

TEACHING AMERICAN HISTORY PROJECT
The Civil War: The Feminine Prospective
From Christine Brooks

Grade –8

Length of class period –50 minutes

Inquiry – What experiences were different and similar during the Civil War for the women on the home front?

How were their lives changed due to the war?

What can we learn about the Civil War by reading the various viewpoints of these women's diaries?

What might we need to do further research on in order to fully understand what they were writing about?

Objectives - Students will read to interpret the perspective of each writer.

Student will formulate questions about the reading.

Students will, in a follow up lesson, then do research to discover the answers to their questions.

Materials - Diary Entries of Two Women and One Girl (Rachel Cormeny, Alice Williamson, Sarah Morgan Dawson)

The diary entries include entries from different geographic locations.

An analysis sheet for the diary entries

Highlighters

Sticky Notes

Activities - Students will be put in small groups (3 per group) Teacher will monitor and assist groups.

1. Warm up: Have students answer the question. "What kind of information might you learn from reading a diary of someone from the past?" Conduct a short discussion with the class.

2. Students will read together the diary entries that they are given. (Each group will be given, according to length, equal amounts of reading material.)

3. Students will use highlighters to highlight information that they deem important. They will use the sticky notes to record any questions that they may have about the reading, vocabulary, places or events that are mentioned for later research the following day.

4. Students will complete the analysis sheet. (One per group) All students in the group should be contributing to the observations made and interpretations derived. Each in the group could be given a specific task. For example, one records the questions of the group on the sticky notes, another student records the answers for the analysis sheet and the third highlights the text for the information that the group determines is important.

Assessment:

Informal: Teacher monitors discussions within the groups

Formal: Collect the analysis sheets for evaluation

Connecticut Framework Performance Standards –

Students will demonstrate an understanding of significant events and themes in U.S. history.

Students will compare information about the same event using a variety of primary sources

Students will interpret from a variety of primary sources

Materials Attached:

Print copies of the **document analysis worksheet**. From the following website:

<http://www.archives.gov/education/lessons/worksheets/document.html>

Or: see next page to print a copy

Written Document Analysis Worksheet

1. TYPE OF DOCUMENT (Check one):

- | | | |
|-------------------------------------|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Newspaper | <input type="checkbox"/> Map | <input type="checkbox"/> Advertisement |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Letter | <input type="checkbox"/> Telegram | <input type="checkbox"/> Congressional record |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Patent | <input type="checkbox"/> Press release | <input type="checkbox"/> Census report |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Memorandum | <input type="checkbox"/> Report | <input type="checkbox"/> Other |

2. UNIQUE PHYSICAL QUALITIES OF THE DOCUMENT (Check one or more):

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Interesting letterhead | <input type="checkbox"/> Notations |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Handwritten | <input type="checkbox"/> "RECEIVED" stamp |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Typed | <input type="checkbox"/> Other |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Seals | |

3. DATE(S) OF DOCUMENT:

4. AUTHOR (OR CREATOR) OF THE DOCUMENT:

POSITION (TITLE):

5. FOR WHAT AUDIENCE WAS THE DOCUMENT WRITTEN?

6. DOCUMENT INFORMATION (There are many possible ways to answer A-E.)

A. List three things the author said that you think are important:

B. Why do you think this document was written?

C. What evidence in the document helps you know why it was written? Quote from the document.

D. List two things the document tells you about life in the United States at the time it was written:

E. Write a question to the author that is left unanswered by the document:

Designed and developed by the
Education Staff, National Archives and Records Administration, Washington, DC 20408.

Print and divide the **diary entries** into sections to give to groups. Modify amounts as necessary.

Site: <http://etext.lib.virginia.edu/etcbin/>

Rachel Cormany Diary

Cormany, Rachel

Valley of the Shadow

Franklin County:
Diary of Rachel Cormany (1863)

[Bibliographic Info](#)

SUMMARY:

Biography

Rachel Cormany was originally born in Canada but moved to Chambersburg with her husband, Samuel, during the war. She began writing in her diary well before the war. Her diary entries for the war years vividly describe her life as a woman on the home front. Alone while her husband served in the Union Army, Rachel often complained of depression and boredom. After the war, the Cormanys moved to Missouri to live on a farm.

Chambersburg During the Gettysburg Campaign, June 14-July 6, 1863

Chambersburg lay squarely in the middle of the valley up which Lee launched his second and last grand offensive in June 1863. The evacuation of local militia units left the town undefended, and it was rapidly occupied by the advancing Southern army. Chambersburg was used as a central staging area by the Confederates; its importance to their operations increased when the massive confrontation began to develop in Gettysburg, approximately twenty-five miles east across the South Mountain ridge. Following their defeat at Gettysburg, the Confederates withdrew from Chambersburg toward the Potomac River. Hot in pursuit was Samuel's regiment, and Samuel himself was among the first Union soldiers to reenter the town.

Diary of Rachel Cormany.

1863

June 1863

June 14, 1863

Read the R. Telescope & wrote letters this A.M.--P.M. went to S. School, took Cora along--she did pretty well--was in Bro. Hokes Bible class. How much better I feel to get out to religious gathering. Intend to go more. Mrs. Dulany was there with her little one too. I got such a good book to read. Some excitement about the rebels come. Evening the excitement pretty high.

June 15, 1863

Monday. This morning pretty early Gen Milroys wagon train (so we were told) came. ¹ Contrabands² on ahead coming as fast as they could on all & any kind of horses, their eyes fairly protruding with fear--teams coming at the same rate--some with the covers half off--some lost--men without hats or coats--some lost their coats as they were flying, one darky woman astride of a horse going what she could. There really was a real panic. All reported that the rebels were just on their heels. Soon things became more quiet--& all day government wagons & horses were passing through. For awhile before dark the excitement abated a little--but it was only like the calm before a great storm. At dusk or a little before the news came that the rebels were in Greencastle & that said town was on fire. Soon after some of the our guard came in reporting that they had a skirmish with them. Soon followed 100-200 cavalry men--the guard. Such a skedadling as their was among the women & children to get into the houses. All thought the Rebels had really come. The report now is that they will be here in an hour. If I could only hear of My Samuels safety--Many have packed nearly all of their packable goods--I have packed nothing. I do not think that we will be disturbed even should they come. I will trust in God even in the midst of flying shells--but of course shall seek the safest place possible in that case--which I hope will not come to us. I have just put my baby to sleep & will now sit at the front door awhile yet--then retire, knowing all will be well.

June 16, 1863

Retired at 11 oclock. All was very quiet, so we concluded that all those reports must be untrue about the Reb's being so near, or that they had struck off in some other direction. Mr. Plough took his horse away so as to be on the safe side. So Annie and I were all alone. At 11 1/2 I heard the clattering of horses hoofs. I hopped out of bed & ran to the front window & sure enough there the Greybacks were going by as fast as their horses could take them down to the Diamond. Next I heard the report of a gun then they came back faster if possible than they came in. But a short time after the whole body came. the front ones with their hands on the gun triggers ready to fire & calling out as they passed along that they would lay the town in ashes if fired on again. It took a long time for them all to pass, but I could not judge how many there were--not being accustomed to seeing troops in such a body--At 2 oclock A.M. all was quiet again save an occasional reb. riding past. We went to bed again & slept soundly until 5 the morning. All seemed quiet yet. We almost came to the conclusion that the reb's had left again leaving only a small guard who took things quite leasurely . Soon however they became more active. Were hunting up the contrabands & driving them off by droves. O! How it grated on our hearts to have to sit quietly & look at such brutal deeds--I saw no men among the contrabands--all women & children. Some of the colored people who were raised here were taken along--I sat on the front step as they were driven by just like we would drive cattle. Some laughed & seemed not to care--but nearly all hung their heads. One woman was pleading wonderfully with her driver for her children--but all the sympathy she received from him was a rough "March along"--at which she would quicken her pace again. It is a query what they want with those little babies--whole families were taken. Of course when the mother was taken she would take her children. I suppose the men left thinking the women & children would not be disturbed. I cannot describe all the scenes--now--Noon--The Rebel horses with just enough men to take care of them & their teams, have just pased through town again on the retreat. Wonder what all this means. Just now the news came that the dismounted rebs are drawn up in line of battle out at McClures & expect a fight--so they sent their horses to the safe side of town in case a retreat

is necessary. Some are walking or riding by every few minutes. The horses & wagons were taken back again. Evening--Had a good sleep this P.M. So had Pussy, & will retire trusting in God for safety.

June 17, 1863

Had quite a visiter last night. She came and aske whether I was Mrs Cormany. I told her I was. she then told me she was preacher Millers daughter, & that they had fled from the Reb's & she had no place to stay. So of course I told her I would keep her. I afterwards learned that she was a thief &c but I had promised to keep her so I put all little things out of reach, & frightened her by telling her I always had a loaded pistol near so I could shoot if anyone molested me. She acted quite strangely--before going to bed--wanted me to blow the light & get in bed & she after having shaken off her fleas would lock the door & come too--but I let her know that I lock my own door & that she is to get into bed--she slept all night & left early this morning. All was so quiet during the night that I veryly thought the Reb's had left--but they are still here. All forenoon they were carrying away mens clothing & darkeys. shortly after dinner their horses & wagons were taken on the retreat again. Yes Generals and all went. Saw Gen Jenkins,³ he is not a bad looking man--Some of the officers tipped their hats to us I answered it with a curl of the lip. I knew they did it to taunt us. The one after he had tipped his hat most graciously & received in answer a toss of the head & curl of the lip took a good laugh over it. There were a few real inteligent good looking men among them. What a pity that they are rebels. After the main body had passed the news came that our soldiers were coming & just then some 1/2 doz reb's flew past as fast as their horses could take them. we learned since that one of them fired Oaks warehouse & that he was very near being shot by the citizens.⁴ Among the last to leave were some with darkeys on their horses behind them. How glad we are they are gone--None of our Soldiers came.

