

JOURNAL

OF

Kartha M. Fowle,

Written During The Civil War.

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To

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Raleigh, N. C.
Nov. 1st, 1862.

How do I regret that indolence which has prevented me from keeping a connected journal of the events of the last two years.

It would have embraced a period of time, probably the most important as well as most interesting in the history of my country that I shall ever be permitted to witness or to feel in its effects on my own life. Now it is too late for me to attempt to give anything like a connected account of the events of this war. I can only mention such things as particularly interested me, never having taken any interest in politics I was taken by surprise by the violent excitement which was caused by the elections in the summer of 1860.

It was in consequence of a quarrel originating in excitement of this kind that my townsman, Mr. Tom Grist, was so inhumanly shot on the streets of Washington, in September of that year by two brothers, Charles and George Latham. In October a large Union meeting was held in Washington. Judge Badger of Raleigh (Or rather, of North Carolina, for we are too proud of him to give him to a single town) Messrs. Poole and Satterthwaite, and my brother Daniel G. Fowle were the principal speakers. It was in a walk to the court house with the judge, for the purpose of hearing the speeches that I first realized the state of the country, and the danger which existed of disunion and its consequence-civil war. My mind was deeply affected by the idea and though I was diverted from the subject by enjoying for the first time the pleasure of hearing my brother speak, I could not dismiss it. From that time the excitement was evidently on the increase, from all parts of the country nothing was heard but speeches in favor either of secession or of union; among the most eloquent of the latter class was one made by Hon. Z. B. Vance at Montgomery, Alabama, from the north the news was equally exciting. Everett, Fillmore and Dickinson were speaking in favor of recognizing the rights of the south, and endeavoring to settle the difficulties by a spirit of conciliation, and with them were the conservatives of all classes. The Republican ticket for President, was Lincoln and Hamlin, the Democrats had two, Stephen Douglas and Breckinridge; while the Whigs and Conservatives hoped by uniting Bell and Everett to avert the impending catastrophe, but the spirit of union seemed to have fled, the Republicans carried the day, and Abraham Lincoln was declared President of the United States.

The excitement of the south grew more intense but the radical party of the north only laughed at its threats and persisted in declaring that the "south would not resist" even after the secession of South Carolina, Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, Florida, Texas and Arkansas, they did not seem to understand the danger, but the Conservatives both north and south made strenuous efforts to reunite the dissevered states, or at least to retain the border states, for this purpose a Peace Congress was held early in 1861, of which Ex-president Tyler of Virginia was President; but the Republicans would make no concessions and the congress broke up without effecting anything. Lincoln was inaugurated on the 4th of March 1861. Such was the state of public feeling that it was feared that force would be resorted to to prevent his inauguration, and for the first time in the history of the U. S. military force was supposed to be necessary to place a man pretending to be elected by the popular vote, in the presidential chair. Mr. Lincoln's course was not very dignified, he went to Washington disguised

in a Scotch cloak and cap, leaving his wife and children to run the risk of the anticipated dangers from his expected line of travel. His speeches on the route gave no satisfaction, consisting of little more than assurances that "nobody was hurt". I should have said before that the seven states above mentioned had formed themselves into a provisional government under the name of "The Confederate States of America", and had chosen Jefferson Davis of Miss. as President, and Alexander Stephens of Georgia as Vice-president. Their first meeting of Congress was held at Montgomery, Ala. early in the spring of 1861. I ought also to have referred to the eloquent pieces written in favor of the South by Dr's Thornwell and Dabney, and also two sermons against abolitionism by Dr. Wandyke and Dr. Raphael, both in the state of New York.

The abolitionists were raving with their accustomed fury, and Beecher, Carpenter and Cheeve drew crowds to hear them discourse on "the time having arrived when the sun which set on a country of slaves should rise on a race of freemen". Perhaps here would be a proper place to mention my own opinions on the great questions agitating the popular mind. I am southern in heart and feelings, truly did I resent the unjustifiable interference of the Northern Abolitionists in our affairs, and the abuse heaped by them upon Southerners and Southern principles, but my pride as an American was even stronger than State pride. I could not believe in the doctrine of secession nor could I bear to think of deserting that Constitution, under which our country had acquired its present position and greatness; nor that flag so dear by every association. I was what was then called a Unionist, hoping and believing that the events constantly occurring would open the eyes of the North and induce them in time to make such concessions as would restore peace to our divided country; so strong was my belief in these views that they caused a difficulty to spring up between me and my dearest friends, a difficulty which I shall ever regret, for though now healed it has caused such a change in my nature that I cannot again enjoy their friend-ship, or indeed any other as before. Previous to that, I trusted my friends implicitly but having once found myself deceived it has made me cautious, some would doubtless think it well to gain this experience, but I would gladly take back the undoubting heart I once possessed. This dispute occurred on the 15th day of April, 1861. the very day on which Fort Sumter surrendered. It was commanded by Major Anderson and surrendered to Gen. Beauregard. This was the opening scene of the war. The proclamation of war by Lincoln reached us on the 16th, my twenty-fourth birthday, it was issued on the 15th. Never can I forget how the news fell upon us. I thought it would kill my dear Father. It was followed by the demand for troops from the different states. Of course they were refused and none coincided in the refusal more heartily than those who had been called Unionists, but now that an attempt was to be made to force a government on an unwilling people. we saw that the principle of liberty, the Constitution itself, was to be trampled upon. Nor could we longer remain under a flag which had lost the significance it once possessed when it waved "over the land of the free"

On the 20th of May 1861 North Carolina seceded through the unanimous vote of her Convention, where delegates were principally members of the Union Party; so quick was the change when it was evident that our rights were to be infringed upon; but the people did not wait for the Convention, the Washington Grays were organized on the 20th of April, and on the day the State seceded, left for the coast to take part in the defense of their country. And in other places, indeed over the whole state, it was the same way. The officers of this company were Capt. Thomas Sparrow, Leut. Shaw, Lieut Whitehurst, and Lieut Thomas; all of them from the town of Washington. The interval between their organization and departure was a busy one indeed. A Society was formed by the ladies to equip this and similar companies, of which I was one of

the managers. We also presented them with with a flag, which was given to them on the day of their departure by Miss Clara E. Hoyt, in a speech which was declared to be very good by those who heard it.

The young men freed from their ordinary business, had more time to spend with the ladies, and I date from that period the commencement of some friendships which I shall always prize; two friends whom I would particularly name are Lieut. Jas. K. Whitehurst, and Mr. (afterwards Major) James S. Whitehead. Several other companies went from Beaufort at this time. "The Southern Guards", Capt. Carter; "Jeff Davis Rifles", Capt. Carmer, and "Pamlico Rifles" Capt. Marsh. These three were ordered to Virginia where they have seen hard service. "The Washington Grays" were ordered to Portsmouth where were soon sent the "Tar River Boys", from Greenville. Hertford "Light Infantry" Capt. Sharp. "Morris Guards", Capt. Gilliam, from Plymouth, and Capt. Leith's company from Hyde.

In June occurred the first battle between the contending forces. It was at Bethel on the 10th day of the month. Capt. McGruder was in command but Col. D.G. Hill really led the troops. Considering merely the numbers engaged it was not of much importance, but the brilliant victory gained by our troops, did much to heighten the military ardor of the country and to encourage the spirits of all classes. Here was killed the first martyr to Southern independence, Thomas Hyman, of Tarboro, N. C.

I believe that it was in the spring that year that Jackson, of Alexandria distinguished himself by first killing Col. Ellsworth of the New York Zouaves, and then nobly dying himself in defence of our flag. On the 21st of July occurred the memorable battle of Manasses. Here were engaged troops from every Confederate State; a set of raw recruits, who yet whipped an army as well equipped and disciplined as any that ever fought. The route of the enemy was complete, and could we have followed it up, we might have taken Washington City. Our loss was heavy, among the killed was the lamented Col. Fisher of N. C. Gen. Bee of S. C. and Col. Barton, of Ga. I cannot mention any of the numerous incidents of this battle. On the day that it was fought Brother's little boy, John Blackwell, was born. We called him Manasses for some time. In the various skirmishes during the summer, which were too numerous for me to remember, we were always victorious. In August, Father's health not being good I accompanied him on a short trip to Hatteras in the schooner Minot; then commanded by Mr. Jarvis. We enjoyed it very much. Chas. Gallagher was on board and proved an agreeable companion. We had an abundance of tropical fruit taken in the prizes brought in by the privateers. We stopped at Portsmouth on our return and were joined by Mary, Magg, Anna Marsh and Mattie Telfair. Helen and Laura Shaw came down also.

Clara Hoyt, Kate Carraway and Sallie Howard, and there were many other ladies in the house. Here we spent two weeks very pleasantly, and formed some agreeable/acquaintances, of whom I would mention Lieut.s Perry and Moore of the Hertford Light Infantry. Lieut. Perry fell in love with Mary at first sight and there commenced his attentions to her. We returned home on the 21st of August, and on the 28th Hatteras was surrendered to the enemy. All of our friends except Lieut. Perry were made prisoners; he was quite sick when the order came for the troops at Portsmouth to go to Hatteras so was left in command of the island.

Of the attack on Hatteras there is little to say, it was impossible to defend it with the means at command. The enemy ships of war took their position out of reach of our guns and quietly shelled the forts. All our men could do was to shew their courage by the coolness they manifested when the first time under fire; this they did, their behavior was admirable. Several young men from our town, Allen Grist, Sam Grist, Robert Shaw and Mr. Gotier distinguished themselves by voluntarily undertaking to carry powder to the fort from the steamer, - a most dangerous undertaking; they had nearly reached the shore when they were ordered to return by Lieut. Mardough, who told them the garrison was about to surrender. The gallant Lieut. was wounded in the arm; he and several others made their escape in boats, but most of the troops were taken. I can never forget the effect this event produced in Washington. It was the first time the war had come home to us, and I think no event which has since occurred has affected us more deeply. It was indeed of great importance to us as it laid our town and the adjoining counties open to the invasion of the enemy; but at first our own danger was lost in grief for our friends; the streets were filled with the excited crowds of men, women and children, all seeking news of their loved ones.

When at last the steamer came up bringing the few that had escaped with the small number left to guard the camp at Portsmouth, the excitement was at its height. It was indeed a sad sight to see the remnant of those fine companies which we had so lately admired. I was affected almost to tears when I saw Lieut. Perry at the head of only six men. What added to the gloom of the community was the news of the death of Lieut. Sam S. Whitehurst, whose body was brought home on the same day, the 29th. He died at Kittrell's Springs where his company was stationed, of typhoid fever. He was a frank, noble-hearted young man, a favorite with all, and much grief was felt for his loss as well as sympathy with the distressed family, of whom another son was made prisoner at Hatteras. To understand fully our feelings, it must be remembered that this was the first reverse in the war, these the first prisoners taken by the enemy, and we did not know how they would be treated.

After awhile we began to realize that we were in danger and many left the town, fearing that it would be seized by the enemy immediately. We remained at home believing, and justly as it proved, that Washington would not be taken until other places of more importance were conquered. I forgot to mention in speaking of my visit to Portsmouth that while there, a mutiny broke out in the camp of the "Tar River Boys", Capt. Johnson. In this Company Howard Wiswall and John Boyd were Orderly and 2nd. Sergeant. They seemed to possess more influence over the men than the other officers. It seemed that the officers were tyrannical, especially Lieut. Green. The men were dissatisfied and threatened to mutiny, Howard knew of this and used his influence to soothe them; but did not report them as he was bound to do by military rules. Afterwards they did mutiny and claimed Howard and Mr. Boyd as their leaders; a mistaken sense of honor led these young men to stand by the men. It was a serious affair and at one time it was thought force would have to be used, but after many arguments from Capt. Mose and others, Howard was persuaded by Father to lay down his arms, and the others followed his example. The prisoners were confined and a court martial called, which

was sitting at the time when orders came for them to go to Hatteras. The trial had brought out so many charges against the officers that they were glad to finish it by reprimanding the men, placing Howard at their head and sending them to Hatteras, (Capt. Johnson had been elected Lieut. Col. and Green was absent,) where they were taken with the rest. The troops taken at this time were confined first at Fort Columbus, N. J. afterwards at Fort Warren. They were treated tolerably well and were all paroled before the next February.

In October the 24th Georgia regiment was sent to Washington, The 31st. N. C., of which Dan was Lieut. Col. was also ordered there and several cavalry and artillery companies; the town was fortified and we thought we were to be defended. There had been a small force at New Bern all summer; this was increased and the place put in a state of defence. At first Gen. D. G. Hill had the command of eastern Carolina, and we felt much confidence, but the command was afterwards given to Gen. L. O. ^{Brent} B. Branch. His courage was undoubted but he had neither the experience or military knowledge necessary to such a command. We had a pleasant winter at home, Brent and her children passed the winter with us. Sally Pearson paid us a visit, and we had a great deal of company from the many soldiers around. I had some hard work keeping house for such a family and taking care of the hospitals for the sick of the 31st. (Ga.) regiment. In November Mary became engaged to Lieut. Perry who was now attached to the 31st; an occurrence which gave pleasure to all of us. In December the 31st were ordered to Roanoke Island. There was much excitement during the winter, many rumors of the approach of the Yankees being always afloat; these increased so that in January Brent thought it best to go to Raleigh where she would be safe.

