~ & has gone home. His name is Mr. Jeaness. He is French. He served in the yankee army 3 yrs and has not long been out of it.

Last time Mr. Coleman was out, we had a houseful of company - so he and Mr. Jeaness had to share the same room and as he has not been here since, probably did not like it, but he is nothing like as nice as Mr. Jeaness, and if he did not have sense enough to see that every room was occupied, he can go.- but it will bad for me to be interrupted in my studies, and he has been paid too.

Thursday. I had a dreadful headache all day.

Friday - Oct. 27<sup>th</sup> 1864. Ma and I went to town to-day. Pa drove a horse, to the rockaway, which he is trying. He likes the horse and will buy it.

We took dinner at Uncle Mortimer's and cousin Ida came home with us. We came out about 2 o'clock and went to Mr. Wingate's, late in the evening. Sallie is not at home - she and Jennie M\_\_ went to Cincinnatti with Miss Marsh. We found Mrs Thatcher here with Sallie - when we returned from town. She remained to tea and Mr. T\_\_ came for her. We went to see how Mr. Hardin was. He is some better. When we came home Ma told us to go for Emma Thatcher to spend the night with us. Mrs. T\_\_ [sic] ~~and~~ so we went for her and she came.

Saturday Oct. 28<sup>th</sup> 1864. I went to the fairground with Cousin Ida, this morning, as she went in on the cars. E\_\_ Thatcher went ~~to~~ with us to the cars. I sewed almost all day until 4 o'clock when I took a ride on horseback - had a very pleasant ride - Pony did admirably this evening.

Sunday, Oct 29<sup>th</sup> All of us went to Christ Church to-day. A great many of my acquaintances attend that Church. I like to hear Mr. Craik.

Monday Oct. 30<sup>th</sup> A family have recently moved to the "Hunter Place", just beyond our house - and to-day, a funeral notice was taken around the neighborhood that one of the family died this morning. The name on the notice was : "Mrs. Ora Bain." They are from the North - New York or Canada - I think - and have made no acquaintances in the neighborhood as yet, unless some one has called since the sickness or death of the lady.. Ma expects company to-morrow and I do not know whether she can attend the funeral or burial but she will try to do so, anyway, for she thinks that the neighbors should attend - ~~for~~ probably if the neighbors do not no one will as the people are strangers. They have just moved there and very few of the neighbors know that anyone had rented the place, even

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November 1st 1864.

Mr. Walker, expects to come out to-morrow evening. He has heard from Mrs. Thos. Smith, who had not received Ma's letter. She, too has written to Ma, relative to cousin Mary, but Ma has not received the letter. Mr. Walker heard, through Mrs. Smith, where in Georgia cousin M\_\_ is, but I have forgotten the name of the place.

Teusday, ~~at~~ 3 o'clock P. M. Have just recited my last lesson for to-day to Miss Marsh. This morning I had the next to the last example in "Greenleaf's National Arithmetic" I think 'tis really as Miss Marsh says, - that there are no examples anywhere, more complex than in the ~~one~~ Arithmetic which we have been studying, or even as much so. I am going to begin to study



Geometry, in a few days. I do not yet know whether all of the class will study it or not. Pa and Ma think that I will have gone far enough in Mathematics, when I finish : "Davie's Legendre" as there is some Trigonometry in that. I am very glad that I am ready to commence "Geometry" - I think I shall like it. The last example in our Arithmetic depended to a certain extent, on propositions in Geometry. I liked Arithmetic very much, indeed.

It is bright weather to-day so I look for Mr. Walker, with Pa. He sent Sallie and I some nice candy, by Pa, a day or two, since. He is not content to bring it to us merely. I hope to hear something more about cousin M\_\_ from him as Mrs. Smith's letters reach him and she often hears.

Ma & Pa went to see Mr. Coleman, yesterday. He is neglecting everything to try to teach one class at High School, [&] to take Photographs. (after he makes all of the compounds). Coming to Mr. Kennedy's does not take so much time as coming to our house, but he could not possibly find time to go there, even, the ~~last~~ last day he should have gone. He said that he tried to find time to go to see Pa and let him know why he did not come. He thinks that he will get through his grand photographing operation this week, but Ma told Pa to see Mr. Zoeller and Pa said he would, & see what he was willing to do. Mrs. Neill wishes Ma to employ Sallie Neill's music teacher - Mr. Hast recommended her very highly. Ma told her that she'd like to hear the lady play, so they are coming out, this week. If Mr. Coleman does not come, Pa thinks he will send me to boarding school at the end of the winter term. I love to say lessons to Pa. He hears my Chemistry and Natural Philosophy. I feel like I should forever break some ties of friendship, by leaving home at present. I feel too that I am afraid to leave, in such uncertain times I cannot describe

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my unwillingness to go. If I do go next year, I hope to have Sidney to go where I go; then I would not feel so entirely isolated, at a long distance from home. I only wish the war were over - the independence of my Country gloriously established, - then I would more gladly go from home - after seeing my dear, surviving friends, of the South - and have so much to hope for, in the bright future.

Night. Mr. Walker came out and was laden with Candy and apples. I do not like for him to bring so much candy, but he will do it. He looks better, I think, than usual. Had on a suit of grey which is becoming to him. Mrs. Smith, has gone to Baltimore to live - she has accepted an offer from her brother-in law - Mr. Frank Sutherland - to make his house in B\_\_ her home for the present. Mr. W[alker] says that Mr. S[utherland] is a very noble hearted man. Mr. Thos. Smith - her husband is in Texas, - has his negroes there and they will not stay without him. Mr. Samuel Smith, Mrs. T. Smith's son, who was in the C. S. A., was left sick in a hospital, at Atlanta when our men left there, and he died afterwards and his Mother was not allowed to have a pass to go to see him. Mr. Walker says that she is completely crushed by trouble, and he thinks that when Mr. Smith hears of this news about his son, it will almost kill him.

Cousin Tom & Mr. Sam Smith were very intimate before the war.

Our government, I suppose, will arm the Southern negroes and if they do - they, the negroes, will fight, well, with their own people & ~~with~~ the inducements to them would be very great. There is a great deal of talk to that effect and I suppose that it is settled.

The Southern negro and all who will leave the enemy (the enemy have been doing nothing else everyday in regard to the negro, but inducing them to leave their Masters, which is

infinitely worse) are to have their freedom, 50 acres of ground and remain in the South among their friends. If such is to be the case they will all be heroes, after the war, for the whites of the South will take notice of them.

There would be no equality of feeling existing between the white men and the negroes, for they would be in the same circumstances in which they would be, if the negro only went with his master, for in Camp they share the hardships alike and the condition of the negro would be unchanged for sometime - as long as the war lasts.

It is turning a good deal colder this evening - wind blows a good deal.

37.

November 1864

Wednesday, November 2<sup>nd</sup> November recalls sad thoughts to me - the month in which I witnessed the "battle of Belmont." [Belmont, Missouri, directly across the Mississippi River from Columbus, Ky., occupied by Confederates under General Leonidas Polk. On November 7, 1861, Confederate artillery on the high bluffs of Columbus, fired down upon Union regiments commanded by General Ulysses Grant, attacking a small Confederate outpost at Belmont. Several regiments of Confederates were ferried across the river to help drive Grant and his troops from the field.] Anything which recalls the memory of the first of the war, for I feel like I am out of my sphere - I cling fondly to the idea that the South is my native country and I feel like I ought to be there but my education would have been sadly neglected had I been there, I expect, for more critical questions occupy the minds of the southern people, but I would love to visit there soon, at least and if only to freshen the memory with purely Southern associations. I know of no place that I desire so much to visit, as my native Country, which is natural.

Mr. Walker returned to town ~~this morning~~ with Pa though it has been raining this morning - Mr. Walker would have remained all day with us but it cleared up, or rather quit raining, for it has not yet cleared up.

The clock has just struck one and school has not been dismissed for dinner. I think 'tis time.

How gloomy and cold it is! But the worst weather usually comes, after "Christmas" and that is not far distant. Next Teusday is the day of the Presidential election. The day after the 7<sup>th</sup> on which 3 yrs. ago, the "Battle of Belmont." I doubt not that Lincoln will be elected. Our people do not have to elect a President this year, as, four year ago, President Davis was elected for four years, or the war. I hope that he may please them, during the whole, and may that not be very long.

One o'clock P. M. Thursday, Nov. 3<sup>rd</sup> 1864. 'Tis raining, still. Very gloomy, all morning. This morning at 5 o'clock a little boy was born, at Mr. Kennedy's. 'Tis Sidney's little brother. It has black hair, two or three inches long. According to little Nannie, ~~and~~ Emily and Tommie Kennedy, I have a new little cousin, as they have adopted me for their cousin. It was strange that they took "such a fancy" to me and called me Cousin Cora, after they had seen me two or three times. They are such sweet children, that such a name sounds very sweet from them. Ma says that they favor Grand Ma's children, especially Emily - that is, they look like Grand-Ma's children did, when they were small.

Friday will be rainy I fear, for it has been raining very hard today and it does not seem to be clearing up. Indeed the month "set in" badly, as it rained the first day - I think. No! it did not rain, but was disagreeably windy - and cold. It rained in the morning of 2<sup>nd</sup> day,

the morning that Mr. Walker went to town. It rained the time before the last, that he was out. He seems to bring bad weather.

Friday. Nov. 4<sup>th</sup> 1864. Mrs. Kennedy's little babe has been named - Orville Anderson Kennedy.

~~Saturday, Nov. 5<sup>th</sup> 1864~~ 11 o'clock, A. M. Sunday, Nov. 6<sup>th</sup> 1864. I remained at home to-day, though I expected to go to town with Ma. I spent a pleasant, quiet day. In the evening - late, E. Thatcher came over for me to go and spend the night with her. I at last told her that I would get Pa to go over with me, after tea. I could not go very well before supper, and then, I have so little time, it seems to me, to be at home, I'm at school almost every day until 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and after that I am occupied with my studies, and practicing on the piano, until bedtime - so, really, I have so little time to spend with them at home, that I do not have time scarcely, to say what I wish to.

Pa went over to Mrs. Thatcher's with me and I had a pleasant visit. Emma's Ma has promised to let her have some tableaux at "Christmas." E\_\_ has her heart set on having them, and wishes me to take parts in them. I do not like the idea of dressing and undressing, putting on thin clothes, at Christmas, when it will be cold enough for winter clothes. I think tableaux are a never ending trouble and expense, for Ma has had them and they are not worth seeing, unless plenty of money, taste and management, ~~exer~~ is used. I think that a party with dancing would be far more entertaining and not so expensive, for they would have a supper anyway.

It has turned very much warmer, since yesterday, and, but for the wind, it would be a delightful day - but all of them at home except me, have an idea that 'tis cold, as they've not been out and it does look cold - 'tis a real autumn day. Ma is not well enough to go to church this morning and I could not get Pa or Sallie to go - they think it is too cold.

Pa saw Dr. Saudex, in town yesterday. He was in the C. S. A. until last January, but he has quit it, was taken prisoner on purpose, I think, when the office of surgeon, (which he held when at Columbus) ceased to be profitable to him. He did not say that he's taken the oath but I suppose he did. Pa says that he (Dr. S\_\_) is still a southern sympathiser, but he says that he concluded that he would let "America fight for America," - he being a German. I wonder if the yanks captured that fine clay-bank horse, of his, that I so often rode around the Fort at Columbus. The Doctor has gone to N. York

[Written on the very top of the page, upside down, is the following: "The enemy have evacuated Atlanta, Georgia. It slipped out, at last, though they concealed it long."]  
now but is going to return to Louisville. I hope that we can hear something of interest from him.

Burbridge, the present Gov. of Ky - has made himself notorious by perpetrating atrocious crimes. I have not written anything of them for I dislike to write about things that make me so sad, but I will copy a short piece from "Louisville Democrat" of Nov. 8<sup>th</sup> about a dreadful crime. I seldom write of anything pertaining to the war, because, everyday, almost, brings so much bad news that it is distressing enough to hear of it, without tracing through the whole in writing. Yet, the meanness of my enemy should be impressed on my memory to make me hate, hate, hate, them still, (if it required anything to make me hate them continually,) for I could not hate them with a hatred too bitter. Would that my actions could obey my impulses!

I know that I would not enjoy long the society of a man who will not be a Confederate Soldier, and I sometimes wonder how the girls can, but, they have no true southern feelings, and have been with the cowards all the time, and the war has made no material change for them.

"Retaliation - Our readers will no doubt remember that on Teusday night, a week ago, Mr. Robert Graham, living near Peck's Mills, in Fayette county, was shot and killed by Bill Marshall and his men. On Wednesday evening eight rebels soldiers were selected in Lexington and sent to Frankfort , four of whom were to be shot in retaliation for the murder of Mr. Graham. At about dusk, four of these unfortunate men, whose names we could not learn, were taken out of jail at Frankfort and escorted to the lower corner of Maj. Hunt's pasture in South Frankfort.

[“]There they were drawn up in line, and at their own request Rev. B. B. Sayre delivered a solemn and becoming prayer in their presence. Scarcely had the word ‘Amen’ escaped his lips, when one of them, who had managed to file his chain apart, broke and ran, but he soon fell, his body being riddled with bullets. The other three stood still and were shot dead on the spot. All four of their bodies were buried a little underground, and the scene was closed.

[“]Two of the men confessed being with Marshall when Mr. Graham was killed. The other four men were kept in jail heavily ironed during the night, weeping over the sad fate of their comrades. Sometime ago, it is said that two negroes were murdered in Henry county, Kentucky, and that Bill Marshall and his men were charged with having murdered them. On Thursday morning the four other men were taken out of jail with the intention of having them shot at Midway. They were too late for

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the up [sic] train, and were put in jail until the train returned in the afternoon. The men were again brought out and placed, with a guard, upon the train. Upon the arrival of the train at Pleasureville the prisoners and their guard, got off. The train came on towards the city. At dusk the four men were drawn up in line and shot to death in retaliation for the murder of the two negroes above alluded to. When the train came down yesterday morning, their bodies were lying on the floor in the depot, near where they were shot. We were erroneously informed when we stated that four men had been shot at Peck's Mills.”

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From Louisville Democrat. -

"Death of a Mathematician – The venerable Benjamin Greenleaf, of Bradford, died on Friday last at his residence in that town at the age of seventy-eight years. Dr. Greenleaf graduated from Dartmouth College in 1811. From 1820 to 1850 he was the honored and eminent principal of Bradford Academy, where he fitted thousands of young men for college, many of whom have since become distinguished in the various walks of life, and by whom his memory will ever be cherished with respect and affection. Mr. Greenleaf was probably still more widely known as the author of a series of mathematical works, which have had a wide popularity, and are found in public and private schools all over the land." (Boston Journal)

Monday, Nov. 7<sup>th</sup> 1864. Uncle Minor was unable to leave his bed this morning - on account of rheumatism. Pa sent a physician from town to see him. This doctor, Mr. Hardin says - has effected some wonderful cures. He seems to have given him temporary ease - that is, comparatively - for Uncle M\_\_ was suffering intensely this morning. Pa gave him some laudanum - I think - and that may have made him feel easier. His [the physician's] rate of charging is \$5 for every mile. According to that his bill for Uncle Minor will be \$20 but he was

passing here and I suppose he will moderate his charges a good deal. He - Uncle M\_\_, got a little hurt, on Saturday, and having gotten his feet damp a few days since - both have brought on the attack - I suppose for it is the first time that he ever had one at this time of the year. He neglected to tell Pa that his boots leaked, and Pa did not think of them, to see if he needed a new pair, for Uncle Minor has always gotten them when he himself thought he needed [them].

Mrs. Neill and Miss Craig - the young lady who gives Sallie Neill music lessons - came out on the cars this afternoon. Ma sent for Mr. and Mrs. Thatcher to come over to tea -

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Mrs. Thatcher came before tea and Mr. T\_\_ after. They remained until about 11 o'clock. Miss Craig played for us. Ma and Pa were pleased with her playing.

Teusday - Nov 8th. Rain - rain - rain - still comes. Mrs. Neill and Miss Craig went in with Pa this morning, in the carriage

Pa says that Mrs. Tom Smith, when he saw her in Louisville a short time since, told him that Cousin Ben Hodges is not now in the Army - but in the Confederate Congress.

~~Wednesday~~ The Pa went to the "Point" this morning to vote for McClelland [McClellan]. Some soldiers were sent out to vote and most of them voted for McC. They said they were Ky. soldiers, and if so they have the privilege of voting in Ky. at the place where they are stationed. Mr. Hardin was going to ride up to vote for McClelland [McClellan] - if it had not rained, but he could not venture out on such a ~~this~~ disagreeable day as yesterday was.

Wednesday. This morning was like a damp spring morning - and though the wind blew hard - the air felt warm. About One o'clock - we had the hardest rain that I have seen for many days - but it did not continue very long. The wind blew so hard that I was afraid the roof of school house would blow off - but Miss Marsh would not let the children open the doors until it was over. The rain was blown furiously against the windows on the porch, just like there was only a small eave to the house over them. "The wind hath blown a gale all day."

Sallie ~~had three letters~~ received three letters last night, something unusual for her. They were not directed to anyones care and she would not have gotten them had they not been advertised. One from Belle Lester, one from Fannie Moore (who writes very well for ~~her~~ the short time she has been writing), and another from Cora Henderson. Fannie Moore has a very mature looking hand writing. I think that she will make a good a good penwoman. I did not see the other letters.

The girls are going to school. Mr. Henderson and Mrs. Jennings (Alice Jennings's step-mother and Aunt ~~also~~ and Mrs. Moss' daughter) are teaching school together, and they have 50 scholars. Fannie told Sallie that her desk mate was "Gussie Carlyle" ~~or Carlisle~~. It is a pretty name - beautiful! ~~Miss Marsh paid me quite a compli~~ Miss Marsh had occasion to speak of the scholars asking to be excused from reciting poetry and said that they seemed to think that they can ~~de~~ be excused whenever they wish, etc., etc. I asked to be excused last Friday if any visitors should come in and Miss Marsh told me to say my peice [sic] before

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any one should come - i.e. to say it first. I began to say it - had said one verse, and could have said it through, for I knew it perfectly, but at that time, a Miss Davis from Shelbyville, Miss Sallie Moore and Mr. Johnston came in.

The reason that I asked to be excused was, that I was sick and would have gone home, but for the rain, and I never like to go on Friday evening - for it looks like trying to avoid the exercises; as it was the first time I ever asked to be excused, Miss Marsh should have done so - when she knew I had a headache, and Ma told me that I need not get up before people that choose to come - unless I wish, for I am old enough to know how to behave myself in the discharge of my school duties.

Miss Marsh told me she would be disappointed if I did not speak - for she knew that I never failed to know my pieces and have good ones too. When the trio of our visitors were seated - Miss Marsh told me to begin my piece again. I did so and said all but two lines - told Miss Marsh, I did not remember the remaining two lines - and took my seat, and by the time I reached it - I recollected them. I was provoked - and it is a wonder to me that I said any of it.

Miss Marsh came to me after school and apologized for calling for me to say it and I think that, that was quite enough for a teacher - whose place it is to be dignified with her pupils to do and I was glad that she did it in the presence of Miss Sallie Moore, Mr. Johnston and some of the girls. But to return to what I commenced to say, at first. When she spoke of Emma's not speaking - she said that she did not know why one should be excused more than another - did not know why all should not obey her in all her requirements and [or] get some one to teach them whom they thought more capable. She then said ~~that she did not mean~~ "Cora, I did not mean that you disobey me, for I will say before the school that no one has obeyed me as well or come up to my requirements as perfectly as you have. You have always been careful to do everything I required, and have done so - and a great deal more. I only refer to those that do disobey me and show a disregard to my wishes."

She spoke of Physiology, for Emma's Pa and Ma do not wish her to study it now, and Miss Marsh, was exceedingly anxious for those girls that had time, to study of it. Mr. Thatcher had said that he did not want Emma to study it because he thought there was no use in her studying it and I think Emma

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had said something about her Pa not wishing her to be a doctress, and Miss Marsh said some severe things. She said that if she was not competent to control and direct her own school that the girls whose parents thought her so - ought to ~~take their~~ be taken from her charges entirely. She further said that any one that said that Physiology ought not be one of the first studies for girls or boys did not have any judgement.

Dr. Chenoweth was to see Ann to-day and left our house in all of that wind and rain. Ma asked him to stay until 'twas over but he said that he had to go to Middletown and must go immediately, for he'd be so late, but he found he could not even get home. He had to stop to get out of his buggie in his lane, from fear of its being blown over.

Thursday, Nov. 10<sup>th</sup> Emma Thatcher attended a party at Mr. Joshua Parks' and I went over to see ~~Emma~~ her after she was dressed, and helped to fix her ribbons ~~and~~ etc. She looked very nice.

Friday, Nov. 12th.[11th] Emma did not return home from the party until between two and three. Mrs. Thatcher was with her.

A sewing girl, who came last evening, went in this morning, to return next week. She sews on the machine.

Sunday Nov. 13<sup>th</sup> 14<sup>th</sup> 1864. We went to town ~~this~~ yesterday morning and we did not return until dark. We did not spend the day with any friend. We met Mrs. Crutcher on the street about 10 o'clock, and promised to go down and see spend the evening with her.

We met Mrs. Coke who was trying to get contributions - she said - for the prisoners at Elmira N. Y. She wished Ma to give her some money, but Ma told her that she had just contributed to Mrs. Chenoweth's boxes and could not contribute to hers. Mrs. Coke, on Market St. last Saturday - got 80 odd dollars from the country gentlemen of her acquaintance, and she tells every one that she gave \$25 herself - and did without a carpet which she intended to get. She wont take anything but money and says that she is going to send the money to some person in New York, which is quite a doubtful thing. Mrs. Coke was so very much miffed because Ma did not make a contribution ~~for~~ to her.

Mr. Thatcher came out with us. I had quite a severe headache soon after I went to Mrs. Crutcher's. I suppose that my headache was caused from fatigue and being in the wind - then I did not eat any dinner. I had a very severe headache until I went to sleep.

Sunday night. Mrs. Thatcher is here. We received invitations -

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i.e., Ma, Pa, and myself, to attend a very large party at Mrs. Emory Lows - which is to be given to her only child - Emory A. Lows, who is to be married to Miss Maggie Warmmock, on Thursday, 17<sup>th</sup> inst. Mr. & Mrs. Thatcher are very anxious for us to go. Mrs. Low is a second cousin of Mrs. Thatchers, and is very fashionable, and Pa says that Mrs. Low (who was an old acquaintance of his) left a large estate. This party is to be a very large one I suppose. Young Mr. Low is very wild - his relations say.

A cousin of his was engaged to Miss Warmmock, and insisted on his going out to see her. She is a country girl. Mr. Low told Mr. Seaton, his cousin, that he'd better not take him out there - he might cut him out, and so he did.

Mr. Brannon called to see Mr. Thatcher at the door, a few moments, and has now gone to town for some policemen to arrest a runaway negro, who is at ~~Mr.~~ his house. He wished to consult Mr. T. I suppose. He found out the negro saw Mr. B. in the yard, when he first got there, and when he found that Mr. Brannon saw him, he went into the house and talked to him, but kept his hat on the whole time.

He said that he was just in from Indianapolis, where he left the negro boys that ran away from Mr. Thatcher. Mr. Brannon suspects him of having come to take away his wife and children, who live at Mrs. Brannon's. The negro boy ran away from Mr. Mallory, the gentleman who was killed while going home from town.

Uncle Minor has been up and out of his room to-day. He has suffered a great deal. I wrote a letter to-day for Emma Thatcher to open on the anniversary of her nineteenth birthday. She insisted so much on my writing a letter for her, as a keepsake, that I concluded to comply with the request, though I've no idea that she will keep it a year and a half - unopened.

Monday, Nov.. 15<sup>th</sup> 1864. Mr. Brannon succeeded in having the negro arrested and taken to town.

Dr. Chenoweth called this morning. He says that Ann is continually taking cold and though he thought - the last time he was here - that this would be his last visit to her - she is worse now than she was then. Ma thinks that she overheats her room, and then lets it cool off.

Ma, Sallie and I, went to Mrs. Kennedy's, after school, and did not get home until quite late. Ma left word at home for Pa to come to meet us as it would probably be late, and we met him on the way. We stopped a few moments at Mr. Thatcher's. Ma thinks Mrs. K's baby quite large. It weighed 10 lbs. when a day old. He weighed 8 pounds.

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Mrs. Kennedy was sitting up.

Teusday Nov. 15<sup>th</sup> 1864. Aunt Susan sent Pa word to come by for her this evening, but Pa forgot to go. He would have gone back for her when he did think of it, but he was at home then. He ~~was~~ regrets it very much, and he was very busy until late - or he never would have forgotten it.

Pa had a new horse to the buggy - a horse that he has on trial, and as he was anxious to get out of town in time to meet the cars and see if the horse frightened at them - he did not think to go by for Aunt Susan, because he was already late and he was hurrying to get home. I suppose that Pa will arrange it all right with her and she'll come on the cars, this evening. A sewing girl is coming out with Pa for she cannot leave early enough to come on the cars.

Dr. Moore has gone into business in Jeffersonville - Indiana - and thinks of moving his family over there as soon he can get a house. His business in Louisville has gone down and he has gone into the same business at Jeffersonville. His business was the manufacture of farming implements.

I am very much afraid - if they leave, that some ~~bad-neig~~ disagreeable family will come there. I think that Dr. Moore will find it very inconvenient for him to live here & attend business in Jeffersonville.

Wednesday - Nov. 16<sup>th</sup> 1864. It has been cloudy ~~almost~~ all day and rained a little. It has been raining since supper. Pa went over to Mr. Thatcher's after supper, and Mr. Thatcher came here to try to persuade Ma to attend Mrs. Low's party to-morrow night. We received invitations last Saturday. Mrs. T\_\_ would not let Pa come with Mr. T.

Aunt Susan did not come - I suppose the weather was too disagreeable for her to have come.

Miss Davidson - the young lady who stays at the "Grover and Baker sewing machine establishment" - came out with Pa and is going back to town day after to-morrow.

Thursday, Nov. 17<sup>th</sup> Mr. Walker sent some candy out yesterday evening. I ate some - not because I felt like eating it at that time but because it looked so tempting - that I did not resist it. I feel badly from it this morning - and I really must be more particular. I have a swelling in my nose - dreadful unpleasant place for it! It certainly is very disagreeable. Breakfast bell is ringing. I must "gang awa'."

Friday - Nov, 18<sup>th</sup> 1864. Pa and I attended a very large party at Mrs. Emory Low's, last evening. It rained all day and was raining some when we ~~went~~ started. Ma went to town this morning. Ma expected to have gone but she gave it out for she felt bad and the weather was so unfavorable. I was so very much disappointed because she did not go.

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Everything was so elegant - table was beautiful. The dress of the ladies - hair and all is tending to that of centuries ago. Reminds me of pictures that I've seen - of queens of the olden times. We did not get home until half past four Friday morning - this morning. We did not intend to



stay until so unreasonable hour, but we kept waiting a few moments, for Mr. Thatcher, who wished to come with us. 'Twas not raining as we came home. We went by town and "Cave Hill Cemetery." Mrs. Low lives on Bardstown pike and about 7 or 8 miles from here. The hair of some of the ladies - the way it was dressed - looked like rats and mice had been playing in it. Pa seemed to think that Miss Nannie Carter's and Miss Lilli Ward's were the most ridiculous looking - but others made as much effort - I've no doubt, to get theirs so.

Saturday - Nov. 19<sup>th</sup> Ma and Sallie each received a letter this evening when Pa came home. Ma's from a Confederate soldier at Camp Douglass, asking Sallie for some clothing. It is strange how they find out to whom to write. His name is Lawrence Hamberger, of a Louisiana regiment. Sallie's was from Fannie Moore. I received a note from cousin Ida. She said that she saw her sweetheart, Mr. Nelson - Alice Macy's cousin - Saturday before last and she was so sorry that I could not see him. Myra and her husband have gone to England- they sailed on the 12<sup>th</sup> of October. Such are the vicissitudes of life. I wish that she may be happy under the change which has dawned upon her life. I hope that she will not live there.

Sunday - Nov. 20<sup>th</sup> 1864. I went to town with Pa this morning; he went to the Louisville Hotel to spend the day with Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Turner - who are staying there until they can get a place. Mr. Turner asked Pa to see Dr. Moore - & ascertain whether he could rent his place. Ma and Pa knew Mrs. Turner - at Hickman where she used to visit, and often be at our house. She was then Miss Mollie Gardner and lived at Dresden. She is sister to the Miss Mollie Gardner who so charmed Genl Cheatam, and a younger girl with whom Abbott Robinson was so much pleased.

I went to Christ Church. At the gate I met Mr. Wm Cornwall - Senior, who invited me to his pew, but I went with Mary Hewett who also invited me to set with her in her Pa's pew. Mrs. Cornwall has been sick in bed for three weeks. ~~She has dysentery~~ We knew nothing of it until to-day. I think I will make her some jelatine jelly and take it to her.

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I went to spend the remainder of the day with cousin Ida - and found them all at home. At three o'clock I went to the Bible Class meeting with her - at the Walnut Street Church - Baptist. I unintentionally got cousin Ida to laughing while there - and then I could not refrain from laughing but we stopped laughing before attracting any attention. As we went to church we saw a lady just in front of us fall flat into a gutter filled with mud and water.

Monday - Nov. 21<sup>st</sup> 1864.                      Teusday, Nov. 22<sup>nd</sup>

Wednesday, Nov. 23<sup>rd</sup> There is a party at Mrs. Walworth's to-night - given to Genl. Hardin and bride. I suppose that Genl. Hardin of the yankee army is Mrs. Walworth's brother ~~or cousin~~. Mr. Walworth was imprisoned, we heard - nearly four years ago - and has been paroled to the state of New York. He has come home to see his family - who have never been to see him. He is very disipated - and it is said that Mrs. W.'s brother who lives at Louisville[...] I believe that he is paroled, for a few days only.

We were not invited for Ma and Mrs. W\_\_ do not visit. They came here near the same time, and each thinks that the other came first, I suppose. Ma thinks Mrs. W\_\_ came here a good while before we did, or rather Pa said so, for Sallie was begging Ma to call on Mrs. W\_\_ and Pa said that she came here months before we did.

Wednesday - Nov. 23<sup>rd</sup> Aunt Susan, Cousin Ida, and Willie came out this evening. To-morrow is "Thanksgiving Day" and there will no school. After supper as cousin Ida wished,

we went over to Mr. Thatcher's - with Sallie and Willie. While we were there, Mr. Thatcher got Charlie Duff - who is overseer for Mr. T\_\_ to disguise himself as an old traveler and come to the front door. Mr. Thatcher said he could not remain all night but might come in and get warm. He looked so hideous that it frightened me - even though I knew who it was.

The Union people in town are going to give their troops a Thanksgiving dinner - to-morrow, and every man to have a turkey - in consequence of which, turkeys sold at \$5. apiece this evening.

Ma received a letter this evening, from a soldier at Johnsons Island - but Pa was mistaken about its being for Ma - 'twas for Mrs. E. Owens. Mrs. Eliza Owen I suppose, as Ma has often rec'd letters for her. This was a beautifully written letter from a prisoner to his Aunt. The letter was to care of W. W. Owens. There is a William Owens, I think, in Louisville.

48.

Ma ~~has~~ frequently receives letters for other persons. Sallie received a letter from Cora Henderson.

Thursday - 24<sup>th</sup> Ma sent for Mr. and Mrs. Thatcher to come over for dinner - Mrs. Thatcher and all the children except Eddie came. Mr. T\_\_ is having hogs killed to-day - and could not come. That is keeping thanksgiving day, with a vengeance - as many others keep it now-a-days. We did not dine until 4 o'clock, as the days are so short, and we are not in the habit of having three regular meals.

Friday - Nov. 25<sup>th</sup> Aunt Susan and Willie went home this morning. Cousin Ida has no school to-day - so will remain. Miss Davidson who spent yesterday in helping Ma to sew on the machine, went to town this morning. We did not get home until dark. Ma was very busy all day, shopping etc. I went out to Mrs. Wm. Dix's about 12 o'clock, and remained until about 2 o'clock. I showed her the letter which Ma rec'd from the soldier at Camp Douglass - Laurence Hamberger, and she says that she will furnish the shirts for Ma's box, and she went immediately down town to buy them, and I suppose that Ma can get them when she goes in Monday, to get some things herself.

