

# Huntsville Historical Review

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## A Housewife's Perspective on the Occupation of Huntsville Part VI

Huntsville-Madison County Historical Society

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

**A HOUSEWIFE'S PERSPECTIVE ON THE CIVIL WAR, PART VI**

[Editor's note: The sixth installment of Mrs. Chadick's diary begins on October 4 and continues through December 31, 1864. As the last six months of the war dragged on, the burdens associated with the federal occupation of Huntsville became increasingly hard to bear by the families whose loved ones were away still defending a lost cause.]

Oct. 4 [1864] Still raining. Sent George and Davis to the depot for some provisions, which Billy had purchased from a soldier--one month's rations, that is, four pounds of sugar, two and a half pounds of coffee, 22 pounds of bacon and a half box of crackers. Heard there were two letters for me at the postoffice. Sent for them, when 10 cents was demanded before delivery, Georgia, not having the money, returned without them. What new system of extortion is this from these upstarts in office? Mr. and Mrs. Wilson were arrested and carried before the provost today on a charge of feeding Rebels during the feint of Saturday last. Have not heard the result. Am suffering with a dreadful nervous headache.

Oct. 5. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson were required to take the oath and give a \$1,000 bond, besides the humiliation of being escorted to town by a negro guard.

Oct. 6. How beautiful the sunshine after four days of incessant rain! Sent George and Dave to the depot after provisions. In addition to the things above mentioned, they brought me some dried beef, cheese, a bottle of vinegar and a half a box of hard crackers. Went to the college this evening to call on Mrs. Hewlett, Mrs. Plummer and Mrs. Hereford. Heard that Gen. Hood's army had disappeared to Gen. Sherman's great discomfiture. It is supposed they are moving up into Tennessee. It is also said that 100 citizens of this place are to be sent across the river in the course of the next 10 days for exulting when Forrest approached last week.

Oct. 7. Went this morning to call on Mrs. Lowe, Mrs. Breck, Mrs. Rice and Bishop Lay, who were here from Atlanta. Missed the last of the four, however, as he left this morning.

Mrs. Harris called this evening for me to go with her to a provision store in search of meat. While standing, talking with her upon the pavement, three soldiers passed, who were greatly struck with my fine roses, now in bloom, and asked permission to pull some of them, which was readily given. They came inside the gate and commenced a very gay sort of chat, showing at once that their tongues had been a little "oiled." As their discourse became more vehement frequently laying a finger upon our arms by way of emphasis, one, a fine looking fellow, said he was from Canada and came here out of curiosity to see the South and the Southern people, but planned to stay on, as it was the prettiest place he had ever seen. He thanked me for the courtesy, and said that he should come again one the morrow and again the next day, and the next, as long as the roses continued to bloom. They

## Submission to Huntsville Historical Review

walked off like they were stepping on eggs, but managed to sustain their equilibrium.

Oct. 8. Xenia Pruitt (colored) came to town this morning, bringing me a present of a ham and side of meat from Mr. Thompson in her neighborhood. She also brought one bushel of sweet potatoes and some corn, which is quite acceptable in these times of scarcity and dearness of provisions, and for which I feel truly grateful. Mrs. Harris just came in for me to go to the market with her to make some arrangement for beef. She tells me that bacon is 40 cents per pound and very scarce. Spent the day in mending and sewing upon a shirt for my "sposa," the fourth I have made him, hoping the time near at hand when I can convey them to him. At night, Jennie lent to Mrs. Hereford and I read "Madam D'Arblay," Dr. Ross having just sent me the seventh volume.

Wednesday, Oct. 12. Just recovered from two day's nervous headache. Assisted Jennie today in making an English barage dress. Kittie Brickell and Mrs. Hereford called in the evening, and we all enjoyed a hearty laugh at George and Davie, who went to the courthouse to get a pass. They were asked if they had taken the oath, or if their father had. Otherwise, they would have no pass. The little fellows came home in a high state of indignation. The whole thing struck us as so supremely ridiculous, and the boys were so angry that we could not help amusing ourselves at their expense. So we all urged them with great seriousness to go back and take it, and not let all their pleasure be spoiled by so trifling a ceremony. Georgie's face flushed with angry surprise, and he said that it was a "pill he could not swallow." Davie said that it would not stay on his stomach, that he would throw it up. We then urged them to each take a spoonful of preserves and go up to the provost and tell him that they had brought something to take it in. This Col. Horner excels all the provost marshals we have yet had in his malice and ill will toward those whom he does call Rebels. He certainly has provost marshal on the brain, and reminds us of another illustrious namesake, Jacky Horner, who, in his unbounded pride, exclaimed, "O, what a great, big boy am I!"

Friday, Oct. 14, 1864. My true friend, Mrs. Pruitt, sent me a small jar of peach preserves.

