

1-1-1991

A Housewife's Perspective on the Occupation of Huntsville Part IV

Huntsville-Madison County Historical Society

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Recommended Citation

Huntsville-Madison County Historical Society (1991) "A Housewife's Perspective on the Occupation of Huntsville Part IV," *Huntsville Historical Review*. Vol. 18: No. 1, Article 5.

Available at: <https://louis.uah.edu/huntsville-historical-review/vol18/iss1/5>

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: A Housewife's Perspective on the Occupation of Huntsville Part IV

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

[Editor's Note: This fourth installment of Mrs. Chadick's diary begins on July 3, 1863, when Huntsville was once again occupied by Federal troops. During the period from September of 1862 until July of 1863 when the city was free to control its activities, she ceased to record events taking place, but as soon as the Union forces returned, she resumed her entries in her journal. This segment covers the period from September, 1863, to March 23, 1864.]

July 1863. Another eventful year has passed. Bragg has fallen back from his strong position at Tullahoma to Chattanooga, and we are again exposed to the incursions of a ruthless foe.

All is excitement and consternation. Many families and parts of families are leaving for the other side of the Tennessee river. W.D. [Mrs. Chadick's husband] is determined that we shall go, too, has ordered all to pack up, and is seeking conveyance. Such is the panic that every vehicle is chartered.

Being sick in bed, there is no alternative but to leave myself and the younger children and two servants behind. It appears to me the best plan is for all to stay, except Col. Chadick and weather the storm, whatever it may be. The country on the other side of the river is filled with refugees, and the means of living is very scarce and high.

Col. Chadick and the young ladies, with Clara and a servant, left this evening for the Cove, until they can find a place to cross the river, for the crowds at the fords are so great that some have been detained there several days. Mrs. Richardson gave \$500 this evening to be sent across, with her carriage and one wagon, at Whitesburg.

Two days later. Another panic. News this morning that the Yankees are at Bell Factory and will be here in two hours. Sent a servant with a horse to Col. Chadick with the news. Proved a false alarm.

Sunday. News that the Feds are certainly on the way here. Everybody is hiding their silver and valuables, and dreading we know not what. Anxiety and dread is upon every countenance.

Monday. At daybreak, a servant enters my room with the announcement that the town is full of Blue Coats. All are up and hastily dressed. Ah, there goes two of them pursuing two Confederate soldiers. One of them (the Confederates) fired upon his pursuer. They escape.

The enemy numbers about 5,000 and are under Gen. [David S.] Stanley. The town is upset. The Misses Pram being absent, this general and his staff have taken their house for headquarters, commanding the servants, using the bedding, table linen, et. cetera. Such presumption!

Tuesday. They are stealing all the negro men and confining them in the seminary building. Seventy have just passed by under a strong guard. All the good horses are also being taken.

Two days later. The wagon and wagoners are all camped beside us, close to our garden fence. They behave well and have not troubled us in the least. Negro stealing still progresses.

News today that Col. Chadick was at Whitesburg with a small fortification and preparing to dispute the passage of the river, should the enemy attempt it at that place. They had a little skirmish yesterday across the river and the Yankees ran. There are a great many surmises in regard to the length of their stay.

Sunday. Such a scene! While the negroes were all assembled at church, the Yankees sur-rounded the building and, as the men came out, seized them. Such a scare as it gives them. Some got away and succeeded in hiding from their pursuers. Others were run down by those on horseback. The black women were running in every direction, hunting their husbands and children. It is really heart-rending to a looker-on. These are their friends--the Abolitionists!

Monday. Can it be! The Blue Coats are actually leaving. Our joy is mixed with sorrow to see them taking with them several hundred valuable servants and horses. Mr. Boswell, a paroled Rebel prisoner, dines with us. They have taken away his parole and will take him off with them. The servants have gathered two bushels of corn left by the wagoners.

Tuesday. Last night, Mr. Boswell made his escape a few miles from here and has returned. Being without money, the ladies have supplied him with clothes and a horse. My contribution was a saddle. He will soon be safe in Dixie.

The colonel came into town after dark and stayed an hour with us. Borrowed Willie Harris' pony to take him as far as the plantation. From there, he had to walk two or three miles and carry his baggage. Truly, the poor soldiers have a hard time.