As I was on my way up to the store this evening, Ma stopped me a moment on the corner of 4<sup>th</sup> and Market - and seeing a very nice looking man and handsome, leaning against a lamp post, she asked me if that was not Marshall Price. - I told her yes without turning to see, for I had recognized him and was just about ~~to speak about~~ to speak of him. I thought that when Ma spoke to him that she did not think about his being in the army. I looked to see if he had the uniform on - He had blue pants, but he did not wear the blue coat. His coat was of black with a cape - same style as the army coat - but better looking of course. His pants were in his high boots, and he did not seem to wear the yankee uniform.

Pa was not surprised at our seeing him for he has seen him and says that Mrs. Price and her daughter are living in Louisville. I think that Mr. Price is very handsome, but certainly was very foolish when here. When here, he and Mr. George Baber, who was also here, said that they were certainly going to join Genl. Morgan, the following spring. Ma asked him to come and see us, (still never thinking of his being in the army.[]) He said that he was in the

army and could not do exactly as he pleased now. Ma said - Ah, sure enough, you are! But you were a rebel and I did not think that you would change. He laughed and said that he had changed his mind.

Sunday, Nov. 27<sup>th</sup> Ma bought some goods yesterday to make ~~one~~ a cloak but finding difficulty in getting silk to match it told Pa that she thought 'twould be best for the cloak-maker not to cut the goods from the bolt, until she tries again for the trimming - so Pa called this morning to tell the woman - not to cut it to-morrow, until she came in. Pa says that he found the woman busy sewing. She told him that she did not like to sew on Sunday, but a lady that is going to New York to-morrow is waiting for her to finish a piece of work which she has had on hand several months, and she did not like to disappoint her.

She had better have slept to-day to prepare her-self to get up at 12 o'clock to-night, even if she had to use an light to sew by. That would be better than sewing on Sunday.

Yesterday I saw a list of names of escaped prisoners who escaped on their way from St. Louis to Johnson Island. One name was Lieut. Robert Russel, 8<sup>th</sup> Mo. I at-first thought it might be the one that wrote to Ma, but he was at Johnson's Island some time since. His name was O. R. Russel of Mo. and I think was a lieut.

~~Monday Nov, 28<sup>th</sup>~~ Friday Nov. Dec. 2<sup>nd</sup> 1864. Have been sick all week - have not attended school since to-day a week. I thought that I would be well enough to go this morning - but I got up with one of my severe headaches - I felt it in the night. I did not get relief until late this evening. 'Twas raining this morning before 7 - but true to the old saying - it ceased before eleven - though it did rain till some time after breakfast.

There has been a large - severe battle (severe on the Federals, I know) between Nashville and Franklin - Tennessee - between Gen'l. Hood and the vandal Gen'l Thomas. Yesterday - the authoratatives would not allow the afternoon papers to be published, for fear, I suppose, that something would slip out.

[The Battle of Franklin occurred late in the afternoon of November 30. The Union forces were commanded by Maj. Gen. John M. Schofield, on his way to join Thomas in Nashville. The Confederates were led by General John Bell Hood. The South lost 7,000 men, including six generals killed, five wounded and one captured. The North lost 2,326 men.]

Sherman is down in Georgia - gone as far as Milledgeville, and it is said - has gotten to Griffin. Lee with 30,000 of his veteran troops in front of Sherman. Hood with a large force behind and Beauregard somewhere about him. The only method of hearing from Sherman is through the Richmond, Va., papers. We hear the report that Gen'l. Cheatham is wounded, but we know nothing of the real truth.

Last Monday and Teusday [that would be November 28 and 29] - two nights in succession - Ma dreamed that

both of Sallie's birds were dead - saw them lying on the bottom of the cage - dead - killed by the cat. One of the birds [was] Sallie's little yellow one & the other - her dark green one. Ma said to me the next day that a ~~fight~~ battle must be pending - for she dreamed that same dream ~~almost~~ except about the cat - just before the battle of Murfreesboro.

I am almost sure 'twas on the same night - 29<sup>th</sup> & 30<sup>th</sup> - Ma dreamed it, that the fight took place. [She is probably referring to The Battle of Murfreesboro, or Stones River, which was fought from December 31, 1862, to January 2, 1863.]

The papers to-day like they do always after a battle - praise the gallantry of our [Southern] men. They say that they made 11 distinct assaults on the enemy's [Union] fortifications at Franklin in 5 hours. Our men are following[.] Genl Wilson [Brig. Gen. James H. Wilson, commanding the Union cavalry serving with Gen. Schofield] is retreating to Nashville, and is within 3 miles of it. Skirmishing going on - another large battle expected. May God crown the noble effort of our men with success, and I firmly believe that he will - but if not now, he will in the end of the strife. Under the most unfavorable circumstances, I deem it worse than sacrilege to despair.

Pa saw Mr. Walker, yesterday, and heard that cousin Mary is - or was lately - at Griffin - Geo. - retreating to Augusta, as the enemy advanced in that direction.

Mr. & Mrs. Foulkes, are in Paris at present. I think it very strange that they were married at Cairo - and that with other things confirm me in the belief that it was a runaway match - I hope not, but it must have gone very hard with Mrs. Moore to have had Myra marry at home (or even as 'twas) a man who fought against Georgia or was in the opposite army----however I never heard from any member of the family that he was a Federal officer - Miss Lou only spoke of his being an Englishman. (?) I am afraid that 'twas a sad incident in the family. I am very glad that Myra has so much advantage in traveling - I think they will go to Italy from Paris.

We were quite surprised to hear, yesterday, of old Mrs. Thompson's death. She died in town - she has very recently left this neighborhood and moved to town. Mr. T\_\_ and Miss Lillie were not at home but arrived in time to see her before her burial which took place yesterday. A "post-mortem" examination was made, and her heart was found to be ossified.

Day before yesterday - Mrs. Brown's funeral procession passed here. We were not acquainted with her but she lived about a mile and half ~~above us~~ beyond us.

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Mr. Beckett - I think - preached both funerals, for both ladies were members of his church.

Ma took tea over to Mrs. Thatchers - last evening - and Pa went for her after tea. She did not know of Mrs. Thompson's death until then.

Lucy Thatcher is spending to-night with Sallie. Emma was over to see me yesterday afternoon. Sidney has been sick most all week - and little Lizzie Williams, Emma says, has some kind of fever. She has not been to school for more than a week - was not there on Friday the last day I was at school.

Saturday. 3<sup>rd</sup> Ma went to town this morning to attend to getting the box of clothing off - but Mr. Thatcher's contribution was not such as enabled Ma to get the box off to-day. Some woman who keeps a store in town, told Ma that some friends of hers would be in to church tomorrow and she would try to get some contributions from them, for Ma to get on Monday. She says that those friends are seldom called on to give anything.

Monday, Dec. 5<sup>th</sup> 1864. Ma went to town to-day with Pa. Just as she was starting - Sallie came from the school house and told her that Mrs. Tom M. Horne, from Columbus - was in town and wished to come out here. Jennie Moore said Mrs. H\_\_ spent the day with a cousin of J. M. and told her to send word to Ma through Dr. Moore's family.

Pa had the small rockaway brought out from town, Saturday, and Ma left word for Uncle Minor to go in with it, about three o'clock. Ma went to town to get the box of clothing ready to send to Camp Douglass. She told me to ride down to Mrs. Shreeve's this afternoon, and to ask Miss Mary - something about the permit. I went to school to-day - but Ma wrote a note to Miss Marsh requesting her to let me come home at 3 o'clock - which she did as I am not entirely well yet - and Ma wishes me to ride on horseback. I was not as well as Ma thought but I thought that I would go to school anyway.

Mrs. Shreeve and Miss M. S. had just returned from town. Miss Grace and Octavia were not at home. They met Ma in town and advised her to write to the soldier to send the permit, from the authorities at Camp Douglass. Miss Shreeve had just received a box of chessmen and a breastpin from a Capt in prison at Johnson's Island. They were very nice indeed to be made in prison.

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Mrs. Horne came out with Ma, and has her two children with her - two very pretty and interesting little boys - one about 6 or 7 and the other 4 years of age. Since Mr. Horne's death - Capt. Horne - she has been almost entirely dependent on her friends for support or her own exertions, and she looks very care worn indeed. She has a great many warm friends. It was a mistake about her sending the word that Sallie brought. She is well acquainted with some of Dr. Moore's relations and told his cousin to tell Miss Millie Moore who visits Dr. M's a great deal - & was there a short time ago - to let Ma know she was in town & say that she'd be glad to see her. Jennie said she was at Mrs. Owens' & Ma & Pa had a good deal of trouble in finding her for there are several Mrs. Owens in Louisville - but at last found her at Mrs. Willet Owens on Walnut near 8<sup>th</sup> street, and she came.

She has been here a week - and expects to go up to her Uncle's near Jericho, Ky. on Saturday when her Uncle will go up. Jericho is between here and Frankfort. She has a brother who would support her if he could get to her, but he - Mr. Henry Steely - is in Texas, where he cannot even hear from her, & I suppose ~~cannot~~ has not heard of Capt. Horne's death, though he was killed gallantly fighting at the head of the Columbus Rebels - in that brilliant raid of Genl. John Morgan's - on Hartville, Tennessee, sometime ago.

Teusday - Dec. 6<sup>th</sup> 1864. Mr. Walker came out with Pa. He brought even more candy and apples than usual.

Wednesday - Dec 17th Mr. W. left this morning.

Thursday. It is severely cold to-day - freezing hard. The military are impressing horses - allowing no horses to leave town but such as are exempt from the impressment and precious few are. They take ponys too. They have not as yet come to the country but they caught a great number of horses which went to town before the people heard of impressment. Soldiers are being sent against the rebels who are said to be all through Ky. They took the horses from the livery stables - private stables - omnibuses - street cars - Express wagons (which have heretofore been spared) and even took the trained horses from the fire-engines - but they went off a few steps at a rapid trot & the horses puffed & blew so much that they let them be. The horses belonging to the engines are as well trained or used to their business, that if they are lying down they jump up when the fire bell rings - and back out of their stalls for the harness to be put on them -

then they go to their respective places at the engine. Ever in as much of a hurry as the firemen.

They are kept housed up so closely & fed so well that they are very fat, and not being used to hard work - they would not, of course, suit the cavalry service. Pa says that the men who take horses are giving government notes of a value agreed upon - & it is being conducted in a very regular way. Mr. John Cornwall's carriage horses were taken but Pa got them off for ~~Mr. C.~~ him. Pa came back after hearing the morning news - & got Uncle Minor to bring his horse back from the top of the hill, as some of the neighbors are doing and walking from the guard which is at the bridge.

Friday - Dec. 9<sup>th</sup> They are still impressing - have not been here yet but I expect that they will come.

Saturday - Dec. 10<sup>th</sup> Mrs. Horn and her little boys left this morning though, the ground is covered with snow which fell between dinner time yesterday and this morning. It is several inches deep. Pa ventured to take one of the horses to town this morning - hoping to get a pass to come out. He saw no guards at all. We regretted to see Mrs. Horne leave. She is a very sweet lady and her little boys are very interesting. They were not at all troublesome but I could scarcely study for playing with them. They are so sweet - we all miss them.

Sunday - Dec. 11<sup>th</sup> A Sunday School Missionary - Mr. Bliss - was at our school-house last week and wishes to start the Sunday school, afresh, at our school house. He made an appointment to meet with all who could go - at that place to-day. The weather is so extremely cold - & the ground is covered with snow - that he did not come. There was no one there scarcely - Sallie went over. Mr. Bliss sent word to Mr. Theodore Brown - a great Sunday school man - to come down and be superintendant. Mr. Brown lives nearly three miles distant but he came to-day.

Monday - Dec. 12<sup>th</sup> I received a very affectionate letter to-night from Myra - who begged me to forgive her seeming negligence, etc. for she was so busy just before leaving home - that she did not have time to write. She says that she would certainly have told me of her engagement had she been with me - but she was afraid to write it when our letters were continually liable to be opened. She wrote from Berlin, Prussia, where she will remain several months. On the ocean - the str. Washington - on which she crossed - ran into another ship and frightened the passengers very much. The steamer which the Washington ran into did not have her lights up. Washington was an iron clad vessel and sustained no damage - but in a few hours the wooden vessel sunk - the Washington [went] up along side of her & saved the crew.

It ~~was~~ must have been a mistake, I suppose, about Myra's having gone to Liverpool for Myra writes that she landed at Cherbourg and went directly to Paris - from thence to Berlin. I said that the vessel sunk - but I suppose it did not as the Washington towed her to Cherbourg a distance of 40 miles from the place of collision. Myra expected to have landed at La Havre, - but she & Mr. Foulkes - of whom she speaks most affectionately & trustingly - took leave of the Washington at Cherbourg.

Teusday, Dec. 13<sup>th</sup> Mr. Dick Prather came out with Pa this evening. We did not know that he was up at Louisville. He ~~had~~ wore the most excellent, genteel suit of clothes, which Mrs. Prather made for him. Every one who sees it - wants it - Pa brought me a note from Myra this evening with a photograph of herself and Mr. Foulkes. It is a very fine looking picture. Myra

had her hair combed beautifully - and she looks exactly ~~much more~~ like a fully matured woman now. In the picture I already had she looked much more girlish - but now she dresses more like a woman. The only objection that I could find in Mr. F\_\_'s was that he had his hair ~~combed~~ parted on the top of his head. Hers was parted at the side. It may be the fashion in Berlin and it may be his habit.

Wednesday Dec. 14<sup>th</sup> 1864. Mr. Prather says that he wants me to wait for Tommie - Ma said that he might follow Charlie's example and marry down South but Mr. Prather thinks not - for Tommy is in more active service than Charlie. He is in Henderson's command - I think. He says that Tommy is very handsome now - and I must be sure to wait for him. It sounds funny to be talking about my waiting for any body - so Ma said. I remember how Charlie and George look but I don't remember much about Tommy. I have seen Charlie and George since I have seen Tommy.

Col. D. A. Outlaw is on Genl Forest's staff - Genl. Forest will have no men on his staff but those whose courage has been tested.

Thursday Dec. 15<sup>th</sup> Mr. Walker told Ma when he was here that he was coming out on Wednesday morning two weeks from then - next Wednesday - in a hack - for Ma to tell him something to get for our Christmas gifts. Ma won't let tell him of anything. He asked me if I had a gold pencil - and I told him yes.

Friday, Dec. 16<sup>th</sup> 1864 Saturday Dec. 17<sup>th</sup> We intended to go to town this morning to make some visits but we have had such bad weather lately - that it is so very muddy - then it rained some this morning, and though we intended to stay in until after supper and attend an opera which is now is Louisville, we had just given up going when we heard the very sad and unexpected ~~news~~ notice of the death of Blanche Buford McDowell - so we went to town and attended the funeral and ~~went to the~~ burial. She died on Thursday of Nervous Rheumatism we heard from Harry Crutcher. She has been

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sick three weeks - but it does not seem so long since I met her on the street - laughing and talking as she usually did - but she was not so very fleshy as she had been though she seemed perfectly well. She was shrouded beautifully - and her coffin was beautiful - the lid which was entirely of glass was almost covered with flowers. She looked very natural and the same calm ~~attract~~ interesting expression pervaded her face that did while she lived - only it was unvariable. Mr. McKee's remarks were very touching and appropriate - I thought - though sometimes he was entirely too abrupt or plain spoken.

They put her into a vault - but I suppose not to remain long. There was a very pretty obituary with a notice of her death. I cannot realize that Blanche - the healthiest looking girl I knew of - is dead. She was in her 15<sup>th</sup> year.

We met Mr. Prather in town. He said he was going to start home at four o'clock. I wrote a long letter to Myra - yesterday - also one to Addie Lester.

Sunday - Dec. 18<sup>th</sup> Raining to-day. It seems that we are going to have nothing but gloomy weather. I went to Sunday school to-day - but there was no regular organization as there were few grown persons. I should take a class - were I not going to leave in February - but I may take one anyway for a short time - i.e. of course, a class of very small children - for Mr. Bliss - contrary to the general way of having an infant class - proposed having only 7 or 8 children in a class.

Monday - December the 19<sup>th</sup> 1864    Teusday - December 20<sup>th</sup>    Wednesday - December the 21<sup>st</sup> To-day I am exactly 16 yrs. and a half old.

Thursday, Dec. 22<sup>nd</sup>    Friday, Dec. 23<sup>rd</sup> 1864. I did not stay at school all morning for Miss Marsh did not hear the lessons. We had our paper read and recitations in poetry this afternoon. Sid Kennedy - Jennie Cary - Sallie Wingate and myself read the papers. We had a good deal of company, but they came late. The exercises were better than usual. Paper was very good.

~~Saturday Dec. 24<sup>th</sup> Ground still covered with snow but it is very~~

Dec. 24<sup>th</sup> Saturday morn. The ground is still covered with snow but it is very warm and bright over head - and the snow is fast melting. The weather is very pleasant with the exception of the snow - and Ma & I will take advantage of it to return some visits in town.

Night. We stopped at Mrs. Pearson's as we went in ;but she was not at home. We found Mrs. Cornwall and Mrs. Grey at home & had very pleasant visits. Mrs. John Grey is boarding at Mrs. Zane's - corner of 7<sup>th</sup> and Kentucky streets. Ma knew Mrs. Grey at Columbus. I did not expect to see her daughter - Maggie Grey - but she had just returned from Danville, to spend Christmas Holidays. I was very much pleased with her.

Mr. Walker spoke of coming out this evening - but he could not come. He would stop at Schultzes and get Ma, Sallie and me - a beautiful box apiece from Schultzes fancy Christmas table which he has just brought from Germany. I went too see Mary Hewett and Mary Barbaroux - then went with Ma to Mrs. Crutcher's.

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Christmas

Sunday - Dec. 25<sup>th</sup> 1864. I received a great deal of candy &c from Mr. Walker - a silk scarf ~~from~~ and \_\_\_\_\_ from Ma, A 50 dollar cloak from Pa about a week ago - A fancy box from Mr. W. for Christmas gifts. Ma, Pa Sallie and I went to "Christ Church" this morning - expecting to see Sid Kennedy confirmed but the confirmation was this afternoon at half past three. Pa spoke of ~~coming~~ going back to it, but that would have been too fatiguing - so I went to Mrs. Crutcher's and spent the night - and Mrs. C\_\_ and Nellie went with me to the Church. I was very anxious to be confirmed at the same time.

Monday Dec. 26<sup>th</sup> 1894. Went with Nellie to the children's fair at Misses Barbaroux School to-day. M. Barbaroux and M. Hewett came out to Sid's this evening on the cars. They came by Mrs. C's for me, to come with them but I preferred coming with Pa.

Mr. Walker could not come out to-day as he wished on account of the bad weather, but he sent me an elegant writing desk - all furnished - and Sallie an ~~elegant~~ fine gold and black pencil.

Teusday - Dec. 27<sup>th</sup>    Wednesday Dec. 28<sup>th</sup> Sid, and the two Mary's came up here to-day. They went through the mud to Dr. Craik's and then came here. Sid does not look well. Sa Cousin Ida & Sallie Neill came out with Pa ~~this~~ yesterday eve. Emma T\_\_ and Ella Ross came over after supper and staid till bedtime. They came to see me about having some tableaux at Mr. Thatcher's Friday night. I declined taking part, but Cousin Ida & Sallie Owens did not.

~~Friday~~ Saturday Dec. 31<sup>st</sup> 1864. The Tableaux are over after bother and trouble, bother & trouble not to Mr T's family - only but to ours. They did not have very many tableaux but had Cinderella played. Sallie O. was "Cinderella" - Cousin Ida - "Prince Amour" - Jennie Cary - "Lady Disdain" - Miss Anna Brannon - "Fantassia" - E. Thatcher and Ella Ross - "Ladies Charlotte and Annabella" - Frank Walworth - "King" - Blanche Seaton - "Queen" - Sallie



Wingate - "Lord Easygoing" and some little boys the courtiers. I had a hard time to get off, from participating.

I had such a sore toe yesterday - I couldn't get my shoe on for a long time. My feet are snow burnt - frost bitten - or something of the kind - I have sore feet every cold spell of weather.

Mrs. T. had a very nice supper. We left about 12 o'clock. ~~I am going to~~ Sid was not there. It commenced snowing hard just before dark yesterday evening - and snowed unceasingly ~~for~~ until after we went to bed. The snow was nearly two inches deep when we went and coming back it was over our gum shoes.

Sallie Neill intended to go with Pa to town this morning - ~~but~~ and Cousin Ida was going to remain till Monday - but they were impressing horses in town last night - Pa heard - so both went in for fear of Pa's horses being taken - and they could not go with him Monday - & the weather is so unfavorable to their going on the cars.

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Mrs. Crutcher was all ready to come with Pa when it commenced snowing so hard. Nellie came out Wednesday evening and went home Friday morn. Ma sent Mrs. C\_\_ word to come for she knew she had intended to come and Ma did not expect to go to Mrs. T's - But - she did go over - rather late.

Uncle Mortimer sent Sallie and me a nice gold pen apiece - for our writing desks, by Pa ~~this evening~~ Wednesday eve. Cousin Ida was busy learning the part of "Prince" in "Cinderella" - and as Pa came home early - and told Ma that this was the last night of the opera - & the whole troupe would appear for the first time - and he offered to take Mama to it - she at last consented to go - and she, Pa and I went in.

We paid dear for it. We went in the little rockaway and when we drove back to the Theatre building to look in vain for Ma's muff - which she ~~accident~~ lost - Pa lost his whip - and ~~the~~ each of our tickets were \$2.00. We were very much pleased with the opera. We were so much interested in looking at the box in which were the Ward family - where Mrs. ~~Sallie~~ Hunt - formerly the great belle of Louisville - Miss Sallie Ward - was - that Ma just have dropped her muff then. She cautioned me to drop nothing and did not miss her muff until she got into the rockaway at the livery stable. It was snowing hard when we left the opera, but it did not last long. We had a dark drive - from home to the streets lamps in town, & also from the end of town back home, but we did not get cold, for Pa drove so rapidly.

[Two sentences, apparently added just a bit later to this page, are immediately below.]

They played "Les Huguenots" [opera by Giacom Meyerbeer, 1836] last night.

It was 'Grover's' opera.

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Sunday January 1<sup>st</sup> 1865.

The weather is similar to what it was last "New Year," by being very cold - but the ground is covered with snow and the sun shines very warm - so it is really a great deal better than this time last year Last "New Years" week, we had a very deep snow - and we had no school. I do not think that this snow will cause us to have another week's holiday - though I would not be regretful if it should - for last week was not spent as agreeably as I hoped to have spent it. Last New Year's day we had a houseful of company - and we have had it, almost continually throughout the year. To-day we are very quiet.

Jan. 2<sup>nd</sup> Monday night - Wednesday - Jan. 4<sup>th</sup> Ma went to town to-day, and she got some contributions to start her in getting the box of clothing for another soldier at Camp Douglass, and then she or rather Pa had ~~for~~ a letter, ~~for~~ requesting \$10.

Thursday, January 5<sup>th</sup> I rode on horseback up to Mrs. Duffs this evening to see what she would charge for making some of the soldiers clothes, & how much material was necessary; I rode up with Charlie and Lizzie Williams, who live near Mrs. Duff - and finding that the latter person was not at home, I went to Mr. Williams' - thinking she might be there and I was anxious to see her, but I could not see her.

The snow has been fast melting away all day - and the ground has been thawing - so it [is] very muddy from the pike, through Williams' lane, and quite up to Mr. W's house - so muddy, that it is really dangerous to ride through it even, for the road is uneven in good and dry weather. Pony has not been out of the stable to be ridden since sometime before they were impressing horses and was rather gay anyway - and in Mr. Williams' lot leading to his front yard, Pony would sink in the soft ground which made my ride very disagreeable & tiresome for everytime ~~she~~ ~~would~~ one of her feet would sink in a hole, it would frighten her and she would begin to cut up. It is very muddy on the pike, and I was literally spattered with mud.

Friday January 6<sup>th</sup> 1865. We commenced reading Mythology Monday instead of review lessons - ~~or~~ exercises which we have been having heretofore. I do not have to study it - ~~but~~ and I like it for a light exercise of memory - but the other girls have to study it, and seem to have a good deal of difficulty in getting it - I suppose, because it is new to them, and I have learned something of it heretofore, by various ways. There are advantages after all in changing schools so often, and being thrown in various schools at different places. Though I have not been confined at a school as many are from the time they are old enough to learn to read, I have traveled and learned ~~as much~~ more in that way than at school for I had the

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foundation laid for learning at school.

It has been raining all day and this evening, it hailed and turned colder. The dampness of to-day has given me one of my severe headaches -which is increasing - so that I must quit writing.

Six of our girls were absent to-day - among them Sidney and Pattie Kennedy & Jennie Cary. Jennie Cary was sick and went home yesterday morning after reciting "Algebra and Geometry." She is well to-day but I do not know why she did not go to school. Emma Thatcher has ~~to~~ never spoken poetry until to-day. She would not do it, but I think her Pa requires it now - and when Miss Marsh called for her, she recited her poetry as well as any ~~one~~ of the girls. This evening I spoke "The Well of St. Keyne" Miss Marsh gave us permission to recite one of our old pieces to-day - but Wednesday night, I concluded to learn a new piece & did so in about fifteen minutes - perfectly - but the piece was easy. I have said some good pieces, but I do not think this good, much, but as I memorized it, copy it.

The Well of St. Keyne.

By Southby (Whom Byron calls a fool, but Byron is not very sparing in his criticisms.)

St. Keyne was a Welsh princess who lived and dies near the well named after her. It is popularly believed that before her death she laid on the water, the spell described in this ballad.

1<sup>st</sup> A well there is in the Western Country

And a clearer one never was seen -  
There is not a wife in the Western Country,  
But has heard of the "Well of St. Keyne."  
2<sup>nd</sup> An oak and an elm tree stand beside  
And behind does an ash tree grow,  
And a willow tree from the bank above  
Droops to the water below.  
3<sup>rd</sup> A stranger came to the "Well of St. Keyne,  
joyfully he drew nigh;  
For from Cock-Crow he had been traveling -  
And there was not a cloud in the sky.  
4<sup>th</sup> He drank of the water so cool and clear  
For thirsty and hot was he,  
And he sat down upon the bank  
Under the willow tree.  
5<sup>th</sup> There came a man from the neighboring town,  
At the well to fill his pail;  
On the well side he rested it  
And he bade the stranger hail.

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6<sup>th</sup> Now art thou a bachelor, Stranger? quoth he,  
For an [if] thou hast a wife,  
The happiest draught thou hast drunk this day  
That ever thou didst in thy life.  
7<sup>th</sup> Or has thy good woman if one thou hast,  
Ever here, in Cornwall been  
For an (if) she have, I'll venture my life -  
She has drunk of the "Well of St. Keyne."  
8<sup>th</sup> I have left a good woman, who never was here,  
The stranger made reply;  
But that my draught should be better for that,  
I pray you answer me why.  
9<sup>th</sup> St. Keyne, quoth the Cornish man, many a time  
Drank of this crystal well -  
And before the angel summoned her  
She laid on the water a spell -  
10<sup>th</sup> If the husband, of this gifted well  
Shall drink before his wife -  
A happy man henceforth is he  
For he shall be master for life.  
11<sup>th</sup> But if the wife should drink of it first -  
God help the husband then!  
The stranger stooped to the water again -  
And drank of the "Well of St. Keyne".

12<sup>th</sup> You drank of the water, I warrant betimes -  
He to the Cornish man said -  
But the Cornish man smiled as the stranger spoke -  
And sheepishly shook his head.  
13<sup>th</sup> I hastened as soon as the wedding was done,  
And left my wife in the porch;  
But i' faith, she had been wiser than I,  
For she took a bottle to church.

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Saturday - January 7<sup>th</sup> 1865. Mrs. Wingate has consented to take two more boarders - a gentleman and lady - an Episcopalian minister and his wife - who have lately come from Mississippi and Louisiana. I do not think an Episcopalian minister and a Campbellite one - especially Mr. Johnston - will get along smoothly together - and Mrs. Wingate is a Presbyterian.

Pa says the gentleman - Mr. Geo. Harris - seems to be a very nice gentleman. Pa took a note to him from Mrs W\_\_ & Mr. Harris came to the store.

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Saturday, Jan. 7<sup>th</sup> 1865. This morning when we got up - the ground was covered with snow. The nine o'clock train did not come down until 12.

Ma gave Mr. Thatcher permission to ask his acquaintances - for money for the soldiers - in her name. This morning he came over with the contributions that he had gotten. They amounted to \$22. The gentleman [sic] had been very liberal. Mr. Hardin even, who would not listen to giving a cent to Mrs. Coake and told Mr. Albert Hardin not to - gave a dollar for Ma's box. Nobody expected him - a union man - to give anything - especially Mr. Hardin, to give and Mr. Thatcher merely asked him. He said it was on Ma's account that he contributed - and not for Mr. T.

Sunday Jan'y. - 8<sup>th</sup> 1865. This is the anniversary of the "Battle of New Orleans."

Monday Jan'y - 9<sup>th</sup> 1865. Rain to-day - then hail and snow. This evening, late, Mrs. Wingate came over to sit a few moments, and returned before supper. I think she must have had a disagreeable time of it, in the rain and snow.

Teusday. ~~To-day it~~ This morning it rained and before dinner we had a regular snow storm. We never saw it snow so hard. It ceased towards night. Mr. Thatcher came over last night.

Wednesday - 11<sup>th</sup> This morning the "Democrat" announced the burning of the "Galt House" - about one o'clock last night. Many persons in the neighborhood saw the light. Mr. Cornwall witnessed it and said that the conflagration was terrible. They know of one man that was burned. They think the most probable manner by which the fire could have started was as follows -

There was a dumb waiter by which they sent coals up to the stories and careless servants were in the habit of throwing ashes from grates into the hole of wood from which the waiter came - and it is supposed that fire was thrown there for the flames rapidly enveloped the entire back end of the building - very rapidly - and the halls were filled with smoke. The wind blew in a direction favoring the fire. There are various conjectures on the subject. One store house was burned by the falling of a wall. The hotel was burned to the very ground. It was a tremendous

fire - yet not half the town knew of it. Almost everything in the building was lost. The halls being filled with smoke from the first made it impossible to do more than barely escape with life.

The man whose bones were found is thought to have started out with another man, and was suffocated in the hall. The Galt-House is a great loss to Louisville and has been built more than 30 years I think.

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Many say that they smelt fire at four o'clock in the evening and noticed smoke in the house when they retired to bed.

Thursday - Jan. 12<sup>th</sup> Ma received a letter last night from the soldier - Mr. Laurence Hamerger - acknowledging the reception of the box of clothing and saying that they fit him exactly

Friday. Ma went to town to-day. She was very successful in getting the box of clothing. She got the whole suit except socks, for \$29 and the clothing was very good. The southern man, from whom she bought everything but the socks - which were contributed - gave her a bargain. The box is not ready to go - but Ma thinks of putting the \$10 for the other soldier in this box.

To-day's "Journal" has the following piece on the burning of the Galt House. I intended to copy the more particular account from the "Democrat," but it has been destroyed, I think. "The Journal" gives no particulars.

"The Galt House is in ruins! The beautiful structure has succumbed to the ravages of the destroying element. The fire has done its work. The Stately edifice, so long the pride and fame of our city, is now a huge, unshapely mass. Nothing but the naked, blackened crumbling walls of the building, remain to mark the spot, and tower, sepulchral like, over the piles of rubbish and the waste of ruin.

[“]For years the Galt House has been associated with the name of Louisville, and the one was not more widely known than the other. We can gaze upon the heap of ruins only with feelings of sadness. Many fond associations were connected with the building, but nearly all have been swept away by the ruthless hand of fire. Around each room clustered memories dear to the heart, and the corridors and parlors, long so familiar to the public, seemed like old friends. The famous men of the land have mingled with the throngs in the parlors, trod the halls with stately steps, and wooed [sic] sweet sleep upon the downy beds of the rooms. In the spacious dining-salon, hundreds of guests, daily gathered around the tables, and the buzz of white-liveried servants, the flashes of merriment, the expression of sentiment, the sparkle of bright-eyes, the wealth of beaming smiles, the reflection of mirrors, the gay decorations, and the murmur of voices - gave an air of enchantment to the place, and made it seem almost like a vision from fairy-land. Who can tell how many conquests have been made beneath the roof of the stately building, how often Cupid has practiced his wiles, and how many hearts surrendered to the god of love.

[“]But memories of joyous scenes [are]

not alone associated with the building. Down the halls with slow and measured tread, have been borne the biers, and in the parlors, cofined forms of the honored dead have been laid in state. The plumed hearse has waited at the door and uncovered heads have been bowed in mute respect and sorrow. The news of the destruction of the Galt House, as it spreads throughout the land, will awaken feeling of regret and sadness in the hearts of many of the illustrious sons of America now in the enjoyment of life. In the halls of Congress the news will receive something more than a passing thought. Gen. Grant in his camp on the James, surrounded by his soldiers, will remember how he moved through the grand old halls and claimed the admiration of the bustling throng; Gen. Sherman as he gazes out upon the placid bosom of the sea, for a few moments will forget the present, and hold communion with the past, and around the Galt House will centre many a thought.