On the 9th of February 1862 Roanoke Island was taken by the enemy. We suffered much anxiety for some time, but soon heard that Dan was unhurt, he and the rest of our friends being prisoners. Again Lieut. Perry had escaped, his marriage was appointed for the 18th. and he had left the island some weeks before to make preparations. As we knew Dan was unhurt Father thought it best that the marriage should not be deferred. The general excitement gave another reason in its favor; the stampede was more general than before. Almost all who left the town went at this time, and Father was glad to get us girls in a place of safety; so my darling sister was married to Lieut. Jesse D. Perry at 10 o'clock on the morning of the 18th of February, 1862 by Rev. William A. Wood. One hour after the ceremony Mary left for her new home accompanied by Maggie and myself. Jule Moore was one of the party, having been a groomsmen. On the same day we heard of the fall of Fort Donelson, Feb. 9th. In the defense of this place our men suffered greatly, the intense cold adding much to the suffering of the wounded, many of whom remained on the field three days before being cared for. (This reminds me that I forgot to mention that on January 19th. our forces were defeated at Mill Springs in Kentucky, and one General, Zollicoffer killed; nor did I mention the reverses we experienced in July at Rich Mountain, and the death of Gen. Garret who was killed there.); but to return, we arrived in Hertford county on the evening of the 19th. The enemy had just come up to Winton and our troops fired upon them before they retreated. They shelled the town and then set fire to it. When we arrived at Murfrees-

boro it was reported that the enemy was advancing. The greatest excitement prevailed, Jessie ordered the carriage, and took us to his father's, which we reached at twelve o'clock. We were much pleased with Mary's new home and new relations. Mr. Perry Sr. is a fine-looking dignified man, noted for his upright integrity of character, his wife a Christian lady of pleasant appearance and manners. They received us with great kindness and we spent two months with them as well as we could under the circumstances anywhere. We formed some pleasant acquaintances, the principal of whom were Dr. Moore's family. Mrs. Weavers', Mrs. Wheelers' and Dr. Cornelius Moore's. We were treated by all as old friends rather than new ones, and soon felt at home in either house.

We had horses at our disposal and in riding, walking, and our indoor occupations passed the time very pleasantly; though we suffered much anxiety about our friends at home. On the 14th of March New Bern was taken by the Yankees. Gen. Branch was in command, he was blamed for the disposition of his troops, the result of his inexperience. (The first Conscription Bill was passed on the 16th of April 1862.) Cols. Avery, Vanee and Clark were remarked for their bravery, while Spruill's Regiment of Cavalry were accused of cowardice; but this was caused by the inefficiency of its officers rather than the fault of the men. Two weeks after this the Yankees visited Washington. This place had been evacuated at the time of the attack on New Bern, so of course no resistance was made. They did not remain long in the town and the only event which marked their visit was that four of the young ladies, Martha and Eliza Wiswall, Malissa McCullough and Mary Rollins, waved their handkerchiefs to the enemy. We were all sorry to hear of this stain on the loyalty of our town. After the enemy had left we felt more at ease about our friends. The fall of Donelson was succeeded by that of Island No. 10, and by the evacuation of Memphis and Nashville. This last place was immediately taken possession of by Gen. Buel with the Federal forces. On March 8th occurred the brilliant naval engagement between the iron-clad Virginia and the Northern fleet in Hampton Roads, the first victory that gleamed on us during that whole winter and spring. About this time in a battle at Elk Horn Mission March 7th. the gallant McCulloch and lamented McIntosh fell. The 16th of April was my twenty-fifth birthday; just one year since the proclamation of war. We had been wonderfully preserved through its vicissitudes. When the war commenced it seemed that the North was all strength and we all weakness. On that day Capt. Julien Moore and Lieut. Jas. W. Moore called to see us. On the 6th and 7th of April occurred the great battle of Corinth, or Shiloh, in which it is doubtful on which side victory rested. We conquered the first day, but we were forced to retire on the next; our loss was great, among whom the most conspicuous was Gen. Albert Sidney Johnson, an excellent general regretted by all.

We were much pleased to hear from home that my brother-in-law, Mr. Telfair, had succeeded in running the blockade and reaching home safely. He was in business in New York when the war broke out and being detained by some important affairs it was the last of March ere he reached home. He came over from Baltimore in an oyster boat, in whose hole he and eight others were concealed several days. On the 25th of April he arrived in Hertford and on the 28th. we started home. Mary and Jesse accompanied us as far as Murfreesboro where we spent one day, -that night the young men were so polite as to serenade us. We reached Tarboro on the 29th, where we found a steamboat going down to Greenville and a flat going to Washington, a most fortunate thing for us as all the usual means of communication were cut off.

On the 29th we heard of the surrender of New Orleans, which took place on the 28th, of April; and also the fall of Fort Macon, which was captured on the 25th of April.)

In Greenville we met Mr. Satterthwaite's carriage which we took possession of, stopping to pay Mrs. S. a visit of explanation on the way. We reached home on the 30th; on the 9th of May the Yankees took the town. Of their conduct during the month I spent there I will say nothing as I have already written an account of it which I intend to add to this journal. On the 4th of May, Ella, our little servant girl died. We left Washington on the 30th of May and reached Tarboro on the 1st of June; during the month we spent there, Jackson had gained a brilliant victory over Banks, but Norfolk and Portsmouth had been evacuated by our troops and siezed by the enemy. The Merrimac had been blown up and Richmond was invested by the Yankee army. Of the continued battles around Richmond I can give no account; they commenced by the battle of Williamsburg, followed by that of Hanover Court House and Seven Pines. This last was fought on the 31st of May and 1st of June. Lieut. Thos. L. Perry of our place was killed to the deep sorrow of all who knew him. He was an energetic young man of excellent character and an only son. The last week in June and first in July were taken up in the battles of Chickahominy, ending in that of Malvern Hill. These were a succession of victories on our part but we lost many of our best men. We freed Richmond, however, and drove the enemy back to the same lines they had occupied the year before. In the mean while we had proceeded to Hertford where we were kindly greeted by our numerous friends. Mary, of course, was delighted to see us; but our other friends seemed not much less so. From this time I date the formation of three friendships which I trust may last for our life time, between Kate Wheeler, Julia and Blama Southall and myself. Many happy hours we spent together in our numerous visits to Mrs. Weaver, Mrs. Cornelius Moore, Mrs. John Moore, and Mrs. Wheeler. May we meet again to pass many more in the same places. The only drawback to our pleasure was anxiety about our friends who were in Washington, it being still in possession of the Yankees; but we heard from them regularly so were not so much concerned as might have been expected. During the summer we were constantly hearing of victories in the west. Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee.

(After the battle of Sharpsburg the dead were so numerous that it was impossible to bury them and they piled the field with wood and burned it off, so perished the last remains of many gallant fellows who gave their lives for their country.)

In Virginia we were victorious and our troops after a hard fought battle on the old battle ground of Manassas on the 30th of August 1862, pushed on to Maryland, Harper's Ferry was taken on the 16th of September, and on the next day the terrible of Antietam, or Sharpsburg was fought. This resulted in victory to our arms but it was such victory as nearly equals defeat. Our loss was very great especially among the North Carolina troops. Gen. Anderson and Gen. Branch of North Carolina were among the killed but their names only head the list which has been coming in ever since in the papers of those of less rank. Among them was my cousin, Capt. Wm. Thomas Marsh. He had been elected to the Legislature of our state and expected soon to leave the army. His moral character was irrepachable, while his high talents and pleasing manners won him the esteem of all. He had been distinguished in the army by his cool courage, and his promotion would have been certain had he lived. A bright career was before him but he was cut off, and deep and sincere is the grief of his friends.

On the 6th of September a body of our troops commanded by Gen. Martin., (who, however, did not lead the attack), made an attack on Washington. They took four pieces of artillery and eleven prisoners; lost eleven killed and thirty wounded, some of whom were left as prisoners in the hands of the enemy. The gun boat Picket was blown up by a stray shot but it cannot be ascertained how many of the enemy were killed. The town was much injured, Bridge street being almost entirely destroyed. Shots passed through many occupied houses, my Father's among the number, fortunately none of the citizens were injured; but it occasioned great alarm and no good was accomplished. It was five weeks before we heard directly from home and we suffered much anxiety. On the first of the month Julia Southall left us for Mississippi. About this time I received Brent's letter asking me to spend the winter with her. I think there has been no large battle up to this time except that of Corinth, where we were defeated. Bragg has made a raid in Kentucky and captured stores enough to fill a train of wagons forty miles long; but the state is left for the most part in possession of the enemy. In our own state Beaufort, Craven, Carteret, Currituck, Washington, Gates, Perquimans, Pasquotank and a part of Hertford counties are in their possession. And the whole command of the Mississippi is theirs while they hold portions of the seacoast of every state. The little town of Vicksburg in Mississippi made a gallant resistance to the enemy; they besieged it by water six weeks to no effect. I have said nothing of the campaigns in Missouri or Texas, for it would be impossible for me to give any account of them, and they have had little effect upon me personally.

I will now speak of the Generals who head our army, and thus close this record: General Beauregard, a Louisiana of French Italian descent, was the hero of Fort Sumter and Manassas, and perhaps more popular than any of our generals. General Joseph Johnson shared with him the honors of Manassas. General Robert Lee is a Virginian respected alike for his talents as a general and his character as a Christian gentleman. General Thos. Jackson, a Virginian, who married a niece of Graham of North Carolina, is distinguished for the quickness of his movements and his continued success. He is called "Stonewall" the name having been given him by Beauregard at Manassas. His brother-in-law, Gen. D. H. Hill, a native of S. C. but residing in N. C. united all the qualities of a good general and a Christian gentleman. (Here is an insertion at head of page, which it is impossible to tell to whom it refers.) "Since writing this my opinion is changed. I do not doubt that he is a brave man and a Christian; but a violent temper disgraces his Christian profession and lowers his dignity as a gentleman". Gen. Sterling Price has distinguished himself in Missouri. Gen. Bragg of N. C. at Mobile. Gen. Longstreet, & A. P. Hill stand high in the estimation of the public; while Gen. Stuart is noted for his spirited raids. Of those who have fallen, I can only say that they have, and deserve the gratitude of the nation. Col. John Morgan is a noted leader of guerillas in Kentucky, and Col. Sibly has been very successful in Arizona. We have now at the commencement of the winter a proclamation setting the negroes free; this we do not fear, but Lincoln is making strenuous efforts to increase his army and navy and doubtless will be successful. and we have the prospect of a harder struggle than ever before. We have carried into effect two conscriptions and our army will still be smaller than his. Another thing that adds to our trouble is high prices of every thing. Flour at \$30.00 a barrel. Bacon at .75¢ a pound. Sugar .75¢. Tea, \$15.00, and other provisions in proportion. Cotton cloth is \$1.25 a yard, worsted from \$4.00 to \$6.00. Shoes \$10.00 to \$15.00 a pair, and these prices hold good on every necessary article.

I have not spoken of the Northern generals; Gen. Scott was honorably superceded after the battle of Manassas. Gen. McClelland then took command of the army. Halleck stands next to him. Pope, Buel, Burnside, Foster, Rosencranz, Banks and Butler are the most conspicuous of their other generals; the last has made himself infamous by a proclamation which I cannot soil the pages of my journal by repeating. We have a hard struggle before us but we fear not the result for our cause is just, and God is our help and our shield.

By the first of October I began to prepare for my visit to Raleigh, and to pay formal visits to my friends. It was on the 15th of October, while on a visit to Mrs. Moore that we were shocked by the sudden death of Lieut. Jas. W. Moore. He had been in Raleigh for several weeks and returning home that night, died ere he had seen any of the family save his little son, Godwin. We had passed a very pleasant evening. Col. Wheeler reading his lecture on Hamlet to us, and rendering it more interesting by reading parts of the play. Of the grief of the family I need not speak, I hope I may never see the like again. We left Mr. Perry's on Monday the 20th, Mary, Maggie, and Jesse accompanying me, stopped for dinner at Mrs. Mary Powell's, and for the night at Jesse Powell's, reached Tarboro the next day; had a delightful visit there dividing my time between the Hanks, and Battles. Left on Thursday and arrived in Raleigh that evening. I was much pleased to hear that Dan, who had been beaten when running for the colonelcy of the 31st regiment, was elected to the Legislature, and consequently would spend the winter at home. Tom Satterthwaite came up to see me that night and Col. Wheeler called the next morning. Clara Hoyt also called about an hour after my arrival. Jesse left on Friday.

I have now brought my journal down to the present time, though I have fulfilled my task very imperfectly, leaving out much that I wished to record. I found Brent in good health and spirits and the children much improved since I last saw them. And now commences my journal for the winter. I have said nothing of the yellow fever. It broke out in Wilmington the last of September and raged until the middle of November. There were over three thousand cases, of which at least half died; a proportion which considering the size of the place, is equal to the ravages of this dreadful disease in Norfolk and Portsmouth.

Oct. 31st, 1862.

It is a week and one day since I arrived in Raleigh but already I have settled down into what will probably be my life for the winter. We breakfast at eight, before which time I have not only dressed for the day, but devoted myself for some time to reading my Bible. After breakfast I generally occupy myself with some light reading, while I give myself a thorough warming as a preparation for an hour's practice on the piano, which commences at nine. From ten to eleven I read aloud to Brent. This week we have read an essay on "The Preservation of Health" by Dr. Chambers, and one on "Burns" by Carlyle. I then sew until dinner, which takes place at two. Brent reads to me an hour after dinner in some novel. At present we are reading Wyandotte; then I walk until night. The evenings will probably be given to social conversation. We go to our rooms at ten when I read a chapter in my French Testament, and intend also to write in my journal. This evening I called upon Mrs. Branch in compliance with Sister's request. She refused to see me on the plea of indisposition, nor do I wonder that one plunged into such

Grief as hers should feel "indisposed" to see mere acquaintances. I should not have called, had not my visit been intended to express my sister's sympathy in her loss.

Dan has been absent since Monday. He has gone to Richmond Hill on business. I forgot to mention with my other reading that I have finished "Pelham" by Bulwer, and have read "Genève", a short poem by Shelly. If I accomplish as much every week of my stay, I shall add considerably to my knowledge of literature.

