The Diary
of
ELIZABETH CHRISTIE BROWN

Saturday, January 1st, 1853
to
Sunday, September 27th, 1863

Written en gly leaf
Queen Bee

left page
[names erased]
Queen Bee
to her Majesty

Title page: Clayton's Quarto Diary, for 1852.
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INTRODUCTION

The Diary of Elizabeth Christie Brown, later Mrs. Rufus F. Learned, was for the most part written during the Civil War year of 1863, and now, 104 years later, will probably be of interest to her descendants. An introduction to her diary should cover helpful material for the benefit of the reader, and therefore I have tried to include here information on the following categories: the value of the diary itself, who Elizabeth C. Brown was and where she fit into the family tree, some notes on her use of spelling and grammar, and finally, clarifying explanations of how the diary has been organized on a typographical basis for the purpose of making understandable copies for members of the family.

The Value of the Diary

It is fortunate that 104 years have passed since the writing of Elizabeth Christie Brown's diary in 1863. Perhaps if fewer years had passed I might not have been as interested in deciphering the faded brown ink in order to make copies of the diary for members of the family. But in 104 years enough time has passed to make the revelations of a diary of 1863 very interesting to us today.

Perhaps he who is willing to wade patiently through the faded writing is a little more fortunate than those who can read a typewritten copy quickly. For because of this slow process the "translator" is perhaps able to imagine more easily the moods and feelings of the diarist as she experienced them and wrote them down. Indeed, this existential experience seems the best way, in current circumstances of almost complete ignorance, to try to understand Elizabeth Brown's system of spelling, grammar, and omissions of words.

Such frustrations are minor, however, in view of the rewards of a diary that is over 100 years old. In this amount of time we can see quite clearly the characteristics of a way of life and thinking very different from our own — although indeed there are certainly many similarities, too.

We see, for instance, the social aspects of life in Natchez, Mississippi in 1863: how domestic life was managed; how a great deal of visiting, which often included spending the night almost on the basis of whim, was possible as a result of the existence of many servants and few mechanical devices such as telephones; how days were spent for a young twenty-one year old girl in admiring and gathering flowers, in escorting friends and visiters about the rightly famous Brown Garden, in calling on friends, in going to town almost daily — for shopping, prayer meetings, and news, in practicing on musical instruments and in singing, in sewing and making the family's clothes as well as knitting mittens and needed items for Confederate soldiers, in writing, learning, and reciting poetry, in reading the Bible, Shakespeare, and perhaps a few other books; how evenings were spent in conversation, games, and the writing of journals. We see also the liking of the age for flowery language — primarily in poetic expressions, and one becomes easily suspicious, because of the nature of these bits of poetry, that poetic attempts might well have been a common practice on the part of all who were sensitive to life and who had the necessary leisure to enjoy this practice. Undoubtedly too, reading and writing poetry had a greater emphasis in the
educational scheme of the time than it does in our day.

We are thus easily made aware of the domestic, social, and romantic aspects of the age on the one hand - but, from the historian's point of view, there is also an undercurrent of evidence of the sterner side of life, characterized by what Max Weber once called The Protestant Ethic: good works resulting from diligence, sobriety, frugality, etc., as the assumed Calvinistic proof of God's chosen elect - and the corollary feeling that the opposite virtues were the mark of the eternally damned. The diary indirectly reflects the static nature of this nineteenth century system of thought, primarily in its references to values as well as to the actions of individuals. "Good actions" are assumed to be one possibly helpful way of raising one's status in a stratified religious structure, and of course Negro slaves would have had a long way to travel under this system, without even considering their economic necessity to the South. "Bad actions" are assumed to be the obvious reason for later judgement by God. Under the differing circumstances of the twentieth century, primarily the result of many years of continuing industrial revolution, these underlying assumptions are sufficiently visible to make the diary of great interest to us today.

More specifically, the diary is of value to us in 1967 because of its revelation of conditions in wartime in Natchez and the surrounding territory. By the end of April, 1863, the leisurely conduct of the war in a town under Confederate control comes to an end. By the middle of July the Yankee garrison has arrived in Natchez, and a period of serious personal threat and daily frustration follows. News of the fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, the plight of New Orleans, naval movements along the river, and the skyrocketing prices of coffee and flour all give us an impressionistic picture of wartime conditions during the few brief months covered by the Brown diary.

