

Diary of Nancy Emerson

(1862-1864)

Augusta County, Virginia

Memoranda of Events, Thoughts &c 1862

Battle Description, [May] 1862

The last Sab. in May, Jackson was fighting in Winchester, the first in Jn. was the battle of even Pines near Richmond, which [*deleted: on J*] commenced on Sat. A sacramental meeting was in progress in this place at the same time. Preaching by Mr. Harris. The second Sab. in June, Jackson [*added: or rather Ewell*] was fighting at Port Republic with [*deleted: Shields*][*added: Fremont*]. The firing was heard here all day by many, a distance of 33 m. The next day firing was heard for some hours -- an engagement between Jackson & Shields.

June 8, 1862

Jn 8, Sab

In the evening, Br. L. was present at the funeral of Mr. Berry's son, who was killed the preceding Mon at Port R. The first time the body was sent for, it could not be obtained, because the infamous Fremont was is reading the burial service. Sometime in May, Cousin S. & Ellen went with Mrs. Dickson to the camp to see her husband.

June 23, 1862

Jn. 23

Went with C. -S. to see B. D. a boy who was wounded at Port R. His brother brought him home after several days, but his wound was not dressed until the tenth day. It is thought he may recover.

June 30, 1862

Sab Jn. 30

Firing has been heard in the vicinity of R. for several days, & intense anxiety has been felt to learn the result. Tidings was bro't to church that our armies hav been victorious thus far, that many prisoners, & cannon had been taken--heavy loss on both sides. Public thanks were offered for their deliverance. Our help is in God & in him alone. The battle still rages [*added: & continues to do so for a week.*] to pick strawberries. Very heavy firing especially in the evening. Br. L started to C in the morning on business.

Tuesday, n.d. 1862

Tues.

Mr. Wright, a neighbor who has four sons in the army, one of them now a prisoner, passed by. To the usual inquiry "What news?" he pulled out of his pocket a copy of the telegrams he had copied in S. reaching to Mon. [*added: mid*]night. McClellan has been driven from his in trenchments, is in so local across White Oak Swamp to James river. Stuart took 3000 prisoners yesterday. A S. J. brigade (2300) have laid down their arms. McChas destroyed vast quantities of stores, & the opinion is that the whole army will be [*deleted: demoralized*] "demolished." This news afforded great relief, as it had been feared that Halleck would come on with 100,000 men as rumor said he would by Sab. eve while our men [*added: (By command)*] could not

get over till Tues. [illeg.] enemy. Being partially deaf, I have seldom been able to hear it before, but heard it several times on this occasion. Sister C. counted 25 reports in one minute by the watch.

Wednesday, n.d. 1862

Wed.

A steady rain. A week today since the fighting commenced. Battles inevitably bring rain. We got a Whig [*added: of Fri.*] yes. & devoured it eagerly, but got little about the battle as they are not permitted to publish yet. Heard that some Louisianians advanced to the charge with the name of Butler as their war cry, fought desperately. Butler & Hunter & Wool! Noble triumvirate. Lincoln & Seward & Greely, tri umvirate No 2. Greely it may be, the most deeply stained of the whole. Butler is the best man for our cause within the limits of the S. C. He has given a union to the Southern heart, and a nerve to the Southern cause as one that none among ourselves could possibly have done. They thought theywere united & in earnest, before his reign came, but there's a difference since. Lincoln [*deleted: did*] per formed a similar operation for us at the commence ment of the struggle by his proclamation for 75,000 men, insulted Va. almost to a man & drove her out of the Union as by a thunderbolt.

Thursday, n.d. 1862

Thurs.

No prayer meeting yet. Got a Whig this morning, & devoured it as usual. News encouraging. The Eng Par. are loud in their denunciation of Butler. A Montreal paper also speaks in terms of unease and reprobation says N. O. will yet take frightful vengeance for these bitter wrongs.

July 4, 1862

Fri. July 4.