[“]But why call names. Thousands will read the news of the destruction of the famous building with feeling of regret. It will awaken old memories and strangely blend the past with the present - Black and gaunt like stand the ruins now, monuments of departed glory. In one short night the work of destruction was completed. The flames curled high, hissed with fury, and then died out, leaving a waste of desolation and heaps of rubbish as a specimen of their handiwork.

[“]We view the blackened walls, and with old associations thronging the mind, were it not called unmanly to weep, a tear would gather in the eye, and sadly fall, consecrated to the past and to the departed glory of the once proud and noble structure.[“]

From the same Journal  
The Galt House Disaster.-

[“]The remains of a body were removed yesterday from the ruins of this building. It is supposed to be Mr. Mills. The head and upper part of the throat is in such a condition that it is thought it will be impossible to recognize it. The body was taken to the office of Dr. Cummins on second street, between Market & Jefferson, where it can be seen. The supposition prevails that quite a number of persons are buried under the ruins. Will Hanna of Shelbyville, supposed to have been one of the occupants of room No. 155,

and a lady and her child are missing. The origin of the Galt House fire is a mystery. Opinions differ whether it was the work of an incendiary or caused by embers falling among some clothes in the back part of the building. The public are inclined to believe that it was willfully and maliciously set on fire. The approximate loss is \$800,000, of which there is insurance of about \$250,000.

[“]The building adjoining the hotel, the property of the Ballard heirs, was occupied by W. Buchanan, grocer, and O. W. Thomas, pork merchant; 400 barrels of whiskey was in store, belonging to Thomas, who estimates his loss at \$18,000, insured; 900 barrels of flour, owned by Smith and Ferguson, no insurance; wheat the amount of \$5,000, belonging to Brandeis and Crawford, insured.

[“]Buchanan estimates his loss at \$17,000 which is covered by insurance.[“]

Friday, Jan'y 13<sup>th</sup> 1865. Morning. Mr. Hanna supposed to have been burned has made his appearance it is reported - and it is now said that two men were the only persons lost. I suppose it never will be known, who was lost - for I think that the register was burned.

Saturday, Jan. 14<sup>th</sup> 1865. Friday afternoon, I left school about 3 o'clock, when my recitations were finished, and came home to go to the city. Pa took his buggy in, ~~this~~ Friday morning, so I could not go to the street cars as I expected - in the little rockaway ~~this~~ Friday evening - for Pa was assisting Mr. Thatcher to fill his ice house, but Mrs. Isaac's sent her carriage by for me, as it went to the termination of the street railroad to meet Mr. Isaac's - and I went in that, to the cars ~~where~~ in which I rode to first street. I went to Uncle Mortimer's - and spent the night and to-day. Mr. and Mrs. Brice Grubbs were there to-day. They board at the National Hotel, in the fifth story and are very anxious to get away from there now.

I had a very pleasant visit. I saw the ruins of the Galt House, which are very near Mr. Cornwall's store, being only half a square, on the same side of Main, from it, but the store is between 2<sup>nd</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup>, while the Galt House was on the corner of 2<sup>nd</sup> and Main.

Sunday, Jan'y 15<sup>th</sup> 1865. I attended Sabbath school this afternoon, although the walking was very bad. I gave my class some tickets for knowing their lessons, and ~~if~~ they pleased them very much.

Sallie Wingate came home with me.

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Monday, Jan'y 16<sup>th</sup> 1865. Sallie's fourteenth birthday. Papa gave her a beautiful plain gold ring. I was very sick this morning, and even now, I can scarcely write for a dreadful pain in my side. I did not go to school. In town Friday, I got my feet very wet for I did not wear gum shoes - as I wore my thick leather shoes. I have a terrible cold, and cough.

Wednesday - I went to school about 11 o'clock yesterday morn.

Thursday, Jan. 19<sup>th</sup> 1865. I spent last night with Emma Thatcher and Ella Ross - at Mr. Thatcher's. I really am not well enough to leave home, but as I expect to start to school at Leroy, New York, on next Monday a week, I thought I would go, for Mama said I ought to stay once before leaving.

Mama received four letters this morning from prisoners of war at Camp Douglass - near Chicago - Ill., asking -, two for money - one for clothing and I believe one from Laurence Hamberger . ~~One address was William D~~ The addresses of those who have written to Mama for clothing or money are the following.

Mr. Laurence Hamberger

Co. F- 1<sup>st</sup> Louisiana regiment,  
Squad No. 18, Barracks, 16, Camp Douglass  
Chicago - Illinois.

Mr. D. Deshea

Co. E, 16<sup>th</sup> Arkansas regiment  
Squad. 18. Barracks 16 Camp Douglass, Chicago, Ill.

William Dodd -

Co. F. 64<sup>th</sup> North Carolina reg't. Barracks 25

J. J. Thompson  
Co. 15 Alabama regiment.

Papa burned a number of letters to himself, being unable to supply the soldiers. Would that I could supply them all!

Friday, Jan. 20<sup>th</sup> Cousin Ida came out on the cars this afternoon - she and Willie. They were here when I came from school. I received a letter from Cousin Lee last night - she is very sad, since the death of darling little Willie. Mama went to town to-day to do some shopping and to try to get money to buy the clothing for the prisoners - who wrote next to Mr. Deshea. She was much more successful than ever before. She got \$44,

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enough to ~~send~~ enable her to send off two letters containing \$10 each and almost enough left for the box of clothing. Mr. Lawrence Hamberger - said in his letter acknowledging the receipt of his box that if not intruding too much, he had a friend named Hugh Thompson who would send Mama a list of some articles in which he was very much in need, if she could send them.

Saturday 1<sup>st</sup> January. Mama wrote some letters this morning, one to D. Deshea inclosing ten dollars, one to L. Hamberger telling him that his friend might send the list, and another to W. Dodd with ten dollars enclosed. To-night she received a letter from L. Hamberger, almost the same as the one before it. I suppose he thought she had not received the next to this as she did not answer it until this morning.

Mama will not go with me to Leroy as she expected, but if nothing happens to prevent she will go up in June. Papa will not go either for Uncle Mortimer is going to Canada and I shall go with him. None of my acquaintances know of Papa's intentions, as yet - for I have told no one - nor has it been spoken of out of the family. It is only a week from to-morrow before I am to start. I know it will be a trying ordeal for me ~~but~~ and I do not love to speak of it.

Sallie Wingate was here this afternoon. We - Cousin Ida, Sallie, Willie and I - went to Mrs. Wingate's last evening and had a fine time, going through the snow for we went straight ~~through~~ across Mrs. Wingate's pasture.

Papa got me a very nice traveling basket to-day. Mama did not like the one he got me to take to the Cave.

Sunday, Jan. 22<sup>nd</sup> 1865. The 22<sup>nd</sup> of February is set apart by our President ( I am not speaking ironically) as a day of humiliation, thanksgiving and prayer.

Monday, Jan. 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1865. Cousin Ida went home this morning, though the ground was covered with snow - and it was snowing very hard when she started. I went to school, and it soon quit snowing but snowed at intervals during the day. It was very cold. I was cold - yet had inward fever. I spent a very uncomfortable day - and am still so.

Aunt Susan sent the net home this evening that she has been making for me - for me to try on and see if it was large enough. I got the silk for her and she was so

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kind as to knit it for me. One large spool "knets" three nets, I believe, and it only costs \$1.75 whereas one net (a nice one) cannot be bought for less than \$2. The net is a beautiful one, but not quite large enough - so I returned it to be enlarged a little.



Teusday Jan 25<sup>th</sup> I spent a restless night. Had a fever all night - and this morning I had a violent headache - which lasted all day. I felt easier very late this evening and sat up until bed-time.

Wednesday. I feel much better this morning but not well. I have marked most of my clothes that will need washing at school. Papa and Mama told Sallie this morning to tell Miss Marsh that I am going to New York - Monday - & to ask her to come over and take tea with us this evening.

Night. About dinner time, Mama was taken with so violent a headache which has been coming on all day from cold she took yesterday - that I doubted if she would be able to have Miss Marsh come this evening, and sure enough she had to send her word to come to-morrow and Miss M\_\_ said it suited her quite as well. She seemed very much surprised of course, & expressed great regret - Sallie said - to lose me from school, but said she knew it would be better for me.

Papa brought me a silver napkin ring Teusday evening, but took it in to have the name carved in it. That evening he brought it home with Cora O. carved in a leaf. He got Sallie one just like it.

Thursday 26<sup>th</sup> I am going to town this afternoon to tell some girls good-bye - and think of stopping at Mrs. Kennedy's for Sid to come home with me to stay all night.

Friday - I went to town to-day to see some of my friends. Mary Barbaraux was not at home but I left my card for her. Mama went to do some shopping. We were at Mrs. Crutcher's and there found Miss Lucy Baber who came up from Gallatin a week or two since with Mr. John Baber.

To-day the military prison burned. It was on the corner of 10<sup>th</sup> & Broadway. All of the prisoners (the prison had been made a hospital and there were many sick prisoners,) escaped, except one poor paralyzed soldier who could not, of course, move, ~~but~~ nor could anyone go to him

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for the fire cut off all communication with his department. Mama and I met a girl on the street who said that her brother was pulling a plank off the prison fence, to let ~~two~~ three soldiers - who were burning - escape and the guard fired at him, ~~and~~ but as he was missed - he succeeded in removing the plank and soldiers got out into the snow and extinguished the fire.

Miss Marsh came over to tea last evening and Sidney came up and spent the night with me. Sid left this morning about ten o'clock and then Mama and I went to town.

Saturday 28<sup>th</sup> I went to tell some of my friends in the country - good-bye - to-day

Sunday Jan. 29<sup>th</sup> Emma Thatcher came over yesterday about 3 o'clock - and spent the night with me. She went home this morning to go to church - but she found that they had gone without her - so she ~~came~~ returned and spent the day. We went to Sabbath school this evening - and Mrs. Thatcher came home with Mama. I gave my class a new kind of card to-day and they were delighted. They seem very sorry to have me leave.

From S. S. I went home with Jennie Moore to tell Mrs. Moore good-bye - did not know that Sallie was at home. Mr. Graham Moore walked home with me. He is going to Boston in March to study law and will probably rest in Leroy - when he delivers some things to me - for the trip from Louisville is long & tedious.

Sallie Wingate is sick - and I did not know it - or should have gone to see her - should have called anyway in the morning when I had time - but I thought I'd see her at Sunday School. I wrote her a note telling her good-bye.

Mrs. Wingate, Mr Johnston and Miss Marsh came over after tea - and Mr. Johnston gave me a regular description of what my feelings will be when I get to school He gave me quite an elaborate description of them and had I not previously prepared my mind for the worst he would have frightened me out of going. He gave me a cure for homesickness - and that is to write home exactly what desolation and heartsickness I felt, but I think that it will require a more gifted tongue than mine to portray my feelings by framing them into words. Miss Marsh says that I shall hear a great deal to try my feelings. She gave me such a nice letter of recommendation - to Mrs. Stanton.

Monday - Jan. 30<sup>th</sup> 1865. We went to town, but there was a misunderstanding about the time the omnibus left for Portland, where passengers have to go to cross - now that the river is so full of ice. At Portland and New Albany - the ice is broken up by passing over the falls. We remained in Louisville until evening then came home and oh! everything seemed charming - Mr. Walker, gave me

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an abundant supply of candy.

Friday, Feb. 3<sup>rd</sup> 1865. Teusday came and was rather cloudy but not half so gloomy as were my feelings. We did not leave at a quarter of eleven - as I expected - for the ferry boat crossed at first street We crossed at one.

I told Sallie and Mama good-bye at the store. Mr. Walker came and brought me some oranges. Mr. W. Cornwall Sr., had a French prayer-book showing it to me - and I think he intended it for me but I told him that I had one. He gave me five dollars afterwards - and it was so embarrassing to me when he offered it to me. Cousin Ida came to the store to tell me good-bye as she went to school.

Mama and Sallie went to the river in the carriage and Uncle Mort and I went in the omnibus for we expected to have remained in it till we got to the cars, but we got out at the ferry. Papa and Mr. Willie Cornwall went down to the ferry-boat. We left Jeffersonville at three - missed connections at Indianapolis, remained at the "Bates House" from eight Teusday night till seven Wednesday morning. Before arriving at Crestline - we met a train - the locomotive of which was off the track and we had to wait for it to be replaced - so we were delayed - and missed connection at Crestline - where we spent the night from nine - until seven Teusday morn - at the Emerson House.

We did not change cars at Bellefontaine - but kept right on to Cleveland where we immediately took the Buffalo train - at ten o'clock. Many schooners were frozen up in the lake at Cleveland. We arrived at Buffalo at seven Thursday night - and at ten took the N. York Central road for Batavia where we arrived between twelve and one. We spent the remainder of the night at a little tavern - which was near the depot, for there were no conveyances to carry us to a better one - "The Eagle Hotel," - which was some distance from the cars.

At seven Friday morn we started for Leroy which was only ten miles further, and arrived there at about eight - went to Eagle Hotel - and waited until Uncle Mort came and got "Mr. Parsons" and then I came over here to Ingham University. Leroy is a beautiful little place and Ingham University is a lovely place. Uncle Mort left at twelve - and I do not think Papa and

Mama will feel easy and satisfied when they hear of it, for Papa requested him to remain long enough to inquire carefully about everything before leaving. I did not get my room until late in the evening for a good many persons are moving and, others changing rooms. The one intended for me had to be cleaned up. I got mine quickly compared to how long some persons have to

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wait, for one young lady - a graduate too - will not get a room for several days. Mrs. Stanton and Mrs. (or Miss) Ingham say that they have given me one of the nicest roommates in school, and she is a very nice young lady. Her name is Miss Hyde - Kate Hyde. She is very pretty, indeed. I sit at Miss Upton's table - between Miss Hyde and Miss Newal - Miss Alice Newel, who is very pretty indeed - has the most regular features.

This house ~~is the~~ affords greater facilities for learning, I expect than any other female College in the Country. The young ladies are very polite and pleasant - but all - all - of principles averse to mine.

Saturday. I will not write a detailed description of anything suffice to say that in the art department - it is as described in the Catalogue. I have not been in school but will go in Monday.

Mrs. Parsons spoke to me of my studies last night and I am not at all satisfied with the programme. She asked me if Papa wished me to continue Latin. I told her - if I had time - but not to slight other things for he feared I could not have time for the Latin. She says she thinks - I'd better go in a Latin class that have been through the grammar & are now making a rapid review. She also thinks - I had better finish the Robinson New University Algebra - leave off Geometry for the present leave off French at present - (after studying it for two years and a half) and study Natural History - with Music lessons on Piano - Vocal lessons - and drawing and painting. Papa thought they went by the Catalogue - so I wrote to him this evening - but the letter can't go till Teusday - and oh! they will ~~be so~~ think so strange I do not write for when I left we expected to have come in two days.

Last night - Mrs. Stanton held prayers in the Drawing or Painting room - and in some preliminary remarks to the young ladies - told them that they should be thankful that they live in such an age - when such great and good events are transpiring. She supposed all the young ladies had heard of the noble act of congress - in amending the constitution - thereby making Freedom to reign henceforth throughout the Nation. - and never allowing mankind to be enslaved - an action which shall be handed down to posterity - to all Nations of the world. She said she ~~felt~~ ~~that~~ never hoped to live to this glorious day - There is a negro named John who works here and she said - "As I said to John to-day - You will never again have to say Master or Mistress" and as John

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replied - "The Lord's will be done." She thought that the great men who have died would rejoice in Heaven at this glorious event. And a great deal more which I won't trouble myself to write. If she did not use these words - She used stronger.

Oh! I am so wretchedly homesick. I feel like doing nothing but cry. Oh! for a place of uninterrupted solitude and a hearty cry. The weather is so cold & it is snowing so I can't go out of doors - but I had a sobbing cry at prayers last night. I cannot write.

Sunday, February 5<sup>th</sup> 1865. The weather was so inclement that I did [not?] attend church at all to-day.

Monday 6<sup>th</sup> 1865. I received a letter from Sallie to-day - enclosing one from Annie Baldrige. It greatly revived my spirits and I ~~wrote~~ made an addition to the letter that I wrote Sallie yesterday. While I was writing - after tea - another letter came from home. 'Twas from Pa - who thought a letter so soon after my arrival would help to cheer - and so it did. I was so delighted to hear from the family in Texas. Mama received several letters but Sallie says she cannot spare them yet.

Teusday - Feb. 7<sup>th</sup> 1865      Wednesday - Feb. 8<sup>th</sup>, 1865.

Thursday - Feb. 9<sup>th</sup> 1865. Last evening the "Concordia Society" had an entertainment. The literary societies do not often have public entertainments - for Mrs. Stanton disapproves of them but she has been absent and while she was gone the Concordia had one. The audience desired a repetition of the exercise and Mrs. Stanton permitted it for a certain purpose - last night. The first night of it was a week ago - and I was not here, so I am very glad it was repeated - for the music - recitations of poetry - and the fine tableaux - were well worth hearing and seeing. I did not enjoy the music very much.

Friday - Feb. 10<sup>th</sup> 1865. Received a letter from Mama to-day. It was so sweet. I really believe that she has suffered more from anxiety on my account than I have from home-sickness - though I have experienced the worst feelings that Mr. Johnston portrayed. And then she has done just what I knew she would ~~and~~ i.e. to worry herself because she was afraid that everything was not just as nice and comfortable as might have been just before I left. I am sure that I could not have had a pleasanter time - and as for the T. [Thatcher] family's being there - no-body could help that - and I suppose it was all for the very best. Mama and Sallie remained in the carriage at the river until the ferry had almost crossed - and Papa and Mr. Cornwall remained until they saw the boat returning without the omnibuses. She said that she was going to the city that very day (Monday) and have her picture taken for me & would try to get Mr. Walker's - and send both by Graham Moore.

Sunday - Feb. 12<sup>th</sup> 1865. Went to church at Presbyterian church last night. The church is very nice. ~~There~~ Mrs. Stanton & Mrs. Hays are twins. Miss Ingham is their older sister - and she is so funny and peculiar that many of the girls call her "Aunt Mariette." Mrs. (Miss?) Ingham and Mrs.

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Stanton were the founders of this institution - but Mrs. Stanton had contrroll and employed Col. Stanton as a printing teacher. She is some years his senior - but she married him and they took a bridal tour to Europe. While they were gone Mrs. (Miss?) Ingam had built a little cottage on the University grounds - and presented it to them on their return. There is a close[d] arbor from the door of University to the cottage - & there the girls walk in bad weather.

Wednesday evening. Mr. Hays - Mrs. Hays son who was a widower - was married at Stanton cottage and a large supper had been prepared for the occasion - but when the bride came - she objected to a public wedding (Mrs. Stanton intended to have the whole school to meet the bride & bridegroom for the lady was here the last term of five months - taking some extras - & she graduated here last year[]). So the supper was not used and Mrs. Stanton invited the family as she calls the teachers & girls - to tea at Stanton cottage - to meet Mr. & Mrs. Hays - who arrived on the cars about seven. We had a very nice supper indeed. The Cottage is elegantly

furnished and Mrs. Stanton has several cabinets. She has many rare and beautiful things - which she told us a great deal about and made her talk quite interesting. I think the most beautiful and curious things she had were some alabaster ornaments, from Florence, Italy.

We had oranges from the greenhouse back of the front - University - hall. There was a great deal too much heat in the greenhouse just before I came and the girls as well as Mrs. S\_ say that it looks almost ruined to them - and the oranges had to be gathered while green. Though they were small and ripened off the tree they were as sweet as those we buy, but of course, not as nice & luxuriant as we have South. I intended to have kept one & sent home just for fun - but I forgot it, until ~~it was so late~~ they were all gone. I had a long conversation with Col. Stanton - who seems to be a very nice gentleman. He thinks very favorably of a notice Papa sent him of the "Kentucky Legislature" wanting a life-size portrait of Henry Clay - and he has one in Brooklyn which he will perhaps offer; that is, if it is not sold. He refused to take \$10,000 for it - from the city of Brooklyn. Just before we came away - we had singing and praying. When I went over to the cottage I was not at all well - had not been all day - but went though I hesitated about it, and during prayers I thought I would faint the very next minute. If Mr. Parsons had have prayed a minute longer - I believe I should - but I got to lie down a while and felt better.

Monday - February 13<sup>th</sup> 1865. I took a music lesson

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and lesson in crayoning - last Thursday - and took another music lesson to-day. I am going to draw every day - and take two instrumental lessons a week and one vocal. My ~~thing~~ throat is so sore that I cannot commence singing yet.

There is one true rebel in school besides myself. 'Tis Miss Anna Dumont a very comical young lady - who amuses the whole school. She is a French girl - was born in Paris - but raised in New York City - She is a Democrat. She has the rapid consumption and had bleeding of the lungs after her return Saturday night from the cottage for which I am very sorry. I do not wonder at it for she had it sometime ago and she takes no care of herself. She is very homely but ~~exceeding~~ surpassingly stylish - and I think that her ugliness is becoming to her.

Teusday - February - 14<sup>th</sup> 1865. St. Valentine's day. I think that Valentines must have passed out of date for I have not seen or heard of a single girl in school's receiving one.

Wednesday - Feb. 15<sup>th</sup> 1865. Half the month is gone. I am so glad. Took two pleasant walks yesterday. We always walk morning & evening in the streets - in pleasant weather. Yesterday evening was beautiful - though the snow is very thick. Leroy must be a lovely place in summer time.

Wednesday - I felt a headache coming on all day yesterday and this morning - I did not get up - I got up this evening - but feel dreadfully. I hope I will feel perfectly well to-morrow - and feel like studying. Miss Amelia T. Austin from Kalamazoo, Michigan - moved into my room Monday, for some painting scholars from Rochester are going to occupy her room. She is one of the nicest ~~kind~~ young ladies in school and is a very nice roommate. She is nineteen years old.

Thursday - February 16<sup>th</sup> 1865.

Friday - February 17<sup>th</sup> 1865. I received a letter from Sallie to-day and Wednesday I had one from Pa - written on the same day that hers was - on the eleventh. Papa says that Mama was not well on the 10<sup>th</sup> but was up as usual on the 11<sup>th</sup>. And that Fannie received quite a severe burn

on her foot - on the tenth. Jennie Moore spent the night of the tenth with Sallie. It seems quite familiar natural to me to hear of her staying with Sallie.

~~I do not~~ Papa sent me the speech of Hon. A. Harding [Aaron Harding of Greensburg], of Kentucky, In the U. S. House of Representatives - January, 31<sup>st</sup> 1865 - relative to the "Amendment To The Constitution." Papa says - "As the amendment of the Constitution of the U. S, has been a subject of rejoicing before [for?] you - I send you a copy of a most excellent speech made by a Kentuckian in Congress on that subject - before the passage of the joint resolution - I fully endorse every word of it - read it carefully - Union of States upon any other basis than

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that set forth by Mr. Harding, will be a failure. After you have read it show it to Mr. Parsons & Mrs. Stanton. They never see such documents in Republican papers."

Several of Dr. Moore's family are sick. Graham is quite sick - but I hope he will come here yet - for it would be so nice to see some one from home. But if Papa sends my box before - I hope that Mr. Moore will not come until spring when this place looks prettier as it must in Spring and Summer.

Saturday - 18<sup>th</sup> Sunday 19<sup>th</sup> 1865 Monday 20<sup>th</sup> Teusday February 21<sup>st</sup> 1865. I was quite sick Saturday morning but I swept my room in the morning and went to the table at dinner time. After dinner Mrs. Parsons insisted on my going to bed as I had a hot fever besides being sick. I intended to go to bed soon but thought that I ought to write home first as I had not written for nearly a week - so I was writing with a pencil in the hall by the register when Mrs. Parsons insisted that I should wait until Monday and see whether I was still as sick or worse. I was very uncomfortable Saturday - Sunday and most of Monday. Mrs. Parsons gave me Phosphorus - Aconite - some homeopathic pills and something else. The latter allayed my fever and the others were for my sore throat and cold. Monday evening - according to Miss Inghams prescription - I went to the greenhouse - as I felt better and it was very pleasant there. I went into tea - and there was some cucumber pickle which I wanted very much but Mrs. Hays substituted some jelly. It will not do - I believe - to eat anything sour with homeopathic remedies. Mrs. Hays has been giving me toast, tea and gruel - to eat and drink. Mrs. Ingham said that I must take nothing but gruel and crackers, which I had the first meal - for two or three days - and then have toast and tea.

I do not feel well yet - but better than the day before I went to bed. I staid up too late last night. Changing water and rooms made me sick. There is nothing but hard water here and every time I drink it, it hurts me but I am in the habit of drinking water sometimes and I cannot - like Mrs. Hays - do without altogether. I drink more than five times as much here as I ever did at home.

Thursday. 23<sup>rd</sup> Miss Upton gave me standing or permanent permission - last night to retire whenever I wished.

Wednesday - February 22<sup>nd</sup> 1865. Monday eve Mrs. Parsons - had news for an "item" and at table he said that he thought it would bear a little cheering. He said that Columbia the Capital of South Carolina - had been evacuated and that Charleston - which has for four long years bid defiance to us - is evacuated. The Confederates blew up their magazines before leaving and burned most of the city. I expect the

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truth is that the rebels blew up the magazines - just in time to blow the vandals up.

Sunday was a lovely day - and the first spring like day we've had since my arrival but I could not go out. Monday, Tuesday and ~~today~~ Wednesday were beautiful. Day before yesterday, Mrs. Stanton sent for Miss Austin and I to take a sleigh-ride - and Phinny Stanton - Col. Stanton's nephew and adopted son, who is thirteen years old - drove us. We had a splendid ride - but when we started to turn around in one street to return - the snow was so deep that the horse fell - and I thought would flounder but he could not move until Phinny - who is a very nice little boy indeed - undid a portion of the harness - and even then he could not move the sleigh until we got out but we did not get our feet wet.

Some portion of the harness was broken - but Miss Austin, Phinny and I paid for the mending - which was only four shillings or 50 cents. Phinny would not tell his Aunt Mariette for he said she was so easily frightened and would not let him drive any more - if he was raised on a farm and knew how to drive. Mrs. Stanton was expecting some painting scholars from Rochester but they will not come at present so the room that Miss Austin vacated for them with the understanding that she was to have it when they went away - was at her disposal and she went into it Monday evening. There is a register in it and she wishes me to go there - but I wish to go room alone. They are very particular to give me a nice roommate. The rooms in Upper Third - one of which Mrs. S. offered me - are preferable in some respects. They have bathing rooms and are larger than these - but I do not think that I will change.

Yesterday [Wednesday, Feb. 22] was Washington's birthday - and it was celebrated down town by spreading the banners to the breeze and by ringing bells. To-day is the day of Fasting and Prayers for Colleges. We have prayed but not fasted. We had no school to-day - but Mrs. Stanton, Dr. Parsons, Rev'd. Mr. Kimble lectured to us. We have had prayer-meetings - and attended preaching at two o'clock - but there seems to be no conversions yet. Last year almost the entire school was converted. After tea this evening ten of us - who wish to attend the "Episcopalian Church," had prayer meeting in Miss Newel's room. There was Mrs. Night who led, Misses Dumont - Kirtland - Newel - Alice Newel - Phoebe Bishop - Bessie Bishop - Carrie Church - Julia Church - and myself. We attended preaching at the "Presbyterian Church" at two o'clock - because that was the place agreed upon by all of the Christian churches - as a place of meeting to pray for all the colleges of the country. [Note, written later, says "See page 59<sup>th</sup>." which is page 78 of this transcription.]

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Friday - February 24<sup>th</sup> 1865. Mrs. Stanton sent for Miss Trupe and I to take a sleigh ride this evening - and it was very pleasant indeed.

I received two letters from home to-day - one from Pa and one from Sallie. Pa and Mama had received the letters that I took so much care in writing on the 12<sup>th</sup> and 13<sup>th</sup> of this month - and it gratified me exceedingly to know that they were pleased with it, and I wish I had time to be so careful in writing home every week. Last ~~night~~ evening Mrs. Night - ~~the~~ one of the music teachers - and the young ladies who attend the Episcopalian Church had prayer meeting in one of the young ladies rooms and it was very pleasant. We held it during recreation hour, because ~~we have to~~ we have to attend section prayer-meeting during a half hour before Study hour. Mrs. Night is a beautiful singer - and we had very good singing at our meeting. Pa wrote in answer to my inquiry as to which church I should attend ---- that I might go to the Episcopalian if I wished - and especially as - in that service they could not so well bring in any reference to politics or any

abolitionism. They have lectures at the "Episcopal Church" - every night - during Lent - and Mrs. Stanton gave Miss Carrie Church permission for the young ladies who attend that Church regularly - to go every Friday evening with Mrs. Night - so we went this evening at half past seven. The following ~~girls~~ named attend the Episcopalian - The others attend the Presbyterian. Mrs. Night, Miss Kirtland, Misses Phebe and Bessie Bishop - Misses Julia and Carrie Church - Misses \_\_\_\_\_ and Alice Newel - Miss May Hall - and myself. Miss Anna Dumont is very anxious to attend there but she has been going to the Presbyterian - and she has to wait for permission from home before she can change. Miss Kirtland sings alto or anything - and I like to hear her voice in singing.

Saturday - February 25<sup>th</sup> 1865. I started to get permission to go and take a walk in the street this evening - but I met Miss Ingham and she said that it was too damp for me to go - but told me to go in the arbor and walk. I was going to the dress-makers - with Miss Ashman but she had to go alone.

The day that I came - Miss Baker came also - and her attendant was a young Lincoln soldier - who is a paroled prisoner. He has been at Andersonville - and two other places. Having staid ~~all day~~ several hours in the hall with him we necessarily had some little conversation. He is ten times better looking than Miss Baker - to whom I think he is engaged to be married. He spent to-day with her at this place and left on the five o'clock train, just after taking her out sleigh riding. His name is Mr. Colt - and I had a good deal of amusement over the name of "Colt" Miss Baker seemed in a high glee all day - as a matter of course. When she dressed up so much this morning I thought that some very particular company was expected.

77.

I wrote Miss Ingham's name on the last page as Miss Ingham which is correct - but in writing home I wrote Mrs. Ingham - for I thought she was a widow but I heard to-day that she is an old maid - though almost every one calls her Mrs. Ingham and one of the young ladies told me that in the catalogue it was printed as Mrs. Ingham.

It drizzled this evening - and before eight o'clock was raining very hard. For the last week the weather over-head has been like spring. It is a saying that the last Friday of a month is the Almanac day of the following month. I hope it is true for I dread March more than any other month - and Friday was a splendid day - though the ground was thickly covered with snow.

Mr. Frank Fulsom - a brother of Miss Gusta [or Gersta] Fulsom was here a few days ago - from near Attica (thirty miles distant) and he says that in that part of the country the snow is nearly four feet deep all along the roads - and that the sun has made no impression on it.

Sunday - February 26<sup>th</sup> '65. Mrs. Stanton came in and sat with me nearly an hour last-night. She gave Miss Alice Marvin permission to stay in my room during both study hours - so that I could show her how to work her Arithmetical examples.

There was not a section teacher in the house last evening - There are going to be some tableaux next Teusday night for the benefit of the Presbyterian Church - to buy an organ for it - and the teachers are aiding in getting them up - They have gone to the rehearsal to-night. There is a melodian and an organ at the Episcopal Church. They used the organ Wednesday night - and it is a very nice looking one indeed but out of tune and badly played.

Monday February 27<sup>th</sup> 1865. We did not attend church last evening - but ~~Mrs. Stanton~~ Dr. Parsons gave us a sermon in the drawing room. Mrs. Parsons has been quite sick every since Teusday - so Mrs. Stanton lectured to us at Bible class at four o'clock - instead of hearing the



regular lesson. Her remarks were interesting to me as she did not use any abolition language - for a wonder.

I have just received a letter from Cousin Ida - She says that Dr. Sandy Dixon is to be married very soon to a Shelbyville lady who is reputed to be wealthy. I would like to know her name but Cousin Ida did not mention it. ~~One~~ Another portion of the letter was of particular interest to me but I scarcely dare acknowledge it to myself - but it was pleasing to me.