Who Was Elizabeth C. Brown?
always known "Lizzie"

Elizabeth C. Brown was the daughter of the Andrew Brown who came in the 1820's from Scotland to settle in Natchez, Mississippi and build the sawmill there in 1828. Family legend has it that Andrew Brown left his wife, the former Elizabeth Key, in Scotland - but subsequently, being persuaded by his son, Andrew Brown, Jr., sent for her to come to Natchez. Sometime after her arrival a daughter, Elizabeth Christie Brown, the author of the diary, was born to them. Elizabeth C. Brown lived to be 76 years old (born December 26, 1842, died February 9, 1919), and in 1863 was a girl of twenty-one years of age. At this age her diary reflects high intelligence, capability, and sensitivity, a keen, rather dry and easy sense of humor, and undoubtedly an unusual attractiveness to eligible young men, not to mention a good ability for making firm friendships among the young ladies of her age.

Elizabeth C. Brown's mother, the former Elizabeth Key, died on January 18, 1855. A year later in 1854 Andrew Brown married "The Widow Learned". This Mrs. Learned had a son, Rufus F. Learned, who subsequently married Elizabeth C. Brown and in time became the second generation owner of the family sawmill in Natchez. Rufus F. Learned and Elizabeth Brown Learned are, of course, the great grandparents that most of us, three generations later, have in common today.
In the diary "Cousin Key" is frequently mentioned. Cousin Key must have been either William I. Key or his son, if he had one. This deduction is made from a gravestone in the cemetery in Natchez, which reads: Agnes Key, wife of William I. Key, born October 1818, died in New Orleans on March 21, 1861. It seems possible that Cousin Key, although older than Elizabeth C. Brown, was not so very old that he could be considered too removed from her generation for purposes of being one of several handy escorts to a Tableaux in April 1863.

Another frequent reference in the diary is to "Lykes". Both Cousin Key and Lykes apparently worked in the mill office. There is sufficient evidence in the diary to feel that these two names referred to one and the same person (See entries for Monday, March 23, 1863 and Wednesday, March 25, 1863, and more importantly, April 7, 1863 and April 9, 1863.)

Comments on Spelling, Grammar, Etc.

In making a copy of the Brown Diary, Elizabeth Brown's use of punctuation and spelling has been maintained as often as possible. On occasion, however, for the sake of clarity, I have substituted a period for a comma, etc. It is known that by the middle of the last century rules of grammar and spelling had not been either as firmly set or insisted upon as they are today, and certainly accepted standards were not in extensive use by majorities of people in local situations around the country. Such standards, as might be expected, became slowly accepted only with the spread of the printing of books and newspapers on a wider basis and with the spread of free public schools under the controlling authority of the states.

Elizabeth Brown was by no means consistent in her use of paragraphs, commas, periods, and spelling. However, she was not wholly inconsistent either. It is possible, for instance, that by 1863 she had largely abandoned the use of paragraphs almost entirely, substituting in their place the use of periods. And where we might normally put a period she often seems to use a comma. The use of capital letters or small ones after commas seems to follow no particularly consistent pattern - except for possible emphasis in some instances or to signal the beginning of a new sentence when she has remembered to do so with a capital letter.

It is quite possible, of course, that Elizabeth Brown was never overly interested in grammar, as her letters (inserted in the diary) of 1908 and 1911 would seem to indicate. She apparently was one of those lovely people who had a good intelligence and was understandably more interested in what was going on around her than in how she managed to record these events in writing. She was undoubtedly one of the many women of that time who were not unduly burdened with a great many years of formal education and were perfectly secure within the scheme of nineteenth century life so that the more minor rules of grammar could hardly have been a primary consideration.

It is also true, if one has ever kept a diary, that one is aware of the fact that a quick, spontaneous recording of events is often negligent of grammatical niceties. I would guess this to be the case in the Brown diary. It would have been easier for the reader if I had corrected the various grammatical errors of the diary, had time permitted the making of
one accurate copy and one corrected copy. Expediency, however, dictated the priority for an historically accurate copy if only one could be done, particularly in view of the fact that the original diary is filled with faded ink and is of course less likely to last than a number of copies. If the reader finds it a bit hard to excuse Elizabeth Brown's spelling and grammar and often an omission of a word he might also find it difficult to to excuse my corrected typing mistakes as being less than neat. Since apparently neither Elizabeth Brown nor I ever had even the vaguest need for any concern about our breaking out into print, perhaps we can both be excused on this basis.

Comments on Typographical Details of the Diary

The diary of Elizabeth Brown was begun in a book made for the purpose, Clayton's Quarto Diary for 1852. Apparently Elizabeth Brown was given the book, possibly at Christmas in 1851. However, her first entry is dated by her reference to the beginning of the new year, 1853. It seems as though good intentions must have been put off for about a year. By Monday, January 12, 1852, she has scratched over the printed date at the head of the column and written in Monday, January 10, 1853. Except for this entry one cannot be sure about the entries between January 1, 1853 and January 16, 1853. In some cases she apparently used the day of the week as her guide, as in the case of the Monday, January 12, 1852 date in reality Monday, January 10, 1853. In other cases she has used the numerical date, as in the case of the January 1st entry.