What are the people in Yankeedom thinking of today? Perhaps however they have not got the truth yet & are still hugging the delusion that Richmond will soon be theirs. McC will get up a battle of falsehoods as usual, but truth will out sometime, & how astounding[*deleted: have seldom been able to hear it before, but heard it five or six times on this occasion. Sister C. counted 25 times in one min by the watch*] when it comes. Pity, pity, that the Northern people should have been made the dupes of such a set of knaves. I seldom think of it without remembering the lying spirit which was permitted to take posession of Ahab's prophets, that he might be persuaded to go to R-- & fall. This judgment from God has fallen upon the North because of their declension from him. Its effects, [*added: it is true,*] have come upon us, & more heavily thus far [*added: than upon them,*] but the end is not yet. We too have cause for deep humiliation, but we shall achieve our independence, & if guided aright, shall fulfill a high destiny & be far more prosperous than ever before. Never for one moment since this struggle commenced, has my mind wavered as to the final result. Never could I for one moment believe that a righteous God would suffer us to be trodden down as the mud of the streets, whatever our cruel and insolent invaders might threaten. Too many prayers have been ascending to heavens night & day for such an event to come to pass. Retribution may [*deleted: be*] possibly be delayed a short time but it will most assuredly come. The violent dealing of the wicked will acruer down upon his own head. May heaven lighten the blow, & turn the hearts of both nations to him & to one another.

July 6, 1862

Sab. July 6

About this time the funeral of Wm. H. Randolph took place. He lies in the centre of the grave yard by the side of his young wife. Was killed in the battles of Richmond. Not long after was the funeral of Mrs. Buchanan. Aug 11th was the funeral of George Baylor killed at the battle of Cedar Run in his 20th year, so young, & such a universal favorite.

December 29, 1862

Dec. 29

A long hiatus. Couldn't help it. So many things to occupy the attention. It would be in vain *[added: to attempt]* to enumerate the multitudes of events which have transpired since the last date. The 29th & 30th of Aug. the second battle of Manassas took place. At this battle Col. Wm. Baylor was killed, leaving a heartbroken wife & mother & sister to mourn his loss, but they have hope in his death. James Gabert was also killed at this battle. His brother John was wounded before but died after, & was brought home to be buried. L Kerr another neighbor of ours died the 14th Sept. of typhoid fever. Before this on the 10th, little Emily Baylor died of diptheria. On the 20th, David B. died of the same disease at the age of twelve. Thus two *[added: or rather six,]* died out of three families, two from each. Fifteen new graves have been added to our grave yard during this year. A Mrs. Wright living with her two of three illeg. went to S. to see her son who was wounded, took the small pox, & she & her husband died. The son of another neighbor came from the army with it, & nearly all the family took it. One, an infant died. Another neighbor who visited them, took it, & died.

January 1, 1863

Jan 1, 1863

When has a year departed so crowded with events, & such events as the last. How many battles have we fought, & how has God blessed our armies with victory. Blessed be the Lord who has not given us as a prey to their teeth. As a nation, we have in a measure acknowledged God, & he has appeared for us most wonderfully, on one occasion giving us two great victories in one day; one at Richmond in Kentucky, & the other I think at Leesburg in Va. Our President, who is a plain, simple, consistent Christian, as appears, a member of the Episcopal church, has appointed days of special prayer on three occasions, when our cause seemed dark, our prospect rather, & in every case, the answer was manifest. After the two victories in one day, a day of thanksgiving was appointed & generally & joyfully observed. It was stated in the C. Presbyterian, that services were held in the churches, business generally suspended, & the city had the air of a quiet Sabbath. Three out of four daily papers closed their offices. We have cause for gratitude more than we can express, that we have civil *[added: &]* military leaders who acknowledge God. The Pres. and vice Pres. Stephens, the commander in chief of our armies, Robert E. Lee who is said to be a Christian of the same stamp as Davis, Stonewall Jackson, who is an elder in the Pres. ch in Lexington, his brother in law, Gen D. H. Hill, & others. Gen. Jackson sent a special request to the churches some time since for their prayers. He writes in the Whig *[added: & other papers]* in Nov. called upon the ladies every where to unite in a torrent of

prayer for peace either singly or socially on the first of Dec. at 12 o'clock. I know not how far it was observed, but have no doubt wherever known