Two weeks later, August 14. The enemy, 300 strong, under Major Stewart, made another raid into Huntsville. Captured a few soldiers and several horses. A few negroes left with these.

One week later. Another raid under Col. McCook. Came while we were at breakfast. Uncle Tom went to the spring to water his horse, not knowing they were in town, and they took the animal from him. Tom started telling them how old he (the horse) was and so on, when a "loyal" citizen stepped forth and told the Federals that he was one of the best pulling horses in town, that he had once owned him and that he would do first rate for artillery or a wagon horse.

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Notwithstanding his loyalty, they took the three best horses he had before they left. Sent Eddie before dinner to the provost, Captain McCormick, to ask for him (the horse), but he told Eddie the matter would have to be investigated.

About 11 o'clock, the door bell rang and, upon opening the door, Major Stewart and a lieutenant and five other Federals presented themselves. "We have come to search your house, madam." "For what purpose?" I asked. "For soldiers, madam." "Your search will be fruitless, for I assure you upon the honor of a lady that there are no soldiers concealed here." "But you will not object to the search?" "Certainly not, sir, but I should greatly prefer that you should take my word for it." "I wish we could, madam, but it is your husband. Soldiers, make a thorough investigation."

I told him that I did not know upon whose information they were making the search, whether white or black, but was happy to inform them that my husband was safe over the river some 10 days since. "My authority, madam, was white. We don't take black." Taking little Mary upon his lap, he asked her if she was afraid of Yankees. "No, sir," she said, "not when they talk right." Then, turning to me, he said, "Perhaps some of his command are hidden here." I said, "He has no command." Whereupon, the lieutenant made a step forward and, looking me right in the eye, asked, "Is he not a lieutenant colonel?" I took no notice of him, but, turning to Major Stewart, said, "My husband is acting as staff officer to General Shortes with the rank of colonel, and a year ago was lieutenant colonel of the 26th Alabama Regiment, and the year previous, he served in the Army of Virginia."

The soldiers reported that they found no one. They then adjourned to Colonel Harris', searching his house thoroughly and telling him that a white man had told them that Colonel Chadick was concealed in his cellar. After dinner, some of my friends advised me to go myself and ask for the horse. We found Captain McCormick's office occupied by three or four Union men. Governor Chapman was also present on business. Upon stating the case to Captain McCormick, he said, "Mrs. Chadick, your case is somewhat different." "Why, what have I done?" I asked. "Nothing, madam, but your husband has."

Upon this allusion to my husband, I was a good deal excited and, although I knew to keep down my emotions, my eyes would fill with tears. Said I, "My husband is a patriot and acts upon principle. He is not like some men you find here in Huntsville--one thing when your army comes along and another when the Rebel army is present. He is a consistent man and, as a soldier, you ought to respect him for it." "I do, madam, I honor him for it and have very little use for any other sort of a man, but when your army invades the North, you will try to cripple us all you can in taking property, horses, et cetera. So with us when we come here, and as your husband has taken an active part in the war, he must expect to suffer with others. Besides, we have

been informed today that your husband has sent off nearly all his property."

"You have been informed, sir, of what is not true," I replied. "I have nothing to conceal. We have sent off some bedding and other articles, with the expectation of moving, and my husband has taken away his fine saddle horse. Had it been his horse you took today, I should never have asked for it, but you do not make war upon women. The horse I asked for belongs to me and I value him chiefly because he is old and gentle, and I can drive him myself in a buggy." "Well, madam, I wish I could give you your horse, but orders are so strict that I cannot trans-gress them." I thanked him and told him that I did not wish him to do anything that would interfere with his sense of duty. He followed me out of the room and urged me to go to Colonel McCook as he was certain he would let me have the horse.

The headquarters of McCook were in the house of Dr. Patton. The colonel received me very politely and said, "Mrs. Chadick, I have this moment received a note from Captain McCormick, asking me to come and look at your horse, and if it is in my power, I will restore him to you. I was just about to start." He then entered into conversation, and Mrs. Ross asked him where he was from. He said it was Stubensville, Ohio. I remarked that I had once lived in that town. "What was your name before you were married?" he asked. "Miss Cook," I told him. "Not Miss McCook?" he asked, and said that he expected I dropped the Mc when I came South. I laughingly repelled the charge, and he resumed the questions. "Did you have three brothers, Dave, George, and Pard?" I nodded. "Did you not have a sister, Jane?" I replied that that was my name. "I thought your countenance was strangely familiar to me. When a boy, you kept me from being put in jail, and I have never forgotten you."