By January 18, 1853 we find an entry according to numerical date rather than by the day of the week. On this date Elizabeth Brown's mother died. If we did not know that it was to this person that she refers in her entry for that date we might assume that perhaps the entire diary had been written in 1863 - because of the seeming precocious character of the earliest entries, that these would be more appropriate to a twenty-one year old and that they might refer to a beau in some cases rather than to her mother. For in 1853 Elizabeth was only eleven years old. Were the entire diary written in 1863 the first entry on January 1st, of course, would not make good sense in regard to the day of the week and her recorded year of 1853, for in 1863 January 1st was on a Thursday, just as in 1852. With some study of the calendar dates and the known fact of her mother's death on January 18, 1853, it seems best to assume therefore that Elizabeth began a year old blank diary on January 1, 1853 at the age of eleven.

An important change occurs between the entries for January 18, 1853 and January 19th, the next entry. The latter entry makes reference to the fact that ten years ago to the day Elizabeth's mother died. In other words, the Monday, January 19, 1852 printed date refers in reality to Monday, January 19, 1863. By the end of the week she confirms this fact by recording an 1863 date in her own handwriting. Also, on January 19th her handwriting has begun its consistently bolder style. Apparently, and we can imagine this with some ease by reading the entry for January 18, 1853, the date of her mother's death, Elizabeth Brown was quite effected by this event, and there were adult type questions raised for this eleven year old child which she could not explain in a wholly adequate way to herself - at least not on a secure adult basis. For this reason she does not resume
writing in her diary immediately. By ten years later her mother's life and death are memory, and because of filial feelings of inadequacy connected with the earlier period as well as filial feelings of gratitude associated with the ten intervening years she is poignantly aware of the tenth anniversary of her mother's death. The fact that this anniversary actually occurs on a Sunday and there may well have been a family visit to the cemetery that afternoon could well be a factor too. All of these circumstances must have supplied a sufficiently initiating stimulus to resume the keeping of a diary in 1863. Parenthetically it is worth noting that from January 1st through January 18th the pages of the diary were apparently at one time stapled together. This would seem to indicate that this earlier period represented a closed book in Elizabeth's mind.

From January 19, 1863 until February 28, 1863 the days of the week and the numerical dates agree with the printed dates for 1852 (except for the year, of course), and this would actually be the case on a calendar basis for the years 1852 and 1863. Occasionally the printed years are scratched over to confirm that the entries are for 1863. By February 29, 1852, however, the days of the week and the numerical dates change, and many of these are scratched over, with the correct 1863 date entered. This is because 1852 was a leap year and 1863 was not.

For purposes of clarity I have used the 1852 diary dates as printed, and these have been underlined. The probable or actual date is given below in parentheses. The use of the printed date could be helpful if any of the family wish to check actual entries in the original diary.

Elizabeth Brown had an extremely fine handwriting, and therefore one cannot always be sure of a word here and there, even though a magnifying glass and a good light were employed in the deciphering process. I have endeavored to indicate by the use of parentheses when a word was relatively undecipherable by the following method: (?) . If the translation of the word was in some question in my mind I have followed that word with a question mark enclosed by parentheses: (?). I have also used parentheses to indicate words that I have editorially included in the account where the Brown diary seems to omit key words necessary to the logic of the thought. When Elizabeth Brown has used parentheses herself I have indicated her authorship by following these sets of parentheses with an asterisk. Occasionally Elizabeth Brown uses a blank space to indicate her desire to omit a personal name. Her blank spaces are accurately recorded therefore.
Thursday, January 1st, 1852
(First week of the new year, 1853)

The year 1853 came in on Saturday and found me domiciled at the residence of Mr. Wm. Nash, Professor of Music, - So. on Main St., Natches, Miss.

Spent the early part of the day in necessary and useful needlework, but put a little embroidery on my stockings, - time having done more openwork on them than was precisely agreeable to the eye or the feel.

That being finished, dressed neatly in my Sunday's and went to visit my dear friend, Mrs. Warner, - visits to her always prove pleasant as she is one of the fine persons we can trust. Chatted the evening away - using my fingers in the meantime, embroidering the ends of two cravats for the two little boys Gullie and Daniel - the last a poor desolate orphan picked up by my kind hearted friend and fed and clothed and taught as though he were a brother by the ties of blood - all who have the stamp of humanity are brothers to him and are treated as such long as they obey the laws of decency.

My friend not returning till late and there being much noise of drunken men abroad, I remained all night, returning after breakfast Sabbath morning. Attended church and listened to a well written discourse, but to me it lacked life, - if it came from the preacher's heart it did not reach mine.