Nov. 1st.

I went this morning to call on Mrs. Vance, found her a pleasant lady, not handsome but still not ugly, She seemed pleased to learn that I was a Presbyterian, and said she would like to see me often this winter. Florence kindly sent her carriage to carry me to the Governor's and after making my call I returned to the Dagnencers where I had left Kate and Cora. Kate had a type taken for Selby, and I fulfilled my promise to Kate Wheeler, I hope she will be pleased. I called this afternoon on Mrs. Packeridge who seemed delighted to see me. The life of a teacher will be a dreary one and I am glad that I could give her pleasure by so small a thing. She showed me her paintings, some of which are beautiful. Finished 'Les Thebaïdes', by Racine.

Nov. 2nd.

This is the day of rest, and to me it has brought much pleasure. For the first time in eight months I have had the pleasure of attending a church of my own denomination. I hope I am not bigoted but I certainly do enjoy the services of the Presbyterian Church more than any other. I heard a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Hines from the text 'All these things are against me,' The subject of the discourse was the mysterious providences of God. It was eminently calculated to strengthen faith and encourage it. Dr. Lacy was also in the pulpit, and after the service was over I spoke to him. He seemed much pleased to see me and inquired for Father with great interest; but there were too many waiting to speak to him for me to detain him. He preached to-night and I am very sorry I could not hear him. This afternoon Ed. Marsh called to see me. He told me about Tom's death. He was leading the regiment when he fell; he lingered one week after being wounded. His servant was with him and he was at the home of a gentleman, so I suppose he was attended to; but how sad to die so far from home among strangers. His loss will be greatly felt not only by his friends but by the country in which he lived, for he was very useful. Ed. is now Captain of his company but he cannot fill his place at home. Poor Anna is in the asylum near this place, her children are under the care of the negro servants; they must be neglected. Mr. Long has a revival in his church. How it must hurt him to see Anna suffering so much for his former conduct.

I saw Governor Vance today at church. He is a tall, awkward looking man, with strong features, not at all handsome; but with a face so singular that it must attract attention. It shows marks of his strong sense and cultivated mind. My dear ones at home, how sad these Sundays are to them; no church have they had for six months, but God will remember them. It makes me home-sick to think of them, and I must go to bed in self-defense, so, good-night to my journal.

Nov. 3rd.

I have not been out today but have had the pleasure of receiving letters from Maggie and from home, or rather, have seen one from Father to Dan. Florence was here this afternoon. The news from home is good, all being well.

Nov. 5th.

How little we know what is before us. I could not write last night for I had just heard of Mary Stuart's death, and I was overwhelmed with sorrow. My dear, dear sister, would that I could go to her. I would have started immediately but Dan was not here and I could not leave Brent, nor has he yet come. I hope, however, that he will be here in the night and then unless this skirmish at Greenville prevent, I shall go, though I can stay only a few days. I know we ought not to grieve for Mary, but she was so sweet, when I think of her patience under her great suffering; how she used to say "Don't cry Mama, I will be well by and by" how strange it seems that just when she seemed well she should be taken. Oh. tis a hard blow to her mother, who has gone through so much for her. Even in her dying hour her gentle spirit still thought of her dear mother. "Don't cry, Mother, still was her cry" "I am not afraid, I love Jesus and am going to Him". About ten minutes before her death she folded her hands together and said her prayers. She remembered her absent aunties and sent a kiss to each, and to her father; and then her spirit passed in peace to the bosom of her Savior. How thankful we should be that she was taught to love her Savior. She knew the Shepherd's voice, and when He laid His lamb in His bosom she feared no evil though she passed through the valley of the shadow of death. I can hear her sweet voice now saying "I want to be an angel" and see her soft eyes gleaming with the pleasure she took in singing. She is an angel now "Singing, glory around the throne of God in heaven". She died at 7 o'clock on Saturday evening the 25th of October, 1862, wanting only two months and six days of being eight year's old.

We finished reading to-day Wyandotte, and Macanley's essay on Warren Hastings. I could not work, and thought it best to keep my mind occupied to divert it from this great sorrow. I feel as if I could not write my impatience is so great to be with Sister. I know my presence would be a comfort to her.

Nov. 6th.

As I expected Dan came in the night, and Sallie Pearson with him. He was not willing for me to go until he made some inquiries, and sad indeed is the news. It is reported that the enemy, ten thousand strong, are marching upon Tarboro. The Governor has gone down, Gen. Pettigrew's division is ordered there from Petersburg. I hope they may be able to defend the place but we have always been so unfortunate in our state,

I fear the worst. I have so many friends there I cannot help being anxious. Poor refugees, where shall we go, soon we will be obliged to stay home for want of a place to go to. I wrote to Sister but my letter cannot reach her now. We cannot tell what a day may bring forth in these troubled times. I finished "Alexander LeGrand" today. I like it much better than the "Les Thebaides". The noble character of Pops and Ariane are well contrasted with those of Touile and Cleofile, and Alexander is represented in a light that reconciles us to his boundless ambition, as capable of recognizing the noble qualities of others and of doing justice even to his enemies.

Nov. 7th.

We have heard from Tarboro. Governor Vance has returned. We succeeded in repulsing the enemy but they have crossed the country to attack Weldon and our troops are following them, though we have only four to their eight thousand, but I suppose we will be strongly re-inforced there. May God help us to drive them back. It is a bitter cold night, has snowed a little here today and heavily in some parts of the country. The poor soldiers, how they will suffer. I read Jeffries' essay on Miss Heman's poetry to-day, have not been out, it is so cold.

Nov. 8th,

I have not been out to-day and as Dan did not go down town after dinner we have heard nothing from Weldon. I read this morning Jeffries' essay on the "Reliques of Robert Burns" with which I was much interested. I have been trying to define the difference between these three essayists, Macaulay, Carlyle, and Jeffries. The first has been accused of being superficial in comparison with the second. It seems to me that it is not so much a difference in depth as in the different aspects in which they view character. Carlyle is a metaphysician while Macaulay views men in their external characteristics and judges of them by his strong common sense, not deluded by his inquisition into their secret motives from deciding according to the recognized principles of morality. Jeffries is a very severe critic but it seems to me that he is just; his taste is severe but delicate. I received today a note from Blanna enclosing a letter from Julia. I was so glad to hear from her.

Nov. 9th.

I heard two excellent sermons from Mr. Atkinson today, and enjoyed the services very much. I hope I may be profited by them. No news from Weldon except that Longstreet's division is there. May God keep my dear ones from whom I am separated tonight.

Nov. 10th.

Mrs. Vance and Miss Sophy Mosely called this morning. I met Clara Hoyt on the street this afternoon. She left Greenville last Thursday but knows no more of the fight than we have already heard. She told me that the Yankees had re-tired to Plymouth. I had a letter from Magg. and one from Kate this morning. Florence spent the evening with us and told us some amusing incidents of Mrs. Davis' visit to Raleigh. When she was entertained by Mrs. Branch the ladies were much embarrassed to know who should make the move to go. The President's lady waited for the others, and they for her, until at last she rose (in despair), about twelve o'clock. She wore only linen collars and cuffs with swiss muslin sleeves. One lady ordered eighteen pair on the next day and they were the rage for some time.

Nov. 11th.

Florence took me with her to call on Clara, and as she had other calls to make I accompanied her, remaining in the carriage while she made the visits. We spent the morning very pleasantly riding about. The Yankees visited Greenville on Sunday and committed many ravages on the surrounding country; but our troops have possession now. There are rumors afloat of plots for insurrections. May God protect us from the fiendish devices of our enemy. I finished "Rienzi, the last of the Tribunes" by Bulwer.

Nov. 12th.

Today is Maggie's fifth birthday. She has had a tea-party, and so excited is she by the pleasures of the day that now (ten o'clock), she is still playing on the floor by me. Clara Hoyt is to spend part of the winter with Florence. I went shopping with Florence this afternoon and stopped to see Mrs. Hoyt. Miss Marcia Rodman called on me this morning and Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson this afternoon. The scarlet fever is raging with great fatality among the children. I wrote to Father, Major and Mrs. Wood. The times are so hard that Mr. Atkinson can only afford flour bread twice

a week. His congregation are taking up a collection to supply him with provisions. There are rumors of an intended insurrection in South Carolina, but I do not fear them.

Nov. 13th.

I received a letter from Mary today enclosing a long one from Sister, in which she gives a more connected account of Mary Stuart's death. It is so touching that my tears must flow; but the more I hear of her angel-like fortitude, the more do I feel that she was fitter for heaven than earth; and that it were selfish to wish her back. Mary feels this deeply, she loved her so deeply. Kate wrote me a beautiful note. I went to the dentist's and afterwards walked with Florence. Olivia Grimes and Annie Mason called today.

Nov. 14th.

No news from the army today. I finished a lecture by Dr. Chambers on astronomy, also read an essay on Byron's "Childe Harold" by Jeffries. There are great complaints of the government not furnishing the soldiers with clothes. Last week they were marching through the streets of Richmond barefooted; much dissatisfaction is felt with Gen. Martin for his conduct at the fight in Washington and the skirmishes last week. What increases it is that he holds the office of Brigadier General as well as Adtg. Gen. He is suspected of disloyalty also.

Nov. 15th.

Cora Jordan and Maggie Anderson spent the day with us. These school girls little know the value of the time they are now spending. How often in after life they will look back with regret on these happy hours when their heaviest responsibility is to learn their lessons well, and their sole care the trouble of being away from home. I went this afternoon to the funeral of a little boy, the child of Mr. Pell. How forcibly it brought to my mind the sad occurrence of that day, three weeks ago, on which our Mamie was born into heaven; my grief overcame me, nor could I recover myself during the whole evening. A dull feeling of sadness weighed me down which I should have thought a presentiment of future of future evil had I not been so well able to refer to its true cause. McClelland has been deposed from the command of the Yankee army.

Nov. 16th.

I went to the Episcopal church as Mr. Atkinson is absent, saw General, formerly Bishop, Polk; a large, finely proportioned man whose gray hairs do not detract from his handsome, soldierly appearance. It is an ugly, cloudy night.

Nov. 17th.

Legislature met today. Robert Gilliam of Greenville was elected Speaker. John Stanley, Reading Clerk. The day was gloomy enough to be typical of the times. Dan received a letter from Father and I one from Sister. All the negroes have left except Britt, Grace, Emily and Sally Ann. Julia Saunders called today.

Nov. 18th.

I went to the House today to hear the Governor's message. It is a very fine document. I think he is a good, honest, patriotic man. I saw Mrs. Vance in the House. Col. Bains was with her. Dr. Arendal came to speak to me. Giles Mebane is speaker of the Senate. I wrote to Mary and Sister today.

14th.

Nov. 19th.

Sallie and I spent the day the day with Florence. She has invited Clara Hoyt to stay with her until her mother goes to housekeeping; that will not be before January at least. We had a delightful day. It is just six years since Florence was married; strange that I should be with her. Of her other bridesmaids, six have married and one of them is dead. Mary Haywood and myself are still unmarried. There rumors of an approaching battle near Richmond. Skirmishing going on at the Blackwater, no news of importance. Mr. Perkins is very gloomy as to affairs near Washington.

Nov. 23rd.

My eyes have been so much affected that I could not write; have had very gloomy weather and not been out much. I met Mr. Stanley Friday evening. He seemed very anxious to hear from Father and Brother. I heard two excellent sermons from Mr. Atkinson today. No war news.

Nov. 25th.

I went to the House today. They were discussing the Provision Bill and there was nothing of interest going on. I met Sam Waters and Major Yeates. The latter has left the army. I wrote to Julia yesterday and to Kate and Mags today. There are rumors of an impending battle at Fredericksburg but no reliable news.

Nov. 28th.

I received a letter from Sister this morning, she has had to witness some of the horrors of this war. I wish this guerrilla warfare could be stopped; it seems no better than murder to me. Sister asked me to have a notice of Mary's death published in the Standard, and I have attended to it. I merely gave her name and the time. I could not write an obituary, I could not bear the tender feelings that cluster round her memory to the careless notice of the world. Father is not well and I feel anxious about him. I went out with Florence to make calls, called on Mrs. Sur. Gen. Ware, Mrs. Gen. Sibley and others.

Nov. 30th.

I heard a fine sermon from Mr. Atkinson this morning and one this afternoon from Mr. Huske at the Episcopal Church. Yesterday I went to see the likeness of General Anderson. It is a speaking picture of a very handsome man. How sad the fate of his poor wife, to lose her husband and child while so far from her friends. She is to leave tomorrow for her home in Louisville, Ky. I saw Will Stevenson yesterday, he says the girls are in Tarboro.

Dec. 1st.

Today at one o'clock was the time appointed for prayer for peace. I tried to pray and my petitions were sincere, though too much distracted by wandering thoughts. May God hear the prayers of the women of this land and grant us a sure and honorable peace. France has proposed to England and Russia to negotiate with the governments of the U. S. and C. S. for an armistice during whose continuance it is hoped conditions of peace may be arranged. England and Russia seem unwilling to join in this effort. I hope that something may come of it, and will pray more earnestly that God will over-rule it all for our good as a nation, and for my own personally. I finished the "Mysteries of Udolpho" today.

Dec. 2nd.

I was much surprised on waking this morning to find that I had another nephew. He is named S. R. Fowle for his Grandfather. May he be as good a man. Brent is doing very well and I feel much relieved. I have not heard from the girls this week and would be uneasy but for what Will Stevenson said about their being in Tarboro; still I think they might write. It is rumored that the Yankees are advancing toward Goldsboro. Also that Lincoln has modified his Proclamation. I don't know in what way. I received a letter from Helen today. The Hanks have gone to Columbia to live.

Dec. 3rd.