June 18, 1863

Was up early & commenced washing. Got done til noon. Quite a number of the neighbors washed--Soon after dinner the town was all in excitement again--the report came that the reb's are coming back. Plough was so badly frightened that he fairly shook. Talked so snappy & ugly when I asked him anything. I do not like to be snubbed by him or anybody--but guess it's best to bear all. I have not been frightened yet.

June 19, 1863

The excitement is still high. I have slept well every night so far knowing that my Heavenly Parent watches over me at all times. Ironed this morning & baked a loaf of brown bread. feel a little blue. I feel troubled about Mr. Cormany--we are penned up so here that we can hear nothing. All kinds of reports are flying about--still the excitement has abated considerably. Mended all my clothes & put every thing away. Read about the great revivals of ,56 & ,57. felt much happier than in the forenoon, enjoyed a sweet season of prayer.

June 20, 1863

Went to bed early & slept well all night. This morning there is great excitement again. The report came last night that 40,000 or 50,000 infantry & some artillery have taken possession of Hagerstown--that the camps extend nearly to Greencastle--things surely look a little dubious.⁵ If we could only have regular mails. a mail came last night--but was not opened until this morning--Got a letter from My Samuel. it is but short. He is still safe--but were under marching orders again. it has been over a week on the way--I almost feel like getting out of this to some place where the mail is uninterrupted , but then I fear, My Samuel might chance to come here & I would not see him so I shall stay--Will write to him now-.

June 21, 1863

All was pretty quiet until near noon The news came that the rebels are near here--which caused great excitement again. soon after a reg. of the N. Y. Greys came (militia) so all excitement died away⁶--Wrote a letter (or finished it rather) to My Samuel. Read such a pretty S. School book

June 22, 1863

This A.M. the N. Y. 71st (militia) came & one battery.⁷ we felt safe then. the mail came again, but this evening every soldier left us again & the rebels are reported within 8 or 10 miles.⁸ Guess there will be nothing to hinder them from coming now--suppose they will be on here by tomorrow which will stop our mail again for some time. I do indeed feel like getting out of this place on that account but do not like to leave everything behind. do really feel like leaving. Old Plough still wants to take Annie off leave me all by myself--not a word does he say to take me along. Oh he does seem the meanest pile of dirt I have seen for some time. He seems too mean for any use. Indeed I believe I shall pack up & leave in the morning. I cant bear to think of being shut up without any news another week.

June 23, 1863

I packed my trunk last evening ready to start to Phil'dia not knowing whether I could get away or not--went to bed at midnight & slept well till after six this morning. I expected to find the town full of rebels but not a rebel could I see--none had come--So after breakfast I took Cora on my arms & started out for a walk. met Mrs Clippinger at her door, asked her to go along for a walk, so we walked on until we saw where our men threw up breastworks but did not go near enough to examine them. Met quite a number of people (men & boys) going out as we came in⁹--we sat down by the roadside & rested a little while then started on. just as we got to the edge of town or near it--two men came riding in fast as their horses could go--one said "The d--d buggers fired on us. the other looked as pale as death his mouth wide open--his hat lost--he was too badly frightened to speak. They me a few of our Cavalry at the edge of town--they whirled & put off. I got a little frightened when those two men made so ugly & the cavalry men warned us to go into the houses, looking so fierce with their hands on the gun triggers ready to shoot--all at once I got so weak I could scarcely walk, but that was over in a few minutes & I could walk faster than before. The people were wonderfully frightened again, such a running. The streets were full--It was not long until the reb's really made their appearance--I do not think that they are Cav. but mounted infantry--they most of them have nothing but a musket to fight with. They rode in as leisurely as you please each one having his hand on the trigger though, to fire any minute--now I judge we are shut out again for awhile--I just wonder what they want this time. They are part of those that were here last week. P.M. just ate a piece & fed my baby--both of us took a good nap after our walk. Evening--The Reb's have been cutting up high. Sawed down telegraph poles, destroyed the scotland bridge¹⁰ again took possession of the warehouses & were dealing out flour by the barrel & mollasses by the bucket ful--They made people take them bread--meat--&c to eat--Some dumb fools carried them jellies & the like--Not a thing went from this place.¹¹ Three canno went through when they came--but just now they took them back. wonder what that means again. from 7 to 15 thousand infantry are expected on tonight. they are reported to be at Greencastle by a man just from there. Well whatever betides us the good Lord is able to protect us. And He will protect us. Old Plough wanted Annie to go with him to the country but she would not go & leave me here alone. That was mean in Plough. Annie told me herself--It shows what a great heart he has.

June 24, 1863

Another eventful day has passed--All morning there was considerable riding done up & down street. At 10 A.M. the infantry commenced to come & for 3 hours they just marched on as fast as they could. it is supposed that about 15,000 have already passed through, & there are still more coming. Ewel's brigade has pas . I do not know what others. Longstreet & Hill are expected this way too. It is thought by many that a desperate battle will be fought at Harisburg . This P.M. the Rebs are plundering the stores. some of our merchants will be almost if not entirely ruined--I was sitting on Jared's poarch ¹² when a young man (rebel) came & shook hands with Mr.

Jared--a relative, his brother is in this army too. He was raised here--His mother is burried here--Mr. Jared told him he ought to go & kneel on his Mothers grave & ask for pardo for having fought in such a bad cause. against such a good Government. tears almost came, he said he could not well help getting in, but he would not fight in Pa. he told his officers so, he was placed under arrest awhile but was released again. Now he said he is compelled to carry a gun & that is as far as they will get toward making him fight. He was in Jacksons Brig. Says Jackson was a christian & means it honestly & earnestly.¹³ Some of the Rebs seemed quite jolly at the idea of being in Pa. All is quiet this evening so I shall retire after having committed myself to my maker.

June 25, 1863

Slept well last night. Got up at 6 1/2 A.M. Got Emma Jarrett to go down street with me & got the dried fruit, paper, envelopes & stamps that I had left at Dr MtGomerys,¹⁴ then went up the back st. to Ditmans¹⁵ & got 4 bbs of brown sugar for 50 cts--when I got home Cora was sitting in the cradle playing. The streets are pretty clear this morning still there are plenty Greybacks about. 2 more divisions are expected on here today & tomorrow. Evening The other division that was to come today did not come, but those here have not been idle. They must surely expect to set up stores or fill their empty ones judging from the loads they have been hauling away & they take every thing a body can think of--I was across the street for water & at Aunt Maria's two rebs were talking. one was telling about the battle at Chancelorville . A body would think by his talk that he did about all that was done, at least the greatest part--he told how mean our me acted in Dec. battle at Fredricksburg --he said they sent in a flag of truce to have time allowed them burry their dead. well he helped to "toat" (as he said) off dead wounded & behold when they came to where our men were. instead of digging graves they were throwing up breastworks, & instead of burrying the dead they left them lie where they were laid & sneaked off over the river in the night--Lee then sent a flag of truce for a detail of men to burry those dead--which was complied with but the way they were burried , hands & feet were sticking out they (rebels) had to burry them over--He saw that did not take, so he said that both sides were to blame--& that they were too hasty firing on Fort Sumpter --if they had waited a little longer he believed Pa. would have seceeded too. That did me for bragadocio so I left--It made my blood fairly boil to have to take that & not dare to tell him he lied. Plough was home this afternoon but left again. I made an apron for my baby today. Pretty reliable reports have reached us that McClellan has a heave force (80,000) at Harisburg ready for the Reb's. Also that Stoneman is at Harpers Ferry or near there with 15,000 Cav.¹⁶ I wish every one of these would be taken. Hope this is the beginning of the end.

June 26, 1863

12 1/2 oclock Cannon- waggons & men have been passing since between 9 & 10 this morning--42 Cannon & as many amunition waggons have passed--so now there are 62 pieces of artillery between us & Harrisburg & between 30,000 & 40,000 men.¹⁷ O it seems dreadful to be thus thrown into the hands of the rebbels & to be thus excluded from all the rest of the world--I feel so very anxious about Mr. Cormany--& who knows when we will hear from any of our friends again. It is no use to try to get away from here now--we must just take our chance with the rest--trusting in God as our Savior then come life come death if reconciled with God all is well--My God help me--I do wish to be a real true & living christian. Oh for more religion. Evening--called at Mrs Dickson a few minutes. Also at Mrs Clippingers. Numerous campfires could be seen on the fair ground.