A new year, And what have I done in the one just dead: "Have I done ought worthy an immortal being? What great cause have I advanced or advocated? What good have I done to one individual ever? Ah me! I have labored and toiled to little purpose I fear. I have been too inactive, too selfish, - I think. I have fully discharged my duty to the little pupil under my care and well has she repaid me for all my labor. - and yet we shall be asunder from this time out. The will never consent that my name be uttered in her presence. Well, well, I do not think any blame can be attached to me in this matter. My greatest guilt was a cheerful temper - and a kind smile to all. How thankful I feel to Heaven that I was not cursed with a jealous temper, that I have been spared those trials which would bring into action such feelings. They must indeed be harder than any other trial, and what merit of mine has shielded me from them, some - just God's mercy alone, - and am I thankful for it? I try to be, but am I? How often I ask myself that question, and how unsatisfactory is the answer of my conscience. I wish, most sincerely wish I could feel that living faith I hear the religionists speak about, But I do not.

Saturday, January 3rd, 1852
(sometime during last week of new year, 1853)

The great, the bold, the wise, and good,
Have vanished from our sight away;

But we may stand where they have stood
And fill the place as gloriously.

Each second found beneath the sun,
Of every deed; by Sea or Land
Marks out the course that we must run,
To mark firm footprints in the sand.

Then let us labor while we may,
Nor turn aside at any call.
Though dangers wild beset our way
With a brave heart we'll meet them all.
Wednesday, January 7th, 1852
(Wed., Jan. 5, 1853 ?)

Do I love — yes — another love venturing into life diffidently,
after long acquaintance, furnace tried by pain, stamped by constancy,
consolidated by affection's (true (?)) and durable alloys, submitted by
intellect to intellect's own tests, and wrought up by his own process to
his unflavored completeness; this love laughs at passion, his hot frenzies,
and his hurried extinction.

Monday, January 12th, 1852
(Mon., Jan. 10, 1853 ?)

And thou art gone, the glad gay voice,
No longer shall the ear rejoice,
No longer shall thy pitying eye
Cheer the sad soul with sympathy.

Thy footsteps now no longer roam,
Where grief and sorrow make their home,
Moveless is now the busy hand
That opened wide at want's demand.

Tuesday, January 13th, 1852
(Tues., Jan. 11, 1853)(?)

The brightest thoughts abroad are flung
Like flower seed by the wanton wind
And again the thrilling strain is sung
Till it vibrates through the listening mind,

But who of all the raptured throng
That hange upon the burning words
Thinks of the anguished son of song
Whose soul hath stirred the melting choirs

He makes the gladdened soul rejoice,
And brings the light to beauty's eye,
But sorrows choke his own sad voice
In many a deeply burdened sigh.

Wednesday, January 14th, 1852
(Wed., Jan. 12, 1853)(?)

Break not the holy Sabbath day
Is God's express command
From duty's path we may not stray
Though rulers in the land.
Thursday, January 15th, 1852

Beneath the waves of ocean deep:
The bright, the gay, and the beautiful sleep:
No dreams of joy, or triumph now
Are stamped upon the chiseled brow,
They sleep as calm as those who rest
Beneath the cold earth's snowy breast,
Or where fond hands a (7) sears
And kindn'd eyes shed bitter tears.

Friday, January 16th, 1852

Through countless worlds both near and far
From Venus fair, to the polar star
Wend still thy tireless way,
From each bring all that's pure and bright,
And bathe them well in Sun's broad light,
One moment in that palm of bliss
Is worth eternity in this.

Sunday, January 18th, 1852

On this eighteenth of January - has gone to the tomb one whom I knew
and whom I would have loved had I been permitted, but the dark fiend jealousy
came between, and threw her baleful influence over all my words and deeds,
"trifles light as air" became "proofs strong as holy writ" - and the heart
lost its kindly feelings - and grew stern, cold and bitter towards one all
unconscious of offence. Higho! There is no bliss here on earth, our
brightest skies will still be clouded, a drop of bitterness will find its
way into the sweetest drought and the worm will blight the fairest flower.

I've worshipped thee in times gone by,
And still with thee must smile or sigh,
Must share with thee thy hopes and fears
And from thy brow wipe all the tears

Where thy path leads there mine must be
O'er mountain bold or stormy sea,
In joy, or woe, in bliss or pain,
My thought shall echo thine again.

And when death's summons comes to thee
Still by thy side I'll constant be
To thine own God, my son, I'll breathe
And by my side shall be thy grave.