I remembered him very well, but had forgotten the circumstances. He soon recalled it to my recollection. A funeral procession was passing, when several little boys, himself and one of my brothers among the number, got into a fuss and made a great noise in the street. It was near the jail. The constable came out and was going to shut them all up in it, to frighten and punish them. I was looking out of the window, saw it all and went to the rescue. The boys were crying and thought they all were disgraced forever, and, with difficulty, I begged them off. He said also that I had whipped him once when in a fight with my brother, and that I was the only Rebel that ever had whipped him. Too, that I should have my horse, and expressed much regret that my house had been searched, and said that it was unauthorized by him, that he supposed it was some staff officer who had taken it upon himself.

He left the next morning for Brownsboro, 10 miles from here, where they are at present encamped. Report says that they are running the cars to that place and will bring them to Huntsville and occupy the place. Such being the case, they will require everybody to take the oath or leave. In the latter case, they are allowed to take only a small

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amount of money and clothes. In view of this and to save my servants, I am tempted to go at once.

August 19. Had my piano moved today to Mr. Brown's in view of coming events, as it is wholly impossible for any of this family to take the oath.

August 20. Another raid under Colonel Watkins. Took a few soldiers, servants, and horses.

Three days later. The die is cast. We will pack up and cross the river, where my husband will meet me. Moved most of my furniture to the college. With great difficulty, secured two wagons for bedding, provisions, et cetera. If the Yankees should come in and intercept, it would be a bad business, I fear.

With this fear in view, started the young ladies and Clara to Whitesburg at 2 o'clock in the morning, with Eddie and Erskine Scott for an escort. Got the wagons off by 8 a.m., and the enemy not making their appearance, left with the remainder of the family at 3 o'clock in the evening, and crossed the river in safety before dark. The colonel was there to meet us, and we are once more united and breathe freely.

Monday. The girls started for Warrenton in a wagon, with Sandy White as driver. We followed them in a day or two and are com-fortably located at Mrs. Parker's. There, we see somebody from Huntsville every few weeks. See plenty of Confederate soldiers, hear the news of our army and are much happier out of Yankeedom.

The battle of Chickamauga has at last come off. We are victorious. The Yankees are all out of North Alabama, and everybody is going home. Winter is coming. The children are out of school and are anxious to go, too.

October, 1863. The colonel has decided to go, although against his better judgement. Eight government wagons are on their way thither, which will take our plunder. One company of the colonel's command go to guard them.

Sue left last week to teach in the college. Jennie and Clara go in an ambulance by way of Deposit, with Misses White and Coltart. The balance of us go by Whitesburg. Met Jerome Ridly on the way. Stayed all night at Mr. Bush's, crossed the river next morning and was proceeding homeward in advance of the rest, with two servants and the colonel to get the house in readiness, when we were met by the intelligence that the Yankees were at Athens.

Here was a dilemma. The colonel returned to the river and recrossed the wagons, and I came home without beds of provisions. Stayed at home that night with no one but Clara for company. Heard the next morning that it was a false report, and sent Uncle Tom with the buggy to the river for little Mary and the children. The wagons came in before dark, hastily unloaded and returned.

News that the Yankees were coming. The colonel stayed home that night, but as the enemy had not made their appearance in the morning, he remained to procure conveyance for the body of Robert Fulton, who was killed at Chickamauga, to Fayetteville and to unite with General Rather in sending out couriers.

I commenced having my furniture brought home, and was arranging it when he came in and said he must say goodbye and hurry off as the Yankees were but a few miles away. He had scarcely said it when they were seen galloping along the back street and in full sight of him.

He gave a bound and was across the street through Mrs. B's yard on the back street, and found a hiding place in Mrs. M's house. We were all beside ourselves with fear lest they should get him, as they were already in every part of the town. His horse was in the stable, already saddled. The servants hid the saddle, but, alas, the horse had to take his chance. My husband soon sent me word to try to save the saddle, which is a very fine one, but, if they came for the horse, to give it up.