June 27, 1863

Got up early & wakened Annie. And we flew round & put away our best bedclothes--before I got my things in order again Mrs. Clippinger came to go to Hokes where we got syrup & sugar. I also got me a lawn dress. Before we got started the rebels poured in already. they just marched through. Such a hard looking set I never saw. All day since 7 oclock they have been going through. Between 30 & 40 pieces of canno--& an almost endless trail of waggons . While I am writing thousands are passing--such a rough dirty ragged rowdyish set one does not often see--Gen's Lee & Longstreet passed through today. A body would think the whole south had

broke loose & are coming into Pa. It makes me feel too badly to see so many men & cannon going through knowing that they have come to kill our men--Many have chickens as they pass--There a number are going with honey-- robed some man of it no doubt--they are even carrying it in buckets. The report has reached us that Hooker & Sickel & Stoneman are after them. & at Harisburg the north has congregated en masse to oppose the invaders. Many think this the best thing in the word to bring the war to close--I hope our men will be strong enough to completely whip them--Now it is on our side--While down there our army was in the enemys country & citizens kept the rebels posted in our army movements--now they are in the enemys country. Scarcely any are willing to give them anything--in fact none give unless the have to except perhaps the Copperheads¹⁸--The cavalry had an engagement at not far from Carlisle--& the Reb's were driven back. This seems to be headquarters. A hospital has been established in the schoolhouse where the sick are put in & the wounded. Two of the Generals are reported killed in that picket skirmish. They are going rather fast--wonder whether there is not fighting going on in front. They are poorly clad--many have no shoes on. As they pass along they take the hats off our citizens heads and throw their old ones in exchange. I was at the window up stairs with my baby nearly all day looking at them--at one time one of them said something that I did not like so I curled my lip as disdainful as I could & turned away just look at he he said to another I saw a lot looking up, so I just wheeled & left the window at which they set up a cheer. Once before the same was enacted except the general cheer. I did wish I dared spit at their old flag--I pity some of the men for I am sure they would like to be out. At Dicksons they told me that 400 went at one time--gagged the guards & got off to the mountains & on to Harisburg to help our men. Or I believe J. Hoke told me this morning. He said too that about 1000 had deserted. I hope that all the rebels have passed that intended to pass through--After they quit coming once then I shall look for our men.

June 28, 1863

Slept well. Nowadays our cooking does not take much time--nowadays being we do all our eating by piecing. At 8 A.M. the rebels commenced coming again. Ga. troops. I was told this morning of some of their mean tricks of yesterday & before. They took the hats & boots off the men--Took that off Preacher Farney. Took \$50. off Dr. Sneck & his gold watch valued very highly--took the coats off some, tetotally stripped one young fellow not far from town--Mr. Skinner. We have to be afraid to go out of our houses. A large wagon train & 500 or 600 Cavalry have just passed & it is now about 3 1/2 oclock. hope all are through now. Many of the saddles were empty, & any amount of negroes are along. This does not seem like Sunday. No church.

June 29, 1863

Got up early & washed was done & dressed by ten oclock, had such bad luck this morning--first the washboard fell & broke--next the water boiled down in the boiler it got empty the tin melted off so it leaks & I cannot get it fixed as long as the rebels are here. I feel too badly about it--After I was dressed I put the baby to sleep then went to Ditmans & got a Gallon molasses for 50 cts--Also to Hoks & got 3 qts syrup for 45 cts--Hoke told me that the Reb's had taken about 500 \$ worth of sugar & molasses--they went into the private cellar & took Mrs Hokes canned fruit & bread--Mr H looks down this morning. The news reached us this A.M. that Stoneman & Stuart had a fight last week in which Stuart was whipped & ten pieces of artillery were taken from him.¹⁹ Also that our men hold Hagerstown again. Also that the rebel mail carryer could not get through the lines. If our men hold Hagerstown it will not be long before they will be here. Evening. A large waggon train headed by 10 pieces of artillery & I judge a regiment of of infantry just passed. The wagons were all well loaded. I judge they are bound for Dixie--It looks as if they expected some opposition. It is reported too that the Reb mail carrier, mail & all have been captured. hope its true. I felt real badly to see those poor men going through as they did. likely many of them will be killed. There certainly is something on foot, for the ambulances were filled with sick, taking them away.

June 30, 1863

Nothing special transpired today. The Rebs are still about doing all the mischief they can. They have everything ready to set fire to the warehouses & machine shops--Tore up the railroad track & burned the crossties--They have cleared out nearly every store so they cannot rob much more--Evening--Quite a number of the young folks were in the parlor this evening singing all the patriotic & popular war songs. Quite a squad of rebels gathered outside to listen & seemed much pleased with the music--"When this cruel war is over" nearly brought tears from some. they sent in a petition to have it sung again which was done. they then thanked the girls very much & left--they acted real nicely.

July 1863

July 1, 1863

It is very muddy this morning of yesterdays rain--in fact I believe it has rained every day this week. I was out hunting east & got some at last I have not a bit of bread left my east got sour, so of course the east I set last evening is sour & not fit to use. It is reported that Gen. Jenkins is wounded & a prisoner. Also that the rebel pickets were driven in this side of Greencastle--& that McClellan drove them to this side of Carlisle & that Milroy & Sigel are making a junction over by Strasburg--A darkey, Colonels waiter heard him say that he thought that Lee made a bad move this time--he (darkey) also said that that large wagon train was hid in the woods &c that they could not get out, that they are watching their chance to slip out--he said too that the officers were very uneasy--Every one can see by their actions that they do not feel quite as easy as they would like.²⁰ They are chopping &c at a great rate over at the R.R. all morning. I judge they are breaking up the iron by the sound. Must now go & set my bread. Evening. Got good bread. Mrs. Fritz was here & told us of Emma Plough being sick from the fright & how the rebels have been carrying on out there. They robbed the country people of nearly everything they had and acted very insultingly.

July 2, 1863

At 3 A.M. I was wakened by the yells & howls of this dirty ragged lousy trash--they made as ugly as they could--all day they have been passing--part of the time on the double quick. At one time the report came that our men had come on them & that they were fighting--the excitement was high in town--but it was soon found out to be untrue--but the shock was so great that I got quite weak & immagined that I could already see My Samuel falling--I feel very uneasy about him--I cannot hear at all--They had quite a battle with Stuart--I almost fear to hear the result in who was killed & who wounded--still I want to know.

July 3, 1863

Started out with Cora & a little basket on the hunt for something to eat out of the garden. I am tired of bread & molasses--went to Mammy Royers & got some peas & new potatoes--Cora got as many raspberries as she could eat. Came home put Cora to sleep then went to Mrs McG's for milk. got a few cherries to eat also a few for Cora when I got back Daddy Byers²¹ was standing at the gate. he came to see how I was getting along & told me how the rebels acted--they robbed him of a good deal--they wanted the horse but he plead so hard for him that they agreed to leave him & while one wrote a paper of security others plundered the house. I guess Samuels silk hat & all that was in the box is gone. took Ellies best shoes--took towels sheets &c &c--After they were gone others came & took the horse too yet--they did not care for his security. Other of their neighbors fared worse yet. He would not stay for dinner. After dinner Henry Rebok²² came--he walked part of the way had an old horse but feared to bring him in--they were robbed of their horses and cattle up there--many had their horses sent away--one of J. Cormanys²³ horses was taken.²⁴ Henry wanted me to go along home with him but I could not think of leaving now--Samuel might come this way & if I were out there I would not get to see him. He said he had started for me when they first heard of the rebels coming but when he came to Orrstown two were there already. There are no rebels in town today except the sick--& two or three squads passed through, in all not much over a hundred if that many. One squad asked the way to Getysburg & were sent towards Harisburg . they

did not go very far until they asked again, when they were told the truth they came back very angry & wanted the man that sent them the wrong way but he was not to be found. Canonading was heard all day.²⁵

July 4, 1863

At daybreak the bells were rung--Then all was quiet until about 8 o'clock when a flag was hoisted at the diamond. Soon after the band made its appearance & marched from square & played national airs--two rebels came riding along quite leisurely thinking I suppose to find their friends instead of that they were taken prisoners by the citizens--some 13 more footmen came and were taken prisoners. those were willing prisoners they had thrown their guns away before they reached this. The report has reached us that 6000 prisoners had been taken yesterday in Adams Co. near College Hill-- also that Carlisle was shelled. It is getting very dark cloudy--I judge we will have a heavy rain. That Will Wampler does yell and cry like a panther. Evening We have had a powerful rain. Wild rumors of a dreadful fight are numerous.

July 5, 1863

I was roused out of sleep by Mr Early coming into Wampler & telling him something about wounded prisoners. so I got up took a bath dressed & went for a pitcher of water when I was told that 10, 4 or 6 horse waggons filled with wounded from the late battle were captured by citizens & brought to town--the wounded were put into the hospitals & the waggons & drivers were taken on toward Harisburg . Was also told that a great many more were out toward Greencastle--some went out to capture those but found that it was a train 20 miles long. P.M. A report has reached us that the whole rebel army is on the retreat--later that they are driven this way & are expected on soon--Have church S. School here today--seems like Sunday again Evening. At or after 4 P.M. I dressed myself & little girl and went to Mrs. Sulenbargers & while there we heard a fuss outside & when we got out lo our (Union of course) soldiers were coming in--she came along upstreet then to see them. They are of Milroys men²⁶--Just at dusk they went out the Greencastle road enroute to capture the waggon train which is trying to get over the river again. It is frightful how those poor wounded rebels are left to suffer. they are taken in large 4 horse waggons --wounds undressed--nothing to eat. Some are only about 4 miles from town & those that are here are as dirty and lousy as they well can be. The condition of those poor rebels all along from Getysburg to as far as they have come yet is reported dreadful. I am told they just beg the people along the road to help them--many have died by the way.

July 6, 1863

I was sitting reading, Pussy playing by my side when little Willie Wampler came running as fast as he could to tell me a soldier had come to see me & sure enough when I got to the door Mr Cormany just rode up. I was so very glad to see him that I scarcely knew how to act. He was very dirty & sweaty so he took a bath & changed clothes before he got himself dressed A. Holler & Barny Hampshire called--next Rev. Dixon & Dr Croft & others. Eve we went down into the parlor to hear some of the girls play--Mr. C was very much pleased with the music.