Oct. 15. Just received a note from Sue, urging me to answer it at once that she might have something for Sunday reading. Replied, suggesting at the same time that one of the epistles of St. Paul might prove more edifying and instructive. Finished embroidering a bridal pinchusion and took it to Mrs. Elliott, for which I received \$1.50.

Oct. 16. Heard today that Forrest had taken Eastport and that Hood's army was near Chattanooga. The enemy look rather blue. Two regiments have received orders to leave since morning. Hark! A band of music playing "The Mocking Bird." They are at this moment marching by on their way to the depot. Joy go with them, so that they never return! Everybody has been gloomy at the thought of their taking up Winter quarters here, and we can only pray and hope that

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

such a calamity may be altered by their being compelled to evacuate.

Oct. 17. Yesterday, the enemy sent out 10 wagons on a foraging expedition, and they were all captured! Gen. Grainger's family all leave tonight for Nashville, which looks rather significant. Miss Kate Lane is to be married tonight to Col. Towns, one of Gen. Logan's staff. Gen. Grainger's family and many others leaving tonight. Was a great disappointment to the family, as they expected quite a crowd.

Oct. 18. Spent the evening, as they expected me to, sociably with Mrs. Parker and Mrs. Mayhew. Came home and found Jennie going to Mrs. Hereford's to stay all night. Lt. Whitton (Federal) called in to say goodbye, being ordered to the front. Our acquaintance with this gentleman is very limited, having met him but once at Mrs. Davis'. He afterwards told Mrs. Davis that he would draw anything I wished from the commissaries, and, being very short of provisions, I availed myself of this kind offer. He drew coffee, sugar and candles, and brought them to me himself, which was truly kind. At another time, he called at the door and left me a lady's book, for all of which he felt himself bound to say, "Farewell, Mrs. Chadick."

Oct. 20. Have just arisen from a spell of severe headache. Sent Clara to Mrs. Miller's for my hat, had it altered and pressed the crown, made "waterfall," now the vogue.

Sunday, Oct. 21. Here comes Xenia, with a present of 750 pounds of flour from Mr. Thompson. A bag of turnips and sweet potatoes from Mrs. Pruitt and a small basket of onions and apples from Mrs. Otey. I shall not forget my Meridianville friends. And here comes Nancy Watkins, colored, riding in on horseback at the alley gate with a note from Sue and with a basket of nuts for the children. I am truly glad to get this, as the boys were again refused a pass for that purpose this morning. We have a fine, fat yearling--our dependence for beef this Fall, and owing to the presence of the enemy, we have to keep it in the back yard. Hark! two shots are fired near us. What's that? Shortly after, Ed comes in and reports that someone has left the gate open, and the calf is out and gone! Everyone starts in pursuit. Returned after dark with no success. Gave it up as lost and gobbled up, no doubt, by the soldiers.

Oct. 22. Ed and Georgie went out at daylight to look for the calf with no success. While at breakfast, someone drove it home, but it had a minnie ball through one side of its head--probably the shot we heard. Hope it will live. Went to church and heard a most excellent discourse from Dr. Ross. Text: "For every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give an account thereof in the day of Judgment." Read a Sunday school book to the children in the evening, after which was surprised by an agreeable visit from Mr. Trotman.

Oct. 24. A negro soldier came in my back yard this morning and took deliberate aim at my house dog, and fired right in the midst of a group--Margaret and her children--the ball

## Submission to Huntsville Historical Review

plowing the ground within a yard of one of the latter. The ball missed the head of the dog, going between his legs. I sprang to the door, calling out "What are you shooting my dog for?" He replied, "God d--n you, why don't you come out and keep him off me?" "It's nothing but a damned Secesh no how." he said and got away in a hurry, two other black cowards standing sentinel at the gate.

Such outrages from negro soldiers are hard to submit to. Went to Col. Lynn (at Mrs. Rice's), commander of the post, to report these negroes. Was politely and kindly heard. He admitted that it was an outrage and said that they were sent out to press other negroes to work upon the fortifications, and were not allowed to go in private homes without a white officer with them. He promised to investigate the matter and prevent a similar recurrence of such conduct, and that as soon as the work upon the fortifications was finished they should be sent off from here, adding that he had but little use for negroes as soldiers or in any other way, and saying, "Upon my word, Madam, you treat them much better than we do."



The home of Dr. Charles Patton, formerly that of Leroy Pope, was occupied off and on by federal officers from the time of the first occupation of Huntsville until some time after the war was over. In the center of the property on the top of the hill west of McClung Street an earthen fort was constructed by the federals. It was defended by several cannon and served to safeguard the Union forces from Confederate attacks. The present home is still owned and maintained by descendants of the Patton family.