Monday, January 19th, 1852

This is my first attempt to keep a diary. I do not think this has
been a very pleasant day. I awoke rather late with a slight headache, and when
I went down stairs, found the servants had not done their work, and that
did not preserve the equanimity of any temper. After breakfast I read several chapters in the Bible, and the rest of the day was spent in making sleeves to blue silk dress, which I delayed doing for so long a time. As it was a wet day, Ma remained at home, and got along better than I would have done if I had been alone. After supper I knit a little on a sock, and then played Euchre, and was beaten. And now am writing the occurrences of the day. Ten years ago tonight I lost my own Mother, how long ago it seems when I look back to that event, and yet how rapidly the time has passed. I have not felt the want of a mother for the past nine years, for God sent one that has done all for me that a mother could do, and I fear I am not thankful enough, and I know I have not repaid her, and fear I can never do so, sufficiently for her untiring care and kindness to me.

Tuesday, January 20th, 1852
(Tues., Jan. 20, 1863)

After seeing about breakfast, I read two and part of the third chapters in the Bible, after breakfast - attended to household matters, and finished a letter to R., then read part of Shakespeare’s play of Hamlet, and am delighted with it, like it much better than I do Romeo & Juliet, or Othello, and hope to finish it tomorrow. As the day was so beautiful I concluded to walk to town in the afternoon, dressed before dinner, - and just then Hattie H., Mrs. Ashton and her son and Ajdt. Carney, called to see the garden, walked around with them, and found Hattie a little more affable than usual. Dined, went to Fox’s and paid for books bought at Christmas, then to the C. house found Ma had a surprise for me, in the shape of real Tea, then stopped to see Mrs. Nash, purchased two packages of envelopes, then called to see Agnes S., and as is generally the case she was not at home. After a nice cup of tea, I knit, until bed time, Cousin K. read three acts in the play Julius Cæs. We were so well entertained, that we had no idea that time had passed so rapidly, it was an hour beyond our usual retiring time, when the time piece was consulted.

Wednesday, January 21st, 1852
(Wednesday, January 21, 1863)

I intended going to Prayer meeting this morning, but as usual something prevented. After breakfast I prepared some dinner for Ma, as she remained at the C.H. all day, Helen came and spent the day with me, she and I went out to see the conscript hunters pass, we called to them that here was a C., they said well they would come for us, they came to the house and enquired if there were any men about, said we had fooled them and they would have to take us. After dinner we went down to the river bank, to see the boats, while there one of the soldiers that we had seen in the morning came along, he hailed us to know if we had found the Frenchman that he had asked of about when he saw us first. I went in town with Helen, stopped at Mr. N’s, bought tickets for Orratorio, and [two] more packs of envelopes. At the tea table, was told that a dear friend of mine had died of consumption, I had not seen him for over two years, nor had I heard of him for a long time. I am thankful he was with his mother when he died, I hope I will be forgiven all that I ever said against him, and for the inconstant manner in which I treated him.

Thursday, January 22nd, 1852
(Thurs., Jan. 22, 1863)

This morning I attended to household matters, and then altered a pair
of shoes. Helen came down again as she had promised to do the day before. Nothing of importance transpired during the day, after tea, Helen, Cousin Key, and I went to the Oratorio, at the Episcopal Church, we did not get very good seats, and could not see the performers, we heard some splendid music and singing, Mrs. Elliot, and Miss Boyd were the best singers, we were introduced to Capt. Morgan - of the Paul Jones, and he walked home with us, he seemed to be a very quiet young man, and I expect thought we were wild girls, from the way we carried on, but their are times when the least thing will excite our visibles, and I certainly could not remain what I seldom, if ever am, and that is dignified.

Friday, January 23rd, 1852
(Fri., Jan. 23, 1863)

Attended to household matters, and had not quite finished, when Mr. Benbrook came to thank Ma for having his clothes made, and as she was not at home he asked for me, he was just leaving for P. Hudson, to join his company. At twelve o'clock Helen and I went in town for Ma, saw Mrs. S., and Paph, he said he wanted to see me, as he had something to tell me, we called at Mrs. Na. and stopped a few moments. In the afternoon we went down to the Mill, and when we came back I made a bouquet, for Capt. B.L. Morgan. we expected him to come up to spend the evening, but he was in a hurry to leave and could not come, he sent us a polite note acknowledging the receipt of the flowers. Mr. T. and Mrs. Tweed came and spent the evening, the latter was so different from what I imagined him to be, he is full of fun, and we had a very pleasant time.

Saturday, January 24th, 1852
(Sat., Jan. 24, 1863)

I was very lazy this morning and did not rise until late, Helen and I were sitting in the parlor, we heard someone walking in the hall, I supposed it was Pa coming to breakfast, as I opened the door who should I see but Capt. Andrews, it was an agreeable surprise, as I did not expect to see him again, for a long time, After breakfast Ma went to the C. H. and H. home. I employed myself for awhile doing a little of nothing, and then began a letter to R., was writing when Wm. came to take me to town, I went to Mr. Aldridge, and purchased some buttons and several other diminutive articles, among them a pencil sharpener, with which I am very much delighted, have been using it on all the pencils I could find. In the afternoon, I embroidered a stocking, that had rather more holes in it than were necessary for its beauty. At supper I was vexed that my rolls had been spoiled in cooking. spent the evening in knitting but did not get along very rapidly. I was feeling sad, for I recollected, that three years ago tonight three friends were with us who have "gone to that world from whose bourn no traveler returns", I loved the one who last went, more than I thought I did.

