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The tombstones shown above mark the graves of two men who served as generals in the Union Army during the Civil War.

The Huntsville Pilgrimage Association has undertaken a restoration program in the historical areas of Maple Hill Cemetery to repair broken monuments, replace missing iron work, and to clean weathered stones. If members of the Huntsville-Madison County Historical Society should wish to participate in this project, they may contact Miss Alice Thomas, chairman of the association's Cemetery Committee, at P. O. Box 666, Huntsville, AL 35804.

ERRATA

A further examination of General Johnson's papers in the Tennessee State Archives indicates that his correct name is Gilbert Motier Lafayette Johnson. Please correct pages 1 and 3.

DO WE PURPOSELY FORGET?
THE UNKNOWN UNION GENERALS IN OUR MIDST

by Dr. John Rison Jones, Jr.

Probably all towns have legends that provide color to tradition and inject mystery about the past. Unfortunately for the lover of legends, the historian intrudes and seeks a factual premise which often tends to deflate the best of the "stories." For instance, Huntsvillians love to point out that General LeRoy Pope Walker issued the order to fire upon Fort Sumter from his residence at 413 McClung--the Pope-Lowe House. It seems to make no difference that the general purchased this residence in 1870!

At Maple Hill Cemetery, legend has it that there is an unknown northern general who so loved Huntsville which he knew during the war, that he returned to the area and bought a farm. When he died, he asked to be buried in an unmarked grave among the unknown Confederate soldiers. This writer decided to investigate this story while working on a guide to the cemetery. Goethe's complaint of Martin Luther--"He took all of the beautiful poetry out of religion."--is probably appropriate to this writer who, when trying to solve this local mystery, was told by a librarian to "leave our traditions alone."

There are, in fact, two generals of the Grand Army of the Republic buried at Maple Hill. Major General William Thomas Harbaugh Brooks is one of the 587 northern generals whom Ezra Warner [1], the distinguished author of Generals in Blue: Lives of the Union Commanders, Louisiana State University Press, 1964, has found buried in a "formerly Confederate state." [2] The other general, Gilbert Marquis Lafayette Johnson, was a brevet colonel during the war and was accorded the rank of brevet brigadier general in the last days of the conflict. He was not of general rank during the war, but his involvement in Huntsville and his burial near the Confederate unknowns probably accounts for the legend. General Johnson's tombstone makes no reference to his rank, and so the basic elements of the tradition are there with truth only slightly twisted.

Major General William Thomas Harbaugh Brooks

General Brooks was born on February 21, 1821, in Lisbon, Ohio. He was appointed to West Point as a cadet in 1837 and graduated ranked 46th out of 52 graduates in the class of 1841. Twenty general officers of the great conflict of 1861 were from this class.

General Brooks saw service first with the Third Infantry and took part in the Florida Wars of 1842-1843. During the Mexican War, he won promotion and emerged from that conflict as a brevet captain with meritorious citations. His rise to the rank of colonel was due to his service on the Indian frontiers.

At the outset of the Civil War, he was appointed brigadier general of volunteers and he was active in the

Peninsular Campaign where he commanded a brigade in General William F. Smith's Division in the IV Corps at Williamsburg, and in the VI Corps during the Seven Days Battles. He was wounded three times during this period--at Savage's Station, Crampton's Gap, and at Sharpsburg. He commanded a VI Corps Division at Fredericksburg and at Chancellorsville. However, from May, 1863, until April, 1864, he commanded the Department of Monongahela, with headquarters in Pittsburg, after which he directed the First Division at Cold Harbour and Petersburg.

General Brooks was promoted to the rank of major general on June 10, 1863, but that promotion was revoked on April 6, 1864, which led to the general's decision to resign from the army in July of 1864. The general, it seems, had played politics and lost. The events surrounding the general's demotion began with a letter of December 20, 1862, to President Lincoln [3] signed by General William B. Franklin, then commanding the "Left Grand Division" of the Army of the Potomac, and General William F. Smith, commanding the VI Army Corps. The letter was very critical of General Ambrose Burnside's plan of operation. "The plan of campaign...already...commenced cannot possibly be successful." The generals, supported by General Brooks, commanding the First Division of the VI Corps; General Newton, commanding the Third Division of the Corps; and General Cochrane, commanding Newton's First Brigade, all believed that the entire Federal Army should be assembled for a massive assault on Richmond which would end hostilities. The current line, which stretched over 1,000 miles, did not permit the kind of massive concentration which the generals sought. Generals Newton and Cochrane met with President Lincoln in a private conversation. While Lincoln seemed to support their position, the results were ultimately disastrous for all concerned.[4] General Burnside was reassigned following the disaster at Fredericksburg; General Franklin was given a menial assignment; General Smith was transferred from the Army; Generals Brooks' and Newton's appointments were revoked; and General Cochrane resigned from the army because of poor health. He was, however, to live to age 85.

General Brooks' poor health, which had necessitated numerous sick leaves during his career, became worse. He resigned as volunteer brigadier general and as major of the 18th Infantry on July 14, 1864, to take up residence on a farm near Huntsville. The death of his only son, James Drake Brooks, on July 29, 1864, possibly contributed to his decision. Young James was only 13 months old. Inasmuch as the child is buried in Maple Hill Cemetery, it is possible that Mrs. Brooks was already in Huntsville.

What were the connections to Huntsville? This becomes obvious with a visit to Maple Hill Cemetery where the general and his family are buried in Section 9 of the oldest part of the original cemetery. Here one finds a double tombstone with the following inscriptions:

General William T. H. Brooks
February 28, 1821 - July 19, 1870

Alme Drake Brooks
Born October 1836 - Died September 1921

Nearby is the grave of their son, James, on the south side, and on the north side is the grave of James Perry Drake, who was born in Robinston County, North Carolina, on September 15, 1797 and died in Huntsville on August 12, 1876. This monument also indicates the burial of P. Holmes Drake, born June 18, 1812; died February 11, 1892. Nearby are the graves of Alme Brooks' sister, Anne Buell Drake Robertson (1840-1930) and her husband, Thomas Robertson (1840-1886) and their son, William P. Robertson (1874-1889). The Drake family was long prominent in Madison County. Many members of this family are buried in a private graveyard on the Carl T. Jones Farm, the former Drake Farm, in Jones Valley in southeast Huntsville.

General Brooks was buried with full military honors by the U.S. Command in Huntsville under General S. W. Crawford. The Southern Advocate [5] reported that a band and a company of soldiers were in attendance in addition to "many citizens." Perhaps in the end, the general did win his battles. His tombstone proclaims his rank in spite of his demotion and resignation.

General Gilbert Marquis Lafayette Johnson

Norman Shapiro, a member of the Huntsville-Madison County Historical Society and the Tennessee Valley Genealogical Society, provided a document from the Tennessee State Archives [6] which gives new information on this very colorful individual who was so beloved by his 13th Indiana Cavalry. [7] The veterans of the regiment recalled General Johnson's life in a "Tribute from members of the Regiment to the Widow of the General--One of the Romances of the War," a lengthy document written in 1896 for "the grandchildren of a brave grandfather."

General Johnson, then a brevet major, was placed in charge of the newly-formed 13th Indiana Cavalry Regiment when it was organized. It was the last such regiment raised in Indiana. At the time, Johnson was on the staff of Major General George H. Thomas, and with the new assignment, he was promoted to brevet colonel. The new unit was immediately dispatched south to the Nashville Instruction Camp. From there, the unit was sent to Huntsville where its first contact with Confederate forces was to hold the Huntsville garrison against an attack by General Buford. After running a courier line from near Mobile to Florida, the unit participated in an 800 mile raid through Alabama, Georgia, and Mississippi. In June, 1865, Colonel Johnson was assigned to command the subdistrict of northeast Mississippi and held this position until his unit was summoned north for demobilization on November 25, 1865, in Indianapolis. When he rejoined his regiment, he had a brevet brigadier general's commission in his pocket.

The Memorial contains many reminiscences of Captain S. H. Moore, later a noted physician in Indianapolis, who was the

youngest officer in the 13th Regiment and a close personal friend of Colonel Johnson. He remembered that during the spring and summer of 1864 when the 13th Regiment was encamped in a grove near Huntsville, the Regiment prided itself on its drill procedures and especially its dress parades. Many local citizens drove out to watch these procedures, and often "the officers observed a young lady of the true southern type of beauty. She always came on horseback, accompanied by her father, a tall, gray-haired, dignified appearing man." Shortly afterwards, frequent details of "safe guards" were sent to the residence of Joseph C. Bradley on Franklin Street. Colonel Johnson always gave personal instructions to these guards. Because of the kind treatment at the Bradley home, soldiers began to vie for the "honor" of guard duty. Other officers often encountered Colonel Johnson riding in the early evening with Susan Bradley, Joseph Bradley's daughter. It came as no surprise when General Johnson's friends received an announcement that on June 26, 1866, General Johnson of Cincinnati married Sue Bradley at the Presbyterian Church in Huntsville with the Reverend Dr. Ross officiating.

Captain Moore recalled that during the Regiment's stay in Huntsville, Dr. Ross used his office one Sunday to preach a "strong rebel sermon--an exhortation that was evidently intended to arouse the animosity of his congregation against the Regiment." An officer present at the service arrested Dr. Ross. Colonel Johnson placed him under bond to preach no seditious sermons in the future. During the marriage service, Dr. Ross, after the rites were concluded, turned to the general and said: "Now I am even with you. When you were in command here, you placed me under bond to refrain from giving voice to my sentiments. Now I have placed you under bonds that will, if you are faithful and true, hold you for the remainder of your life."

After his marriage, General Johnson resided in Huntsville where he served as Postmaster from 1869 to 1871. When he died, he was buried in Maple Hill Cemetery with a simple marker that reads:

My Beloved Husband.
At rest, Gilbert M. L. Johnson,
died January 9, 1871; Aged 33 years.

This grave is in the Bradley plot where other members of the Bradley family are buried, and is very near the Confederate unknowns.

Joseph Colville Bradley was a prominent Huntsvillian. He was the owner of the Huntsville Hotel and was interested in the early utilities including the gas works. As a planter, he raised cotton and sold cattle. Consequently, he was forced to "play both sides" during the occupation of the city. Occupation was a reality and so he made peace with the enemy, but perhaps at a price for his children. [8] Joseph's father was James Bradley of Washington County, Virginia. James had married first Naomi Wells, and their son, James, Jr. who came to Huntsville with his father, married Adeline, the daughter of Governor Thomas Bibb. In

1808, James, Sr. married Jeanne Colville Hays, and their son was Joseph Colville, born in 1810. Joseph married Isabella M. Clark in 1838, and they were the parents of 12 children. Their daughter, Emily, was to marry Wilfred R. VanValkenburgh who came to Huntsville after the Civil War with his parents John and Charlotte VanValkenburgh. Colonel VanValkenburgh had been stationed in Huntsville during the war. Another of Joseph's children, Mary, and a granddaughter were to marry Stange men who also served in Huntsville.

The death of General Johnson was perhaps not unexpected. Captain Moore recalled that on one occasion the general's horse was shot from under him. The general did not jump quickly and the horse rolled over on him. Though his injuries were not considered serious at the time, they were to cause difficulties later and eventually his death. Captain Moore added that "his wife and one child, a pretty daughter, survived him. After the general's death, they went south, and members of the Regiment lost trace of them."

Twenty years after the general's death, his widow was located in Key West, Florida, with her son-in-law, J. W. Johnson, who was not related to the general. The Regiment commissioned a large portrait of the general for Mrs. Johnson and sent this and a touching Memorial recalling the reverence with which the Regiment held their beloved general. Mrs. Johnson responded with three poignant letters. In the first, she hoped that she could meet the Regiment at the next reunion and "perhaps my little grandson, Gilbert M. L. Johnson, may meet his grandfather's old friends, visit a loving comrade too with little Isabella and Susie."