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

Oct. 25. Panic No. 6. Hood is at Decatur and has made an attack on that place today at noon. Cannons have been heard here all the evening. All the available troops have been sent from here to Whitesburg with several guns from the fort to prevent the Rebels from crossing at that place. There is not a single picket out tonight, and if it were only daylight, we could, for the first time in a year, go where we pleased without a pass. The Yanks and army are in great trepidation, confidently looking for them here.

Oct. 26. In a state of uncertainty as regards Decatur. Gen. Grainger despatched to his wife at midnight last night to pack up and leave on the first train, and not to stop at Nashville, but to go directly North. It is now generally believed that Gen. Hood's destination is Nashville. A good many troops passed to Decatur yesterday evening, raw levies, two-months men. A sutler from there reports today that 300 of them got suddenly sick, unable to cross the river when they got there, and 90 of those who did cross were killed. The children, Davie and Mary, are dressing for a party at Mrs. Bradford's given by little Mattie Ashford.

Oct. 27. Many soldiers, wounded, were brought in last night from Decatur. There is heavy fighting going on still. Cannon are distinctly heard, but we can learn nothing of how the battle goes. Eighty Confederate prisoners were brought in this evening, taken in the trenches. They would not permit citizens to talk with them. There are not 100 Federal soldiers in Huntsville. They have been moving their ammunition from the magazine today, and everything looks like they were preparing to leave. The price of goods has fallen considerably. Went this evening to see Mrs. Hereford, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Brickell and Mrs. Fackler. A surgeon waited upon the latter this morning to inform her that her house would probably be taken for the wounded.

Oct. 28. Still fighting at Decatur. Went to the square this evening with Mrs. Stelle to look at the new goods. Mr. Herrick gave Mary a beautiful dress. Every store in town is filled with beautiful goods. Nearly all the female portion of Huntsville were abroad this evening shopping. The rush was caused by the new order which is to go into effect on Monday, that is, that no person can buy over \$1 worth without a permit, for which they pay 25 cents, and if over \$10, they must take the oath. Various reports are in circulation this evening: that Gen. Claiborne's division is crossing at Decatur, Gen. Cheatham at Elkton, and other portions of Hood's army at Claysville. The enemy seems to be completely mystified in regard to the Rebel movements.

Nov. 1. Last evening, Mr. Herrick took tea with us. Owing to the scarcity of the times, had a very plain supper. A good cup of coffee, broiled ham and chipped beef, biscuits, batter cakes and light bread, canned fruit (peaches and cream) concluded that bill of fare. Eddie commenced clerking for Mr. H. a day or two ago. On Sunday evening, the Rebels came near town and burned the contraband camp. Mr. Tate Lowry's house is being occupied by negroes. Today, Jim (Corinna's boy) came home to see us for the first time since last March. He seemed delighted and stayed nearly all day,

## Submission to Huntsville Historical Review

and said that, if the Rebs came, he was coming to me for protection. We have no reliable news. Nobody seems to know the whereabouts of Hood's army.

Nov. 3. Have just finished braiding a beautiful little cloak for Mary. Gray flannel braided with blue. Eddie has come in and says that Mr. Herrick will start for Nashville in the morning, and will take letters for me. Dismissed the children to bed, and wrote Dave and Julia each a long letter. Wonder if they will reach their destination. Have made arrangements for him to bring my bonnet and dress, and feel that I am running a great risk to have them sent just at this time.

Friday, Nov. 4. Just sent Sue two letters, one from myself and the other from Miss Robinson in Dixie. Sue has not been home now since she left two months ago, even though only five miles distant, all because Col. Horner (alias Do-much, the colonel of the regiment being Col. Dolittle) will not get her a pass unless she takes the oath. A Federal Capt. Fordyce [father of the present Col. John R. Fordyce of Little Rock, Ark., through whose kindness this diary was obtained] knowing the facts, unsolicited, very kindly procured her a pass from Gen. Rousseau at Nashville for 60 days and sent it to Mrs. Hereford, and she will get it this evening.

Nov. 5. Jennie and I were busy at work this morning finishing up a new black and white alpaca dress when we were surprised by the entrance of Sue. She seems overjoyed to get home again, is quit fat and rosy. She brought the children a quantity of persimmons, hickory nuts and popcorn. Went this evening to see Miss Tanny Moore, who has just come from across the river, to learn if she had lately seen my dear W.D. She had not seen him, but had learned that he was on his way to Whitesburg.

Nov. 7. Learned that Judge Hammond was just from Whitesburg, and went up town this morning to Mr. Herrick's store and sent for him. Mr. McDowell kindly volunteered to go in search for him, and soon reappeared with him. He said that my husband has just arrived at the river on the opposite shore, but could not tell me whether he was still there or not. How my heart yearns to see him, not only now, but daily--nay, hourly. I can safely say that he is never mentally absent from me. Did know that he was certainly at the river today and would remain for a day or two. I would leave no means untried to see him, notwithstanding the difficulties that surround me. Made me a pair of black cloth gaiters today and sent them to the country to be sold. My first attempt in the shoemaking line. Little Mary told me today that she had a new Sunday school teacher and, upon asking her name, she replied that she did not know, but it was the lady who went outdoors so much without her bonnet and got sunburned.

