

Ella Youmans

Wilson, North Carolina

St. Austin's Isnt[?], 1860

Note: St. Austin's Institute was a Seminary school for boys and girls dedicated on January 13<sup>th</sup>, 1859. The first session began on January 17<sup>th</sup> that same year. By the close of its first session 82 girls and 93 boys had enrolled. Operations of the school was suspended by the Civil War.

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"Daily Journal" 1860

March 8<sup>th</sup>

Came to Wilson, North Carolina the 20<sup>th</sup> of January not with an exceedingly kind reception, but was at once possessed with fearful forebodings.

Decidedly various have been my views since that day – my opinions like the sands upon the seas shore, so numerous.

I am more decidedly now.

Exceedingly warm – oppressively so. I am sick but happy

Friday 9<sup>th</sup>

The skies are dark and dreary – the winds moan fitfully while within, is darkness and night – Hearts are sorrowful – others crushed – wild waves of grief are singing the very soul and nature of beloved Miss Simms – her brother is dying – perhaps dead – and without hope in God – Every thing[sic] seems tinged with melancholy this morning. I will seek to become absorbed with my duties, this banishing sadness.

Yesterday it was oppressively warm – to day[sic] excessively cold. Every thing[sic] is in bloom – like in Northern summers.

The trial of improving these young ladies for violation of rules – may my heavenly Father give me wisdom in these things.

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March, Saturday 10<sup>th</sup>

All absorbed in reading "Beulah" by Miss Evans.\* Am pleased with the manner in which she has to [?] the doctrines of Emerson, Swedenborg, pantheism and anthology\*\*. The work is genuine – truly beautiful – fills my heart with higher convictions of woman's greatness her true sphere.

Oh that I had talent – could write – I worship at the shrine of genius – I long to be an authoress – have latent porous? – are not the faculties of my mind dreadful? – Alas for my empty cranium – its vacant halls reverberate in unmistakable echoes - & satisfies my hungry soul with nothingness.

Received a letter from Mary letting me of Uncle and Aunt's design to travel during the summer, thus putting an end to my anticipations of going North.

Sabbath, 11<sup>th</sup>

Listened to a sermon by Professor Williams from the text “Choose ye this day whom ye will serve” – very good – Miss Ripley deeply[sic] affected, spent the res[-?] of the day with me. Did not go out in the evening – visited the sick – Thinking of home.

\*“Beulah” was a novel written by Augusta J. Evans in 1859. She was one of the most popular Southern domestic novelists of the latter half of the nineteenth century. The novel follows the uneven fortunes of the orphaned Beulah Benton from her early teens to young adulthood and articulated two of the principal concerns of a generation of nineteenth-century American women -- the constraints of domestic life and the desire for freedom to engage in intellectual and philosophical pursuits.

\*\*Emanuel Swedenborg was a Swedish theologian, scientist, philosopher and mystic. He is best known for his book on the afterlife, *Heaven and Hell* (1758). The New Church, a religious movement, was based on his teachings.

Pantheism is a doctrine which identifies God with the universe, or regards the universe as a manifestation of God

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Monday 12<sup>th</sup>

I am ill with fever – have not neglected my duties however – The thought of not going North in June crushes me - it brings a brighter glow to my already [?] cheek. – But God’s ways are not my ways. All are very kind to night – careful hands bother my aching head – good hearts prompt cheering words – and William has written me – This last fills my poor heart so full - I wish I could be good & gentle like others – I wish I could make myself worthy the esteem of loved friends. Miss Ripley is to stay with me to night.

Tuesday 13<sup>th</sup>

Am better this morning – fever has abated – have written to Mr. Carlyle – a delightful task.

Have enjoyed reading Thayer on Universalism\* – attempting to prove the doctrine of endless punishment of heathen origin – fallacious argument certainly – endeavoring to show his own doctrine true, he precludes the idea of any hereafter, in my estimation – which doctrine I could adopt more readily than that of Universal salvation.

Have visited Mr. Shackelford with his sister at the Academy he is recovering. I feel bad at night - may God bless me.

\*Thomas Baldwin Thayer was the leading Universalist theologian of the late nineteenth century. He wrote the book *The Origin and History of the Doctrine of Endless Punishment* in 1855.

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Wednesday March 14<sup>th</sup>

A day of interest – Mr. Radcliff & Williams ill – Heard the Latin Class Lecture in the afternoon by Dr. Deems – quite approprios[sic] – very affecting by way of illustration referred to a minister of the Congregational Church in New England who was showing to the world “the faults of Jesus” – my soul filled with horror – oh such orthodoxy

Theo Hudson and Mr. Cole, visitor of Greensboro Times present at the afternoon exercises.

A pleasant walk with Miss. Ripley – the weather warm.

Thursday 15<sup>th</sup>

I am provoked to night – Miss Speed\* is anything but a lady – seems blest[sic] with her share of deceit – I hope I may not be revengeful.

The dark fall of sorrow is thrown over our dear Miss Sissmms[sic]\*\* - her brother has died – and she mourns oh how deeply.

Went to class – probably twill[sic] be the last such religion I never came in contact with before - It freezes what little vitality I have in my own nature. If I have sinned, my God forgive.

\*Miss Mary Wade Speed was the Principal of the Seminary for girls.

\*\*likely Miss Simms, whom she mentions on March 9<sup>th</sup>.

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Friday 16<sup>th</sup>

Attended the funeral of Dr. Simms sad oh how sad – Sermon by Dr. Deems\* – text 89<sup>th</sup> psalm 4<sup>th</sup> verse – My anticipations not met – the discourse was very fine however –

Received a letter from Dr. Van Norman of New York – perfectly beautiful. Have spent the afternoon in the parlor with the faculty – enjoyed the sociable very much – but to night I do not feel well – I am cold & aching – This climate is so peculiar – I will not yield to my first impulse to be ill. I am not so wicked to night – I will be good.

Saturday 17<sup>th</sup>

Am suffering intensely – when will I recover – I will not surrender – so long as I have a particle of strength I will make use of it. Mrs. Gillespie spend the after noon with me – attempted to reconcile a few of Mollion[sic] faults – I admire her very much for her excellent character and earnestness of soul.

Absented myself from class and went to bed in accordance with the Dr. request.

\*Dr. Charles F. Deems, was offered control of the school when it opened and was gifted the majority of the stock. He resigned after 4 years.

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Sabbath March 18<sup>th</sup>

Has not able to leave my room

I have been so sick – so deathly ill –

To night Dr. preached his farewell sermon to the ladies and gentleman – my anxiety gave no strength to attend but was obliged to leave in a few moments after entering. I must get well.

Monday 19<sup>th</sup>

No better – a day of suffering and anxiety

Tuesday 20<sup>th</sup>

Still worse – all alarmed – last farewell meeting – a decidedly plain time

Wednesday 21<sup>st</sup>

Physician pronounces me better – recovering – the doctors last remarks to the students – tears flowed copiously – a beautiful lot of chose flowers given me by Miss Speed – A letter from J.B. Swain of Albany – told the doctor of my engagement – a blushing task – he is to get my bridal attire in Paris..

Miss Radcliff spend the first part of the evening with me – her husband returned

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Thursday 22<sup>nd</sup>

Dr. Deems is gone – gone – We arose this morning at an early hour to receive his last adieu's – the silent tear have rid down many a cheek – while the proud hearts of the sterner sex heaved with emotions of sadness. We will miss him, oh how much – still we can prosper without him like a “green bay” tree – we must – May the Father of all living guide him over the trackless deep.

Miss Speed assuming authority – how hatefully strange she is. I will not submit. I am improving very fast – the day is bright & sunny so is my heart notwithstanding the realities of life. I hope I may soon her from dear William

Friday 23<sup>rd</sup>

No unkind thought has dared to enter my hear this day – Miss Speed has a violent attack of the hysterics – I am very sorry, for I think she does not feign it – I fear she does in reality suffer. The weather is beautiful – calm and pleasant – My heart is full of burst – will any wave of trouble, now roll over my peaceful heart – Spend the evening in the parlor reading to the faculty. Miss Brown of Wilmington spending the night with me – May angels keep vigil while I sleep.

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Saturday 24<sup>th</sup> March

The g[-?]nt I Am – the upholder of the Universe – the centre of Omnifice power – has smiled upon me - even I am the participant of his grandness – I wish I could be more grateful

This has been a long day – seemingly could not employ myself – out in the evening with Miss Ripley – singing class as usual

Sabbath 25<sup>th</sup>

I have been to church – had a good sermon – lost my gravity in consequence of darkins[sic] tuning up

I know not what to do to day – my thoughts are troubled so is my heart – news from Sarah tells me that Jennie is past recovery – that she must die – oh sad thought – how true that “God loves the shining mark” – may God direct me now to write to her – inspire me with wisdom & faith while I attempt to lead her to Christ

I feel lonely without William to day – every thought mainly is of him – my precious William how I long to be with you to day – these long years – these dreary miles that separate us – this low which binds us – it is enough – May our Saviour keep us very near him.

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Monday 26<sup>th</sup>

I can truly say to night that I rejoice and am exceeding glad – all has passed delightfully – cheerfully & hopefully – I am glad – the beauties and duties of life are precious when no malicious evil eyed monster dares to entrench – but I would fail to appreciate blessings, even I not annoyed by petty trials – I long to be more submissive – to bow very humbly at the cross of Christ – to have my hearts sweetest, purist and holiest affections bound to this same crucifix.

Spent the evening in the parlor with teachers – a letter from my dear William – a treasure priceless because of its impart – he has been “mighty” plain in telling me of the realities of married life – I hope the approval of them may satisfy them to my good. May my heart be very thankful.

Tuesday 27<sup>th</sup>

A day of peculiarities called upon to show my decision of character – I dislike such perplexities – Invited to party in the evening – refused to go – Misses Speed & Shiply refused to go without me – gave way – went – had a splendid supper – a prosy time & returned regretting I had not remained to facially. I will not yield again.

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March 28<sup>th</sup>

Bleeding hearts and straining eyes to day – our first giving demerits – poor young laddies – I feel for them – A call from a lady- I am disgusted with Southern society – I have not seen a spark of valent & true woman by dignity since I have been here – I am weary of this gossip – it is a shame for woman – why is her standard not placed higher – how foolish to be so grovelling must I say depraved? – beautiful woman – how glorious she might be – how excellent – how triumphant – but she will not

Our faculty meeting somewhat interesting – electing speakers for the close of the term – Messrs. Strong and Heflin – decided to have a public examination.

Thursday 29<sup>th</sup>

My heart is full of gratitude to night for all the mercies of the day – Good is very good unto me, insomuch as he provide for all my necessities – all my wants earthly – if he would but make me good – give me a pure heart – I must server him better.

Attended class to night – I fear them make me worse – so bad is the influence of members

A plain talk with Mrs. Gillispie on the subject

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Friday 30<sup>th</sup>

This has been a beautiful day – full of duties and realities – I ~~was~~ wish I was in the spring time of my life – but just over the threshold of lovely womanhood – I am not past the meridian however so I should be thankful – but I would live over again, not to suffer & murmur, but that I might be more useful – bring much glory to the name of the great Eternal – to do my fellow creatures good – Where is the residence of my lifetime? – is it not full of desired privileges? – and I go about with longing heart & bowed head hoping for something to do when already the “harvest is ripe” and the labors so few? – awake! My soul, put on thy strength

Saturday 31<sup>st</sup>

Miss Sarah Brown and Mrs. Radcliff left for Wilmington. I have been out shopping – exceedingly busy.

The last of March is before me – I am wicked for wishing time to past so hastily – but I fancy June is so full of happiness for me, that the present is not so tenacious as it should be – but it cannot be wrong to love William with all the fondness of a loving heart – it is not wrong - it must be right – My conscience is clear – I will love on. Miss Ripley has spent the day with me – how kind

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April, Sabbath 1<sup>st</sup>

A day of interest, did not feel well this morning, but am very well to night

I am pleased with Hugh Miller's "Testimony of the Rocks" especially his "Two Records" and the Masonic Vision.\*

I have noticed a peculiar article in the Christian Guardian, pertaining to Methodism and Romanism – the idea of likening the two on account of their lay delegation – a shame for the Dutch Reformed Church.

We have had a most glorious thunder storm this evening – I never saw such grandeur – such awful sublimity – The lurid lightning – the terrific fists of thunder - the laden skies, tinged with the most gorgeous hues that mind can conceive of – the blood red sun peering through the storming realme[sic] – the roaring winds – all presented a scene of unparalleled grandeur.

\*Hugh Miller was a self-taught Scottish geologist and writer, folklorist and evangelical Christian. Written in 1897, his work "Testimony of the Rocks" chiefly takes up answering, the various questions which the old theology of Scotland has been asking for the last few years of the newest of the sciences such as geology.

Monday 2<sup>nd</sup>

My feelings somewhat soured by the conduct of Miss Speed – Mr. Williams & Mrs. Radcliff returned – the latter blessing me with a bouquet of beautiful flowers from Wilmington. I am going to try and be better in heart tomorrow.