Today, as one walks through Maple Hill Cemetery, it is somehow comforting to know that the conflict that so divided the nation was ended in 1870 and 1871 for two of the gallant foe who were buried here. Yet, it is somewhat shameful that these two honorable men have found no status. One became an "unknown" legend whose background was shrouded in mystery. The other was simply forgotten. Is it that the south only honors its own and not the gallant enemy? If so, is it a legacy that should be passed on? Hopefully, when the Confederate dead are honored next year, their old foes might be remembered, and so mend "the nation divided."

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ENDNOTES

1. Letter from Ezra J. Warner to Dorothy Webb, Librarian, Huntsville-Madison County Public Library, August 10, 1957. The letter acknowledges Miss Webb's help in locating General Brooks' grave at Maple Hill Cemetery. Vertical Files: Huntsville Cemeteries. Huntsville-Madison County Public Library, Heritage Room.

Mr. Warner's monumental study of the Union Commanders is found in the Zeitler Collection, Heritage Room, Huntsville-Madison County Public Library.

2. General Martin D. Hardin is buried at St. Augustine, Florida.
3. Official Records, Volume XXI, pp. 868-870.
4. Official Records, Volume XXXII, Pt. 2, p. 468. In a letter from General Hooker to Secretary Stanton, February 25, 1864, he refers to General Smith as "the evil genius behind Franklin, Brooks and Newton."
5. Southern Advocate, July 22, 1870.
6. Clipping from the Gilbert M. L. Johnson Papers, III-K-2, F.4. Tennessee State Library and Archives. The source of the article is not identified except for a hand written statement: "My grandfather's mother." It appears that the document came from a newspaper possibly printed in Indianapolis at the time of the 13th Regiment's Reunion. Copy furnished by Norman Shapiro.
7. Further information was provided by Mrs. Nancy Grayson VanValkenburgh Holder (Mrs. Darryl). Mrs. Holder was not aware that her kinsman was a general in the Union army. She knew that he had fought with the Union forces.
8. One wonders why the Bradley girls tended to marry former Union officers who settled in Huntsville after the war. Inasmuch as Joseph C. Bradley's half brother, James, had married into the prominent Bibb family, one would assume that the Bradley daughters had entree into Huntsville society. However, Joseph Bradley's association with the Union forces could have been taken as an insult to the "cause." And, many Huntsville men had been killed during the war.

YOUTHFUL INNOCENCE SHATTERED:
The Diary of Private George T. Anderson

recovered and edited by Charles Rice

On January 11, 1861, Alabama seceded from the Federal Union and proclaimed her place among the independent nations of the world. Within weeks the state would surrender that sovereignty and become a member of the Confederate States of America, whose capital was proudly placed at Montgomery. It is perhaps difficult for us now to understand the confidence then felt in the Confederacy's future. Yet even after the fighting began at Fort Sumter in April, 1861, most southern citizens sincerely believed the war could be won with a single glorious victory. Patriotic southerners rushed to volunteer, fearing they might otherwise be too late to share in the honors.

Among those hastening to volunteer in Huntsville were George and Stephen Anderson, sons of a prosperous Madison County farmer named George Anderson. George Tannehill Jones Anderson, 18, and Stephen Jones Anderson, 16, were both students when Governor A. B. Moore issued his call for troops to defend the state. Nevertheless, the brothers managed to enlist in Captain Edward D. Tracy's company--the "North Alabamians"--just three days before the company left Huntsville for Virginia and the war.[1]

The Anderson family in 1861 was headed by George senior (b. 1806), a native of Virginia who apparently had come to Alabama as a young man. On April 12, 1838, Anderson had married Nancy Ann Jones (1820-1866), a daughter of wealthy New Market landowner George Tannehill Jones (1790-1871).[2] Anderson's fortunes had steadily improved over the years. In 1850, when he was worth some \$3,300, he listed his occupation as a school teacher.[3] During the prosperous decade that followed, Anderson became increasingly comfortable. By 1860, he could count his wealth at \$38,000,[4] while his 24 slaves entitled him to be called a planter.[5] The 1860 U.S. Agricultural Census shows him owning 570 acres of improved land and another 200 unimproved acres, for a total value of \$8,000. Anderson also owned livestock worth \$2,200 and farm machinery adding another \$500. His crops that year included wheat, rye, oats, peas, potatoes, hay, and tobacco, while the animals butchered came to about \$460.[6] Clearly, he had much to be thankful for.

The Anderson children in 1861 numbered six.[7] Pauline A., the eldest, was about 20 when the war began; young George seemed especially fond of her. Pauline would marry William S. House later that year and move with him to Texas when the war was over. Martha Jane ("Matt"), 19, would marry a man named McMullen. George T., just 18, would not live to see another birthday. Stephen, 16, evidently looked even younger; one of his fellow soldiers mistook him for 14. Sarah Elizabeth, 12, would one day marry Zimeria Spelce, 32 years her senior. Marie Virginia, the baby, was 6. She would marry an Owen and move with him to Coolidge, Texas.[8]

George T. Anderson commenced his diary the day his

company left Huntsville by rail for Dalton, Georgia. Over the next three months he would record his adventures, ending with his own tragic death at the Battle of Manassas on July 21, 1861. Nine days later, grieving young Stephen Anderson was discharged as under-aged and sent home to Huntsville.[9] Not until April 1, 1863, would he go to war again--this time as a private in Captain Frank B. Gurley's Company C, 4th Alabama Cavalry. On October 16, 1863, Stephen Anderson was captured by Union raiders at Maysville, Alabama. Sent to Camp Morton Prison at Indianapolis, Indiana, he was exchanged in poor health in March 1865, just weeks before the final surrender.[10] After his mother died in 1866--his father having preceded her--Stephen Anderson, too, would join in the exodus to Texas.[11]

George Anderson's diary has come to us largely by chance. After he was killed at Manassas, his diary was found on his body by a Union soldier named Cash, a member of the 71st New York Regiment. Cash took the diary back to New York and turned it over to the New York Herald, which printed it verbatim--though perhaps with some additions of punctuation. Editor J. Withers Clay of the Huntsville Democrat read the diary and reprinted it "with mournful pleasure" for the benefit of those who knew Anderson and other members of the famed 4th Alabama Infantry Regiment.[12] It seems likely that Clay had obtained the New York paper from Meredith Calhoun, who had just returned to Huntsville from Europe by way of Canada, traveling across the north pretending to be a Frenchman who spoke no English![13] Anderson's diary appears here as it did in the Huntsville Democrat on September 11, 1861. Regrettably, some entries in the diary are noted as damaged. This is because whoever microfilmed the original newspaper could not be troubled to unfold the creases in the pages, thus making some lines unreadable.

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APRIL 29. Left home with a company of volunteers, bid farewell to home, parents and friends, and departed on a twelve month tour, for the defence of my country; hated to leave most awfully, but our country being in danger, and no one to defend her, did not suit us.

APRIL 30. Arrived at Chattanooga before daylight, and had to lay over eight hours; never was so bored by a place in my life; was very glad to leave it at two o'clock for Dalton, Georgia; we were boxed up in freight cars to travel over a long railroad, through a poor pine country; arrived at Dalton before night, and found other companies there; laid over two days and a half, during which time we organized a regiment, and E[gbert]. J. Jones, of Huntsville, Colonel, and E. M. Law, Lieutenant Colonel; we received our arms at Dalton, smooth bored muskets, at which the boys grunted.

MAY 3. Left Dalton for Lynchburg, Virginia, in old box cars, forty-one in a car; travelled over some rich, some poor, and some beautiful country; crossed two large rivers; the Tennessee is the most beautiful river at this point that I ever saw, and afforded the most beautiful views from the bridge that our country furnishes. About sunset we stopped

and picked a quantity of hay from a rick near by to sleep on. Slept all night in the cars, such sleeping as it was.

MAY 4. Woke up in Jonesborough, Tn., about sunrise; saw lots of beautiful women; received a bouquet from a very nice girl, with a soul stirring inscription fastened to it. Left there for Bristol, in the land of Virginia; arrived about ten o'clock, and was delayed until four; left with an advance guard of our company and several other companies for Lynchburg; slept all night in the mail car.

SUNDAY, MAY 5. Woke up in the morning eight miles from Lynchburg; took breakfast at Liberty, where, as usual, the ladies turned out to do us honor; reached Lynchburg about ten, and we were marched to our camp, two miles from the depot and on a hill, with two springs at the foot of it. It rained all night, and I had to stand guard from eleven to one.

MAY 6. It rained all day; had to stand guard again at night, but missed standing on picket guard sometime by it.

MAY 7. Wrote home for the seventh or eighth time, and was mustered into the service of the Confederate States; felt homesick, because I could not hear from home.

MAY 8. Drilled half the day.

MAY 9. Was excused from drill on account of a felon on my thumb; sent two letters home by Mr. Murphy, of Huntsville.

MAY 10. Excused from drill; was glad to see Uncle Washington [George W. Jones, his mother's brother], who is now our Quartermaster; got leave to go to town tomorrow with a pass; intend to look round and ace the place; wrote part of a letter to a young friend at home; have never heard from him yet; getting very anxious to hear from home; answered at tattoo; went to bed after, and slept soundly until midnight, when we were aroused by an order to march for Harper's Ferry at five o'clock, and have to cook provisions for two days; we have to foot it for eighteen miles in order to shun Washington; don't like it a bit; we are willing to go; expect a fight with the Northerners there; but few of us ever expect to get back; did not get off at five; we were delayed until ten, and probably longer; got as mad as thunderation at First Lieutenant [Isaac A. Lanier] for refusing to let us have flour; we have to make out for two days on bread and meat that a dog would refuse; it seems that the whole North has turned against us; but we can whip them; if we get to Harper's Ferry safely without an encounter with the Yankees, we can whip as many of them as they can send against us; Old Abe is the greatest fool that I have ever heard of; if he had good sense, he could see that the South could not be coerced; we are all united as one man, and can whip any lot of Yankees on equal terms; it is useless for them to wage war on us, for we can defy the world if they invade us. I am very sleepy from being wakened at midnight, and then to be disappointed. I am getting very tired of this camp and suspense; I had rather get on and pelt it right through; we are waiting here very

impatiently for orders to leave, and cannot get them; one of the companies will not go without ammunition, and I do not blame them; we cannot get rifles, and I, for one, am not willing to fight with these old muskets; I had rather have a pair of good pistols; why on earth can't a fellow hear from home? They seem to have forgotten that we are in the world; I have a notion not to write any more until I receive a letter from home; formed a line and marched to the depot; the clouds had been lowering for some time, they now turned loose on us with a vengeance; we, however, got on board of the cars, or tumbled pell-mell into a lot of stock cars, crowded together like so many hogs, and travelled all night for the third night in the cars, slept on the floor and got cold as thunder; waked up half froze to death, travelled half the day, and was delayed waiting on another train at a place called Manassas station; one regiment of Virginia troops are stationed here; one company of artillery and one of cavalry; they are in this place to keep Lincoln's troops from passing through the direct route to Washington; some dread he will attempt to take this place; all the Harper's Ferry machinery is here; I fear that we will fare badly so far as eating is concerned.

SUNDAY, MAY 12. Pitched off for Strassburg about four; passed another miserable night in the cars; arrived at Strassburg at daybreak.

MAY 13. Ate a hasty breakfast, and took up line of march for Winchester, eighteen miles distant, over a hard turnpike and beneath a pelting sun; people gave us refreshments, all along the route; gave us dinner and a first-rate one; arrived at Winchester about six, in a hard rain; marched through the town in the rain, and got wringing wet; just as we got through to the depot the rain stopped and we ate supper, crowded aboard the cars, our feet sore, tired, weary, and sick at heart; arrived at Harper's Ferry about two o'clock, completely exhausted; and took up our quarters in a vacated store, very dirty, and a foul atmosphere, changed clothing and slept in each others arms until 7 o'clock on the 14th; roused up and went out on the Potomac, took a wash and a view of the far famed river; went back to a hotel, ate a tolerable breakfast, and sallied out to see the sights; took a close look at the work done by old [John] "Brown," and wondered at the old fool as well as the citizens; he, through cowardice, took a secure but out of the way position, and they, through fear, let him imprison them and hold the town in subjection; saw the bullet holes made by him and his men, and one that went through the corner of a house and killed a man named Beckhammer; passed this day in writing, reading the Testament, and viewing the gun works; they are making guns in a hurry--sixty a day; took up a Yankee spy as we supposed, but we were mistaken, for he was a good Southern man; a few of our boys went out fishing, but came back directly, run out of breath, and reported they heard the cannon of the enemy and men who were [page damaged].