Teusday February 28<sup>th</sup> At dinner time I received the sweetest letter from Sidney - in answer to mine. She says that soon after her Cousin Rily Anderson's marriage - her happiness was changed to sorrow by hearing of the death of Col. Anderson, her brother, who was a rebel officer in prison. He committed suicide in prison. Sid told me other sad news - but I do most sincerely hope 'tis a mistake. She said that they had not had school for more than a week - that Miss Marsh has the "Black Tongue" I cannot think it really true.

78.

[This is marked, in Cora's handwriting, as the 59th Page]

One of the young ladies' hat tumbled down on the floor and rolled down the ~~ist hse~~ aisle just as she leaned her head at prayers, and she looked so sheepish that I could not refrain from laughing.

Wednesday March 1<sup>st</sup> 1865. The first day of Spring - though there is nothing to remind us of it - for the ground was frozen day before yesterday - and covered thickly with snow but it snowed again yesterday morning. The ladies of the Presbyterian Church had tableaux last night at "Starr Hall" and most of us went. Mrs. Stanton had a sleigh to take us all there and to bring the delicate ones home. She mentioned at tea those who should ride home and I was one of the number. I did not intend to go until I heard that for I was not well enough to go through the snow. The tableaux were splendid. They sold very nice ice-cream and cake between the tableaux.

To-day is the first day of Lent - commonly called Ash Wednesday.

Several days since Mr. Parsons gave a rumor which he said he did not much credit, that Wilmington, N. C. had been taken possession of by the Lincolnists. Mrs. Stanton speaks of it as a confirmed fact. Yesterday Miss Fannie Taggart started to Washington City to be there during the inauguration. She wont see much I think. Mr. Parsons gave us an item last evening - that a ~~negro~~ black man honorable somebody, a preacher - spoke in Congress a short time since and with wisdom to teach Congressmen and he said also that a black man can now be a judge in court. This morning he gave thanks - in his prayer that man can no longer be made merchandise of. (O! how I do detest such people!)

~~Thursday~~ Saturday - March 4<sup>th</sup> 1865. To-day is the day of inauguration, and to-morrow will be the anniversary of Mrs. Stanton's and Mrs. Hays birthdays. They will be fifty something.

This evening it was announced at supper that the young ladies were invited into the parlors to spend the evening as there was to be a musical review, which they have once a month I believe, in the presence of the whole school. We spend a very pleasant evening - for Miss Stanton invited us to take our sewing and spend a sociable evening - so while we listened to the music we could work if we wished. After the review we had ice-cream and cake, then, we spent part of the time in the greenhouse, where it was quite light from the brightness of the night for it really [was] quite a pretty night, though it rained very hard all day. I hope that it stormed so in

Washington City and in New York, too, for in the latter place there were preparations for a grand procession in celebration of the fourth [i.e., the inauguration].

The music was very pretty to-night, though the girls played just what they had been practicing regularly - for they did not know of Mrs. Stanton's intention until last evening. It was very pleasant, indeed, in the green-house, and the fragrance of the flowers was delightful.

79.

Saturday, March 11<sup>th</sup> 1865. I have received ~~a few~~ several letters since writing in my journal. I had a short note from Emma Thatcher saying that she had not received my letter. I have no doubt but it is now in the post-office at Louisville, unless it has been advertised since she wrote which was on the 27<sup>th</sup> of February. I received a letter from Pa written on the 28<sup>th</sup>. Sallie had received my last letter. Pa says that Mr. Walker is having his picture taken for me and is trying to get a good one. I wish it should soon be sent to me - for if he is having it taken different from the common small photograph, I am very glad and I wish to get it.. I do wish that Ma's would come.

March 17<sup>th</sup> 1865. Yesterday, was a fitful day. The air soft, and very pleasant although it was damp. There is quite a large river across the street from here, called Oates River, and the ice was rapidly melting - and breaking up, all day yesterday. To-day it is floating away in immense quantities. ~~In the~~ After dinner yesterday - it rained very hard for a few minutes - and towards night it hailed and it snowed - (and was very stormy weather) I received a letter from Pa yesterday - and one for Mr. Parsons relative to my attending church.

[Bottom half of page is missing.]

80.

In Sallie's letter of March 5<sup>th</sup>, she says that Ma and she spent the night at Aunt Susan's ~~all night~~ Friday - and that they met there, Mr. Bartlett - the Confederate prisoner that was expected before I left. He has been a prisoner for a long time, wounded, and has taken the oath - because he is unable to do service if he was exchanged. He staid at Uncle Mortimer's a long time, in Edgefield. Moss White and a Miss Fannie Caldwell were there, and it was the night that Cousin Ida wrote me she was to go the theatre with Horace Dix - It rained - and the gentleman with whom Miss Caldwell had an engagement to go, brought a hack for her. Cousin Ida said that if Horace came without a hack, she would not go. In about 20 minutes after [i.e., 20 minutes later] he came walking. She would not go - and Aunt Susan plaged her a great deal about it and asked her how Horace expected her to get to the Theatre - She said he brought an umbrella. He said that he went to the Louisville Hotel for a hack, but there was none there and he thought it would be too late to go elsewhere.

Sallie says that Dr. Tandy Dix is married to some lady of Shelbyville, and that Mr. Dix (Sen.) ~~is going to give~~ gave a party to them, on the 8<sup>th</sup> inst. Pa says that he was going to send me a box which Ma had prepared - on the day after he wrote. ~~I forgot that I had not written of having~~ - I looked for it to-day, but I did not get it. The melting of the snow has caused freshets all over the country - and the trains do not run regularly. The mail did not come at usual time to-day but came after four o'clock, and I had a letter from Pa. Enclosed was a receipt for my box which he says he sent Teusday - (14<sup>th</sup> March) by American Express Company. He says, "I took special pains in packing it, for thinking all the time of how much innocent pleasure and delight it would afford you. When you get it break the seal and commence untying at that point. Let me

know when you get it, how it came and whether you enjoyed its reception alone. Do not forget to write a nice note to Mr. Walker when you open the box." It certainly ought to come to-morrow, if the trains can come through.

The snow and ice have been so thick on the river ever since I have been here, that I could not tell the size of it, but now the ice is broken up - and I see quite a large River and I feel like it has been put

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out there lately - whereas Spring has wrought the change. Yesterday morning the air was very pleasant and we walked over to a bridge called "Lodi" - and crossed it. To-day there are great fears that it will be washed away by the rising water. Even this large bridge very near us - supported by the stone dam is not thought to be strong enough to resist the water as some of the stone has been carried away, but I think it will remain firm. Just at this bridge there is quite a high fall of the water, and as tremendous cakes of ice tumble over and break - it is a grand sight. I went down with the teachers & many of the young ladies after early tea - to see the falls - We went into one of the lots immediately on the bank where there are summer houses to look out on the water. The grounds are opposite some residences - to which they belong, I suppose. The bridge was crowded with people who came to see the scene.

Night before last Miss Parker came to me - and said that Mrs. Stanton spoke to her while walking in the arbor, about rooming with me. I told her that my room was too small for two - and she proposed for me to move to "Upper Third Hall" to her room. I told her that we would see Mrs. Stanton about it next day. I have concluded that I shall like to room with Miss Parker and I do not doubt but I shall be better pleased with the room we think of taking, than I am with this one, so Miss Parker and I will move on Monday evening, into a front room in Upper Third. It is the pleasantest room in the house I think, at least one of the pleasantest. It is No. 33.

Monday 20<sup>th</sup> We will not move until tomorrow evening, on account of the disturbance it might create during study hour, and Teusdays and Fridays are the nights for moving.

Wednesday 22<sup>nd</sup> We moved last night and our room looks ever so nice. I like this room very much. We ~~have~~ did not get up until after the girls went to walk. We got permission to sleep, and Hannah brought us some bread and butter which we enjoyed very much with some horseradish. This morning was very pleasant and it was very delightful to sit by the open window, from which we have a good view. I like Mary Parker very much, as a room-mate, so far, and I think that I shall continue to do so. You cannot tell how you will like to room with a girl until you try it.

Friday March 24 1865. My anxiously looked for box arrived this morning.

82.

The melting away of the great quantities of snow has caused a grand flood throughout the state of New York. The City of Rochester was flooded, and caused a great deal of distress for the water was up to the 2<sup>nd</sup> story windows of the stores. Over thirty bridges have given away on the New York Central rail-road, so the mails do not come from that part of the state. The western mails have not been retarded but my box was delayed on account of a bridge which was down. I went to the American Express Office with Miss Upton Wednesday evening and the agent said he had the bill for my box but did not look for it to get here before Thursday night.

Tonight, I intended writing a letter in acknowledgement of the reception of my box, but Tillie Jewett invited Mollie and I to go down to her room in "Upper West Hall" to spend the evening. We went and had a very nice supper. Tillie and Miss Anna Dumont gave it, and invited us, and Miss Price, Miss Peele, Miss Fannie Hall, Miss Mae R. Hall, Carrie Jewett, Miss Throop and carried some supper to Miss Bishop, their teacher.

I have not written home for more than a week for I have been expecting my box longer than that, so I waited to get it before writing. I will write to-morrow.

Monday Mar. 29<sup>th</sup> I began a letter to Pa, Saturday, finished it yesterday. I found everything in my box just as nice as it possibly could be. Ma sent me ever so many of the darlinest little ruffles for the neck and wrists, that I ever saw. I showed them to some of the girls and they spoke of them, so some others came and asked me to let them see my ruffles for they heard that the hems were so small and beautiful. I will not think of wearing them with winter dresses, at least here. Mama sent me some nice undersleeves, cuffs, etc. Mr. Walker sent me an abundance of candy. Mama says that he is, indeed, our "Candy Friend. I thought from what Mama said in her note which I found in the box, that what she then wrote was merely a post script, but I could not find any other letter, but yesterday evening just before going to church I took up my French prayer book which I had just laid on the table when I took it out of the box, and to my great delight, several letters dropped from it. One from Mama and one from Sallie, and a copy of "After the Drawing-room" together with a little note from Pa, enclosing two photographs of Mr. Walker, who said that I could choose between the two, or keep both if I wished.

83.

Mama said that she could not get her photograph to send in this box but would send it soon. I hope she will. Mr. Walker's are splendid, and I shall prize them very highly. The letter from Aunt Gertie and Cousin Alice came in the box and it was a perfect treat to read them. Cousin Alice's letter was very nice, and Aunt Gertie's was beautiful though her pen, ink and paper were bad. Oh! I do wish all of the family were with us.

Teusday 28 I mailed my letter to-day and in it sent a letter to Mama which I wrote yesterday after finding her letter, and I sent her a beautiful "Eatton" [Eton] collar which I got Miss Mary Briggs, (one of the day scholars) to make. It looks very much like point-lace and Miss Briggs made it for \$2.50. I am going to learn to make them. I think they are lovely. I should not like to be doomed to make one for \$2.50, and furnish thread too, but Miss Briggs says they are not very difficult to make.

Wednesday March 29<sup>th</sup> Mr. Parsons complimented my penmanship very highly to-day when he was criticizing the compositions. He had two of mine, one of which I thought I lost and lo and behold! he had it. I must have lost my senses soon after handing it to him for I had no recollection of it and wrote another. He said there was no mistake in particular and that he could read it as well as if it had been printed & wished that he could write so well with his pen. I asked him something about it for I was so perfectly surprised to see him with it, and in that way the girls found out whose it was, and they wanted to see it. Mrs. Stanton came in to hear the evening exercises, something that she has not been in the habit of doing. Mr. North, a missionary, lectured about "The Great Valley of the Ganges" and some other portions of India. It was very interesting indeed.

~~Thursday March 30<sup>th</sup>~~

Saturday, April 1<sup>st</sup> The girls were up early trying to "April Fool" each other. Miss Dumont rang the breakfast bell before the usual time, and most of the young ladies went to the dining Hall, but Bessie Bishop, who saw Miss Dumont ring it, came and told my room-mate and I, not to go down.

I received a letter from home more than a week ago, containing a note from Miss Lou Moore and one from Mr. Foulkes. He said that Myra fell on the street in January and injured herself so much that she had been confined to her bed ever since, so that accounts for her silence. He I wrote to Myra to-day.

Monday, April 3<sup>rd</sup> Teuesday 4<sup>th</sup> To-day the news passed Leroy, in the form of a telegraphic dispatch, that Richmond has been given up by our troops. It seems very like an "April Fool" proceeding for it to come so near the 1<sup>st</sup> of April. I try to keep cool in outward appearance, but, oh! how I feel in my Southern heart. I do not feel like it is right for me to be here, I feel that all of us should be with our people. Though I appreciate know that it is dreadful to lose Richmond, yet that is not our army. I cannot get the truth till I hear from home.

The town people have been firing a small cannon, on the bridge near here, and the flags are all flying down street. The University flag has been put up on the top of this building. The girls have been ringing bells, etc. in celebration of the fall of Richmond. Last night, the boys, in town, had a torch-light procession, and they came in front of the University. Some of girls rang the tea bell, & the table bells, out of Upper Third window to bring the procession here. They were formed the procession in honor of the fall of Richmond, and the fun of it was that they cheered for Ingham University. We are to have the holiday (which Mrs. Stanton promised to this school four years ago) tomorrow.

I was reading one of Pa's letters to-day, written March 18<sup>th</sup>, and he said that Mr. Moss had moved to Mrs. Hyatt's house; the latter person thinks of moving to New York. Mr. Brannon has moved to Mrs. Theodore Brown's place, above the "Point." All of the little girls of Spring Station School were invited by Frank Walworth to a party which his Mother gave him a few evenings before the 18<sup>th</sup>. Frank has quite a number of parties, I think. Ma says that Sallie attended and made an extravagant report of her enjoyment. She fancies she would like the routine of your duties. I tell her she had better practice some of them at home, such as getting up at six o'clock & putting her room in order. Fannie is doing well. Ann, up and down as circumstances seem to influence.

I received a letter from Pa yesterday (Monday 3<sup>rd</sup>). They had not heard from me for so long that they were quite anxious, though they did not indulge the idea that I was sick. They attributed the fault to the mails which they supposed to be retarded on account of high water. They were very glad that I received my box. I sent Mama a beautiful tatten [tattoo] collar made by Miss Mary Briggs,

one of the scholars, which looks very like point lace, and only cost \$2.50. Papa says that Mama was very much pleased with it.

He thinks my room rather high. He says - I am glad you have a good room mate, I trust that you and she will continue to like each other. Your room seems too high, be careful to learn all routes down from your floor, in case of fire. A recent fire at Seminary at Georgetown, Ky.,

where Alice Macy, Ella Atwood, Cora Rose, and Joe Amberge were, consumed the building and the girls lost everything they had except the clothes they were sleeping in, and many narrowly escaped with their lives.

There is a general stagnation in business, in consequence of the decline in gold, and now the fall of Richmond adds additional excitement. No one can foresee the result. The most probable ~~result~~ effect at first will be to still farther depression in all articles of commerce in which the excess of paper money have induced men to speculate. If you have not written to Jennie Cary, you had better do so. I read your letter with a great deal of interest and do not tire over them, yet, my child, remember that it is not the extent of a letter that gives its value, it is its substance. Study to give proper details in a becoming ~~manner~~ language and in expression of thoughts or reflection, emulate smoothness of style, elegance of expression, well balanced sentences and well rounded periods. Study is your hour of preparation, reading is your work of gathering and acquiring knowledge and intelligence, - it has been correctly said that "Reading makes a full man (that is intelligent) writing, a correct man, speaking a ready man." Thus you see first study to prepare by discipline, reading to acquire knowledge, reflection to digest and arrange, writing or composition, refines and chastens our thoughts and corrects our errors of thought, diction and style, and speaking and conversation accustoms to readiness in expression by the voice.

~~—Wednesday April 3<sup>rd</sup> 1865. I have been voted into Concordia Society. I would be a member any way for all the girls that study Geometry are entitled to that privilege, but they voted me in two or three weeks ago, and last week they appointed me to recite a passage of scripture. I got excused this evening. Last night Altonia Society had a public literary exercise.~~

86.

Thursday April 6<sup>th</sup> 1865. Concordia met to-night and I got excused from reciting on account of not feeling well enough to remain to the meeting.

Friday, April 7<sup>th</sup> I was excused from school to-day. The holiday was rather too much for me and I spent to-day in bed.

Saturday April 8<sup>th</sup> 1865. The yanks had a report to-day that Gen'l. Robt. E. Lee is captured, but they say it turns out to be Fitz-Hugh Lee.

Sunday 9<sup>th</sup> 1865. Monday 10<sup>th</sup> Tuesday 11<sup>th</sup> April, 1865. I received a letter from Pa yesterday and he was exceedingly anxious about me, for he had not received my letters acknowledging the reception of my box. He said for me to write immediately, so I wrote this morning to Sallie and had just sent my letter and the study hour had just closed when the news came that Gen. Robt. E. Lee had surrendered with seven thousand armed men. The number at first reported was a great deal larger than that. The teachers are not going to give a holiday to-day but wait until Lincoln appoints one. In the burning of our capital I regret that Pres. Davis' mansion failed to be consumed, and Lincoln has been in it. I wonder that our men did not set some trap for him. I think it a wonder that he has lived so long.

Wednesday 12<sup>th</sup> I recited the following poetry to-day in school and it seemed to please very well indeed.

After the drawing room.

1<sup>st</sup> The drawing-room

[Blank spaces left, apparently to fill in later.]

2<sup>nd</sup> I heard

3<sup>rd</sup> And I

4<sup>th</sup> Then

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5<sup>th</sup> They

6<sup>th</sup> And then the people

7<sup>th</sup> I curtsied to her majesty, the proper

8<sup>th</sup> I knew (though ne'er at court before)

Mr. North, lectured to us about the City of Calcutta to-day and the lecture was very interesting, not from the lecturer but from the facts which he related.

88.

[Written at the top of the page is the following: Note in 1914. Years ago Annie Ewing Fetter told me they went after Theatre, to New Albany - and in opera cloaks, etc., returned to "Louisville Hotel" about day-break.]

In Pa's letter of 9<sup>th</sup> inst. he told me of the death of sweet little Willie Bullitt, from a severe burn which he received by some matches being ignited in his pockets. I was so shocked to hear it. Willie has always been such a favorite with me - and indeed with all who knew him. Papa says that Sallie will write me the particulars.

I think that it was in Sallie's letter of the nineteenth of March, that she told me of Nannie Ewing's marriage that morning to the step-son of Major Alexander, who lives in the "Smith Place" of our neighborhood. She was married in Jeffersonville, Indiana, because no parents were consulted and none cared for I suppose so they could not be married in Kentucky under those circumstances, as neither, I believe, was of age. Miss Ewing did not know until a few minutes before they started that she would marry.

In a few days after, I received a letter from Papa telling me of a marriage [that] greatly surprised me. He said that on Sabbath evening or Monday morning (19<sup>th</sup> and 20<sup>th</sup> of March I believe), Sallie Moore went to Louisville and with a party of friends, went to Cincinnati and was married to Mr. Collins Moore of Danville, Kentucky. At the request of Dr. Moore, they returned to his house on Teusday or Wednesday. Pa says that they seemed to have met with some opposition which he could not understand. I know that Mrs. Wingate liked Mr. C. Moore very much, if I may judge from her manner - and I supposed that Dr. Moore's family did also.

Thursday, April 13<sup>th</sup> 1865.      Friday, April 14<sup>th</sup> I had quite a severe headache yesterday morning and Wednesday night, and I was excused from school yesterday morn. Feeling better about 11 o'clock I dressed myself and went in school in the evening. [inserted later: "Afternoon."] I received a letter to-day from Mama and one from Sallie. Mama's, I pin to this page, and I copy most of Sallie's which is very touching, relative to Willie Bullitts death.

Sallie's letter

Near Louisville, Kentucky, April 8<sup>th</sup> 1865

My dear sister,

Yours of the 1<sup>st</sup> has been received. I was very glad to hear from you. I was feeling very sad when it came and am yet. I suppose Pa told you that Willie Bullitt was very badly burnt. He had the lock-jaw and suffered intensely, but now his sufferings are ended forever. The federals deprived him of his earthly father and he has gone to his heavenly one. He breathed his last, Thursday morning, April 6<sup>th</sup> and will be buried either to-day or to-morrow, I do not know yet as the funeral notice has not yet been sent around. I cried myself right sick Thursday. I cannot help crying every time I think of him. Everyone that knew him well, loved him. He was never rough and ungentlemanly, but always polite and kind as he could be. Oh! it is so sad.

As I said before, he was very badly burnt. Mrs. Bullitt had been moving and had everything gone and ready to move themselves the next day after the accident. I will tell you how it happened. Mrs. Bullitt

89.

had a good deal of phosphorus in the house, and she asked her father to bury it, but he threw it in the yard. Willie, Josh and several other boys picked it up, just to see the pretty light it made in the dark. Willie got it on his hands, then on his clothes. He put his hand in his pocket and this rubbed the phosphorus which was on his hand and it caught fire, then set fire to a pack of popping crackers he had in his pocket. It is impossible to put it out with water, so it was sometime before they could put it out. Earth is the only thing that will effect the flame. He was burnt dreadfully. Josh, too, was burnt badly but his burn was not so bad as Willie's. A great deal of skin was burnt off of Josh's arm. Mrs. Bullitt, in trying to put them out, burnt both of her hands. She has to wear them in a large glove of plaster. Poor Willie was so nervous that he could not bear to hear the least noise, and there was not a carpet in the house. When anyone would cross the floor, no matter how softly, he would hear them and nearly jump out of his bed. He was not able to be moved to Mrs. Walworth's or any where, or they would have done so, I suppose. Mrs. Bullitt sat up with him every night by herself, and after he was dead she would allow no one to sit up with him but herself. Several ladies and gentlemen offered to sit up with him but were refused. She thanked them and said she preferred sitting up alone with him.

(See next page for the continuation.)

Saturday, April 15<sup>th</sup> 1865.      Half past eleven, A. M.

I went down street yesterday evening ["Afternoon" inserted later] and bought a calico dress which Mama wrote to me to have made by the time that she sends my clothes to me. It is a very pretty one.

Mama says that they are expecting Mr. McRae the first of May and she thought best to do the house cleaning before sending my box. Oh! how I do wish that I was at home. I want to go home as soon as ~~after~~ school closes. I'd rather go home than to travel all summer. I wrote to Mama this morning, but before I wrote two pages - the news flew through the house that Lincoln



was killed last night at a theatre and Seward was stabbed. Some of the teachers and scholars are crying and others raving about the outrageous act. The excitement is intense. All of the flags in town are at half mast and draped in black, but they are just beginning to turn the stars down for they did not know that was the proper way for a mourning flag until Miss Shedd's brother told them. He is in the army and, I suppose, has seen them so there. Miss Eda Shedd came over here to tell the teachers. Miss Bishop & Miss Nottingham went up in the observatory to put more black on

90.

[rest of letter about Willie Bullitt]

Oh! how dreadful to think that his father could not see the last of his child. Fannie has just brought the funeral notice up here for me to read. The funeral will take place Monday morning at ten o'clock. They are waiting for the body of one of Judge Bullitt's nephews who was killed in the Confederate Army, about a year ago. I will say no more on this sad subject.

You asked me who belonged to our "club." I will tell you who did belong to it, for I don't suppose it will meet many more times before Summer. The members were Fannie Hewes, Jennie Moore, Millie Logan, Pattie Kennedy, Lucy Thatcher, myself, Frank Walworth, Charley Crack, Lee Alexander, Eddie Wingate, Georgie Cary; and poor Willie met once. We did indeed have a delightful time at both meetings. Sallie and Aaron Cornwall were here all night the time they met here, & Fannie Hewes stayed with me too.

~~All send love to you~~ Ada T\_\_ was delighted with your letter, especially with the part about the old woman & her chickens. That pleased her very much. She will answer it in a few days when her arm gets strong enough. All send much love to you.

Please write soon and often to your

Affectionate sister Sallie.

[back to diary]

the flag and Eda Shedd and I went with them. I had not been up there before. The view is very extensive. The wind blows so violently to-day and it was so high that I was very dizzy for sometime.

About nine o'clock the official report of Sec. Staunton was read in front hall. The paper said that Lincoln was in his box at the theatre with his wife, when the assassin came in behind, blew Lincoln's brains out, that he died this morning at twenty minutes after seven. The man, after shooting Lincoln in the head, jumped on the stage and made his escape through the back way, got on a horse and rode away in haste. As the man crossed the stage, he shot at the Motto of Virginia, flourished his sword and said "Sic semper tyrannis," thus always to tyrants.

At the same time, a man went to the house of ~~Chief~~ Seward, (who has been confined to his bed for many weeks from an injury he received from being thrown from his carriage), and when he met the negro servant at the door, told him that he brought important directions about the medicine for Seward, but when the negro refused to admit him, he knocked the servant down, and also four or five others whom he met on his way to the room of Mr. Seward, among whom was Fred Seward, son of the sick man. Fred Seward's head was badly hurt.

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The man stunned the two male nurses, also, who were in the room, and then stabbed Mr. Seward three times, and would have succeeded in cutting his throat had he not rolled out of bed. The

papers say that two men connected with the theatre are strongly suspected, but they cannot be found. They are said to have hired two horses and saddles, about ten o'clock that night, from a livery stable in Washington. One of the names was John W. Boothe, a Marylander, and the other's \_\_\_\_\_.

I never heard such language against my people in my life-time as I have heard to-day, and against my own family for when they speak of Slave-holders (or any rebel) it is speaking against my family. If I had have followed impulse I certainly would have written in my letter that I wished to go. I am afraid that what little I did write about what I've heard this morning, will make Mama sader than my first letter but I could not help it. If I could write all that I have to contend with and my feelings, Papa and Mama would not allow me to remain here, but I will cease this kind of writing.

(Seven & a half P. M.) At dinner Mr. Parsons said that if there was a man or a woman in this nation that rejoices at the death of Pres. Lincoln, they are murderers themselves. After dinner he asked me how I thought that the South would receive the news. I told him that the whole South would rejoice. He said that they lost their best friend, in Pres. Lincoln, and that they would have no friends in the North now except those who are in the conspiracy. for the whole north would be aroused to vengeance. Oh! how I do abominate such people !!! I paid no attention to him, for he knows nothing about our people.

It rained quite hard this evening about two or three o'clock, but I went to the dress maker's with my dress and had it cut. She says that I can get it Teusday evening. I only want her to cut & baste it but dress-makers frequently will do some sewing. I am going to make the dress myself. I got only ten yards yesterday but finding that to be an insufficient quantity, I went to the two dry good stores to try to get two more yards, but at, "Morgan & Ashley" where I got it, they had sold the remnant of four yards, that very morning to some one in the country. At the other store they had sold theirs too, this morning, and I thought that it was of no use to ask who bought it, for I don't suppose, I can get any of it without sending to Rochester, Batavia, or Buffalo. By putting six widths in the skirt, I have enough for all except ~~the~~ one sleeve, but I do not want a narrow dress, and if I can get enough for a sleeve I suppose I can get it for another width.

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Mrs. Stanton was more subdued to-night at prayers than I ever saw her. Mrs. Parsons read the latest news about President Lincoln's death, at seven o'clock and twenty minutes, and of Mr. Seward's, still later in the morning. The paper says that it has been proven that it was those two men of the theatre that killed them or wounded them so that they died, and that Boothe has been captured in Baltimore, but there are so many conflicting reports that it was impossible for me to tell which is the latest.

We are not required to observe study hours to-night and Mollie and I intend going to bed immediately. Though I ought to practice, I cannot. I and a good many other girls were practicing this morning and Miss Tiffery was giving a music lesson when Mrs. Stanton came to Music Hall and said that she did not wish any music to be going on while the bells were tolling. She said it was something unusual for the girls to be practicing on Saturday, (which is so). I was too sick to practice Wednesday night and Thursday night and Miss Tiffery excused me from taking my lesson for that reason on Friday, so I thought that I would make up my practicing on Saturday. I never saw so many girls practicing on Saturday. Every piano was in use. Little

Emma Hays has persuaded her Grand Ma to let her sleep with Mollie and I to-night, but I expect that she will want us to take her down to her Grand Ma before she goes to sleep.

Four o'clock, Sunday, April 16<sup>th</sup> 1865. It has been raining or snowing most all day, and is turning quite cold. Every occupied room in this house had its windows draped in red, white & blue and black yesterday by Mrs. Stanton & Ingham's request, & they remain so to-day. Mollie Parker fixed ours.

The bell rung for Bible Class just as I ceased writing, so I went to the drawing-room ["art-room" inserted later], where Mrs. Parsons heard her class. Mr. Parsons had a class in his room, but his class are composed of the oldest girls in school.

Monday, 5 o'clock, 17<sup>th</sup> April. This morning the news came that the report of Fred Seward's death is confirmed but a correction made in regard to his father, who, the papers say, is not dead as reported Saturday, but is living and has described the man that stabbed him, but it is not true about either of the men's being caught. Miss Upton heard my Geometry in school on account of teacher's meeting to-night. I had a letter from Cousin Ida to-day, written on the 10<sup>th</sup> inst. Aunt Susan ~~and Cousin~~ has quit house-keeping & is boarding on 2<sup>nd</sup> St. between Chestnut and Broadway. I ~~also~~ had a letter from Sidney, sweet Sidney, also. She has finished despicable "Algebra," as she calls it, and they have finished that "Mythology;" they have commenced Geology, "Mineralogy" and "History of Greece." She says that Charley Moore came home from College to see Sallie Moore, after her marriage; I wonder if she looks any different. Mr. Johnston (our[?] brother Johnston) is still boarding at Mrs.

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Wingate's, and his frequent visits to Mr. Hardins, lead the gossips to say that he is courting Miss Lou Trigg. Mrs. Wingate's new boarders (Sidney says) try to be French but "can't come it." The young ladies are quite pleasant she says, but very ugly. Their names are respectively Leitshu and Marie.

Tuesday, April 18<sup>th</sup> Yesterday the news came that the men who killed Lincoln and Seward, had been caught, but to-day it is corrected. Mr. Parsons received a letter from Pa yesterday and he told me that it was a political letter. At teachers meeting he said that he had a letter from Pa. Some of the teachers asked what his politics were. He said that he was not a Secesh but he thought that slavery was right. I received a letter today from Papa, and he said that he had written to Mr. Parsons, sending the remainder of my school bill. I had a note from Ada Thatcher. It is surprising to me that that she can write and spell as well when ~~the circumstance~~ her health has been such for so long and she has not been to school much. I think she did not have a misspelled word in it.

The day scholars brought a report this morning that Boothe had been arrested in Caledonia and brought to this place. The man says that he is an Englishman who has lost his trunk and he is on his way to Canada. They have him at the "Eagle Hotel" here.

I had two letters to-day and two yesterday. The ones I had to-day were from Pa and Ada Thatcher, as I believe I have already written. They released that man, this evening. They suspect him of some crime, but do not think that he is Boothe.

Wednesday, April 19<sup>th</sup> 1865. This morning, they say that Surat, (the man that stabbed William H. Seward), has been caught, in Baltimore, in a workman's dress.

We had school today, until 11 o'clock; it was then dismissed and at half past eleven, teachers & the girls joined in a procession which went up street to hear a eulogy on Lincoln. The

order of the day was as follows - Cannon fired from ten to three, every half hour, bells tolled from 11 to 12, and the procession formed at half past 11. The music went first in order, then the military (the returned soldiers), the clergy & orator (had he come as expected), then the officers and students of Ingham University, and then officers & students of the Academic Institute and lastly, the citizens. I did not join the procession of course, nor did I go at all, though Mrs. Stanton hoped none of the young ladies would think of remaining. Bessie Bishop was sick this morning, as she did not go either. This is the commemoration of the funeral

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which is to be preached in Washington City, to-day. Bessie and I came to Upper Third Hall (after seeing Mrs. Night off, as she went home to-day.) and through self respect and respect to those who were passing in the procession, I closed the shutters of this room window, and Bessie and I went to a window which had thick curtains so that we could see and not be seen. I counted the number in the crowd & it was 404.

We did not have school this evening, but had the usual study hours for those who did not attend church.

I closed my shutters while the procession passed, as a matter of course for I did not intend Mrs. Stanton or any of the teachers, to have cause to say that I remained at home and kept my window open, or remained at it, either, so I closed them. Some time after, Mollie Parker came ~~and~~ to Bessie Bishop's door, (I was in the room with Bessie) and asked me if I closed the window blinds, and what business I had to close them. ~~It wa~~ She draped the window for ~~that~~ this day more than any other, and it was all she could do for her country and she'd like to know what business I had to close the windows of her room, that Miss Upton said it was perfectly silly and told her to come just as straight as she could come and open them. I told her that I had as perfect a right to close the blinds as she could have to open them; but after I went to my room just at dinner time, I talked to her as plainly, as I ever did to any one, and Miss Nottingham happened to overhear. After dinner she went to Mrs. Parsons & told her that Mollie talked in a very unladylike manner to me. Miss Parker went to Mrs. Parsons before I went, but she did not tell her the thing just as it occurred. Mrs. Parsons says that she reprovved Mollie for her conduct, but should have done so more severely had she known the truth. She made Mollie promise not to speak in such a manner to me again. Mrs. Parsons told me that if she did to let her know it and if I wished to room alone or with anyone else, ~~to~~ I should do so. I told her that I did not care for what Mollie Parker said (for I thought her a girl ungoverned by any principle whatever) except I would not let any girl talk to me so.