January 8, 1863

Jan. 8,

The first of Jan has come & gone, & Lincoln's proclamation has brought no desolation. What awful disappointment will be experienced by our friends the abolitionists. Never was a more quiet and orderly Christmas & New Years. Even Sister C. who is so *[deleted: illeg.]* timid, forgot to be afraid! I do not forget it, but a little circumstance may show how much I was terrified. Bro. L. having been to Charlottesville, Cousin S went *[added: to S.]* for him, & did not get home till late. I sat up for them, and having occasion to visit my chambers, went repeatedly in the dark, & near midnight. Indeed, never since have I been in this state have I felt any reluctance to visiting any part of the house in the dark either here or in Highland. This whole agitation about slavery wh. has prevailed at the S. these years, is the most monstrous humbug ever got up since the flood. I am *[added: if possible]* a thousand times better satisfied of the propriety of slavery than I was before the war. I believe this violent abolition spirit grows out of attempting to be wise above what is written, & it shows itself out where it is carried out, by leading those possessed with it to throw away the bible. It is my full belief that the infatuation which has precipitated the North into this war, is a judgment from God upon them for their deep declension from him manifested *[added: among other ways]* by their fanaticism and every other ism. The fear of the Lord had *[deleted: so]* nearly forsaken the land, *[added: as there is season to fear]* & therefore this whirlwind had suffered to burst upon them. It has spent much of its force upon us thus far, but if this is the end of the matter, I have miscalculated this eclipse altogether. Both nations may have to make a long sojourn in the wilderness before they reach the land of Canaan.

March 6, 1863

Mh. 6,

Have written but little for a long time on account of indisposition. Am staying in bed from influenza, but must try to write a little about Bp. Meade. He died within a few months, had been bishop of the diocese of Va. more than 30 yrs. Sister C. had known him for her childhood, & says he was one of the most excellent & devoted of the episcopal clergy which is saying not a little in her opinion. Bishop M. used often to come to her aunt's where she spent much of her time when a child, & she describes him as one of the meekest & most Godly of men. Not many years since, he attended a confirmation in Staunton, Sister C. happened to be present and told me on her return how solemn & searching his address was. He lived near Winchester had embellished his place with the finest fruits & flowers, & there was his wife's grave. Just before his death, he was called to Richmond to consecrate bishop Wilmer. This finished he was attacked with disease which speedily removed him to his home above. On his deathbed he called for Bp Johns who was as a son to him, & gave him his opinion of the war. He told him the cause in which we are engaged is a holy cause-- but I will leave the space. I can get the printed account. (Cannot obtain it.) One bitter pang his Heavenly Father kindly spared him, the knowledge that his beautiful home had been desecrated & desolated by the ruthless Yankees. I say Yankees because that is the universal appellation given here to the whole nation. Owing to the inflation of our

economy, produced in part by the abundant issue of treasury notes, our business affairs are involved in much perplexity. Every article is from two or three time its usual value. Corn is 3,25 a bushel, flour 20 or 25 dollars a barrel, pork 30, a hundred, butter from one to two dollars a pd in R. Those who have much to sell make great profits, but those who have all to buy and little to sell like ourselves, are in danger of faring hardly. Providence has kindly provided for us how ever. We had some stores on hand of sugar, molasses, coffee, clothing, shoes &c. Some lady not far off lately bought two calico dresses for 50 dollars apiece, but we have had to buy nothing, & as to bread stuff, some of my brother's people, have sold to him at the old prices. It is a hard case that my money is beyond my reach in this time of need. I have no claim upon this family, do not even teach the children since Cousin S. commenced his school, & Sister C. often tells me she wishes me to do nothing but what I find necessary for exercise. Still I have ever been treated with the utmost kindness, & assured of a home as long as they have one. We have much to be grateful for. For months we were under frequent apprehensions that the Yankees would come in & get possession of the Valley, but the Lord mercifully preserved us from the danger, & has delivered us from the fear. In our circumstances it would probably have been death to some of us. How many pleasant homes have these barbarians desolated, strewing the gardens with fragments of glass & china, filling the air with feathers from the beds, hewing up for wood, or boxing them up to send home How many churches have they polluted, how many graves desecrated. How have they soaked our soil with the blood of our noblest & best & then to cap the climax of injury & insult, talk of reconstructing the union May the righteous Lord plead our cause against an ungodly nation, as he has done already, glory to his name. Render not to them their deserts O Lord. The Lord be gracious to all there as well as here who have shown me kindness or wished me well, & reward them a thousand fold, & if any of them are polluted with their guilt, cleanse them & deliver them from the doom that hangs over that land. A just God will visit sooner or later, & there will be no escape but by deep repentance. I cherish the cheering conviction however, that most if not all of [~~deleted: them~~] [*added: my friends*] are clear from this guilt. We hear a good deal of late about the S. W. backing out from the war. Wish they would make haste & do it, & send us some of their corn & bacon. We are bound to have Missouri, Kentucky & Maryland with us. The S. W. will make a treaty of peace & commerce with us, & the rest may go to grass (speaking after the manner of men,) or wherever else they can find pasture. The government at W. seems to have become awfully corrupt, & will probably be removed in some way which time will reveal. There is a piece in the Whig from the London Times about Lincoln the Last in which he is set forth about right.