MAY 16. Rained all day; nothing new; [damaged] [stood?] on Jefferson's rock, and took a view of the wildest and most sublime scenery in the State where the great statesmen stood

and admired. Saw here a large shelving rock supported by pillars and has a great many names cut in it; left that of my brothers and my name with the others; slept very well all night; woke up feeling a little sick; drilled six hours which we are to do every day; I am very anxious to hear from home; in fact we both are.

MAY 17. Drilled all day, nothing new happened, no letter from home yet; I can't see why on earth we don't hear from home; I am sure that the letters are miscarried; very cold mornings, and days not warm by any means; hope I will get a letter tomorrow.

MAY 18. The long looked for letter came at last, and oh how much joy it gives me, all well at home, and we feared otherwise, and all miss us at home and want to see us, but not worse than we want to see them; we are all satisfied now; we moved to our encampment this eve, on a hill overlooking the Potomac, cut pine tops for our beds, cooked our supper, cooked the beef splendidly for the first; I hope that we will remain here for some time, on account of home; we will both cry over Pauline's when we get it, which I hope will be soon; we are better satisfied than we have ever been since we left home.

SUNDAY, MAY 19. What a cold day for the 19th of May; everybody is acting as if it were Monday, all firing guns, cooking, playing cards, &c.; had a dress parade; Colonel Jackson [14] inspected us; he is a large, fat old fellow, looks much like an old Virginia farmer; returned to camp, prepared and ate a scanty dinner, had Episcopal service, and then a good, old fashioned sermon from our pastor [William D.] Chadick; oh, how I loved to listen to him; wrote a letter home; had another dress parade in the evening; rained all night.

MAY 20. Still raining a very cold rain; have just finished cleaning up through and around our tent, and we are now waiting very impatiently for our rations, for we are undoubtedly very hungry; I will finish the last chapter of the Acts, and begin at the Romans, and finish to-day when the day close; did nothing to-day but look out and read the Testament; received a letter from a friend at Fort Pickens; got some straw to sleep on; slept soundly until daylight.

MAY 21. Got up, made the fire and cooked some bread, and ate a scanty breakfast of burnt bread and butter; afterwards read several chapter in the Testament; hope to hear from home again to-day; we are both a little homesick; received two letters from sister Pauline, and I was glad, indeed, to get them; drilled six hours under Colonel D[avid]. C. Humphreys, [15] who won't let us rest at all; one of our company [Peter Binford] [16] died last night at Strassburg, which created no little sorrow in the community.

MAY 22. Started to reply to the letters from sister Pauline; had started on the fifth page when I was ordered to the mountain to get wood for the regiment; it is rather hard work, but we rest often enough; I will finish my letters as soon as possible; three trains of troops have just arrived

(ten o'clock) but as they are on the opposite side of the river, I can't find out where they are from; from all indications, I look for hot work soon; troops are coming in every day, and they surely are not coming here just to be coming; everything here has a martial appearance. I guess that we may look for a fight within three weeks, and if I fall, I hope that God will pardon my sins; I want to pray and be saved, but I am too much of a sinner--I fear that I never will; it is too terrible to think of dying, leaving a world of sorrow and going straight to one worse. From such a fate, O God, in mercy, save me; do, O Lord, deliver me from sin and temptation; I know I am unworthy, but thou. O God, art merciful. This is real hard work; we have to pitch the wood as far as we can down the mountain, and then climb down to it and pitch it again, and continue thus to the foot of the mountain, where it is loaded into a wagon and hauled to camp; (the streets here stink worse than the carrion; I can smell it across the river when the breeze comes from the direction of town;) I have just finished a hearty dinner of cold beef and light bread, (the latter several days old,) and I will now take my Testament until we have to go to work again; finished the day's work and slept soundly all night; woke up at daybreak.

MAY 23. Feeling very bad and unwell. Stephen is out on picket guard for twenty-four hours; very warm day in the sun, but cool in the shade, and very cool nights; Virginia votes on the ordinance of secession to-day; I expect to hear of a great excitement and a good many mobs in the State to-day; received a letter from home to-day, and felt a good deal better on account of it; I wrote away in reply until drill at three o'clock, and wrote at every interval until one o'clock; slept very well at night, considering that I was alone and had a bad cold.

MAY 24. Warm but pleasant; drilled four hours until two o'clock; Stephen got in about nine, and he is now engaged writing home; I wrote three sheets myself; will send it in a short time; drilled all day; heard bad news from the war outside of us; if the reports are true we are completely surrounded; awoke up at daylight feeling anything but comfortable on account of eating too much supper last night, and partly on account of the bad news; looks very much like rain this morning.

MAY 25. Rained very hard for an hour or so; had a general holiday, and took a bath in the Potomac. We are now quartered in the same tent with the Quartermaster of this regiment; very well fixed, but nearly out of money.

SUNDAY, MAY 26. A weary day; drilled two hours and a half; heard a splendid sermon from the text: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth," &c., from W. D. Chadick, who is now the chaplain of our regiment. Don't like to drill on Sunday one bit; Stephen is sick; I fear he will have the measles; we are expecting a fight in a short time; the North has invaded us, and we will drive back the ruthless vagabonds.

MAY 27. The most pleasant and beautiful morning that the sun

ever rose on, or about as pleasant. It commenced raining about eight o'clock; the wind commenced blowing and scattering the tents far and wide, causing great merriment in the company; turned cold towards twelve, and disappointed me as to a contemplated bath; rather a cold night; Stephen still complaining; slept on uncle's cot, and slept finely until morning.

MAY 28. Woke up and found the weather had moderated; gave our bed up to a lady from Huntsville; drilled all that day; Stephen still sick and growing worse; I suppose he has got the measles at last; I have just wrapped him up with blankets warm, for a good night's sleep, while I wait for the roll call; I am now going to prepare to sleep in here; slept well all night.

MAY 29. I woke up and found it raining; Stephen has fever; cold day; drilled one hour, and I am now waiting for my breakfast; Stephen took the measles to-day, I moved him to a private house, and stayed with him at night; ate my supper with Mrs. Jordan; I intend to eat there all the time that she stays, if possible. Two companies of Virginians ordered off this evening for a fight somewhere.

MAY 30. Stephen broke out with measles thick as hops; wants to see home; still eating with Mrs. Jordan, and I suppose, permanently, though D. C. Humphreys objects, on account of measles; received two letters from home, with good enough news in them; very warm day; Uncle Wash is very kind, and every one else is kind to us.

MAY 31. Sent four letters home, per J. M. Venable; Stephen is recovering, but I fear, through imprudence, will get worse, as he recovers; I drilled until twelve o'clock, and was seized with a severe pain in my right chest--strong symptoms of pneumonia. If I take that, I have no other idea but that it will end my life; I was [damaged] turpentine. [damaged] beautiful day; [damaged] (Stephen) laid up with the measles and as disrespectful as a sore-headed kitten; I with pneumonia; truly we are [damaged] situation; we often think of home, and our hearts yearn to be with them, but our country and duty says not--the latter we will cheerfully obey. I would like to see the home folks about now; I am confident that peace will be made in a few short weeks, maybe months, and we will then return to repose our weary and careworn bodies at a loved home; I hope so, and pray God that it may be so.

JUNE 1. A beautiful day; the scouts brought intelligence that the enemy was near at hand, only fifteen miles off. I am a good deal better and ready for a fight; sent Stephen off to Winchester, in anticipation of a fight; I fear that it will make him worse; it rained soon after he started, but I suppose he was on cars; took tea with Mr. George Crowles, and had a splendid supper; slept very well, but took cold; I guess I will have to stand as picket to-day.

SUNDAY, JUNE 2. Missed the parade; took a bath; heard a sermon from xiv. Psalm, 1st and 2nd verses. Very warm day; cloudy and threatening; towards night commenced raining;

about dark procured a room and bed for three of us.

JUNE 3. All right excepting a night sweat and a wet shirt; a very pleasant morning; stood picket guard twenty-four hours, from eight o'clock Monday; rained part of the time; slept on the ground during the day and part of the night; slept about one hour in the old "Brown" house.

JUNE 4. Commenced raining early, and rained all day, received a letter from Jno. Edwards, and wrote one to him and one to sis; slept in a bed last night finely; waked up on the 5th with rheumatism in my shoulders, and found it cold and raining; answered to a reveille, read the last twelve chapters of Luke, and am now waiting for my breakfast; it was a very disagreeable day indeed, cold rain all day. Received a letter from Pauline, a good one, too; slept in a house near the camp.

JUNE 6. We waked up and found it still cold, wet and misty; drilled half of the day; turned warm, had a big dance in camp.

JUNE 7. Warm and cloudy; drilled up to twelve o'clock, and am at present engaged in getting dinner; was severely reprimanded by the Captain [Edward D. Tracy] for an act that I was innocent of; I was mad enough to have killed him for it; drilled regularly until night.

JUNE 8. Woke up with a sick headache, and was excused from drill; went in a washing; put on clean clothes and felt all right; Stephen returned today well and hearty; was glad to see him; received orders to strike tents and be ready to march in a short time, as a fight was on hand, which was obeyed with alacrity as every man seemed anxious for a fight, and reported ready; in fifteen minutes a heavy rain came upon us, and the order was countermanded, to the great indignation of all.

SUNDAY, JUNE 9. Moved one and a half miles into an old wheat field, in a very rough, rocky place, and pitched tent; missed preaching to-day.

JUNE 10. Laid up with the diarrhoea; very hot; I would as lief fight as not. This morning would like to hear from home; wrote a letter home.

JUNE 11. Very warm; drilled 2 hours and a half before noon; sent off extra baggage to Winchester preparatory to a march, fight or something else; drilled and sweated like thunder.

JUNE 12. Very pleasant morning; pleasant breeze stirring. I have to stand guard to-day and night; very well pleased; expecting a battle daily, whether here or elsewhere I know not, but we will have a fight certainly, and that shortly.

JUNE 13. Started to write home; was stopped by an order to strike tents; did so, and sent this off with the expectation of marching right away; had to stay in our old encampment beneath the deep blue vault of heaven; rather cold.

JUNE 14. We are going to evacuate this place, and leave for Winchester, on foot; blowed up the bridges, and burned up the public property; going to leave for a place where we can get a fight.

JUNE 15. Finished the work of destruction, and left about ten o'clock; marched thirteen miles over a very hard and dusty road, and through a very fertile country; the best and most wheat that I ever saw, and clover in abundance; camped in a wood three and a half miles from Charlestown; cooked and ate; slept on the ground, with no protection from the weather; the ladies of Charlestown treated us very well, and hurrahd for old Jeff.

SUNDAY, JUNE 16. Expected a rest to-day, but disappointed, as usual; had to march thirteen miles in quest of the enemy, through a beautiful and fertile valley; camped on each side of a small creek; not near so warm as the night before.

JUNE 17. Was roused up before day, and got ready to march; heard of the Yankees moving South; took a counter march to intercept them in their march on Winchester; they burned Martinsburg to-day, if rumor is true; marched eight and a half miles over a hard turnpike, and camped three and a half miles from Winchester in a wood, which reminds me of a woodman's house--very much like it; expect to fight in a few days; in fact we expect it this morning; was sure of a fight; extra cartridges were served out; all the wagons started back, and our captain made us a speech to encourage us; very cool weather; came near freezing last night; cool but pleasant this morning.

JUNE 18. Waiting orders; may stay here two or three days; received three letters from home; responded to them; the boys caught five of six squirrels and two hares; sleep on the ground finely.