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Tuesday 3<sup>rd</sup>

I have been successful in carrying out my last night's resolve – am happy of co[-?] – very busy – worn & benefitted – It is three years ago to day, since I first saw, my dear William – how far from me was the thought that he would become the arbiter of my destiny – the lifter up of my heart - the restorer of my joys – my earthly all – God bless that noble heart to night & increase my capacity for loving him. Our faculty meeting as usual – voted against having a public examination of May term – think them derogatory to the character of the school

Wednesday 4<sup>th</sup>

A sweet letter from my darling Mary Willis – went out shopping this morning – a call from Mr. and Mrs. Hudson, our minister and lady – I am pleased with them – discussing the propriety of ladies taking an active part in class & prayer meeting – all opposing no – I am not changed in my opinions, not in the least – neither do I believe the great work of the regeneration of man will be accomplished until woman in all the bounty of holiness takes her proper place in the church – I would not have her preach neither should she be dumb – Out in the evening – preached gallantly of Prof. Williams – my good Miss Ripley with me to night, how sweet she is – the only congenial one in the house.

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Thursday April 5<sup>th</sup>

I am glad the night has come – this beautiful night – I will forget the thoughts of the day for they are not full of pleasure – my antagonist has been busy again – Attended meeting with Miss Ripley accompanied home by Rev. Godden – I fear he is not a consistent minister, too fond of “chess” and like things to suit my fancy – a letter from my brother Ryerson – hope he will get enough of college life soon – a regular book worm –

I am in the far off South to night – no kin is near – no quickly beating heart – no loved one – but I am content – happy – the young ladies doing well – improving

Friday 6<sup>th</sup>

I have tried to read a little on the subject of slavery by Dr. Smith\*, given to me by Prof. Williams – how difficult it is to keep my sentiments shut up in my heart – but I will be quiet – There is a peculiar fraction in the character of the slave which is beautiful, and which if brought out would startle the white man – but it is not to be yet – Out with the ladies and Mrs. Radcliff – spent the evening in the parlor – given recital by Mr. Godden. I am wiser to night – A late call from Mrs. Gillispie

\*may be referring to Dr. James McCune Smith, an African-American physician, apothecary, abolitionist and author.

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Saturday 7<sup>th</sup>

I have such a feeling of lethargy to night. I cannot account for it – I am well, at least in no pain, but such a sense of exhaustion has come over me that I feel almost uneasy about myself – but nonsense, I will not go into his-tericks[sic] about it – I am very happy to night – this day has been bright and beautiful – marks of respect from so many – I love kindness – at its shrine I worship – its words sink into the almost fathomless depths of my soul, while they beautify and embel[l]ish my nature, my disposition – I would hear them oftener – It was William who first awakened this tender sensibility – who taught me to love and forgive – I thank him.

Sabbath 8<sup>th</sup>

Mr. Williams preached to us again to day, he is improving fast – I am delighted with Hugh Miller’s description of the last work of God’s creation – the last or period – he says “At length, as the day wanes & the shadows lengthen, man, the responsible lord of creation, forward in God’s own image, is introduced upon the scene & the work of creation ceases forever upon the earth. The night falls once more upon the prospect, and there dawns yet another morrow – the morrow of God’s rest – that Divine Sabbath in which there is no more creation power labour, and which “blessed and sanctified”

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beyond all the days that had gone before, has as its object the moral elevation & final redemption of man. And over it no evening is represented in the record as falling, for its special work is not yet complete. Such seems to have been the subline panorama of creation exhibit of old to "The Shepherds who first tonight the chosen sect, In the beginning how the heavens and earth rose out of chaos;" I love it – it is beautiful

Our beautiful Miss Simms has come back to us – her habiliments of mourning add new palor[sic] to her before whitened cheeks – sweet girl – may the joy and peace which passeth[sic] all understanding be given her – It is excessively warm tonight

Monday 9<sup>th</sup>

The whole day has passed, almost without a trial – I am very thankful – a member of our young ladies have returned alighted to seem them – The mercury in the thermometer is up to + 90° - amazing – I have felt so languid – I hope I will not give way. To night Dr. Deems is upon the mighty deep may he who plants his footsteps there preserve him alive – I have many things to make my life precious and beautiful it is fast becoming so. Oh that no darkness would ever again encompass me. I do so long for a cloudless sky – I am thankful for this tranquil peace of mind.

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Thursday April 10<sup>th</sup>

The morning dawned upon us gloriously. The day has fulfilled its mission. Have I? – has no duty been neglected – no necessary word unspoken? – Ah this searching of heart is terrible – it conflicts with my c[-?] feelings – O thou searcher of hearts, wilt thou blot out my sins of emission of this day –

I am reading a work on the origin and philosophy of Slavery by Smith – the argument is concise and seemingly good, but in reality false – the system of domestic slave is 'per se' sinful – Our faculty meeting exceedingly exciting – find my mind upon the modesty of woman to Prof. Williams – such absurdity I never listened too – such an appreciation of woman's worth I value but little

Wednesday 11<sup>th</sup>

Excessively warm – we northerners are panting for breath and life. An exciting time during the afternoon exercises – Capt. Radcliff\* calling on me to question the gentleman – fine sport – went down town with Mrs. R. and Miss Ripley – I am thinking of home and loved ones to night – I am wandering in my thoughts – Miss Simms spend the evening with me – sweet but bereaved girl

\*Captain James D. Radcliff was the Principal for the boy's school

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April 12<sup>th</sup> Thursday

Cycle after cycle passes swiftly and the great I am scarce heeds the change, but for me every moment of time is fill and numbered – Tonight the beauties and duties of life seem sweetly blended – I would become strong minded woman – remarkable for excellence of character and goodness. Some of our young men have been accused of being intoxicated. We are all in a state of excitement about it – for shame –



A letter from my precious William to night – how rich the feast – this fullness of joy, how sweet

Friday 13<sup>th</sup>

This weather is delightful – so balmy – so fresh – I am glad another work's labor has ended – not that I am weary of my work – only I need rest. Miss Ripley and Mrs. Radcliff spent the afternoon with me – a warm discussion upon the merit and popularity of the Methodist and Episcopalian churches – She asserting that her church had more worth & artisor-cace[sic] – I cooly[sic] admitting it and proving that ours was characterized by pity – Have heard Bishop Atkinson – like him very much. Miss Speed conduct is ridiculous – I am sorry for her sake – for it certainly will [?] her

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Saturday 14<sup>th</sup>

Busy as a bee, trying to fit a dress – but my utter indignation and the exceeding amusement of Miss Ripley it looked as though it had been thrown at me – no fit at all – total failure – ignorance is not bliss in this instance. Invited after dinner by Prof. Williams to listen to Professor Whitaker perform upon the piano – good – went down town in the evening – singing class at night – I am weary – I am glad another work of labor is accomplished – Have I done any good this work? – oh that I could have to be instant in season and out of season.

Sabbath 15<sup>th</sup>

Quiet and reverence has characterized the day. a holy silence has filled our institution – I hope also the heart. I have been strongly affected to day – I have been peering into the future – like “Jason” I must have been suddenly endowed with this peculiar power – I will probably soon realize the difference between imagination and reality – I long to see Mr. Carlyle – these sweet hopes, how they brighten up my feelings – sweeten my life and embellish my virtues and heart beauties.

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April Monday 16<sup>th</sup>

The weather has moderated – this morning it was cold to night warm – it will not improve my cough any. I am very weary to night. I will be glad when I will have to teach no longer. It is so tiresome to judge and act correctly always. I get tired of the effort. I wish it was natural for me to do right – to be good. The institution visited by Mr. Tucker – minister from Raleigh. May God endow me with wisdom and strength.

Tuesday 17<sup>th</sup>

A warm sultry day. I wonder how it is North. I am home sick to night, very. There is no joy to light up my smile. I mean no instigator. I have loving and cherished friends here, but I long for the companionship of those of the olden time, whose love and fidelity I have so faithfully tried.

Our faculty rather pleasant this evening – some plain talk – Miss Speed exhibiting her beautiful disposition again, how contemptable. I have no fears of her influence. Miss Ripley is to stay with me again to night – she is so sweet and lovely – so kind and amiable. I love her. May the Greet Protector shield her

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Wednesday 18<sup>th</sup>

It has been a dark and dreary to day – the cold winds have moaned piteously, while my heart too has been turned to mournful melody. In vain is human endeavor to calm the trouble breast. Have afternoon of perplexity has passed over my head & heart to day – but to night I have tranquility of mind. All my friends – yes the whole school sustain me, Why need I heed the foolish and false gossip of Miss Speed. I will fall back up on my dignity, if I have any and call upon my pride

Thursday 19<sup>th</sup>

Still cold & stormy – the mantle of “ennui” is partially removed – I am wiser and better to night. Festus\* says “he who has most heart, knows most of sorrow.” – I must have quite a heart – I am glad he was so wise as to make such an assertion – My duties are rather arduous[sic] – I am very weary tonight and were I not for my beloved Miss Ripley I would be disconsolate – but I am always blessed with kind friends. My heart is thankful – very – I so long for purity of life – to be noble – to be excellent – to be wise – May the Savior giveth now.

\*Festus is a poem written by Phillip James Bailey.

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Friday April 20<sup>th</sup>

How coquettish this weather. To day it has been warm – very – I have fanned myself until I am well nigh weary. I am glad another week has past with its pleasures & duties.

I have been utterly disgusted with Messrs. Radcliff & Williams to night. To think that they as men, as gentleman & members of the same faculty should so lose their control of hatefulness as to indulge in angry & quarrelsome words. I am chagrined. Mr. Radcliff seems void of all sense and judgment at times. I will be glad when some of my sex becomes both better and wiser.

Saturday 21<sup>st</sup>

Excessively warm – I have suffered much to day. Gave the young ladies a lecture. Spent the afternoon in parlor – Think Mr. Williams rather weak on some points – to fickle and wavering. I love a positive character – he and Mr. Radcliff reconciling difficulties – I have been unusually thoughtful to day – quite abstracted – I wonder if “they miss me at home” – a terrific storm is upon us in all its fury

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Sabbath 22<sup>nd</sup>

This seventh day which God made holy & sanctified, has been one of thoughtfulness & religious pleasure. I have trodden in the courts of the sanctuary of the Lord & inquired in His temple. I have prayed fervently for an undefiled heart. I do so long to be made pure, yet I do not make the effort. Am I not a free agent? – Has not God in the bounty of his holiness created me and endowed me with powers of mental action? – Oh why this lethargy of soul – this painful inactivity? Oh Lord, my Lord if thou exists, if thou wilt make me clean

Monday 23<sup>rd</sup>

It has been delightfully cool to day – I wish it might remain. Our showers are becoming frequent every day.

The sunset to night was glorious – oh how beautiful – my heart melted in tenderness, while away, beyond the beautiful scene. I could[sic] the Creator smiling upon the work of his hands.

After tea Professor Williams introduced the subject of religion. I was delighted & profited by the conversation. Has obliged to lead prayers. Miss Ripley darling creature spent the evening with me, in fact she is to spent the whole night. May the God of Grace and Jacob allow us to slumber sweetly.

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April Tuesday 24<sup>th</sup>

“All is well that ends well” I wonder if this is true, if so I am doing finely these days.

Away down in the dim depths of my soul there is a joy that is unspeakable, a glowing enthusiasm which makes me philanthropic – oh if I had talent – It would be more witty in me to be longing for goodness & purity. I am fond of popular excellence of vain glory – if I had a “meek & quiet spirit” I would not be so foolish

Wednesday 25<sup>th</sup>

It is cold & somewhat cheerless. Our lecture on electricity this evening was amusing and interesting – particularly the experiments. Declamations good – all confirm. I am rejoiced to see such improvement in the school. It is remarkable in some respects. I take none of the credit to myself however, though I am conscious of having done my duty.

My heart is full of glowing imagery – so vivid – so bright – so beautiful – oh those future felicities, My dear William how much I trust you – it is lovely – it is so holy

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Thursday 26<sup>th</sup>

It is difficult to discriminate at all times the right from the wrong. I find all the powers of my mind taxed to night to decide a “case” which is before me. I fear I never was designed for this sphere, but if not for this why do I presume to fill another which is infinitely higher. Some times I linger longer at the thought of being the “affianced” of one so great – so enabling in his character – so gigantic in intellect – so far beyond me in every respect. I often think for a moment that I would rather die than mary[sic] him

Friday 27<sup>th</sup>

These days rush past me like as the “waters of life” flow past the throne of God – without hesitating or cessation.

Heaven appears so beautiful at this moment. If now I could ever retain this thought of that “heavenly mansion” I would be much more zealous in the church, but my reading so many authors upon doctrinal subjects I am filled with doubts and skepticisms[sic] - I tremble in view of futurely[?]

Attended class meeting to night – enjoyed it – but coming home was badly hurt by a remark made by Mrs. Gillespie & endorsed by Prof. Williams that religion had become a fanaticism in the North. I denied it badly

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April Saturday 28<sup>th</sup>

Have spent the whole day with Messrs. Radcliff and Williams & Miss Ripley in the parlor working out [-?]parts. I am very tired. The earth is deluged with rain – pouring in torrents – cold – I am “home sick” to night – Oh William why have I not heard from you this week. It would be so sweet to be with you to night – A few more weeks & then I “will away”. Am I to be disappointed? – will I not see him this summer? If not my hopes & spirits are crushed. Must write to my brother.