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Notes

{1} After repelling Hooker's attack at Chancellorsville, Lee had launched a new offensive, thrusting up the Shenandoah Valley, across the Potomac, through Hagerstown, Md., and then up the valley between South

Mountain ridge and North Mountain ridge in Pennsylvania. His first major target was thought to be the Pennsylvania Railroad at Harrisburg. Maj. Gen. Robert H. Milroy, whose Union troops had been stationed at Winchester, Va., had lost more than a third of his command during the three previous days as his small force had been driven before the main Confederate army. Most of Milroy's remaining men had dug in near Harpers Ferry, but his supply wagons were still scurrying for safety just ahead of the invaders. See Glenn Tucker, *High Tide at Gettysburg: The Campaign in Pennsylvania* (Indianapolis, 1958).

{2} Contrabands were black refugees. That usage had been initiated by Gen. Benjamin Butler who, though technically bound to return refugee slaves, had instead declared them contraband of war and put them to work. John G. Nicolay and John Hay, *Abraham Lincoln: A History* (New York, 1890), IV, 388.

{3} Brig. Gen. Albert Gallatin Jenkins, a graduate of Harvard Law School, had been a member of Congress before the war. He resigned his seat to assume command of Confederate forces in western Virginia. During the Gettysburg offensive his cavalry brigade led the Southern drive up the valley along the railroad line from Hagerstown through Greencastle to Chambersburg. Official records confirm his time of arrival exactly when Rachel notes seeing him. DAB, V, 43-44; Vincent J. Esposito, *The West Point Atlas of American Wars* (New York, 1967), I, map 93. The bulk of the Southern cavalry was still far to the south and east, trying to screen Lee's invasion and monitor the Union response. See Samuel's entry for June 17, 1863.

{4} David Oaks, a dry-goods merchant, also managed the Oakes and Cauffman warehouse beside the railroad depot on the edge of Chambersburg. John M. Cooper, *Recollections of Chambersburg, Pa., Chiefly Between the Years 1830-1850* (Chambersburg 1900), pp. 7, 11. Most analyses of the issue of the destruction of civilian property during the Civil War focus on Sherman's actions in the South in 1864 and 1865. It can be argued, however, that his actions differed from previous practices on both sides only in their self-conscious effectiveness. The Confederates were doing somewhat randomly in the spring of 1863 what Sherman--and many others on both sides--decided to do more systematically as the war dragged on.

{5} These reports were substantially correct, for the main body of Lee's army was now pushing up the valley behind Jenkins's advance columns. The 2nd Corps, under Lt. Gen. Richard Stoddard Ewell, with over twenty thousand men, was in the lead north of advance columns. The 2nd Corps, under Lt. Gen. Richard Stoddard Ewell, with over twenty thousand men, was in the lead north of Hagerstown; the 1st Corps, under Lt. Gen. James Longstreet, with another twenty thousand men, was in Hagerstown; and the 3rd Corps, commanded by Lt. Gen. Ambrose P. Hill, with twenty thousand more, was still at the Potomac end of the valley.

{6} Once it became clear that Lee was launching a full-scale invasion of the North, the authorities at Washington issued a series of desperate calls for all available militia units from the surrounding states to converge on the Harrisburg area. See, for example, "Proclamation Calling for 100,000 Militia," issued June 15, 1863, in Roy P. Basler, ed., *The Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln* (New Brunswick, N.J., 1953), VI 277-78. Except for Pennsylvania itself, however, only New York State sent a substantial number of militia. Since these were local troops, they were not required to wear regular army uniforms; Irish-American militia from New York City, for example, arrived in Harrisburg wearing green jackets. See Wilbur Sturtevant Nye, *Here Come*

the Rebels! (Baton Rouge, La., 1965), p. 217. Hence, Rachel refers not to Confederate troops but to a New York unit known by the color of its uniforms.

{7} The New York militia established a defensive position overlooking the main road south toward Greencastle. Their battery consisted of two brass howitzers. Jacob Hoke, *The Great Invasion of 1863; or General Lee in Pennsylvania . . . With an Appendix Containing an Account of the Burning of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania* (rpt. Dayton, Ohio), p. 123.

{8} As soon as real fighting appeared imminent, the poorly trained and inexperienced militia unit abandoned its camp to board a train for Harrisburg. The abandoned howitzers were rescued by the citizens and sent north. *Ibid.*, pp. 128-30.

{9} The citizens of Chambersburg "helped themselves to what they pleased clothing and other articles" abandoned by the New Yorkers until the arrival of Confederates who were forcibly collecting supplies themselves. Hence the "men & boys" headed out to the camp. *Ibid.*, pp. 129-30.

{10} The Cumberland Valley Railroad crossed Conococheaque Creek at the hamlet of Scotland, about three and one-half miles northeast of Chambersburg. Jenkins's men had destroyed the bridge a week earlier. See Nye, *Here Come the Rebels!*, p. 141.

{11} Even though there was substantial political opposition in this area to the Lincoln administration, and some opposition to the war itself, the civilian population seems to have been uncooperative with the Confederates during the Gettysburg offensive. Confederate scouts had been fired upon, civilians had tried to hide anything they thought the Confederates might want, and the townspeople had to be forced to feed the Southern soldiers. Later, there is evidence of petty resistance, including the giving of wrong directions and the withholding of supplies. Civilian hostility was a disappointment to Lee, who hoped that his invasion might flame discord in the North and spark anti-Lincoln activity. On popular reaction in Chambersburg see Jack McLaughlin, *Gettysburg: The Long Encampment* (New York, 1963), p. 35.

{12} The Jarets lived four doors down the street from the Ploughs. AFCP, p. 24.

{13} Gen. Thomas "Stonewall" Jackson, a rigid Presbyterian, had died only a month before from a wound inflicted accidentally by his own troops during the battle of Chancellorsville. Lee then reorganized the Army of Northern Virginia, placing most of Jackson's former command, including the famous Stonewall brigade, under General Ewell. James I. Robertson, Jr., *The Stonewall Brigade* (Baton Rouge, La., 1963) pp. 194-201.

{14} A local physician. AFCP, pp. 19, 22.

{15} George Dittman ran a grocery store on Front Street, four doors toward the center of town from Ploughs. Ibid., pp. 19, 24.

{16} Neither of these reports was accurate.

{17} Rachel's estimates were reasonably accurate. Chambersburg had become an important Confederate staging area by this date. Part of Lee's army continued north, up the Cumberland Valley toward Carlisle and Harrisburg. Other elements took the road east, over the ridges to Cashtown and Gettysburg. Lee himself arrived in Chambersburg on June 26.

{18} "Copperhead" was a derogatory term for a Northerner who was considered sympathetic to the Southern cause.

{19} This was news of the battles at Aldie, Middleburg, and Upperville already detailed in Samuel's entries for June 17-22, 1863.

{20} Many of Lee's middle echelon officers were openly uneasy with the tactical decision that Lee had made on the night of June 28-29 to concentrate his invading army just east of the ridge between Chambersburg and Gettysburg, near the village of Cashtown. This decision "uncovered" the Confederate army, as it were, for Lee had come out from behind the shield of South Mountain. Glenn Tucker, *Lee and Longstreet at Gettysburg* (Indianapolis, 1968), discusses some of the important disagreements among Confederate commanders and criticizes Lee for permitting them to become a major problem.

{21} Daniel Byers. Married Samuel's mother, Mary Eckerman Cormany, in 1859. Farmed some five miles north of Chambersburg.

{22} Henry W. Rebok, Married Samuel's older half sister Lydia, 1849.

{23} John Hampsher Cormany (1822/23-1892). Second child of Jacob Cormany and his first wife, Margaret

Hampsher; half brother to Samuel. Lived with his family on the old Jacob Cormany farm throughout the period of the diaries.

{24} After the war John submitted a claim for the loss of this horse. The document is in the possession of his eighty-six-year-old grandson, J. Roy Cormany, of Chambersburg.

{25} This was the day of the great artillery duel and Pickett's Charge.

{26} These were the same Union forces that had been driven ahead of the invaders two weeks before. Now Milroy's men were helping local citizens capture wagon trains of Confederate wounded, which were desperately straggling toward Harpers Ferry and the relative safety of Virginia.

<http://scriptorium.lib.duke.edu/williamson/text.html>

Alice Williamson Diary

[A version of this diary that includes images of each page is also available.](#)

Feb. 19th 1864 What a negligent creature I am I should have been keeping a journal all this time to show to my rebel brothers. I have been studying all the morning and talking all the evening seeking & sighing for rebels. Our king ([old Payne](#)) has just passed. I suppose he has killed every rebel in twenty miles of [Gallatin](#) and burned every town. Poor fellow! you had better be praying old Sinner! His Lordship left Tuesday. Wednesday three wagons loaded with furniture came over. I do not pretend to say that he sent them. No! I indeed, I would not. I would not slander our king. Any old citizen can see by going to his (Paynes) palace that his furniture was not taken from Archie Miller's house & other places near by. He always goes for rebels but invariably brings furniture. I suppose his task is to furnish the [contraband](#) camp, i.e. the camp of his angels (colored).

March 2d Snow four inches deep, no winds and the air is quite pleasant, just cold enough to skate. Our king left Monday with a few soldiers in the direction of [Hartsville](#). All the stores are closed by his order and no passes given till his return. Mr. D. has come to get Pa to go and hear what he says to his negroes as he is going to drive them off & he has been so ill used by old Payne that he is afraid to speak without a witness to prove what he said.

March 3d. Snow all melted and weather fine. Gen. Payne rode out this evening to look at the stock, in his last trip he killed only one man (citizen, he always kills citizens when he cant find soldiers) swears he will kill every man in Gallatin and [Hartsville](#) if [bush whacking](#) isn't stopped shortly.