Bessie Bishop told a good many of the girls the truth, and they were perfectly surprised at the difference in the story that Mollie told to them. I saw Miss Upton when I was down in Mrs. Parsons room, and told her what Mollie said. She said that she did not say any such thing. Mollie went to her and said , "Miss

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Upton, what do you suppose Cora Owens has gone and done?" Miss U\_\_ said "what?" Why as soon as I left my room she went and closed the window shutters to hide that drapery. (Just as if I could not have taken it down or closed the shutters when 'twas first put up there two weeks ago) (or have been as childish as she and said that half the window was mine and she should not drape the whole window in red, white, blue and black.).

I was in here to-day, when Mollie and Tillie Jewett were here. Mollie said she was going to write a long letter home this evening and tell about the procession and she was going to tell about her window blinds being closed too, "darn it;" she was so mad she did not know what to do. I wrote home this evening, but I did not mention anything disagreeable whatever, I merely told about the procession, for I would not distress them at home, unless there was cause for it.

Thursday, April 20<sup>th</sup> 1865. Yesterday was the day of the month on which the revolutionary war commenced, the day that the treaty of peace was signed Seven years after, it was the day of month on which the fight took place at Baltimore, when the Baltimoreans resisted the 6<sup>th</sup> Mass. reg't. It was also the anniversary of something about Fort Sumpter, & it is the day that Lincoln's funeral was preached. Good Friday he was killed and when Mrs. Stanton spoke of that fact in connection with the crucifixion of Christ, I certainly think that she thought Abraham Lincoln greater than our Savior. She compared the two, and compared the assassins to the Jews, making Lincoln greater than Christ, & Boothe worse than the Jews.

I went to the Episcopal Church to-night, (Thursday) and Mr. Geussner [?] (who is a Canadian & not a citizen of the U. S.) preached a sermon in which he greatly eulogized Lincoln. He (as all the abolishmentists here have done in speaking or reading papers) spoke of the murder or assassination of Our beloved President as the work of the demon Slavery. He spoke of the guillatines, bullet holes in the walls, etc., etc., in Richmond which bore evidence of how Loyal men were persecuted, and he said that Lincoln's character, he was glad to say had never been stained, by having a single traitor hung. (No it has not been stained, it was blackened at the most. I never heard before that Lincoln had so many virtues. His body will not be sent to Springfield, Ill. via New York, Albany, & Buffalo, as expected, so the people of those cities are doomed to disappointment, but it will go by Philadelphia, Harrisburg and Fort Wayne.

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[These two pages were in pencil. I, Edith Hume, went over them with pen and ink.]

Friday, April 21<sup>st</sup> It has been corrected about Surat's being caught. It seems that is not true. They have not caught Booth, either. Queen Victoria has said that he may be taken on her soil, if he can be found there.

Saturday April 22<sup>nd</sup> 1865. Sunday 23<sup>rd</sup> This evening, four of the girls of this school were baptized at the Episcopal Church, and they will be confirmed next Sabbath. They were Misses Julia and Carrie Church, Lillian Stone, Newell and Kate Hyde. A hard set to baptize - a Stone and two Churches.

Monday April 24<sup>th</sup> 1865 I had a letter from Papa to-day. He says that Maggie Grey has been to Dr. Hill's school since Christmas, but Mr. Grey will not return her to that school, if he can avoid it; would immediately send her to Leroy if he thought she could receive profitable instruction during vacation. Pa said that Mr. Grey would send Margaret with me next year if I return, but Pa said that her coming depended entirely upon my decision about returning. He says that he thinks Ingham University a good place for the improvement of intellect, but he does not wish me to remain where politics made it unpleasant or uncomfortable for me & Mr. Grey does not wish Margaret to either. The idea of having her to come so soon is charming. Pa says for me to write immediately, after speaking to Mr. and Mrs. Parsons about it. He thinks that Miss Upton might probably be able to teach her through vacation. I shall write as fully as I can in regard to it. Mrs. Parsons says she thinks she can get taught during the summer (though not at the University

nor by Miss Upton for she is going to Michigan) but she thinks it would be better not to spend this summer in that way.

Pa says that Mr. Grey wishes him to take Margaret as a boarder to room with Sallie and go to Miss Marsh remainder of term (if she does not come here) and Pa said that probably Miss [no name, or too faint to read] could teach Sallie, Maggie & I during the summer, if I wish to study any in vacation. I feel like it is a great responsibility for me in deciding about Sallie's coming here next year, especially [since] neither Papa nor Mama know anything of the school, and with me the matter rests entirely. Papa says that if he could send many pupils to Leroy if he could only say that they keep politics out of school. But that he cannot say.

Teusday April 25<sup>th</sup> 1865. Wednesday, April 26<sup>th</sup> 1865. I spent an exceedingly restless night last night. I felt as well as usual, but I could not sleep soundly. I dreamed

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a long dream but can't recall it.

Thursday April 27<sup>th</sup> 1865. The programme about the transportation of the funeral Cortège of Mr. Lincoln, has been changed again, and it will pass through New York City, Albany, Rochester and Buffalo. I do not know what other places. I was exceedingly anxious to go to Buffalo, but Mrs. Parsons thought that ladies would not have much opportunity to see the corpse. Mr. Parsons and Col. Stanton have gone. Nettie Smith went last Monday I believe and has not yet returned. Dell Taggart went home yesterday to go with her Father & Mother. Carrie and Tillie Jewett sent home yesterday and M[ollie] Parker went with them. They'll not return until Monday. I am enjoying being alone, ever so much, and am glad she is going to remain until Monday. I can never respect that girl and I would not room with her were it not for the same reason that I moved up to this room.

We heard late this evening that John Wilkes Booth has been captured but dead. I do hope that he is neither captured nor dead, but I fear it is true. It is said that he was found in Maryland. Truth survives anyway.

Friday, April 28<sup>th</sup> 1865. Mr. Parsons told us this morning that it is confirmed about Booth. He says that Lincoln's face is considerably blackened, but that he should have recognized it from his photograph, though he never saw Lincoln alive. He says that Buffalo is deeply draped & that the hall in which the body was, was draped in very expensive material.

Saturday, April 29<sup>th</sup> 1865. I feel so bad about Booth's death, and yet if he could not escape, I am glad that he died rather than surrender, for the enemy would have tortured him to death. I will copy some pieces which I read in a paper that Lilla Bennett brought in for me to read. Miss Bennett has a splendid photograph of J. Wilkes Booth, and since seeing that noble face, [Above-the-line note reads: "Note in 1914 - manly handsome features] I sincerely sympathize with those who mourn his death. I gave Miss Bennett some money to send to Rochester for a photograph like hers, for me.

Last evening the news came that Gen'l. Joe Johnston has surrendered. ~~to Grant~~. Gen'l. Sherman made a short truce with Johnston and it seems that Grant went against the latter. They say that Sherman is subject to fits of derangement, and that he was in one when he made the arrangement with Johnston. The papers say that a dispatch from Gen. Grant, dated at Raleigh at 10 p. m., April 26<sup>th</sup> (Wednesday) says: Johnston has surrendered the forces in his command embracing all from here to the

Chattahoocha, to General Sherman, on the basis of the terms agreed upon by General Lee and myself for the Army of Northern Virginia. (signed) Edwin M. Stanton. Secretary of War.

(This was sent from Washington by Secretary Stanton).

It was not true about the deaths of the sewards, for the papers now say that they are doing well.

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From the "Rochester Express"

The Reward - The captors of Booth and Harrold, have made quite a handsome sum of money by the operation. The War Department offered fifty thousand dollars reward for the capture of Booth, and twenty- five thousand each for Harrold and Atzeroth. Besides this, Washington City, Baltimore and other authorities offered rewards probably amounting [to] thirty or forty thousand more. The reward is undoubtedly the same for them, dead or alive.

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(From Daily evening Rochester Express)

Booth and Harrold

Full particulars of the Capture of the assassins.

Washington, April 27<sup>th</sup> The Star says of the Booth:

Booth and Harrold reached Garrett's some days ago, Booth walking on crutches. A party of four or five accompanied them, who spoke of Booth as a wounded Marylander on his way home and said they wished to leave him there a short time and would take him away by the 26<sup>th</sup> (yesterday). Booth limped somewhat and walked on crutches about the place, complaining of his ankle. He and Harrold regularly took their meals at the house and both kept up appearances well. One day at the dinner table the conversation turned on the assassination of the President, when Booth denounced the assassination in the severest terms, saying that there was no punishment severe enough for the perpetrator. At another time, some one said in their presence that rewards amounting to \$20,000 had been offered for Booth, and that he would like to catch him; when Booth replied: "Les, it would be a good haul - but the amount will doubtless soon be increased to \$500,000." The two Garrets who lived on the place alleged that they had no idea that these parties were Booth and Harrold, or other than what they represented themselves - paroled Confederate soldiers on their way home. They also say that when the Cavalry appeared in that neighborhood and they heard that

they were looking for the assassin, they sent word to them that these two men were on the place. In other words, they assert that they are entirely ignorant of giving the assassins any aid and comfort, knowing them to be such. The Ira, tug boat, reached here about two o'clock last night with Harrold and the two men referred to, as well as the body of Booth. Harrold was immediately put in a safe place. He has thus far manifested no disposition to speak of the affair, but as he was known as a very talkative young man, he may soon resume the use of his tongue.

Booth and Harrold were dressed in Confederate gray new uniforms. Harrold was otherwise not much disguised. Booth's moustache had been cut off, apparently with scissors, and his beard allowed to grow, changing his appearance considerably. His hair had been cut somewhat shorter than he usually wore it.. Booth's body, which we have above described, was at

once laid out on a bench and a guard placed over it. The lips of the corpse were are tightly compressed, and the blood has settled in the lower part of the neck face and neck. Otherwise his face is pale, and wears a mild, haggard look, indicating exposure to the elements and a rough time generally in his flight. His hair is disarranged and dirty, and apparently had not been combed since he took his flight. The head and breast are alone exposed to view, the lower portions of the body, including the hands and feet, being covered with a tarpaulin. The shot which terminated his accursed life, entered on the left-side at the back of the neck, a point, curiously enough, not far distant from that in which his victim, our lamented President, was shot. No orders have been given as to what disposition will be made of the body.

A Spencer carbine, which Booth had with him in the barn at the time he was shot by Sergeant Corbett, and a large knife with blood on it, supposed to be the one with which Booth cut Major Rathbun [sic] in the night of the murder of President Lincoln, & which was found on Booth's body, have been brought to this city. The carbine & knife are now is the possession of Col. Baker at his office.

Bills of exchange, which were for a considerable amount, & which were found on Booth's person, were drawn on Canada in October last. About that time Booth was known to have been in Canada. It is now thought that Booth's leg was fractured in jumping from the box in the theatre upon the stage, not by falling from his horse while endeavoring to make his escape, as was at first supposed. In the meantime, it appears that Booth & Harrold applied to Garret for horses to ride to Louisa Court House, but the latter, fearing the horses would not be returned, refused

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to hire them, notwithstanding the large sums offered. These circumstances, together with the recriminations of Booth & Harrold, each charging the other with the responsibilities of their difficulties, had aroused the suspicions of the Garrett Brothers, who urged them to leave, lest they (the Garretts) should get into trouble with our cavalry. This Booth refused to do without a horse. The two men then retired to the barn the door of which Garrett locked after they had entered, and remained on guard in a neighboring corn crib, as he alleges, to prevent their horses from being ridden off by Booth & Harrold in the night. On the approach of our cavalry from Bowling Green on Wednesday morning, the Garretts came out of the corn crib to meet the cavalry, & in answer to their inquiries directed them to the barn. Booth was at once summoned to Surrender, but refused. Harrold expressed his willingness to give himself up, but was overruled by Booth for some time. But he finally surrendered, leaving Booth in the barn. The latter then, assuming a defiant air, called out to know the commanding officer, and proposed to him that his men should be drawn up at fifty yards distance, and he would come out & fight them. After the barn had been burning for three quarters of an hour, and when the roof was about falling in, Booth, who had been standing with a revolver in one hand, and a carbine resting on the floor, made a demonstration as if to break through the guard & escape. To prevent this, Sergeant Corbett fired, intending to hit Booth in the shoulder & cripple him. The ball however, struck a little too high and entered the neck, resulting fatally, as before stated. Booth had in his possession the short, heavy bowie knife with which he struck Major Rothbone, a Spencer carbine, a silver shooter of Massachusetts manufacture, three revolvers & a pocket pistol.



The fourth edition of the Star has the following additional details of the Capture of Harrold & the killing of Booth: The detachment of the 16<sup>th</sup> New York Cavalry, under Lieut. Dougherty, numbering 28 men & accompanied by two of Col. Baker's detective force, which went down the river on Monday, obtained the first news of Booth on Tuesday evening from an old man who stated that four men in Company with a rebel captain, had crossed the Rappahannock a short time previous, going in direction of Bowling Green; &

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he added that the captain would probably be found in that place, as he was visiting a lady there. On pushing on to Bowling Green, the Captain was found at a hotel, and taken into custody. From him it was ascertained that Booth & Harrold were at the house of John & Wm. Garrett 3 miles back towards Port Royal, & about 1/4 mile from the road passed over by their cavalry. He wore besides his suit of grey, an ordinary cloth cap, a heavy high-topped cavalry boot on his right foot with the top turned down & a government shoe on his left foot.

No clue could be obtained of the two other men, & taking the 2 guests into custody the command immediately set out, after leaving the Captain. Lieutenant Dougherty, who commanded the squadron, entered the service in a 71<sup>st</sup> N. C. militia.

Sergeant Corbett, who shot Booth, was baptized "Boston" about seven years ago, at which time he assumed the name of Boston Corbett. Today ~~the~~ he has been greatly lionized and on the street was repeatedly surrounded by citizens, who occasionally manifested their appreciation by loud cheers. The two garretts were dressed in rebel gray, having belonged to Lee's army, & had just returned home on parole. They profess to have been entirely ignorant of the character of B. & H. & manifest great uneasiness concerning their connection with the affair.

B & H. narrowly escaped capture on this side of the Potomac. Marshall Murray & a party of New York detectives traced them to within a short distance of Swan Point. But the Marshall being unacquainted with the country and without a guide, during the darkness of the night took the wrong ~~right~~ road, and before he could regain the trail Harrold succeeded in crossing the river to Virginia.

The report that B. attempted to shoot himself while in the barn is incorrect. He however, in his parley with the beseigers, intimated that he would not be taken alive. His manner was that of desperation, knowing that his doom was sealed & preferring to meet it there in that shape, to the more ignominious death awaiting him if captured. He appeared to pay little attention to the fire raging about him when he made a movement indicating the desperate purpose to cut his way out, & perhaps really hoping to succeed amid the smoke and confusion. It was this movement on his part that seemed to have caused Corbett to fire the fatal shot. Harrold, before leaving the barn, laid down his pistol, which was immediately picked up by Booth,

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who had it in his hand at the time he was shot. Boston Corbett, who killed Booth is said to be a man of deep religious convictions, who has at prayer meetings lately prayed fervently that the assassin of the late President might be bro't to justice. It is said, also, that in pulling the trigger upon Booth he sent up an audible petition for the soul of the criminal.

The pistol used by Corbett was a regular large sized cavalry pistol. He was offered \$1,000 for it this morning with its five undischarged load. This afternoon Surgeon General Barnes, with an assistant, held an autopsy on the body of Booth. It now appears that Booth &

Harrold had on clothes which were originally some other color than the Confederate grey, but being faded & dusty presented that appearance. They saw a party of rebel soldiers convey two men, whom he had recognized by the photograp[sic], across the river. Lieut. Col. Conger & Lieut. Baker were directed to take this man as a guide.

They commenced crossing the river at 2 P. M., having a boat which could convey seven men at once. They did not finish crossing until five o'clock. Then they proceeded half way from Port Royal to Bowling Green where they found some women who stated that a party of Confederate soldiers had returned on Teusday, one less in number; that neither one of those who came back were lame. They subsequently found that the soldiers went three miles with Booth; that Harrold continued on to Bowling Green on Monday. Also that Harrold returned to Garret's Monday afternoon. The pursuing force passed Garrett's house a few minutes after Harrold's return to it, & went for some fifteen miles to Bowling Green. There they captured one of the Confederate soldiers who had been with Booth the day before. He made a statement to them as to the whereabouts of Booth & H - fully confirming that above given. This was 8 o'clock Teusday night. They went back to Garrett's which they reached at 2 A. M., surrounded the dwelling & outhouses. To the first question as to the whereabouts of B. the Garrett family gave no satisfactory answer; but soon after a son of one of the G. brothers confessed his knowledge of them in the barn. The force was then formed around the barn, at a distance of 30 ft. from it. Lieut. Col. Conger sent one of Garrett's men into the barn to tell the fugitives

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to surrender to them their arms & to come out & deliver themselves up. B. threatened him, saying he had betrayed them & must leave the barn. Lieut. Col. Baker then went to the door of the barn and demanded their surrender, which after a long parley was refused. Lieut. Col. Conger then pulled some hay through a crack, ignited it & pressed it back into the mow. B. then came near the corner where Conger stood to shoot the man who fired the building. He stood, with pistol raised, peering into the darkness, but was unable to see anyone. He then turned and gazed upon the flames, then started for the door. Sergeant Corbett, of the Cavalry force, in violation of orders, left the line & going close to the wall before him, fired a pistol through a crack in it, shooting Booth in the head. He fell as soon as shot, the ball severing the throat. Lieut. Col. Conger & Lieut. Baker entered the barn & carried him into the yard. Col. Conger placing his ear to the mouth of the dying Man, heard him say, "tell mother I died for my country." A messenger was dispatched to Port Royal for a physician. When the Dr. arrived B. was too much exhausted to be revived by human skill. Booth was also heard to say: "thought I was doing the best for the country - kill me! Kill me!" As Lt. B was rubbing his hands, he said, "useless, useless."

He was shot at 15 minutes past three o'clock ~~Teusday~~ Wednesday. His body was soon after conveyed to Belle Plain, placed on the steamer John S. Ides & brought to this city. Harrold was transferred to a safe place. The body of B. was transferred to the Navy yard & an autopsy held this afternoon. The photograp[sic] of all parties in custody were taken this afternoon.

Washington - April 27<sup>th</sup> The greatest curiosity is manifested here to view the body of B. It remained on the gunboat in the stream, off the Navy Yard. Thousands of persons visited the Navy Yard to-day in hopes of getting a glimpse of the remains. But none not connected with the yard were allowed to enter. The Wildest excitement has existed here all day & the greatest regrets are expressed that B. was not taken alive. The news of B's death reached the ears of his mistress while she was in a street car, which caused her to weep aloud, & drawing a photograph

likeness of B, from her pocket, she kissed it fondly several times. Harrold, thus far, has evaded every effort to be drawn into a conversation by those who have necessarily come in contact with him since his capture; but outward appearances indicate that he begins to realize the condition in which he is placed. There is no hope for his escape from the fearful doom that awaits him. His relatives and friends in this city are in the greatest distress for the disgrace which he has brought upon them.

The end of this piece.

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~~Monday~~ Sunday, 30<sup>th</sup> April 1865      Monday May 1<sup>st</sup> 1865. It snowed some to-day and it has been quite cold. Saturday, it was quite pleasant and it almost seemed to me that I see the trees budding & blooming. The yard is being cleared of winter trash & looks quite beautiful. The flower beds enclosed by box-pines look very nice & one of them is peculiarly beautiful for it is full of one of my favorite flowers - the Hyacinth.

No letter to-day. It seems a month since I received one. I've allowed myself to depend upon a letter everyday this past week to keep up my spirits & as none came any day the effect of hope deferred is bad. But it is not time for my letter from home.

/Special Dispatches at nine A. M./

Further particulars of the capture of the Assassin. Sergeant Corbett's account.

New York, April 28<sup>th</sup> It appears by Herald's correspondent that Col. Baker sent Col. Conger, & Lieut. A. of his detectives, with Lt. Dougherty & his cavalry. On reaching Garrett's farm they were told by a son of G, there were two men in the barn. This was at 2 A.M. Wednesday, April 19<sup>th</sup> 1865. Proceeding to the barn, Lt. Baker was sent forward & call'd on Booth. to come out, give up his arms & surrender & that young G. would go into the barn to receive his arms. Upon his entering the barn, Booth exclaimed "Get out of here - you have betrayed me." A colloquy then ensued, of which the following is the substance: Lt. B - you must give up your arms & surrender. We have come to make you a prisoner & will treat you as a pris'ner. We will give you five minutes to surrender or we will burn the barn. B. - "Who are you, & what do you want?" Instructions had been given to Lt. B. not to disclose the character of those in pursuit. Lt. Baker - We want you. We intend to take you prisoner. B. - This is a hard case. It may be that I am taken by my friends. After some further colloquy of this sort, B. seemingly convinced that he was in the hands of Federal soldiers, said: "Give me a chance for my life. I am a cripple with one leg. Draw your men 100 yards from the barn & I will come out and fight you." Lt. B. - We did not come here to fight, but to take you. You must give up your arms & surrender. Booth - "Let me have time to consider."

Conversation then took place between B. & H. which was not heard by the party outside. In about 15 or 20 min. B. called "Who are you? I could have picked off a dozen of your men while we were talking. I could have shot you 2 or 3 times but I don't want to kill any body." Lt. B. - Then give up your arms & surrender. We've come here to take you. B. - I will never surrender; I will never be taken alive. Lt. B. - If you don't do so immediately we will set fire to the barn. Booth - Well, my brave boys, then prepare a stretcher for me. After this a conversation took place between Booth & Harrold during which Booth was heard to

say: "You damn coward, will you leave me now? But go! Go! I don't want you to stay with me." He then addressed the party outside and said: "There is a man here who wants to come out." Baker - "Then let him hand out his arms & come out." Another talk between B & H in which it appeared that the latter was begging to be allowed to take some arms out with him & B was heard to say: "Go away from me; I don't want anything more to do with you." He then came to the door, and asked to be let out. Lt. B said: "No, hand out your arms." Harrold then replied: "I have none." Lt. B. - Yes you have, you carried a carbine when you came here. You must hand it out. Booth - He has no arms, they are all mine - Upon my word as a gentleman, he has no arms. All that are here belong to me. Lt. B. then approached the door, when H thrust out his hands & was pulled from the door, tied, & placed in charge of a guard. Col C. was then satisfied further parley with Booth was vain & set fire to the barn which was blazing in a few minutes.

The hay lighted up the inside of the barn. B. was seen leaning on a crutch, which he threw aside, & with a carbine in his hand came toward the side where the fire had been kindled. He paused, looked at the fire a moment, then started to the door. When in the middle of the barn he was shot. Col B. & Lt. B. immediately entered & bro't the body out.

After identification, by order of War Department, the body was privately interred in clothing which was upon it. Another correspondent says: The parley with Booth lasted a long while. Booth told Lt. Dougherty he had a bead drawn on him & could shoot him if he chose; that he could see them outside plainly, while they could not see him. When the fire was lighted Booth could be seen, and then Lt. Dougherty ordered Sergeant Corbett to fire, which he did, through one of the crevices. Booth was armed with two six-barrelled, & one seven - barrelled revolvers. When the party started to return with the body, Harrold refused to walk, when a rope was fastened to his neck & the other end of it to the saddle of one of the cavalry men. As soon as a horse could be procured he was mounted.

The World's correspondent says: It is learned that H. joined Booth just after the assassination, and it is believed brought the horse into the alley.

New York, April 28<sup>th</sup> The following is the statement of Sergeant Boston Corbett: On Teusday afternoon my superior officer, Lt. Edward Dougherty, received infor-

mation that 2 persons answering the description of Booth and his accomplice, Harrold, were concealed in a barn on the place of Henry Garrett, about three miles from Port Royal in the direction of Bowling Green. There we captured a man named Jett, who ferried Booth and his companion across the Potomac. At first he denied knowing anything about the matter, but when threatened with death if he did not reveal the spot where the assassins could be found, he piloted us to the place. B. & H. reached the barn about dark Teusday evening. The barn was at once surrounded by our cavalry, and some of our party engaged in conversation with B. from the outside. He was commanded to surrender, but made no reply to the demand, saying, "If you want me you must take me." When first asked to surrender, he asked, "Who do you take me for?" A short time after, in response to the question whether there was anybody else with him in the barn, he stated that he was the only person in the building; that his companion Harrold, had taken another direction, and was beyond the reach of capture. At three o'clock, or ~~in~~ a little after, the

barn was fired. Before the flames were kindled, Booth had the advantage of us in respect to light, but after that the tables were turned against him. The flames appeared to confuse him, and he made a spring towards the door as if to attempt to force his way out. As he passed by one of the crevices in the barn, I fired at him. I did not want to kill him. I took deliberate aim at his shoulder, but my aim was too high. The ball struck him in the head, just below the right ear, & passing through came out about an inch above the left ear. I think he stooped to pick up something just as I fired. That may account for his receiving the ball in the head. I was not over 8 or 10 ft. distant from him when I fired. I was afraid that if I did not wound him he would kill some of our men. After he was wounded I went into the barn - Booth was laying in a reclining position on the floor. I asked him, - "Where are you wounded?" He replied in a very feeble voice, his eyeballs glaring with a peculiar brilliance "In the head. You have finished me." He was then carried out of the barn into the open air, when he died about two hours & a half afterward. About an hour before he breathed his last, he prayed for us to shoot him through the heart and thus end his misery. ~~He suffered~~ His suffering appeared to be intense. Booth, although he could have killed several of our party, seemed afraid to fire. Mine was the only shot fired on either side. When he fell he had in his hand a six barrelled revolver, which he dropped after he was wounded. He declared that the arms belonged to him and that H. had nothing to do with the murder. We gave him brandy, and our men went in search of a doctor, whom we found about four miles from the scene of the occurrence; but when the doctor arrived Booth was dying. He did not talk much after receiving his wound. When asked if he had anything to say, he replied, "I die for my country," and asked those ~~around~~ standing by to tell his Mother so. He did not deny his crime.

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Teusday, 2<sup>nd</sup> of May 1865. I received a letter last night from Papa. He says that Mr. Henry Crutcher is very low - not expected to live another day. He does not say what is the matter with him. I am so very sorry to hear it, and hope that he will recover. ~~I received a letter from Sallie to day~~

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~~and a little note.~~ Miss Amelia Austin told me some time ago that Mr. Streeter, the gentleman to whom she is engaged to be married, was coming out here (from Miles, Michigan) the first of May and had written to her asking her to tell Delia Taggart and I, that he would be happy to have us go with them to Caledonia on a fishing excursion. He had heard Miss Amelia speak of us frequently in her letters as her favorites. He came to-day and Miss Amelia has told us that if to-morrow is a pretty day we'll go, and she has gotten permission from Mrs. Stanton. Mrs. Stanton says she thinks 'twill do me good, but she hesitated about Dell for she goes home so often & to other places; but Miss Amelia told her that we were the girls she cared most for them to go & Mrs. Stanton consented.

It is not certain that Dell can go on account of being examined in "Evidences of Christianity." For Mr. Parsons says he can't examine the class in the morning in time for her to go. I was excused from walk this evening for I felt very faint. I hope that I will feel perfectly well in the morning. Lying down a few minutes gives relief to me when I feel so faint. I went to tea as usual & to section & said my Geometry (after sections). On my way to walk in the garden, I saw Miss Amelia hunting for me & she told me about to-morrow. She has not any large boils now with which she has been so much troubled since her sickness in the fall, and her skin is quite

smooth now. I never saw her looking so well & since Mr. S[treete]r's arrival, she is very cheerful, indeed. I expect she is quite pretty when she is well.

Mollie Parker returned from Buffalo yesterday evening, so I am not rooming alone now. Since her absence I have had a great deal of company for so many girls would come to see me frequently, were it not for meeting her. With the exception of a few, she has not many friends in school. I feel that I have been too careless and I am beginning to pay more attention to those about me for the sake of making friends & making it more pleasant for myself. I needed something to arouse me.

Wednesday May 3<sup>rd</sup> 1865. A lovely day. Rather cold on North side of the house, so I left my room with my writing to sit by the hall register, for I am, of course, excused from school, & as we will not start until twelve o'clock (on account of Dell's class) I commenced writing after I came out from opening division. Delia Taggart can go and I am so glad for now the party will be what was intended. Miss Fannie Taggart was sick & missed the examination this morning, so Mr. Parsons has it at eleven o'clock. During Mrs. Stanton's remarks at first division, Miss Austin was called out & the girls who knew it was to see Mr. Streeter, laughed. Mrs. S.

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laughed and said, "I knew you did not hear what I said. "I do wish there was something else in this world besides a man. To be sure we could not get along very well without them but you need not go crazy over one. I know exactly what you think. You think every woman not complete without her man." Her manner made it quite amusing though it would not seem so.

Evelyn Sprague's room is on the south side of the hall and as she was leaving her window, through which the sun was shining very warm, she asked me to sit there & write if I wished as it was pleasant, and she had to go to painting. I came and it is charming. The sun has already heated my inkstand and of course it is comfortable for me. I can see the broad part of the river above the dam, and look out into the backyard and garden which looks very nice since the box-pine which surrounds the beds & walks has been cleared of straw, & the flower beds have been ready & the walks cleaned. The trees are in bloom, and it seems quite spring-like (in the first of May.) I have written to Papa this morning, also to Jennie Cary & Cousin Ida. I wrote to Grand Pa, Grand-Ma, Cousin Alice & Annie Baldrige some days ago, so I'll have quite a large mail to send out to-morrow. Just below this window is the glass top of the green house which makes my seat much warmer. Through the roof I can see the beautiful flowers & plants, inside. In the middle of the yard between the cottage & here, is a round flower bed which Louis is digging, but he says that he will leave that for his last job for he always ornaments it for Commencement ~~from~~ with the green house plants.

I received a "Democrat" and "Journal" to-day, which Papa said he sent by the same mail with my letters. I enjoy reading the papers very much but have time to read two papers only, & those I hastily read. But I must cease writing for I think it must be nearly time for the carriage to come

Wednesday night May 3<sup>rd</sup> We went to Caledonia (four miles or five from here) in a light double buggy, with two pretty bay horses to it and we had a charming ride. Mr. S. is a ~~very~~ nice gentleman but (as Dell and I both conclude) he will be older after while (& of course more polished for he is only in his 21<sup>st</sup> year Miss A. says). The carriage was literally covered with Buffalo robes which made it more comfortable as the wind blew a good deal. We drove to the principal hotel in Caledonia which is a small town, and we went into the reception

room. There seemed to be no one at home, but we expected a nice dinner for Mrs. Shaw, who used to be matron here is said to keep a fine table. Mr. S[treeter] went to the man who took his horses and told him that he would like to have his horses put up and fed. The man said "We don't keep feed for horses." Mr. S. asked him if we could get dinner. He coldly replied, "no sir, we've been to dinner." Mr. S. laughed & said "Why, I thought you kept hotel here.[?]" We then went to another hotel & found that we could be accommodated here but not liking the looks of the place we got in the carriage & drove a little further to Mumford, a little place but much prettier than Caledonia. There we got a nice dinner. The hostess, an old lady, got the dinner herself & a real good country meal it was. Ham & eggs & cheese, pickles, doughnuts, good gingerbread, light bread white as snow (almost), tea, potatoes, and the nicest kind of butter. I enjoyed it exceedingly.

After dinner we went to Mr. Allen's (~~Fannie's fathers~~) mills (Fannie's father's) which are on the bank of Allen's Creek, alias Oates river, & the bank of the stream was green & had willow trees along each side, so it was very pleasant. We staid there a long time & did not feel like coming back. We started on our return in time to get here by sunset. We saw Frank Allen's home. It is a ~~very~~ pretty place indeed., Dell and I gave the back seat to Miss. A. & Mr. S. until we got near Leroy. We drove that far, when we took our ~~proper~~ seats & drove over the principal streets of town to get the good of the day. Then we came to the University just after the bell rung for retirement at seven.

Thursday May 4<sup>th</sup> I received a letter from Sallie to-day and a note from Mama. The substance of the latter was this: "I did not feel troubled about what you said in your letter to your Pa, of the abolition sentiments in school for I expected that [,] but my daughter, I fear from your having to take medicine that you are downright sick.. If you are sick let us know immediately and you must come home & that as quick as possible."