No war news today of importance. Brent has been quite sick all day, but not dangerously so. Sam is a noble boy and when the nurse washed his hair today his father concluded that he was destined to be the greatest man in the country, he saw it in his face; particularly the width between his eyes, which certainly denotes great wisdom. Talking of this paternal partiality made me speak of Father; how fond he is of his children. Would that I could see him; he is the very best Father in the world. Florence has been over again. She is very kind. The Methodist Conference met here today. Mr. Gilliam being elected judge, has resigned the Speakership and Mr. Daniel has been elected to it. Mr. Counts was turned out today and Mr. Worth put in as Treasurer.

Dec. 4th.

Brent has been very sick all day but is rather better to-night. I found time to write to Sister today, tomorrow I must write to the girls. I have not heard from them this week and feel a little anxious. It is rumored that the Yankees will attack Wilmington this week and the reported advance towards Goldsboro was false. They are going to attack Richmond by way of the James River.

Dec. 5th.

Brent is much better today. There was a hot discussion in the House today on some Resolutions proposed by Dan to protect our citizens from being arrested and carried out of the state by Confederate officers. Most, even of the leaders of his own party, opposed him; but he was successful at last. Mr. T. H. Ellison came up to see me tonight; he has brought me a bundle from Sister. One year ago was our Thanksgiving day. How happy we were, all the family at home except Brother Tom; now all are scattered and the enemy has possession of our home. When will we meet there again'.

Dec. 6th.

Brent was not so well this morning, but is better now. No war news. Capt. Hayt and Clara called today. He is just from Richmond, brought Clara a black velvet hat; plain with the exception of a cluster of fruits and grasses on the outside and another on the inside; it cost \$75.00. Mr. Ellison sent the bundle which contained a precious letter from Jim, besides my shoes and dress &c. They are all well and say I must not come home.

Dec. 26th,

Brent has been very sick since I last wrote but is better tonight and I trust will now improve. I am very busy now with the housekeeping, etc., but am so well that it is easy to attend to my duties. We heard today that the Yankees are landing in force at ~~Winton~~ Winton. I hope that it is not true, or if it is that Mary and Maggie will leave Hertford before they are cut off. I feel anxious but know it is foolish for I have been in too many excitements and heard too many rumors to be frightened now. God preserve and take care of all my loved ones from whom I am separated, and grant that we may meet again in our own home to worship and praise Him around own family altar.

Dec. 16th.

How strange it seems to look on the last record in my journal, only seven days since I wrote, but it seems so long. I have been through sad, sad scenes and have had neither time nor inclination to write in my journal. When I last wrote we thought Brent was better. On the 8th, (last Monday), she was very low spirited, and just at night called me to her and said "Sister Martha, if God should take me away, you will remember that I want you to bring up my children". I said "Yes, Brentie, but you must not talk so, you will soon be well, and will bring them yourself. You must make your boy as good as his Grandfather; for whom he is named." She smiled, and said "I hope so, but we cannot tell. You can only pray for me, I am in God's hands and He will do what is right." Dec. 21st.

The next day she was better and after that she thought herself improving until the morning of her death. Her disease fluctuated from day to day, now better, then worse again; she had taken cold and it had settled on her lungs; she suffered a great deal from difficulty in breathing. Dan and I were very anxious, but the Doctor did not think her in danger and our hopes helped to blind us to the danger. It is pleasant to think that she had every attention from Dan, Laura, Sallie and myself, as well as from Dr. Haywood, Hannah and the nurse. She had prayers in her room every morning and I read to her whenever she wished it. Friday night the Doctor thought her much better, and she thought so too; having sat up the night before I went to bed early leaving Laura with Brent. At one Laura came to bed and Sallie went to her. She found that she was chilly, and feeling alarmed called Dan, who went for the Doctor. When Dr. Haywood came he said she was much worse, and sent for Drs. Johnson and Burke Haywood. I was called at two, I gave her up as soon as I saw the change that had taken place in her, but the doctors continued to do something until ten o'clock, when they said they could do no more. About five o'clock as she wished to be quiet all left the room but the nurse and myself. She asked me to read her the 23rd Psalm, which I did, when the doctors told us she was dying Sallie and Laura threw themselves on the bed in violent grief. Their loud cries startled her, and opening her eyes she said to Dan, who was leaning over her, "Fowle, what does it mean, what is the matter?" Dan said, "God is taking you away from us, my darling." She said, "But I feel no worse, I am in no pain". Dan said, "I am glad of it, my darling." She put her hand to her head as if bewildered then said, "All leave me alone for awhile to collect my thoughts". We stood back from the bed and in a moment she said, "Fowle, who told you I was dying?" "The Doctors, my child", was Dan's answer. I cannot describe her

look as she said this. It was peaceful, almost smiling, as if she were surprised that we had found out something very pleasant, which she had known sometime. After this she said no more. We knelt around the bed while Dan read to her and prayed with her. In reading the 23rd Psalm he asked her if she remembered that they had read it together the night they were married, she smiled as she said "Yes". The children were brought and she kissed them but said nothing. We sent for Drs. Mason and Smedes to administer the communion. Dr. S. arrived first, and fearing to wait longer he commenced the service. Before this, however, he spoke to her and asked if her mind was at rest, could she trust her Savior. She answered "Yes Sir, perfectly." Repeating that passage commencing "Looking unto Jesus", she took it up and finished the verse, "the author and finisher of our faith." When the services were commenced she followed the ministers in the prayers, but in a few moments her voice failed her. Mrs. Judge Saunders, Florence, Mrs. West, Dan, Sallie, Laura and myself joined in the communion with her. I was afraid she would not go through with it but I believe she was conscious to the last. Most of the morning she was in a half stupor from which she would rouse at intervals. When roused she was perfectly conscious but when asleep she talked a great deal of her house-keeping, her children; toward the last she spoke of her sister Magg who died in the summer, and of her boy Richmond, whom she lost two years before. Once she said "I am coming Maggie". I forgot to say that Dr. Smedes asked her if she would like to partake of the communion and she replied "More than anything else in the world." After the communion was over Dan tried to rouse her but in vain. They said she did not suffer but it was agony to hear her breathe. At exactly one o'clock she died. Dan controlled himself until then; he was overcome when it was all over. When I went into the nursery and took Maggie and Katie in my lap, and looked upon the helpless babe before me, I felt as if I should sink under the burden. My grief for Brent is truly sincere; but so happily she died that I could not have grieved long for her, but how shall I bear this responsibility, how ~~bring up~~ bring up these children so as to please Dan, and above all, so as to make them good and useful in their lives? Oh' God thou must help me or I shall fail altogether. Saturday night Florence and I sat up, how kind she has been; never wearying in kindness; she has done all she could for us. Mrs. Saunders has been very kind, and I have had many offers of service from different persons. Col. W. R. H. Tucker made all the arrangements for the funeral which took place last Sabbath afternoon. We laid her beside Richmond. The funeral was very largely attended. I never heard sweeter music than "I would not live away" as sung that evening.

My work commenced the next morning, though I had kept house during Brent's illness, I had made no alterations in her arrangements. Now it was necessary that the house should be thoroughly cleaned, that Brent's clothes should be packed away, and that I should find all the children's clothes and take a list of them and all the time I had to take care of the babe and the children. Mary Davis came down Monday night and did not leave until yesterday. She helped me a great deal. I finished the house work by Thursday and would have gotten along very well but Dan was taken sick that night. He was quite sick on Friday but is up now and I hope will

soon be quite well. The wet nurse is a girl named Hannah whom Mary Bryan was so kind as to let us have. She is a good girl, but her baby cries incessantly. I have succeeded in getting another named Amanda, a girl who has lost her baby and I think will do better. I have heard from home this week and from Sister and Mary. All were well at home. Sister has gone to see Mary.

An attack was made upon Fredericksburg by the enemy last week. Our forces gained a signal victory. The enemy also attacked Goldsboro and were repulsed by our troops under Gen.s Smith, Evans and others. These battles have been very important but so much have I been occupied that I only know the facts, and can give no details. Something is still going on at Goldsboro; it is thought we have gone to attack New Bern but nothing is known with any certainty.

Dec. 26th.

Yesterday was the saddest Christmas I ever spent. Dan, Sallie and myself passed the day as best we could, and sat down to the loneliest dinner I ever took on Christmas day. We have decided now to leave on next Tuesday so we shall be settled at Mary's before the new year comes in. It is so sad to break up in this way. My poor brother, what a trial for him. We have received letters from the girls and from Sister. They were much shocked at this dispensation of providence, but they cannot feel it as we do. Sister is visiting Mary. I hope she has had a pleasant time. I write sitting by the cradle of the baby with Mattie hanging on me. The dear little things, how can I ever bring them up as they should be. May God help me for I need help.

Dec. 29th.

Tomorrow we leave Raleigh for Statesville. Dan has sold his house and lot, and hired out Cynthia, Ann and Minerva are to go with me as well as Amanda, the baby's nurse. I am tired out, I have had so much packing to do, and have had several visits. I can never forget how kind the ladies of Raleigh have been to us in this time of trouble. I dread the journey, three babies to take care of; for Maggie is only five, and though as good a child as I ever saw, she must be some trouble; and I feel so badly I fear I shall be sick. Johnnie Pearson goes with us as Dan must stay to have the furniture moved. John has changed so much, he used to be a wild, thoughtless fellow but seems much graver now. How sad this breaking up, my poor brother, what a trial it must be to his feelings, he is looking badly, would that I could comfort him; but that is not in my power. I shall do all I can by caring for his children and relieving him of anxiety on their account.

Statesville, N. C.

Jan. 1st. 1863.

Here I commence the New Year and my new life together. For the last few weeks I have been so occupied that I could not pay much attention to the children; but for the future I shall devote the most of my time to them.

We accomplished our journey with very little difficulty, the children were very good, and though it rained the first day they do not seem to have taken cold but are doing well. The baby stood it remarkably well. He is beginning to improve now.

I was quite unwell when I reached Salisbury with one of my violent headaches, was so fortunate as to meet Mrs. Parmele who kindly had a pot of tea made for me, and then sat in my room until bed time. She too, has seen much trouble in the sickness of her husband. His partial derangement at one time must have been a great trial to her; she looks badly, and no wonder, after nursing him so long. She was very kind, more affectionate than I ever know her.

Yesterday we arrived here before eleven o'clock. Mary seemed very glad to see us. Her cousins, Mrs. McClenahan and Becky Williams are here. I met Beck in Raleigh some years ago, she is an amicable girl with a very happy disposition, her sister is nearly a year younger than myself; a quiet, lady-like woman, yet possessing considerable character. Her husband was killed last year in one of the battles before Richmond. I must describe the place which is to be my home for some months at least. The house is on a high hill, on one side of which the road runs while on the other an ugly little mill stream after crossing the road pursues its way. The place might be made pretty but is not at all improved. The negro kitchens are close to the house and a tremendous pile of wood does not add much to the prospect. Inside things look better. The house is handsomely furnished and I can see already that they keep a very good table and live in style. There are ninety-five negroes on the plantation, and they are more old-fashioned than any I ever saw before.

Jan. 5th.

Saturday Mrs. McClenahan, Becky, and Sallie went to Dr. Allison's to dinner. In the afternoon Laura and I had two horses saddled and started to ride; a merry time we had of it; finally my old horse stumbled and threw me over his head; if he had taken a single step he might have killed me, but God mercifully spared my life; he stopped, and I was soon on my feet again and mounting rode home with a grateful heart. This evening I took another ride but met with no adventure worth noticing. I have said nothing of Maj. Allison, the head of the house. He is an old man, seventy-five years old, but wears a wig, and is too light and frivolous in conversation to gain the respect his age deserves. Yet he is a kind-hearted old man and is much loved in his family.

The foreign news is again encouraging. The French Emperor has ordered a large army and navy to Mexico, so much too large for the conquest of that place that it is thought it is intended to aid the Confederate States. Every one believes the war will end by the spring; how I hope it may be so, that I may go home.

Jan. 8th,

It is rumored that the enemy are again advancing on Goldsboro. They have been forced to give up their attack on Vicksburg. Bragg's victory at Murfreesboro, Tenn. is confirmed and is quite important. I have now been here a week and like it very well, only I shall be so lonesome and am more homesick than ever. How altered will my home be when I do see it again, so many dear ones have gone forever. My dear Aunt Fanny died on the 18th of December. She was a true Christian, an excellent woman. I shall miss her so much but I ought not to grieve for her, her

life was one of trouble and we know that she is at rest now. I am glad that she did not hear of Brent's death, she was much attached to her and it would have grieved her very deeply. I have omitted to mention the books I have read lately, "Quentin Durward" Ivanhoe, Red Gauntlet, and Evalina. I was much interested in the last. I commenced it from curiosity to read the novel which revolutionized novel writing. It is spirited, sensible and amusing.

Jan. 9th.

It is pleasant in these times of trouble to see anyone happy, that pleasure we had today in seeing the return of Capt. Davis. Dan was reading to Mary and myself when suddenly she ran out of the room. We soon saw the cause of this interruption, -Capt Davis on the lawn surrounded by his negroes, who crowded around to welcome him home. On Wednesday Mrs. McClenahan, Beck and Sallie went home, and yesterday Gray and Richmond left; so the household changes from day to day. The news from Tennessee is not so good, Bragg, though victorious the first day was repulsed on the second, and has retreated thirty miles.

Jan. 10th,

Uncle Andy got back this evening, he carried the girls home. It is rumored that Vicksburg is taken; we hope this is not true. It is said the Yankees are preparing to advance on Wilmington instead of Goldsboro. Butler is in command of New Bern. I hope he has come to North Carolina to be taken. It was here he commenced his career in the capture of Hatteras, and here I hope he will be punished for his many crimes. I have spent the evening writing to Mary. How lonesome I am with no one to talk to unreservedly.