Nov. 8. Sent this morning in search of Tom. Found him at his wife's house. He looked surprised and embarrassed to see me, and said that the reason he had not been round was because he had so much work to do elsewhere. He has evidently

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

assumed his freedom. So farewell to our last servant. He consented to come up and go to mill, and Mrs. Parker kindly furnished me a horse. When he left, after bringing the meal, I requested him to return as usual. He replied he would when he had time. I gave him some fine chewing tobacco, which seemed amply to satisfy him for his trouble. Sue returned this evening. Today is the presidential election at the North.

Nov. 9. There is news today that Forrest has made a successful debut into Kentucky.

Nov. 11. The enemy hearing that some Confederate soldiers were at Mr. James Robinson's plantation, Col. Horner proceeded thither last evening, with a company of soldiers and the notorious Finch Britt as a guide. Surrounding the house, they demanded a surrender, telling them it was useless to resist as they had 50 men. The reply was, "If you want us, come and take us." Finch Britt was stationed at a window, where he was immediately shot. Thus have the enemy lost a most valuable scout and the citizens of the countryside a most dangerous foe. Col. Horner narrowly escaped. He had one of his shoulder straps shot off. The Confeds, number not known, made their escape, but Mr. Nugent, an innocent man occupying the house with his family, was unfortunately killed. The next day, Col. Horner sent up a squad of men to lay the house in ashes, an inglorious revenge, we should say, for a Methodist preacher, for such is said to have been his vocation before the war.

Saturday, Nov. 12. Rose late with a nervous headache. Mrs. Mayhew and Miss Hattie Figures brought their sewing and spent the morning with me. The college buildings are ordered to be vacated for a hospital. Thus are five or six families and several young ladies from a distance from their homes turned out of doors upon a few hours' notice. Mrs. Wilson is sending most of the furniture out among her friends. A fine piano has just been brought here, as well as six poster chairs, a large hair-cloth armchair, two fancy Gothic chairs and some pictures. Also the portraits of Bishop Andrews and Dr. Irwin. Went shopping this evening with Clara and bought a hoop skirt.

Nov. 15. Four days of unremitting headache and am yet barely able to sit up. Billy has given up his situation at the depot and come home today to stay. Miss Jennie Moore died Sunday night and was buried today.

Nov. 17. A bright, beautiful day for the middle of November. Went in my front yard and made most beautiful bouquets of roses, evergreens and Autumn leaves for my vases. Spent the morning in arranging and distributing the furniture sent here from the college. Then heard Davie and little Mary's lessons as usual. May is a droll little creature. When she spells a word, she stops to explain it. She spelled "p-a-s-s, pass; passed by the pickets and didn't have no pass and wouldn't stop." This reminds us of old Brother Elliott, a preacher in our church. He accosted a Yankee officer thus: "Good evening, sir. Picketed in on every side but one, and that is the road that leads straight up to Heaven. I have



## Submission to Huntsville Historical Review

traveled that road three times a day and have never met a picket yet." Miss Berry Fram and Mrs. Mayhew came in and sat with me till dark.



During the Civil War the sanctuary of the Methodist Church was used as a hospital, while the basement was used as quarters for Union soldiers. They not only spread their blankets on the wooden floor where they slept, but they also used small firepots in order to cook their food. Even though the use of fire in the basement had been protested by church members, the practice continued, and on January 6, 1864, the church was completely destroyed by fire. The present church shown in this picture was built on the same site.

Nov. 18. Received a note today from my dear W.D. written two weeks ago, while he was at Whitesburg, and has been lying at the provost marshal's office ever since. It is a kind, sweet missive and cheers my heart. May God bless and preserve him in all his absence, and assist me to bear it patiently. Sue came home again this evening. The pickets did not question her pass, but their curiosity was excited, and one of them said to another, "I will register that pass."

Nov. 19. "Never rains but it pours." Never was an old saying more truly verified. It has rained incessantly day and night nearly all the week. Mr. Hereford called in to see Sue, and she and Jennie both went there in the rain to stay all night.

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

Sunday, Nov. 20. Still cloudy and occasionally a drizzling rain. Just started all the children to Sabbath school and church. Prevent from going myself by a pain in the face. Just sat down to write in my journal when Mr. Tom Barum called to see Sue. He had just gone when Mr. Wilkinson came to take her back to the country. He dined with us and gave us the news. Gen. Sherman is moving either upon Savannah or Charleston, burning Atlanta and all the towns behind him, and completely destroying the railroad. Beauregard is reported in front of him and Hood in his rear. There was fighting yesterday at New Market between Russell's cavalry and the Yankees. The railroad was also torn up so that the trains did not get in.