I wrote to Pa in reference to this school in reply to his letter about Maggie Grey & asked him not to let Mama see it for fear it might make her feel like my first letter did, but it seems that she did see it. I merely happened to mention about my taking the preparation of iron. I had put my letters in the letter box, but finding that the mail had not been carried down at the usual time, I

slipped a piece of paper in, without unsealing the envelope, to relieve Ma of anxiety.

Friday April 5<sup>th</sup> I went down to the parlor this evening [later above-line insertion asks: "Afternoon?"] to see Mr. S[treeter]. He is going to leave in the morning, and as I was sick in bed this morning I did not feel like seeing him after tea. I felt better at dinner time & went in school as usual this evening [later changed to "afternoon"]. There was a musical review this evening but many of the girls had to be excused from playing. Those who played, did very well. We got some boquets of Myrtle & threw at some of them. One time, I gathered more roots (in the dark) than anything else.

Miss Amelia has had another gentleman visitor to-day - a Mr. Woodward or Woodruff, from Lake Superior and both leave to-morrow on the same train.

I had a letter sometime this week, I can't think what day, and yet I fully appreciated it, (from Papa[]), enclosing one from Myra. It has the foreign stamps on it & looks quite strange.

She writes in answer to my letter of Dec. 15<sup>th</sup>. She says that her physician recommended a trip to Southern Europe for her health, & they were then ( ) on their way to Naples, Venice, Rome, etc. She wrote from Vienna where she had been for five days, and her letter was very interesting. She told me of many of the curiosities which she saw there. I will copy the letter when I feel more like writing, for I have written so much that I can scarcely make a letter.

Saturday May 6<sup>th</sup> 1865. Sunday, May 7th, 1865. I did not go to church this morning. I spilled ink on the dress I intended to wear, so did not have time to get ready. I got the ink on my red plaid.

Thursday, May 11th. Sunday at dinner I did not feel well & at four o'clock I had to give up & go to bed. I went to the register after I got undressed to warm my feet which were very cold & I fell right down, perfectly faint. I was so sick until six or seven that I thought I certainly would telegraph home next morning but I felt better Monday, though not enough so to get up. Monday evening I sat up a few minutes but was very faint & dizzy, & Miss Nottingham took me to her room & at dinner time she spoke to Dr. Williams who came to see me. He gave me some medicine to take every two hours & some pills, to take one that night & one next morning. He said that I had been taking too exhausting exercise in running up and down stairs or something of the kind. Because my pain was

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on the left side principally, about my heart, the rumor soon got afloat that Dr. Williams said I had disease of the heart, & others said it was caused from constant tight lacing. It is provoking to me that girls have no more judgement, but I could not help laughing when I heard it. Unless a person has a waist like a hogshead they are said to be killing themselves by lacing.

Teusday the doctor came again. He is such a pleasant gentleman. He left some medicine - a little stronger for me and when Miss Nottingham told him in answer to his inquiry, that I was pale & dizzy whenever I got up, he said that if I would take a little whisky, brandy or wine when up, that it would probably do me good. He thought I required rather a strong stimulant now. In the evening I felt so much better that I got up while Miss Nottingham was at walk & then I went to tea but I felt worse from it & Miss Nottingham put me to bed again in her room. I got up Wednesday morning after breakfast & staid up until about 5 o'clock by lying down once in a while, but going down to dinner & being up so long made me almost as sick as I was Sunday. I feel better to-day but I must quit writing before I do too much. I got a letter from Papa to-day. I ~~reg~~ deeply regret to hear of Mr. Crutcher's death. He died on the fourth inst. (last Thursday) Mrs. Crutcher is greatly troubled about what to do. It is fortunate that Tommy & Harry are full grown young men now & can assist her.

Papa enclosed a note to Miss Nottingham, saying that he would be happy to assist her, but as the vacation is so long, it would not be probable that a situation could be procured immediately but he doubts not that he can get a good one. Pa writes to me that he thinks she would be successful if she did not attempt to carry politics in school, but if her sentiments on the negro question are such that she would attempt to teach them, she would not be tolerated.

After the war. Papa says there will be great demand for good teachers & many applicants from the South & North. No doubt there will be & I hope that my education will be so thorough that I can teach or support myself in many other ways if it should be necessary as Pa says, but I have no idea that it will be necessary. If it should, I would not shrink. However, I will cease writing as I am weak & this writing would condemn any one who thought of teaching.



Friday May 12<sup>th</sup> 1865. I have not been in school, yet. I thought that I would be well enough to go in school to-day but I was not. I felt a great deal better this morning, but at a quarter of twelve, Hannah took some toast with egg on it & some tea in the Reception Room for me and though I did not relish any of it, I thought I must eat a little of it because she had gone to so much trouble and thought it so nice. There was some for Miss Lydia Parker and Nettie Smith too but Nettie Smith did not eat any.

After I ate, I was so sick that I had to go and lie down nor could I get up until four o'clock. For tea ["time" inserted later] I had a little milk. It is astonishing what a soothing influence milk has upon me, but then it is my constant drink at home. If they could furnish it I would pay extra and have it in place of other things, for the tea, coffee, or water makes me sick, though I like it generally.

This morning Mrs. Ingham was up here to see me. It is not often that she gets up this high, and she told me to come down to Front Hall and the green-house, parlors, reception room, etc., etc. where the air would be good for me and she could see me during each day. She told me not to come up until night, but when I felt weak and sick to go into the Spare chamber and lie down. I did so and that was why our dinner was served in the reception room. The other two girls have been on the invalid list for some time.

I must cease writing, no, I won't. I declare I feel so badly that I do not know what to do. I am in an unsettled state of mind.

I spent recreation in Kate Hyde's room. Miss Nettie Tifferney, one of the music teachers, and Nettie Smith stay in the same room but Miss T. is out tonight, at the Presbyterian [unclear word] Society. Mame Demarest, Delia Taggart, Fannie Allen and I, were in Kate's room, and after Nettie Smith trimmed Frank's hat for her, F\_\_ went to her room and got some very nice fruit cake, which she brought from home Teusday morning. I certainly thought it would make me sick but I wanted it for I was hungry, having eaten nothing for supper, but a few grape preserves and a little milk. It did not hurt me for I relished it. When I came, I did not relish the gross food provided for the well ones and yet I ate it because I felt, when at table, hurried; as while at other places, and ate, not only ten times what I wanted, but without thinking of it until I felt the consequences.

Saturday May 13<sup>th</sup> 1865. I am not able to clean up my room, and as this is my week, I paid Hannah to do it, and I went to the drawing room to write to Sallie, while she was sweeping. Having finished my note, I went to my room and straightened a few things which were not arranged. Mollie had been packing away her winter clothes ever since she got dressed,

and had just finished it. When I went in she began fussing around, washing her lamp chimney, wiping off the bureau etc. etc. etc. etc. etc. etc. etc. I supposed, of course that Hannah had cleaned the room. Soon Miss Peck came to know why Mollie did not go to painting, and Mollie said she was coming as soon as she finished cleaning her room - that last week was her week to clean it but she did it this week too. I told Miss Peck right there that I had hired Hannah to do the cleaning up and supposed she had done it. Miss Peck told me it did not make any difference, as long as I had provided for the cleaning of the room that she was not obliged to do it. When I spoke of Hannah, Mollie said that then she had to put away her winter clothes, too.

When I went down stairs afterward I spoke to Hannah about it and she says that Mollie did not clean the room; she did it herself, and for fear of Mollie's having some plea for complaint, she dusted everything good. Miss Nottingham says that she went in the room while Hannah was cleaning up and says that Mollie was down in the trunk room, packing, and 'twas that which made her late at painting.

[Written along edges of the page: "Note in 1914. Some years after, I met Mollie Parker on 4<sup>th</sup> street, St. Louis, and she was quite a wreck. Married I think. She was very friendly. Yet did not speak to me for a long time ere we quit rooming together."]

At dinner time Mrs. Ingham sent some chicken soup with nice crackers in it, to the sick girls and it did me a good deal of good.

This evening I went in Anna and Belle Hathaway's room and staid until the retirement bell rang. I was showing Gussie Folsom and B. Hathaway how to make paper frames. The one I made in such a hurry not long ago, pleased everyone that sees it so much that most of the girls are making them. I felt quite sick all the evening (afternoon - Northern translation into common everyday talk) - but as long as I can sit up I will, for it is dreadful to stay in bed and fret.

Mrs. Ingham had a present of a large bunch of Bernannas, to-day, and as it is quite a curiosity here, Mrs. Parsons brought it to the tea table and said that after the young ladies saw it, each table might have one bernanna. She gave them of course to the teachers to eat and there was enough for a taste for each girl. I never liked them when where they were plentiful, but it seemed very nice last night. Miss Bishop seemed to think it was a present to her instead of to her table, for she did not divide it, but probably she forgot it.

Sunday May 14<sup>th</sup>. I forgot to write about the confirmation Friday. Misses Carrie and Julia Church, Mae B. Hall, Julie Kirtland, Lillie Newell, Kate Hyde and Bessie Bishop, were confirmed by Bishop Cox, ~~this~~ Friday morning. Bishop Cox is the son of a Presbyterian Minister who recently lived in Leroy. I was disappointed that I could not go to church, but not greatly, though I've been expecting, for several weeks to go on this occasion. I am very glad that such

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trivial things do not annoy me much now.

I did not attend church this morning, for I was not well enough. It began to rain a little before seven but did not clear off before eleven, nor has cleared off yet. M[ollie] Parker did not go though she had on her hat once. I dislike that girl more, the more I see of her. I treat her with silent contempt though she tries hard to get me to quarrel. Probably she wishes me to give up that pleasant room to her, but she is mistaken if she thinks I'll do it, unless my health compells me to leave it. [Note in 1914 written by Cora Owens Hume: "I should never have continued to sleep with Mollie Parker. She did not move and might have been a danger."]

This evening I went down to tea; afterwards I went with the girls, to Front Hall and Reception Room. Those who did not attend church, remained in Front Hall and Mrs. Parsons read Henry Ward Beecher's account of his visit to Charleston and Sumpter. I need not express an opinion. I have not felt well since I went into the reception room, and now I feel dreadfully, and I must cease writing for I can scarcely hold my head up.

Saturday morning, May 20<sup>th</sup> 1865. Sunday night I woke up at midnight with a burning fever and headache with it, but I thought I'd try to wait till morning. When the clock struck two, however, I could not make up my mind to wait so long so I went to Miss Nottingham's room and got in her bed, but I did not sleep a wink. At four or five she sent for Dr. Williams and put cold

clothes to my head. I intended telegraphing home as quick as possible but Miss Nottingham persuaded me to wait until I heard what the doctor said. [Written at top of page: "Note from 1914. Better had I telegraphed home. It was a narrow escape it seemed from death away from home but the people were most kind."]

Dr. Williams is a very pleasant physician and gives both Alapathy and homeopathic medicine. He gave me something to quiet my fever and by Teusday evening I was quite comfortable. I did not eat anything Monday but a little piece of toast, and a potato. I ordered the potato for I felt like eating something. The Dr. thought it was too strong food, but there is no other kind to be had here when one is sick in bed. I never saw anything like it. They seem to think here that if a girl is sick all she wants is toast, or toast and egg, which makes me sick whenever I attempt to eat it.

Yesterday evening I was down in Ellouise Parson's room ~~and~~ when Mrs. Parsons came over from the cottage where she had been to tea, and said that Dr. W[illiams] said ~~tha~~ I must move down stairs. She asked me how I would like to room with Ellouise. I had just been thinking how pleasant it would be, so I told her I would like it very much, for I am not able to do much. I can go through Front Hall, instead of going up stairs and then down as Ellouise does. The room is in Lower West across the hall from Mr. & Mrs. Parson's rooms. It will be so quiet

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there when all the girls are in school and even when they are not here.

Saturday night. I received a letter from Papa yesterday saying that he sent my trunk Teusday. He sent the key in the letter. I couldn't imagine what it was until I saw it. He says that he and Mama met Mollie French on the street in Louisville a few days since & she promised to visit us soon. She was going to return on the same boat with the party she was with. Papa says he had Sallie write to Mollie to post-pone her visit until I get home.

I looked for my trunk this morning but it came just at tea time. I was perfectly delighted. My letter from Mama was the first thing I got. She wrote on the 14<sup>th</sup> inst. and she said that she intended to have sent my clothes two weeks before and the delay made her very nervous, for she feared I would need my summer wear before I got ~~them~~ it, though they had not taken off winter clothes. It has not been too warm yet for my winter clothes so my trunk came just at the right time. How very nice my clothes did look. Mr. Walker sent an abundance of fine candy.

Mrs. Hays returned from Chicago to-day, where she had been for some weeks. She looks much better than when she left.

Wednesday, May 24<sup>th</sup> 1865. ~~Sunday~~ I felt quite well ~~this~~ Sunday morning but Ellouise asked me to curl her hair for her, which I could not refuse, though I knew I ought not to curl it & when I finished my head pained me but as I intended going to church I hurried & got ready to go. I did not think to speak of it to Mrs. Parsons or Mrs. Hays for I expected to go in school on Monday, so I thought of course they would not object to it. I went to church and it was very warm in church. I felt very sick and nauseated just before the close of the service in the prayer book. Just as soon as that was over, I left church and came home. Miss Anna DuMont saw me and came out too. If she had not helped me I should have fainted. I got to my room and was undressed; I had a very severe aching in my head, and before night I threw up a great deal. Dr. Willliams called twice; once at bed-time. I was better Teusday. Monday, I closed my letter (which I wrote Friday) to send home. I wrote a few lines with a pencil to let them know of the safe arrival of my trunk. I did not write a word about my being sick until Friday but then I told

Mama not to be uneasy, for I know that it is an attack of Neuralgia or caused from indigestion. Mama said that Col. Stanton wrote that I was not well & she would be glad if I am well enough to wear anything.

Mr. Staunton wrote to Papa, requesting him to send him a picture of Hon. John J. Crittenden of Kentucky, if he could get ~~them~~ it. The package came by express Teusday I believe. I saw the photographs to-day. Mr. Staunton had gone to Rochester when they came. Papa sent one which was taken in the prime of life - and the other, when he was quite an old man.

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It cost \$3.75 to get them and send to Col. Staunton, which will be paid to me.

I received a letter from Papa to-day and he says that Mollie French did not get Sallie's letter and is now at our house. His letter was written on Friday and she went out to our house Teusday evening before., She and Mr. Wm. Merriweather went up to Mrs. Winchester's Wednesday and brought Miss Millie Wilson home with them on Thursday.. Miss Wilson was formerly of Hickman, but I never knew her I believe. Papa says she is a very interesting young lady. All but Papa went to Mr. Thatcher's to tea Thursday evening. He is suffering from Neuralgia and did not feel like going. I'm so sorry he is attacked with that again. I'm so afraid that Mama will be perfectly worn out. The very day she got my clothes sent to me, she had company, but it may do her good to keep her from sewing so much. One thing I regret very much - she has given up the idea of coming to Commencement. Papa will come for which I am very glad but I want Mama and Sallie to come too. Pa says that Ma says she cannot get ready to come after getting Sallie ready for the summer. I hope Papa's health will not interfere with his coming.

I took tea at the cottage this evening, and as I cannot eat everything that I usually can, I had some grape preserves and some jelly which Mrs. Ingham had gotten for me. Mrs. Stanton received a telegram this morning which troubled her very much, that Miss Sarah Gates is dead. Miss Gates is one of the old scholars, who would have graduated with the present class of graduates had her health been good enough. She was very much beloved here, and everyone I have heard speak of her say that she was a lovely christian. She was very good in all of her studies and would have had the valedictory if she had remained. She was engaged to be married to Mr. Eugene Peck - Mr. Staunton's nephew, and Miss Emma Peck's ~~sister~~ brother.

I feel much better to-night, though I took a ride this morning (with Mrs. Parsons, Miss Fannie Hall and Nettie Smith) which fatigued me.

Thursday May 25<sup>th</sup> 1865. I sent a note to Papa yesterday for I fear they will be uneasy about me. This morning Mr. Parsons took Eva Sprague, Ellouise Parsons and I to ride and we went to "Butter Milk Falls." I enjoyed it very much. The scenery is very fine and the water falls over a perpendicular rock bank, 80 or 90 feet high. Eva Sprague has something like "St. Vitus Dance" and Mrs., Parsons has written to her Mother about her.

Mrs. Stauton went to Warsaw this morning to attend Miss Gate's funeral. She took with her a beautiful wreath of "Lillies of the Valley" which the graduates made. Mrs. Staunton had given all of the white roses to a bride.

Mrs. Ingham asked me to take tea at the cottage again this evening, and I went. Mrs. Hays took Mrs. Stanton's place as ~~most~~ the whole school got permission to go to "Butter Milk Falls" this evening. I had some nice chicken soup which was from dinner, and some jelly & beaf cooked in butter, making a kind of hash. I wanted some of the rhubarb sauce but Mrs.

Ingham said that would be the worst thing for me. She did not know that I had eaten a piece of rhubarb pie for dinner.

Friday, May 26<sup>th</sup> 1865. I was in the cottage kitchen keeping warm by the stove this morning when Mrs. Ingham called me to see the Dr. He came to give me a ride. I put on my heavy cloak and went; for it is quite cold. Dr. Williams made two calls and we rode several miles. We crossed the river once and the scenery was the most beautiful I've seen about Leroy. I was very cold to-night after tea and went into the kitchen by the stove. I did not feel well at all, and am now going to bed.

Saturday, May 27<sup>th</sup> 1865. A good many of the girls have been in to see me to-day. I feel worse to-day than I did Thursday & yesterday morning, but not as sick as I was previously, for I've been sewing or, rather, arranging my mixed silk quilt pieces. I suffered from cold feet a good deal to-day but this evening Mrs. Parsons told me to sit at the hall door where I could have my feet in the sun & my head in the shade, for it makes my head ache to stay in the green-house. This evening my cheeks flushed and I had a round pink spot on each cheek - most unnatural looking and my face burned dreadfully.

Sunday, May 28<sup>th</sup> 1865. I was very hot all night and my cheeks were worse this morning. Mrs. Hays and Mrs. Parsons were afraid that I took too much Quinine, but that was not it I know. They thought the Dr. ought to see me and he came this morning. He said it was a paroxysm of fever which, if it did not return at regular periods, needed nothing for it. Just as he came the color was leaving my cheeks and I know that it is cold that I've taken for I was sore & stiff this morning. I think my skin looks clearer & better than it has since I've been here but I look sallow now, to what I do when I am right well. My head is not quite easy to-day but the pain is by no means severe.

I am heart sick to think how little I have accomplished in music. I am sadly disappointed. I did not go to church to-day. It has been warmer to-day. We've had beautiful days for more than a week, though they have been cool.

I have to have my white dress lengthened but I am not well enough yet to go to the dress-maker's. There will be such a rush of work that Mama told me to have it done right away. Mama did not send me all of my summer clothes but sent exactly what I'll want while here. My new clothes are beautiful - One dress skirt and underclothes.

This yard and garden are perfectly charming now & Leroy looks beautiful.

To-night Mrs. Parsons read to those who did not go to church, some ones writings on Lincoln, and then something about the dreadful condition of men from the Southern prisons. It said that 200 men were exchanged and their feet were frost bitten and had rotted off. They speak of their feet being frost bitten in Southern prisons. I wonder if they think of our

men in cold Northern prisons. She read a piece about May Flowers which the writer said grew on the battlefield of Manasses, amid the bleaching bones of the brave Union soldiers. He said that the rebels had buried their own dead but only threw a few shovels full of dirt on their enemies dead, and now the rain has washed that off and the bones in faded blue uniforms lie there mid the skeletons of horses. According to their own papers at the time of the battle, the yankee soldiers were stripped of their clothing.

And they never think of the time at Nashville when their army first went there, how their own men gave their comrades shallow graves and when the rain washed the dirt off, the exposed bodies made it so unhealthy for the neighborhood that the citizens had to take measures to remedy the evil. Of course they never knew of such a thing.

Then they read about men in Southern prisons dying at the rate of 130 a day and the sick and wounded prisoners being the only persons to bury them, and they only had their hands to dig little trenches with and buried them in that way.

They spoke also of the grand review of the army at Washington, 200,000 strong. I cannot know the truth but I suppose the soldiers are being disbanded, indeed I know they are.

I cannot realize it. I long to be at home, and to hear what has been transpiring & what is now.

It is only two weeks & ~~two~~ 3 days of study before examination week & I am so glad.

Mr. Parsons says that the Presbytery now meeting in Brooklyn has concluded to treat ~~those~~ the rebel ministers as having sinned against God in rebelling against the government and will not be received into the Presbytery unless they become truly penitent.

Maybe the rebels won't receive them. ~~I did not attend church today.~~

Monday May 29<sup>th</sup> 1865. I went to school, two divisions, to-day - for Latin and Rhetoric. Mrs. Parsons thought I had better not attempt any more to-day for my head troubles me some and I have taken cold in some way so I am very sore & stiff. I suppose that the cold effects my head. We still have beautiful weather but rather cold. It rained a little about one o'clock last night Mrs. Hays said, but 'tis very bright to-day.

Teusday May 30<sup>th</sup> 1865. Wednesday May 31<sup>st</sup> 1865. I received a letter from Papa yesterday in answer to mine of Monday 22<sup>nd</sup> apprising them of my sickness. He says that they fear I have been very sick but as I was so earnest in begging them not to be uneasy or anxious and as I claimed to be convalescent he tried to calm his fears, but it is quite difficult to allay Mama's anxieties but not so much so as it would be had I not been so careful in saying that I was well taken care of. I received a letter from Jessie

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Cary and one from Emma Thatcher. I cannot imagine why my sweet Sydney does not write. Emma says she attended a picnic given by Miss Anna Oglesby on May Day, and danced all day and until two o'clock at night in that large hall at the old cook [Inserted later: "Old Cook Place; or Beale Place"] which now belongs to Miss O's father.

Thursday, June 1<sup>st</sup> 1865. A lovely day! Dry and bright. This day has been appointed by "Andy Johnson" as a day of humiliation and prayers, so there is no school. The girls were required to go to church at eleven but there were no other requirements. ~~until~~ I of course did not attempt going to church. I should not have gone if I had been well, to hear an abolition sermon.

I have been suffering from my head for two days. Papa told me to try Iodide of Potash dissolved in rain water and this morning Dr. Williams told me how much to get. Papa gave me the proportions but I wanted such a very little. I took a ride this evening to please Mrs. Hays but I did not want to go for it made my headache worse. Strange to say I felt like walking and after I came from riding Mrs. Ingham gave me permission to walk down street with Lottie Ingham for the mail. I got one dram of Potash & will begin to take it to-morrow. I went to the Bakery, and there they had some fresh pine apples - two of which I bought for .35 a piece. I also bought some wine drops.

When I returned there was a letter here for me. 'Twas from home - one from Papa and one from Sallie. Sallie is dreadful lonely, poor child, and says she misses me so much. Papa says we have had Company for two weeks & Sallie seems animated as she naturally is when they are there but as soon as they leave she sinks into an uncomfortable ennui. Papas letter was written on Monday 25<sup>th</sup> (last Monday) & Sallie's last Sunday night. He says that they have had a very cheerful family from Arkansas with them for the past week and the lady, Mrs. Roam or Roame (I believe), left two children and the daughter of a friend at Mr. Beckett's but as it is so near the close of the term she will take them home and will perhaps sends them next fall to the school which Papa determines upon for me. Papa is still very anxious about my health and says if he did not rely on my judgement - & if I was not so earnest in insisting upon their remaining easy and satisfied in regard to my health, he would immediately have made arrangements for me to go home without delay.

Sallie says that Uncle Mortimer and Aunt Susan are now in Nashville but Cousin Ida & Willie are still going to school.

Nellie [Crutcher] went in mourning for her Pa. Papa tells me of the surrender of Gen. Kirby Smith. He says he thinks it best that he surrendered. How I do long to get home.

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I ate one of my pine Apples to-night and after giving Mr. & Mrs. Parsons some of it, keeping a piece for the dining-room girl to whom I promised some, I called to Miss Price, whose room is the corner one in Upper West, on this side of the hall, and told her to let a string down which she did. I put some Pine Apple in a saucer & tied it up in a napkin and sent it up. I then told Mrs. B. Hall, (in the hall) to let a string down and I sent some up in like manner to her & Miss Anna Peck, who sent a string down to Ellouise and I Teusday evening, with some cakes tied to it. Their windows are right over ours, and it is very convenient. The pine Apple is very fresh and delicious.

Papa told me to write immediately and tell him which is the best hotel for him to stop at in Leroy. Mrs. Ingham says that the ladies can mingle with the young ladies and the gentlemen will probably all go to the hotel and she said I'd better have Mr. Parsons engage a room for Papa at the Eagle which is the only tavern in the place which he would think of stopping at, but I shall merely do what Pa said. So many of the girls have invited a great number of friends here, & they ought not to be accommodated to the exclusion of the parents - especially one only. However, if there was room for any gentleman I suppose Papa would have a place here but I don't want him to stay at the University unless especially invited for he can be more comfortable at the "Eagle Hotel" & it will be better.

He says he will come as soon as he can but cannot be here at the Commencement of the exercises, and probably not before the 19<sup>th</sup> or 20<sup>th</sup>. That will be in very good time, though I wish he was here now. I want to see him now.

The new Catalogues were distributed in School day before yesterday, and I sent mine home yesterday, with a letter for Sallie. My name is where it should be, in the list of Cordians. 'Tis the only name of a Southerner in the Catalogue. Two girls are down from St., Louis & any

stranger might judge them to be Southern, but both are Northern in politics, and one is a yankee, the others parents are English.

I hope nobody will think when they see my name, if they should notice it, that because I came here to school, I have not a Southern right & not that we were not Southern born and raised in our own Country.

June 2<sup>nd</sup> 1865. Mrs. Staunton was at prayers in the school room to-night. She said that she intended to have invited the young ladies to the Cottage and still hopes to have the pleasure of seeing them there, but before Col. Staunton was unexpectedly called away, she intended to entertain us differently, but as it is she said that she would take tea with us on

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the 18<sup>th</sup> anniversary of her marriage, in the house where she was married, and after tea she would be happy to have us go over to the Cottage where she would endeavor to make it very pleasant for us. She gave us a good deal of advice which was very instructive and amusing. Mrs. Staunton knows how to please and amuse the girls, when she meets them at sections.

Sunday June 4<sup>th</sup> 1865. We had tea at half past six. We had what I had been wishing for ever so long - ham. We had, also, real coffee, sponge cake, white citron cake, biscuit (the peculiar kind they have up here), light bread, crackers, butter and raspberry preserves or sauce. After tea we walked in the garden & then went to the cottage where we had a most delightful time, looking at picture books and pictures in portfolios, listening to music, & looking up stairs. Mrs. Staunton has a room, the bridal chamber, in which all of the furniture matched and the complete set is painted a [indecipherable word] white with flowers and varnished. The ceiling is uneven as it could not be otherwise in a house so styled, and just over where the bed stands, is a high place in the ceiling seemingly expressly made for the bed to be under. There was a large roller suspended from the ceiling over the bed, and across it was an embroidered swiss curtain which hung over the head of the bed on one side & over the foot, on the other.

The next room leading from this is the green room where all of the furniture is light green with flowers. The front windows of each room looks out on a little porch which forms the roof of the front entrance down stairs.

It is a charming home undoubtedly.

In the parlor Mrs. Staunton has something which she could not have in the same place when we were there in cold weather. Twas a wax stand most exquisite, filled with wax flowers, & lying around the base were some of those tempting representations of fruit, melons, etc. These were on the marble slab over the register & were covered of course with a glass protection.

It has been the custom heretofore to give Mrs. Staunton a present. She showed us a great many elegant presents which she has received from the girls, among which was a Silver Coffee urn, pie Knife, some other fancy piece for the table, pickle knife & fork, etc., etc. Scarcely any of the girls knew of it & none thought of it until Miss Nielson spoke of it to Miss DuMont. It was then too late to get contributions for a present, so Miss Fannie Taggart bought a very beautiful butter dish of silver lined with something else, for \$7.50 and will take up contributions tomorrow, I suppose.



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Miss DuMont gave Mrs. Staunton a pie knife, but as she has one already, and Miss DuMont did not have hers marked, she wants to exchange it for a fish knife, but I don't know whether Mrs. Staunton will let her or not. It cost \$15.00.

I did not attend church today.

Monday, June 5<sup>th</sup> We kept study hour from six to half-past seven, instead of walking & having recreation immediately after tea, in order to go to "Starr Hall" at eight to hear an account entitled, "Secessia, as seen through prison bars." Miss Nichoson's cousin, from Cincinnati, on his way to New York came to see her & he gave an account of his imprisonment for a year & a half & then his escape.

His name is Junius \_\_\_\_ Browne, a war-correspondent to the "New York Tribune." He was connected with the Cincinnati papers I believe before his capture. He was captured before the surrender of Vicksburg, with several other "journalistic friends," to use his expression, while endeavoring to run the blockade in the river at Vicksburg. He was at Vicksburg and Jackson, Miss. then some place in Georgia, thence he was sent to the celebrated Libby. From there to "Castle Thunder," & afterwards to Salisbury, North Carolina, from which place he, with three others escaped in the winter, sometime. He came into the Federal lines in East Tennessee.

He is an intelligent man I should think, and the heads of this institution as well as others whom I heard comment, do not think him ultra.. I expected or would not been surprised to have heard worse if such a thing were possible. I will not take the trouble to write any extract for I'll remember it. I went from mere curiosity and of course the account made no impressions on me for the worse. Of course it was what I expected from a reporter who had been in prison. And of course it was not so touching to me as to those who drank in every word as the abolitionists did. Mr. Browne said that those who discredited the accounts about the Southern prisons

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and would not believe that those who were once fellowmen to the North, could be so inhuman, know not the inhumanizing effect of slavery & rebellion.

He does not look very old but is so bald as he can be, almost. Miss Nichoson was disappointed by not being able to hear him for she was sick.

Teusday, June 6<sup>th</sup> 1865. This morning a very pleasant lady from 22<sup>nd</sup> street, New York was at opening division. She came to see Miss Nottingham about going to Calcutta, and she told us many interesting things about the Orientals. Her name is Miss Doreemus.

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Wednesday, June 7<sup>th</sup> 1865. Teusday (yesterday) we had a very hard rain and some thunder. It rained some in the night but we are going to be blest with bright days - still longer, for the sun has been bright all day. It did not begin raining until about five o'clock last evening.

I did not get my weekly letter from home but I can be patient when I know there are only five more school days.

Thursday, June 8<sup>th</sup> Rained a little last night but a glorious morning. Oh, how happy I do feel this lovely weather. The girls complain of heat but Allie Northrop & I have been free from that annoyance. It has been perfectly pleasant for us. Everything looks so luxuriant & lovely. This is certainly a day on which my heart delights in Thanksgiving. No letters yet. I'm

disappointed but can wait till tomorrow. Then there'll only be three days of study. I really cannot realize it, can't imagine it.

Mr. Browne left this morning. He has been staying at the University, & when he left the table he bowed to our table at which he sat & kissed his hand as he went out ---- to the others. He seems to think a great deal of the ladies as I could tell from his lecture or account Monday night.

There is a little girl here to-night sleeping with Ellouise & I, whose Father brought her to meet a lady who was expected to-day & who is going to take this little motherless girl to Wisconsin. She is a very bright & interesting child & so good. She has gone to sleep already, did so as soon as I removed the lamp so that the light would not fall in her face. She did not speak of it before but when I moved it, she said she was glad & went right to sleep.

I took up my French again day before yesterday & I will be examined in it.

Miss Whiting told us to-day that we would not be examined in Latin because, our class is so small. Miss Lapham was not in class but Miss Whiting says that ~~we are~~ Belle & I are prepared for examination. She says we can take the next higher book next year without studying in vacation. She don't [sic] want us to study in vacation, at all.

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Friday, June 9<sup>th</sup> 1865. To-night we went up in University Hall to the musical Review. There were a great many of the Commencement pieces played, and the object of the review was to let Mrs. Staunton and the other teachers know how to make out the programme for the week.

Saturday June 10<sup>th</sup> 1865. I cleaned up our room thoroughly this morning as 'tis my week and it will not have to be so thoroughly cleaned again before I leave. I did not get a letter yesterday or to-day, so now I will have to wait until Monday, but I can wait for the time flies fast now and I do not fret though it will be two weeks next Wednesday since I've heard from home. But I have heard so regularly until now that I'm thankful for that and I know they must get tired writing to me, week after week, and do it more for my gratification.