March 11th Yesterday was the day of elections and as only the union men were allowed to vote nobody knows how it turned out nor do they care. Sallie Montgomery rode out this evening, the [pickets](#) would not let her pass, so she slipped them as many do. I suppose they are scared again. Perhaps that scamp [John Morgan](#) is about. I only hope he is, for we have not seen a rebel for more than a year and our day must come soon

March 12th Old Payne dined at Mrs. Hales today: every one despises him but are afraid to show it. Yesterday he went up the country a few miles to a Mr. Dalton's whose son came home from the Southern Army the day before and had the same day taken the [Amnesty Oath](#). Riding up to the door he enquired of Mr. Dalton if his son was at home but before he answered his son came to the door. Old Nick then told him to get his horse and go with him. After insulting the father he carried his son a half mile away and shot him six times. One of Payne's escort hearing the young man groan with pain placed a pistol to his temple and remarked, I will stop that, sir, he shot him again. But this is nothing new this is the fifth man that has been shot in this way, besides numbers that have been carried off by scouts and never return.

March 11th I learn today that Gen. Payne had no charge against Mr. Dalton, so he told his (Dalton's) father. After killing him he rode back to the house and told Mr. D. that his son was in sight - he could bury him if he wished. Today a gentleman (Col. E ____) was in Paynes office when he was trying a young man about sixteen years old and the only support of an aged father who was with him. His crime was being a rebel. Payne sent the young man to jail telling the guard to bring him out a seven o'clock. The father actually fell upon his knees before the heartless tyrant but was heartlessly bidden to rise and go home, the young man has never been heard of since.

March 12th Weather moderate; so is old Payne, but as weather is changeable our general is too.

March 16th Pleasant weather cannot last always and as old Hurricane changes with the weather a rainy day bodes no good for us. Today a scout was sent out under [Capt. Payne \(son of Tempest\)](#) and a man with him a stranger. Everyone knows his fate; and many were the prayers that ascended to Heaven for his sake.

Mar. 22. Cold and windy. Paynes behavior moderate. No murdering going on. [Grand Military Ball](#) coming off Tuesday 29th Mrs. P. looked for daily.

Mar. 30th. I have started to [school](#) and have not had time to write for Mrs. Cage keep the pupils busy for fear of having to sit on the disgrace bench with that horrid old dunce cap. The ball came off with great splendor. Old Dilsy (Mrs. Payne) came down Monday. Every negro in the country was pressed Monday to work on the fortifications to keep that thief [Morgan](#) out-so the Gen. says

April 1st. Unusually cold for this month; rainy and windy. Old Dilse brought another daughter down. I wonder how many more there are.

April 5th. My hours for writing are few and far between. Mrs. C. is so very strict that we are obliged to study from morning till night to please her. The weather is pleasant. Thunder cloud is very mild. Every one is lowspirited because he is in a good humor: they think he has heard good news and it must be very good to spread a smile over Thunder Storm.

April 6th. Payne is himself again. A few days ago he went to Mrs. Princes with a young gentleman of elegant appearance and demanded said gentleman's baggage. Mrs. Prince told him it was not there and that she had never seen the man before. The stranger vowed he had never seen the house or lady before. Payne said he would carry the 'feller' back to jail and he should share the fate of 107. He has never been seen since. It originated from a lie that a contraband had told of Mrs. Prince: the gentleman was found walking on the railroad in the direction of [Nashville](#) and because he was alone he was taken for a spy.

April 7th. Another soldier was shot yesterday. The yankees went to jail and brought him while a citizen was standing near. He said the soldier was very poorly clad but his countenance was that of a gentleman. When the guard brought his horse to him (a broken down one from the camp) he asked what they were going to do with them. On being told to "Mount that horse and say no more . . ." he did so remarking that he supposed they were going to shoot him. They took him to the river to shoot him but finding some gentleman there - Mr. H. & M. they said they had gone in a hornet's nest to shoot and went somewhere else. When they carry them out to shoot

them they given them a worn out horse and tell them if they can escape they may: they say they "have fine fun chasing the boy with fresh horses" I am sorry I did not commence my journal when old Payne first came; he was worse then than now.

April 8th The young man that was shot Friday was from Sumner but no one can find out his name. Mrs. A and W was going from Col. G. and me! I think carrying him out to the pines. They say he wore a look of calm despair. The Yankees pretended that they were tired and sat down on the side of the road but made the soldier stand in the pike: he stood with arms folded across his noble heart (for well I know he was a noble Southron and eyes bent toward the ground as a pale as death while the yankees taunted him with such remarks as 'I will have his boots;' another would name something that he would.

9th. It has been a beautiful day but that kind only make us sad: it was not so once. The yake officers who stay at Paynes carried their wives out to see the soldier shot. Friday came back and said it was "quite funny to see the boys chase them."

April 11th Another man was shot today at the race track: the yankee women went to see this one shot too; they say [Capt. Nicklen](#) is the one to work the prisoners and they intend to go and see them all shot.

April 15 Yankees scared to death; they are looking for [Forest](#). No passes given all the stores are closed by order of "Old Marster."

April 20th Yankees moderate; cooled down a little. -- Two men from Wilson, one from Hartsville brought down 3 days ago and put in jail they have not been seen since; if they are not already shot they will be. One of them had a brother shot last week: the charge against him was that he had been a soldier.

April 21. "All quiet in Gallatin to-day." Old Payne and all the rest are mad about the [Fort Pillow](#) affair. This vengeance will be taken out on the citizens of G. in a few days.

April 22. No arrests have been made yet on account of the "butcher at Fort Pillow." Don't be uneasy gentlemen your time will come soon.

Apr. 23. Well, well, was ever such a time seen before since E.A. Payne has been here, they have neither burned any houses or killed anybody in three whol days. What is going to happen? surely the rebels are coming once again to this God-forsaken village.

24th About an hour ago That Payne passed with his daughter and escort in the direction of the river; they are passing now going back Miss P. and two orderlies have a woman behind each one of them. I wonder what that means. They are "white contraband's ("refugees) I suppose.

Apr. 25th. Gen. P. and lady have just passed again They are gone to bring over more passengers from the boat I 'guess'. Mrs. G.Love and Mrs. Cartwright were buried this evening.

Apr. 26th Weather beautiful. Yanks behaving like human beings with a few exceptions. Today a Yankee officer made his appearance in the school room accompanied by a Northern being whom I supposed to be a man, as he was not a gentleman; he came to look at the church saying that he was president of a school and that six of his assistants had just arrived and was going to teach the "freedmen" He says he will have 3 or 400 scholars and will need the largest house in town. What a learned city -- or rather yankee nest -- this will be. I suppose some of us citizens will get a situation as assistant teacher in the "[Freedmens University](#)".

April 27th Sis has just come home from Mrs. Lanes: while there she visited the grave of the stranger soldier who was shot Friday. The yankees took his coat and boots off and put him in the grave without coffin or wrappings of any kind.

Apr. 28th Remarkably quiet: no murdering for several days

Apr 30th Gen. Payne leaves tomorrow for Nashville. I recon we will have rest now for awhile.

May 1st This is the dullest May-day Gallatin ever seen; no picnics or anything else.

May 2nd A reg. of [East Tennesseans](#) have come to hold this Post. They are the meanest men I ever saw; but they have one good trait they make the negroes 'walk a chalk'

May 3rd The East Tennesseans burnt a school hous last night it was a contraband school. They say they will have none of that while they stay here.

May 4th The soldiers are behaving very well I do not suppose the negroes think so though they threatened to burn the old tavern last night (that like every thing else is filled with contrabands.) but the citizens told them if they did Gallatin would burn; they let it alone but say if they get up a school in it they will burn it and G. may go to H___

May 5th A contraband was killed today; he insulted one of Miss B's scholars & a soldier being near killed him. Go it my East Tenn

May 6th Col. Miller of East Tenn takes command to-day. The soldiers say if Capt Nicklen leave they will kill every negro in G in less than a week

May 7th Capt N. is gone now is your time East Tenn

May 8th It is Sunday and very lonely. Nothing is to be seen but yankees who generally spend the day riding

May 9th Capt Nicklen come back today and the "Freed pussons of cullers " commensed their school today. They were dressed in style with their white swiss and hats. The citizens look for the tavern to be burnt every night

May 10th It has been raining all day I did not go to school.

May 11 It is raining again today and cold enough for fires.

May 12th Weather pleasant, yankees behaving very well.

May 13th The Gen came up yesterday I suppose he came to see how we were behaving and if his 'pets' got their rights.

May 15th Gen. P. left-today no negroes killed; indeed the East Tennesseans are exceedingly quiet. -Capt K thinks he has nearly cured them of "Negro on the brain".

May 16th Mrs. Cage has gone to Nashville. The scholars went to school this morning expecting her up on the train Before the train come the President of the contraband school came over with twenty negro men and took every bench in the school house except one that was greasy; the girls told him to take that, it was good enough for negroes: but no, he said it would "soil the ladies dresses." The girls took that and threw it into the street. Mag King took the broom and threatened to break his head if he came up the step again: he seen she was determined and left.

May 19th We received a letter from brother [Rush](#) this morning by [Flag of Truce](#) the first for months. None from Brohter J. yet.

May 20th Citizens are afraid to speak to each other when they meet. The yankees have said they should not talk together since the late fight in Ten.

May 21st The yankees say they won a glorious victory in Ten but we know who won the victory for them being so crabbed. The citizens dare not smile for fear of being thrust into jail 'for rejoicing' as many are.