Wednesday, Nov. 23. There is another excitement this evening, but how much foundation there is for it, we know not. It is thought that the enemy are evacuating here. They say that Hood's whole army is at Decatur, and Forrest in front of them.

Nov. 24. The panic increases. The enemy are actually taking their departure. The whole town is in commotion. The trade stores--many of them are closed--are packing their goods as rapidly as possible. Others are selling out as fast as they can at cost, and such another rush of men and women to furnish themselves with goods was truly never seen. Jennie and I went on the square with the crowd, and I purchased calico and socks and other things in proportion.

Night. Went this evening to see Mrs. Davis and passed Corinna having a wagon loaded for the depot. She goes to Nashville tonight. The officer who has her in charge went to a Yankee lady at Mrs. Davis' today, and begged her to take Corinna under her charge, telling her that she was a very smart servant, and that her master was a tyrant and a colonel in the Confederate army, and had once taken her off South. Mrs. Davis advised the lady to have nothing to do with her, that her master had always been a kind one and, although he had once taken her across the river, he had brought her back when she wanted to come. I went back and spoke to Corinna, and asked her where and why she was going. She said that it was to Nashville to avoid the Rebels. She was at first inclined to be important and impolite, but when I talked kindly to her, she changed her tone and said that, if things had not gone so far, she would not have gone. I told her that I did not ask her to stay, but if she was ever in want or needed a home, she could come back, and that she should be kindly treated. She commenced crying and the Yankees hurried her off.

A large proportion of Africa is collected at the depot tonight, awaiting transportation. The work of evacuation is going on rapidly. Fires are burning in different quarters of the town where there have been camps, which makes quite an illumination. Many fear that they will set fire to the town before leaving. Went with Eddie since supper to Mr. Donnegan to ask him to loan me some money to make a few purchases in the morning. My request was kindly and readily granted. He is every inch a gentleman, and Mrs. Donnegan is equally a lady.

## Submission to Huntsville Historical Review

Nov. 25. Had the misfortune to be very sick and unable to see anybody, consequently missed the opportunity of making many cheap bargains at the stores, as they are still selling out. Spent the day in great suffering from a violent sick headache, increased, doubtless, by the excitement.

Saturday, Nov. 26. Rose immediately after breakfast, notwithstanding my great weakness from yesterday's illness, and went on the square to buy myself sick. Purchased shoes, calico, soda, pickles, oysters, knives and forks, plates, tumblers, and a hat and pants for W.D. They were burning the papers belonging to the provost marshal's office in the courthouse yard, and there was a great stir among the enemy generally. It is said that Rebel cavalry are hovering in the neighborhood, and that seven negro soldiers were killed today near the house of Charley Strong. The enemy all expect to get away by morning. The soldiers threaten to burn the town, and there is a strong guard out to prevent it. Green Academy is burning at this moment. Many families in town are left without a single servant, all gone to the Yankees. The country all around the depot is perfectly black with them. Just one year ago today, the Federals occupied Huntsville from Brownsboro, where they had their camp.



Green Academy, chartered in 1812 by the Mississippi Territorial Legislature, opened its doors in 1821 and continued as one of the leading boys' classical schools until it was closed in April of 1862 when Huntsville was occupied by federal forces. The school and its grounds were occupied by Union soldiers and the buildings were destroyed by fire in November of 1864. Green Academy was never rebuilt. In 1882 the land was deeded to the city to be used as the site of the first public school building. The present school structure was built in 1938.

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

Sunday, Nov. 27. Everything remained quiet during the night. The enemy have not all left, but are getting away as fast as they can. The railroad has been cut during the night, and they are marching out, followed by a long line of contrabands with their plunder. Stragglers are going around town, taking all the horses they can find out of the stables. Citizens, disloyal to the South, are also leaving in great haste on mules or anything that they can find to ride. Billy has been down to the depot to see if he can secure some provisions at the hotel, as the proprietor has to run. Eddie has just come in and says that some negroes just fired Donnegan's block, one of the finest buildings in town, but the citizens with the aid of the soldiers, succeeded in putting it out.

Two regiments are still in town, helping the refugees to leave. The railroad being torn up is a mistake. There was a collision, but cannot learn any particulars. The supplies have arrived--half a barrel of pickled pork, dried beef, mackerel, half a barrel of rice, white beans, sweet potatoes, 25 pounds of brown sugar, 20 pounds of coffee, four cans of print and soda, box of cigars. Dressed the children and started them for Sunday school, but they returned, there being none--too much excitement. It does not seem like the Sabbath.

9 o'clock. The last Yankee has gone and we are again free. They did not get off till dark, as the cavalry had to go with the train to guard it. Many apprehensions were felt by the citizens lest they should be detained overnight. Many of the common soldiers made threats of burning the town. They burned Governor Chapman's house today.