JUNE 19. Received a box of cake and a pistol from home, with more letters; glad to get them at any time; beautiful morning, warm day, cool night; it looks like rain this morning; we expect to move to-day nearer Winchester; glad of it; I would like to see some of the ladies of Winchester the best kind.

JUNE 20. Moved our camp within a mile of Winchester, and got out tents; have got them pitched and prepared for comfortable soldier living. Received another letter from home; all well. Not much idea of a fight for awhile.

JUNE 21. Very pleasant day; feel sick; excused from drill, and taking a general rest. Wrote home and to several acquaintances. A funeral sermon is being preached in sight of camp; one of the soldiers died yesterday--a member of the light infantry. The ladies will be out here this evening to see us. I intend to try and fix up a little. Expect to remain here until July, when we will know what we have to do.

JUNE 22. Drilled half the day; went to town and bought some clothing. Dined at the Taylor Hotel; very common fare.

Rested in the evening. Received orders about ten o'clock to cook provisions and prepare for marching.

SUNDAY, JUNE 23. Beautiful morning, rather cool. Waiting orders to march on to the Yankees; did not march. Heard two sermons from the Rev. W. D. Chadick; very good ones. H. C. Wortham starts for home to-day; he has the consumption. I have a few letters to send by him. Don't I wish that I could go for a few days, to eat water-melons, apples, peaches, &c.? It would be glorious. Rained in the night; turned cool.

JUNE 24. Cool and clear. A beautiful morning; no prospect of leaving here yet. I think we will stay one or two weeks longer. It is only ten days until Congress meets, and that decides what we will have to do. Stood guard from eight tonight.

JUNE 25. Went to town and took a bath; came back at twelve, and slept until late, then proceeded to write a letter to Matt and one to Pauline. Stephen is on guard to-day and comes off at one o'clock to-morrow.

JUNE 16. Pleasant, but cloudy morning. Evening, moved our camp to one of the hottest places in the country. Took a severe cold and violent headache, sick as a horse. It rained, as usual, about the time some of us got off [guard?] [page damaged].

JUNE 27. [damaged] acquaintances; [damaged] we don't get any [damaged]; still a very bad cold. [damaged] a flaw in the postal arrangements; [damaged] from Pauline. Felt sick all day; slept soundly at night.

JUNE 28. Wake up in the morning feeling considerably better. Went out on drill, and returned feeling worse. Feel very sick; would as soon go home with C. W. as not. Very hot day; a little breeze stirring. Moved our camp to a beautiful grove, and have a very nice encampment; hope we will stay here as long as possible, at least until we can take active part in the war movements.

JUNE 29. Just two months since we left home; hope to be there before two months more; very sick with the asthma, and have a bad cough yet.

SUNDAY, JUNE 30. Nothing new.

JULY 1. Very cool; rained in the morning and all night.

JULY 2. Really cold; received orders to march in a hurry, for the fight was now close at hand; marched all the evening at a quick step; met some prisoners on the route--sad looking cases, 46 in number; stopped a little after dark, and slept until half past one o'clock; was roused up and ordered to march, which was not very cheerfully obeyed, owing to sleepiness; Colonel [Thomas] Hewlett and Doctor [William R. ?] Patton, of Huntsville, came in the morning before we started, bringing our letters; when the order was received Colonel H[ewlett] seized a gun and marched with us;

Dr. Patton procured a horse and was along as surgeon.

JULY 3. We marched all night until daylight and stopped to get breakfast; we are now in the woods, seven miles from Manassas, the reported headquarters of the army; large reinforcements have come up, and we expect to give them a good fight; in fact we will be sure to whip them; I think, I hope so; would like to send some letters home, if possible. I was very glad to hear from home by one who has seen the folks, and glad that they are all well. A man, one of our regiment, was shot and will die, by the careless handling of a pistol; we left, as we thought, for Manassas Junction, about twelve o'clock, Col. H[ewlett] in the ranks as a private, and marched about three miles; filed to the left and stopped behind a stone wall and rested in the wood all day; was roused up in the night, and moved three hundred yards to another stone wall, and slept until day, expecting a fight there all the time, but the enemy seemed inclined to stay where he is, and so do we.

JULY 4. The memorable day of all days for the American people; we could hear the sound of the enemy's guns, I suppose in celebration of the day; we did not celebrate it; I do not know why; I think it ought to have been done; slept a good part of the day; would like to know how the home folks spent it. I would like to know what we are going to do; we slept about in the woods all day, and went to sleep expecting to be roused for a battle before morning; was roused about three o'clock, and expected a fight right away, but never moved out of the camp; we will probably fight today, July 5th, as old P[aterson] [17] seems anxious to fight us; lay secreted in the woods all day; nothing new; went on guard at 7 o'clock, P.M.; stood four hours during the night; rained this morning, and looks as though it would rain hard before night; would like to see Old Abe's message; do not know when we will fight; can hear very little from which to form an opinion; news came that the enemy was advancing; we were again drawn up in battle array, and waited impatiently two hours, but nary fight; Nich. Davis, Clint Davis, and Mr. Erskine came in from Huntsville, and took their place in our ranks as privates, also Colonel Hewlett and Captain [Arthur C.] Beard, [regimental commissary] who had ninety men ready and willing for a fight; I am beginning to believe that we will not have any, I have been fooled so often.

SUNDAY, JULY 7. We were ordered to fall back to our old position near Winchester; some of the men thought it was a retreat and began to grumble; the general ordered a note to be read to his command, in explanation of his conduct; we started in an awful hot day; I fell out of the ranks, went off the road some distance, and got a splendid dinner from an old lady and two young ones--splendid milk, butter and bread--and I did ample justice to it; she upbraided us for leaving her to the mercy of the Yankees; I straggled into camp at sunset, completely exhausted, and went to sleep without supper.

JULY 8. A beautiful morning, rested all day, with the exception of a dress parade; wrote a letter home.

JULY 9. Spent the morning writing and drilling; it rained in the evening affording ample time for writing and a great deal of it was done.

JULY 10. Received a letter from home, all well; have struck our tents and are lying around here waiting for orders; don't know what it means; a huge columbiad came up a few moments since to be placed upon this hill; that looks as if we are going to fight here; the militia and prisoners are engaged in throwing up breastworks and planting cannon for the defense of this place; the Yankees are advancing and seem determined to at least make an effort to drive us out from here, but I think they will fail; they outnumber us, can't outfight us; received orders to strike tents this evening, which we did, but a rain coming up, we pitched them again for shelter; expected all day for the enemy to advance upon us.

JULY 11. Struck tents again this morning at daylight. I supposed, to deceive the enemy as to our force, &c.; drilled two and a half hours on battalion drill.

JULY 12. Drilled four hours; received a letter from home; rained in the evening, and very hard all night.

JULY 13. Cleared off finely, and a beautiful morning; very cold weather for July; went to town in the forenoon and made the ice cream and cakes fly; several citizens of Huntsville arrived and brought us our letters; slept very cool in the night.

SUNDAY, JULY 14. Read twenty psalms; helped draw provisions; cleaned up my pistol, loaded it and looked over a newspaper; have now just completed writing a letter for home; I wonder why "Chadick" did not preach.

JULY 15. Cool and clear--had a brigade drill in the morning; went through some of the evolutions badly; our regiment was sharply reprovved by the Colonel [E. J. Jones]; received orders to cook up all the provisions on our return from drill; have nothing to cook; report says that the Yankees are coming on us; I do not believe it; I think that we will have to march on them if we ever fight them.

JULY 16. Had another brigade drill; went through it better; Colonel Stewart's [18] cavalry went to sleep and suffered themselves to be surrounded, and came galloping in without hats, saddles, pistols, guns, &c.--raised the alarm and had us drawn up in battle array to await the enemy; we slept on our arms all night.

JULY 17. Warm but pleasant; we are lying around our guns, looking out for Yankees over our breastworks; I feel confident that we will whip them when they come; I am beginning to believe they are not coming.

JULY 18. Received orders to strike tents and cook two days provisions preparatory for a march; this was done, and we lay around until evening before receiving orders; received

them at last and went through Winchester; stop in the town until late, and bid farewell, I suppose for the last time, to Winchester, about 5 o'clock; marched nearly all night; slept about two hours; found ourselves on the road at daylight, the 19th, weary indeed; rested there about five hours, waded the stream and pitched out again to the relief of Beauregard, who they said was pressed by overwhelming odds; arrived at Piedmont Station about one hour after dark, completely worn out; went to sleep, but was aroused by a rain in a few minutes; crept under a shelter of wheat, but got wet, having left my coat in the wagon; dried myself, procured a shawl from Uncle Washington, and slept until after midnight; was roused by orders to "fall in;" did so, and crowded on board the cars for Manassas, where we arrived about 10 o'clock a.m. of the 20th; rested awhile, bought some butter and prepared to eat, having done without for two days; received orders to march again, and said we were going right into the fight; heard a good deal of bragging about the fight of the 17th, though it was not much of a fight; moved about two miles and bivouacked in the woods, where some bread and meat soon reached us, and we walked right into it like starved hounds eat, now and then all day; slept a little, and slept well at night; got up a little after sunrise on the 21st, broiled my meat and eat it with some old crackers full of bugs; expecting orders to march at any moment; will get them, I think, for it is Sunday; we will fight, I suppose, before another week.

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Shortly after George Anderson wrote this last entry, the 4th Alabama received its orders to march. As related in the company's Record of Events, "on the morning of the 21st heavy firing having commenced upon the extreme right of our regiment, we were marched at double quick time some 8 miles to a point upon our extreme left & where the enemy in great force awaited us[.] Taking our position 100 yards distant from their lines we commenced our fire & there in conjunction with our regiment routed in great confusion 4 different regiments of the enemy as they were consecutively led against us[.] we maintained this position for 2 hours losing 6 killed & 17 wounded by an overwhelming force. Reforming Genl. [Barnard B.] Bee placed himself at the regiments head and leading us in the charge upon Shermans battery was shot from his horse mortally wounded. We now fell back to a position near Head Quarters, when at about 5 1/2 o'clock P.M. the battle terminated in a glorious victory for our flag." [19]

General Bee was not the only casualty in the attack on the battery. Private George Anderson also fell in this charge. According to the New York Herald, Anderson met his death bravely. The 2nd Rhode Island Battery, wrote the Herald, "was attacking a body of rebels who were entrenched in a wood, when most of the men who served it were shot down, after which the last two ran away. One of the gunners called out, 'For God;s sake, five or six come and help me.' Cash and five others of the Seventy-first ran to his aid and served the guns. At this juncture a body of the enemy, amongst who was young Anderson, emerged from a corner of the

wood to attack the battery, and a grapeshot struck Anderson in the cheek, killing him instantly." [20]

Private A. B. Shelby of the 4th Alabama also wrote of Anderson's death in a letter home. "When the gallant Anderson fell," he said, "pierced with a Minnie ball through his head, his little brother, only fourteen years of age, fell upon the body and wept bitterly. Capt. T[racy] sympathizing with him, encouraged him to get up and avenge the death of his brother. He could not move. Oh, I shall never forget that scene." [21]

Nine days after the battle, Private Stephen Jones Anderson was discharged as underage and sent home to Alabama. [22] His kindly "Uncle Washington," the quartermaster, might well have had something to do with this compassionate act.