Jan. 12th.

I had a letter from Sister today, she has returned to Tarboro. The report about Vicksburg was not true. The enemy were forced to withdraw. There has been a spirited little naval battle in Galveston Bay, where four small Confederate gunboats dispersed the whole Yankee fleet, taking the Harriet Lane, the Westervelt was blown up by her Captain, Commodore Renshaw. He and the officers being blown up with her. General McGruder commanded this successful expedition.

Jan. 18th.

I went in town to church today though it was so cold I really suffered. Mrs. Pearson and Mrs. Williams came down on Friday on their way to Charlotte. They arrived only an hour and a half after Dan and Laura left. They stopped in town today and will go on tomorrow.

An attack on Wilmington is expected any day. General Whiting has ordered the women and children to leave. I much fear it will be taken.

I have read the "Tortues of Virgil" this week. I am so anxious to hear from home and from the girls; not having heard in three weeks. When will I be able to go home, I do long to go.

Jan. 24th,

There has been no exciting war news this week, the attack on Wilmington is still delayed. The Monitor was lost off Hatteras on her way to join in the attack, also some other gunboats and one thousand men are reported lost.

I have had a letter from Anna Marsh which gave me much pleasure as it told me all is well at home. I am anxious that she should come out and attend some good school, and have been in town to make inquiries; but I don't think Annty would be suited here. The school would do very well for Anna but for this. I went to see Mrs. Andrews to see if she would board her but she intends to break up housekeeping. It is reported that they intend to garrison Washington with negroes; but it is not generally believed. I have also heard from Sister and the girls. Mary and Magg are well, but I am worried about Magg. She writes that she must leave Mr. Perry's,----- as she gives no reason I fear she has gotten into some difficulty. Maj. Allison may very kindly agree to board her, and I have written her to come. Sister is very pleasantly situated at Mrs. Baker's. I have written to Florence, Helen, Mrs. Wood, Henry Reid and Magg this week, but have read nothing but Johnson's "Life of Cowley" in his "Lives of the Poets". I have written this with the baby in my lap, and this page bears marks of the children's presence in more ways than one. The baby has been a little sick and I have been quite anxious about him, but he is better now.

I have said nothing of the "Ten Regiment Bill" which has occasioned so much discussion. It provides that ten regiments of volunteers be accepted from the conscripts and reserved for the defense of the state. Many think it will bring us into conflict with the Confederate Government but I do not see why it should. We have already furnished more than our quota of troops and if the Government cannot defend us, surely we may take a few of our men for that purpose, especially as we do not wish to withdraw any that are in the field.

Jan. 25th.

As Mr. Burbone was staying with us, I went to hear him preach and liked him very much. This afternoon Ann was sick and as I let Amanda go out, I had all the children to nurse. The little things were very good but I got very tired before night. Perhaps it was the unusual fatigue which made me feel so low spirited. After giving them up I took a solitary walk on the piazza, and began to feel so badly that I stole in the parlor and lying down on one of the sofas in the dark gave up to a fit of crying; at first my thoughts were solely selfish. How can I be so unfeeling as to regret having the charge of these dear children. I do love them and I assumed it willingly; and yet the thought of devoting my life to them seems hard to me at times. I used to call myself unselfish; but I fear I need this discipline to make me so. The struggle is so hard. Then I called myself to task, Oh, weak dreamer! Once you professed to give yourself to the Lord to do with as He pleased, you thought you were submissive to His will, that you could give up everything to Him, and now you shrink from the very first real trial He has ever laid upon you. Soon my thoughts took their usual direction to my dear Father and my home, and I was in tears again. A weight seemed to press heavily on my spirits and it was round my Father that my thoughts seemed to cling. Is it a presentiment of evil? I do not believe in such things but I have been away from home so long

and my mind is always so wacked by anxiety that even trivial things affect me. Oh. God help me to look to Thee for strength and comfort. Watch over and protect those so dear to me, and in all events make me able to say from the heart 'Thy will be done'.

Jan. 29th.

Monday I received a letter from Mary which relieved my mind about Maggie. It was more cheerful than usual and did me a lot of good. I wrote to Dan on Monday. To Anna and Sister on Tuesday, the same day I finished a beautiful crepe collar and cuffs for Sister. I expected to send them by mail the next day but when it came it was snowing hard. What a beautiful sight it was, the undulating country giving variety to the scene; every old hut and withered tree showing forth in their pure white robes, the delicate tracery of the tall forest trees particularly pleased me. In the afternoon Uncle Andy went to town for the papers and I sent off my letter to Mary. May it do her as much good as hers did me. This morning when I went into the garden the scene was even more beautiful than yesterday; the snow was beginning to melt under a brilliant sun. From every leaf and spray diamonds were sparkling, long icicles adorned the old house. The little birds in the rosebush were hopping about as cheerfully as usual, shaking down light feathery clouds which but gleamed in the sunshine and were gone. I felt the quiet beauty of the scene and hoped it would be a type of the day; but our human passions are not always in accordance with the calm serenity of nature. Part of the day I enjoyed very much, I accomplished the mending I had intended to do and finished reading "Peter Simple" aloud to Mary, and tonight she began the "King's Own"; this was very agreeable, but unfortunately I had to reprimand Amanda for quarrelling with Ann and for carelessness, and I lost my temper. She deserved the scolding but I always feel mean after giving one and I feel that it is sinful for me to give way to temper; it has made me unhappy all the evening. This managing servants and children is a hard trial to me, I fear I shall become very cross and miserable. Yesterday I had to whip Maggie for the first time since I had charge of her. Matt and ~~the~~ take it every day. Ann seems to be trying to do better. 'Tis a worrisome life. I suppose I needed discipline and God has given me this to show me how passionate my heart is. I can only look to Him to help me conquer my high temper and bring myself in subjugation to His will. Tonight while Mary was reading to me we were startled by Cyndy running in with the news that Dr. Allison had come. This is Dr. John Allison of Mississippi. Uncle Andy's brother. Mr. Torrence, his nephew, accompanied him. Mary was so delighted I came upstairs to leave them to have a good talk, and I can hear them below, discussing secession not with a great deal of spirit. Since coming upstairs I have finished my gloves one of a pair I have commenced for Henry Reid. Yesterday I made a rag doll for Mattie. Dan and Mr. Davis have each bought a fine doll for Maggie, and I know Matt will want one, so I have gotten this ready to give her when

Magg's comes. I dreamed of Jim Marsh last night. The Yankees attacked Savannah but were repulsed at the last news. The Legislature has given the power to appoint the Adtg. Gen. to the Governor, I do hope he will appoint Dan. I know it would be for the good of the state as well as a pleasure to us.

Jan. 31st.

This has been a troublesome week, last night some of the servants found an old gown torn partly up which Mary thinks is one of Laura's. They all accuse Ann of stealing it, Amanda being foremost. On making inquiries we are both inclined to think that Amanda is the guilty one, and that she put the gown in the room to get Ann in trouble out of revenge. I hope we will be able to get to the bottom of this affair for I want the innocent cleared and the guilty convicted; but it has given me a great deal of trouble. I went to see Mrs. Atkinson again this afternoon. I don't think she is any better. Mr. Bailey is slowly improving. Mr. Torrence left this morning. I sent tie, collar and cuffs to Sister yesterday. The Ten Reg. Bill has been voted down on its second reading in the Senate. The attack on Savannah has not been renewed. Last night we had considerable excitement about the chimney's catching fire, Mary was quite frightened.. Five men with eighty horses stopped for the night, they were from Packson's going to South Carolina to recruit. They left four behind them, three they thought dead, and one too disabled to travel. The children are all well.

Feb. 5th.

I have had a very pleasant week. Monday Mary sewed on the machine and I basted four bands and sleeves to some old chimeses of mine. It was a great help to me and enabled me to have time to crochet a little hat of pink and white worsted for her to send to her Uncle John's "Dixie". She has made a talmon to match and they are really beautiful. I know her Uncle and Aunt will be pleased, and I am so glad to have been able to assist her. The white yarn was spun at home which adds to their value. I have had letters from Sister, Magg, Blanna and Dan; all so pleasant they have made me much happier than before. Blanna of course is sad, but it is pleasant to sympathize with our friends even in sadness. Yesterday was the coldest day we have had this winter, or indeed, for years. It snowed on Monday night, Tuesday was a clear and beautiful day and the moonlight on the snow that night provided a beautiful effect. Yesterday it was cloudy and intensely cold. Last night the clouds broke into the heaviest snow storm we have had since 1856. On Wednesday the thermometer was ten degrees below Zero, snow today is nine inches.

We heard this week of a gallant achievement of Gen. Wheeler in Tennessee, taking with his sharpshooters some of the enemy's transports. Also that Gen. Peck having advanced upon Gen. Pryor at the Blackwater, was repulsed with great loss. Capt. Ingraham has driven off the blockading fleet at Charleston, and Sec. Benjamin has notified the foreign vessels that the blockade is raised and the port open for entry. This last engagement took place on the 30th January. That on the Blackwater on the 31st.

Feb. 6th.

The snow did not melt at all today and this afternoon Dr. Allison came to give us a sleigh ride. He fixed a sleigh yesterday and went in town to bring Maggie Bailey out to his father's and came this way intending to let her stay here while we were riding, Mary and I were soon ready and off. We had a delightful ride. Coming home one of the pegs in the runner broke and we were thrown in the snow, which only added to the fun. He tried to mend it and thinking he had succeeded, started home but broke down at the bottom of the hill. Maggie came back and will stay all night; but he went home on horseback. He will be back in the morning to fix for another ride.

The Yankees are making another attack on Vicksburg. One gunboat the "Queen of the West" has passed the batteries, but I still hope they will not be able to take it. They are preparing for a grand attack upon Charleston. I cannot but hope that this snow storm may help us by scattering and destroying their fleet.

Mary has finished Maggie's hat, and I mended clothes all the morning; and read in the 'Kings Own' most of the afternoon, We had quite an alarm last night. I woke and found the room full of smoke, had just time to call Amanda when some clothes which had been left on a chair near the fire blazed up. A few minutes later and we might have all been burned in our beds, how thankful we should be for this providential escape.

Feb. 28th.

More than three weeks have passed since I last wrote in my journal. I hope they have not been unprofitably employed; yet if my time was measured by the actual work I have done I have little to show for it. The snow confined me to the house for a week, during which time I made a lot of lace with transferred work, and we read "Midshipman Easy". On the 13th, it having cleared up, Mary and I went to see Mrs. John Allison. We found her very ill. They thought she would scarcely live to the next day. I remained to assist in nursing her and for a week was there most of the time. It was a most distressing case, she suffered intensely all the time, there was no rest for her. On the 19th she lay in spasms all day, each day we thought was her last yet she lingered on until last night, when at half past seven she was released from her sufferings, and we trust has found that 'eternal weight of glory' which has ere this banished from her mind all recollections of the suffering of the past fortnight. She was a Christian but she had a morbid horror of death. She always put the thought from her and when she found herself so sick she was much alarmed. The first night I passed with her was the most painful I ever passed. She was absolutely deranged on the subject and nothing we could do or say would soothe her. It is a great comfort that she was able as her sickness progressed to resign herself to the will of God, trusting her Savior would support her even in the last conflict. She was not able to speak after Monday; but I doubt not that He did watch over her and receive her spirit to its rest. Maggie and Mattie have been sick for nearly the whole of this fortnight. Maggie is still so, though their sickness was not alarming, only the ordinary diseases of childhood it has caused me much anxiety, and I long to see them restored to health.

Dan came up on the 14th. went to Judge Pearson's where he remained until the 24th., and yesterday went down again; but will return in time to carry me to Tarboro by the 9th of March. No attack has yet been made on our large cities. The Queen of the West was captured by the Confederates at Fort Hudson, and has done good service to our cause in capturing other gunboats at the Sabine Pass. The Harriet Lane sank the Brooklyn which was sent in pursuit of her. The Yankee Senate has passed a Conscription Act, calling out all the men between 20 and 45. They will amount to three millions.

My letters from Washington show a sad state of affairs there. Our church was used as a place to read the proclamation to the negroes, and they were told they were equal to the whites and must be treated so. They have searched Father's store, burned his sheds etc.. I feel very much concerned about his health, have written him to meet me in Tarboro. During these three weeks I have received three letters from Sister, two from Magg, one from Mary, One each from Anna, Kate, Helen, Julia Southall, Julia Stevenson, Henry Reid, Mr. Jones, and a note from Mrs. Moore; also one from Florence. I have answered Sister, Magg, Mary, Kate, Mrs. Moore and Florences, and written to Father and to Matt Telfair.

March 4th.

On the first day of this month I followed the remains of dear Mrs. Allison to the grave. It was also the first of spring, a bright, pleasant day, the sky only obscured by those fleecy white clouds which add rather than take from the brilliancy of the sunlight. She was laid in the family cemetery; a piece of ground enclosed by a st one wall, away off in the woods where the mourning wind sings a constant requiem over those who lie 'neath the tall oak trees. Just such a day and just such a place as I would like to be buried in, only I want to sleep beside my own dear ones, not in a strange place. I have heard from Dan. Governor Vance has offered him the Adtg. Generalship. He will not accept until the legality of the act by which the place was declared vacant is decided; but I suppose that is certain. How dear Brentie would have rejoiced over this testimony that the talent of her husband of whom she was so proud, are appreciated by others too; but how empty seem such honors when reviewed in the light which death gives. I have finished a cap for Lula Tucker this week, and with Mary's help made a dressing gown for Dan. No important war news.

Pactolus, March 20th.