Directly, an officer came walking in with his hat drawn over his eyes and, meeting me in the hall, asked where Colonel Chadick was. I replied that I hoped he was safe. "How long has he been gone?" "An hour and a half or two hours," I replied. "Which way is your stable?" I pointed to it, and he proceeded thither. Returning, he asked for me and said, "Mrs. Chadick, we shall be under the necessity of searching your house and placing a guard over it, and we shall have to take that fine black horse in the stable.

"Is your name Miss Cook?" he added in a low tone. Sure enough it was he (Colonel McCook), and he had been lately made a general. "Ah, I thought so," was my rejoinder, "but I did not think you would treat me in this way. I thought you had more magnanimity!" "I assure you, madam, that it is very painful to me, but I did what I am not accustomed to do. I came in person that you might not be rudely treated in any way."

Said he had a great many dismounted men and was obliged to take the horse, but declined searching the house or placing a guard, and said that, if General Mitchell ordered a search, he would send a staff officer who was a gentleman. He asked me where my husband's fine saddle was. I told him that I hoped it was safe, too. From what I said, he evidently got the impression that he rode away upon it. I asked him how he knew that my husband had a fine saddle, and said that he may have been here for that very purpose.

The day passed drearily and sadly. I was in constant alarm lest the hiding place of my husband should be discovered. A young lady, who was in on the secret, came and got him a citizen's dress, which I pinned under her hoops. He was in a cellar, the entrance to which was by a trap door in Mrs. M's pantry, a barrel sitting over the place.

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About dark, my house was surrounded by soldiers, one of whom took his position in the back yard with his pistol cocked. He told the servants that they came to watch for Colonel Chadick, as they were sure he was in the neighborhood, for a citizen had told them that he had not been gone from the public square 15 minutes when they entered the town. We were alone and unprotected, and Miss Sue went into her room to load her pistol, when, by accident, it went off and shot her through the hand. The report of the pistol and the cries and noise of the family so alarmed the Yankee in the yard that he was taken with a leaving, but, before going, asked a servant if the young lady was loading her pistol to shoot him.

Some time after dark, they searched Mrs. M's house. They told her in a loud tone, so that he (Colonel Chadick) might hear, that one of the Misses Chadick had shot herself. They made a thorough search of the house and left disappointed. Shortly afterward, Mr. Tom White took him and Sandy safe to the mountain under the cover of darkness. The rain was pouring in torrents, and they laid out in it all that night, but escaped being captured, and are now safe in Dixie. The next morning, I sent him his saddle and accoutrements, and met him on the outskirts of the town and, bidding him farewell, saw him to my great joy depart in safety.

Four weeks later. The enemy are camping at Brownsboro now. Some of them come in town every day, driving off our milch cows, yearlings, hogs, sheep and everything that they think will reduce us to starvation. We have a fine, fat calf, and every time we see them riding in to town, it takes up its quarters in the smokehouse. The conduct of the Yankees is shameful. They are constantly firing in the streets, endangering the lives of passersby. One of them shot a citizen so that his arm had to be amputated. In some instances, they have entered private houses, taking clothing, blankets, food, et cetera. We hear rumors in regard to the movements of our army, but we are equally upon the borders of Dixie and Yankeedom, and cannot hear the truth from either, since they are just rumors. If the Yankees do not leave here soon, we shall also be upon the border of starvation. Beef is selling at 50 cents per pounds, bacon at \$2.50, lard at \$1.50, potatoes at \$5 per bushel, wood at \$13 per load, and everything else in proportion.

Nov. 14, 1863. Eddie went to Brownsboro to the Yankee camp to get a cast-off horse. Fell in with a clever lieutenant who treated him with great kindness and gave him a good mule.

Nov. 16. Yankees came into town in considerable force, took up all the able-bodied black men to fight for them, telling them they wanted them to go and hold Nashville, while they (the Yanks) went out to fight our army. Several negroes, who had previously gone to them, came in today and removed their families.

Tuesday. Today, an abolition preacher from Ohio made a speech to the darkies, which has caused a good deal of

excitement among them. Many of them have left today. Many families are without servants. Brought in two of our very best soldiers as prisoners today. Capt. Jim Matthews and Mac Robinson. They have now got nearly all of our men on this side of the river. We heard nothing now from either side, and things look very dark and gloomy.