ENDNOTES

1. Compiled Military Service Records of George and Stephen Anderson, Company I, 4th Alabama Infantry, Microfilm Copy 311, Roll 118 (A-B1), available in the Heritage Room of the Huntsville Public Library.
2. Bible Records of George Tannehill Jones, in Alabama Records, vol 60, page 97.
3. U.S. Census, Madison County, Alabama, 1850.
4. U.S. Census, Madison County, Alabama, 1860.
5. U.S. Census (Slaves), Madison County, Alabama, 1860.
6. U.S. Agricultural Census, Alabama, 1860.
7. U.S. Census, Madison County, Alabama, 1860. The ages in 1861 have been determined simply by adding one year.
8. Will of Mrs. Martha J. (Anderson) McMullen, May 30, 1883. Will Book 3, page 739, Madison County, Alabama. Alabama Records, vol. 197, page 33. Probate Record 42, page 536, Martha J. McMullen, "who died the 15th of March, 1899." Alabama Records, vol. 197, page 33.
9. Compiled Military Service Record of Stephen Anderson, 4th Alabama Infantry Regiment.
10. Compiled Military Service Record of S. J. Anderson, 4th Alabama Cavalry Regiment, Microfilm Copy 311, Roll 15 (A-D), available in the Heritage Room of the Huntsville Public Library. On February 26, 1865, Anderson was sent from Camp Morton to City Point, Va., for exchange. It would have taken him several days to reach City Point, thus placing the date of his exchange in early March.
11. See note eight.
12. Huntsville Democrat, September 11, 1861.

13. Huntsville Democrat, September 11, 1861.
14. Colonel Jackson may well have been Thomas Jonathon Jackson, soon to become the immortal "Stonewall."
15. A prominent Huntsville lawyer, Private David C. Humphreys soon left the 4th Alabama Infantry to raise a regiment of his own. However, Alabama could not provide arms for his men and the regiment disbanded. Thereafter, Humphreys took no active part in the war. Compiled Military Service Record, D. C. Humphreys, Col. I, 4th Alabama Infantry Regiment; Huntsville Democrat, July 17, 1861. See also the Huntsville Democrat, issues of September through November 1861, for numerous references to Col. Humphreys' regiment forming at Decatur. Most of Humphreys' companies would eventually join Tennessee infantry regiments.
16. Private Peter Binford died of pneumonia at Strassburg, Va., on May 20, 1861. A Huntsville lawyer, Binford had volunteered for the infantry despite being almost 44 years old. "I shall always believe he died the victim of too high a sense of duty," the Huntsville Democrat of May 29, 1861, quoted Dr. L. W. Shepherd as saying. "He would not ask to be excused from standing guard at Lynchburg, when he felt he was too sick to stand it." Binford apparently was the first man from Huntsville to die in the war. His remains were brought home and buried with Masonic honors.
17. Gen. Robert Patterson commanded the Union troops then occupying Harper's Ferry.
18. "Colonel Stewart" was none other than James Ewell Brown (Jeb") Stuart, later the dashing leader of Lee's cavalry.
19. Compiled Service Records, 4th Alabama Infantry, Microfilm Copy 311, Roll 118 (A-B1), available in the Heritage Room of the Huntsville Public Library.
20. Quoted in the Huntsville Democrat, September 11, 1861.
21. Huntsville Democrat, August 7, 1861. Stephen Anderson was actually sixteen.
22. Compiled Military Service Record of Stephen Anderson.



During the last two years of the Civil War, this building was used as the Quartermaster Headquarters of the occupying Federal forces, and is referred to numerous times in Mrs. Chadick's diary.

A HOUSEWIFE'S PERSPECTIVE ON THE OCCUPATION
OF HUNTSVILLE, PART V

[Editor's Note: The fifth installment of Mrs. Chadick's diary begins with March 27 and continues through October 2, 1864. After the capture of Chattanooga and Atlanta by federal forces, the Confederate Army of Tennessee under the leadership of Lieutenant General John Bell Hood retreated by way of the Tennessee Valley on their way to Middle Tennessee. At Franklin and later at Nashville, they met with resounding defeat and terrible losses which helped to further weaken the cause of the Confederacy. The Federal force stationed in Huntsville became increasingly oppressive as they sought to gain supplies by foraging; Mrs. Chadick's diary reflects the difficult times.]

March 27. Received another letter this week from Julia and little Davis. Brother Dave is going into business in Nashville. Gen. Sherman has arrived in this town this week. It is supposed that he is on his way to the front.

Heard from my dear husband this week, through Miss McClung. He came to the river at Whitesburg and sent word across under flag of truce that he was well. Only 10 miles rule between us, and yet I could not see him!

Have been ill for three days past--confined to my bed. Corinne and Jim seized this opportunity for leaving. She has gone to the hotel in the capacity of chambermaid. Thus our servants have all left us with the exception of Uncle Tom. He will doubtless go next--old as he is. There is a powerful charm in the word freedom.

March 28. Spent most of the day in the kitchen. Tom has concluded to remain with us, provided we allow him to work out part of the time for himself. Mr. Shepherd (a Fed) called to see if he could quarter one of Gen. McPherson's staff officers and his wife in my house. Resisted it my every plea that woman's tongue could urge. Think I made an impression.

April 1, 1864. Still without a servant. Mrs. Weaver, my kind friend, milks for me regularly. Had some fun today playing April jokes. Sent Mrs. Steele and Mrs. Figures official document, ordering them out of their houses for McPherson's staff officers. For a time, Mrs. Figures gave herself up to despair, and Mrs. Steele, in her indignation, went to apply to the quartermaster.

We have some cheering news from the Confederacy.

A Yankee woman has the keys of Mrs. Harris' house and yesterday, was inspecting the rooms.

Monday. The soldiers who were quartered in the steam mill back of our lot are leaving this morning for Nashville. Also, Crook's brigade are going to Columbia. Logan's command will leave this week. The Memphis Commercial says that North Alabama is to be evacuated. Jere Clemens and lady left yesterday morning for Philadelphia. A good sign

for us.

April 6. Dr. Barnett has been a kind friend to us. He is a Mason. Today, he made a requisition for us in the way of commissary stores. In this way, we get them without procuring a permit from headquarters, and at government prices. He got 10 pounds of candles, coffee, 25 pounds of sugar, one peck of salt, one pound of white beans, and sent them by his hospital steward to Mr. Weir with a polite note.

April 7. Received another favor today from Dr. Barnett in the way of a bottle of "Ferment." Have got a servant today on trial. Nancy, with two children--one of them large enough to wait on the house.

April 9. Today, a negro woman, named Melinda, came and offered her services to me, with her two boys--one large enough to cut wood, wait on the table, and for \$8 a month! Resolved to try her and dismissed Nancy.

Rumors today that the Confeds are crossing at Decatur and at the mouth of Flint River. Certain it is that the Feds have sent out two or three brigades to both points. They have also commenced fortifying Patton's's hill.

Received my goods from Nashville today by Mr. Irwin. Pleased with his selection, consisting of two large bolts of domestic bleached and unbleached at 60 cents per yard; calico dress pattern, 35 cents per yard; blue gingham 75 cents per yard; linen, drilling, 90 cents; flannel, \$1 per yard; shoes \$3.50 per pair; Mogambique goods, 65 cents--bill: \$95 in greenbacks.

Monday, April 11. Got up this morning and went to the kitchen to get breakfast. Melinda disappointed me. Just commenced when a neat, nice-looking servant came in and offered her services. Took her on trial. Think I am at last suited.

A dreadful accident occurred today. A caisson at the depot blew up, killing six poor fellows instantly, tearing them literally to pieces, wounding several others and killing two horses.

Dr. Barrett came around tonight and asked me to take his wife to board. Have no say, while in the Federal lines, to command greenbacks. Would take the doctor and lady to help us live but for the want of a house servant. It would also be a protection, as my vacant rooms are liable to be taken any day for officers, and many of them are not gentlemen. Must weigh all the difficulties before I decide.

No more talk of Logan's command leaving.

April 12. The funeral procession of the six men who were killed yesterday has just passed. The coffins were in three ambulances, followed by a piece of artillery and a regiment of the same. A sad sight. Although they are our enemies, they have loved ones at home to weep at their sad, untimely death, and the sight touches our sympathies.

April 13. Heard today from my dear husband through Miss Hassie Martin. He dined with her at her house two weeks since. She said he was in perfect health and was the finest looking and the finest dressed officer that she had seen. It is like "cold water to a thirsty soul," so seldom do we hear from him.

Saturday, April 16. The weather is remarkably cool for the season, and vegetation backward. The Feds are fortifying heavily, having mounted so many cannon upon Patton's hill. They are evidently expecting the Rebels. Night before last, they slept upon their arms and were for sometime drawn up in line of battle. The railroad track was also torn up above here the same night. The steam mill back of our lot is undergoing repairs for a powder magazine. Last night, several Yankee deserters escaped from the jail. They dug out in Morgan style--underground.

April 17. Took tea with Mrs. Davis last night. Met Col. Alexander at the table. Informed me that an advance into Georgia is intended in a few days, that Atlanta is the point of destination. Says that he "expects to meet my husband and bring him back to me." I told him on the contrary I thought I had better give him a letter of introduction, recommending him to the kindness of Col. Chadick when he fell into his hands.

We have had two marriages the past week of Union Southern ladies to Federal officers: Miss Mattie Lane to Col. Morton and Miss Jennie Davis to Col. Phillips.

Sunday, April 24. Another week has gone by, bringing no events of importance to Huntsville. Friday morning, I went with Kate Frazier to see Frye's paintings. From there, we went to Patton's Hill to see the fortifications. Found the Federals engaged in tearing down Mrs. Gooch's beautiful cottage to plant cannon on its site. The grounds and garden about the house, which were very pretty, were filled with ladies, servants and soldiers digging up and removing the fine shrubbery. Returned home for Uncle Tom, with spade and basket, and helped myself to some fine roses, box and verbenas. Walked through Mrs. Watkins' grounds for Miss Teate's benefit. She went into raptures over the fine statuary scattered here and there. The Yankees talk about demolishing this place also, which would be shameful indeed. In the evening, the walls of Mrs. Gooch's house fell with a crash which was heard all over town.

The works at the steam mill are still progressing. They have built a broad shutter all around the building under which to place their cannon. This is to be the headquarters of the Army of the Southwest. Gen. McPherson has taken up his quarters at the bank (First National), Mr. Lacy's family being ordered out to make room for him. Mrs. Figures has two Feds quartered upon her--takes it on like it was fine.

Thursday, April 28. Great activity prevails among the Federals. Immense supplies are being stored here, and every negro is pressed and kept at work until midnight. This is

to be a supply depot, and every preparation is evidently being made for the forward movement into Georgia. Mrs. Mayhew has been ordered out of the seminary, which is to be converted into a hospital. They say that they have 4,000 sick.

Little Mary is down with the measles. Received letters today from Nashville and Lebanon. Also a box of goods from Nashville by Mr. Cowles consisting mostly of calico and shoes. Dr. Barnett called this morning and left me some white sugar. He is a kind friend. Gen. Sherman has issued an order that nothing in the way of provisions shall be sold to the citizens. This is rather hard after their army has stripped the country of everything.

Saturday, April 30. Troops have been leaving all day. Gen. Matthias' brigade, including the 26th Missouri, is gone, taking Dr. Barnett. We have now no friend to go to in case of difficulty. More troops are coming in from below. Wonder what is their destination. Some think Georgia and others Chattanooga.

Sunday, May 1. Troops passing through Huntsville all day. They were storing ammunition all day in the mill back of our lot and then loading up wagons again with it until midnight.

Monday, May 2. Was awakened this morning by the sound of drum and fife. Troops still going through. Some great movement is surely on hand. Went at 9 a.m. with Miss Frazier to see Gen. McPherson to get a pass for her to return home to Larkinsville. Found him very civil, but in a great hurry as he was evidently going to leave. He gave the pass without asking any questions. He is very fine looking, graceful and obliging, and, unlike most generals and high officers, does all his own writing. I asked him what all this commotion was about and what it portended. "War, war, war!" was his brief reply.

Tuesday, May 3. Glorious news for the Feds from Virginia. They say that Lee is running. Grant is in full pursuit. Don't believe it. There is a great panic among them in town. They are looking for Gen. Forrest, having heard that he crossed the river yesterday at Florence. They are removing the ammunition from our neighborhood to the courthouse.

May 11. Rushing the work upon the fortifications, pressing every negro. Came and took old Tom out of the yard. Begged hard for him, urging his rheumatism as a plea, all to no purpose. Went to the courthouse and made an appeal to Col. Alexander. He said that he met him, and seeing that he was lame, released him. There was a mistake, however, in the negro. Uncle Tom worked all day and was ordered to report again at the fortifications tomorrow morning. Two hundred of their shovels received by train today. And all artists, suttlers, cotton buyers and camp followers ordered to report to work at the same time and place to receive arms, upon penalty of being expelled the lines.