June 5th Our school will be out in two weeks and I have been so busy preparing for an examination that I have neglected my journal though nothing has transpired of interest. The Tennesseans set fire to the contraband school, but by ringing bells and firing gun Nicklens men assembled and put it out

June 10th The country is overrun with Yanks: they are camped in the woods in front of us and have already paid us several visits killed sheep, goats and chickens Our new yankees are very neighborly. They come over to see us every few minutes in the day. Some came today and demanded their dinner at two o'clock but did not get it. They went off cursing us for being d__n rebels

June 13th Nothing has happened today, Yankees racing aroud as usual. I see two officers coming, and as there is no one down stairs I suppose I will have to go. Now for a quarrel Yanks.

June 15th In all the doings of the Yanks their fiendish acts today will ballance them all. They brought a man in today and hung him up by the thumbs to make him tell where he came from: he told them but they would not believe him. He fainted three times. They took him down at three o'clock to shoot him. I have not heard whether they did so or not. They would neither give him food or water though he begged for the latter often. This was done by order of 'The Nicklen'.

June 16th The man that was brought in yesterday was shot today without any charge only that the Yanks believed him to be a spy. He was an irishman. Capt. Nicklen shot him today at 11 o'clock

June 30th Everything is going on very quietly now. Old Man and Son has been back to see the good rebs of G.

July 2d Yanks as usual. We have one of them sick here

Aug 14 I have been 'running around' all vacation. Nothing has taken place except a [fight at Atalanta](#). Yanks say they whiped; Rebs say they whipped and East Tennesse says both are telling d__n lies about. Brother Joe was taken prisoner at Lexington in Morgans last raid: he is now at [Camp Morton Ind.](#) We had a letter from Rush last week: he is well but low spirited because he cannot hear from home

Aug 15. "All's quiet in G. today." This mornings paper brings a long list of names of persons ordered from Paducah to Conrad by Gen Payne: he has only been there a few days. Sambo in his political sermon says he has conquered "the great city of Gallatin which was so 'ceeding by 'bellions" and gone to conquer Paducah. I pity that place.

Aug 16. Our teacher Mrs. Cage has gone to Dixon Springs to teach. I suppose we will have to go to the 'Contraband Academy.' Sis is in debt to me. I must put it down or she will never pay it. She owes me a brass button for a remark made on the camp flies.

Aug 17 It is raining and very gloomy. We spent the day at Mrs. T's.

Aug 18th Sis owes me another button for my remark on her soda and exercise.

Aug 19 No news. Jimmie H. was brought down on the cars yesterday to be buried at the old homestead. Two sisters are all that remain of that once large family: they were driven South and know nothing of his early death. He died at Camp Douglass.

Aug 20th I have been visiting all day but did not hear any news.

Aug 21. Raing again. Sallie L. spent the night with sis. Jenny G. has just come to spend a week

Aug 22 Sallie M. and I have been enjoying ourselves finely today. Jennie Griffith has lost none of her wild way.

Aug 25 I went home with Sallie, Monday and just got back. No news. Gallatin is commanded by Col. Patten. The yanks have just left with one of Pa's horses they swore it was a government horse and took him off.

Aug 29 There has been great excitement for several days The yanks are looking for [Wheeler](#). Pa is in Louisville

Aug 30 Yankees all ran in the fortifications today and carried with them all the citizens they could find. They are going to shell the town if Wheeler comes Aug 30st Wheeler has not come yet. Yanks still frightened.

Sept 1st The yankees turned the citizens out today. Wheelers men have never been this side of Lebanon.

Sept 5th A few days ago 40 yankees crossed the river scouting; they came back yesterday in every direction scared to death. They say Wheeler took their arms others say they never seen Wheeler, but got frightened and threw them away. We have not had a letter from brother Joe for a month

Sept 10 The widows and widowers who married last winter are seperating. Mrs. Trimble an Mrs. Joiner left their husbands last week. There was a man shot last week and anoth today; both citizens. Mr. Patterson (the one who was shot yesterday by Col. Trimble) is not dead yet.

Sept 11 No news; we went over to Mrs. Lanes this evening I met my friend Miss Boude there.

Sept 12 [Morgans death is confirmed](#). The yankees are in a great glee. Never mind; his band are still living; you had better stop rejoicing. I suppose Nicklen feels at rest he knows Morgan was the only one that cared for us. I think the citizens should put on mourning for him. No letter from Jo or Rush yet.

Sept 16 Todays paper brings sad news "[Atlanta has certainly been taken](#): Sherman has ordered every man, woman and child from that place [Payne has been ordered from Paduca](#) because he treated the citizens so bad. Why couldn't he have been ordered from here, he did a thousnd times worse here than there I suppose there a few union men at Paduca.

Sep 17 Gallatin is guarded by one regt. of white yankees and part of a regt. of black

Sept 18 No news; yankees behaving very well.

Sept 19 Cold and windy: every one has fires

Sept 20th The citizens are running in very direction trying to get to the Southern army The yankees are drafting everyone between the age of seventeen and fifty I wonder what the deserters will do now

Sept 21st No letters from Rush or Jo yet: we are very uneasy

Sept 22 Gen. Payne stayed at Paduca 56 days and shot 67 men: he is under arrest Paduca is a union place. The noblehearted patriots who suffered here will never be cared for save by those at home whom their wrongs have made desolate. A company of negroes have just passed well armed they are going out to forage & steal I suppose.

Sept. 24 Spent the evening at Mrs. Lucas with N.T. No news

Sept. 26th Very cold for this month: Frost two nights The eighth Tenn. regt. left Saturday

Sept 27th Tom Miller is to be hung Friday week for resenting and insult offered his mother by a yankee. He has been in the penitentiary a long time. His mother has gone to Washington to petition for a pardon.

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A Confederate Girl's Diary:

Electronic Edition.

Dawson, Sarah Morgan, 1842-1909

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April 7th.

Until that dreary 1861, I had no idea of sorrow or grief. . . . How I love to think of myself at that time! Not as *myself*, but as some happy, careless child who danced through life, loving God's whole world too much to love any particular one, outside of her own family. She was more childish then - yet I like her for all her folly; I can say it now, for she is as dead as though she was lying underground.

Now do not imagine that Sarah has become an aged lady in the fifteen months that have elapsed since, for it is no such thing; her heart does ache occasionally, but that is a secret between her and this little rosewood furnished room; and when she gets over it, there is no one more fond of making wheelbarrows of the children, or of catching Charlie or mother by the foot and making them play lame chicken. . . . Now all this done by a young lady who remembers eighteen months ago with so much regret that she has lost so much of her high spirits - might argue that her spirits were before tremendous; and yet they were not. That other Sarah was ladylike, I am sure, in her wildest moments, but there is something hurried and boisterous in this

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one's tricks that reminds me of some one who is making a merit of being jolly under depressing circumstances. No! that is not a nice Sarah now, to *my* taste.

The commencement of '61 promised much pleasure for the rest of the year, and though Secession was talked about, I do not believe any one anticipated the war that has been desolating our country ever since, with no prospect of terminating for some time to come. True the garrison was taken, but then several pleasant officers of the Louisiana army were stationed there, and made quite an agreeable addition to our small parties, and we did not think for a moment that trouble would grow out of it - at least, we girls did not. Next Louisiana seceded, but still we did not trouble ourselves with gloomy anticipations, for many strangers visited the town, and our parties, rides, and walks grew gayer and more frequent.

One little party - shall I ever forget it? - was on the 9th of March, I think; such an odd, funny little party! Such queer things happened! What a fool Mr. McG- made of himself! Even more so than usual. But hush! It's not fair to laugh at a lady - under peculiar circumstances. And he tried so hard to make himself agreeable, poor fellow, that I ought to like him for being so obedient to my commands. "Say something new; something funny," I said, tired of a subject on which he had been

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expatiating all the evening; for I had taken a long ride with him before sunset, he had escorted me to Mrs. Brunot's, and here he was still at my side, and his conversation did not interest me. To hear, with him, was to obey. "Something funny? Well -" here he commenced telling something about somebody, the fun of which seemed to consist in the somebody's having "knocked his *shins*" against something else. I only listened to the latter part; I was bored, and showed it. "Shins!" was I to laugh at such a story?

April 12th.

Day before yesterday, just about this time of evening, as I came home from the graveyard, Jimmy unexpectedly came in. Ever since the 12th of February he has been waiting on the Yankees' pleasure, in the Mississippi, at all places below Columbus, and having been under fire for thirteen days at Tiptonville, Island No. 10 having surrendered Monday night; and Commodore Hollins thinking it high time to take possession of the ironclad ram at New Orleans, and give them a small party below the forts, he carried off his little aide from the McRae Tuesday morning, and left him here Thursday evening, to our infinite delight, for we felt as though we would never again see our dear little Jimmy. He has grown so tall, and stout, that it is really astonishing, considering the short time he has been away. . . . To our great distress, he jumped up from dinner, and declared he must go to the city on the very next

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boat. Commodore Hollins would need him, he must be at his post, etc., and in twenty minutes he was off, the rascal, before we could believe he had been here at all. There is something in his eye that reminds me of Harry, and tells me, that, like Hal, he will die young.

And these days that are going by remind me of Hal, too. I am walking in our footsteps of last year. The eighth was the day we gave him a party, on his return home. I see him so distinctly standing near the pier table, talking to Mr. Sparks, whom he had met only that morning, and who, three weeks after, had Harry's blood upon his hands. He is a murderer now, without aim or object in life, as before; with only one desire - to die - and death still flees from him, and he Dares not rid himself of life.