Nov. 22. The dead body of a Yankee lieutenant was brought to town and buried. Killed in a skirmish near Mooresville. The "African fair sex" crowded around the body, putting flowers upon it and muttering, "Poor fellow! Killed by old Secesh." They have all just been listening to an Abolition sermon from one Jones from Ohio, who is doing all in his power to stir them up to rebelling by telling them that they are free now and here, that Lincoln made them so last Jan. 1. He told them that they must stay here, and send out their husbands, children and sweethearts to help crush out this rebellion, that their masters are bound to support and take care of them, and pay them for all the work they have ever done, that the hand of God is in this thing, and that He has opened up the way for them to come here and set them free, and when we are subjected, they (the blacks) are to occupy this country.

Nov. 24. Another Abolition speech today. Two flags, bouquets and a haversack were presented to the eloquent speaker by the fair darkies, whose names, he assured them, should be sent up to Lincoln. These speeches are having a telling effect. All the servants about town flock to hear them. My own asked permission to go, but most of them are too free for this.

Nov. 26, Thursday. The Federals again occupy Huntsville. Came in with bands of music and pennants waving. Great was the excitement, especially among the blacks. Brig. Gen. (George) Crook in command. Headquarters the Calhoun house. Sent Eddie over the river today with a letter to the colonel. Returned at night in safety.

Nov. 27. The Federals say that there is a terrible battle in progress at Chattanooga, and that Bragg is in full retreat. We do not credit anything they tell us, but are inclined to think just the contrary. We cannot believe that a just God will suffer such an enemy to triumph over us. Our faith in the justice of our cause buoys us up with the hope that all will come right in the end. Jannie came in from the country today. Last night, five Yankees went to the house where she was staying (Mrs. Ewing's, a widow lady) and woke them up all at midnight to terrify them, asking where her brother (the bushwhacker) was, and where her sister who carries a revolver in her pocket was. They then proceeded to the house of her father, whose bravery completely nonplussed the cowardly ruffians and they slunk away. The next morning, Mrs. Ewing found that 21 servants had left her during the night.

One week later. The Feds are behaving very well in town, are supplying the poor with fuel, and many of the better class citizens also. It is said that many families are drawing rations, Ex-Governor Clay's family among the number.

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Dame Rumor also insists that Federal officers are very kindly received in certain families in town. Gen. Crook's command are the finest looking set of men and officers that have yet visited Huntsville. Servants are leaving their homes and coming to them (the Yankees) by the scores daily. They are quartered at Green Academy and other vacant houses about town. Bought a hog today, for which I paid \$75 in state money.

Dec. 19, 1863. Went to the river today, hoping to meet with the colonel. Carried him a fine pair of boots, gloves, fatigue shirts and some oysters. Returned disappointed. Tonight, my house servant, Vienna, again went to the Yankees.

Dec. 22. Made another trip to the river and crossed in a canoe. Stayed all night at Bush's, where we found Mrs. Richardson, Mr. Bradley and Mr. Cabaniss, but no colonel or any tidings of him since he went to Mississippi to meet Gen. Forrest. Returned a second time, disappointed.

Dec. 24. Answered door bell this morning when, lo and behold, a Yankee soldier stood before me with saber in his hand. He accosted me thus: "Have you been to the provost's today?" "No, sir." "Haven't you complained of a servant who sassed you?" "No, sir." "Is your name Mrs. Chadick?" "Yes, sir." "Haven't you a servant who did sass you?" "Yes, sir, but I made no complaint of her." "Well, Captain Teetor, the provost marshal, told me to come down here and make her behave. Now, if she sasses you and keeps sassing, I can do it." "Thank you, sir, but she has gone to the Yankees and I am very glad of it." An officer also called to read me a letter he had received from Lebanon, Tn., stating that my father's family and my little Davie were all safe and well.

Christmas Day. We have a Christmas dinner prepared, but, alas! How few of the home circle are here to partake of it. The colonel, Billy and Davie are absent, and the enemy is in our midst. Gen. Crook's division have all left, but Sherman's men are coming on.

Three weeks later. Have made two trips to Dixie to see the colonel and have been disappointed. Carried a splendid pair of boots, two shirts, gloves, socks and can of oysters. Sherman's corps occupied our town. Crook's brigade has also returned. Many families have officers quartered on them.