Sabbath 29<sup>th</sup>

The weather very inclement – obliged to remain from church – It will be a sweet quiet day.

It is so cold to night – very cold. heard my bible class in my room – an interesting time.

To day I have been reading Rosser on “Recognition of friends in heaven”\* – a beautiful work.

Another has passed from earth away – an old lady has been consigned to the dismal church yard, her spirit to God who gave it. May I be prepared when my hour cometh – when God comes to make up his jewels

*\*Recognition of Heaven* was written by Rev. Leonidas Rosser in 1856

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April Monday 30<sup>th</sup>

It is said “the beautiful are never desolate but some one always loves them – God or man” – I wonder if Festus meant beauty of face or character – the latter I should hope. I could not live & not love & be loved. Dear art thou William to me now as in that how when first Love’s wave of feeling, spray like broke into bright utterance and we said we loved – oh this mystery of mine, and thine own being – tis sweet. I am seems to me to be all nature and all varieties of things in one.

Tuesday May 1<sup>st</sup>

Have returned from the pic-nic[sic] – the most rustic affair I ever attended – those giant wagons and mules will nigh killed me – oh such scenes – I think there were three hundred present – splendid dinner – good music which sounded sweetly in the grove - but the rain spoiled all – returned with Rev. Godden – a fine ride – Allowed the gentlemen to spend the evening with the ladies in the Seminary Hall – attempted to raise the tune for prayers at the close, our chorister being absent - & got it so high that it ended in a fitful “squeal” – a queer[?] chapter read by Mr. Williams – invited to a “party”

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May Wednesday 2<sup>nd</sup>

A dismal day – full of doubts –

My fears, as to Miss Bunn realized – she has certainly deceived me, assisted in her stratagem by Mr. Radcliff – I have talked fearfully plain to night – he is a coward & a villain – I mean deceiver – to think he a teacher – professed principal – putting on the garb of Christianity, should so sink below himself to form a plot to get one of the ladies to a dance, contrary to my wishes. He has my mind on the subject – I have no confidence in him more.

Thursday 3<sup>rd</sup>

The sky is still ramping[?]. I wish its gentle rains could wash out the stains of crimes of humanity – but it falls alike upon the just & unjust.

I wish I was good – noble & intellectual – I wish I was competent to govern and instruct rightly – I wish I could exert and influence that would be astounding to the world – I must pray more – Miss Speed ill – her duties devolving upon me. I am weary and a little dejected.

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Friday 4<sup>th</sup>

The blessed sun has once more dawned upon us – I am thankful – for the darkness is too congenial – too much akin to my own heart. I am contented to night – light and breath[?] fills my heart – Have written to William, I am anxious and uneasy about him. I fear his labor will be to grist[?]. Have heard of the death of Mr. Nichols – why should such a good man thus die? – He who created him alone knows.

Saturday 5<sup>th</sup>

Took the ladies to have their likeness taken for me – I hope I may get all the Sophomore's – Out in the afternoon calling. A pleasant time, was caught nicely at Mrs. Rountree's – was particularly pleasant with Mrs. Dr. Stitch. The dwellings internally are so peculiar – not so neat and tidy as our northern homes – not to compared in elegance – My head is aching badly to night – have not been to singing class, will retire very early

I hope I may enjoy the Sabbath – Oh Lord my God – my benefactor – my preserver – keep me near thee

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May Sabbath 6<sup>th</sup>

Sabbath changed from the church to the Seminary Hall – I am pleased, for it was a task to get out so early – Attended church –

A day has passed pleasantly – almost sweetly – Miss Ripley has been with me the most of the time – she is so cheering in her influence – I hope she is not deceitful – for I hate that attribute with a perfect hatred – may it never enter my heart.

I would be home to night – I long to see my brothers and sisters – my father – but thousands of miles intervene – above all would I see William – farther would I go – more would I sacrifice to see him than any on earth beside. God bless him to night and may he rest sweetly in thee

Monday 7<sup>th</sup>

The day has passed pleasantly, not without its peculiarities. I think the ladies are doing very finely, both in demeanor and in their studies. I am pleased. It is sultry to day – have had strawberries – such a treat – I am praying for strength of body & of intellect.

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Tuesday 8<sup>th</sup>

As usual, only a little more abundantly – My avocation seems pleasant some days but I do not like to be so responsible for a person – my cares are too much for my strength of mind, though I am surprisingly successful. I am so thankful,

Nothing has disturbed the gentle quiet of my spirits but my longing heart has been filled with joy in consequence of hearing from home – precious place – though it is the source of all my crimsoned sorrows.

Wednesday 9<sup>th</sup>

We were alarmed last night at two o'clock by the "matron" by the cry of "the town is on fire" – for once I flew around – Negroes and dogs tried themselves finely – did not sleep more than two hours – tired to death tonight - crazy with "Miss Youmans" may I do this, that & the other things. I fear my tongue will be deprived of its rattling powers, Exercises good this afternoon – subject "vision" – out to meeting in the evening escorted by Prof. Williams – I am glad he fancies Miss Ripley – I will do all I can for the young man - be inclined to be confid[-?]

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Thursday May 10

I am so glad to see May at the top of this page "tempus continues to forget".

They tell me I look weary tonight but I do not feel particularly. I have laughed enough to weary me yet I cannot complain - Mr. Williams A B had the goodness in his heart to send Miss Ripley and I some exquisite strawberries – the thanks returned were so transmogrified by black Anna that the whole affair was rendered ludicrous[?] in the extreme. A letter from Dr. Deems, from "across the water" has reached us to day and we are joyful in consequence.

Friday 11<sup>th</sup>

In Miss Ripley's room, sputtering about the "lone[?] feast" which we have just attended at the church, a queer thing certainly. I wonder if in heaven there will be such bitter restrictions upon us as "females." Must our mouths be closed through all eternity? – can we never express our praise to God verbally: will the anthems be by us unsung – never – we will not be doomed to perpetual silence – I am thankful for my own opinions.

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Saturday 12<sup>th</sup>

I am sick to night – physically exhausted – all are kind - very, but I want some of my northern loved ones – that one who so gently guides me & makes me anxious to live – whose soothing accents act as a balm to my wounded heart – to my tired spirit whom I love so dearly

I get weary of my labor at times and of my associations with those who are not congenial – but my heart is warmed with Christian fellowship, not with the present, but the absent – we bow at the same m[-?]

Sabbath 13<sup>th</sup>

This has been communion day but I was unholy, to unworthy to partake of the emblems of blood and body of Christ. Oh I did so long for a pure heart – for a Christian spirit – but it was not given me and to night I am mourning an absent Saviour – “Between oh holy dove return Sweet messenger of rest”

A long discussion with Mr. Williams on the sacrament, ending up with an avowal of kindly regard – I have been exceedingly blessed to day, while listening to the argumentative discourses of Mr. Close. I will pray very fervently to night.

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Monday May 14<sup>th</sup>

I am wishing so earnestly to night for calm & quietude – I would be borne away to some quiet spot – where life’s unrest will be forgotten – to some sylvan cloister where I could be so happy – so full of joy – My heart is filled with praise and gratitude to the great All wise for so gently leading me – so kindly protecting me – so sweetly upholding me – so beautifully blessing me. How good I ought to be – to live – to act – Forgive me oh my Father for my exceeding sinfulness.

Tuesday 15<sup>th</sup>

Miss Speed has absented herself from her classes consequently I have been confined to the recitation room the most of the day – I am weary to night. It is twelve o’clock and our faculty meeting is just adjourned. Morpheus is waiting for me – the baking sleep, “tired nature’s sweet restorer”

I wonder where all the loved ones are to night – Oh Lord defend them – save them while they slumber - Now I will away to my cot for I am crazy for sleep –

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Wednesday 16<sup>th</sup>

The negroes Washington and Rose have had a skirmish – I was badly frightened for I thought he would kill her – A beautiful magnolia has been sent to me from Wilmington, 100 miles – it is so beautiful – My room is filled with fragrance from the redundancy of flowers – I have dispatched a bouquets to Mr. Moore, rather than to destroy them. Mr. Williams wonderfully abstracted – poor man – I wonder what will be the result of his various meditations.

Thursday 17<sup>th</sup>

Carlyle says “Man’s grief is but his grandeur in disguise” – the thought is beautiful & full of meaning – I know grief is refining in its tendency – makes the heart more susceptible – and oftentimes[sic] fearfully sensitive – The young ladies are preparing for the close – my cares are increasing – I hope strength will be given to me to endure – only four weeks more and I shall be free – how I shall appreciate my liberty – I am hoping for a letter from Mr. Carlyle – I need his blessed words so much

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Friday 18<sup>th</sup>

Miss Speed is absent again – my duties are increased

We have had lectures from Mr. Hunter upon the bible and children – They are delightful effective and thrilling – much good will be done. Mr. Hunter to tea with us – pleased with him as a person or socially.

I am happy and full of hope to night.

Saturday 19<sup>th</sup>

Out visiting with Miss Ripley – called on Mrs. Judson's sister

A letter from my dear William – it has been so long coming, that I was completely overjoyed – attended lecture again to night – pleased – I have been writing to William – it seems to make sacred these last hours of the week – how enrapturing the hope of meeting him so soon – should I be disappointed I would be distracted. May he who ordains all things do what is for my good.

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Sabbath May 20<sup>th</sup>

A day of unsurpassing[sic] loveliness – this earth is very bountiful at times – I have enjoyed peace & quiet – almost a clear conscience, met my bible class in the parlor – attend Mr. Hunter's farewell address – excellent

To night I have sat upon the piazza with our matron until a late hour conversing upon spiritual matters – if we do not feel we can talk of holy things. Oh Lord bless and forgive – have been reviewing Young's Night Thoughts\*

Monday 21<sup>st</sup>

At my work again. Have attended the dedication of the "Hard Shell Baptist Church"\*\*\* the most absurd & ridiculous sermon possible. No manner of sense in it –

Tuesday 22<sup>nd</sup>

Busy with my needle – faculty meeting as usual – nothing of importance – a letter from Tate and a box of fine apples from the West Indies – how delicious – I enjoy them finely

\**The Complaint, or Night-Thoughts on Life, Death & Immortality*, better known as *Night Thoughts*, is a long poem by Edward Young published between 1742 and 1745.

\*\* Hard Shell Baptists are also known as Primitive Baptists who are conservative in their beliefs and adhere to a degree of Calvinist beliefs

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Wednesday May 23<sup>rd</sup>

Literary exercises rather poor – How often am I convinced of my nothingness – my fallibility – I wish I was not so vulnerable – so weak – Where is my strength – my hope –

A fine treat of lemonade from Prof. Williams

Thursday 24<sup>th</sup>

All things are working for my good. A sweet letter from Marcus – how much I would love to surprise him during his commencement by calling in upon him. It is dark and rainy to night.

Friday 25<sup>th</sup>



Will my labors ever end – my weary heart find rest? – no not until a closer alliance takes place between William and me. Oh that my life was a more profitable one.

Saturday 26<sup>th</sup>

Have accomplished rounds[?] to day – A call from Rev. Hudson & lady – Miss Cole, Mr. Moore & Williams – entertaining the latter with music – Precious Miss Ripley with me.

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Sabbath 27<sup>th</sup>

A sermon of sermons to day by a Rev. Moan – I should blush were I to present such a production – I think he has missed his calling most decidedly – God never called him to promulgate the gospel of J[-?]

I was amused at his description of the angel spoken of in the apocalypse. As flying through heaven, etc. – hint excessive – a terrific storm.

all absent from church

Monday 28<sup>th</sup>

I am so tired to night that I feel I cannot rest – What makes me so? – I am pleased with my classes – think they will do well – Mr. Williams in great trouble of mind – but I am so wicked I can do him no good by my advice. I wish I could be instant in season & out of season – I doubt at times my conversion – oh how ungrateful after all I have professed – There is my evidence – my hope in Christ? have I fallen from grace?

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Tuesday May 29<sup>th</sup>

I believe, our moment spent in heaven our look at Jesus as he is, will fully compensate for the longest and saddest life upon earth, ought this thought not to cheer the bowed down? Though the blackness of darkness ~~of~~ [?] upon as a swift desolation, we should triumph in the hope of blissful immortality

The strength in the Lord how great – how excellent His name

Wednesday 30<sup>th</sup>

I am ill & feverish to night. I do not know why I should feel so badly – My heart is aglow – so full – I will soon see William – This is all I think of – all I hope for. Should God interpose any obstacle, would I be reconciled? Tell me my heart – No. I would murmur – I would repine most bitterly – Oh Lord forgive – punish me not in thine anger – but rather rob me of any other joy than that of meeting him I love so tenderly

Theta Deems calling on me

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Thursday 31<sup>st</sup>

The woods are so green this morning – so luxuriant, ~~to~~ The dark clouds of night are chased away by the brightness of the morning – heaven a[-?] blue - its cerulean depths make glad my heart – It makes me think of how dependent we are upon circumstances & surroundings for our happiness. I am glad I have been deprived of pleasures heretofore, for now I appreciate them.