Nov. 28. Russell's cavalry (Confederate) entered the town this morning. The Yankees sent back a train guarded by negro soldiers, from 75 to 100, to bring back the remaining contrabands at the depot. A Confederate officer fired at them, and the shot was returned. He fired again several times, and called to his men to charge to the right and to the left, not having a single man at his command. The soldiers took to their heels toward the woods. The abandoned train and locomotive were sent to Decatur. Many females went upon the square to talk to our soldiers, but, for ourselves, we stayed at home and mended and tacked down a carpet, and regulated everything generally, as the arrival of W.D. is confidently expected soon.

Saturday, Dec. 3. Spent the week in finishing up my sewing and preparations for the return of my dear W.D., who has not yet arrived. Mrs. Watkins spent the day with me on Tuesday, and took little Mary home with her to stay until Sue returns to town. Bless her little heart. How we all miss her, but none so much as her ma. Mrs. Peebles and Frank came on Wednesday and stayed until Thursday.

Many of the contrabands who left the Yankees are returning. We have news today that old Uncle Tom has been captured by the Rebels. Whether true, we know not, but hope it may be, as he deserves a good scare for his ingratitude and unfaithfulness to his master. There is a courier arrived

## Submission to Huntsville Historical Review

this morning on his way to Gen. Roddy. He says that Gen. Hood is skirmishing with the enemy 15 miles from Nashville. Eddie has enlisted in a company called "Jordan's Life Guards," made up of most of the nicest boys in Huntsville. Mr. Tom Jordan is captain. They belong to Col. W's regiment, Roddy's command.

Sunday, Dec. 4. This is the 15th anniversary of my wedding day. Wonder if he recalls it to his recollection amid his wanderings. As he is not particularly sentimental, I fear he does not, especially as he has matters of grave importance to fix his attention just now. Am looking anxiously for his arrival. Did not go to church, not being at all well. Heard that Dr. Ross predicted in his sermon that the enemy would never return to Huntsville. Heaven send it may come true!

News came tonight of a bloody battle near Franklin, Tenn., fought on Wednesday last, in which we lost heavily in officers, Gen. Claiborne among the number. The army (enemy) was completely routed and driven towards Nashville.

Tuesday, Dec. 8. Went last night to see Mr. Matt Steele, who has just returned. Could give me no tidings of W.D. On my return home, found Mr. Harvey Donnegan, who made himself exceedingly interesting by a description of his interviews with a Yankee lieutenant under flag of truce. Was disturbed in the night by a sudden and violent ringing of the door bell. Went to the window and asked who was there. Two soldiers wanted Eddie in a hurry to come to the courthouse, as the Yankees were reported at Beaconboro. He came back directly and reported it as a false alarm.

Dec. 9. Yesterday, the scouts came in and said the enemy were at Larkinsville with a heavy cavalry force. Nothing but trouble and excitement all day. Was glad W.D. had not arrived. Yet, this morning, am looking for him as anxiously as ever, as there has nothing further been heard from the Yankees.

Dec. 11. John Robinson arrived today from Marion. Says W.D. will certainly be here in a day or two. Weather exceedingly cold.

Dec. 12. DeWitt called to see us today, right from Hood's army. He and Jennie were going out to make some visits this evening, when he returned and said, "Mrs. Chadick, here is something at the gate that you love very much." Sprang up and ran out, and was clasped in the arms of W.D. After an exile of 14 months, he is once more permitted a short repose in the bosom of his family. Our joy is great, too great for expression. We can only thank God for bringing about this happy reunion and enjoy it deep down in our heart of hearts.

Dec. 16. Last night, we had another panic. The Yankees were reported not many miles off. They had made a raid into Vienna [New Hope], led on by the notorious Bert Harris, a renegade, and burned the remainder of the town, and it was expected they would be in Huntsville by daybreak. Our two soldiers were in the saddle at once, and went to the square to see what was going on. As there was not sufficient force

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

to meet the enemy, it was decided to run. W.D. went out on a scout with Col. Russell and some of his men, and spent the night on the mountain. About daybreak, we were aroused by the firing of guns and by loud shouts, and it was instantly announced that the Yankees were in town. All was excitement at once. We commenced dressing and hiding our valuables when, suddenly, W.D. made his appearance and pronounced it all a hoax. It was a trick of Col. Russell to try the mettle of a brother officer. Of course, we were all greatly relieved.

Dec. 18. Went to church today to hear Dr. Ross, accompanied by W.D. for the first time in 15 months. On reaching the corner of the street, was struck suddenly by a rock upon the ankle, hurled with considerable force from a sling. I went to Mrs. Weaver's, and W.D. went in search of the offender, found him in the person of a young negro in the Calhoun grounds and, after giving him a good whipping, came for me and we proceeded to church, my ankle fortunately not being badly hurt, although painful for several hours. These slings in the hands of the boys and negroes are becoming very dangerous. Yesterday, one of our officers had his horse's eye knocked out.