March 11, 1863

Mh. 11,

A young man from the neighborhood, not half a mile distant indeed, was taken by the Yankees a few months since, & has not returned. They look for him daily as prisoners have been exchanged, but he comes not. Hope it will not be with him as with Willie Hite, another young man [~~deleted: from~~] living a few miles from us, who had been taken, & reached home only to die from the hardships he had experienced. James Holladay, Sister C's nephew, was a similar instance. He was in Williamsburg sick when that place was taken, attempted to escape, but fell from exhaustion & was taken by them. He was taken to Washington first, says he had no special reason to complain of his treatment there. Many things were sent in by the secession ladies. He was soon removed however to Ft. Delaware, where he was treated in the most inhuman

manner, had nothing but a *[added: narrow]* board, *[added: or rather two, one overlapping the other,]* a sort of shelf to lie on, a little piece of fat meat & bread twice a day, & was cursed & kicked about by the officers, some of them Dutch, with their thick boots, especially those who were sick & could not work. He was there four or five months, his mother the meantime not knowing whether he was dead or alive. An exchange of prisoners was finally effected, & he was brought home to die, lived two or three weeks after his return. He was a most amiable, unselfish youth, wholly devoted to his mother.

June 26, 1863

June 26

We have glorious news from Milroy's army. *[deleted: The]* We have taken *[added: Winchester &]* several thousand prisoners & stores without number. The old brute himself narrowly escaped. There is such a good story in the Whig I must copy it. It is told in a letter from a lady in Winchester. She says God only knows what we have had to bear from the Federals, & then proceeds to speak among other things of an old negro who was kept on nothing but water for three days because he refused to work & said he was "secesh." The fourth day an officer went to him with the inquiry "Are you secesh yet?" His reply was "Bless de Lord, Massa, I is secesh yet." He was then set to splitting wood with iron balls attached to his hands & feet. This Lady's brother was at the guard house & saw him. The officer was cursing him & saying he ought to have iron balls on his neck & arms. The old fellow went on splitting saying "Bless de Lord, massa, any where you can put 'em. You can kill de body but you can't kill de soul, & when dat gets to heaven, it will be secesh yet." Noble fellow. It does one good to hear such instances. I do not know how I would stand the starving process *[added: myself]*, but think I would have to be right hungry before I would give in. She adds that her brother called to the officer saying, "Hallo Grant, is that what you call *[deleted: fre]* *[added: freedom]*."

July 8, 1864

July 8, 1864

Long time has elapsed since the fore going was written, & innumerable have been the events which have transpired in the interval. The most important of these to me are two severe illnesses which have occurred since last Oct. A few particulars of these I will note down, as I write for the information of my northern friends, should any of them have the curiosity to read this journal, & leave herewith the request that it may be forwarded to them at some future time if it should not be in my power to do it myself. The attacks spoken of bore symptoms of typhoid pneumonia at first, & the fever in each attack continued many days, especially the quickness of the pulse, ranging from 120 to 125. This was attended & succeeded by extreme prostration so that many of my friends apprehended that I would never be able to arise. By the blessing of God, however, upon the close attention of my physicians & the most careful nursing, I was at length restored, though confined to my my bed the second time nearly three months. I cannot at all do justice to my feelings here without speaking particularly of Sister C.'s kindness in watching over me with the tenderest care by day & by night through both these illnesses. *[added: Much more might*

be added did not my limits forbid.] I must be indulged in describing my little bed, set under the windows by the side of hers, & at right angles with it, in here for the last eight or nine months, I have slept by night & lain often a great part of the day. Some of the neighbors sat up with me a few nights, but for the most part, Eva attended upon me, sleeping in the same room & bringing me nourishment at bedtime & at midnight & soon in the morning. If she got worn out, Sister C. in spite of all my persuasions, would do it herself. For weeks during the second illness, I took no solid food & very little of anything. The doctor however said I must eat often, & after I began to get an appetite I did not fail to profit by his suggestion, for my stomach felt like a shrivelled scroll if I did not eat very frequently. No one would [*added: have*] supposed I could lose much flesh, but I did, & when able to rise from my bed, looked like a walking skeleton. By a kind Providence, we had a small quantity of cocoa on hand. This suited me pretty well, which was fortunate as I could not take tea & coffee. I was kept constantly supplied with chicken soup, which with porridge & a little bread & butter formed a sufficient variety. But enough on this head.