All those dancing there that night have undergone trial and affliction since. Father is dead, and Harry. Mr. Trezevant lies at Corinth with his skull fractured by a bullet; every young man there has been in at least one battle since, and every woman has cried over her son, brother, or sweetheart, going away to the wars, or lying sick and wounded. And yet we danced that night, and never thought of bloodshed! The week before Louisiana seceded, Jack Wheat stayed with us, and we all liked him so much, and he thought so much of us; - and last week - a week ago to-day - he was killed on the battlefield of Shiloh.

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April 16th.

Among the many who visited us, in the beginning of 1861, there was Mr. Bradford. I took a dislike to him the first time I ever saw him, and, being accustomed to say just what I pleased to all the other gentlemen, tried it with him. It was at dinner, and for a long while I had the advantage, and though father would sometimes look grave, Gibbes, and all at my end of the table, would scream with laughter. At last Mr. Bradford commenced to retaliate, and my dislike changed into respect for a man who could make an excellent repartee with perfect good-breeding; and after dinner, when the others took their leave, and he asked permission to remain, - during his visit, which lasted until ten o'clock, he had gone over such a variety of subjects, conversing so well upon all, that Miriam and I were so interested that we forgot to have the gas lit!

April 26th, 1862.

There is no word in the English language that can express the state in which we are, and have been, these last three days. Day before yesterday, news came early in the morning of three of the enemy's boats passing the Forts, and then the excitement began. It increased rapidly on hearing of the sinking of eight of our gunboats in the engagement, the capture of the Forts, and last night, of the burning of the wharves and cotton in the city while the Yankees were taking possession. To-day, the excitement has reached the point of delirium. I believe I am one of the most self-possessed in my small circle; and yet I feel such a craving for news of Miriam, and mother, and Jimmy, who are in the city, that I suppose I am as wild as the rest. It is nonsense to tell me I am cool, with all these patriotic and enthusiastic sentiments. Nothing can be positively ascertained, save that our gunboats are sunk, and theirs are coming up to the city. Everything else has been contradicted until we really do not know whether the city has been taken or not. We only know we had best be prepared for anything. So day before yesterday, Lilly and I sewed up our jewelry, which may be of use if we have to fly. I vow I will not move one step, unless carried away. Come what will, here I remain.

We went this morning to see the cotton burning - a sight never before witnessed, and probably never again to be seen. Wagons, drays, - everything

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that can be driven or rolled, - were loaded with the bales and taken a few squares back to burn on the commons. Negroes were running around, cutting them open, piling them up, and setting them afire. All were as busy as though their salvation depended on disappointing the Yankees. Later, Charlie sent for us to come to the river and see him fire a flatboat loaded with the precious material for which the

Yankees are risking their bodies and souls. Up and down the levee, as far as we could see, negroes were rolling it down to the brink of the river where they would set them afire and push the bales in to float burning down the tide. Each sent up its wreath of smoke and looked like a tiny steamer puffing away. Only I doubt that from the source to the mouth of the river there are as many boats afloat on the Mississippi. The flatboat was piled with as many bales as it could hold without sinking. Most of them were cut open, while negroes staved in the heads of barrels of alcohol, whiskey, etc., and dashed bucketsful over the cotton. Others built up little chimneys of pine every few feet, lined with pine knots and loose cotton, to burn more quickly. There, piled the length of the whole levee, or burning in the river, lay the work of thousands of negroes for more than a year past. It had come from every side. Men stood by who owned the cotton that was burning or waiting to burn. They either helped, or looked on cheerfully. Charlie owned but sixteen bales - a matter of some fifteen hundred dollars;

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but he was the head man of the whole affair, and burned his own, as well as the property of others. A single barrel of whiskey that was thrown on the cotton, cost the man who gave it one hundred and twenty-five dollars. (It shows what a nation in earnest is capable of doing.) Only two men got on the flatboat with Charlie when it was ready. It was towed to the middle of the river, set afire in every place, and then they jumped into a little skiff fastened in front, and rowed to land. The cotton floated down the Mississippi one sheet of living flame, even in the sunlight. It would have been grand at night. But then we will have fun watching it this evening anyway; for they cannot get through to-day, though no time is to be lost. Hundreds of bales remained untouched. An incredible amount of property has been destroyed to-day; but no one begrudges it. Every grog-shop has been emptied, and gutters and pavements are floating with liquors of all kinds. So that if the Yankees are fond of strong drink, they will fare ill.

Yesterday, Mr. Hutchinson and a Dr. Moffat called to ask for me, with a message about Jimmy. I was absent, but they saw Lilly. Jimmy, they said, was safe. Though sick in bed, he had sprung up and had rushed to the wharf at the first tap of the alarm bell in New Orleans. But as nothing could be done, he would probably be with us to-day, bringing mother and Miriam. I have neither heard nor seen more. The McRae, they said, went to the bottom

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with the others. They did not know whether any one aboard had escaped. God be praised that Jimmy was not on her then! The new boat to which he was appointed is not yet finished. So he is saved! I am distressed about Captain Huger, and could not refrain from crying, he was so good to Jimmy. But I remembered Miss Cammack might think it rather tender and obtrusive, so I dried my eyes and began to hope he had escaped. Oh! how glad I should be to know he has suffered no harm. Mr. Hutchinson was on his way above, going to join others where the final battle is to be fought on the Mississippi. He had not even time to sit down; so I was doubly grateful to him for his kindness. I wish I could have thanked him for being so considerate of me in my distress now. In her agitation, Lilly gave him a letter I had been writing to George when I was called away; and begged him to address it and mail it at Vicksburg, or somewhere; for no mail will leave here for Norfolk for a long while to come. The odd part is, that he does not know George. But he said he would gladly take charge of it and remember the address, which Lilly told him was Richmond. Well! if the Yankees get it they will take it for an insane scrawl. I wanted to calm his anxiety about us, though I was so wildly excited that I could only say, "Don't mind us! We are safe. But fight, George! Fight for us!" The repetition was ludicrous. I meant so much, too! I only wanted him to understand he could best defend us there. Ah! Mr.

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Yankee! if you had but your brothers in this world, and their lives hanging by a thread, you too might write wild letters! And if you want to know what an excited girl can do, just call and let me show you the use of a small seven-shooter and a large carving-knife which vibrate between my belt and my pocket, always ready for emergencies.

April 27th.

What a day! Last night came a dispatch that New Orleans was under British protection, and could not be bombarded; consequently, the enemy's gunboats would probably be here this morning, such few as had succeeded in passing the Forts; from nine to fifteen, it was said. And the Forts, they said, had *not* surrendered. I went to church; but I grew very anxious before it was over, feeling that I was needed at home. When I returned, I found Lilly wild with excitement, picking up hastily whatever came to hand, preparing for instant flight, she knew not where. The Yankees were in sight; the town was to be burned; we were to run to the woods, etc. If the house had to be burned, I had to make up my mind to run, too. So my treasure-bag tied around my waist as a bustle, a sack with a few necessary articles hanging on my arm, some few quite unnecessary ones, too, as I had not the heart to leave the old and new prayer books father had given me, and Miriam's, too; - pistol and carving-knife ready, I stood awaiting the exodus. I heaped on the bed the treasures I wanted to burn, matches lying ready to fire the whole at the

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last minute. I may here say that, when all was over, I found I had omitted many things from the holocaust. This very diary was not included. It would have afforded vast amusement to the Yankees. There may yet be occasion to burn them, and the house also. People fortunately changed their minds about the *auto-da-fé* just then; and the Yankees have not yet arrived, at sundown. So, when the excitement calmed down, poor Lilly tumbled in bed in a high fever in consequence of terror and exertion.

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I was right in that prophecy. For this was not the Will Pinckney I saw last. So woebegone! so subdued, careworn, and sad! No trace of his once merry self. He is good-looking, which he never was before. But I would rather never have seen him than have found him so changed. I was talking to a ghost. His was a sad story. He had held one bank of the river until forced to retreat with his men, as their cartridges were exhausted, and General Lovell omitted sending more. They had to pass through swamps, wading seven and a half miles, up to their waists in water. He gained the edge of the swamp, saw they were over the worst, and fell senseless. Two of his men brought him milk, and "woke him up," he said. His men fell from exhaustion, were lost, and died in the swamp; so that out of five hundred, but one hundred escaped. This he told quietly and sadly, looking so heartbroken that it was piteous to see such pain. He

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showed me his feet, with thick clumsy shoes which an old negro had pulled off to give him; for his were lost in the swamp, and he came out bare-footed. They reached the Lafourche River, I believe, seized a boat, and arrived here last night. His wife and child were aboard. Heaven knows how they got there! The men he sent on to Port Hudson, while he stopped here. I wanted to bring his wife to stay with us; but he said she could not bear to be seen, as she had run off just as she had happened to be at that moment. In half an hour he would be off to take her to his old home in a carriage. There he would rejoin his men, on the railroad, and march from Clinton to the Jackson road, and so on to Corinth. A long journey for men so disheartened! But they will conquer in the end. Beauregard's army will increase rapidly at this rate. The whole country is aroused, and every man who owns a gun, and many who do not, are on the road to Corinth. We will conquer yet.

May 9th.

Our lawful (?) owners have at last arrived. About sunset, day before yesterday, the Iroquois anchored

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here, and a graceful young Federal stepped ashore, carrying a Yankee flag over his shoulder, and asked the way to the Mayor's office. I like the style! If we girls of Baton Rouge had been at the landing, instead of the men, that Yankee would never have insulted us by flying his flag in our faces! *We* would have opposed his landing except under a flag of truce, but the men let him alone, and he even found a poor Dutchman willing to show him the road!