Dec. 20. W.D. has been in a constant run all day, trying to make arrangements for us to live this Winter. Has sold his gray horse this morning for \$150 in gold to Nick Davis, in order to obtain the right kind of currency. I have scarcely got to speak with him today. It is so long since we have had the pleasure of being together that I can hardly endure for him to get out of my sight.

O, horrors! We had just risen from a late dinner and he had started over to see Mrs. Bradford on some business when he came running back and, putting his head in at the door, said, "Jane, the Yankees are coming!" Telling me to take care of his saddle, he hurried away on foot. Such consternation, terror and confirmed fear and confusion! It was supposed that they were already coming into town. Our attention was now turned to getting Eddie off and hiding the things they left behind. In a few minutes, a servant came for W.D.'s saddle and blanket, but not a rag of clothes did either take with them.

It is pouring down rain, a cold rain. Wonder if they are to be out all night in it. Sat up until a late hour. No Yankees as yet. They might have gone comfortably fixed. If the enemy come in, it will probably be a raid, and they will be gone again in a few hours. We have been sitting up late every night, reading "A Tale of the Revolution," by Simms. Tried to go on with the story tonight, but cannot enjoy it, since he is not here to enjoy it with me.

Dec. 21. Passed a restless and uneasy night caused by anxiety for my dear husband and Eddie. Just at daylight, the Yankees burst in upon the waking inhabitants. O, their appearance was more like imps from the bad world than like human beings. They broke open stores, rifled private houses and cut up generally. At Mr. Jolley's, who has always been a good Union man, they took everything that they could lay

## Submission to Huntsville Historical Review

their hands upon. Children's clothes, jewelry, hoop skirts, going into the rooms where the young ladies were not yet out of bed. Billy went up town, and they took his hat off his head and ordered Mr. Donnegan to take off his boots, which he positively refused to do, and they had to pass on.

When the Confederates were here, scarcely a pair of boots were to be found in the town for the benefit of our officers and soldiers, but it is a mortifying fact that, when the Federals broke open the stores, plenty of them were found, and two actually came here on their horses with several pairs, which they tried to sell at \$5 per pair. About 11 o'clock, three came here upon pretense of searching the house for arms. They would not take my word for it that there were not any here. I then asked to see their order for such a proceeding. They had none to show, and explained that they had no commissioned officers with them. This, however, had no effect upon them as they were determined to go through the house.

I was entirely alone and could not leave them even to go to the kitchen and send for a guard. I persisted in declining the search until one of them pushed by me, saying, "We must obey orders." I told them that I was no Union woman, but professed to be a lady, and trusted that I had gentlemen to deal with. The sergeant then assured me that nothing should be touched unless they found arms. They then went into my room and made right for the wardrobe. I told them to stand back and examine as I removed the things. Some bottles of wine immediately attracted their attention. After draining the only one that had anything in it, some cans of oysters and peaches next elicited their attention. I begged them not to take them and, by giving them a can of peaches, drove them away from the wardrobe.

They next searched where I had put my silver and W.D.'s clothes, but, my keeping them back, adroitly managed to keep them from discovering either. Then they wished to examine my large trunk, saying that it "looked like it would hold the government." I opened it, but the sergeant prevented them from touching anything. While they were searching in Sue and Jennie's room, one of the scamps went back to my wardrobe and, helping himself to all my oysters and cans of fruit, made off with them, and the other two followed under pretense of reporting this man, but, doubtless, to assist him in enjoying the spoils, thus relinquishing the search for firearms, which was only an excuse for ransacking the house and stealing whatever they could lay their hands on.

These are truly terrible times. Alas! Alas! There is the railroad whistle. They have actually come back with all their infantry and cannon to occupy. Our hearts sink within us. W.D. and Eddie both gone without a change of clothing, and we cannot even conjecture how long the enemy may remain.

Dec. 22. Hoped and trusted that I should not be further molested by the enemy. Delusive hope. Today, an officer with a guard of six men came to search the premises for W.D. Assured them that he was not here, but Col. Fish of the 13th Wisconsin said that he did not expect a man's wife to tell

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

the truth where he was concerned. He looked everywhere-- under the piano, behind doors, in the wardrobe and even behind the pillows on my bed. I began to suspect him of being a shark, instead of a swordfish.

He placed a guard in the hall and around the house. Then desired me to open the smokehouse and lock-room and servants' room. I treated him with great kindness and politeness, and he began to be ashamed, and commenced an apology for the intrusion, saying that he was told that Col. Chadick certainly was here, and that he was obliged to do his duty. He also apologized for going into the young ladies' room so unceremoniously. I began to think him a whale. I asked him what news they had from Hood's army. He replied that, three or four days since, they had received a dispatch from Gen. Thomas from Franklin, stating that Gen. Hood had been badly whipped and was retreating, and sent orders for them to return to this place.