Friday June 1<sup>st</sup>

The beginning of another month is here – full in intense beauty is every thing about me – soon I will be home – or with William – pride and joy of my life – my heart is so full of joy that it is almost painful – Will it always be thus? Will I always be willing as now to sacrifice my very life blood if required for him? – Will I always love him so ardently as now? Tell me my heart? – if not, then may my lamp of life go out or its dimness torture my lengthened existence. But I cannot change, Heaven forbid

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Saturday June 2<sup>nd</sup>

Nothing special has occurred –

This week has been remarkable for its parties – to night at Mayor Gray's – Miss Cole very gay – pleasing in her appearance – fascinating in manners and address

Only one more week of labor – then I will take wings and fly away. I am better this week in religious things – Yet I mourn my exceeding great distance from God.

Sabbath 3<sup>rd</sup>

Remained at home this morning – at church tonight with the ladies

How true that “trouble pays us powers” – we joy[?] that we have endured so much – that not for nothing have we slaved and slain ourselves almost – I hope in heaven to see the results of my labors.

Monday 4<sup>th</sup>

Mrs. Deems has given a party to night – very fine – I have spent the whole evening in conversing with Rev. Hudson – I love the good man –

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Tuesday 5<sup>th</sup>

I will be glad if Mr. Williams ever gets out of the “Slough of Despond” for certainly his situation is precarious, Calls from ladies – letters from Aunt and Mary – so full of kindness – I love her very dearly.

Wednesday 6<sup>th</sup>

Rehearsal to day – visited by Messrs.[sic] Cole and Mr. Hudson – I hope it was good – did not go down – too busy – invited to Mr. Hudson's after prayer meeting with Mrs. Deems, Gillespie, Ripley, Mr. Williams and Moore – caught in the most terrific storm – lightening awful – rain in torrents – Mr. Hudson accompanied me home with a lighted candle – trees fallen – mud & water etc. -

Thursday 7<sup>th</sup>

Not much order about recitations to day – my last day of teaching – A long confab with Mr. Williams – extension confessions – proposing correspondence – tells me of the object of his love – Miss Speed seeking my favor, but I spurn her every kindness – Mrs. Gillespie very kind

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Friday 8<sup>th</sup> June 25, 2020

A letter from William – very full of glee – very precious – also from Sarah telling me that is going home – I hope she will not until I meet her – It is excessively warm to day – Treated to ice cream by Miss Shackelford

Saturday 9<sup>th</sup>

Decorating the hall – cool & pleasant – I do not feel well, from sitting up late last night – Treated again by Mr. Radcliff – quite a heart the man's, The ladies are heaping upon me their eulogies – manifesting their regard, etc. - All kinds of fruit are being brought in – how different from the North

Sabbath 10<sup>th</sup>

This is my last in St. Austin's for a time – perhaps forever – I hope not –

An affecting time in Bible class this morning – May God grant that the seed sown, may be in good ground – that it may spring up & bring forth one hundred fold – finished “Armageddon” – rather a queer thing

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Monday 11<sup>th</sup>

Our examination has commenced – my classes so far have done finely, am well pleased. I am surprised that Miss Speed should apprise[sic] her class or each member of it, of what they were to recite, It will bring her no credit

have been very busy this afternoon – feel weary as usual

Tuesday 12<sup>th</sup>

Examinations continued – My classes in Chemistry and Geology surpassed my most earnest hopes – The ladies acquitted themselves finely and I am glad – Only two more days – how foolish I am to count the days and moments. We have had an elegant [?] or excellent sermon to night from the Rev. Heflin of Raleigh, in the Seminary Hall – a crowded house – attentive audience

Wednesday 13<sup>th</sup>

Literary exercises in the morning – some of the gentleman surpassing in oratory any thing I ever heard before – an address by Mr. Strong, an eminent lawyer from Goldborough – concert in the evening – all very fine – beautiful – excellent

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Thursday June 14<sup>th</sup>

The school closed formally this morning by Capt. Radcliff – parting words given, etc.

At eleven a procession was formed headed by Mr. Radcliff and myself taking the students to the morning train – many tears were shed – many kind words spoken – Spent the afternoon delightfully with the Reverends Hudson & Godden, Moan & others – after an early tea Miss Ripley prepared to take our departure – 95 accompanied us to the cars – where they came from I know not – every negro about the premises followed in the train – poor things – in a few moment amid waving hats & kerchiefs, expressions of love & regret we were away.

Friday 15<sup>th</sup>

Travelled all night last night – desperately fatigued. To day my eyes have behold more, than all my previous life. While sailing midday up the beautiful Potomac I gazed with intent interest upon Mount Vernon, the home of the immortal Washington. Sacred is his memory to every American – So it should be. In Richmond, Virginia, I visited the State house – the home

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of Gov. Wise, the statute of Washington which surpassed in grandeur all my dreams – near the base of the pedestal stand Jefferson, Mason, Henry, Clay – I could have knelt at the marble feet of Patrick Henry\*, so great is my adoration for the man – Reached the great capital of the American Republic about two in the afternoon - were met by a gentleman who in immense goodness of his heart devoted the remainder of the day to us – An elegant carriage was procured taking us at once to the Patent Office - Smithsonian Institute - T[-?] Buildings – President’s House – Lafayette Place – Post Office – Capitol where Congress was in session, the memory of which burdens my mind so great was the magnificence – Full of emotions I gazed upon the immortal Buchanan, Sumner, Seward, King, Thornton, Wilson, Perry, Sickles and others – all busily discussing popular subjects in the Senate Chamber & House of Representatives.

at nine o’clock we went to Willard[?] Hotel ordered our supper & retired after a bit of sport in arranging our room. Exhausted completely mentally & physically – must ~~me~~ be up bright and early -

\*Patrick Henry was one of America’s founding fathers, as well as an attorney, planter and Politian. He is known for his declaration to the Second Virginia Convention: “Give me liberty, or give me death!”

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Saturday June 16<sup>th</sup>

Left Washington at six this morning – Dined in Philadelphia – Miss Ripley ill –

This city is more beautiful than any I have yet been in – Took the steamer at four to cross the ferry[?], reached Newark about seven – Invited by Miss Ripley’s friends to spend the Sabbath. Retired Early

Sabbath 17<sup>th</sup>

Attended the Congregational Church with Mr. & Mrs. Ripley – listened to the Rev. Brown on the fifth commandment – excellent – Went to hear his sister preach in the evening, Antoinette Brown Blackwell\* – subject conscience – doctrine erroneous, think her a fine logician – Young Ripley who had just returned from Europe made himself rather agreeable with his accounts

Monday 18<sup>th</sup>

Left Newark at ten o’clock for New York accompanied by Miss Ripley and her cousin – they left me at the Ator[sic] House at twelve o’clock – Professor Sare[?] called on me at one o’clock. Remained at the Astor House\*\* until five in the evening – took the steamer

\*Antoinette Brown Blackwell was the first woman to be ordained a mainstream protestant minister in the United States. She used her religious faith in her efforts to expand women's rights.

\*\* Built in 1836, Astor House was the first luxury hotel in New York City, located in the corner of Broadway and Vessey Street, in what is now Tribeca, Lower Manhattan.

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for Troy – the evening was delightful – the scenery magnificent – had a fine view of Washington Heights – sunny side – West Point, etc. & met with an acquaintance from Fort Edward

Tuesday 19<sup>th</sup>

Awoke this morning and found myself in Troy – Mrs. Gilchrist and I took a promenade up to Mrs. Willard's Seminary\*, back again to the depot – took a “kind of breakfast” and started for the West – obliged to remain in my Room four hours – went out to do some shopping caught in severe thunder storm – as wet literally as a “drowned rat” – thoroughly immersed – the people of Rome are acquainted with my creed[?] I am sure after that performance – at Cape Vincent during twilight hours – A lady introduced herself to me upon the board by entering into conversation – I was delighted with her & soon was well acquainted with the whole company consisting of four – Reached Kingston about ten – Oh land of my birth – my nativity – my home – how warmly I greet thee – am amusing time with Miss Hagler before retiring – I love her already – she is outspoken in her manners.

\*Troy Female Seminary (Emma Willard School) was the first women's higher education institution in the United States, founded by women's rights advocate Emma Willard in 1814.

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Wednesday June 20<sup>th</sup>

After breakfast received a call from Mr. Detlor of Napanee, Custom House Officer – after which we went out to “see the sights” – I once though[sic] K—n[sic] a prodigiously large place, but it appears wonderfully insignificant now – however we turned our faces and feet toward the navy yard – were well paid – arsenal – magazine – barracks – secret passes were all examined and we returned over the long ~~abridged~~ bridge fully satisfied with our undertakings – The day was spent in merry making – one of the pleasantest of my journey – at three I left them amid good wishes and invitations to visit them in Poughkeepsie on my return South. Mr. Detlor having telegraphed on to Napanee, many of my friends were at the cars to give me word of welcome. Seven o'clock found me in Colborne – the place of my destination.

Thursday 21<sup>st</sup>

Weary – company to tea, Mr. & Mrs. Dixon, Rev. Stobbs and lady – pleasant – retired at an early hour – I wonder when I am to see William – it is my all engrossing thought

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Friday 22<sup>nd</sup>

Father Sopha and I started for Picton – a long ride – dined at Mr. Lawson's, Carrying Pl-[?] – reached the “old home stead” after dark surprising the remainder of the family, almost to death – a regular jubilee – after fun chatting – a good supper – a little music – went to rest.

Saturday 23<sup>rd</sup>

A great “deal” of talking – but little else.

Sabbath 24<sup>th</sup>

Attending meeting in afternoon & calls after preaching – out again in the evening – friendly greetings without number

Monday 25<sup>th</sup>

Nothing of importance – invited out – did not go – company in to spend the day – out walking in the evening

Tuesday 26<sup>th</sup>

Out to tea with two sisters – enjoyed it well

Wednesday 27<sup>th</sup>, Thursday 28, Friday 29<sup>th</sup> busily employed in manufacturing articles for my sister

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~~Sabbath~~ Saturday June 30<sup>th</sup>

Solicited to spend the Sabbath in town – complied – meeting with friends in every street and every corner – escorted by one of our going to be lawyers – do not fancy the young man has to[sic] great a share of intellectual greatness.

Sabbath July 1<sup>st</sup>

Heard the “Bishop” both morning & evening – call from Miss McMullen – Robbins & others – delightfully spend the day – did not meet with Mr. Johnson – I think he shunned me. I am sorry for I still hope to possess his friendship – but if he cannot bestow that without his love, why he may just keep both & pass on, for I regard not the latter.

Monday 2<sup>nd</sup>

Calling & receiving calls – invited to dine with Mrs. Yarwood – spent most of the morning with Miss Huskin[?] – out to prayer meeting at night – one of my young friends praying for the “lady from the South” – amusing. I have dared him to do so, or rather he offering to prior to the meeting. Not well – a severe pain in the head – none in the heart

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Thursday 3<sup>rd</sup>

Called on Miss Johnson – poor girl. I fear I will never see her again – visited Mrs. Emily Robbins formerly Emily Wilson – sent for to visit Mrs. Lana[?] who will soon be numbered with the dead

A fine drive with Dr. Evans. Calls in the evening – an exceedingly delightful day.

Wednesday 4<sup>th</sup>

Returned home – heard the booming of a cannon from the American shore – hurrah for independence – I believe I am half – well – Canadian

Thursday 5<sup>th</sup>

A long call from Rev. Lessant & the Williams; beautiful bird I wonder he is not caught yet – poor thing – farther returned. Ryerson home.

Friday 6<sup>th</sup>

Preparing to leave – I wonder if I will ever return to this endearing spot – May God defend & protect - my brothers are doing nicely in their studies. – I am glad – for my anxiety was very great for them – retired early

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Saturday July 7<sup>th</sup>

Travelled all day – fine sport by the way – reached Colborne in the evening – gather away to the funeral of a young man who died upon the cars – call from Mrs. Strong

Sabbath 8<sup>th</sup>

Did not leave the house – Ryerson ill – Next Sabbath William will be here. It will be all I can desire – It is dark, stormy and unpleasant this afternoon. I am a little lonely – perhaps anxiety fills my heart.

Monday 9<sup>th</sup>

I have labored very hard to day – have not accomplished much, but have been busy. I wonder if William will be here to morrow – how will I meet him – it is so long since I parted from him that I fear he will seem strange. I will approach him with reverence.

Tuesday 10<sup>th</sup>

Receiving calls – am pleased with the ladies here – thinks them intelligent and refined mostly. William not here

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Wednesday 11<sup>th</sup>

A telegram from William – will be here to morrow at five o'clock. Can I wait – I have not manifested any feeling of disquietude – at least I think not but oh my heart – its tendrils are already thrown out anew to twine themselves about him – new tributaries are ready to burst forth at his coming to increase the velocity and the depth of the already mighty torrent. How sweet thus to love

Thursday 12<sup>th</sup>

A call from Mrs. Dr. Aylesworth & daughters Mrs. Grove & Colton. Went to the care at five to meet William but he did not come – the next train brought him. The two long years had made no change – he is William still – great – noble – excellent. I cannot but thank my gracious Father for this great blessing – the preservation of our lives – our peculiar meetings – ourselves - tend to make me very grateful – How very happy I am to night – can I express it? – now if I could lose sight of my unworthiness I would be rejoiced still more – a sense of it oft times makes me miserable.