This evening after tea the girls who wished to walk had permission to do so, as the sections do not walk on Saturday. Nobody wished to go, except Miss Austin, Miss Hattie Parmelie, Aggie Potter and myself. We went, at my suggestion, to a little house where we had noticed a cherry tree, red with cherries when we went to the Country. It was Thursday evening we went to one of the Cemeteries - the new one - and it is a lovely place. Such a fine situation & very nicely improved. I concluded, Thursday evening, to get permission to walk on Saturday, so that I could go to that house for some cherries, but I had forgotten it. The woman, who lived at the house said we might have some if we could find any right ripe ones. She did not think they were very good yet. We got a quart measure and gathered it half full. The woman, who was very pleasant and quite pretty, insisted upon not being paid for them but we would not take them until she took the fifty cents which we offered her. I did not think of going for cherries when I left, and did not have my purse with me, nor did any of the others but Aggie Potter, so she treated us ~~on credit~~ on credit. We divided the cherries and put them in our handkerchiefs or pockets, and had a gay time coming back. We ate all but two apiece and when we got to the head of the park in front of the University - we ate one cherry in the place that we go through. 'Tis not a gate but in the place where the gate would be, there is a post with cross pieces to turn around which is a contrivance to keep the cattle out. We ate the last one at the other end of the Park & are going to

keep the stones to plant when we go home. We are not going to say a word of it for all the girls would wish to go for some.

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I got my traveling hat yesterday. Strange to say, Mrs. Clark trimmed it just as I directed, and I like it very much. It was cloudy yesterday evening but as Miss Austin wished Dell Taggart and I to have our pictures taken with her, and as this is the last week we will be permitted to go down street, shopping or for anything of that kind, we tried to get a good one. We tried twice but could not get one with all three of us good, so Miss Austin did not have hers taken but Dell & I had one taken together which was very good but mine was much better than Dells, for my complexion is fairer and I take better on a dark day. I wore my bright plaid. I had folded it to pack and now I'll have that to do again. Dell & I had some shopping to do afterwards and had forgotten to ask permission to be tardy at tea so we were tardy minus permission, and I was so anxious, too, to have a "correct" report this week. This is the only thing I have and I do not think it ought to be marked against me, for, of course the permission to have the picture taken involved the tardiness for I could not do both in the usual time.

I folded all of my winter clothes to-day and laid them in my trunk, except my plaid which I'll put on as it was quite cool. It rained last night and this morning, but about two or three the sun came out quite bright. Just to think that next Wednesday is the last school day, almost makes it impossible for me too keep quiet. I have been counting the days for so long, and now I've marked out all but three on my list, I cannot imagine that Commencement week has really arrived. Next Saturday I'll finish packing my heavy trunk and put most of my summer clothes in the light.

Mrs. Stanton talked to us to-night about many things to do in order to make the last week pleasant. She said to have everything ready before hand, so that we won't be worried nearly to death at the last so that we can't enjoy anything or make our friends enjoy themselves. To have our trunk packed neatly so that Ma would not say, when she took things out of the trunk, "I don't believe these wrinkles will ever come out in the world" and then the daughter would say; "Well Ma I was in such an awful hurry that I didn't care how I put them in." That certainly was good advice for those who have not careful Mothers or who do not heed what their

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Mothers' say but I had resolved to pack my trunk to the very best I could for I hope I've learned something from what my dear Mother has told me.

Sunday, June 11<sup>th</sup> The little girl who has been staying with Elloise and I is the best child I ever saw and is very sensible for six years of age. Her name is Millie Newcomb & she is from Rochester. Her aunt Miss Mortimer came last night, and I suppose she will stay till after Commencement week [On side of page is written: Note from memory made years afterwards - Her aunt, probably going to have care of her was (?) from Wisconsin, & was Miss Mortimer.] This is a clear morning but quite cold. I would like to be by one of our coal fires in a grate. I think of going to church but is only half past eight now. [

The following is a copy of a piece of poetry from a Commonplace book of Belle Hatheway's.

The Snow at Fredericksburg.  
Drift o'er the slopes of the sunrise land,

O! wonderful; wonderful snow!  
O! pure as the heart of a virgin saint,  
Drift tenderly, soft and slow,  
Over the slopes of the sunrise land,  
And into the haunted dells,  
Of the forests of pines where the sobbing winds  
Are tuning their memory bells; -

Into the forests of sighing pines,  
And o'er those yellow slopes  
That seem but the work of the cleaving plough,  
But cover so many hopes!  
They are many, indeed, and straightly made,  
Not shapen with loving care;  
But the souls let out and the broken blades  
May never be counted here!

Fall over those lovely hero graves,  
O, delicate, drooping snow.  
Like the blessing of God's unfaltering love,  
On the warrior heads below;  
Like the tender sigh of a mother's soul,  
As she waiteth & watches for one  
Who will never come back from the sunrise land  
When this terrible war is done.

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And here, where lieth the high of heart,  
Drift, white as the bridal veil,  
That will never be worn by the drooping girl  
Who sitteth afar, so pale.  
Fall fast as the tears of the suffering wife  
Who stretcheth despairing hands  
Out to the blood rich battlefields  
That crimson the eastern sands.  
Fall in thy virgin tenderness,  
O, delicate snow, and cover the graves of our heroes, sanctified,  
Husband, and son, and lover.  
Drift tenderly over those yellow slopes,  
And mellow our deep distress,  
And put us in mind of the shriven souls,  
And their mantles of righteousness.

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The River of Time      B. F. Taylor  
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Oh! A wonderful stream is the river of Time,  
as it runs through the realms of tears,  
With a faultless rhythm and a musical hyme  
And a broadening sweep and a surge sublime,  
That blends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,  
And the summer like buds between.

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Sunday Night, June 11<sup>th</sup> 1865. Last night I asked Mrs. Hays if I could not go to the Baptist Church with her this morning and she said she would ask Mrs. Parsons. Mrs. Parsons said that Mrs. Stanton gave those permissions, and as Mrs. Stanton had already gone to church, Mrs. Hays said I could go with her anyhow and she would make it all right with Mrs. Stanton. We heard the Baptist Pastor, Mr. Clark, preach a fine sermon on the text: "When he giveth quiet, who then can make trouble? And when he hideth his face, who then can behold him, whether it be of Nation or of a man only?"

Tonight I went to the Episcopal Church. We had Bible Class at half past three and supper at half past four, in order that those who wished, could attend the Sunday School Concert at the Presbyterian Church at five. They returned before church time and were permitted to go to the Episcopal Church. Many of the Presbyterian congregation were there so the church was quite full. Mr. Gessner's sermon was the best I ever heard him preach. His

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text was this: Rejoice oh, Young Man in the days of thy youth, but remember for all these things, God will bring you unto judgement. It was principally to the young men. I sat with Teacher Bishop in Mrs. Wright's pew, and as it was nearer the door than I usually sit, it was the pleasantest seat I've ever had there.

Monday, June 12<sup>th</sup> Miss North came to me this for the contribution I promised for the Missionary fund. If I had only had the experience when they were getting contributions I should not have promised anything, and it provokes me to think of giving money away to them, that Papa gives for my own use & then I wanted to keep all of my spending money to get presents for those at home. I never saw a place where so many papers for Contributions were met on every side and I sincerely regret my folly in not refusing from the beginning. They let girls come here at moderate prices they say, and then almost compel them to throw away money on everything that will give a name to the Institution. They had a meeting in Altonia Hall to-day to form a society to continue in the work of sending to this missionary society, but I had sense enough to keep clear of that.

This evening after school Miss Upton requested the members of Concordia Society to remain after the rest left. She told us that the Altonians had gotten a beautiful napkin ring for Mrs. Wright, because she worked so hard for them the night of Altonia Public Meeting. She

proposed that we should get a breast pin (\$2.50) for Miss Bishop and a boquet holder (\$2.50) for Miss Tifferny, who worked for Concordia. All the members were willing to give for Miss B., but there was quite a difference in regard to Miss Tifferny, but at last it was decided to get both presents. Both cost \$5.00 and that is about .20 each. There are thirty members. I got up in favor of Miss Tifferny's as well as Miss Bishop but as I have never been in the meetings but twice, and was not a member at the time the services were rendered, I shall not contribute.

All of my spending money, almost, has gone already by giving it away, and I regret exceedingly that I did not refuse in everything, saying that it was my Fathers & Mothers place to attend to such things and there

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are many ways in which they contribute what they can at home and that Papa gives me spending money not expecting me to be met on every hand by subscription papers. But it is always so; I have learned late by experience. I fear that Papa thinks me very extravagant, but I have not been in buying, nor have I given any more than what I thought then I could not avoid. If Papa ever refused me I would not be so careful, but never has he refused me what I asked & he never will as long as he has it.

I bought some very fine strawberries to-day from an old man who came to the University. Mrs. Parsons has engaged a room at the Eagle Hotel for Papa.

Saturday, June 17<sup>th</sup> 1865. This morning I was sitting in my room sewing, & thinking of Pa's coming Monday Morning, when Mr. Parsons called me out into the hall to see Pa. Of course I was rejoiced to see him. We staid some time in Mrs. Parsons reception room & then went into the front parlor where Mrs. Ingham afterwards came & invited us to go to the Cottage where Dr. & Mrs. Burchard were. We took tea at the Cottage. Mrs. Stanton praised me a great deal in the presence of Papa & Dr. B.

Sunday, June 18<sup>th</sup> 1865. Papa & I went to the Episcopal Church & staid during most of the service in the Prayer Book & then went to the Presbyterian Church in time to hear the whole of Dr. B.'s excellent Sermon on "Kind Words."

Monday, June 19<sup>th</sup> Papa apologized to Mr. Gaines for our leaving his church before the sermon & told him that Cora wished him to go to that church I'd been attending & yet we wished to hear Dr. Burchard.

The Bacculaureats Sermon was preached by Mr. Parsons this evening at 8 o'clock and the hall was crowded as all the churches were invited to be present.

The Cardians were examined in Rhetoric to-day. I read my Composition this morning.

Wednesday June 21<sup>st</sup> 1865. The house was fuller to-day than it had been since examination commenced, though 'twas crowded Monday & Teusday. Yesterday the examination of the Senior Class in the higher branches was a great credit to them. But I do not envy them. They are more like men than women.

~~Thursday June 22<sup>nd</sup> 1865.~~

Friday 30<sup>th</sup> of June 1865. I packed my trunks or finished them Wednesday night (21<sup>st</sup>) & we left Leroy at 12 o'clock on Thursday for "Niagra Falls." Miss DuMont, Mr. Griswold, Mr. Haynes,

Miss Gussie Price, Nellie Price and Mr. Price also went to the Falls on the same train & we were all going together, but at Buffalo we got separated by Papa's stopping about our baggage. We expected to go to a hotel & wait until 7 o'clock P.M. & the others did go but before leaving the depot we met Mrs. Hoffman with her two daughters, (Hattie, who was one of the graduates & her sister) who told us there was a train which left for the falls at three o'clock, so we went to that & arrived at Niagra in about two hours. We went to our rooms & refreshed ourselves then took a carriage & rode over [to] "Goat Island," visited "Terrapin Tower", etc., etc., etc., & got back in good time for tea, which I appreciated after University fare.

While crossing the bridge to "Goat Island" we met Allie Northrope, who got there the evening before. She is on her way home accompanied by her beau. They stopped at the "International Hotel" & Miss Hoffman & I called there & saw her before we went back to the "Cataract House." We saw the other party there too. They regretted that they did not know of that train at three. The "Cataract House" is the one at which Pa & Ma stopped when they were first married but it is much improved since then. Now there is a magnificent parlor & large piazza almost over the rapids & there are a great many drainages under the building. Everything is clean & nice - a great deal more so than it is at hotels generally.

Friday. We went to the "whirlpool" & had to go down so many steps to get to the river bank that I thought I never would get down, much less, up. If it had not been for the resting places I never could have succeeded. We next went to the "Devil's Hole." This is a place where a tremendous rock is a great number of feet above the bank & on two sides there is a deep hollow. It is told by the man who strays there that in a fight between the French & Indians, the latter took 200 prisoners & threw them over the precipice. The "Devil's Hole" is in this hollow or rather it is a large hole in the bluff, & has a little stream coming out of it, the water of which is good to drink.

The large rock mentioned seemed to have been almost detached from the ground back of it for there is a hollow (with a little bridge over it), which used to have a stream in it but it has dried up now. This stream was "Bloody Run", so called, because, there was a fight, near this spot, between the French & Indians, when there was so much blood shed that the water of the streams was deeply colored by it.

Next, we crossed the magnificent Suspension bridge below the falls. We went to Table Rock & Lundy's Lane from which we saw (through a spy glass) Brock's Monument. We returned to the hotel & got dinner about four & then went to the foot of the American falls - After which we went to the hotel, & finding that we had time to take the six o'clock train for Buffalo, we did so as we did not care about remaining longer.

Papa intended taking me down the St. Lawrence, and by Lake George, Saratoga, etc., but I told him I'd rather come home & go there some other time for I was not well enough to stand the trip on the cars from New York City, which would be unavoidable. We arrived at Buffalo at eight o'clock & remained there till twelve & walked up "Delaware" street part of the time. It is the most beautiful street in the City. We found that a Mr. Jewett lived in one house which we passed & though I was almost certain it was Tillie Jewett's uncle, we thought we would go to the

door & inquire. If it had been Mr. Jno. C. Jewett's, we would have called a few minutes, but it was S. S. Jewett's, Tillie & Carrie's uncle's. 'Twas an elegant place.

We left Buffalo at 12 & reached Erie, Penn. next morning at four. We took a sleeping car & were very comfortable but we had to stay at Erie until ~~late in the evening~~ eleven o'clock Saturday morning, (June 24<sup>th</sup>) & it was dreadful tedious to wait there. Erie is a very pretty town.

We arrived at West Greenville, Penn. the same day at two o'clock, & left at six in the evening. When we got on the train at Greenville it was with the understanding that we would not ~~change~~ leave the cars until we got to Cincinnati, so we went to sleep as both of us had lost sleep & were very tired. At a junction of two roads, the Conductor came to the car door & told the passengers for Cincinnati, to move forward as the two back cars would be detached & sent to Cleveland. Not paying any attention to sleeping passengers he did not even come to Pa for our tickets & when Pa was aroused, 'twas by the Cleveland Conductor who noticed the mistake as soon as Pa handed him his Cincinnati ticket. We were whirling away towards Cleveland. The Conductor stopped the train at Garrettsville, Ohio the first station & we got off there late Saturday night to wait for the train to carry us back to Leavittsburg,

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Monday morning. The Conductor showed us the way to a house near the railroad, where we went. The family could not accommodate us but the old man of the house took us to the tavern where we remained till Monday morning at 9 o'clock. Our trunks went on to Cincinnati Saturday night. One train at 8 o'clock passed Garrettsville, & we nearly broke ourselves down, by running to get to it, but it left before we could get there & we thought we were destined to remain another day in G\_\_ but we met the old gentleman, Mr. White, who told us it was not our train.

We took a large lunch with us, which Pa had gotten the woman at the tavern to put up, as she had nice meat, bread, preserves & pickle, which was much better & more pleasant than getting out at a eating station. We reached Leavittsburg, Ohio at ten o'clock Monday morning, 25<sup>th</sup> & remained there till 3.40 in the afternoon. We went into the sleeping car which we were going to get to Cincinnati in. The Conductor showed it to us because it was so elegant & perfectly new. It had only been running a week & it is the first one of the kind. The Atlantic & Great Western Road is new & is very wide gauged. The track is six feet wide. Inside of the wide track is the old one which is only four feet wide, so they can run two sets of cars in the same trains. The berths in the sleeping car were almost as wide as a bed and Pa engaged two of them for they seldom leave Leavittsburg with a vacant berth or a disengaged one at any rate. The one end of the car is a gentleman's dressing room & at the other end is the Ladies. The latter has everything convenient to answer the purpose for which 'twas intended.

One of the agents at Leavittsburg & the Conductor who let us off at G\_\_ told Pa that if the Company knew of the Cincinnati Conductor's negligence, he would lose his place & they told Pa that he could take the express train at 3.40 & go a few miles towards Cincinnati, to Kent where the Conductor lived & get him to repay the tavern bill, which they thought he ought to

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do, & one of them gave Pa a note to him. We took the train at 3.40, as much for a change as any thing else & went to Kent. We reached there at 5.10 & had a pleasant walk to the conductor's residence. I enjoyed a shady seat on the hill while Pa went to the house. He saw the Conductor who did as we expected. The train arrived at nine o'clock & 30 minutes & we were at last rapidly



moving to Cincinnati. I undressed in the sleeping car & put on my night gown which I had in my traveling basket. (very fortunately).

We passed through Dayton, at six o'clock, Tuesday morning just as we were getting up. We got to Cincinnati at 7.55 the same morning & ~~took~~ left on the mailboat, Genl. Lytle at 12 o'clock. We were exceedingly anxious to ~~meet the~~ go down on the new United States, but missed it. It is a new styled boat. It has a double row of staterooms, ~~in~~ one above the other and a little veranda all around the upper row & steps to come down.

We were on the swiftest boat, & reached Louisville before midnight but remained on board till morning to take the six o'clock train to the Point. There we found Mr. Gillman's rockaway starting to town, so we came down home in it. Mama was not expecting [us] so soon & when she saw us getting out she told Sallie there was ever so much company at the gate & they brought baggage, so they were going to stay a long time. She did not think who it really was until Sallie said it was "Cora". I cannot express how glad I was to get home.

Ann ran away, to Louisville, the Tuesday night before we came home, or rather a week from the night before, & took Fannie with her. Aunt Lettie & Uncle Minor will leave when they get ready & so Pa is going to let them leave when it suits him. He will tell Uncle Minor that he can take the time that he is not at work & make arrangements, & leave in daytime. They are determined to leave now. Many of the negroes think they are going to Heaven the Fourth of July, as that is the day

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the Lincolnites say they must demand wages for future labor. The negroes & abolitionists are going to have a picnic on that day & a Dutchman has rented the Fairgrounds where he will have a celebration of their day. He will, no doubt, make a great profit by the operation.

Mama promised Sidney to send her word when I came, so Sallie rode down there & told her the day I came & Mrs. Kennedy & Sidney came over in the evening after they came from town. Mrs. Henry Dix, Mrs. Neill, Horace Dix, Sallie Neil & little Katy Neil came out this evening. Emma Thatcher, Ada & Lucy came over next morning. I intended going to Mrs. Kennedy's Thursday evening with Mama but the wind blew so hard that we gave it out. This evening it rained.

Saturday, July 1st 1865. Rained hard this evening but quit raining before night & Pa, Ma, Sallie, & I went over to Mrs. Thatcher's to tea as we had promised in the morning at Mrs. T's & Ada's urgent request.

Monday July 3<sup>rd</sup> 1865. I went to Mrs. Kennedy's this evening & waited until Mama & Sallie called at some other places. Mrs. K. had such early tea that I was there to it. Sidney understood me to say that I would take tea there last Thursday evening but if anything was said about going to tea I did not hear it. She said that she & her Aunt Lucy (Mrs. Ben. Kennedy) made a large cake & had a nice supper for me; I had no idea of such a thing.

Tuesday July 4<sup>th</sup> 1865. Old Mr. Judge Fry died last Sunday & it was announced in the paper that he was to be buried to-day but he will not be buried until to-morrow. Uncle Minor & Aunt Lettie went to town to-day & of course came away from that picnic (where they heard Palmer and others, blacker than negroes, speak) with more Freedom in their heads than ever. Aunt Lettie said that the Bible said Servants obey your master meaning God. I was surprised at Aunt Lettie's saying such a ridiculous thing after all the good preaching

she has heard. Mama read the passage from the Bible & then Aunt Lettie said she did not believe all of the Bible for men put a great many things in it. I suppose she thinks that Slaveholders change the Bible to suit themselves.

Wednesday July 5<sup>th</sup> 1865. Uncle Minor went to town on Pony to-day to hunt a house to rent but came home minus one. We went in to-day & saw an old negro from Alabama, who was delighted at the idea of coming out here & stay without wages in money but to have everything furnished him as it used to be. He seemed so anxious about it & said that he'd like to know what he wanted with wages when he was supported. Pa asked him what made him leave his home for? He said he did not leave it - the federals came to Huntsville & captured everything they came across & sent them here.

We were going to take them but his wife had an idea that the "Currillas" were in the country & she would not come. They are staying in a room in an old frame shanty on Main bet. Preston & Hancock. The old man said it nearly killed him to stay there last winter & his three children did die there. He says that no matter how much wood he burns in the fire place he can't keep warm for the wind whistles through the old shanty & then he says the bad boys throw in at the windows where black people stay. I expect the boys do throw in there for there are two old shanties right together known as "Aunt Fanny's" house, among the negroes. They are perfect dens or pens. Pa went up stairs in one of the rooms & he says that in the three rooms upstairs, besides ever so many negroes, he saw about a dozen white women. Of Course this place would catch on fire some time & it did catch on fire three or four times last winter, & the citizens hoped it would burn, but ~~tw~~as the fire was extinguished.

Fanny Kennedy is a very mean negro, but sharp as a steel trap as Dr. C. would say. She takes negro boarders there. She is said to be worth about \$20000. She was set free years & years ago. She says the negroes will just stay around there until they die. She says she is 70 yrs. old & can kill any young negro & I believe she can. She says she can beat any  
[Marginal note: "Pa received a catalogue from Patapsco Institute to-day - one of this years.]

young negro, at hoing corn or doing anything else.

Mama ordered a bonnet for me to-day, to be made of pea green crepe. I will need a bonnet very little this summer, so I thought my hat, retrimmed would be enough but Mama says I can wear my bonnet this summer & next.

Thursday, July 6<sup>th</sup> 1865. Papa and I took a very pleasant ride on horseback after supper last evening. We went & made an engagement to ride with Sidney at by moonlight Friday evening.

Emma Thatcher went to Shelbyville, yesterday morning on the seven o'clock stage.

We did not get off our horses. Mr. & Mrs. Ben Kennedy, Mrs. Blanton Duncan & her little girl were on the front porch, besides the family.

Friday July 7<sup>th</sup> 1865. Sidney went riding with us to-night.

Saturday 8<sup>th</sup> Sunday 9<sup>th</sup> Aunt Lettie & Uncle Minor went to town to-day & Saw Ann & Fannie. Ann is not very well & Fannie sick in bed.

~~John who was~~ Captain Pickett's John is in Louisville & told Ann he expected the Captain soon as he is in Ky. John was not at Ann's quarters while Aunt Lettie was there. Aunt Lettie

says Ann expects to get the money to pay Fannie's Dr. bill, from John & if he hasn't got it she says the church will give it to her.

Monday July 10 Teusday. Wednesday Thursday Friday Sunday July 16<sup>th</sup>  
~~It rained very hard this morning but ceased raining about twelve. We did not have breakfast until ten, consequently, had only two meals during the day. Monday~~

[The final third of this page is blank.]

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Wednesday July 12<sup>th</sup> Continued. I took some cold last night, and had a head-ache the remainder of the night and early this morning, so I slept until I was awakened to see company. Sidney Kennedy knew nothing of the fire until after she left home. She came up on horseback for me to return with her to spend the day. Mr. & Mrs. Collins Moore came over before our breakfast time. Sallie said that her Ma thought our kitchen was in the house which burned & she was afraid we had no way to cook breakfast. I rode home with Sidney & in the evening we took another ride. I had taken my dress in a bundle, and in the evening we came in here to leave it before riding - when we met Mrs. Johnston, Miss Porter, & Miss Mollie Sewell at the door, by whom we were detained some time but as they did not get out of the carriage, we, at last continued our ride.

Thursday, July 13<sup>th</sup> 1865. Nannie Kennedy has been very ill with Dissenterry but is recovering now. This evening Mama & I started to make some calls but she did not feel like it after we started, so she went to Mrs. K's with me to ask S\_\_ to go with me to Mrs. Walworth's to call on Miss Nora Delany, & then she came home. After taking a ride to give Sid time to get ready, we came home & I returned for Sidney. She owed Miss Graham a visit so we called on both. Both are very pleasant indeed. Miss Graham is several years my senior, but Miss Delaney is a school girl. After calling there we had plenty of time in the pleasantest portion of the evening to go to make another call, so we went to Mrs. Wingate's & saw Misses Latish & Marie Hagan & Miss Sallie Wingate.

Friday, July 14<sup>th</sup> 1865. Saturday, July 15<sup>th</sup> 1865. Sunday, July 16<sup>th</sup> 1865. It rained very hard all morning but ceased raining about twelve o'clock. We did not have breakfast until ~~twelve~~ ten o'clock, consequently, we had only two meals during the day.

Monday, July 17<sup>th</sup> 1865. Teusday, July 18<sup>th</sup> 1865. Pa returned from town this evening with the news that Julia Kirtland is in Louisville at Mr. John Tait's, on Broadway between Floyd & Brook, & would be pleased to see me. Mr. Tait found that Pa's letters went to Mr. Cornwalls & left a few lines on the back of a letter which was waiting for him saying that the young lady would be pleased to see Miss Owens.

~~Wednesday it rained until late in the evening & I could not go that~~

Wednesday 19<sup>th</sup> It rained to-day until late in the evening & I could

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not go. I ought to call on Miss Kirtland if she is from Connecticut because she was with me at Ingham, and I liked [her] almost as well as any of them. She came to Rising Sun, Ind. directly from Leroy, to visit a cousin of Miss Tait, and there met Miss T & all three came to L[ouisville]. This evening I took a little ride on Pony & just as I came back, Miss L. Hagan & S. Wingate were leaving. Sallie said they had been to Mrs. Kennedy's but did not see Sidney who was quite sick, in bed.

Thursday, 20<sup>th</sup> I was sick all day but not in bed. Jennie Cary came over this morning & I dressed & went down to see her. I have been drinking some very fine Champagne to-day which helped me. As Ma, Pa & Sallie went to the city this evening I rode as far as Mr. K's to see Sidney. I found her up, & a great deal better than she was yesterday. Nannie is up, but looks very thin and pale. Mrs. Ben Kennedy's father, Mr. Chapman, was there.

Friday, July 21<sup>st</sup> Mama has concluded to let Uncle Minor & Aunt Lettie go immediately, & get a new supply of servants. She wanted them to leave yesterday but they did not go until to-day. Ma did not tell them good bye. When Aunt Lettie told me good-bye she said "Miss Cora, I'm sorry but I can't help it." She said the same thing to Pa. I hope they will prosper for those old negroes have been faithful while they staid. I sincerely regret that they are so blinded, & it is their own fault, but I cannot feel toward them as I do to Ann for going in the night. Uncle Minor has been with Mama & Pa almost every day that they have been keeping house.

We could not help crying when they left and Oh! how much I hate the abolitionists more & more every day of my life!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Emma Thatcher came home, day before yesterday, perfectly charmed with her visit to Shelby. She came over here Wednesday evening but I was out riding & she did not come in the house. I stopped there a few moments on my return home yesterday. Jennie Cary came to spend the night with Emma, while I was there. Jennie says that she has started over here a half a dozen times. She says that she started the same day that her brother John B. came but was prevented by Company.

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Saturday, July 22<sup>nd</sup> 1865. Pa and I went to town this evening. I expected to see Julia Kirtland but she & the cousin of Miss Tait, left for Rising Sun this morning. I regret that I did not see her before she left.

Sunday, July 23<sup>rd</sup> 1865. I got breakfast yesterday morning & Sallie got it this morning. She got dinner Friday. Mama got dinner and supper together to-day. Sallie and I went to church and got home at half past one. There was no service at Dr. Robinson's church where we intended going, so we went to "Christ Church" and I saw Mrs. Mary Hewett, and Mr. Cornwall, Jr.. The latter, I believe, is engaged to be married to Miss Nina Smith, Corner Third and Broadway. I was at Mrs. Henry Dix's yesterday while I was in town and Mrs. Neill told me that Horace, Miss Mary Ellenwood, from Shelbyville and Sallie Neill would ride out here this evening and stay a few hours (but she took pains to tell me they would have to return before tea for Miss Ellenwood had an engagement to go to church!!!) They came out about three or four o'clock and remained until just in time to return before their tea. Miss Ellenwood is a full grown young lady, sister-in-law of Dr. Tandy Dix, Shelbyville. She is staying at Mr. Kellogg's in Louisville.

While they were here, Miss Ella Ross, Miss Emma Thatcher & I almost forgot it was Sunday afternoon. It is strange to me that the last party made a call at such a time, but I believe it is fashionable time for gentlemen. They certainly ought not to follow the fashion in that respect.

Monday, July 24<sup>th</sup> 1865. I ironed ~~all~~ until nearly four o'clock, then rested & rode up to Mr. Beckett's, on horseback to see Mrs. Johnston and Mollie Sewell, who board there. The latter is Motherless & for two years has spent the Summer at Mr. B's. I am going to get her to spend the night with me as soon as we get some Servants. She is a very nice girl I think and I feel sorry for her. She lived in Mo. at Commencement of the war, on the Mo. River. Bobbie Cobb who

[was] a class behind me two years ago at Mr. B's. read the Valedictory this year. I would have graduated last year had I remained there.

Pa went to town to-day and when he returned, he had a letter for himself, two for Mama, one for Sallie and one for me. Mama's letters were from Cousin Mary Buchanan, the last one written yesterday. Both were short and very sad, urging Mama to go to Nashville to see her. She is with Cousin Tom at the City Hotel, trying to regain possession of her property, which the Lincolnites occupy. Her brothers are both dead!

Sallie's letter was from Belle Lester. ~~Her~~ Fount Lester has returned home with the other "Columbus Rebels" that were not killed. This must be a trying time for Mr. & Mrs. Moore. My letter was from Myra, in which she spoke of her Father's great misfortune and I have heard of none but she said that she was thankful that it was no worse and that he is now able to ~~be~~ walk a little. Miss Lou wrote in the same letter in which she told the sad news, that she received a letter from Mr. Foulke's partner saying that he was disappointed in going to Europe this Summer, so Miss Lou will not go either.

Charlie Williams who has been ill with brain fever ever since the 5<sup>th</sup> of July, is dead. I suppose that he died this morning.....His funeral will be preached by Mr. Johnston to-morrow at three o'clock.

Teusday, July 25<sup>th</sup> 1865. Mama & Pa think that she ought to go to Nashville, & she will go alone, for she does not mind it, and both cannot leave at once and Cousin Mary prefers seeing Mama alone. Mama wrote Cousin Mary a note which we took in to the office after going to Cave Hill to the burial. She said that our servants have left & she can not leave home immediately but would come as soon as she could. Miss Lou Trigg went with us to the funeral and burial. Mr. Johnston's brother Maj. or Col. Preston P. Johnston was there. I like his appearance very much. While at "Cave Hill Cemetery," we saw the Monument of Minnie Wilder, a little girl that died in 1861 at the age of six or seven years. She was an only child & as Mr. Wilder is very wealthy he spent her whole fortune on this monument. It was

made in Italy of the finest marble which looks like alabaster. On the top of it ~~is~~ are almost perfect figures of Mr. & Mrs. Wilder and little Minnie. Mr. W. is smiling and pointing to heaven & the other hand is on Mrs. Wilder's shoulder. Mrs. Wilder has a bright yet sad face, & is turning away. Just a little back of them & above, is Minnie who has wings and has one hand on her Father's shoulder while the other is over her Mother's. Mr. W's. given name is Edward. Below this family group are four little angels, one at each corner of the monument. Mrs. Wilder's given name is Ruth Sevier Wilder. The grave is just behind the monument & is enclosed in a square cornered space at each corner of which is a vase with "Minnie" on it. On the grave is a wreath of wire which is a perfect imitation of Frost work.

Wednesday, July 26<sup>th</sup>, 1865. Ten o'clock. Yesterday Pa engaged a woman to come to-morrow day but she did not come this morning as she promised. I did not believe she would come for Pa will not pay three dollars a week for any woman with a helpless child and husband, and he can't get one for less. Negroes cannot appreciate a good home, now, & there is no use in trying to make them, for they want wages and nothing else will do them; they will be as well satisfied, as a general thing, with three dollars a week & have a mean home as they would be with a good home & the same wages.

Mama does not know what day she will get off to Nashville. She will not go and leave us without servants but I think that Pa will get ~~some~~ one woman at any rate, to-day. I hope that this German will get dissatisfied with his dinner, to-day and leave. Then Pa will be quick enough to get a man, though his work would be mere play, comparatively. One o'clock. He has gone to town this morning.