Our beautiful town is beginning to show the prudence of the enemy. Demolished and dilapidated buildings are torn up, and their planks and timbers used to build soldiers' huts. All the groves of timber around town are being cut down to supply fuel. Twelve of the most prominent citizens, original Secessionists, have been arrested and called upon to take the oath of allegiance. They all refused to a man, and are ordered to leave the lines. Mr. Burns has been given 24 hours to leave his house, as it is wanted for headquarters.

Made two successful trips to Dixie and spent a few delightful hours with the colonel after a separation of four months. Carried him a hat. In making these trips, great caution is to be pursued. In cases, the pickets examine the vehicle for goods and contraband articles, but with all their vigilance, they are frequently outwitted by the ladies. The river has to be crossed in a small canoe, which requires some little courage. After crossing, no vehicle being at hand, mounted up behind my husband. We rode in this primitive style to our stopping place for the night. Returned home the next day in safety.

The following day, Mrs. Kate Steel resolved to pay her husband a visit across the river and insisted upon having my company. On examining my pass, found that it was for 10 days and concluded to go. Performed the trip. The pickets were very polite and assiduous in fixing the blankets around our feet and taking a sharp look into the buggy to see if we were smuggling out goods. They discovered nothing, owing to the efficiency of my hoops. Crossed the river and spent two delightful hours with my husband.

A Federal officer, Colonel McFall, called today and said that he had been assigned to me, with his wife and child, to take up quarters in my house, it being a disloyal family, will try to make the best of it, rather than to be turned out of doors as many have been. He has the air of a gentleman and says he will furnish fuel and provisions for the family. Have but two spare rooms--parlor and study. Resolved to give them latter as it is more retired from the family. Made preparations for them and determined to treat them kindly.

Two days later. The colonel called to say that he had been ordered away in a few days and would not trouble me, but would take his family to camp for the short time he would be here. Also told me that he had heard from my husband this evening. A lady went to headquarters to report herself as coming over the river and, upon being questioned as to whom she saw over there, said that she saw Col. Chadick about four hours before.

Mrs. Russell died suddenly yesterday. The 12 men who were required to take the oath and refused have been ordered to leave forthwith. Mrs. Chapman has been ordered out of her house. Col. McFall was ordered to take my house. He has treated me with great kindness and consideration. Sent me a load of wood.

Jan. 27, 1864 Mr. Robert Watkins died today. There is quite a commotion among the Federals. Couriers have arrived announcing that Roddy took Athens today at 10 o'clock, with all the garrison and commissary stores. Not true.

Jan. 29. Got a barrel of flour from the Feds today through the kindness of Col. McFall. Bought 45 pounds of beef for \$45 in Confed. A short time since, purchased 40 pounds of sugar for \$120 in the same currency. A lady called just now with a present of five pounds of crushed sugar and the same of coffee from a cotton buyer. The gentleman offers to

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purchase my house and lot, with all its appurtenances, for \$4,500 in Confed, \$1,500 in state money, or \$6,000 in greenbacks. O, for wisdom in this matter! If gold was the offer, should know what to do. A Fed just called to collect my water tax. Refused, of course, to pay as there has been no water in my hydrant for months.

Jan. 30. Have suspicions that Corinna (my cook) is fixing to leave. Learned a little later that Major Griffin, who is quartered at Mr. Harris', ordered a room prepared for her, and that she is to cook for and wait on him. Feel sad and disheartened in consequences, as she is the only woman we have left. Sent for Major Griffin and laid the case before him, and he declined her services.

Feb. 8. A negro school opens today at the Huntsville church (west). Corinna sent Jim against my positive commands. A paymaster, Major Brotherline, and clerk are assigned to me this evening, and they took immediate possession of the parlor as an office and the study for a bedroom, leaving me no say-so in the matter. The major proposes eating at my table, furnishing such provisions as can be obtained at the commissary, with fuel, and paying me \$10 per week each for board and deducting the provisions. This is more liberal than most of the time. Find my Yankees very gentlemanly men, disposed to be well pleased with their quarters, and giving as little trouble as possible. Have been boasting of the elegant and refined ladies in this part of town, and of their nice quarters to other officers. A large battery has been arranged with men and guns before the house today, receiving their pay. The major arranged his table in the front porch, to prevent their coming into the house.