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Friday July 13<sup>th</sup>

Nerves relaxing some what – no reaction is coming on (for that I hope never to experience) merely a cessation of unutterable anxiety. He is all that I had ever hoped for & ever conceived of – can I ask for more? I have always loved wealth – I worshiped at its shrine, I have almost hated poverty, not thou who are poor, but hand an innate shrinking from ever becoming reduced myself – but to night I feel changed – a home, whatever its condition (I would ask for comfort) will be sweet with him. Is he not enough? Yes

Saturday 14<sup>th</sup>

Much talking – ditto thinking – depth of feelings

Sabbath 15<sup>th</sup>

Mr. Carlyle called upon to address the Sabbath school – the public say he did finely – I had no other thought but what he would – sorry to be prevented from going – Heard Dr. Aylesworth “hold forth” – attended church in the evening – address by American

Monday 15<sup>th</sup>

Full of pleasure as usual – a letter from my precious Sarah – how I long to see her

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Tuesday 17<sup>th</sup>

From the depths of my inmost soul V[sic] my thoughts and feelings have been stirred. I love to be so awakened at times – to have this spirit of painful lethargy around – William & have been away to the hills – he has conversed so earnestly, so manlike upon the subject of “our future” – It appears so far away, that I cannot bring myself to think as intently about it as I should. The present is full – “Coming events cast their shadows before” – I will trust

Wednesday 18<sup>th</sup>

Bright and early preparations were made for “going forth” into the country to fish. The Messrs. Carlyle, Campbell, Peterson, Youmans, Misses Peterson, Mathews, Aylesworth, sister & myself gathered ourselves together in an immense waggon and rushed on and still on until we reached the desired lake, when oh horrors[?]

Returned in the rain – a merry time – spend the evening alone with William – one of the most precious interviews of my life – it was scared, holy, may God sanctify it to our mutual good

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Thursday July 19<sup>th</sup>

The silent ~~chord~~ note in the harp of my happiness – the unstrung chord vibrates now, Like in the olden time, my very nature is shaken and my stout heart bows to weep – The spirit of grief throbs in mournful cadence through my soul. The early flowers of thirteen summers have grown upon my mother’s grave. Tis ~~the~~ another anniversary of that eventful morning when mournfully the dewy finger of ~~moon~~ dawn lifted the dark drapery of night & my mother was in heaven. Saturn[?] revolts at the memory of that



separation but tis done & thought it was my first, my greatest sorrow yet has my life been made beautiful as the result of that affliction

No wonder that the day is scared, for another was given me as a comforter, a substitute – an assister of my destiny. He is with me now – I would that it might always be – so light is the lamp of his life – his love – In him I live – I will dash from my life the cup of grief – I am happy, though said – May the great All wise protect me from evil

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Friday 20<sup>th</sup>

Several ladies in to tea – very pleasant am pleased with Mr. Campbell – think him intelligent – did not fancy his remarks at tea relative to the University question – evident that he had prepared himself for the occasion – a long walk after tea – speeches and singing in the open air – retired late

Saturday 21<sup>st</sup>

Went with William to the lake – enjoyed it very much

Sabbath 22<sup>nd</sup>

Mr. Carlyle very ill – I am fearful about his recovery – did not attend church – I think he is better to night. It is my first opportunity of administering to him when ill – I hope he may be restored very soon

Monday 23<sup>rd</sup>

Mr. Carlyle improving – have not accomplished much to day – feel weary – but very happy – letter from Mr. Henderson – death of Mr. Cotton of Wilson, very sad news.

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Tuesday 24<sup>th</sup>

Out upon the hills, rambling, the view is beautiful – calls form ladies – The day has been delightfully spent – invited to Mrs. Dixon's to tea – enjoyed it much

Wednesday 25<sup>th</sup>

Mr. Campbell left to day – a long walk with William

Thursday 26<sup>th</sup>

Visiting at Mr. Petersons – a pleasant little party – to a lecture at night on Phrenology\* – was disgusted with it.

Friday 27<sup>th</sup>

Nothing remarkable has occurred to day – a call from Mr. Cummings – Mrs. Colton and Rev. Duncan – all away to the lecture but William and me, a lovely night – retired early –

Saturday 28<sup>th</sup>

Merry day – I am very happy to night – full of hope – and sweet anticipations – I am beginning to have fears about William leaving – but I am not going to feel badly about it.

\*Pseudoscience which involves the measurement of bumps on the skull to predict mental traits.

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Sabbath July 29<sup>th</sup>

The rain has poured in torrents to day consequently no church going – out walking in the evening – called at Dr. Aylesworths

Monday 30<sup>th</sup>

Tomorrow William leaves – it seems but a day since he came

Tuesday 31<sup>st</sup>

Very early this morning, William left. I retired at once to my own rooms which I did not leave until noon. The aching void in my heart cannot very soon be filled

Went to Mrs. Groves this afternoon – D Mrs. Colton. Rev. Duncan and others in to tea – went to the lecture in the evening – Mr. Kill Gower came but we were all away

Wednesday August 1<sup>st</sup>

I am very lonely tonight – Mr. Kill Gower is here, been at Dr. Aylesworth to tea – a very pleasant time, attended meeting at the church but all this does not remove the sting – it seems like St. Pauls thorn in the flesh – though he referred to the church

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August Thursday 2<sup>nd</sup>

Town friends to tea – I am not happy – I am sad – but it is not strange, all are kind – affectionate – but oh the insufficient effort of others to captivate – to please, I wonder if others are subjected to like passions, sentiment, etc.

Friday 3<sup>rd</sup>

Miss Aylesworth and I spent the day most delightful at Mrs. Dewey's with Miss Coleman – was delighted with her – enjoyed the visit much – my brother came in the evening, and we went out upon the water at night, just as the sun was setting – A Mr. somebody invited me to ride home – accepted

Saturday 4<sup>th</sup>

I have been very busy to day with my needle – plying it faithfully – as did Penelope during the absence of Ulysses – O but not for the same purpose. A call from Miss Maybee – Mrs. Colton – Miss Dewey – how true that The fountain of joys is fed by tears, and love is lit with the brath[sic] of sighs – I realize it fully

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Sabbath 5<sup>th</sup>

Did not attend church – I have done nothing to day but think – how blessed am I that I am able even to do this. Out with my dear brother and sister for a walk – beautiful evening – I am happy with them for I love them dearly, I must soon leave them – Good bless them

Monday 6<sup>th</sup>

Nothing of importance has characterized this day. I am feeling well – for this I am thankful. My fit sister is with me – how dearly I love this child – she is like the “apple of my eye” – so precious – I hope she will become a good & great woman.

Tuesday 7<sup>th</sup>

Father is away to the farm – will be gone a few days. We will be lonely without him. This is not like our old home. Oh sacred spot! How sweet are my memories of that treasured place.

I am wishing again to be good – to be renowned for excellence – how vain are my efforts how void of success – But I will be more faithful to the grace given me.

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Wednesday August 8<sup>th</sup>

Spend the day with Miss Dewey delightfully – Attended lecture at night with brother. I have good dear friends her but have an aching void within my heart – There are hopes unresolved – wants unsatisfied. I am sober – sad

I am anxious to see my brother gay but fear I will not – calls from ladies

Thursday 9<sup>th</sup>

News from William – cheering – faithful – No darkness is so great but that the light of his love can penetrate – no anguish so intense but that he can relieve – I love him oh how well. How true I will be – He is so worthy – so affected

Will it always be thus? Oh I am a perfect “doubting call”

Friday 10<sup>th</sup>

At home alone – gentlemen in to tea – I have not been much interested in the convention. Called on Mrs. Dr. Powers. like her very much

How is my sister Maria to night – dear girl I wish she could be with us – she is so amiable – so good – I am anxious about her.

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Saturday 11<sup>th</sup>

Went with Ryerson and Sophia to Cobourg – very well pleased with the place – Took tea at Mrs. Dowlings – she has sufficient reverse of fortune since last I knew her. She is excellent and brave. The college buildings are in good repair – appear beautifully – my brother will return. Dined at Mr. Malary’s

Sabbath 12<sup>th</sup>

Attended Presbyterian church with brother & sister. Mr. Duncan preached against “Christian Perfection” – as Mainable[sic] in this life. Decidedly contrary to our creed – although I think very few may be termed perfect

Monday 13<sup>th</sup>

Gussie and Miss Maybee in to see me – sweet girls. I have been talking with father but he seems so shut up within himself – I wish he would be more confiding – Am I not his child?

Tuesday 14<sup>th</sup>

A day of cares – I am going to leave my home tonight – My sweet sister's heart is breaking – how can I be separated from that child – friends in until very late – My brother will accompany me.

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Wednesday 15<sup>th</sup> August

For the first time I am in Toronto – the capital of my country. Left home last night at midnight – took the steamer for Niagara Falls that stupendous architecture of God reached there about noon – met with Gussie and friends – enraptured with the falls – saw the rope walkers perform their wonderful feats – Took the book for Toronto – reach Yeranly[?] Cottage at midnight – a warm reception

Thursday 16<sup>th</sup>

A day of exceeding great pleasure – a formal introduction to the family – delighted with them – Mrs. H. is a sweet lady – I shall love her I am sure. Dr. Jenner and myself visited the model school. Called upon that blessed James – Oh how embarrassed I was – I am afraid of him.

Friday 17<sup>th</sup>

Out again with the ladies. I think Jennie is the sweetest thing possible. Calls from Mr. Harper – went to the Drs. – pleased with his wife – met with Mrs. Rogers – a fine lady – from there to the rolling mills – a curiosity surely – then invited to lake tea with Mrs. Rogers – a delightful time – escorted home by Mr. Harper – like him much – think him too fond of wine.

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Saturday 18<sup>th</sup>

Mr. James Carlyle\* so kind as to take me out in a most elegant carriage – went to the University – a most magnificent building – surpassed the Smithsonian institute in Washington – I am so much pleased with James, he is nearly as excellent as William. Calls to night.

Sabbath 19<sup>th</sup>

Went to the Adelaide St. Church – an excellent sermon by some body – Dr. and lady to dine with us – she is beautiful. ~~Dr~~ Went with James to the Congregational church at night – I think him very kind.

Monday 20<sup>th</sup>

Went with Clara to the Model School – listened to classes of James and Mr. Dishaw – I think they did admirably – and then the order is so beautiful – so prompt. Out in the evening

Tuesday 21<sup>st</sup>

Visited the asylum – oh how sad was my heart – so many intellects wrecked – so much of talent wasted – A fine drive with the Dr. and the girls. All preparations are being made for the Prince\* – how much I would love to see him

\*James Carlyle was the fourth Headmaster of the Boy's Model School from 1858-1871

\* Albert Edward, Prince of Wales undertook a two-month royal tour of Newfoundland, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and the Province of Canada (Quebec and Ontario) in 1860.

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August Wednesday 22<sup>nd</sup>

Out to the Mr. Harper's to tea – a nice party – enjoyed it much – met with Mr. Strachan – a very great change has taken place since last we met – I think him a very excellent young man. Wish him success.

Thursday 23<sup>rd</sup>

A delightful day – loving friends – true hosts – how blest I am – I wish my precious William, were with me to night. All these pleasures tend to increase my regard for him. Have written home.

Friday 24<sup>th</sup>

Jennie and I out – sweet girl and I am very happy with her. I love her for her innocence. Tells me she is engaged to Lawyer Gustin – I hope she loves him. I think she does.

Saturday 25<sup>th</sup>

How I trembled this morning when William came – I was surprised – my heart is so full of joy – William, James, Jennie and I out for a long walk at the Model – at Mr. Allan's mansion – to James' cottage and home again – a number in during the evening – how pleasant it is here

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Sabbath 26<sup>th</sup>

Did not attend church in the morning – enjoyed seeing them return from the holy Trinity. William came to see me in the afternoon, went to Adelaide Church with us at night – sermon by W. Jeffers on holiness. At the cathedral after.

Monday 27<sup>th</sup>

William has left for Hamilton this morning – James has sent a host of beautiful prose[?] and a note – he is very kind – Out in the evening to see the illumination, were disappointed – spending the evening at Dr. Hamilton's and Mrs. Rogers.

Tuesday 28<sup>th</sup>

I have been busy packing my trunks – tomorrow I leave – The house has been filled with company – all beg me to remain longer – but must go, how much I love them all –

Wednesday 29<sup>th</sup>

Left Toronto – Never did I find such dear friends – how loving – they love me or they could not have wept at my leaving them. Met the Rev. James in the cars – was not long in the precincts of Hamilton before meeting William – invited to Mr. McCallum's – how kind – I am fortunate

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Thursday August 3th

Never was my joy so full – my ecstasy so great. Oh I wish I was deserving of all these benefits. How privileged – I am to be with friends – with William. I have been to the school attended by Mr. McCallum, was charmed – with teachers and students – with the whole plan of arrangements. I admire Mrs. McCallum very much – how kind they are.

Friday 31<sup>st</sup>

This morning William and I went to the top of the Mountain to see the sun rise – how beautiful – grand – sublime – Nature has certainly deployed her handy work in so richly decorating these hills and valleys – art too has been busy, and vies well with the great architecture, at the base of which it sits – fit place for the workmanship of man, at the foot of [?] mighty rectifier. At the institution with the principal again – still more delightful – out in the evening with Mr. and Mrs. McCallum Misses Ross & Carlyle – at the crystal palaces\* – beautiful

\*Officially opened on September 20, 1860 by Prince Edward during the Provincial Exposition, it was modelled on London England's 1851 building of the same name.