May 12. Went up to see Mrs. Tom White this evening. They

are digging rifle pits in her front yard. This will bring her house and grounds within the fort. All loyal citizens are ordered to report at the fortifications for work tomorrow. Uncle Tom is still retained, while our yard and garden are going to weeds. Still bad news for us from Virginia, but do not believe it. News today that Gen. Logan and staff are prisoners.

May 13. Dr. Barnett called to see us this morning. His brigade is at Decatur.

Tuesday, May 17. Heard last night that Billy was across the river at Whitesburg. Sue [her daughter] procured a pass this morning for herself, Jennie and Eddie to go to see him. Failed to get a horse. Sue is crying for disappointment. Great excitement appears to pervade the town. They are removing ammunition by wagon loads to the depot. Sue has deferred the trip until tomorrow.

Our troops are fighting the Yankees at Indian creek, having torn up the railroad below and are thought to be advancing upon Huntsville. Hence the excitement. Later the Confeds destroyed trains, burned 100 bales of cotton and Madison station, and tore up the railroad. It is also rumored that they took Larkinsville this morning. Certain it is that the trains will not come as usual, and there are no mails. The soldiers say that Gen. Smith suppressed the dispatches of yesterday.

May 18. All quiet. Said to be fighting at Dalton. They have brought in Dr. Fletcher and Mr. Betts today from Madison station, accused, it is said, of guiding the Rebels yesterday to the station where the cotton was burned. If proved on them, they say, they will hang Dr. Fletcher.

The Rev. John Campbell crossed the river from Dixie yesterday. He brings me word that my "other half" is well, and has laid down the sword and taken up the "metic," or, in other words, quit the service.

May 19. Sue and Jennie went to the river to see Billy and were disappointed.

May 22. Good news this morning from Virginia. Beauregard has whipped Butler and, although all the Federal papers announced the great success of Grant over Lee and Sherman over Johnston, they are so lying and there is so much misrepresentation that we do not place any confidence in this dispatch. Neither do the better class of people north, judging from the tone of some of their journals. Certain it is that the Yankees now occupying Huntsville are by no means jubilant, but, on the contrary, are very quiet in regard to the news from Virginia. Their papers acknowledge the loss of 75,000 men. Who is accountable for this fearful business of sacrifice of human life? Echo answers "Who?"

May 23. Gen. Frank Blair arrived here last evening. The 17th Army Corps under his command arrived here this evening on their way probably to reinforce Sherman. They are committing all kinds of depredations upon private property.

They are stopping here every moment for flowers, being greatly attracted by my front yard which at this time looks like a perfect wilderness of wild, fine roses. Twenty of them came into my back yard just at dusk for roses and behaved very badly. One proposed that they should take the churn away with them. The servant was milking at the time, and they waited until she was done, and took it from her and six of them drank it. Shall be glad when they have left here.

May 26. Received a letter this morning from Brother Dave by Mr. Durham. He writes that poor little Davie has been badly bitten by a dog, but has entirely recovered. Feel anxious and sad about it and think that it may be worse than they represent it. Wrote an answer by the same gentleman and sent money to Dave for two kegs of lard--one for myself and one for Mrs. Steele. Col. Alexander gave me a permit. He always treats me with kindness and consideration. Major Crowell, the provost, also approved my letters without reading them, upon my pledging my word that they contained nothing contraband. He is a friend of Dr. Barnett.

Saturday, May 28. Mrs. William Robinson called and dined with me. She gave me money to send to Dave for a sack of coffee. I have engaged a servant of hers who left the plantation and came to town with her children, because there was nothing left there for them to live upon. Rosetta by name, like her very much and am to hire her and two children, and give her \$3 per month. Commences receiving her wages May 30.

June 2. To our great surprise, Billy returned home today. Says he was captured on the other side of the river. He was taken to the courthouse and his person searched. In one of his pockets was found a letter written to him last Fall by myself. Among other things, his pa's escape from capture was spoken of, together with an account of Sue's shooting herself through the hand. I do not, unfortunately, remember the remaining contents. The provost says that I speak of having my husband's fine saddle in my possession and that it must be sent to him forthwith. This statement must be incorrect as, not having it, I could not have so stated. He refuses to give up the letter or to let Billy look at it.

June 4. Billy reported himself again to the provost this evening. Major Crowell insists upon my sending him the saddle, says that he "has it in writing with my signature and that I have it in my possession." It is assuredly false. I could not have made such a statement, as I sent my husband the saddle the very next morning after his escape. He says that, if I do not send it, I shall certainly get myself into trouble and lay myself liable to have my house searched every day or two. I fancied that he might possibly be a gentleman, as, when I went to get my letter approved, he treated me with true politeness, and when others censored and spoke unkindly of him, I was his defender. I shall certainly not take the trouble to notice his menaces, and he can search if he chooses.

June 10. Dr. Barnett from Decatur called to see us on Monday, and said that he would state the facts to him (Crowell)

and try to get my letter. Miss Aggie Scott also received a severe reprimand from said gentleman on account of a paragraph in a letter to her brother, a prisoner at Camp Morton. The letter says, in a playful manner, that she is luxuriating daily upon strawberries and that, a year ago at this time, she fed Gen. Forrest with them from her own hand, and that she could not help wishing that she might again enjoy that pleasure just at this time. The provost said that it was an insult to the government. He retained the letter.

Dr. Barnett returned the next morning and informed me that he found the major in the worst possible humor in consequence of his horse having run off and broken his buggy all to pieces. Would not listen to reason, and said he should most assuredly make the search. He had either intentionally or unintentionally read my letter wrong, insisting that I said the affair took place after Gen. Crook [instead of McCook] occupied the town and, therefore, I had had no opportunity of sending the saddle to my husband. Should he persist in troubling me, I shall certainly execute a flank movement by stating the facts to Col. Alexander.

Attended Mrs. Mayhew's examination this week. Clare recited a piece of poetry beautifully, and Georgie made a speech and acted in a dialogue with great credit to him. I really felt proud of them both.

Saturday, June 11. Bought a barrel of flour today from a soldier for \$14 in greenbacks. He informs me that the troops now stationed here are under marching orders and will leave in a few days, their place to be supplied by "100 days" men. We are sorry to hear this, as the officers now in command have been truly kind to the citizens and have made many friends on that account. We may make a bad exchange. Tonight, news came that Henry Figures had been killed in one of the battles in Virginia.

Sunday, June 12. Heard today that John Young had fallen in Virginia with several others from this neighborhood.

June 16. The old troops are leaving. Col. Dean's regiment came in today from Decatur. Col. McFall came around to see us and said that, if there was anything he could do for us before leaving, not to hesitate to ask him. Dr. Barnett brought me a supply of medicines.

Wednesday, June 23. Six thousand troops left here for the front this morning, leaving but one regiment. More "100 days" troops came in this evening, however. They are moving many of the commissary stores, and many of the Union citizens and officers and wives are leaving. They say it is not now a safe place, and raids are looked for from the Confederates. Forrest is also a terror to them. It is thought that he will come this way to cut off Sherman's communications.

June 24. Made \$3 today selling milk and vegetables to the soldiers. Sue, Jennie and Georgie have gone to Mr. Malone's. Wish I could hear from W.D. [her husband]. Wonder when the

coast will be clear so that he can come home. Gen. Rousseau arrived here last night.

June 26. Roddy, the Feds say, is threatening Huntsville. No one allowed to go out of town today without taking the oath. We have a change of commanders--Col. Johnston commands the post, Major Calkin is provost marshal with headquarters at the Beirne house. My servant, Corrina, has left the hotel and gone there to wait on him. They are more stringent and severe than Col. Alexander and Gen. Smith. They say it is Sherman's order. They have also orders to destroy the town in case of a successful attack by the Rebels. We have encouraging news from Petersburg. Gen. Grainger commands the Federal forces in North Alabama, with headquarters in Decatur.

Saturday, July 2. Mrs. Figures called upon Mrs. Alexander, and was very sociable with her. Upon Mrs. Alexander's departure from Huntsville, it was discovered that Mrs. Figures' choice servant, Ella, had gone with her. She was either abducted or absconded, but, in either case, she was aided and abetted. It shows the principles upon which the Northern people act. Carpets, chamber sets and such have been taken from private residences occupied by Federal officers to be shipped north. Mrs. Figures was somewhat taken by surprise.

July 4, 1864. The day passed quietly. The Feds fired a few guns in honor of the day, but Richmond has not fallen as they so confidently believed that it would by this day.

July 8. Mr. Herrick called this evening with letters for me from Nashville. Learned that Julia could not procure a pass for herself and my little Dave to come to Huntsville. A soldier also called with an official document demanding one set of chamber furniture for the benefit of headquarters at Mr. Beirne's house. Persuaded the official to wait until I could go to headquarters and appeal to Col. Johnson, commander of the post, as having no furniture to spare, such an arrangement would subject me to most serious inconvenience.

July 9. A second wagon came again for the furniture this morning. A sofa, six chairs, table, bedstead, bureau with looking glass, washstand and bowl and pitcher were demanded. While the wagon went to Dr. Anthony's for a similar demand, I proceeded to use my powers of persuasion upon Col. Johnson. He told me, among other things, that I must expect to lose everything I had; that, in fact, I did not possess anything, that my husband had taken an active part in the war, had been very violent, was in favor of bushwhacking, et cetera. I told him that my husband was a high-toned, honorable gentleman, and by no means violent. I said he was a man who always took strong grounds and used strong language to maintain it. Neither was he an advocate of bushwhacking, but believed in an honorable, open warfare, and such he had always waged upon them, and I did not see why that was any reason why I should be called upon to give up everything I had, that many demands had been made upon me since their army had occupied the place.

After I had finished my talk, he said, "Well, Mrs. Chadick, I will not take as much from you as I intended. I will only take two or three pieces. He sent and took a washstand, bowl and pitcher, bureau and looking glass.

Found this morning that my maid of all work, Rosetta, is going to leave me and go to a neighborhood which offers higher wages.

July 15. Great excitement prevails this evening. It has been ascertained that a large body of cavalry crossed the river at Claysville and it is thought are threatening Huntsville. Every man is ordered into the fort at sundown and, while the place is held almost exclusively by new troops, there is really quite a panic among them. They are taking every negro man here by force, if necessary, and think that the Rebels will be here by midnight. Badly prepared to greet the Rebels, having a miserable headache.

July 16. Awoke this morning with a clear head and find the Yanks still in unmolested possession of the place. It is certainly a raid upon this side of the river--destination not yet ascertained.

July 18. Margaret commenced work for me today. Georgie, the colored boy who waited on my husband, was brought across the river yesterday by the Yanks and says that W.D. had another narrow escape from being captured last week, that the gunboat on the Tennessee crossed over in the night, and the soldiers went to the very house where he was staying. But going to the stables first, it gave the inmates of the house time to make good their retreat, and he got off safely. O, if I could see him, if but for one short hour! Col. Johnson, in my interview with him, told me in a very unfeeling manner that a letter came to me from my husband a few days since, and he sent it back over the river.

Friday, July 22. Have just risen from one of my nervous headaches. This cruel separation from my husband affects me most painfully at such times. It is now eight months since we saw each other.

Tuesday, July 25. The Feds are removing all their ammunition from the magazine to the depot. They appear to be removing all their stores also. Wonder if there is any possibility of an evacuation of this place. The joy would be too great. We have constantly good news from Virginia, but, in Georgia, the news is not favorable to us. They have had a terrible fight before Atlanta and say we have been defeated, but we cannot hear the truth. It is also said that Gen. Johnston has been superseded by Hood. Cannot understand it, as everybody had the utmost confidence in Johnston's ability as a general.

July 27. The body of Major Gen. McPherson [at one time in command of Huntsville] passed through here last night. They have lost one of their best generals.