Sunday, January 25th, 1863 (written in her own hand)

I went to church in the morning but did not remember any of the Sermon, I do not know when I ever felt so sleepy as I did during Sermon time. After dinner I walked in the garden and down to the Mill with Cousin K., and Capt. A., saw Mr. Koontz, he told us all the boats were ordered up Red River for fear the enemy would get passed Vicksburg and destroy them. Came home, read several chapters in my Bible.
Monday, January 26th, 1852
(Mon., Jan. 26, 1863)

I have accomplished little or nothing today, after breakfast I made two bouquets, one for Capt. McCarrick C. S. N. on Str. Charin, and the other for Capt. B. L. Morgan of the Paul Jones, the latter sent a note of thanks in return. I then wrote part of a letter to Rufus, and after dinner knitt on a sock. Paph called to tell us good-bye, he starts for the army very soon, I hope he may soon return in health to his friends & that the war will be over so that he can remain with his Sue. Two soldiers of a Tennessee reg't, now at Port Hudson, came to see me, one of them Capt. Little, I had met before when the boat was on ground at the Mill, we invited them to stop, but as it was raining they declined doing so. I hope the rest of the week will be spent more industriously than today has been. I cannot even think of anything to fill up the rest of this column. It has been a windy day and rain has fallen nearly all the afternoon, it is growing colder and I hope tomorrow will be clear.

Tuesday, January 27th, 1852
(Tues., Jan. 27, 1863)

The weather in the morning was very cold and cloudy, after breakfast I went in town to get some dishes Ma had bought, called at Mrs. Baker's and at Mrs. Nash's, bought cord and tassel for apron, and another cord paid 80 cents for the two. Came home and finished my blk silk apron, and bound my blue silk dress, in the afternoon it was clear, and Capt. Andrews and I walked up in town. I carried the letters and package to go to Rufus. At the top of the hill the wind blew my hat off, and the Capt. had to run and catch it. After tea I knitted until bedtime.

Wednesday, January 28th, 1852
(Wed., Jan. 28, 1863)

Today I succeeded in doing what I have made several vain attempts to do, And that was to have breakfast early enough,so that I could go to Prayer meeting, Mr. Stratton made some beautiful remarks, he prayed that the hearts of our enemies should be softened and changed toward us, and if they would continue fighting us, that they might be defeated in all their attempts to subjugate us, I intend to make an endeavor to attend the meeting as regularly as I can. Helen came home with me, we stopped at Paph's store, while there saw Will, Ashton. I cannot dignify him by the title of Dr., Capt. A. walked home with H. and I. I made a Confederate handkerchief before dinner, after that meal we went down to the office, and carried on high there for awhile, then Capt. Little and Lieut. Friarson came down, H. and I escorted them around the garden and then came in and sat for a few minutes - then I walked up the hill with H. and the two soldiers, I like the Lieut's manners more than I do the Capt's. Neither of them are so refined as the Colonel.

Thursday, January 29th, 1852
(Thursday, Jan. 29, 1863)

I spent the most of this morning in attending to house matters, between one and two o'clock I sat down and began another handkerchief, which I finished in the afternoon. When the gentleman came in they told me that the yankees, were deserting, by whole companies, and coming over to our side,
and that more would come, if they were not afraid of our people. I hope that piece of news will prove true, and that the whole yankee army will refuse to fight any more. I also was told that a boat was on her way to La' to get the gun boat Webb, to come and take back the ferry boat DeSoto, that the Fed's had captured below Vicksburg. I sincerely trust that the Webb will be longer lived than the poor little Arkansas. Mr. Thos. Henderson was struck with Paralysis this morning, I saw him yesterday at Prayer Meeting, in his usual health, how wisely it is ordered, that we cannot see into the future, how terribly we would have felt if we had known how soon that good old man would be stricken. This eve E. & Em Rivers, Mary L. Miller, A Em Coulson called, and I walked part way home with them.