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September 1<sup>st</sup> Saturday

I know not my feelings at this time, various beyond endurance – my soul sinks back upon itself – I am dying for relief – Oh my comforter – I have been out to night with William – down Sir Allan's castle\* – upon the mountain – through the city and out of it – my heart was filled with transport – did not retire until very late – Could I go back six years – forget that so many of my years are numbered.

Sabbath 2<sup>nd</sup>

Went this morning to the Methodist Church with Mrs. McCallum – spent the afternoon alone with William – with him to Dr. Ormiston's church at night – topic – the location of heaven – I think him a very wonderful man, but cannot entertain his views. This is my last night in Canada – While I have knelt with William and prayed, I was overwhelmed with grief – Can I leave him – my friends – my country – Give me strength oh thou given of Good Gifts – withhold not thy spirit from me – I need thy presence – I am ill.

\*Dundurn Castle, Hamilton

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September 3<sup>rd</sup> Monday

Preparing to leave – William released from duties, and accompanies me to the falls, How kind he is – Never was my heart so broken as when I parted from him – I must not refer to it – took a sleeping car – but rested little.

Reached Albany about five o'clock in the morning.

Tuesday 4<sup>th</sup>

The Hudson seemed more beautiful than ever – 79 boats of various kinds were visible at one point – arrived in New York ten o'clock – went to the Astor House – disappointed in not meeting Miss Ross[?] wept until I was tired – went to my room – to bed to sleep – I am alone in this awful city.

Wednesday 5<sup>th</sup>

Arose early – left the city at six – and sped onward for the far famed beautiful South, an accident on the train deterred progress – but I reach Baltimore in perfect safety – glad enough to get upon the steamer where I could turn around and breathe, once more – enjoyed the trip down the Chesapeake much

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Thursday 6<sup>th</sup>

Left Baltimore last night – sailed down the magnificent Chesapeake – arrived in Norfolk this morning a little after sunrise – A kind gentleman cared for me – Mr. Tyler of Boston. Met Mrs. Coffin, Daughter and young Deems in Weldon- At two o'clock reached Wilson, met Mr. Ratcliff at the cars with a number of students, opened school – tired and heart broken. Mrs. Godden buried

Friday 7<sup>th</sup>

Did little else but organize classes and assign studies – Never in my life was pain so sensible, so acute in any poor heart – surely I am unfitted for labor – all my deeds are mechanical – I am far away from all that I love – home – friends!! – Oh my proud – sad broken heart – all are kind – but not congenial

Saturday 8<sup>th</sup>

Miss Ripley returned – I am so glad, Oh this dearth of soul – this midnight darkness – this vacant thought – I will go distracted – wild – mad[-?] – does not something come to my rescue – but I murmur – Some have no friends – I should be thankful that I have them to leave – Miss Ripley is very sad.

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September 9<sup>th</sup> Sabbath

Did not attend church – preferred to remain home to indulge in gloomy thoughts – how sad and strange the place – how dreary in consequence of death – oh cried monster – why aimest though at the shining mark – stay thy hand! –

Monday 10<sup>th</sup>

Commenced with more vigor my labors, “When will my sorrows have an end” Can I endure to remain here amid all this turmoil – disease and death? – Am I in duty's path? – am I fulfilling any mission of good or importance? Tell me though criterion of right

Tuesday 11<sup>th</sup>

Miss Ripley and I have concluded to room together – to share each others fate – should the negroes take on, the other will not be left. This insurrectionary movement will nigh distract me – It appears some nights I would die from fear. My life – virtue all may be taken from me at any time. Oh God forgive & protect thy child – save from ruin and harm her who desires to do thy whole well.

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Wednesday 12<sup>th</sup>

No literary exercises to day – school as usual – I am hoping to hear from William very soon – a letter from him will revive and do me good – I wonder if ever thing that occurs is Providential? – if some things do not depend upon certain contingencies – “Whatever is, is right” Can this be correct? Make me submissive Oh God

Thursday 13<sup>th</sup>

A letter from my excellent friend James – how I feel my insufficiency – my inabilities – my weakness of intellect – when called upon to communicate with the great and good

Friday 14<sup>th</sup>

Welcome news from Canada – from afar like cool water to a thirsty soul – precious and full of comfort – I bless you William for this. I have a little more life and energy to day –

Saturday 15<sup>th</sup>

Down town with ladies – writing letters – sewing – talking – wondering – coupling[sic] – praying and despairing – surely this day has been occupied.

Patience how beautiful thou art

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Sept. Sabbath 16<sup>th</sup>

Mr. Hudson having returned, we have service to day – he has lost his only son – poor man – he feels his loss – looks pale and sick – Mr. Godden is a picture of melancholy

Monday 17<sup>th</sup>

All are kind – but are they true? Di I right to be so suspecting? I love fidelity – I wish my heart was a fountain of goodness – a source of delight – a casket of love.

Tuesday 18<sup>th</sup>

Duties – pleasures – cares as usual

The ladies are doing well – I wish Dr. Deems would return – to relieve me of this great responsibility. I will not be long.

Wednesday 19<sup>th</sup>

Arrival of new books – their distribution lecture suspended, amusing time

The prince is coming near us, I would love to see him. I would do him homage in my heart if not outwardly. I will be deprived the privilege.

Thursday 20<sup>th</sup>

Lucius Ostius\* says “Pirish[sic] the fool, who turns love the sweetener of existence, that virus[?] to virtue and felicity” not because it made him a parricide and robbed him of his happiness and own life, should he say thus – he was a fanatic.



Friday 21<sup>st</sup>

“And when I had become acquainted with the royal magnanimity of Antony, his high talents – his noble sense of honor, and his beneficence of heart. I for the first time look sincerely

Saturday 22<sup>nd</sup>

I have been down town today as is usual upon Saturday – nothing of special occurrence – preparing winter clothing – hope I may require it. A little levity which I enjoyed exceedingly

Sabbath 23<sup>rd</sup>

At church – spent the day sleeping and reading. We appear, and leave the earth like a winged dream – “The glory of great actions can outlive the ravings of time. And if my pain yet sounds I would in turn but lithely[?] the neglectful obscurity of the grave – [?]”

\*considered to be the first man in Rome to have killed his father.

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September Monday 24<sup>th</sup>

Another of our students taken ill – I fear none will escape – Death & disease roam among us unfettered – but God will protect his own! – I think I am being prepared for death – Praise the name of the Lord.

Tuesday 25<sup>th</sup>

I am very sad to night – darkness seems to envelop me as a garment – oh why this grief – it is said that sorrow makes us wise” – but this is hard to be understood – or to be believed – I am bound down & sorely grieved.

Wednesday 26

Have been made merry to do because of last night’s adventures. Miss Ripley and I supposing we were to be destroyed by the negroes – spend the night in the most excruciating torture of mind – to day it seems ridiculous

Thursday 27<sup>th</sup>

This has been one of my happy days – nothing has arisen to allay my enjoyment – But it will not remain. A most terrific storm at night – we are all spared.

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Friday 28<sup>th</sup>

This day has been made enjoyable in consequence of a letter from James – how excellent & good he is. The weather is excessively warm but I am enduring it nicely – Disease is leaving us.

Saturday 29<sup>th</sup>

Out with the ladies and Mrs. Ratcliff to a cotton field – brought home a large bush so as to see the gradual development of cotton. Mr. Hudson called in the evening – heard Mr. Moore preach in the evening – very good

Sabbath 30<sup>th</sup>

It is the last day of September. The morning dawned upon me flatteringly. I dreamed not of being injured but the cruel spoiler came – was obliged to reprove Miss Speed very severely for speaking to freely about the Sabbath classes.

Attended church – sermon by Mr. Closs, excellent speaking of the incarnate God affected me much. At prayer meeting this afternoon – much interested manifested by the church – Oh I hope the Lord will pour out his spirit upon us.

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Monday October 1<sup>st</sup>

A letter from Canada – from William. A part of it making me feel badly

I have finished Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter and the Marble Faun or the Romance of Monte Beni – in two volumes – think but very little of them – his characters are unnatural & farfetched, deficient in morals, which is the assumed object of such books.

Tuesday 2<sup>nd</sup>

I have wondered to day, whether my earthly mission was being fulfilled – whether I am acting in my destined capacity or not - I can not discern the berth necessary for my satisfaction, therefore I will leave it with Him, who is my director and guide. Another of our students is ill. I hope the great Dispenser of Good will deem his life precious.

Wednesday 3<sup>rd</sup>

I am happier tonight than usual – I know not why – Oh that more light from the eternal world would fall upon my heart – and illuminate my soul – went to church – sermon by Rev. Closs – “What must I do to be saved” test[?]

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Thursday 4<sup>th</sup>

The morning dark and stormy – Rose has been performing with her antics in the yard

Were it not for these amusing negroes I would a perfect Niobe\* – I have been quite happy to day – have written to John Ripley for his cousin, I did not go to church to night in consequence of having a pain in my side. I am glad that so many of our students are being converted. Thank God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Friday 5<sup>th</sup>

The work is still going on, Clara is among the penitent – sweet girl – may she be saved. Another letter from my dear William – he is so troubled about my condition – I almost regret having mentioned it.

Saturday 6<sup>th</sup>

Attended prog[?]tion this morning at eight o'clock – went down town with Miss Ripley and Mrs. Ratcliff – have been merry to day for a change – oysters at night – Mrs. Ratcliff's treat.

\*Niobe was a character in Greek Mythology that centres on the concept of being punished for acting with arrogance towards the Gods (her entire family was killed and she was turned into a rock due to her arrogant behaviour).

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Sabbath October 7<sup>th</sup>

The Rev. Closs preached this morning – subject “mono maniaism[sic]” – an exhortation by Mr. Godden – a long session – some conversions – I have not that intense thought or feeling upon divine things that I usually have; I hope God will forgive me if I am doing wrong. I have written to William, this give me no more pleasure than I fear it should – A sermon to night by Mr. Godden – too much of the terror of the law – parts of it were beautiful and affecting.

Monday 8<sup>th</sup>

I have been much cast down during to day – my burden of grief is almost too much to be borne – If I am wrong, may God forgive and teach me how to live – to die. Did not go to church to night – so damp – I am delighted with “Corinne”<sup>\*</sup> think Madam De. Stael a beautiful writer so concise and expressive in language.

I am much absorbed in “The Tomb of the Scipios”<sup>\*\*</sup> by Verri – That depth of intellect & strength of mine is portrayed – ready[?] imagination – and full descriptive powers.

<sup>\*</sup>*Corinne*, by Madam De. Stael, is a love story and guidebook to Italy, with the novel’s heroine being a beautiful and brilliant woman who becomes a victim of society (1807).

<sup>\*\*</sup>refers to *The Roman Nights at the Tomb of the Scipios* by Alessandro Verri (published in 2 parts in 1792 and 1804)

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Tuesday 9<sup>th</sup>

Nothing of note or worthy of records has occurred to day – It is possible that it is a blank in my existence? Can it be. Has not God recorded upon the pages of eternity something against me to day – Tell me my soul

Wednesday 10<sup>th</sup>

Literary exercises as usual – the return of a new student – a letter from Miss Alden of Harrenting[sic] – A sermon to night by Dr. Hooker of Newbern[sic]. Txt. – forgotten

To night I was shocked to find a page of my own life’s history in Corrine I would not refrain from weeping so vividly was it portrayed. I know not that another had had such thoughts – such trials whether imaginary or real.

Thursday 11<sup>th</sup>

A letter from my dear father – sister and brother – oh how it cheered my heart – my one father in heaven bless and comfort my aged parent – my sweet pet keep, my brother save – heard with mingled feelings of joy and sadness of Elizabeth Johnson’s death

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Friday October 12<sup>th</sup>

The Rev. Dr. Hooker of Newbern[sic] took tea with us – I do not fancy said divine, think him the quintessence of rudeness condensed,

We to church to night – Listened to Mr. Godden

Saturday 13<sup>th</sup>

[?] the morning meeting – very interesting – down town with the ladies – a long talk with Mr. Godden on the slavery question – a fine joke and hearty laugh with Mayor Gay. This afternoon I have not been well. I am better to night

Sabbath 14<sup>th</sup>

Cold and stormy – dreary to soon but decidedly adapted to my feelings – A sermon in the Seminary Hall by Dr. Hooker – Text, a part of the Lord's prayer – I have been reading to day, Clark and Heinz\* on predestination – feel provoked at my self for caring any thing about it – I cannot understand it any way – Why do I pretend to know so much about it – I am quite happy to night – I know not why

\*may be referring to works by Adam Clarke and Otto Heinz on predestination.

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Monday 15<sup>th</sup> -

I have finished Corinne. Think her a beautiful character – I cannot but censure her however for her indiscretion in following Lord Nevil – a good idea has been given me of Phalian life & manners – its literature – its arts and wonders.

I am meditative to night – wonderings – planning my future – like Dante I would say I would live in the future the present is too old. Have written to Dr. Hamilton and lady.

