

Civilian Life Collection 34078

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[February 22, 1863 Page 19-20]

“Sunday evening – 22. Feb. This morning we were all awakened by the ringing of the church bells and the firing of the cannon, at first we could not conjecture what it was, Pa thought it was a fire, I was sure that Morgan had come but Ma’ suggested that it was Washington’s birthday, and she was right; it is the twenty-second of February, this day one hundred and thirty-one years ago George Washington was born the Father of this county and the Prince of rebels, he was the great leader of our forefathers, who were his followers when they rebelled against the tyrannic [sic] government of our mother country. Ah! With what a thrill of joy did we used to celebrate this day, but alas the Yankees try to usurp this (taken from page 19)

as well as the rest of our rights. No! The right as well as the pleasant duty of doing it still remains to us - although they (the yanks) say that we have not. - Oh it does make my heart ache to see these villains celebrate the nativity of that great man, I know that rather than have them make such a fuss over him, if his ghost should rise up it would say ‘let me be forgotten,’ ‘I fought not for tyrants, my heart is with the South,’ but we have another Washington in our noble Davis; he will ever live in the heart of the southerner God bless him!!!”

I’ll declare I’m so sleepy I must go to bed.

Why is the president of the United States like Screech-Owl? Because he is always A-blinkin – Abe Linkin – A-b” (page 20)

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“Wednesday Feb. 25th, 1863. Well I think I had better cut the leaf before this one out. I’ll declare I was so sleepy Sunday evening that I could scarcely [sic] write at all, every time an idea would strike me “bob” would go my head and then I would forget it. I believe was the last time I wrote in this book. Wednesday it rained all day. Thursday was cloudy and turned very cold. Friday the sun came out very beautifully. That evening Mattie Hillman and myself went and spent the night with cousin Killie [sic] – after supper Ewing Thomas came over. He is one of the nicest little fellows I ever saw. He is very thoughtful. I suppose he thinks the girls will get tired of him, for he leaves very early, indeed too early – Saturday Morning

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opened with heavy clouds to obscure the sun; after breakfasted, we all went out and had a game of hot ball, town ball and cat. They were all new to me, that is I never played them before, I have seen my brothers and other boys play them. We came to town about ten o’clock, by dinner time it was raining. I found Bobbie Killebrew here. She remained until Sunday on account of the inclement weather. Sunday morning I went to Sunday-school. Mrs. Price informed me that Mary Shackleford had come and was staying there, as she had been in very bad health they wanted to warn and prepare her father’s horse before she went home. So I came home thinking of course

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Bobbie would like to see her being an old acquaintance, but. No she did not care to see her as she and Ms. Barker did not visit. The idea of her being so ceremonious with an old lady like her – I wanted to go to church but Bobbie did not if I would stay at home with her, and of course I did but much against my will I know she has less politeness than any girl I ever saw; I was really glad when they came for her, for she certainly is the most complete bore I ever knew, if it had been any other day but Sunday I could have stood it better but as it was I had to sit and answer all her fool questions, and do nothing more. If she had been like anybody else she would have been interested in reading and let me have done

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the same, but no I don't suppose she ever read a book through in her life. That afternoon Ina and I went up to see her, Mary. I think she looks better than I ever saw her. She described her visit to us. She says, that once while she was at her Union uncles the Yankees came and ordered dinner. Her aunt being a warm southerner refused to give it, but her uncle of course consented and gave them the keys, but her Aunt, like all other southerners was determined they should not have it, and slipped into the kitchen and poured soap suds into their victuals. As soon as they found out what she had done, they insulted and cursed her in every manner. Some wanted to shoot her, others jerked [sic] and tore her clothes.

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Mary said that they wanted to strip and tie her to a pole but that an officer stepped forward and made them behave, and merely place a heavy guard around her. She (Mary) says that they did a great deal worse than that at some places; can it be possible that such brutal conduct, will long be permitted to be carried out! No there is a just God in Heaven!!

Charley Barker went after Pa' he came up and we remained, until bed time. Mary showed us a beautiful Photographic Album with the southern generals in it.

Monday was another beautiful day, in the afternoon Ma' and I went to see Mrs. McMullin & Miss Carrie Nool but as they were not at home we went on to see Mrs. Slacker a little while.

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She loaned me one of her French books "Charles Twelfth" by Voltaire. Pa' & I intend reading it together. Yesterday was a very pretty day. Ma' Pa' and myself took dinner with Mrs. Fauntleroy. In the afternoon we went down to see Mrs. McKeage but as she was not [home] we went up to see Nannie Johnson, she is another soft headed girl, but a good one. I like Nannie. I said she went I meant Mattie Heillman & myself. I am going to stay with Mattie Friday night if Ma' will let me. Somehow or other that girl has linked herself around my heart. I do love her; There are a great many girls that I like, that is I don't hate 'em for they have never done anything for me to hate them for. Yet they have done nothing for me to like them particularly for, and after all I like them better than human beings in general,

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because I know them, we have exchanged visits and several other reasons I could bring up for as I have said before, liking them better than human beings in general, but Mattie I love particularly well.”

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[March 2, 1863 Page 31-32]

“Monday morning. March 2nd . I can not study any longer. When the boom of the canon is to be heard, there must be a fight going on somewhere propaly [sic] our men are trying to take Fort Donelson. I don’t think I have heard such constant canonaiding [sic] since the fall of that place into the hands of the Federals. Bomb, bomb, it goes I do believe something is going to take place in our (taken from page 31)

favor. Prapaply [sic] the Confederates will be here in a few days. But I am rattling on too fast if our men get to Fort D. Probably they will not come here. Oh but if they do what a pleasure it will be to have the “bonnie grays” to look at instead of the “Blue tail flys” I am perfectly disgusted with the color blue. I never want to see any thing blue again. Oh how I wish this war was over! I hope it will not last another year, no not a month longer. I wish the Yankees would give up. They have certainly found out that they can not whip the Southerners.

Why should the Yankees get no more pay? Because they have recd. checks enough already (?)”
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[May 12, 1863 Page 78]

“Tuesday – dusk – 12th
Those hateful gun boats! They look like they were from the lower regions. Now this is the second night that four of them have been anchored in the river opposite our house. I know they are frightened. There they have placed their gun boats so that if an attack is made they can shell the town, poor cowards. I can just turn my head now and see the men crawling about on the boats like so many black snakes. Glorious! Glorious. We have whipped Hooker on the Rappahanock – We hear that our dear

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old Gen. Stone-Wall Jackson is severely wounded and that A. P. Hill is slightly wounded. I hope it is a mistake and if it is true I pray, most sincerely that they may get well. Oh brother if we could only hear from you. I hope that no bad news is awaiting us. Heaven forbid!
Marion Drane stayed with me from Friday ‘til Sunday. Jane Ward spent last night with me. This morning Florence Johnson came and both of them until evening: Florence Johnson is a sweet girl. The Yankee women have turned out during this pretty weather. Ha! Ha! Ha!!!”