So many things have happened since I last wrote that I hardly know how to commence. Dan returned on the 7th. He tried to persuade me not to come down on account of the difficulty of travelling, and the danger of small pox. However, I over-ruled all his objections, and we left on Wednesday, being detained one day by my being slightly indisposed. I found the difficulty and dangers were not overrated. I owed my seat in the cars to the politeness of Col. Andrews, with whom we soon became acquainted. He is from Maryland, left Baltimore on the 19th of April, 1861, and has been in service ever since. He was Capt. of the Baltimore Artillery. A fine company of 120 men, was

promoted for gallant conduct, terribly wounded at Cedar Run by a shell which struck him and then exploded, literally tearing his side open. He is still, and probably always will be feeble; but is so energetic that he engages in active service, being attached to Pender's Brigade. I found him a very agreeable gentleman with an intelligent, cultivated mind. (He was killed at Winchester in June). We were detained by the breaking down of a freight train on the track before us, and did not reach Raleigh until one o'clock the next day. From Raleigh I came part of the way alone; was detained again and did not reach Tarboro until Saturday morning. I found that Sister and Maggie had already gone down to Pictolus, was disappointed at being left but by the kindness of Mr. George Brown. Frank Hanks came down with me on Sunday. I found Mary and Jesse here and they met Sister about fourteen miles from here and so came on together. We were very glad to see each other, and the day passed pleasantly. It was so pleasant to see old friends again.

Sunday. Mar. 22nd.

Monday morning we spent visiting the battle ground at Rawl's Mill where Col. Singletary was killed; and Dixie Hall where Mr. Grimes' house bears witness to the wanton destruction of the Federals. It is literally riddled by shell and shot. We were at dinner when a man came with the news that Father, Aunty, Anna M. and Anna B. Cousin Mary Havens and Johnnie were at the creek waiting for us to come for them. The creek is the place where the lines are crossed. It was five miles but we rode it in twenty minutes. I cannot describe the meeting, tears and smiles were strangely mingled together; what cause for gratitude that we are again permitted to meet in health and safety. We returned home to pass another delightful evening. The next morning new subjects of anxiety were presented to us; but we are now so hardened to war that we can even contemplate an attack on Washington with calmness. Gen. Pettigrew and his Staff stopped here for several hours. We became acquainted with two of his aides, but the General was too devoted to his duty to spare time for the ladies. He is a very young looking man, medium size, fine figure, fair skin, blue or gray eyes and brown hair; quite fine-looking, and showing plainly that he is an accomplished gentleman as well as a skillful general. Gen. Gamet's brigade is near Plymouth; several companies with some fine guns are on the other side of the river, Gen. Pettigrew's brigade is at Rawls' Mills. There they have been since Tuesday, I suppose the stormy weather has prevented an advance. We wait with anxiety the result of this expedition. It is clear today and they may be able to move tomorrow. On the 14th this same brigade attacked New Bern and were repulsed; it was only a feint. I hope the real attack will be more successful. I cannot close this record without expressing an appreciation of the kind hospitality of Mr. Perkins. His generous heart shows in so many acts of kindness that while we know we are trespassing on his goodness, we are not permitted to feel it. He has done much not merely for friends, but for the army and the community in general; all find welcome under his hospital roof.

Sunday Night,

This afternoon Mr. Jarvis took me to Jimmy Whitehead's grave. I carried a wreath of flowers and laid it over his head. Poor fellow! I am sure if he could know of this it would please his noble spirit to know that he was remembered. That simple tribute of friendship which the moistened eye proved, was a sincere friendship and could extend even beyond the grave.

Mar. 25th.

On Monday Gen. Pettigrew marched his brigade back to Greenville. Gen. Garnet went back on Tuesday. We cannot tell now whether the attack is given up or not. It is reported that Gen. Hill is at Greenville and will be down soon; but the mill dam at Tranter's Creek has been carried away and they cannot go down by that road.

Magg left yesterday. I took a ride on horseback this morning, my horse stumbled and threw me over his head. I was not much hurt, only strained my arm. Gen. Hill has just passed on his way to see Tranter's Creek.

Mar. 26th.

I took a long ride today, visiting Laura Cordon and Mrs. Moore. Gen. Hill returned to Greenville. Mrs. Hancock and Cousin Amanda, also LeRoy Havens came down from Tarboro.

Mar. 28th.

Yesterday Singletary's regiment came down. They are to protect men who are building a bridge over the creek at Gayner's Crossing. Gen. Hill is cutting a road through the neck to Willow Point. I suppose he intends to station a battery there, to bear on the gunboats.

Mar. 29th.

This morning passed very quietly. We had some sacred music which I always enjoy. After dinner Col. Ferber's regiment of calvary passed. The Colonel and his Aide came up to dinner. John Perry and Capt. Sharpe also dined here and spent about an hour with us. I was so glad to see John again. I trust he will not be hurt in this attack. LeRoy left this morning for his Company.

Mar. 31st.

The last two days have been days of excitement and anxiety. Gen. Garnet's Brigade passed here yesterday morning, the General and his Staff stopped for a few hours. Gen. Hill is on the other side of the river, also Gen. Pettigrew and his brigade. Last night the Yankees were shelling the woods and every shot could be heard distinctly here. One shook the house; how our friends must have suffered, expecting as they did that the attack would be made; a skirmish took place on the bridge road yesterday. The Yankees carried out a piece of artillery; but they were driven back with two killed and one wounded.

After we had retired last night, we were aroused by two men, Daniels and Proctor, who came with orders from General Hill, to buy cotton, and press men and wagons to haul it to Dixie Hill, where the boat carried it off to use in making a battery. Mr. Jarvis was out all night attending to it. Gen. Hill has succeeded in planting two Whitworth guns on Hill's Point; which will prevent the enemy being re-inforced. We have heard that a man has

gone down to burn the Castle, and remove the buoys from the river. Mr. Hancock and Cousin Amanda went up yesterday. Cousin Mary went up with them, and we expect her back this evening. I hope she will bring me letters. Cousin Mary has just arrived, and Brother Tom and George Sparrow have come with her. They bring no news and no letters.

April 2nd.

The Castle was burned yesterday morning. The Yankees sent a steamer for re-inforcements, but she was disabled at Rodman's Quarters and forced to go back. We also knocked off a part of the Block House at Windmill Point. Our troops completely surround the town. We are waiting anxiously for news, expecting either that the enemy will surrender, or the final attack made today.

April. 3rd.

Heavy firing has been heard all the morning, and a cloud of thin white smoke hangs over the town. We suppose it is the smoke of the cannon. How many hours of anxiety must we pass! I am naturally very hopeful but I must feel concerned for my dear home, and above all for the dear ones there exposed to all the horrors that attend the storming and bombardment of a town. I must not think, I will read and try to divert my mind.

April 5th.

It is a calm Sabbath morning, but the encampment of soldiers near us reminds us too forcibly that it is not to be "a day of peaceful rest". War is all around us. We were mistaken in thinking the attack would be made on Friday, it was deferred by order of Gen. Longstreet; who has some design on Suffolk. I am afraid this delay will do us much harm. One of the guns on Hill's Point has burst, and, being threatened from New Berne, Gen. Hill has removed his batteries from the river in order to protect his entrenchments. He has a battery commanding the bridge and another near Mrs. Ellison's commanding the fort. A gunboat and transport went up to the town yesterday. Wednesday the enemy sent a force in flats to dislodge our troops from Rodman's, but they were repulsed with loss of fifteen killed. This we learned from prisoners taken the same day. Gen. Garnet sent a flag of truce to demand that the women and children should be sent away; but as it did not come from Gen. Hill they paid no attention to it. The smoke we saw on Friday was the marsh which was on fire. The Yankees are building another ditch inside the other. We have no guns large enough to affect the Fort but hope to receive some soon. I much fear that they will not be able to take the town.

April 10th.

Almost a week has passed away since I last wrote, and yet Washington is not taken; nor has it been attacked. The rumors we have heard from day to day have been so contradictory that I would not record them. Today we have heard that the Yankees have advanced from New Bern, and they are fighting--Daniels' and Pettigrew's brigades are engaged. The 17th. and 25th Regiments passed today, and also two artillery companies on their way to assist in the battle.

I did not see any of my acquaintances in the 17th. The monotony of our life has been a little broken by a new acquaintance we have made, Maj. Johnston, of Virginia, a very pleasant gentleman.

I have read several books since I have been here, "El Faradis," "Last of the Barons"; "Romance of the Forest", "Children of the Abbey", and "A Strange Story." This last is Bulwer's last, and has been much talked of. I scarcely know how to express my opinion of it. It is a strange, wierd story treating of mesmerism; in which it is evident the learned author has a strong belief. The theory, if I understand it rightly, is that there is an agent in nature, to which some persons are particularly impressionable by their peculiar organization. Persons of this temperament may be so influenced by the will of another that they become tools in their hands; the abstract idea is that by force of will, the imagination, or mind, may be controlled even when at a distance; and he even extends this influence to material objects; but he takes from the charm that such a theory would have over a speculative mind by adding to this pure abstraction the arts of magic. I don't think the latter part of the book is well sustained, though the themes and arguments of Faber are to me very interesting. The experiment of making the Elixir of Life reminds me too much of the old stories we used to read of the juggleries of magicians and sorcerers. It is a common ghost story, coming after a metaphysical argument, and is by no means an appropriate capital to such an elaborate moment of human genius--I scarcely think the influences of the book good. It is true that the septic, Fenwick, becomes a convert to the truth of revealed religion; but I think that doubts would be raised in minds that never doubted before, which the arguments used would not answer. It seems to me that if a belief in revealed religion be once done away with in the heart, that nothing but the converting power of God's spirit could thoroughly convince the mind, for there are many mysteries which we can only receive by faith. I therefore hold that any book which tends to unsettle this belief is dangerous.

These last remarks apply even more to Miss Evan's "Beulah" than to the work under discussion. That, it has been said, was written to show the learning of its authoress. I think it calculated to do much harm, not to light novel readers; but to a young, thoughtful mind. Such themes should not be presented until they are fortified by that witness of the Spirit which testifies to every believer of the truth of the Bible. Not that there is any weakness in the truth itself, but the human heart is so deceitful, the human mind so weak when it endeavors to pry into the Infinite truths of God's word, that we are apt to go astray. The Light is pure but the lens may have a flaw in it. The best answer to all such is given in "The Strange Story" in the concluding words of the argument between the angel and the prophet, referring to the discussion between the sea and the forest--it is taken from the Book of Esdras, : "For like as the ground is given unto the wood, and the sea to his floods even so they that dwell upon the earth may understand nothing but that which is upon the earth, and He that dwelleth above the heavens may only understand that are above the height of the heavens".

April 14th,

The siege of Washington seems to be drawing to a close. Yesterday we were surprised by a visit from Governor Vance. He and Sur. Gen. Warren were on their way to Gen. Hill's headquarters. The Governor said he had come down to hurry Gen. Hill, as he was afraid Longstreet would soon withdraw his men. It is now said that the final attack will be made tomorrow. Heavy firing has been heard all the morning. We suppose that

the gunboats with re-inforcements are trying to pass Hill's Point. They made a regular attack upon the batteries there on Sunday, but were driven back; they then tried to pass in the night with no better success. a party from New Bern was met at Blounts' Creek by Gen. Pettigrew's brigade and after a slight skirmish, were forced to retire. Their loss was considerable, ours has been slight thus far.

Our call from the Governor was quite a pleasant one. He is very entertaining, and full of fun. Speaking of impressment, I remarked that we ladies had often felt tempted to impress vehicles that were passing when we wished to ride, he said that was perfectly right. I told him he had better not encourage us too much, for we might refer to him in case of difficulty. He replied by writing an order for Mugg and myself, giving us authority to impress wagons or buggies; mine was qualified by the condition of their belonging to "bachelors". The Governor's autograph will be valuable by and by. He is too energetic and active in his duty not to live in history. I believe one object of his visit is to prevent any acts of violence or injustice, which might be done to the loyal inhabitants of this section of the county, in consequence of the false and slanderous reports which have been spread by malicious persons about them. The Governor's protection will surely be taken as a guarantee of their loyalty, and they deserve that protection.

Capt. Tucker, Hon. R. S. Donnell and Dr. Avondale came down yesterday, so we have a house full of pleasant company. The Doctor left this morning, and the other two, with Mr. Perkins have gone to dine with Mr. Jas. Grist; and to find out what is going on. Maj. Johnston is at home today. He is quite a member of the family now, and has proved quite a pleasant addition to our party. We girls have spent the morning very pleasantly, with our work while Cousin Mary read to us some of Mrs. Browning's best pieces. I like her better the more I read of her works. There is so much soul in them; but I think many of her pieces are disfigured by far-fetched figures, and high sounding words, perhaps I have not sense enough to comprehend her. --So we try to wile away these anxious hours, and divert our minds from thoughts of our friends at home--thoughts which would inevitably make us miserable.

April 16th.

This is my twenty-sixth birthday, and though it is quite late I must write a few lines. For ten years back I can remember each birthday, how happy most of them have been. This is a day of gloom, from the various movements of the army it seems that the siege of Washington is abandoned; and already the enemy has commenced his career of astruction and plunder.

Everything seems dark around us, but I cannot feel low-spirited. God has preserved me and given me a happy life for so long, I can trust Him for the rest. I must sympathize with my friends in their trials. I grieve that I must leave my home and friends in the hands of the enemy. I fear that this move will greatly injure our cause in this state, and exasperate our enemies against our helpless citizens; yet I will not be sad, I will still hope for brighter days. Governor Vance and General Warren returned here tonight on their way to Raleigh. Gen. Hill has certainly not added to his reputation by this affair; besides the failure in a military point of view, his rough, discourteous manner has displeased every one who has come in contact with him.