July 29. Went to headquarters this morning to get permit to bring some lard, mackerel and herring out of Nashville. The

favor was readily granted by Col. Johnson. Gen. Grainger was present--a very dignified, courteous gentleman. He took great notice of Clara, who accompanied me, took the heart of a watermelon and gave it to her, and spread his handkerchief in her lap to protect her dress. I was in another room at the time, having my permit written out, and did not hear the tale of distress poured into his ears by two women from the country, whose house, with all their worldly goods and chattels, had been laid in ashes the day before. The Feds had done it because her son belonged to a company of guerillas. Neither did I hear his reply, only that it was unauthorized.

These Federal soldiers are doing dreadful deeds in the country, when they are away from their commands. Last week, near New Market, they called two young men out from their homes and shot them in cold blood, and then called on their friends to bury them. Reason alleged was that they had fed bushwhackers.

Captain Baker, quartermaster, has for some cause been released. A lady sent to Corinna, who waited on him, for her China set, silver baskets and other things which had been taken for his use, and she refused to give them up, saying that Capt. Baker had given them to her. She had them packed up and was all ready to start with them to Nashville when Col. Johnson sent a guard to take them, and forbid her having a pass to leave the place. She is now hunting a room to stay in.

Mr. McGhee from Winchester was here tonight. The most amusing gentleman I have ever met. Gen. Stanley was quartered in his house last Summer, and it appears he took quite a fancy to him, although he is a great Rebel. Last week, he received a letter from the general, now in Georgia, saying that he had named his little son, six weeks old, for him. Mr. McGhee wrote back that he thanked him and that he would give it a "little nigger."

Monday, August 1. Wrote to the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, secretary of war for the U.S., asking for a permit for Eddie to bring some goods through to this place. He is an old friend and once very highly esteemed. I shall wait patiently for the result.

Saturday, August 6. Had a complete and joyful surprise this evening in the arrival of my long-absent Little Davie and Sister Julia. He has been absent now nearly three years. A beautiful boy. Has grown very much and hardly knew his mother. Such an excitement among the children! If his pa was only here to participate in it, our happiness would be complete. Julia brings me a letter from Clara asking me to hunt up a Federal officer who has been missing since the Battle of the Wilderness and is supposed to have been taken prisoner and taken to Macon, Ga. He is a son of Dr. Dale of Pittsburgh. Must make an effort, although I am almost as completely cut off from communication with Dixie as they themselves.

August 10. Wrote a letter to Major Logan of the LaMar House

in Macon, at the suggestion of a friend, to make inquiries about Col. Dale. Shall take it to Gen. Grainger, who is in command here, and ask him to forward it under a flag of truce.

August 11. Sent to the Beirne house today and recovered my bureau and washstand, but the looking glass and bowl and pitcher were not to be found. Gave Gen. Grainger a receipt for the same.

August 12. Julia and myself went to headquarters this morning to ask them to forward my letter. He said there was no communication whatever with the other side of the river, except under very peculiar circumstances. When he learned the particulars and that a Federal officer was involved, he said that Gen. Sherman was the man to write to, and he would send it to Macon under flag of truce, that he would forward my letter to Sherman and indorse it.

Three officers called this morning to take a room in my house for business purposes. Talked them out of it and mentioned it to the general, and he issued an order that they should not go into any private house.

August 13. Quite ill with a severe cold. Sue and Jennie have gone out to Mrs. Wilson's to spend the day. Had quite an excitement about dinner time, occasioned by the finding of a in the front yard by Billy.

August 16. Great excitement among the children. Aunt Julia is getting up some tableaux in which they are all to act and which will come off tomorrow night. Heard this evening that John Clark, a member of our church and Sabbath school, had been murdered by the Federal soldiers under the most aggravated circumstances. These murders are becoming numerous and alarming. They call their victims out of their houses, accuse them of feeding bushwhackers or some such pretense, and then shoot them down.

Received a letter today from Hannah, the first in a year. She is in Wilmington, N.C., having left Charleston at the beginning of the siege.

Wednesday, August 17. Awoke this morning with a dreadful headache. All came around my bedside with long faces, fearing the tableaux will have to be postponed. Every few minutes, someone puts his head in at the door with, "How do you feel now, Ma? No better?" And they tiptoe from the door in hopeless despair. Felt sad at being the cause of such terrible disappointment and resolved to make a desperate effort to get better. Sent for a tub of hot water and, after bathing my feet almost to a blister, binding up my poor head in vinegar and taking a little nap, my poor head was somewhat relieved of the pain. Then Georgie and Dave were dressed at once and started out to invite the guests. All hands went to work putting the rooms in order and arranging costumes. Some were dispatched for flowers, while Julia and Jennie arranged the stage. One end of the back porch was fitted up for this purpose. Counterpanes were tacked to the sides, and carpet spread and a curtain

hung in front.

In a short time, everything was arranged and, to complete all, Eddie came with a load of fine large watermelons for refreshments. Found that they had sent out to the ladies on this street to come and witness the children's enjoyment. Some of the costumes were beautiful, and all acted their parts admirably and were received with great applause by the company. After they were over, the crowd adjourned to the dining room to enjoy the melons. Everything went off admirably, thanks to Aunt Julia. The children had not had so much fun since the commencement of this miserable war.

Friday, August 19. Rain, rain, rain. It has rained every day but two in this month. Margaret, my slow maid of all work, is still washing--the 10th day. Everything is behind hand. All resolved to put shoulders to the wheel and get things straight. I went to the washtub, Sue and Julia to the ironing board, and Jennie got dinner. Before night, it was all brought up. After washing the skin off my fingers, not being used to it, I sat down to my embroidery frame and embroidered the whole skirt of a child's dress in bunches of flowers, and finished it by dusk. It is for Julia--a present to a little namesake in Lebanon.

Monday, August 21. Immediately after breakfast, carried Mrs. Tom White a letter, which contained news from her son, Sandy, from whom she had not heard in months. The news of Capt. Waid's death and that of Mr. Brucker have been confirmed. Both killed in the battles before Atlanta.

A trial is going on in town today. Col. Anderson, who commands at Brownsboro, has been having innocent citizens shot like dogs. A young man named Davis was carried before him last week and asked to take the oath. He said he could not take it. They then asked, if he was to go into the army, which one would he go into. He replied that he had his old mother and her family to take care of and could not go into either, but, of course, if he was forced to go, being a Southern man, his preference would be on that side. Anderson replied, "I'll fix you. You shall not go into either!" He was kept until the next morning, when Col. Anderson gave him a pass to go home, and then sent out a squad of men with orders to kill him. He begged hard for one-half hour to go home and see his mother. He was shot in 14 places, a negro having the second shot, and his body carried into the mountain and hid.

The men in the neighborhood were afraid to look for him, and a Federal soldier piloted Miss Vincent to the spot under promise of secrecy, and she and other ladies carried the body home. Another man was afraid to make a coffin without a permit from Col. Anderson. This brutal officer refused admittance to the mother of the murdered man, but she forced her way into his presence, told him he had murdered an innocent man and broken a mother's heart, and that she would have revenge. She came to town and went to the officers in command and told them that, if they did not bring Col. Anderson to justice, she would mount her horse and go herself in search of the Rebel cavalry. She got up her wit-

nesses and brought them to town, and he is now being tried. This man is a Congregational preacher. Between robbing, thieving and murdering, they will give the North a glorious name in history. Houses that have been occupied by officers and their reputed wives have been completely plundered.

At Mr. Robert Watkins' [the Grayson home], china, plate, bedding, even the pillow cases from off the beds and the latter gentleman's clothes [he had just died] were packed up and carried off while the old lady lay upon a bed of sickness. Capt. Allen, quartermaster, who occupied the house of Mrs. Weeden, carried off, among other things, two china chambers. His name has been thereby immortalized by the ladies. When looking under the bed for that article, they ask, "Where's Capt. Allen?"

Tuesday, August 22. I am sad today. Julia is preparing to return tonight to Tennessee, and I shall again be left alone. Little Davie is crying to return with her. Many visitors have been in today to say goodbye. I feel great uneasiness about her. The trains are so frequently fired into.

August 23. Julia left at daybreak this morning. I feel nervous and anxious lest something was going to happen. Must try to overcome it. If I could only hear from my husband, it would lighten my heart.

August 31. Received a letter from Julia, assuring me of her safe arrival in Nashville. Mrs. Steele's lard also arrived by wagon. There is much excitement among the Federals. Gen. Wheeler has destroyed the railroad, and Tullahoma and Decatur are threatened. They are looking for him here every hour and are barricading the streets with cotton bales. They have also fired two shells into the town today.

Sept. 1. The excitement has somewhat subsided, as the Rebels did not make their appearance last night.

Sept. 2. All is confusion among the Feds. Trains of supplies have just come in, the engines perfectly riddled with balls. They say that they ran the gauntlet at or near Athens, and that the bridge over Elk river was on fire when they passed over it. These trains had supplies and coffins. Pity it could not have been captured. Wagons are running through the streets at a gallop toward the fort, loaded with cotton bales, and all seem to be in preparation for a fight. The Yanks think that Forrest and Roddy are below and Wheeler above. They are sending troops below, and make great threats of capturing them all. They had a report here today among the soldiers that Wheeler was captured.

5 o'clock. A dispatch just came that Atlanta had fallen! Sue, Jennie and Georgie, Mrs. Hereford and Kitty Brickel have just started to Meridianville to a meeting of the church. Do not like for them to leave home at such a time.

Saturday, Sept. 3. The railroad has been cut both ways, so that there is no communications with Nashville, although the Feds say there is a chance of it being repaired in a day or

two. We are entirely cut off from any reliable news. One of their officers said yesterday that the news from Atlanta would not do to bet on. Just as we thought. They were fighting all yesterday at Athens, with what result is not known to us. It is also rumored that the Rebels have Shelbyville. Gen. Ed. McCook and command are here.

Monday, Sept. 5. Lieut. Whitton called this morning and brought me some sugar and candles. Not acquainted, but Mrs. D., with whom he boards, mentioned my wants, and he kindly offered to procure them for me. By this means, I get sugar at 14 cents [government price], whereas I should have to give 50, and other things in proportion. Truly, there are some gentlemen among them. He called at the door this evening and left a lady's book.

Saturday, Sept. 10. Sue left today for Mr. Watkins', where she has engaged to teach for five months. There is quite a mania for teaching among the young ladies, which is certainly praiseworthy, for if the young ladies do not volunteer their services in educating the present generation, to where shall we go for teachers? We have been too dependent upon the North in this respect, as in others.

Sue has not yet returned from Missouriville. Eddie, too, is there. Billy has a situation at the depot, which keeps him day and night, so that my household has dwindled down to myself and the four little ones. An occasional visitor drops in and imparts the news. Some of it cheering and some otherwise.

Miss Florence C. says that a Rebel newspaper has been smuggled in. It tells us that Grant has abandoned the siege of Petersburg and that Lee is in possession of the Weldon railroad, and that Early has given the enemy a severe whipping in the Shenandoah Valley.

Then, on the other hand, the Feds say that Sherman is 20 miles south of Atlanta and that he has had a battle, and there is no end to the prisoners taken. First, they said, they captured 12,000 Rebels, but the number has now dwindled down to 3,000. The Rebels are said to have had Athens, Pulaski and Shelbyville alternately in their possession the last week. Certain it is that there is no communication with Nashville either way. We are completely shut in from all knowledge of the outer world, surrounded by Rebels and yet never permitted to behold the light of their dear faces. The railroad is being constantly cut as fast as the Yanks can repair it.

Am filling up the hours of tediousness and loneliness in reading "The Diary and Letters of Madam D'Arblay." Can hear nothing of the whereabouts of my "cara sposa." Col. Anderson, the murderer of Mr. Davis, has been sentenced to five years' imprisonment! Mild sentence for crimes such as his.