Thursday, July 27<sup>th</sup> 1865. Last evening Sallie went over to Mr. Thatchers and Mama sent ~~to~~ me to Mr. Hardin's just for a few moments. Mama had a severe head-ache and went to bed without lighting the lamps as she does when she is well. Mrs. T. S. Kennedy and Mrs. Ben Kennedy, Sidney and Pattie were here before supper and Mama saw them for her head did not hurt her so much & Sidney had staid here while the rest went to Mrs. Wingate's and Dr. Moore's, as we knew that they were coming. I felt

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confident that someone else would come & told Mama so, but she told me after supper to go to bed immediately, if I felt like it. But I merely changed my dress & went to Mr. Hardin's for Mama, and consequently there was no lamp lighted, but the one used at supper. I told Mama that I rather thought Mrs. Wingate would come for it frequently occurs that it rains ~~when~~ the evening of her visit and we had a very hard rain but short, last evening. And sure enough, Mrs. Wingate, Messrs. Johnston, Miss L. Hagan, & Sallie Wingate came. Mama excused herself, & just as they were leaving Sallie & Mrs. Thatcher came. On account of Malviny's inexperience in going to the front door, Pa failed to get word that Ma was not going down & for him to hurry in, so they saw no one but Sallie. 'Twas the first evening this summer that the house has looked gloomy, as it did last night.

This morning Mama wrote a note to Mrs. Wingate apologizing for last night as this is the 2<sup>nd</sup> visit Mrs. Wingate has made when Ma was sick, and it is all explained now.

A few moments ago it clouded up, thundered, ~~and~~ lightened, and rained very hard but like the storm yesterday, was over in a few moments and now the sun is shining. Ma, Pa & I intended going to town early but did not get off before the storm, and they have just started without me for I received a note from Sallie Wingate, saying that she and Mr. Preston Johnston proposed going to the Water Works, and would be pleased to have me accept a seat in the carriage. They will call at four o'clock. I know I will feel embarrassed when they call for I'm not acquainted with Maj. Johnston & Mama will not be here. She would have deferred her trip to town, which would necessarily defer the one to Tennessee, but, of course, I would not listen to it merely on account of a ride to the Water works. I look worse than usual to-day but I'm going anyway.

Thursday night, July 27<sup>th</sup> Sidney went with us to the Water-works, and we had a very pleasant time. It rained before we reached home but we did not get wet. The works are kept in fine order, and I never saw such immense machinery.

Sallie rode on horseback this evening with Emma Thatcher, and Emma invited Sallie and I

to go to their house to-morrow evening to meet Misses L. & M. Hagan, Sallie W., Miss L. Trigg, and Messrs. Johnston.

~~Friday~~ Saturday, July 29<sup>th</sup> Ten O'clock A. M. We went to Mr. Thatchers last evening though it rained very hard during the afternoon - we had quite a storm. I was agreeably surprised to meet Sidney, for Mrs. Thatcher did not invite her until half past seven o'clock in the evening. She looked very sweet and pretty, indeed, and I think that Mr. Preston Johnston was of the same opinion.

Saturday night, July 29<sup>th</sup> 1865. This morning Pa sent the wagon to town for a negro woman and three children which Ma engaged, yesterday evening, to come and stay until next Wednesday, when another is coming to take her place. To-night, her husband came to stay till Monday, I suppose, and he spoke of having a lady here !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

This woman speaks of the black ladies but not in an impudent manner & she does her work well.

Pattie Kennedy came up here about four o'clock for Sallie to ride with her and they went by for Sallie Wingate, but she had gone with Mr. Preston Johnston.

Pattie says that Sidney is not well to-day. I am so very anxious to see her but did not feel like going down there this evening. I had a Severe headache last night when I went to bed, but fortunately I was entirely free from it by morning and felt ten times better than usual until this evening when I felt very much wearied, and yet I do not know that I've done anything to weary me.

Ada Thatcher came over this evening and remained until after supper.

Ma wrote a letter to Cousin Mary Buchanan, yesterday, and she expects a reply to it, Monday evening and at that time she will decide whether she will start ~~Monday~~ Tuesday morning or whether Cousin Mary will come here, instead. I wish that Cousin Mary would come.

Sunday, July 30<sup>st</sup> 1865. Half past nine o'clock, A. M. We will not attend church to-day, on account of the lameness of the horse. It does seem so strange to be dependent on so little, and I cannot get used to it. Pa never was unwilling to keep a plenty of horses before and yet, I've heard him say he can well do so. It is just because he is out of business that he does so. He does not seem to know what to do with himself when he is not in business.

It was quite cool during

the night, though the sun shines very brightly, it is not unpleasantly warm this morning. I do not think that the heat will be oppressive at all, to-day, and I regret that we cannot go to church, but I will enjoy the day at home. This morning I feel like being alone, unless I could see Sidney, and as Sallie seemed satisfied in her own room, I left her to herself and came to mine.

I cannot but think of a dream which I had about a week since, for it was strangely different from anything I ever dreamed and though it made no very forcible impression on my mind at the time, I think that it has been partly realized, at least.

Sunday evening, eight o'clock. My nose has been itching all day and as I am rather superstitious in that respect, I felt confident that some one was coming and at five o'clock some one did come. I commenced dressing no earlier than usual, or rather later than usual, although I thought somebody was coming. At five, Mr. William Meriwether came and staid a long time.

We had supper immediately after he left and then Mr. Thatcher came, and later, Mr. Hyatt, from Mrs. Wingates. The cars have been breaking the sabbath to-day. Rock trains have been running all afternoon.

Monday, July 31<sup>st</sup> 1865. Mama had one of her most severe head-aches last night and had to take morphine three times, the pain was so very intense, and she was very sick all morning from the effects. This afternoon, about five o'clock, Mrs. Henry Dix came out and Mama saw her - then Prof. Coleman came to stay all night. We intended going over to Mrs. Wingate's this evening but for the interruption by company. Before Sundown I walked down to see Sidney a few moments. At their gate I met Mr. Kennedy and Pa. Pa went to the house with me and I saw Sidney who was looking very sweet. She wore a puffed white body and buff skirt braided in pyramids with white, with a black velvet pointed girdle and blue ribbon in her hair. The Johnston brothers had been there and said that they were coming here but I suppose they had company as they did not come. Mr. Preston Johnston flatters Sid a great deal and I think is very much smitten with her. If he is not he is trying to carry on a grand flirtation. Sidney made fun of him at first but likes him now, I think.

Sidney was coming up, Saturday evening but Pattie slipped off with the pony. And I told Sallie that she might have

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my pony to ride with Pattie, so I could not ride down there on horseback and I would not let the Dutchman, Joe, drive me.

I am so anxious to see Sidney for a long talk and she wants me to go there to-morrow evening but as I cannot go, she will come here if nothing unavoidable prevents.

Pa had a good offer, to-day, for this place.

Mama received a letter from Cousin Mary, this evening when Pa came home and she seems to have given up Mama's trip for the present. She says that she will leave the hotel in a few days, for a small cottage and then she will expect Mama for both will enjoy the trip more for being alone. Cousin Mary says that she thinks there is but little prospect of her soon gaining possession of her property, upon which she is wholly dependent for a support. She would go immediately to Washington to the President but has not the money to do so. Oh! how strange it does seem to hear Cousin Mary, who, before the war, was used to every luxury, say that she cannot spare the money for a business trip to Washington City.

The German that Pa hired for this year is so insolent and so much above himself that Pa will turn him off to-morrow morning. This evening he whipped Malviny, the little black girl. She has been very impudent to him & this evening called him a "dirty dog." It is no wonder for he put himself on the same level with her. But she ought to have more gratitude to him as one of her deliverers from bondage, for he's been in the yankee army three years. I am glad she spoke to him as she did for he deserves it. He has no business on this place and I'm glad he is going away.

Teusday Aug. 1<sup>st</sup> 1865. Mr. Coleman played so many beautiful pieces last evening that it revived my desire to learn to play.

Pa says Joe thinks that he does wonderfully to perform the work here, which it required two men to do before and he does not want to leave but he will go to town this morning. I am exceedingly glad.

Miss Marsh has gone to Toledo, Ohio, for a short time. She told Pa before she left that she would resume charge of this school out here in the 2<sup>nd</sup> Monday of next month, and she is to



have an assistant. They think of employing Miss Daisy (or Anna) Llewellyn a graduate of the "Louisville Female High school." Miss L. is giving music lessons to Jennie Cary, Jennie Moore, Sallie Wingate, Miss M. Hagan and Fannie Hewes. Pa is going to send Mrs. Roan a catalogue of Patapsco Institute, to-day. If I am well enough I suppose I'll certainly go there.

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Ten o'clock A. M. Pa has gone to town with Mrs. Coleman, but will return immediately to see about someone to take the Dutchman's place.

Teusday night, Aug. 1<sup>st</sup> 1865. Sidney came up this evening to stay all night but Col. Field, (Pattie Field's father) came and will leave very early in the morning, so they sent for Sidney while we were at tea, and she had to go as she has not seen him for a long time. We regretted it very much and so did Sidney. Sallie went riding on horseback this evening with Grace Graham who came by for her. It rained a little before nine o'clock but the greater portion of the day was very bright and warm.

I received a letter from Belle Hathaway to-day. She was one of the girls at Ingham University. The letter was quite unexpected.

Pa received (to-day) a Prospectus of Vassar Female College on the bank of the Hudson River, ten miles from Poughkeepsie, N. Y. The building is very magnificent, & this is the first year of it. A hundred acres are cultivated in gardening farming, etc. width of building from wing to wing, 800 ft. It cost over half a million of dollars. It is the finest ~~school~~ of building of the kind, Pa says, in this country, unless "Gerard College" is an exception. It is a very large school, can accommodate 300 students, & is a good one I doubt not, but it is so confusing to hear of so many & consider about them.

Mr. Thatcher was here to-night. He thinks of starting to Southern Ky. to-morrow or ~~night~~ next day.

I have had a dull headache for several days and it is quite severe to-night. Mama is not entirely relieved from hers yet. We intended going to Mrs. Wingate's after Sidney left, as we have so often deferred going, but very soon Mr. Thatcher came, and as it was then quite late anyway, we again put it off our visit. Certainly nothing will interfere to-morrow evening, as Sallie does not think of accepting the invitation which Grace Graham gave her ~~yesterday~~ this evening, that is, to go to Mrs. Walworth's to-morrow evening to some tableaux which the young ladies there, are going to give. Jennie Moore invited Sallie to stay all night with her, if she goes & go from there. Sallie supposed that she could not go as the dutchman has gone and she said nothing to Mama or Pa about it, though of course she ought to speak of it.

Mama has concluded to go to Nashville, Thursday.

~~Wednesday~~ Thursday, Aug. 2<sup>nd</sup> 1865. I told Pa of Sallie's invitation & ~~this~~ yesterday evening when he and Mama

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started to town he told Sallie to be ready and he would take her. I could not persuade Sallie to get entirely dressed before they returned so it was quite late by the time that Sallie got off, and we got ready to go to Mr. Wingate's, that is, it was after 8 o'clock. In the meantime Mr. Thatcher, Emma, George Cannon and Lucy, came over but we went to Mrs. W's. anyway & Pa expected to come there immediately from Mrs. Walworth's but we waited for him until we knew that he had remained there and then came home. It was the last night before Ma left & we knew that the

others could come over any other time and would excuse us. They walked to Mrs. Wingate's door with us.

Mr. Thatcher is going to start to Southern Ky., to-morrow morning and expects to make a junction with Pa at Columbus.

Messrs. Johnston, Sallie and Eddie Wingate went to Mrs. Walworth's though they did not think they would in the evening. Mrs. Wingate says that Maj. Johnston was sick and did not come down until tea time, when he concluded to go. I suppose that he did not go riding with Sid but I heard something about somebody's going riding & coming home with a chill and perhaps 'twas he. Mr. Ben Kennedy said that as he was obliged to take his pony to town, he did not think that Sid rode, but she may have ridden one of the carriage horses. It was a lovely night last night, and when we started home Mr. Hagan & Miss Litish walked all the way home with us & staid till nearly 12 o'clock, knowing, too, that Mama had to do some things last night & then get up early this morning. After they left Mama and I were quite busy until after two o'clock.

We got up at about five this morning and Mama and Pa started to town about six. The morning train for Nashville left at seven and will reach Nashville at 7 P. M. Cousin Mary will have a very agreeable surprise this evening and I hope the relaxation will do Mama good. She looked so beautiful last night. I have not seen her look so well for a good while. Her eyes looked so blue & soft, and her dimples were perfect. She wore a becoming pink lawn with thule around the neck & wrists. She looks exceedingly well in her traveling dress, too, which is very handsome. I have straightened the house and Sallie is not yet up. I got up early to put up

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a lunch for Mama to eat on the cars. Of course I have not put the house in such perfect order as she does but I never could think of everything that she thinks of, much less, do it. It would give me brain fever to remember them if I had a list.

I hope that Pa will succeed in getting a good house girl while at Columbus, and he thinks that he can do so. Mrs. Cary was here yesterday evening, while Mama was in town. This is the third visit of hers and never has happened to find Mama at home, and has never met her at her own house but once. The Fates seem to be against their meeting.

Mrs. Crutcher says that she does not expect to be able to come out here for a year, for she has hired two more fine servants and is going to board Mr. Speed (of the P. O.), and his three daughters. ~~Pa has~~

This is going to be a long day, because I was up earlier than usual. 'Tis only nine o'clock now and it seems more like eleven or twelve.

Thursday night, Aug. 3<sup>rd</sup> 1865. This has been a very pleasant day after all. I faced a dark calico for Mama. Pa returned from town early.

Friday, Aug. 4<sup>th</sup> 1865. Pa and Sallie went to town this evening ~~& after tea~~ Last evening ["afternoon" inserted later] Emma & I went riding on horseback. I was over at Mrs. Thatchers from 11 to 12, and I got home just in time to close up the house before the storm.

I look for a storm regularly now for we've been having one every day for so long. Usually, they are of much shorter duration than the one to-day. It rained until six o'clock, the sun shining at short intervals. I like it - I think 'tis charming to have bright days, with the exception of a short storm which cools the atmosphere and settles the dust. Then at night, even if the storm comes after supper, the moon shines as brightly as if there'd been no rain.

Emma and I started at six & had a very delightful ride to Mr. Beckett's & back & then to Dr. Craik's and back. Two other young ladies - Miss Maria Craik and another were riding too. I wrote a note to Mama this evening, and gave it to Mr. Grimes to mail. He said he would mail it to go to-morrow if the train did not come too soon and I know it did not come for nearly half an hour but I do not know how much trouble it is to mail a letter.

Emma has improved a great deal in her riding and her horse is much better than when I last saw her ride. 'Tis not very muddy on the pike but on the back road we got our riding skirts

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very wet and dirty. Eddie Wingate came for Sallie to ride but she was in town.

~~Friday night~~ Saturday night, Aug. 5<sup>th</sup> After supper Pa proposed going to Mrs. Wingate's to take a game of chess with Mr. Hyatt, and asked me if I did not wish to go. It was sprinkling when we went but moonlight when we returned. I saw Mrs. Wingate, Sallie, all of the boarders, I believe except the preacher.

Thursday morning, (I forgot to write it) two boys came here for employment and Pa told them they might work in the garden for their board a few days. They are about grown & seem to be very good boys. This evening Pa engaged both to stay for wages. Thursday evening a woman from Mrs. Chenoweth's came here & Pa engaged her. She is a very superior cook and wash woman too, I expect. Ruth went away Friday morning with her husband & colony of children. It seems like another atmosphere since she is gone. Lucy has one child, a little girl three years old, which she brought with her yesterday morning. After she left here, Mrs. Cary offered her \$2.00 & I think she will go there as soon as Mrs. C. gets rid of the servants she has. It would be a much harder place than this but the negroes want wages no matter how much work they do. Pa pays her only \$2.00 but will pay more I think rather than let her go.

Sunday, Aug. 6<sup>th</sup> 1865. Pa and I were ready to go to Mr. Johnston's church this morning but it rained until too late for us to go. This evening when Pa started for Ma it was raining but the sun soon shone. I had the house open up stairs but as 'twas so damp I thought I'd not open the front door till late. I was sitting at my front window & saw two gentlemen in a buggy coming. I ran down & opened the front door, then went in the dining room to wait & hear who 'twas. It was Mr. Will Meriwether & Mr. Delany. I had on a muslin dress & my hair combed nicely but ~~not~~ had dressed to do a good many little things to make it appear cheerful when Ma & Pa got home, so I went in to see them just as I was rather than keep them waiting as it was rather late anyways, though I never saw Mr. Delany before. In a few minutes Pa & Ma came & brought a negro woman from Nashville.

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While Messrs. M. & D were here, Horace Dix called for me at the door a moment. There was a gentleman with him. They has just returned from Shelbyville. Mr. Delany is Miss Nora D's. brother & late of the Confederate Army, I think.

Monday Aug. 7th 1865. I had a severe headache when I awoke this morning & am not relieved yet.

Teusday, Aug. 8<sup>th</sup> 1865. ~~It rained~~

[Remainder of page is blank.]

153.

Weep, weep

1

Weep, weep for a fallen land,  
For a standard sheet laid low,  
Freedom is lost! Let ev'ry heart  
Echo the note of woe -  
Yea, weep, ye soldiers weep,  
'Twill not your manhood stain -  
To mourn with grievous bitterness  
Honor and valor slain

2

Weep friendless woman weep  
For the golden days of yore,  
The desolate homes, the aching hearts,  
The loved ones now no more.  
Bravely they fought and well,  
That noble hero band,  
Bravely fought and bravely they died,  
To save a suffering land.

3

Our Southern soil is red,  
With the blood of many slain  
Like sacrificed wine it fell,  
But the sacrifice was vain -  
Peace smiles upon our land,  
O God! That it should be,  
That peace should smile o'er freedom's grave;  
And we the smiles should see.

4

Let Southern men now take  
A long farewell of fame,  
Let Southern men bow meekly down,  
To tyranny and shame -  
Great God! That such should live,  
To hail the fatal hour,  
That crushes freedom in the dust,  
'Neath northern hate and power.

5

But many a patriot heart,

Yet thrills to the war God's breath  
 And many still would battle on,  
 For freedom to the death.  
 Weep, weep, but not for those  
 Who lie beneath the sod,  
 For they eternal peace have found,  
 Around the throne of God.

## 6

Peace! Peace! 'tis but a word,  
 A mockery - - - - - a name,  
 Alas, Oh, God! 'tis but the wreath  
 That hides the tyrant chain -  
 But if it thus must be,  
 And freedom ne'er been soon.  
 Then, Father give me strength to say -  
 "Thy will not mine be done."

## 155.

Wednesday, Aug. 9<sup>th</sup> 1865. Pa left home this morning at eleven o'clock for Louisville to take a steamboat for Southern Kentucky. He does know exactly how long he will be gone, for he has a good deal of business to attend to and has an \$8000 debt to collect at Hickman. He thinks he will be gone two weeks at least.

Aug. 10<sup>th</sup> 1865. Pattie Kennedy is spending to-night with Sallie. Mama looked for cousin Mary to-day tho she has received no letter from her since her return, but Ma wrote to her ~~to-day~~ Monday, saying she'd expect her Thursday so Ma sent to the depot for her, but she did not come.

Ma is not well to-night & has not been since she returned. I almost wish she had not gone, for Cousin Mary has given her the blues. I went in and coming home I stopped at Cornwalls & bros for letters [and] there was a note from Charlie Prather to Pa. I did not have time to write an answer then anyway, but preferred writing one at home & getting Mr. Hyatt to take it in the morning. I wrote for Charlie to come out & see Ma if he possibly could, as Pa is absent.

~~Frid~~ When I was coming through Butchertown I overtook Messrs. F. & P. ["Fletcher & Preston" added later.] Johnson walking out to Mrs. Wingate's, & as there was no one in the little rockaway but myself & driver, I offered to give them seats when Mr. Johnston told me the cars left them.

Grace Graham and little Levi Tyler were here this evening to see Sallie.

~~Friday~~ Saturday, Aug. 12<sup>th</sup> 1865. Jimmey (the Irishman) came out yesterday to get some money from Pa (not knowing he wasn't at home and Ma paid him what was due. I do not know why he did not go to the bank as Pa directed him. After paying him I suppose Ma must have laid the purse in the dining-room, for there she found it this morning but some one has stolen \$10.00.

Lucy was in the dining-room and it seems almost certain about who took it but Lucy declares that Celia took it, though Celia has been in her room ever since yesterday, sick. Grace Graham and Jennie Moore are spending to-night with Sallie.

Sunday, Aug. 13<sup>th</sup> Ma and I went to Mr. Johnston's church to-day, but Mr. Johnston did

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not preach the sermon; he was there, however, and made some remarks before Communion. I believe the Campbellites take communion every Sunday or "Lord's day" as Mr. J. ["ohnston" added later] says instead of Sunday. Miss Mollie Wilson was there & says that she is coming down here Thursday to stay all night. Mr. Merriwether & Maj. Johnston were there too. Jennie Moore went home before we got home but Grace Graham staid until this evening for she has a long, warm walk. Mr. & Mrs. Neill & Katy, came out about four o'clock & staid till after six.

Monday, Aug. 14<sup>th</sup> Grace Graham, Mattie Tyler & little Levi Tyler came up for Sallie to stay at Mrs. Walworth's to-night, as Ma promised she might go before Miss Alice G. comes home. Ma, Miss Lou Trigg, Emma Thatcher & I were going to Mrs. Wingate's to-night & met Mr. Merriwether before we got out of the yard. Emma & Miss Lou went, but we came back and 'twas well we did for it rained hard before bedtime.

Ma had on white swiss & thin shoes while I wore white Irish muslin & thin gaiters, so we were not much prepared for the rain. We were just speaking of returning when we met him, for we noticed dark clouds.

Teusday, August 15<sup>th</sup> 1865. Mr. Merriwether dropped a key on the parlor floor but did not call for it to-day. I suppose he dropped it[,] for Ma & I saw it there this morning. Probably he'l [sic] call to see Miss Mollie Thursday evening. Maybe, the reason he has been here once every week for three successive weeks, is that he hopes to make favorable impressions here, & thereby have them conveyed to Miss Mollie whom he likes very much I believe.

Ma & I went down to Mrs. Kennedy's after early tea, but Mrs. Kennedy was at Mrs. Pearson's with the latter's baby which is very low. They were just starting for her when we got there, & she came very soon. Mr. Sam Kennedy recently from Baltimore was there; arrived a few minutes before us. Sidney is coming up to stay with me Thursday night. She wants me to spend the day with her to-morrow but Dr. Chenoweth said he was coming here to see me, so I cannot go, but he may come in the morning & I can ride

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down in the afternoon.

Wednesday Night. I did not go to Mr. Kennedy's for Dr. Chenoweth came late in the evening ["afternoon" added later]. Sallie went riding with Jennie Moore and Eddie Wingate.

Just as we were closing the window shutters to come up stairs, (we close the house early when Pa is gone & we have no visitors), Mr. Preston Johnston came. I do not like him much upon better acquaintance. His brother Fletcher, the preacher has a much [more?] open countenance. I admire the former's politics more than I admire him. I invited him to come over to-morrow evening after tea, as Sidney will be here. He did not wait for Ma (who had stepped out for a moment) to come in, before he left. Perhaps he came to see nobody but me, but he acts so queer.

Thursday, Aug. 17<sup>th</sup> Friday, Aug. 18<sup>th</sup> Saturday, Aug. 19<sup>th</sup> Thursday evening, Miss Finly & Emma returned my call. While they were here Miss Mollie Wilson came, according to

promise. Her brother came with her but did not come in as it was late. Sidney came, too, as she promised. While we were at tea Mr. Meriwether came and Washington was sent to the door, and we had a hearty laugh at him for he did so funny though he was not stupid about it, far from it. We were all in the parlor when Mr. F. Johnston wished to see Miss Sidney at the door a moment. He had a message, from his brother, which Sidney told me after we went to bed. He said he was coming over that night but company came. He wished to know if he could have the pleasure of walking home with her next morning. She told him that she was not going home till evening when her Ma was coming up for her!

Sidney spent the day Friday, & Sallie Owens went in town in the morning for letters & brought Sallie Neill home

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with her to stay till Monday morning.

Last night Mr. Meriwether invited us to go to the waterworks with him, and we promised to go Friday evening at three o'clock. He was very punctual for he came exactly at three and we had not begun to dress for Ma told us to lie down a while after dinner which was late on account of Lucy's negligence. Sidney expected her Ma to bring Mary Barbaroux with her from town at three o'clock & then come up for her, so she could not go, but had she only known it she could have gone for Mrs. Kennedy came for her only a few moments before we returned. Sallie O. had to stay at home, of course, as Sallie Neill was here, but Miss Mollie and I had a glorious time.

We went in a covered wagon & first visited the powerful machinery which was in operation, and then the tower, which is 150 ft. high, five feet higher than the reservoir. Then we went to the Reservoir, where the grounds are beautifully laid off. The water was running in when we got there but ceased before we left. We walked around, then sat down in a corner and had a talk for about an hour. When we returned Mr. Meriwether came in & staid till bed-time as 'twas nearly dark. Who should we find but Mrs. Thatcher, Miss Finly, Mr. Cannon, Miss Emma & Lucy, to stay to tea & no one was invited but Emma & Miss F. The idea of bringing three extra ones unexpectedly! Mama expected no one but Mr. M. & the two others & she had to go out after Mrs. T. came and have more bread even, made for supper.

Saturday evening Mr. Neill sent a horse out for Sallie Neill to take a ride on horseback with Sallie Owens. A Mr. Mosely who stays at Mr. Trabue's store brought it out & went with them to the water-works. Jennie Moore went too. Miss Mollie Wilson told her brother to come for her Saturday evening & afterwards she told Mr. M. that he might take her home, so they both came. They insisted on Ma's letting me ride up there with

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Mr. Wilson and coming home with Mr. Meriwether, for the ride, and Ma at last consented, so I went, and enjoyed it a good deal. Ma told Mr. M. she did not want him to talk to me like I was a grown young lady, for I was not. I was up stairs but when we started back Mr. M. told me that he was not going to talk any nonsense but was going to talk to me like a Grandfather. He asked me if I remembered his cousin - Steward Watson - who formerly lived near Hickman. He said that he was at College with him at Georgetown last year & had very frequently heard him speak of me. I do not remember of ever seeing him but the name is familiar & I suppose I went to school with him when I was quite small. Mr. W. says that the reason the girls lost everything they had when the female school burned down, there was this, - they had been ordered a few days previous

to empty their trunks of their winter clothes & hang them in the closets, and the people who were trying to save things, threw the trunks out of the windows never thinking in the excitement, whether they were empty or not. He says the fire caught the roof & there was only one flight of stairs to the ground. The fire was in Alice Macy's room before she awaked & just as she got off the steps, they fell.

Sunday night, Aug. 20<sup>th</sup> 1865. Mama did not feel like going to church to-day, so Sallie O. & Sallie N. and I went to Mr. Johnston's church. A great many of our neighbors were there.

Monday night. Mama was very sick last night, and I was up with her most of the night. This morning she was better. She wished me to go to town for letters & Sallie Neill went with me. There were no letters. The sun has been very bright to-day, (though it was cloudy this morning) and Ma had every bed in the house, put out to sun, but about four o'clock, just

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after they were moved in, a terrible storm came up, [and] it thundered, lightened, blew and rained. We saw a carriage coming to avoid the storm, and Ma invited the people up stairs for the windows were open up here & the wind blew too violently to open one down stairs for light. 'Twas Mr. & Mrs. Beckett and their little boys, who were sick. It was strange that they were forced in here when Mrs. Beckett has never been to see Ma. She says that she has been intending to come a long time but has had so much to do that she has not even visited her own relations.

Teusday, Aug. 22<sup>nd</sup> 1865. Tonight while we were at supper the negro boys heard a noise at the stable door & whenever they spoke it ceased. At last it was so loud that Ma got the lantern and went out there. She pulled the doors out a little & Bruno stuck his nose through the opening. He'd been locked up in there.

~~Wednesday, Friday~~, Three o'clock, Friday evening. Aug. 25th. [Last] Teusday night the black boys said that they heard a repeated noise on the front door but when they went around they found no one. They were mistaken, for they said it was before we went to sleep & we heard nothing of it & there were no tracks or foot prints on the porch, but, as they said there was some body after the chickens.

It rained most of the day Teusday, and we could not go to Cave Hill Cemetery as we intended, but we went Wednesday. Sallie did not wish to go, so Ma & I went to town for letters & then went out to Cave Hill. Ma sent a letter to Cousin Mary, & I received invitation cards to Anna Dumont & Mr. Griswold's wedding reception, which will take place on the 30th inst.

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Wednesday [i.e., August 23] about four o'clock, Sidney came up for me to go & stay all night with her. Not feeling any worse than usual, but rather better, I got Ma's consent & went. I spent the next day & had a very pleasant visit. Ma rode down for me Thursday evening. Mr. S. S. Kennedy & the children who had been down to Mrs. Pearson's yesterday evening came by for Sidney and I. Ada T[hatcher] came a few minutes after S[idney] did, for me to go over and spend the night with Emma [and] Miss Finly.

Thursday night Ma and I went over to Mrs. Thatcher's and sat until bed-time when Henry & Washington came for us.

This morning (Friday) Lucy Thatcher came over a few moments to borrow some buttons. Sidney and I have an engagement to ride on horseback this evening and its [al]most time to go.



Saturday night, August 26<sup>th</sup> 1865. Sid and I had our ride though we took it quite late. I went down for her at five o'clock but her Ma was away and she was not ready, so we did not get off early. Mr. Kennedy cut a very nice, cool water-mellon & insisted on my getting off & eating some. It was very refreshing. When we got in the lane at Mr. Thatchers stiles, Sidney noticed that the bridle on her pony was fixed wrong, the bit under the pony's tongue & the bridle too long, so we stopped, as the pony would not go along, to see if it was fixed like my pony's. Just then Mr. Meriwether and Mr. Delany came along in a buggy but did not stop - probably did not think of anything being the matter. Mr. Meriwether told me that he and Mr. Delany were coming over tonight & bring their instruments. Sidney & I got Mr. Cannon who was going in Mrs. T's gate as we got there, to fix the bridle, then we continued our ride to beyond Judge Bullitt's place on the back road. When I got home I ate supper, & dressed. Before I finished, the gentlemen came. Ma had told Washington to be ready to go to the door when the bell rung, but they rung & knocked twice & no one asked them in until Ma went down in a few minutes. They were sitting on the side of the porch steps when Ma got there. Ma said "Why boys, why didn't you ask the gentlemen

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in?" Washington says that he was not there & Henry says that he came just as Ma did. I expect that the truth was they were so interested in the musical instruments that they did not have their senses about them. Soon after the first came Charlie Moore and Mr. Harry Semple of Danville, Ky. Mr. Meriwether & Mr. Delany played on the guitar or flutes, while Mr. Semple played accompaniments, on the piano.

Just before they left, we had some champagne & cakes. Mr. D. was clerk on a steamboat between St. Louis & New O. for a while & has stopped at Hickman, Columbus & all those places in Southern Ky. He spoke of Mr. Moore and said he had a mighty pretty daughter. I asked him if he remembered the house just across the street from there and he said yes, that he eat [sic] supper there while General Asbeth was in it & he came very near being struck by lightening, for while they were at supper, the Martin boy on the fence near the back parlor where they were eating, was struck with lightening. He says that he & Mr. M are speaking of going into business at Columbus when the Mobile & Ohio R. R. again terminates there.

Saturday, Aug. 26<sup>th</sup> 1865. Ma, Sallie and I went to town to-day and spent it at Mrs. Crutcher's. When we started Bruno followed as usual though Henry tried to tie him. When we got to the tollgate, Ma got Mr. Watson to fasten him up in his stable, and he did so but he got out in some way, and followed still. When we turned into 5<sup>th</sup> street Bruno went down Main & we have not seen him since.

Miss Aubin McDowell was at Mrs. Crutcher's a while to-day. Mr. Baber, for whom I have no respect, boards there. He is to be married next month if the girl will keep her promise. Mr. Charlie Helm was there to dinner.

Sunday, Aug. 27<sup>th</sup> 1865. Ma & I went to Mr. J's church today. We saw a good many that we knew. I do not know Mrs. Winchester but she is just as pretty as she can be, I think. Mr. Meriwether & Miss Mollie were there. Miss Mollie looking better than usual but Mr. M. looked badly from a dreadful bad cold.

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[The next four pages of this part of the journal contain a "List of names of the persons whose acquaintance I have made from Dec.24<sup>th</sup>, 1864." Many of these names are of students and teachers she met at Ingram, in Leroy, New York. Others are acquaintances made in Louisville. This list is included in the photo-copy of the diary and has not been transcribed.

[The final page is a hand-written program of Signor Strini's Vocal Soirée of May 3, 1866.]