Tuesday 16<sup>th</sup>

Concluded at noon to go to Raleigh to night with Mrs. Gillespie and Miss Ripley. After being “pestered” with Miss Speed's doings I arranged Miss Speed's affairs and my own – thanked[?] – reached Goldsboro at one o'clock – remained until morning – escorted by Mr. Dunham.

Wednesday 18<sup>th</sup>

Arrived in Raleigh about 9 AM – went amid the multitude to our boarding place – a private family of celebrity – after dinner visited the capitol – insane asylum and St. Marys – enjoyed it very much.

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Thursday October 18<sup>th</sup>

This morning visited the blind and deaf and dumb asylum. I was delighted with this – affected very much – so many deprived of the power of speech and sense of sight melted my sensitive heart while the effectual efforts for their education filled me with veneration and gratitude.

Met with Dr. Hooker who was exceeding kind saw Mr. Story[?], Mrs. Ratcliff's brother. left for home at four o'clock – Report of insurrection at Salisbury reach home about eight o'clock – met by Capt. Ratcliff and students. The ladies rush from their room to greet me – it is pleasing.

Friday 19<sup>th</sup>

At my old work again – It is storming most furiously – Some visitors – Political meeting at the court house – Gov. Wise advising all to have their arms ready – oh it is frightful.

Saturday 20<sup>th</sup>

The work is gone – Tis unrecoverable, oh time – precious time – I have dispatched a letter to my dear William – Oh could I go to him.

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Sabbath 21<sup>st</sup>

I am so depressed – so full of doubts & fears – what shall I do “Dangers stand[?] which through all the ground, to push me to the tomb” oh these brutal atrocities. This morning I burst into a flood of tears when told another guard was appointed here – that tomorrow was to be given to our gentleman students to get their guns in readiness, to prepare for the “impending crisis” – how terrible is the state of affairs –before the rising tomorrow's sun I may be in eternity – Never was I exposed to like dangers before. Attended church – several of our ladies were baptized - beautiful.

Monday 22

I have been low in spirits during this day also – oh it is so gloomy here now – I hope I may rest safely – swiftly tonight. I will commit to myself to him who never slumbers or sleep.

Tuesday 23<sup>rd</sup>

The morning dawned darkly – stranger presages – fearful omens, but I am better to night – happier – freer - The ladies are preparing to go to Golds barony[sic] – I hope they will enjoy it.

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Wednesday October 26<sup>th</sup>[sic]

Oh how much I have enjoyed the quiet of this day. All are away to Goldsboro but Miss Ripley and I. With one true friends I could be always happy. I have been interested today with the reading of the history of Crassius[sic], Pompey, and Ceasar[sic], first triumvirate of Rome. Brutus the assassin of Ceasar[sic] was certainly a paragon of perfidy and ingratitude. Catalius[sic] the fratricide and Sylla[sic] the atrocious, cold blooded murderers, are characters despicable. \*

Thursday 25<sup>th</sup>

The ladies will nigh devoured me last night with their myriad of kisses – amusing me with their own descriptions. Clara Allan almost wild – all begging of me to allow them to return to day – again they are gone and I am quite happy in my freedom. Mr. Ratcliff with his cadets are gone to secure the prayer banner[?]. It is very warm, like June north. I have been out in the woods with Miss Ripley – beautiful and pleasant are these sunny days.

\*Crassius would be Marcus Licinius Crassus; a roman general and politician who played a key role in the transformation of the Roman Republic into the Roman Empire. Gnaeus Pompeius Magnus (Gnaeus Pompey the Great) was also significant in the transformation and was for a time an ally and later enemy of Julius Caesar. Marcus Junius Brutus was a Roman Senator and one of Ceasar's assassins. Catilius may refer to Gaius Valerius Catullus a Latin poet of the late Roman Republic who write about fratricide. Sylla may refer to Lucius Cornelius Sulla Felix (known as Sulla) who was a Roman general and statesmen who won the first large scale civil war in Roman history.

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Friday 26<sup>th</sup>

I am not well – a want of appetite – I feel debilitated, but surely I will recover from it. I would be a mere skeleton by June next were I to remain thus – only eight more months and I will be with my kindred again. It is warm and beautiful. Mrs. Ratcliff's brother has left for the navy – she mourning because he should become intoxicated – it is sad surely.

Saturday 27<sup>th</sup>

Lord enable me to see thy hand in all things. When first my feet begin to wander, that moment Lord reprove. I want a principle within a fixed intent, help me oh God. Mrs. Ratcliff has spent the morning with me.

Sabbath 28<sup>th</sup>

Went to sleep in church this morning – must have been highly entertained – the fault is mine. Have been talking this evening about the great effort by which man will be saved – human weakness will avoid nothing as an excuse at the judgment – prepare me oh my God

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Monday October 29<sup>th</sup>

This morning darkness surrounded me a a[sic] thick cloud. I was bound down with care – This afternoon I received a letter from Dr. Van Norman of New York, apprising me that I might have had a situation in his school had he known I could have been released. I wonder if Pope was correct when he said "whatever is, is right"\*. I will hope so, and be reconciled. To night my heart is light and free.

Tuesday 30<sup>th</sup>

To night is faculty meeting. Mr. Ratcliff has been performing operatic pieces upon the piano – a merry time indeed. Mayor Gray and Miss Williams spent the evening with us. talked incessantly of the insurrection – oh how I feared and trembled – when will the danger pass and leave us in peace.

Wednesday 31<sup>st</sup>

This month is one – it is wrong to say I am glad? – This weather is charming – I perspire freely these days upon the least effort. Flowers are still blooming, as in the spring time. To night I was at church, after which the minister requested me to become a leader of a class of ladies. Can I? never – never

\*"whatever is, is right" is a line from the poem entitled *An Essay on Man* by Alexander Pope (published in 1734)

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Thursday November 1<sup>st</sup>

Mr. Godden has been with us this evening – I was too busy with the ladies to visit with him. This morning was ill in painting class – feeling of exhaustion – am better

Friday 2<sup>nd</sup>

Last night at a late hour we were awakened by confused voices beneath our window. I am[sic] instant I was there – A negro contending with the police was seen – in attempting to make his escape was shot, but not killed – hit – whipped and imprisoned – All was confusion and intense fear, for we know not his object in trespassing upon our premises at that late hour – the excitement passed and we were saved from further trouble. To night the woods are ringing with the singing of the negroes – I wonder if they are happy. Mrs. R. is with me now – A letter from my dear William, a beautiful one, full of comforting words. I love him more than ever before. I hope soon to be with him.

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Saturday November 3<sup>rd</sup>

I am quite unwell – am looking worn than an Indian – I suppose I am billious[sic] – I hope not – Mrs. Tillery and Rountree called upon me – The gentleman have been drilling all day – Fear fills every hour – faces are pale – What will be the result of all this I cannot conceive – I fear to sleep – not knowing what moment our building may be in flames or murdered. Mrs. Coffin has given us quite a feast – all are out on duty again.

Sabbath 4<sup>th</sup>

Dr. Moore called upon me this morning – hope I will be better soon. Did not attend church

Monday 5<sup>th</sup>

What a day this has been – What a night may this be. Oh God protect thy child. A hundred armed men are stationed about our building – will we be safe? Should the negroes rise can they be defected? – my throbbing heart – will it cease to beat before the morning dawns. It may be so – I will trust in the Almighty – he alone can defend – I am very unwell to night

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Thursday 6<sup>th</sup>

I have felt most miserably this whole day – The excitement of last night has left me feeling more feble[sic] than ever. I am invited to a panorama to night of “The Pilgrim’s Progress”\*

I have returned, accompanied by Rev. Mr. Godden. Was delighted with the views – think them magnificent – exalting in their influence. Ten armed men to sleep in the room opposite mine to night – surely I will be safe from harm.

Wednesday 7<sup>th</sup>

It is a lovely day – but I am ill – so lonely – down cast – oh home – friends – dear ones – I am without you now – Oh! for a moments release from danger, noise and excitement – I would like it quiet – a little rest – freedom from care! – but how I murmur – I wish I was more gentle – pure and good – I

could endure all these things with better fortitude – Why art thou cast down oh my soul. Hope thou in God.

The ladies are going out this afternoon to the panorama – I hope they will enjoy it.

\*The Pilgrim's Progress from This World, to That Which Is to Come is an 1678 Christian allegory written by John Bunyan. It is regarded as one of the most significant works of religious, theological fiction in English literature.

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Thursday 8<sup>th</sup>

I have been exceedingly happy to day. Nothing to mar my pleasure – We have just hear that Lincoln is elected President and that South Carolina has already seceded – I suppose war will be inevitable.

I have been teased to night by Miss Ripley by her hiding my watch – The mischief – I will pay her for it – My recitations have been good to today which makes me happy – The sentinels are with us.

Friday 9<sup>th</sup>

Dr. Deems has returned!!! – He hoped to come upon us suddenly – so he did, but was spied by the ladies coming in the back yard – Oh how glad we were – How our hearts filled with joy. A thousand welcomes dear Dr.

It is dark and rainy. All are absorbed in politics. I am feeling much better – have changed my physician – I am looking as horridly as can – Miss Ripley is very sad to night “Every heart knoweth its own sorrow”.

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Saturday 10<sup>th</sup>

A chilly wind has visited us – disrobing some of our forest trees – fit emblem of death. I am happy tonight – I rest securely in my father – he keeps me from harm and danger. Dr. Deems has been called away to preach the funeral sermon of Dr. Hill. To night we have all been out to the “Washington Tableaus”. Did not fancy it. Now Miss Ripley and I are to feast upon oysters – a treat by her in consequence of Lincoln's election. I hope Aunt Rachel will hurry.

Sabbath 11<sup>th</sup>

I have been much alone to day – have been reading Rosser's Recognition of friends in Heaven\* – my bible too has seems precious to day -

I have been annoyed at Mr. Williams for a remark made concerning a book he had given me – he was in the error. I am alone to night – all are at church – tis sweet – I will kneel and praise God for all his benefits – and for a clean heart

\**Recognition of Heaven* was written by Rev. Leonidas Rosser in 1856

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Monday November 12<sup>th</sup>

As usual – classes examined by Dr. Deems – pleased – faculty met at night



Tuesday 13<sup>th</sup>

I have been happy as a lark to day – almost wild – a beautiful letter from James – I love him so much for it – another session with the Dr. – The Rev. Mr. Nicholson calling upon us. A s[-?] with Mrs. Gillespie. I am grateful for the security I feel.

Wednesday 14<sup>th</sup>

Dr. commenced an account of his travels – a number of spectators. Miss Ripley spent the remainder of the day at Mr. Hudson's – a sermon at night by the "eminent divine"

Oysters again. A letter from James

Thursday 15<sup>th</sup>

What has happened to day – has anything[?] been accomplished – nothing worthy recording – I am growing better every day.

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Friday 16<sup>th</sup>

A letter from William. I am unusually happy to night – have feasted upon oysters and pickles – Mrs. Coffin has returned from we are having an Wilmington – great times – Dr. thinks we are having an resurrection of the whites – I am full of glee and hilarity.

Saturday 17<sup>th</sup>

It has poured rain to day – I fear our beautiful weather is past. Dr. has been in my room most of the day, opening paintings, brought from Europe – a merry making time.

Sunday 18<sup>th</sup>

Dr. Deems gave us a splendid sermon this morning from Corinthians 2<sup>nd</sup>, For our light affliction which are but for a moment etc.[?]\*

I have resolved to live nearer to God – He spoke of St. Chrisastian[sic] being the most eloquent preacher of the gospel – and in commenting upon this passage "far more exceeding & says it is magnitude, excessive exceedingly – Referred also to Martin Luther, beautifully – I am benefitted by that sermon – have been reading Rosser's "Recognition of Heaven" God bless me now.

\*2 Corinthians 4:17 "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory;

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Monday November 18<sup>th</sup>

When the mind becomes fixed upon any definite object – something of special importance – how sweet it is to linger upon it. I have thought much to day of home – tis sweet – but oh – may it be a castle in the air – a fairy vision. Sad fable

Tuesday 19<sup>th</sup>

Another day is with the covetous past – it can never be recalled. The thought rushes back to my mind. My heart seems still – while I realize this awful truth. In “the Book of Remembrance” are this day’s deeds recorded.

Wednesday 21<sup>st</sup>

Cold but pleasant – Dr. has favored us again. I think he was severe upon the British Parliament – no doubt correct however – a letter from precious Laura – telling me of the whereabouts of Sarah. Have spent the evening at Rev. Hudson’s – escorted by Theta – enjoyed it exceedingly – A long confab with Dunham and Hatch about secession – Nonsense

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Thursday 22<sup>nd</sup>

Oh how beautiful are these southern skies – these indescribable sunsets – so glorious – The rich mellow tints so perfectly – yet glorious – How can heaven smile so sweetly upon this sin cursed soil – polluted by the daring heart of man, and yet it is – How mysterious are thy works Oh God – thy providences how wonderful. To day I have longed to be at home – My blessed country – slaves cannot bother the pure air – their shackles full when their toil worn feet are placed upon thy unstained soil. Glorious liberty!!! –

I have been out with Miss Ripley and the ladies – every thing is really beautiful – Wars and rumors of wars are talked of continually.