Friday, January 30th, 1852
(Fri., Jan. 30, 1863)

After attending to household matters I began dressing to go in town, before I had finished my toilet, Miss Julia and Helen, M, came to spend the day, they had not been here long, before Capt. Little and Lt. Prierson came. We all walked around the garden, and after dinner, spent the time on the Mounds. Capt. L. made me promise to write to him, he said he could seldom here from home, and he would like to get letters from his Lady friends, he seemed to be a good hearted sort of a genius, but I should like him better, if he had a little more dignity, the Lt. has been in more and can control himself better, The girls remained, and the soldiers came back and spent the eve, the Lt. and I played Backgammon, and I beat him, if I remember rightly, then we all played Consequences, and were very much amused at some of them. Then we talked and laughed until about 11 o'clock, the soldiers left about that time & Pa & Ma retired, the rest of us sat up till about half past 12, then told Capt. A. goodbye, as he was to leave at four in the morn, and we three girls retired to our bed and after talking over the events of the day, we allowed ourselves to fall into the arms of Somnus, and Morpheus.

Saturday, January 31st, 1852
(Sat., Jan. 31, 1863)

This morning the girls and I had a romp in the garden before breakfast, after that meal we went down to the Dr. Batey, and saw our Capt. and Lieut., when the boat was going to start Capt. Henly came ashore and told us that he would stop at the town landing, and that if we wished he would be pleased to give us a little ride, we accepted his invitation, and went on board, Cousin Hey introduced Capt. Henly to us, I was mistaken in the opinion I had formed of him, he seems to be a very agreeable gentleman, we had a very pleasant trip, and wish it had been longer. Capt. Little seated himself by me, and did his prettiest to entertain me, poor soldiers I hated to tell them goodbye, I know they must have disliked going back to the arduous duties of camp life, we waved to them as long as we could see them, and we pretended to be very much affected. Capt. promised to write to me, We came home under the bluff, and then the girls went home, I went in town to make a call with Ma, but the lady was in trouble and wished to be excused, I spent the remainder of the day and until 11 at night in knitting.
Monday, February 2nd, 1852
(Mon., Feb. 2, 1863)

I went in town this morning to get something for our poor Soldiers, I call them our's, because, although I never knew them before, I feel that we cannot do too much for, nor take too great an interest in, anyone that gives up their very life blood, for our dear country. I found the yarn for the gloves, and Ma was kind enough to give me two pair of socks for each, I wish they had them now. What a comfort it would be to know that our army was well clothed and did not lack for any necessaries. I felt last week when we were having so much fun, how soon it might be entirely stopped, and sure enough, this morning news came that a Gunboat had passed Vicksburg, and that there was a terrible battle, progressing at that place. All communication by water between P. H. and Vicksburg, is cut off and I fear the water will soon run through the canal, and then the whole Yankee fleet will be down upon us. Why did not the authorities have that cut off filled up and fortifications placed so that the enemy could not again clear it out. God please shield our country, and us from the invaders.

Tuesday, February 3rd, 1852
(Tues., Feb. 3, 1863)

When I awoke everything looked so clear and beautiful, the sun was shining so brightly my first thoughts were, we will surely have good news today, but alas, the first thing that I heard, was that a Yankee Gunboat had passed by, in the night. Various were the conjectures as to what was her object in coming down here. After breakfast I was told that the boat had landed below, and sent some men on shore in search of Col., York, and that he made a very narrow escape. I spent the day in knitting gloves, late in the evening I took a little run, saw Mrs. Dorgon, looked Cousin K. up in the office. After tea Cousin K. read part of Hamlet to Ma, and I. I have seen them so often quoted, but never new who was the author of them. The only piece of good news that came, was, that there had been no battle at Vicksburg.

Wednesday, February 4th, 1852
(Wed., Feb. 4, 1863)

This was the wildest day we have had this year, it rained with unceasing vigor all day long, so that we could not go out, directly after breakfast the Yankee Gunboat Queen of the West passed up without stopping, it gave all of us the blues, to think our forces should allow such a vulnerable looking craft to pass the batteries at Vicksburg. I hope it was not through neglect. How I wish some of our forces would capture her, if Geno Magruder was over here I think he would soon have her. The rain slackened toward night, and there was such a beautiful rainbow, in fact a double one, I never saw anything like it before, it was so large and bright, I felt as though it must be the bow of Peace, and took it for a good omen.
Thursday, February 5th, 1852  
(Thurs., Feb. 5, 1863)

This has been a very cloudy dull day, I spent the forenoon, in knitting, when we got the paper we saw a highly improbable story in it about, eighty Federals, having siezed the ferry boat Desoto, (which they had previously captured) and brought her to the Vicksburg wharf, gave her and themselves up to a Confederate officer. I am afraid the tale is too good to be true. When Cousin Hey came home to dinner he hid my knitting work, and it was a long time before I found it. In the afternoon, there was a poor Soldier from Arkansas came to get a pair of gloves, he has suffered by this war, he has lost a leg, and is scarcely twenty years old. We received a letter from Rufe by Otis Baker, he came home to get recruits and conscripts. At Sundown the weather cleared off beautifully, but very cold.