Noah (Vienna's husband) is here quite sick. He is heartily tired of his friends, the Yankees, and anxious to get home, and now that he is sick and has no home, comes to one for care and protection. Has symptoms of pneumonia and fear he may die on my hands. Sent for Dr. Barnett (of the 26th Missouri, introduced to me by Col. McFall), for prescription for Noah and gave him medicines. He got better, and Mr. Kinne (the major's clerk) procured him a pass to go home. He started, but was seized by Elliott Fearn (colored), recruiting officer, as a deserter. Don't know what is to become of the poor fellow. My own servants are treating me badly. It is with difficulty that we can get a fire made in the morning for the family to come, after they have risen. They wait upon the Yankees, however, with the greatest alacrity.

March 1. My boarders left today for Louisville after a sojourn of three weeks in my family. They seemed to feel regret at parting with us. We shall miss them very much, as they have been kind to us in many ways and made themselves very agreeable. I purchased a nice pair of blankets from Mr. Kinne. The major took a little contraband with him; we forbear comments. Sent two letters by them to Tennessee. Had an application from another major to take his place in my house, but, as he was not assigned one by the quartermaster, I refused.

March 5, Saturday. Sent \$23 by Mrs. Gordon today for goods. She is going to get her son paroled--a prisoner in that city. Lillie Picket goes with her to see his mother in the lunatic asylum.

Sunday. We have just heard of a horrible accident. The Chattanooga train ran into the train from Huntsville last night, killing Mrs. Gordon instantly. Lillie Picket died this morning. Mrs. Vogle and Mrs. Freyes and Mrs. Gordon's bodies were burned up. Mrs. Hoffa was badly injured, but still lives.

Monday. The remains of these unfortunate ladies were brought to town today. Those of Mrs. Gordon and Mrs. Freyes could not be recognized in the same coffin.

March 8. During the funeral services of Mrs. Gordon at the Presbyterian church today, news was brought of the death of Mr. Sam Cruse. Another old citizen gone.

Two days later. The death of Mr. Cruse is contradicted. The money sent by Mrs. Gordon is lost. She had a large amount about her person--1,150--for Mrs. McClung.

March 20. Mr. John Robinson's residence has been taken for a smallpox hospital. As soon as I heard it, sent for Dr. Barnett to ascertain if something could not be done to save the furniture still remaining there. He kindly promised to do everything in his power. He hunted up the surgeon in charge and ascertained that they had already moved in several cases. Rode out there, took an inventory of the things remaining, and received a promise from the surgeon that they should be taken into a room reserved for that purpose. They consisted of only two or three marble-top tables, hatrack, books and a few articles of minor importance. Everything else had been removed by the occupants, the Jett family. It is said they had been trying to dispose of some of the articles.

Dr. Barnett has been prescribing for Jim (servant) at his mother's request. By constantly having chills, he has got into a very bad state of health, and the doctor has made a cure of him, furnishing all the medicines, and has offered to vaccinate the members of the family. In short, he has been very kind. Would that he were not a Federal.

March 23. Heard last night from my very dear husband. He is just across the river at Whitesburg and sent one word that he was well. How provoking that just the river should run between, and we not be permitted to see each other. Eddie is clerking in a bakery at \$20 per month. Better than to be eating the bread of idleness at his age. He brings nice fresh bread every evening, which is quite an assistance in these times of scarcity. Sent to Nashville by Mr. Colroes for a small bill of goods. Also by Mr. John Erwin for a larger one. Had to go to Col. Weaver (commander of the post) for a permit to have them brought out of Nashville. Sue has taken Miss Sue Bradley's place in the college as teacher. Little Mary has started to school with her.

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Smallpox is spreading in the town. George is going to Mrs. Mayhew. Shall have to stop his Latin, as I find it impossible to command sufficient to pay his tuition and meet my other expenses.

Major Griffin has returned from Louisville and brought Sue and Jennie some music from one of our Yankee boarders, Mr. Kinne. The latter, when he first came to the house, it appears, had an idea that the "Secesh" were a shockingly barbarous set of people, and entertained fears for his personal safety. As he confessed to us, on the day of his taking up quarters with us, he asked Major Brotherline if there was any danger of their being poisoned.

There is news today that we have at last been recognized by France. This has been rumored so often without foundation that we scarcely believe it.



The smallpox hospital referred to by Mrs. Chadick as Oak Lawn, located at Meridian and Highway 72. (Also used as a hospital during the Spanish American War.)