Capt. Blair of Garnet's Brigade called on us this afternoon. Allen Grist is here, and we have passed a pleasant evening. All retired rather early except Maj. Johnston, Mr. Jarvis, Mugg, Betty and myself. I have little interest in cards but have been amused watching an incipient flirtation between Betty and the Major.

April 29th.

Another calm Sabbath day, a beautiful day; the bridal of the earth and sky. Again we are impelled to spend it as best we may in the house, for there is no church near enough for us to attend. It will probably be the last Sabbath we will spend here. Garnet's Brigade went up on Friday and camped near Greenville, today they were ordered on to Virginia. Maj. Johnston went up with his wagon train this afternoon to Greenville. Tomorrow they will go on to Tarboro, but the Major will return here for another day. We will miss him very much, he is so gentlemanly and agreeable, and has been very kind in forwarding letters for us. He took our trunks up to Tarboro for us, which will be a great help to us when we start.

The 15th Regiment also passed on Friday. I did not see any of my acquaintances except Edward Wiswall. He came up to breakfast and spent several hours with us. The Governor and Doctor Warren returned here on Thursday night and Mr. Perkins sent them on to Tarboro on Friday. Sister rode up with them. We will begin to break up our pleasant party now. Cousin Mary has ridden down to the Creek this afternoon to try to get into Washington. We will only wait to hear from her, and get news from our friends, and then will leave also. How I dread these partings, when we will meet again! In such times as these we need scarcely expect again to pass such a pleasant month. It will always live as a green spot in the memory of this war. Mr. Perkins has made us feel thoroughly at home, and we have had such a pleasant party, with enough company to keep us from getting tired of each other. Mr. Donnel has proved a most agreeable addition to our party, and here I may as well say that an acquaintance with the Governor has changed my first idea of him. He is not as tall as I thought, nor is he at all awkward. He has a very bright face, and is excellent company; so cheerful and witty. John Perry came up on Thursday quite sick. He is better now, and I am very glad he was able to come to us to be amused. Capt. Sharpe and Lieut. Raffin came up last night, partly to see him; but as much to see the ladies. At least I should judge so from the length of their visit,--they stayed until past twelve; had a ride of five miles to take them to their camp; but this is nothing. Capt. Blair, with some other members of Garnet's Brigade, serenaded us on Friday night. They had about twelve miles to ride here, and went back immediately on finishing their serenade.

April 21st.

Yesterday we were quite excited by rumors of an advance of the enemy towards Greenville; firing was heard all the morning, and we were convinced of the truth of the report. Mr. Donnel amused us by an account of the way he had marked for escape by the Mill Pond. We ladies were to stay to protect the house, and we told the gentlemen they must leave, and Sister should pass herself off as a widow with a large family of daughters. Our fine plans were terminated by the return of Maj. Johnston who had gone up on Sunday. His brigade had received order to march to Virginia on yesterday, and he was obliged to go up to Greenville to load up the baggage wagons and send them on to Tarboro. He very kindly carried up our heavy trunks which will be a great help when we decide to move. In the midst of our excitement Miss Mary Perry came up with the intention of going to Greenville to hear the Bishop, who preaches there today. She stopped with us for dinner, and Mr. Tucker went up on horseback to find out whether there was any danger in going up. He soon returned accompanied by the Major, and Brother Tom. Major Tucker took Mary on immediately. I was very glad that she could go for she was sadly

others. It is hard, very hard to give up all; for men who have worked hard all their lives to be turned upon the world with nothing, to see their wives and children suffer, how can they bear it! We are fortunate, we have homes to go to, friends to love and care for us. Were it otherwise I must wish Father and Brother to leave, but Oh! there are associations that will wring my heart to break. At home, must I give it up--in one room my mother died, in another I knelt when first I hoped that I could claim the name of a Christian, and the happy parlor where so many pleasant hours have passed, must all be desecrated by the presence of our enemies? Must the house where morning and evening for twenty-two years the voice of prayer has been heard be given up to the rude profanity of soldiers? Now as I think it lost forever every little spot is remembered, each flower in the garden, my magnolia, my moss rose, my violets, all breathing words of love in their sweet perfume; each spot recalls some scene of child hood pleasure, or woman's sorrow. And our church, my mother's grave! All, all to be taken from me. Oh! this cruel war, will it never cease. But there are thoughts of danger to loved ones too. Father, so impetuous, brother, so proud, will they escape without indignity, or perhaps suffering? The tears would come though I tried to force them back. I was grateful when a friend said, "Will your faith sustain you now? It was a well timed reminder that this is not all. God still rules, and He knows what is best. I had thought he possessed deeper feeling than he permitted to be seen; but I was surprised to receive my lesson of submission from him. He is gone now, for he left as soon as dinner was over; before that he was only a pleasant acquaintance, now he will ever be remembered as a friend; the name of Major Johnston cannot be forgotten by me as long as Washington and home are remembered. I have dried my tears, and determined to be cheerful; but it was a hard trial to meet at the table, and my Father's dear voice in the thanksgiving. I remembered so well the day he came, how the electric glance that passed from one child to another spoke so plainly of the joy it gave to hear that accustomed prayer. This very thing should make us more hopeful, for God will not fail to hear those prayers. He has said that "He knoweth the way of the righteous, and it shall not be desolate".

I have spent most of the morning conversing with Mr. Donnell, a difficult task for me. His keen mind so readily recognizes ignorance, and I am so ignorant that though it was a great pleasure to listen to his remarks on different authors I dared not say anything. He says a woman should have no political opinions, for she knows nothing about politics; but he allows them full scope on literary matters. On his own principles I should never have an opinion when near him. He has gone to Greenville with John Perry, whom we have sent away; not thinking it safe for him to remain here. Ferreby's Company were ordered back to the creek yesterday, and Pettigrew's Brigade are again in Greenville. The Yankees have a large force in Washington.

Mr. Donnell has returned from Greenville, and says that Pettigrew's Brigade is not there. The enemy has made a raid on the other side of the river robbing and devastating as they went. At Col. Carrow's, they took his meat and cut it in small pieces and threw it in the mill pond; and emptied his meal after it. At Mr. Satterthwaite's they caught messrs. Warren, Brown and Whitaker, but released them. They took a Mr. Wright because he tried to deceive them about some meat he had hid. We have heard directly from Washington. Almost everybody has left, the Yankees carried out their baggage to Red Hill, and then tumbled it out, and searched it, swearing all the while, and threatening to hang some of them. We think Father got into town, homeless, houseless, how dreary the sound! We cannot yet realize the meaning of the words, we are trying to keep up our spirits, and as a natural effect of this un-natural strain, we have been unusually gay.

April 27th.

We are still in a state of suspense as to our friends. Father has succeeded in entering the town, and I have had letters both from him and Brother. They will neither of them take the oath. I expect Brother will come out tomorrow as that is the last day allowed. The oath will not be applied to ladies, except in particular cases. Many families will stay, having no means to live on outside. Major Johnston came back on Saturday to attend to some business and remained until yesterday afternoon. I was very glad to see him again. Mr. Jarvis got back from Raleigh. Cols. Claiborne and Morehead have been to see us,--we had a serenade from Ferree's Band on Saturday night.

May 3rd.

Since I last wrote all the troops have been ordered from this point except a few companies of cavalry; in consequence of this, and the alarming rumors we constantly heard, Mr. Perkins thought it best the ladies should go up to Tarboro. I was unwilling to go without hearing from Father and Brother, I had sent several letters down but could not get them into the town, and could hear nothing from them. I resolved to go down myself and attempt to communicate with them. My friends thought it rather dangerous, but did not oppose my going. I went to the Creek with Mary Perry and accompanied her to her Father. Mr. James Grist took a note from me which he sent into town by bribing a picket; but as I received no reply I went down on Friday to Mr. Allen Grist's. I felt a little anxious at finding a Yankee captain on the porch. He was Capt. Hilborne of Penn., and proved to be rather more goodnatured than we expected. Mr. Perry told him my wishes, and he kindly took a note to Brother in town, and brought me an answer. It seemed that Father had received my letter and had been out to Mrs. Ellisens' to meet me. He appointed eleven the next morning as a time for meeting him at the same place. I went,--the sight of my dear home so quietly reposing in the bosom of the trees, so calm, so unlike war; and yet to feel that I could not go to it! It was very hard. The desolate home of Mrs. Ellison, torn by shell and ravaged by soldiers! All this unnerved me, but a harder trial awaited me. Father came, but he was accompanied by an officer and I could only see him in the officer's presence. My blood boiled, for the first time I felt hate for the enemy thus cruelly oppressing us. I sent up a hasty prayer for forgiveness and tried to control myself. I would not move from my stand in the door-way when they approached, I was heavily veiled, and oh! how I trembled with suppressed emotion; but outwardly I was calm, coldly I acknowledged the introduction to Col. Dyer, and afterwards to Col. Berrier, and without apparent constraint, I conversed with my dear Father. I will do the officers the justice to say they were gentlemen. They said they regretted their unpleasant duty but were obliged to obey orders. Father was allowed to give me a newspaper, and in its folds I found a short note from Brother. I have forgotten to say that Col. Smaw came out to Mrs. Grist's the evening before and that he carried those letters I had received from Dan by Maj. Tucker to Brother. By Jim's note I found he had received these letters, his note was very sad to me. He said Father could not leave his property, and he could not leave him to die with none of his family with him. The oath for the present is suspended; that is an extension of time is allowed the citizens. He said he could not go in the army, nor could he support his family outside the lines. He would not accept an appointment from Dan for he thinks it would injure him. Such is my dear Brother's resolve,

he will sacrifice all to his Father. I feel worse than before, Father looks badly, already has he changed much for the worse, -ought not I to go to him? Could I ever forgive myself were he to die and I be away? And yet, on the other hand, ought I against the will of the whole family, run into such danger as that to which I may be exposed within the Yankee lines? Ought I to leave the children I have promised to raise? My mind is distracted with cares. It is a calm Sabbath eve, not quite sunset yet; the last evening of my stay at Paetolus, tomorrow I shall go to Tarboro, and from there to Raleigh; there to consult with Dan and Sister as to what had better be done. Mr. John Taylor died last Wednesday. The Yankees committed many outrages on the other side of the river; it was the Mass. Regiment. They are gone now, and this Penn. Brigade seems to be composed of better material, the soldiers are well-behaved, the officers gentlemen. Gen. Prince, who is in command, tho' very strict, is not tyrannical nor oppressive; on the whole the change is much for the best.

May 11th.

Last Monday I went to Tarboro, there I found a distracted letter from Dan urging me to use every means to persuade Father and Brother to leave Washington. After consulting with Sister I concluded it was best for me to come back and again try to communicate our wishes to Father; and if he would not come out then that I should go to him. Sister has gone to Mary, Hegg, and Anna went to Raleigh, and I hope by this time, are in Statesville. I returned to Paetolus on Tuesday broken down in body and spirit. I don't know that I ever suffered more than in these three days; but after resting my mind became more composed and I regained my usual cheerfulness. I wished to go immediately to Mr. Grist's, but the gentlemen thought I had better wait a few days. The blockade is very strict and at one time we feared an advance of the enemy, besides I was afraid it might expose Mr. Grist to some inconvenience were I to go there; or Father and Brother might be injured, as the Yankees would soon hear of it, and of course, would know that I was trying to communicate with them. I have waited patiently, and I believe that God has opened a way for me.--While in Tarboro I wrote to Mrs. John Taylor informing her of her husband's death. She came down immediately, and yesterday went to Mr. Grist's; it is her intention to go into town. She carries a letter for me, and I hope soon to get an answer which will settle the question. The week has passed away quietly, but pleasantly, Mr. Donnel is still here, he has been very kind. I can never forget how considerate and kind Mr. Perkins has been--he has sympathized with me in my anxieties, and done all he could to lessen them.

May 15th.

A severe blow has fallen upon our nation. Jackson is dead. He was wounded in the battle of Fredericksburg, which took place on the 2nd. and 3rd. of May. His arm was amputated and we hoped he was doing well, but he developed pneumonia and he is no more. What a loss to our cause, it is more than the lives of thousands of ordinary men. He said of his wound "It is all right, or it would not have been allowed". And so must we believe of his death. God can make even our losses work for good. He leaves a widow and baby daughter. The battle of Fredericksburg was hard fought but not decisive, we repulsed the enemy; victory is ours; but he retired in good order and will doubtless renew the attack. The loss was very heavy on both sides; but we have lost more in Jackson than they could have lost for they have no general like him.

Mrs. Taylor has gone into Washington, and I wait with impatience a letter from Father. We hear any number of rumors; they say all the citizens have taken the oath except Col. Snaw and Mr. Ellison who were exempted on account of their age. I do not trouble myself about such rumors for I don't believe them. The united testimony of all who have left town would not convince me that Brother had taken that oath. His own word is all that could do it. I am spending the time very pleasantly, yesterday I called at Col. Little's; generally I don't go out of the house; the day glides quietly away and night brings the pleasantest part of the time, the quiet conversation on the piazza-- Mr. Donnel is so kind, it cannot give pleasure to him, must be rather a bore than otherwise; but he never lets it appear so. He entertains us every evening, his society is delightful to me. He possesses more information than anyone I ever saw. His clear arguments confirm all that I have heard Father say of him, but his gentleness, the genial warmth that colors all he says, has taken away all my fear of him, and I look to him as to an old friend.

The Yankees have been making some daring cavalry raids in all parts of the county, while Lee's army were defending Richmond against Hooker. A large body of cavalry penetrated as far as Louisa Court House, only twelve miles from the city. They did not do much mischief but it was quite a shock to the public to learn that such a thing was possible; surely there was some remissness on the part of our soldiers. In Georgia Gen. Forest captured about sixteen hundred near Rome. Capt. Gray took tea with us this evening. He has a good face, is very quiet and unassuming.