July 9, 1864

July 9

One thing I omitted to mention, a severe cough a thing very unusual for me. It hung on for many weeks, & indeed is not entirely cured yet. This cough seemed a sort of epidemic. Within the last year, it has prevailed extensively, has been so violent & long continued, that many have insisted it was the whooping cough, even those who have [*added: had*] that already. I was taken the second time, the last of Feb. Have recovered so as to be able to go about the house but not so as to go to church or to visit abroad, & feel still very weak so that it often requires a painful effort to get about. During this time, Sister C. has been sick two or three times. Once she had inflammation of the stomach & was threatened with apoplexy but was mercifully spared to us. Eva was sick & laid up for some time, & she got over done. One of the neighbors lent us a little chap to wait on me. Josie was sick a long time too, though not at the same time with his mother. Our friends at the North have probably been thinking [*added: some*] about us of late, hearing that the Yankees have taken Staunton, though what they have thought is beyond my power to divine, ignorant as we are of each others feelings. Sister C. & I very often talk of them, wonder how they fare [*added: & what they think of us,*] whether they set us down for incorrigible rebels against "the best government in the world," always winding up however by arguing that we do not & cannot believe they favor this unjust & abominable war, though such strange things happen these days that nothing ought to astonish us. But I commenced with the intention of telling a story about some Yankee raiders. We have often had alarms about their coming but have been preserved by a kind Providence until this season. Not long since, they favored us with two visits [*added: (on June 9 & 10th)*] which will not soon be forgotten in these parts. The first day, they came in from the West, across the mountain. A party of 40 or 50 perhaps, came riding up, dismounted & rushed in. "Have you got any whiskey" said they, "got any flour? got any bacon?" [*added: with plenty of oaths*] "Come on boys," says one, "we'll find it all" With that, they pushed rudely by Sister C. who was terribly alarmed, & had been from the first news of their coming, &

spread themselves nearly all over the house. Finding their way to a fine barrel of flour which a neighbor had given us, they proceeded to fill their sacks & pillow cases, scattering a large percent on the floor, till it was nearly exhausted. The last one told us, on our remonstrating, to hide the rest. Some went upstairs, opened every trunk & drawer & tossed things upside down or on the floor, even my nice bonnets, pretending to be looking for arms. They stole Cousin Samuel's gold sleeve buttons & pin (a present to him) his best shirt, a good coat, & pair of shoes. The shoes, it being nearly impossible to get shoes these days, he afterwards persuaded the fellow to sell him back for an Ohio ten dollar note, as good as gold to him. He could with a much better appetite doubtless have knocked him down, but there was no choice in the matter. We did not say anything to provoke them, but did not disguise our sentiments. They went peeping under the beds, looking for rebels as they said. Baxter told them there were no rebels here (meaning rebel soldiers) Cate spoke & said We are all rebels. Ellen spoke & said "Yes Baxter, I am a rebel." The Yankee looked *[added: up]* from her drawer, which he *[added: was]* searching just then, & said "That's right." Cate then said, "I am a rebel too & I glory in it." When Sister C. remonstrated with them about taking the shoes, asking them why they injured innocent persons who had taken no part in the war, one of them replied, "You need not tell me that, I know all the people along here have sons in the army." She then pointed to B & said "That is my only son." Ellen then said, "I have no brothers in the army, I wish from my heart I had." He then said, "Now Sis, I don't wish you had brothers in the army. I wouldn't like to kill one of your brothers. I got some corn here," (pointing to his plunder) An officer rode up after the rest had gone having the appearance of a gentleman, & asked civilly if he could get some flour. Sister C. telling *[added: him]* how they had stripped us of nearly every thing they could find, said he could go & see what they had left, & help himself. He said no, he never had searched a house & never would, & it was a shame they should *[added: do so.]* That night they camped *[deleted: away]* a mile or two from us, extending along the road two or three miles, & got a fine supper from the farms around them. Sister C. was afraid to undress, but lay down quite exhausted two or three hours in the night. Ellen kept watch the first part of the night, & Cousin S. the last. E soon called to him, "I hear footsteps." He went out & saw some coming up the road with a torch. Thinking they might be coming to burn the house, he came to our door, saying we had better have something ready to throw around us if we should be called out for any reason *[added: taking care not to alarm us]*. But our fears were groundless. They started off in the night for Staunton where there were several thousand of them. Our visitors belonged to Averill's *[added: command]*.