Went this evening to see Col. Davis to try to learn something of the whereabouts of W.D., learning that he went immediately to the river. So he is in all probability across safely. Heard also that Miss Aggie Scott had a pass to go across the river tomorrow. Went to see her and asked her to take W.D.'s clothes to him. She kindly consented, and went to get permission from Col. Lyon. He said that consistent with his duty, he could not give me permission, but if I chose to put some things in Miss Scott's trunk, they would not be molested, and advised me to act upon that suggestion, which I have accordingly done.

Friday, Dec. 23, 1864. Went before breakfast to Mrs. Rice's to see Miss Scott before starting to entrust her with a note to W.D. Learned this morning that there had been quite a fight near Ellick Jones' and that the enemy had brought in 49 prisoners and several wounded men. We immediately went to the guard house and learned that Eddie was probably safe, as he had not been with the company since they left here. The wounded men were badly cut up with saber cuts, as it was a hand-to-hand fight, and the enemy says that the young Rebels fought bravely.

The Feds have been behaving very badly today on the square. They found some whiskey, and after getting drunk, knocked down Gen. Lowe, stabbed one negro, sabered another and knocked a third off his horse. We learn tonight that the report that Decatur was taken by the Feds is untrue. They are looking for Forrest here again tonight. We had had most discouraging news here today of the total demoralization of Hood's army, but do not believe half of it. The croakers would have us believe that we are whipped beyond redemption. We accidentally got into a nest of them this evening. One gentleman said, after relating the doleful news, that, if he was asked to point out the worst enemy of the Southern Confeds, he would say Jeff Davis, and the best friend, he would say Abraham Lincoln.

Dec. 24. Threatened with one of my dreadful headaches, yet fitted and made the waist for a dress for Jennie. Dr. Ross was arrested and taken before Gen. Steadman at the depot by



## Submission to Huntsville Historical Review

a negro guard to answer for a sermon preached after the Feds had evacuated here. In said sermon, he gave those men a severe lashing who tried to avoid the conscript, and said that, if every man had done his part, the Yankees might have been whipped out of here in six months. He was asked whether he would go North or South. He chose the latter, and was given two hours for himself and family to get ready in. Mr. Bob Smith went down to the train to carry Dr. Ross some money, and was carried off without time to apprise his family, or to get a change of clothes.

Dec. 26. A sad, sad Christmas. Spent the day in bed, very ill. How different from our anticipations a week since. W.D. was here and expected to eat with us our Christmas dinner. Now, we know not where he is, since he left us so unceremoniously. And poor Eddie--his soldiering met with rather an unfortunate beginning. Gen. Steadman, with his division, passed through here Sunday on their way to Decatur, where it is said they are fighting. Gen. Mumphreys returned today. A captain of negro troops came here tonight to get a room for a sick lieutenant. Upon my saying that I had no vacant room, he remarked that there were more people in this town than any place he ever saw.

Dec. 27. It appears that Gen. Steadman was greatly exasperated on Saturday on being informed by his emissaries that the people of Huntsville had been kind to their own soldiers. After sending off Dr. Ross, he ordered the torch to be applied to the town, and it was only through the earnest remonstrances of Col. Lyons that it was prevented. With such men in power, what may or may not be expected in their hands? It was said a short time since by a resigned Federal officer that, six months hence, there would not be a gentleman in the Yankee army, that all such were becoming disgusted at the manner in which the war was conducted and were getting out of it as fast as they could. Every precaution has been taken to prevent us knowing anything. An officer is going around to the houses today for bedding to furnish the hospitals. This is a requisition, which has never before been made of the citizens.

Dec. 28. Dick Davis called this morning and says that W.D. and several others, in their flight, went towards Athens. I cannot hear anything in regard to them. Miss Aggie Scott returned yesterday, as there had been no order that no one should be permitted to pass through the pickets. She has permission, however, from Col. Lyons to start again on Monday and go by way of Whitesburg, in company with Miss Annie McClung, as Col. Lyons says the soldiers will all be removed from that point by that time. I omitted to say that Nick Davis was charged before the Fed authorities with the crime of having given a negro \$50 in gold to help W.D. in getting away in the panic. Lt. Fish called on me this evening for my portion of bedding for the hospital; begged to be excused on the plea of having none to spare. He consented to pass me by, unless he could do no better, which case, he should return. Little Mary chanced to be at the piano, and greatly astonished and amused him with her musical performance.

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

Dec. 31. Paint Rock bridge was burned. Two guns captured and 70 prisoners taken by the Rebels. Under whose command, not known. Mr. Bannister [Episcopal rector] received notice today that, if he could not pray for Lincoln, he could not officiate in his church on the morrow and that he would be sent South.