Monday, Sept. 12, 1864. Mr. Tom White called this morning to tell me that my husband was at the river and had sent me some messages through Col. Chapman, a Federal officer. Went

immediately to Mrs. White's to try and get further particulars. Mrs. White and her son volunteered to aid me in trying to get a conveyance and to procure passes to the river. Am perfectly excited at the news and wholly unfitted to attend to my domestic concerns.

Night. Mr. White informs me that no passes will be allowed to ladies to go to the river.

Sept. 18. Miss Kitty Brickell called to say that there was a letter for me at the provost's office, that the official would not let her have it, but sent word to me to come in person and get it. I at once proceeded to the provost's office and went through the ceremony of receiving it. It was from my dear W. D., inquiring and urging me to get permission to come and see him. Gen. Grainger and Col. Horner, the proper authorities for granting such permission, were absent at Decatur, but were hourly expected.

In the evening Mrs. Burton called and said that she had been to the river and that she had only a pass to go outside of the pickets, but had succeeded in seeing her husband, and that my "cara sposa" had come over with him under flag of truce, thinking that I was with her, and, of course, was sadly disappointed. Sent me word to try and come tomorrow as he must leave the day following. I must make another effort.

Mr. Hereford came after supper to go with me to Col. Horner's headquarters. He had not returned, neither had Gen. Grainger. Several other ladies are in the same situation. The subordinates will not give us passes, as they say no communication whatever is allowed. Returned home and resolved to go on a pass from the provost to go beyond the pickets and try my chance for the rest. Found Billy at home, and he promised to come early with a conveyance and accompany me.

Sept. 14. Passed a sleepless night. My nervous system was excited to the utmost pitch, caused by alternate emotions of hope and fear. Was ready by 8 a.m. Walked down to Mrs. B's, who was also going to send word to W.D. that I was coming if she got there first. Put a silk handkerchief and two cigars in my pocket and took a bottle of home-made wine as tokens of remembrance to my dear, and was off by 9 o'clock. O, how did my heart flutter and tremble with fear all the way, lest I should fail in seeing him, whom I had not seen in 10 long months. I took little Davie with us. My husband had not seen him for two and a half years. Mrs. Bradford and Mrs. Fulton were also in company with us.

Arriving at the river, we sent to the camp for the captain in command. He came--a handsome, gentlemanly young man--Kingman by name. He asked me if I had the requisite papers authorizing him to bring my husband over. I replied that I had nothing but a pass to come outside the pickets, the proper authorities being absent. Hearing that my husband would leave the next day, I had come down to appeal to his generosity and take the chances. He replied that he felt a deep interest in Col. Chadick and would bring him

over to see me, together with Mr. Fulton, but that it would be the last time he would cross anyone without written permission from the general. He said he was running a great risk and might lose his commission by it, and begged me to keep it a secret. How shall I ever thank Capt. Kingman for his noble generosity!

The soldiers took us to their quarters and gave us a cup of hot coffee. We then proceeded to the river. The flag of truce was waving upon the boat. The captain and the soldiers jumped in and soon landed upon the opposite shore. Just then a gunboat passed down the river. I had never seen one before and it reminded me of pictures I had seen in Roman history, but I had no time to inspect it, as all my thoughts and my eyes were upon the returning skiff and its precious freight. Soon we were clasped in each other's arms. Then we scrutinized each other. He was looking remarkably well, dressed in a handsome suit of gray with bright buttons. A gray coat is such a treat! It did my eyes good to look at it.

He was delighted to see little Dave and Billy. We walked up the bank, and placed the carriage cushions on some rocks underneath the trees, and seated ourselves for a chat, as only half hour was allowed. At the same time, we were closely guarded by the enemy, who watched our every word and look. Soon, too soon, it was all over and, after we had bade each other farewell, he returned to Dixie and I to Yankeedom, both the happier I trust for the meeting. I tried not to shed a tear or to indulge in any sad reflections upon the occasion. After my return, the excitement was too great for me. I went to bed, sick and unable to hold up my head for two days.

Sunday, Sept. 18. Communication is again opened between here and Nashville, and permits have been granted for eight stores to be opened. They say that, since Sherman has taken Atlanta, there is nothing in the way of trade. Sent a letter to Dave a day or two since by Mr. Herrick for him to send me a lead-colored straw bonnet by said gentleman. Hitherto, all the goods we have been able to get have been brought from Nashville, with much difficulty in getting permits, transportation, et cetera.

Mr. Jim Rogers was brought in a prisoner this week. Went to Mrs. Toney's this evening to see him. He looks well, was well dressed and in fine spirits for a captured man. Sent another letter yesterday to Macon, Ga., making further investigation in regard to the fate of Col. Dale. Heard also of the death of Arthur Robinson, a prisoner at Johnson's Island. Sad, sad news for his family.

Sept. 22 We have a new provost marshal, Col. Horner. Everybody who asks for a pass or for any favor whatever is required to take either the amnesty oath or the oath of allegiance. More severe measures than have heretofore been used. Eddy went for a pass this morning to go to the country, and returned quite crestfallen. Couldn't subscribe to the terms.

Sept. 23. Tonight, Mr. Venable called and said the trains were behind time, consequently no news or papers.

Sept. 25. Another panic among the enemy. A heavy force of Rebels took Athens yesterday, capturing three regiments. Five hundred reinforcements were sent from Decatur and they, too, were "gobbled up." Forrest and Roddy are supposed to be in command. The train that was due Friday night was captured and the road badly torn up.

Sept. 26. The Rebel force is said to be moving up in the direction of Nashville. Gens. Steadman and Common arrived last night on their way to Decatur, but, on learning this, turned back toward Stevenson. There is news this evening that the Confeds still hold Athens, and the Yanks think they will certainly be here tonight.

Sept. 29. Forrest is confidently looked for tonight. New troops have come in and gone to the fort. Many anecdotes are told of Forrest at Athens by the enemy. He took several hundred prisoners there and at other points, and has completely destroyed the road between here and Pulaski, burning the bridges, destroying trestle work, and says when he has finished with this road, the enemy is welcome to it for six months. A Fed said yesterday that Forrest was a dashing-looking officer and the most taking one in his ways he had ever seen. It is plain that the enemy fear him.

Sept. 30. It is current among the enemy this morning that Gen. Sherman, with the 15th Army Corps, will be here tonight to resist the movements of Forrest; if true, we as citizens have everything to fear. Yet, it may be just a ruse to cheer and encourage the small force that is here. That a large force will be sent to meet him there is little doubt.

3 p.m. Enemy apparently in great commotion. Wagons running to and fro with cotton bales. Soldiers hurrying hither and yon. What does it mean? Here comes Ed. A force went out this morning to hunt Forrest. When about nine miles from town, 50 of them were "gobbled up" and the remainder came tearing back--sans hats, et cetera. One of them took a horse yesterday from Robert Bannister, and today a Rebel knocked him off and took it. They brought back three Rebel prisoners. Gen. Grainger came up from Decatur, and he and his officers are having a consultation in the courthouse before dinner.

5 p.m. The Rebels are thundering at the gates, or, in other words, they are drawn up in line of battle across the Meridianville pike, on the edge of town, the enemy opposing them. Occasional shots are fired.

Night. All is quiet. Occasional showers, with thunder and lightning. Try to calm my excited nerves by reading "Miss Burney's Letters." Have got the children all quietly to bed.

9 p.m. Conclude there will be no attacks tonight. I lay aside my book and retired. Just as I was sinking into the arms of Morpheus, I was aroused by the violent ringing of

the door bell. It was Willis Harris come to tell us that Gen. Buford had demanded an unconditional surrender, and that Gen. Grainger had replied that he would "burn the town first, and that he would fight him there, or in the fort." Grainger sent word to Mrs. Toney that he would give all the citizens two hours to get out of the town. Horrible! Now, what is to be done?

All the children were aroused from their peaceful slumber and hastily dressed. Then such hurrying together of clothes to carry with us. Here comes Mr. Harris and Mrs. Figures to see what is to be done. Finally settled it that we will do nothing until we hear something further. Misses Parker and Cooper have gone to Mrs. Grainger's to make further inquiries.

Morning. All up at daylight and packing up. Gen. Forrest or Buford sent word that the women and children must get out of town by 7 o'clock. Ate a hasty breakfast. Some advise to go. Others say that the safest place for the people on this street is in their houses, as they are under the guns of a fort. Am in a state of the most nervous excitement in regard to what I ought to do with so many little helpless ones dependent upon me for protection. Most of my neighbors resolved to stay, and so will I.

Here comes Billy from a panic-stricken quarter of the town and here comes Ed with a small wagon. Both say we must get out of town in a hurry, as it is going to be burned. Cannons are booming from the fort. Some of them are making the children cry, and all begging to go. So we packed them into the wagon with a lunch and a few things, and sent them out to old Mrs. Steele's under Jennie's care. Resolved to stay ourselves and risk the chances, not being able to walk so far this morning.

Suffering tortures with my old disease. I am alone with Margaret, faithful servant. Here comes Mrs. Hewlett. She has been to the fort to solicit Gen. Grainger not to shell the college. He replied that, if the Confederates come within 300 yards of the fort, "I have orders to fire every house in town within half an hour. You can take your young ladies to the hospital. They will be safe there.

9 a.m. The firing has ceased. No attack yet from the Rebs. The town is surrounded on three sides, and they are tearing up the railroad as fast as they can. A Yankee captain just came in to see why Mrs. Thurston's wagon does not return. He says that they are skirmishing down by the depot. I can see Yankee soldiers prowling around my neighbors' lots. One said the family had not gone from here, as he saw a negro. I heartily wish the children had remained with me.

1 p.m. All is quiet. Wonder what it means. Mrs. Parker and Mrs. Mayhew, in endeavoring to escape from town, were stopped by the Rebels and divested of all their luggage. They took from Mrs. Mayhew two bolts of domestic, all her shoes, and one of them told her that the last thing his wife told him was to bring her some shoes. From Mrs. Parker, they took all her clothing and a large amount of money.

They evidently took them for Yankee women and told them they were traveling in too fine a carriage. They said they were too well dressed, and that they had been told to watch for just such a carriage. It is to be hoped that, when this is explained, the things will be restored.

5 p.m. All apprehensions of an attack today from the Rebels seem to be pretty well over, and they say that the latter have retired. It is raining very hard, accompanied by thunder. O, that my little ones were at home!

Sunday, Oct. 2. All quiet. The Rebels have disappointed and disappeared. The little refugee children have just returned, all mud and dirt. They said they stayed all night at old Mrs. Steele's with a large crowd. The pickets said as they went out that such a pretty family of children could pass anywhere.

It is now generally understood that the whole thing was a feint on the part of Gen. Forrest to enable him to get 200 wagons, which he captured from the enemy, across the river. Most of the Federal force was sent off from here yesterday, for what purpose I know not.

Mrs. Mayhew came in to give me an account of her adventures. She says it was done and the carriage arrested by a major and a captain. The carriage was sent forward, while they were ordered to walk around a hill. When they came up with it, their things had been plundered and the officers had disappeared. The Confederates generally were highly indignant with the outrage and said the men who did it ought to be hung. Col. Kelley promised to have the matter investigated and, if the things could be found, they should be restored under flag of truce.

The shells and cannon from the fort wounded only one Confederate soldier, who had to have his leg amputated. Three Yankees were killed in the little skirmish Friday evening. Stayed all alone in the house last night, except for a servant, who slept in the room with me.



The home of Mrs. Stephen Willis Harris (Luisa Matilda Watkins) located across the street from Mrs. Chadick. Because of her many kind deeds during and after the war, Mrs. Harris is remembered as one of the pillars of the Methodist Church. (420 Randolph)



Home of William and Harriett Figures, Mrs. Chadick's next-door neighbor. Figures served as editor of the Huntsville Advocate. Their son, Henry Stokes Figures was killed in the Battle of the Wilderness. (423 Randolph)

The purpose of this society is to afford an agency for expression among those having a common interest in collecting, preserving and recording the history of Huntsville and Madison County. Communications concerning the organization should be addressed to the President at P. O.Box 666, Huntsville, Alaabama 35804.

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