July 13, 1864

July 13,

They told us that Crook's men were a great deal worse than they, & that was true, but they were bad enough & worse at some other places than with us. At one of our neighbors, *[added: Mr. H.]* they took everything they had to eat, all the pillow cases & sheets but what were on the beds, & the towels & some of the ladies stockings. One of them made up a bundle of ladies clothing to take, but his comrade shamed him out of it. They then poured out their molasses, scattered their

preserves & sugar & other things about the floor, & mixed them all together & destroyed things generally. The ladies there are very amiable & genteel in their *[added: appearance]* which makes it the more strange. Their visitors as well as ours however had taken a drop too much. This gentleman had kept some things for sale of late, had a quantity of tobacco & some other things on hand, all which they took to the amount of several thousand dollars. At another neighbors, they took all of their meat (some 30 pieces of bacon) & nearly everything else they had to eat, all their horses (4) & persuaded off their two negro men. One of these was afterwards seen by one of our men crying to come back, but was watched so closely that he could not escape. No wonder he cried. He has been twice on the brink of the grave with pneumonia, & was nursed by his mistress as tenderly as if he had been a brother, & she was always kind to him, his master also. He will not find such treatment anywhere *[added: else]* The Yankees (I give them this appellation because every body else does) took off all the negro men & boys they could, as well as all the horses, told the women they would take them next time they came. Many sent their horses to the woods. Some of these were found & captured. People here do their farming with horses instead of oxen, & it is an immense loss to have them & the servants swept off to such an extent, just as harvest is about to begin too. Many sent off their servants in one direction & another, some of whom were overtaken & captured & others escaped. The lady before mentioned has told me since that no tongue can tell her feelings the day the Yankees were there. In the first place, they fired on her little son & another boy several times, as they sat on the fence watching their approach, & afterwards pretended that they took them for confederate soldiers from their being dressed in gray. Then her husband & oldest son were hid in the bushes in the garden, & she was in momentary fear of their being discovered & fired upon. The men & boys always kept out of the way, as they were sometimes taken off, & did not know what treatment they might receive, & thus the women were left to shift for themselves as best they could. Another of our neighbors was fired upon several times until he either dropped or lay down, it was not known which. They said it was because he ran, but he was passing between their pickets & ours, who were firing at each other, & was obliged to run. We heard of the circumstance, & were very uneasy, but he providentially escaped injury. They always fire upon those who run from them.

July 15, 1864

July 15,

Those who left their houses fared worse than others, at least their houses did. The wife of a worthy miller living near us, became so much alarmed that went with her little children to a neighbors'. They stripped her house completely, destroying everything, left nothing but a straw bed & one sheet. It was a hard case, for it was with difficulty that Mr. H. with his large family, could get along before. Another lady who was alone, was so much frightened by a drunken soldier who came in, that she left the house. The Yankees destroyed everything there too. We were better off than most in having Cousin S with us. We feared they would take him, but they only inquired if he was a soldier, & when told that he was a teacher, did not molest him. He had a large school (upwards of 40) & had refused many more applications. It was nearly out at that time, & was closed abruptly because parents liked to stay at home & keep their children

with them. He was the chief man in hiding our things. I know not wha[*added: t*]we should have done without him. Some hid their things & had them discovered but we were more fortunate. (Some were betrayed by their servants) Some hid nothing, thinking they would not be disturbed but found themselves woefully mistaken. Others thought they might be worse dealt [*added: with*] if they hid anything. A lady near Staunton a little time since had two Yankee officers come to take tea with her. She was strong "secesh," but she got them a good supper. It was served up in very plain dishes. They perceived that she was wealthy, & inquired if she had not hid her plate &c. She told them she had. They asked where. She told them in the ash heap. They said "That is not a good place. It is the first place searched." They then very kindly & politely showed her a good place (in their opinion) She followed their advice & saved her things. In another instance, some Yankee officers politely showed a lady where to hide her her [*deleted: illeg.*] silver &c. The soldiers came & searched in vain. Just as they were going away, a little black chap who had followed them around says to them in a tone of triumph, "Ah you did not find Missis things hid inside the ____" They went & found & took them. Very early on the morning of June 7th, knowing that the Yankees were coming (the night had been mostly spent in preparing for them) Br. L had taken Eva & John, the horse & rockaway, & started out he knew not whither exactly, perhaps to Eastern Va. He wanted to be guided by circumstances. We had been in a great quandry as to what course was best for him to pursue. If he went abroad, he might fall into the hands of the Yankees. If he staid at home, they would probably take him, having such a spite against preachers & especiallyas he has written & spoken so freely, that his sentiments are generally known. They might insist upon