Friday 23<sup>rd</sup>

A northern man here on business – has been sayd[?] and taken into custody – merely for saying that he was a Republican. These Southerners stoop to mighty low things.

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Saturday November 24<sup>th</sup>

A cold windy day – have been privileged to remain in my room – cozy and comfortable – visit unceremoniously - her “jibberage” is beyond endurance – she talks too loud – too much – I admire some of her characteristics – but not her colloquial powers\*

Sabbath 25<sup>th</sup>

I am alone – all are away to church. Mrs. Gillespie and young ladies been milling[?] about, my fire – so cold – I am happy this morning in contemplation of unparalleled future happiness. I live on the future – it is a dim distant cloud land? – no a sweet reality – I am sure that when with William, I will desire nothing more – It matters not where or how we may be located, my heart shall always be joyful – a few months of patient waiting will consummate my felicity: - No wave of trouble will roll across my peaceful breast, not cloud of despondency to darken the h[?] – no inward grief to destroy my life joys – all will be joy and peace – Welcome sweet thought – Bless you my William

\*does not mention whom she is referring to in the day’s entry.

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Monday 26<sup>th</sup>

The day has passed without a dimming cloud – all has been affable. Cold somewhat – A letter from Mrs. Keilliter[sic], giving no more amusement than little poor thing. Mrs. Gillespie has spent the evening with us – horrifying us by talking of the affairs of church and state – it is dreadful awful – What will be the result? –

Tuesday 27<sup>th</sup>

I am too indignant to live – my blood boils – my temper rises to the highest point – It is too much for human nature to bear – I would[sic] that every Southerner might disrobe himself for a moment of his degeneracy and exceedingly demoralized condition and appear in the clear sunlight of honesty and true worth – they would blush with shame at their own pollution – this utter degradation – made vile and vicious by their traffic in human being – and their endeavor to make null and void every effort[t] for the annihilation[?] of their condition, and put to derision any one who may in innocence and uprightness maintain the better laws of his country. A northerner molested & insulted. Ladies have petitioned for a holiday – I have granted it.

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Wednesday November 28<sup>th</sup>

Eddy Deems has shot himself – we are all consternation and fright – he is not killed, but the accident fearful – Another proof of a mother's love, and capacity for grief – Dr. and Mrs. Deems had been home but a moment when it occurred. Many supposed the negroes had come for

Thursday 29<sup>th</sup>

Thanksgiving!! But what a day – what a night! – so long as I live will I never forget it – When in faculty meeting a messenger came saying the negroes were to rise to night within three miles of us – I felt all my courage to fail – I walked the floor in agony, but I am calmer now. I have decided to return north after this session. I am glad to think of it. Professor Williams have us an oyster supper to night – he leaves tomorrow – I will now retire as Dr. has promised to waken me if any further alarm is given – a strong guard is about the building – but my trust is not in man's power but in Him who is the God of battles, Keep me Oh Lord this night – safely

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Friday 30<sup>th</sup>

I am tired and dull – the negroes implicated in last night's affairs have been released. Went down town with Miss Ripley – met with Mr. Godden, who expatiated extensively upon the spirit of the times. Mr. Williams has left us.

Saturday December 1<sup>st</sup>

The first day of winter - it seems very unlike our winters at home – thought it is chilly. I think I shall soon experience them again – I am not contented here – times are so changed – poverty is staring us in the face, I am going to leave. A call from Mr. Godden, do not think much of him, not his subjects for conversation. Ladies out to lecture.

Sabbath 2<sup>nd</sup>

I have not been to church to day – it is chilly and I fancy reading my bible will benefit me as well – My bible class has been very interesting to day and not without profit. To night I have been writing to William. I wish I was with him. I will be soon I hope – this thought cheers me.

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Monday December 3<sup>rd</sup>

The last month of the year has commenced its removal – going – I will soon be gone – buried irrecoverably with the Past.

A letter from William and my brother – I am revived – Miss Speed ill. My whole time will be occupied now – have given music for the present - I fear I will be obliged to renounce a party also – Dr. has just been in to pronounce his benediction upon me. “Pease be with joy”, Our first wintery day – an occasional snowflake.

Tuesday 4<sup>th</sup>

I have been happy to day – an unusual calmness fills my heart – will it last?

Wednesday 5<sup>th</sup>

Have remained from lecture – cold – Mrs. Kitchinson has a concert to night – a letter from my darling Gussie, with her likeness – blessed child how much I love her

Thursday 6<sup>th</sup>

Went to Mrs. Kitchinson’s concert with the ladies – not very much entertained.

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Friday 7<sup>th</sup>

A sweet letter from Dr. Hamilton & lady. This day has passed pleasantly – Will tomorrow? –

Saturday 8<sup>th</sup>

One year ago to night our school opened in Wilson. Where will I be one year hence. I hope either with William or in heaven. Mr. Godden preached this morning from[?] faith, hope & charity.

Sabbath 9<sup>th</sup>

At church in the morning – not at night – an interesting time with my bible class –

Monday 10<sup>th</sup>

A lovely day – warm as summer – down town in the morning – A call from Mr. Godden, he and Mr. Ratcliff chess playing. A notorious time with Miss Ripley just before retiring – I am happy

Tuesday 11<sup>th</sup>

Invited out to night – did not go – I am all alone – I enjoy it oh how much – it is sweet – I love this quiet – I am sad to night – I am wondering and thinking – Oh home – friends – loved ones

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Wednesday December 12<sup>th</sup>

Why this dark wave of sadness – this dearth of soul? Where is the home star which so oft has been my beacon light, guiding my weary feet to the heaven of rest? – like the wandering P[-?] it seems lost to me to night – but no star can sit forever – it dips reluctantly into the sun – but will rise again – many stars, like bright hopes shall shine upon me from the [?] depths – the insignia of Omnipotence shall be unfurled and light shall fall again upon my darkened pathway – Oh happiness why hast thou left thy thorn in my heart? – art thou weary of thy office, and of thy dwelling place – Return, and once again I vow that the power of the tempter & the darksome ills of this present time shall be much subservant to the noble purpose.

Thursday 13<sup>th</sup>

As usual

Friday 14<sup>th</sup>

The most glorious sunset to night. I had seen read of or conceived of – Dr. home from conference.

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Saturday 15<sup>th</sup>

A snow storm – a sleigh ride – a gay time – enjoyed it much – It makes me long for home – for northern comforts – friends. Now shamefully dissatisfied I become at times. I wonder if it is wrong thus to feel

Sabbath 16<sup>th</sup>

Dr. Deems has preached in the institute twice – because a little snow is upon the ground the ladies cannot go to church – They ought to spend a winter north

Monday 17<sup>th</sup>

To night I am nervous and wonderfully excited again – Fearful reports of insurrections – The most informal plot ever laid – and so near – this we know to be real for we have the Governor's authority. To take place on Saturday night – surely we are grievously tormented

Tuesday 18<sup>th</sup>

To day South Caroline has seceded from the Union. To night Ft. Moultrie\* is to be taken – should South Carolina be the first to shed blood or to rebel against the government she will have no sympathy from the civilized world – for the fort is not state property – but belongs to the Union.

\*Fort Moultrie is a series of fortifications on Sullivan's Island, South Carolina, built to protect the city of Charleston. In December 1860 when South Caroline seceded from the Union, the Federal garrison abandoned the fort in favour of the stronger Fort Sumter. There and a half months later, Confederate troops shelled Fort Sumter, plunging the nation into civil war.

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Wednesday December 19<sup>th</sup>

School has closed. Mr. & Mrs. Ratcliff have left for Wilmington – I hope our vacation will not be intruded upon by wars and other outrages – forebodings are fearful – every one is on the alert – every nerve in action every fear awakened – Oh what shall we do – now our military students are leaving – house filled with arms and ammunition, certainly we shall be attacked first – Oh Lord, Thou dispenser of right and good – have mercy upon us. A dark and stormy night – Mr. Godden with us – Ladies leaving. A letter from Prof. Saxs[?]

Thursday 20<sup>th</sup>

A little confusion still – one of my merriest days – Mrs. Gillespie, Miss Speed, and Miss Ripley spent the day with me – Mr. Tucker, Raleigh Minister has come to night

Friday 21<sup>st</sup>

Mrs. Gillespie has left to do – I will never see more – dear woman

Saturday 22<sup>nd</sup>

A long day – very busy – spent most of the morning with the negroes in their cabin – a drive in the evening with Young Deems – down town

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Sabbath 23<sup>rd</sup>

Started to the Methodist Church, met the Rev. Mr. Moran who apprized us that church service was suspended – all adjourned to the church of the Hard Shell Baptists – Such a sermon was never before preached never will be again – so comical – so ridiculous – so void of meaning – Mr. Godden and Moran accompanied us home – remained to dinner – I am delighted with Mr. Moran – think him high minded – noble and intelligent – waited upon by him to church in the evening – He resembles strikingly my dear William

Monday 24<sup>th</sup>

Spend the morning with Mr. Moran – went down town in the evening with Mrs. Deems – a gay time getting presents – came home quite dissipated in action and thought 0 The ladies, Miss Simms and Smith have given us a party to night – enjoyed it much

Tuesday 25<sup>th</sup>

This is Christmas – my first in the South – dined with a number of ladies & gentlemen at Mr. Rountree's – fine

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Wednesday December 26<sup>th</sup>

This day has been lost surely – no good has come from it so far. Mr. Godden sent me a Christmas present this morning and I think he would smile did he know the use made of it – Calls from ladies – out

at night with Dr. Deems – The evening surpassing every thing in beauty – I hope no harm will come nigh our dwelling to night

Thursday 27<sup>th</sup>

Were it not for hope how dreary would life become, it penetrated the future bring it it[sic] back to the present. I have spent the evening in the parlor with Mrs. Daniels – a merry time listening to Mrs. Coffin referring to the north so frequently – poor thing – she knows but little of that favored spot. Dr. Deems said at tea that eighty years had proved to the world that a mass of people could not govern themselves – that he hoped monarchical form of government would succeed the Republican. Strange remark for him to make – With my hands and heart I cheered. The government of Great Britain is the pride of the world – Bless my country!! May a Great God rule over us

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Friday 28<sup>th</sup>

Invited to spend the day with Miss Jordan upon a plantation. Visited the negro cabins – Oh how wretchedly they live – worse than the beast – far worse. Dr. Deems left for the South – Hostilities have commenced. War is at hand. Pitiful indeed are these times – Wo[sic] is me! – I am disappointed in not hearing from my dear William – must I wait – Can I another day.

Saturday 29<sup>th</sup>

A letter from William – its contents make me sad. Dr. Deems's[sic] father has come. A feast at night. The negroes have been in to bid me good bye. Poor things!!

Sabbath 30<sup>th</sup>

A dark rainy day – Mr. Moore preached – did not go – have spent the day in writing to William and home loved ones – I wonder if I will soon be with them – What will a few weeks do for me. Tis joy or sorrow in reserve for me? I am leaving that all is not gold that glitters. That every hope is not realized – that every friend is not true. I am leaving to rely upon strain strength, rather upon the arm of flesh – Help me oh my God

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December 31<sup>st</sup> Monday

The last day of the year 1860 – It has been spent pleasantly with dear friends – a beautiful gift from Miss Ripley – I told some of the ladies today that I must soon leave them – I was surprised at their much weeping – sweet things

How unfaithfully this year has been kept – how many promises now mock me in their unfulfillment – How little I have done for God or humanity and now while the last moments are escaping away I would cling to one tenaciously while I may yet ask forgiveness for omissions of duty. The last of 1860 is very unlike the first – how will be the ending of 1861 – Shall I vow? No! for I may be as regardless the coming year as in the past.

To the oh God I render homage, and praise and thanksgiving for the abundant mercies and benefits received during the year. My blessings have been numberless, joys and sorrows have

commingled – it has been a year of events – far from home – in Southern chimes – amid wars and remorse of wars I have spent my time. I would not part with this years experience –

It is midnight, with sadness, 1860 adieu forever!!

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\* Biographical Note: Emily (nee Youmans) Carlyle was born in 1834, in Picton, Ontario, where her ancestors had received an United Empire Loyalist land grant. Over the years her family prospered and Emily was raised in a comfortable home with servants, where she was groomed for a life of domestic responsibility and motherhood that reflected for her generation and class. However, she also studied to be a teacher at Ford Edward Collegiate Institute in New York State, receiving an education that would have been considered superior for a woman at that time.

In 1859 she accepted a position at the ladies college at St. Austin's Institute in Wilson, North Carolina, arriving in January 1860. With the outbreak of the American Civil War she returned to Canada, a year later, and married William Carlyle, whom she met at Fort Edward Collegiate. They would go on to have seven children together, including the artist Florence Carlyle. In 1871, William accepted the position of County School Inspector for Oxford County and the family moved to Woodstock Ontario. While living in Woodstock, Emily created an art studio for local children who were interested in developing their artistic skills under the guidance of hired artists. Sensing her own daughter's artistic talents, she arranged, for her private drawing and painting lessons with William Lees Judson. Her daughter would later produce a portrait of her mother, around 1911.

Emily Youmans Carlyle would pass away on December 20, 1912 in Woodstock, Ontario.