May 14th.

I am beginning to be restless and impatient, I do long so to hear from Washington. Why does not Father write? If I don't hear soon I shall go down and ask permission to go in town. Mr. Donnel and Mr. Jarvis have gone off to see some blockade goods. We had some fun making out lists of things we want, etc. as if we only had to make a choice. I received a box of hairpins and some cotton as my share of their purchases. Julian went to Greenville, and has brought news of Gen. Martin with two regiments at that place.

May 16th.

The blockade is stricter than ever, our authorities will not allow any passing from this side. Yesterday I rose at five and took a ride of ten miles before breakfast. The exercise was too violent for me, I have not felt so well since. I enjoy the flowers very much, especially my moss rose buds. Five years ago today I joined the Presbyterian Church. What a treat it would be to enjoy another such day in our dear old church. I am afraid I have not improved this time, I am no better than then.

May 23rd.

This week has passed quietly but pleasantly away. Last Sunday morning was peculiarly pleasant to me. Everybody went to the Creek in hopes of hearing from Washington; except Mr. Donnel and myself. We soon went down to the store and I had the parlor to myself. In reading and singing, enjoying my flowers and fruit the hours glided away, and I was much surprised that they returned so soon. On Wednesday I went to the Creek, and sent a letter from Jennie Sparrow with a note from myself to Caddie. This was open for inspection. A sealed note I asked Mr. Grist to smuggle in if possible. I hope to get an answer by tomorrow.

There are a great many flowers in the yard now, and arranging the vases is a part of my morning's occupation. The flowers have not been much attended to of late; by my suggestion Mr. Perkins has had them trimmed. Mr. Donnel and I have discussed the improvements but have concluded it is best to defer them until Cousin Sallie is here to direct. He proposed that I should notice this in my journal so that I may not forget to suggest them to her when I get in Washington. We have teased Mr. Perkins a good deal, I tell him in return for his kindness to me I intend to use all my influence in his favor. With such jokes and quiet pleasures we pass the time; but I am restless and impatient. I am staying here too long,--it is time to decide one way or another. I have allowed myself one more week to wait; then I shall go to Washington; unless I hear something from Father to make me change my mind. At any rate I will not stay here longer,--if I cannot go to Washington I will go to Statesville.

May 25th.

I received no letter and no news from Washington yesterday, and have decided to go down to the lines and ask for permission to go in. I thought of going tomorrow but have just learned that a picket was shot last night, and I know it is not worth while to try to get in during the excitement it will cause. I hope, however, to go in on Wednesday. Mr. Donnel left this morning for Raleigh, his father is sick and they write for him to go home; so our pleasant party is again broken up.

May 27th.

This morning Mr. Grist brought me a letter from Father, he is unwilling for me to go to town; but this I expected, he is too unselfish to be willing for me to be confined in town for his pleasure. I still persist in my resolve to go down and try to go in. If I succeed I shall be much better satisfied, if not, I cannot blame myself whatever happens.

June 2nd.

When I last wrote I hoped to be in Washington before this; but after making all my arrangements to go, I was politely informed by Capt. Gray that he could not permit me to pass his lines. I immediately applied to Gen. Martin. He said he could not grant me a pass, but would forward my request to Gen. Hill if I wished him to do so. I did not think myself justified in persevering in the face of so many obstacles. It has turned out for the best, for on Thursday I received letters from Father and Brother that reconciled me to going up the country. They were written on the 11th of May and sent down the river so were several weeks reaching me. Father's health is better, and he is decided in his resolve that I shall not go to him, but promises to send for me if his health does not improve; or come to me. He talks of going to the Virginia Springs, which I think would be a very good thing. He would take me with him; but I shall insist on Maggie's going in my place. The oath question remains as before, none of the principal men have taken it. The soldiers and negroes are kept in good order, and they are living quite comfortably. This has relieved my mind very much, and I can now go away satisfied, though I would much prefer going home. I should have left this morning for Tarboro, but am obliged to wait until Julian gets home, which will probably be this evening--so I shall probably go tomorrow; and this may be the last entry I shall make in my journal at this dear place. I shall leave with regret, though not so sad at heart as when I started before. When my mind was distracted with anxieties, and wearied with care; now I am partially relieved from them, and the hope of soon seeing Magg. Anna and the children gives me much pleasure. I took a delightful ride on horseback yesterday afternoon, Capt. Gray was my escort. He is a very gentlemanly young man, and quite pleasant.

Julian has returned, and I suppose I will get off without further difficulty. There is no decided news, but it is feared that Vicksburg will be taken. This gallant little town has held out for eighteen months against the repeated assaults of the enemy, and only within the last month has repulsed them six times. I hope these sad anticipations may not be realized. I have not mentioned my visit to poor Mr. Rollins, he is a nephew of Mr. Perkins, who was raised here and whom I knew in childhood. He is now dying of consumption. It is so sad to see him with his wife and child whom he must leave so soon. I hope he is prepared to go. He says he is willing but that may be only the desire to rest from pain. How thankful I should be that now in the bloom of health, I can hope that I would be ready to obey such a call, ready, not because worthy, but because I can trust in that blood which cleanseth from all sin. Capt. Gray is ordered to Western Virginia.

Statesville, June 14th.

I left Pactolus on the 3rd of June, started at five in the morning, and was in Tarboro by eleven. I found that Frank Danks was going that evening to Columbia, so took advantage of his escort as far as Raleigh. I met Helen Shaw and Brother Tom in Tarboro. I stopped at Mrs. Whitehursts, and they all teased me unmercifully; it was not sufficiently disagreeable to prevent my enjoying the three hours of my stay very much. I arrived in Raleigh at one o'clock on Thursday. Dan was absent, having gone to see the children. Major Tucker met me at the depot. I left Raleigh on Sunday night, with Johnnie Pearson as my escort. Dan got back on Friday; he seemed satisfied with my conduct; but is worried that Father and Brother should remain in town. I had a very pleasant call from Mr. Domel on Friday,--my whole visit was pleasant. Major Tucker and Florence were kind as usual. I reached this place on Monday afternoon, found a very gay household. Cora Jordan and Laura Pearson are spending their vacation here. Maggie and Anna were delighted to see me, and the children equally pleased; and now I am again settled down to my quiet life; but I am not as contented as before--my pleasant visit has almost spoiled me. I don't feel like taking up the cares of life; but they are already thick upon me. Maggie is quite sick, and Mattie not very well, so I have full cause for anxiety; and my work has accumulated until I hardly know where to commence. The baby has grown so much I scarcely knew him. He is as beautiful and good as ever. I have had a number of letters to write in order to get my correspondence straight once more. I must try to shake off this lazy fit and take up my work with a brave heart. I could feel better were I not anxious about Father. I am almost sorry I did not make another effort to go to him; but this seemed to be my duty.

The Yankees have made a raid towards Kinston, but did little. They are fighting again at Charleston. The present seems to be the dark hour--all depends on Lee, if he fails our cause seems lost. Desertion has reached an alarming extent--there are fifty thousand in our army. Our Legislature met on the 30th of June, and adjourned on the 8th of July. They passed some bills relative to the currency. I have had letters from Pactolus--it is lovely there now. Sonty is with Mary, Mr. Perkins is in Raleigh. Mr. Rollins is dead.

July 19th.

We are all sad tonight. We have just heard of Gen. Pettigrew's death. He was wounded at Gettysburg, and died on the 17th. A noble man has fallen. I have heard Mr. Domel speak so much of him that I feel as if I had lost a friend. Gen. Lee has re-crossed the Potomac,--it is said

that this is on account of Richmond being threatened by Dix,--everything is dark and gloomy; there has been a terrible riot in New York in resistance to the conscription bill. Would that the people North and South would do something to stop the war.

Dan has been sick but is much better now. I heard from Julia Southall today, they are very sad at the fall of Vicksburg,--I am very weary and home-sick.

Pactolus, Aug. 9th.

Again I am in this dear place; but under circumstances of great anxiety. On the first of this month I received a letter from Brother telling me that Father's health was failing rapidly, and he wished me to come to him. Maggie and I started on Monday and arrived here on Thursday. We hoped to go directly to town, but found that a pass from Gen. Martin was necessary. On applying to him we were referred to the authorities at Richmond. I shall write to Dan and ask him to apply immediately, but it will be a fortnight before we can get a pass. It is hard to be so detained, while suffering so much anxiety and suspense; but we must try to bear it. Dan came up to see us on the 23rd. He was still quite weak.--Cousin Mal Brinkley and Cora Jordan came up in a few days on their way to Marganton,--they stopped two days with us. I enjoyed their visit very much.

Washington, Aug. 28th.

At last I have succeeded in getting home. I visited three weeks at Pactolus, and had almost given up in despair and resolved to run the blockade; when last Monday Gen. Martin sent orders to Capt. Wiswall to allow me to pass his lines. I came down this morning. Mr. Jarvis brought me as far as Mr. Cherry's, Mr. Grist took me from there to Mrs. Swanner's. She went with me to the picket station and I had to wait there for three hours. They sent in town immediately; but the Colonel was at dinner, and could not be disturbed! So I had to wait his convenience. The pickets were very polite, and I bore this trial quite patiently, but it was a trial. Finally an officer came after me and I was soon at home. Caddie and Jim were so glad to see me that I felt quite repaid for the sacrifice I made in coming in. I find things much changed, all the servants are gone except Emily, she cooks, and we have a girl hired who does part of the housework. I must try to help her. I have already had a good deal of company, everybody is so glad to see me. All my friends are well, and less changed than I expected to find them. Father is still at Portsmouth and continues to improve. Jim keeps me busy answering questions,--we talked tonight until half past twelve.

Sept. 5th.

I have been in town one week and find my work easier than I expected; but I fear it will be increased as Minerva has given notice that she shall leave soon to be married. Never mind, I am young and strong, and I have no doubt I shall be an expert house-maid after awhile. I wonder what a certain friend would think if he were to see me at work. He thought me very lazy I believe. Jim went to Newbern on Tuesday, summoned as a witness in Dr. Wheeler's case. It seems that there was a man named Vanderhoof in the employ of the Quartermaster,-- Dr. Wheeler dismissed him. He was a low character, keeper of a grog shop in Brooklyn, but had some political influence. He went to Beaufort and got Gen. Spinola to appoint him Supt. of the Contrabands. This gave him the opportunity to interfere with the Doctor considerably; and he has now brought charges against him; accusing him of favoring the Rebels. One instance is in the case of Mr. Donnel's books. He had left them in Dr. Wheeler's care. Gen. Foster gave him a protection for them; afterwards they were

taken by the Provost Marshal, and put in the Bank of Cape Fear. Dr. Wheeler got an order for them and had them placed in the warehouse; but this Vanderhoof got another order and took them. They are still in town; but I fear are lost to Mr. Donnel. It was in this case that Jim was summoned. I have not heard the result, though the Dr. has returned. Jim and Mr. Bowen have gone to Beaufort I expect. I wonder if they think of me at Pactolus as often as I do of them, I left our old party there. Dr. and Mrs. Bryan, Magg, Mr. Donnel, and the family. My stay there was very pleasant, and I miss them very much. When shall we meet again!

Sept. 28th.

Brother had a very pleasant visit to Beaufort, and we reaped some benefit in nice beef, mullets, etc., Father came up two weeks ago. He was much improved; but a few days ago he had one of his old attacks, and still seems quite weak. I have been in town one month, and still find it pleasant, though I long for my dear sisters. Magg. has gone to Columbia.

Oct. 2nd.

So I supposed, but have since heard that she will not leave before the 8th, and is now in Tarboro.

The siege of Charleston still continues. The enemy have possession of Morris Island, but do not progress as rapidly as they anticipated.

The western campaign excites most interest now. A great battle was fought near Chatanooga on the 19th and 20th, of Sept.; between Bragg and Rosecrans. Our troops were victorious and the enemy retreated to the town. Our army is in front of them, and we constantly expect more news of interest.

My time passes very pleasantly, I still have a house-maid; but she is inefficient and I have to do a great deal myself. I also teach the children, and am kept quite busy, I visit a good deal. Last evening Frank and Lizzie Martin and Bettie Havens took tea with me, and Bettie stayed all night. We had a very pleasant time. Mr. Donnel's books are to be put in our warehouse again, I am so glad.

Oct. 31st.

It is one year since I commenced my journal--this is but a slender record of its' events, but it seems to recall each train of association. I have learned that I am weak, vain and selfish.

The war seems as far as ever from a close. Bragg continues before Chatanooga; Rosecrans has been dismissed, there have been skirmishes in Virginia. Charleston remains untaken.

My life is so monotonous at present that it will probably be some time before I commence another journal.

Dec. 13th.

Since I last wrote Gen. Foster has been removed, and Gen. Butler placed in command of this department. He visited Washington in November. He is a fine-looking man with a piercing blue eye, florid complexion; and seemed to have easy and cheerful manners. He has arrested Mr. Respass and sent him to Fortress Monroe; also warned Mr. Dibble to leave the lines. Our Col. has also been changed, and Col. McChesney now commands the garrison.

Our time passes very quietly, no change except in servants, which is very troublesome. I spend most of my time in teaching the children, and reading Mosheim, from which I hope I have gained much information.

Gen. Grant is in command of the army of the Cumberland. He attacked Bragg on Lookout Mountain and drove him back; taking a large number of prisoners and cannon, and destroying a quantity of stores. Longstreet, who invested Knoxville, has also been forced to retire, and is now retreating before Burnside. Bragg has been removed, and Hardee is trying to re-organize his scattered army.

We had some excitement here a few weeks ago,--a deserter led a party to Capt. White's camp near Greenville,--they surprised it and took fifty-two prisoners. Capt. Graham who commanded the party has been made a Major. Thus everything seems sad and gloomy for the South.