Missing Page

July 16, 1864

July 16,

It was finally concluded to ship the whole cargo, & let them go & seek their fortune. Eva had been right sick, threatened with pneumonia, but when the time came, she was very anxious to go & thought she was able. So she wrapped up well, took a strong dose of coffee, & set off. We heard nothing from them for [*deleted: illeg.*] [*added: a*] week. Then word came that they had been seen riding behind a train of wagons which they could not pass, & that those wagons were afterwards captured. So that there was little doubt they were taken too. Sister C. was in such a state from anxiety, loss of sleep & fatigue, for she & the children had had all Eva's work to do, that this news brought on [*deleted: spa*] spasms such as she used to have. A note was now brought in from a friend, saying that Mr. E. was seen at such a time in E. Va. beyond the reach of the Yankees, & was therefore safe. There might be some mistake about this, but we tried to believe it & rest upon it.[*deleted: illeg.*] In a few days, we got a letter from brother L. saying that he hoped to get home soon, & so he did. It seems he wandered around for several days, & then went over to E. Va, to Amherst County where he taught school on first coming to Va. but here he was not safe. In a day or two, news came that the Yankees were coming, & were

just upon them, He mounted his horse & made for the woods, his host also, taking their servants with them. They barely escaped, for in five minutes from the first alarm, the Yankees were in the house. The fugitives [*deleted: illeg.*] slept in the woods three nights, which was no benefit to Eva in her weak state. She has not been well since her return, but has lingered along some times better & then worse, & is now under the doctor's [*added: care*]. The Yankees took from this plantation several hundred weight of bacon (nearly all there was) a hundred bushels of corn, a quantity of flour, oats &c. & [*added: all the horses.*]

July 19, 1864

July 19

I have been anticipating. On the 10th of June we received another visit from our invaders, at least, several thousand of them passed our house on their way from Staunton to Lexington. Sister C. requested one of them who was gentlemanly in his appearance, to guard us, & he did so. They were four hours in passing. None of them came in but the guard. Some went in the spring house however, & helped themselves to milk, & one went off with a large panfull in each hand. Ellen called after him to "Bring back those pans," but he only laughed & went on. Another who had been taking a cool draught from a pan, came out with his chin covered & some on the end of his nose, like a cat from the cream pot. E. accosted him with "Ar'nt you ashamed?" putting on as much emphasis as she well could, & adding, "Who do you think is going to drink that milk, after you have put your nose in it!" The fellow made no reply but walked off. I did not see much of them, Sister C. preferring to have me stay home in our room. I was just getting able to walk about. They did not find the way down there at all. The room was built over after we came here, & they might have thought that the door leading into it, led out of doors. I did not feel afraid of them in the least, but did not have opportunity to say much to them. Volumes might be written, & doubtless will be, according them heroic achievements, but I must cut my story short. They burnt a bridge a very large distillary & some other buildings in S. Gov. Letcher's house, the military institute in Lexington, & some of the mills about the country. My brother had a barrel of flour, four bushel of wheat & eight of corn at a mill a few miles distant from us, all which they took, a great loss in these times for a poor preacher. It was the whole of wheat he received this year from the people at Walker's Creek, where he supplies one fourth of his [*added: time*]. I forgot to say that they took from us, a very large ham of bacon, two large rolls of butter & whatever else they could lay their hands on, at the first visit.

July 20, 1864

July 20,

One thing which happened at a neighbor's is too good to omit. A fellow went into their spring house, helped himself to what he liked, & finally lighted upon a jar of tar. He asked what it was. A daughter of the family, the only person at home, told him it was blackberry jelly. He took it, & made off. She called after him to know if he would have some cream with it. With that he put his fingers in it, & began to suck them, then threw down the jar & went off cursing with all his might. His captain coming up just then, asked the girl what that fellow was cursing so for. When told, he said he thought the Yankees were sharper than that.

