[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
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 verbena. 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, sutlers, 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 write 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 Croswell, 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 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, washtub 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 14.** 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. I is raining very hard, accompanied by thunder. 0, 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)