He did not accomplish much; said a formal demand would be made next day, and asked if it was safe for the men to come ashore and buy a few necessaries, when he was assured the air of Baton Rouge was very unhealthy for Yankee soldiers at night. He promised very magnanimously not to shell us out if we did not molest him; but I notice none of them dare set their feet on *terra firma*, except the officer who has now called three times on the Mayor, and who is said to tremble visibly as he walks the streets.

Last evening came the demand: the town must be surrendered immediately; the Federal flag *Must* be raised; they would grant us the same terms they granted New Orleans. Jolly terms those were! The answer was worthy of a Southerner. It was, "The town was defenseless; if we had cannon, there were not men enough to resist; but if forty vessels lay at the landing, - it was intimated we were in their power, and more ships coming up, - we would not surrender; if they wanted, they might come and

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Take us; if they wished the Federal flag hoisted over the Arsenal, they might put it up for themselves, the town had no control over Government property." Glorious! What a pity they did not shell the town! But they are taking us at our word, and this morning they are landing at the Garrison.

"All devices, signs, and flags of the Confederacy shall be suppressed." So says Picayune Butler. *Good*. I devote all my red, white, and blue silk to the manufacture of Confederate flags. As soon as one is confiscated, I make another, until my ribbon is exhausted, when I will sport a duster emblazoned in high colors, "Hurra! for the Bonny blue flag!" Henceforth, I wear one pinned to my bosom - not a duster, but a little flag; the man who says take it off will have to pull it off for himself; the man who dares attempt it - well! a pistol in my pocket fills up the gap. I am capable, too.

This is a dreadful war, to make even the hearts of women so bitter! I hardly know myself these last few weeks. I, who have such a horror of bloodshed, consider even killing in self-defense murder, who cannot wish them the slightest evil, whose only prayer is to have them sent back in peace to their own country, - / talk of killing them! For what else do I wear a pistol and carving-knife? I am afraid I *will* try them on the first one who says an insolent word to me. Yes, and repent for it ever after in sackcloth and ashes. *O!* if I was only a man! Then I could don the breeches, and slay them with a will!

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If some few Southern women were in the ranks, they could set the men an example they would not blush to follow. Pshaw! there are *no* women here! We are *all* men!

May 11th.

I - I am disgusted with myself. No unusual thing, but I am *peculiarly* disgusted this time. Last evening, I went to Mrs. Brunot's, without an idea of going beyond, with my flag flying again. They were all going to the State House, so I went with them; to my great distress, some fifteen or twenty Federal officers were standing on the first terrace, stared at like wild beasts by the curious crowd. I had not expected to meet them, and felt a painful conviction that I was unnecessarily attracting attention, by an unladylike display of defiance, from the crowd gathered there. But what was I to do? I felt

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humiliated, conspicuous, everything that is painful and disagreeable; but - strike my colors in the face of the enemy? Never! Nettie and Sophie had them, too, but that was no consolation for the shame I suffered by such a display so totally distasteful to me. How I wished myself away, and chafed at my folly, and hated myself for being there, and every one for seeing me. I hope it will be a lesson to me always to remember a lady can gain nothing by such display.

I was not ashamed of the flag of my country, - I proved that by never attempting to remove it in spite of my mortification, - but I was ashamed of my position; for these are evidently gentlemen, not the Billy Wilson's crew we were threatened with. Fine, noble-looking men they were, showing refinement and gentlemanly bearing in every motion. One cannot help but admire such foes! They set us an example worthy of our imitation, and one we would be benefited by following. They come as visitors without either pretensions to superiority, or the insolence of conquerors; they walk quietly their way, offering no annoyance to the citizens, though they themselves are stared at most unmercifully, and pursued by crowds of ragged little boys, while even men gape at them with open mouths. They prove themselves gentlemen, while many of our citizens have proved themselves boors, and I admire them for their conduct. With a conviction that I had allowed myself to be influenced by bigoted, narrow

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minded people, in believing them to be unworthy of respect or regard, I came home wonderfully changed in all my newly acquired sentiments, resolved never more to wound their feelings, who were so careful of ours, by such unnecessary display. And I hung my flag on the parlor mantel, there to wave, if it will, in the shades of private life; but to make a show, make me conspicuous and ill at ease, as I was yesterday, - never again!

There was a dozen officers in church this morning, and the psalms for the 11th day seemed so singularly appropriate to the feelings of the people, that I felt uncomfortable for them. They answered with us, though.

May 14th.

I am beginning to believe that we are even of more importance in Baton Rouge than we thought we were. It is laughable to hear the things a certain set of people, who know they can't visit us, say about the whole family. . . . When father was alive, they dared not talk about us aloud, beyond calling us the "Proud Morgans" and the "Aristocracy of Baton Rouge" . . . But now father is gone, the people imagine we are public property, to be criticized, vilified, and abused to their hearts' content

And now, because they find absurdities don't succeed, they try improbabilities. So yesterday the town was in a ferment because it was reported the Federal officers had called on the Miss Morgans, and

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all the gentlemen were anxious to hear how they had been received. One had the grace to say, "If they did, they received the best lesson there that they could get in town; those young ladies would meet them with the true Southern spirit." The rest did not know; they would like to find out.

I suppose the story originated from the fact that we were unwilling to blackguard - yes, that is the word - the Federal officers here, and would not agree with many of our friends in saying they were liars, thieves, murderers, scoundrels, the scum of the earth, etc. Such epithets are unworthy of ladies, I say, and do harm, rather than advance our cause. Let them be what they will, it shall not make me less the lady; I say it is unworthy of anything except low newspaper war, such abuse, and I will not join in.

I have a brother-in-law in the Federal army whom I love and respect as much as any one in the world, and shall not readily agree that his being a Northerner would give him an irresistible desire to pick my pockets, and take from him all power of telling the truth. No! There are few men I admire more than Major Drum, and I honor him for his independence in doing what he believes right. Let us have liberty of speech and action in our land, I say, but not gross abuse and calumny. Shall I acknowledge that the people we so recently called our brothers are unworthy of consideration, and are liars, cowards, dogs? Not! *If they conquer us, I*

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acknowledge them as a superior race; I will not say that we were conquered by cowards, for where would that place us? It will take a brave people to gain us, and that the Northerners undoubtedly are. I would scorn to have an inferior foe; I fight only my equals. These women may acknowledge that *cowards* have won battles in which their brothers were engaged, but I, I will ever say *mine* fought against brave men, and won the day. Which is most honorable?

I was never a Secessionist, for I quietly adopted father's views on political subjects without meddling with them. But even father went over with his State, and when so many outrages were committed by the fanatical leaders of the North, though he regretted the Union, said, "Fight to the death for our liberty." I say so, too. I want to fight until we win the cause so many have died for. I don't believe in Secession, but I do in Liberty. I want the South to conquer, dictate its own terms, and go back to the Union, for I believe that, apart, inevitable ruin awaits both. It is a rope of sand, this Confederacy, founded on the doctrine of Secession, and will not last many years - not five. The North **Cannot** subdue us. We are too determined to be free. They have no right to confiscate our property to pay debts they themselves have incurred. Death as a nation, rather than Union on such terms. We will have our rights secured on so firm a basis that it can never be shaken. If by power of overwhelming numbers they conquer us, it will be a barren victory over a desolate land.

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We, the natives of this loved soil, will be beggars in a foreign land; we will not submit to despotism under the garb of Liberty. The North will find herself burdened with an unparalleled debt, with nothing to show for it except deserted towns, burning homes, a standing army which will govern with no small caprice, and an impoverished land.

If that be treason, make the best of it!

May 27th.

The cry is "Ho! for Greenwell!" Very probably this day week will see us there. I don't want to go. If we were at peace, and were to spend a few months of the warmest season out there, none would be more eager and delighted than I: but to leave our comfortable home, and all it contains, for a rough pine cottage seventeen miles away even from this scanty civilization, is sad. It must be! We are hourly expecting two regiments of Yankees to occupy the Garrison, and some fifteen hundred of our men are awaiting them a little way off, so the fight seems inevitable. And we must go, leaving what little has already been spared us to the tender mercies of Northern volunteers,

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who, from the specimen of plundering they gave us two weeks ago, will hardly leave us even the shelter of our roof. O my dear Home! How can I help but cry at leaving you forever? For if this fight occurs, never again shall I pass the threshold of this house, where we have been so happy and sad, the scene of joyous meetings and mournful partings, the place where we greeted each other with glad shouts after even so short a parting, the place where Harry and father kissed us good-bye and never came back again!

I know what Lavinia has suffered this long year, by what we have suffered these last six weeks. Poor Lavinia, so far away! How easier poverty, if it must come, would be if we could bear it together! I wonder if the real fate of the boys, if we ever hear, can be so dreadful as this suspense? Still no news of them. My poor little Jimmy! And think how desperate Gibbes and George will be when they read Butler's proclamation, and they not able to defend us! Gibbes was in our late victory of Fredericksburg, I know.

In other days, going to Greenwell was the signal for general noise and confusion. All the boys gathered their guns and fishing-tackle, and thousand and one amusements; father sent out provisions; we helped mother pack; Hal and I tumbled over the libraries to lay in a supply of reading material; and all was bustle until the carriage drove to the door at daylight one morning, and swept us off. It is not so gay this time. I wandered around this morning

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selecting books alone. We can only take what is necessary, the rest being left to the care of the Northern militia in general. I never knew before how many articles were perfectly "indispensable" to me. This or that little token or keepsake, piles of letters I hate to burn, many dresses, etc., I cannot take conveniently, lie around me, and I hardly know which to choose among them, yet half *must* be sacrificed; I can only take one trunk.