July 21, 1864

July 21,

It is doubtful whether this irruption should be called a raid, when so many were consumed in it. The number in S. was estimated at 15,000 or more. Some passed here, & some took other routes. It is natural to inquire what became of this cloud of locusts from the bottomless pit. They told us, we need not trouble ourselves about our wheat harvest, for they were coming back to reap it for us, but the good Lord disappointed their expectation. It was reported, that many of them suffered greatly, & some even perished with hunger afterwards, in passing through some districts which they had ravaged. Their violent dealing *[added: if so]* came down upon their own pate. They brought on quite a number of reapers, which we captured. As we had the work to do, it was but fair that we should have the wherewith to do it, especially as they broke up so many of our *[added: tools]*. But to return to our inquiry. From Lexington they went to take Lynchburg. Our men followed them, but we had not enough to handle them, till we got reinforcements *[deleted: at]* near L. Then they retreated before us, & went on to Parkersburg & Wheeling. There is a report very current now, that Gen. Grant is killed, but there are so many rumors, that I never believe anything till confirmed beyond a doubt. It is too good news to be true. Perhaps, how ever, his cause was the best for us that could have been pursued. He fought our men in their fortifications, sacrificed them & saved ours. Will he not have a heavy account to render, crimsoned with the guilt of so many murders.

August 9, 1864

Aug. 9,

The Central Presbyterian contains an advertisement copied from the Boston Recorder of 10,000 testaments taken on the schooner Minna, which was attempting to run the blockade. Fine paper, beautiful print, flexible leather covers, & only weighing two ounces--just the thing, says the editor, for our soldiers. And what good does anyone suppose these testaments will do their soldiers? Will the blessing of God attend stolen goods? A large lot of bibles too he says, of the same kind. Nothing has aroused my indignation so much for a long time. I could hardly go to sleep the next night for thinking of it. How outrageous for people calling themselves Christians to be chuckling over the infamous robberies of their countrymen, taking the bread of life out the mouths of our famished soldiers, & giving it to profane creatures who will not probably care the snap of their fingers for it. If you ask me how I know that their soldiers are more profane than ours, I answer *[added: in]* the same way that I know most other things, by testimony, abundant testimony thats *[added: our testimony]*

November 19, 1864

Nov 19,

A long hiatus again, so many things of absorbing interest. An item by the way from the Central Presbyterian. It is estimated that 142,000 Confederate soldiers have been converted as convicts since the war began. If human testimony can establish anything it establishes this, that there has been a most wonderful work of grace in our army. How could a broader seal have been set upon the righteousness of our cause? The *[added: Lord]* has looked upon our affliction & our pain, & forgiven our sins, to a certain extent at least. I have gradually arrived at the firm persuasion that multitudes of our dying soldiers have been met by redeeming *[added: grace]*. Mrs. Gilbert one of our neighbors died a few months since, & when dying, she exclaimed *[added: with delight]* "O there's Jimmy & Johnny." They had come for their departing mother. They were two of *[deleted: their]* our young soldiers who had died not very long before from wounds received in battle. No

one knew the state of their minds, but does not this circumstance support the hope that their pious mother's prayers had been answered for them? A *[added: similar instance,]* Jimmy Holladay when dying exclaimed "O there's father." These boys (the oldest was but just out of his teens) were excellent soldiers, went to the army at the first sound of the trumpet, & had never taken a furlough. Their bodies were brought home & buried in one grave. We all thought they deserved a monument & accordingly Ellen went around & soon collected about \$500 for the purpose. It cannot be obtained however till after *[added: the]* war. Men are drawn off so closely that it is difficult to get a horse shod or a *[added: pair of]* shoes made or a stick of wood hauled. Then the most common articles are many of them exceedingly rare. But then if we do have to sit in the dark *[added: for nights]* except for an hour or so that the children are learning their lessons, & submit to multitudes of privations far greater than that, we do it cheerfully as the price in part of our liberty.

November 25, 1864

Nov. 25,

The New York Observer, it seems, is in the plague against us. The *[deleted: paragraph]* *[added: articles]* not many months since appeared discounting upon the causes of the fail to put down the rebellion--they had under rated our strength & overrated their own, the nation must go to work with new zeal &c. Had they succeeded in grinding us to powder, it had pleased them well, but they forgot the Power above who had "strengthened us, helped us, & caused us to stand *[added: & will do so"]* unworthy as we are, & who will in his own good time, bring us off conquerors & more than conquerors. "Blessed be the Lord who has not given us as a prey to their teeth." And then to think of their high religious profession. Sister C. often says to me, "I have no faith in the Fulton St. prayer meeting." We used to attend it with great interest when in N.Y. How differently we should have felt had we known what was in the future, had we known that some of those same men (perhaps, & perhaps not) *[added: the same individuals,]* would be engaged in one short year in hounding over their blood thirsty soldiers *[added: to rape & arson]* to robbery & murder. I used to read the accounts of "The Great Revival" at the North with the deepest interest, but now it is a great mystery to me.

Final Entry

have been *[deleted: counted a]*