Friday, February 6th, 1852  
(Fri., Feb. 6, 1863)

I spent the greater part of this day, as I did the preceding days of the week, in knitting Colonel's gloves. I finished them all but the fancy touches and had them washed out. I have wished over and over again that the poor fellow had them, for I know his hands have been nearly frozen. This is the most beautiful day, we have had for some time, it makes everyone feel so much brighter, I sat on the Gallery in the Sun for some time, his rays felt so delightful, at night I began a pair of mitts for Ma but put them by, to knit a pair of gloves for Rufus.

Saturday, February 7th, 1852  
(Sat., Feb. 7, 1863)

I put the fancy touches in the gloves, I had knit, and then dressed and walked to Mr. Montgomery's, stopped on the road and saw Mrs. Moore, she was well and the children looked a little more neat and clean than usual, at Mr. M's I was kindly welcomed and had a delightful time. We talked a great deal about our Tenn Soldier acquaintances. I expect the poor fellows ears burned like everything. I don't think they would be offended at our talking so much about them - they would be glad to think they were remembered.

Monday, February 9th, 1852  
(Mon., Feb. 9, 1863)

Arose very early and went out to the bank to look for boats. After breakfast went in town to Mr. Nash's and waited to see the Priest's funeral pass, there was quite a long procession, but not many carriages. After dinner Miss Julia, and Helen and Ellen E. came down and brought, some goodies, to send to the Little Capt. and our other friends at P. H. We went to the Mill to see them making meal, and from there to the Steamboat, Chavin, poor dilapidated critter, she looked very much as if she had been in the wars, we stood on the bank and talked to the femme des chambres of the boat, Helen found an impression on the sawdust, and we all perceived very soon that said impression was too strong to be agreeable, Ellen tried to make a rival of the Miss River but was interrupted by a person of the opposite gender passing along the road. We then went on board the Chavin and a pleasant ride to the landing, not such a delightful one, as we had when Prince Albert, and (?) Little Hugh were with us.
Tuesday, February 10th, 1852
(Tues., Feb. 10, 1863)

I spent most of the morning in knitting, H. and myself went on the Mound with our work, as it was so delightful out of doors, we conversed about our friends. H. told me of a scrape she fell into with a showman, it was quite amusing, though she did not think so at the time it took place. We sat in the Summer house a little while because (we felt) very sentimental, and as there were no heroes (heroes) of the opposite sex to talk to, we repeated Poetry to each other. In the evening we rode but took H. home, and then called at Mrs. Shield's, Mary had gone to walk, so I did not see her. As usual the chief topic of conversation was the war, Mrs. S. looked very sad.

Wednesday, February 11th, 1852
(Wed., Feb. 11, 1863)

I intended going to Prayer Meeting this morning, but did not do so, after attending to various things about the house, and getting fresh flowers, I changed my dress, and sat down to work, it was not long before Fanny came and told me, the Gunboats were coming, my first thought was, that they were our boats coming up, but soon found that I was mistaken, it was the Yankee boat that passed up last week, & the ferry boat DeSoto, I sat on the bank and watched them, soon learned that they were destroying all the flats, they came in by the breakwater, and cut loose a flat, they called to some negroes that were at work near at hand to come to them, one went to them while the other ran in the opposite direction. "How are the mighty fallen," what a magnificent sight to see a U.S. officer in splendid uniform hold out his hands to assist his "brother", a darky, on board the boat to carry him away from his Master, After setting the flat on fire they let it drift and went on to Vidalia.

Thursday, February 12th, 1852
(Thurs., Feb. 12, 1863)

This day passed without anything exciting or very important taking place. I read a little in the morning, and knit the rest of the day, finished the gloves for R., and did considerable on Ma's mitts, Mrs. Moore came down and spent several hours with us, she is beginning to resemble her old self, again. I paid my beautiful violets a visit, and found them blooming so sweetly, that I almost made up my mind that they are my favorite, annual flowers, they are certainly one of my favorites. I learned two little pieces of poetry today, and intend to try, and learn some every day.

Friday, February 13th, 1852
(Fri., Feb. 13, 1863)

This morning was cloudy and very unpromising looking, but about the middle of the forenoon the clouds broke, and Phœbus shewn out in all his glory, and made all the world look cheerful. I was very anxious to hear something about the Gunboats, and the Queen of the West, but didn't until the folks came to dinner, and then was informed of the capture of our poor little Webb by the Yaneks. I could not think it true, and still it seemed very probable, I felt as though I was on nettles all the time (but I had
only a few in my thumb where I had touched the plant while gathering violets. Tonight I heard that there had been no news from Red River, either "good, bad, or indifferent". And that if there had been a fight our forces had not been defeated, it was some comfort, even to hear that. The weather is warm, and it is raining tonight.

Saturday, February 14th, 1852
(Sat., Feb. 14, 1863)

No news, yet, from Red River, what an anxious day this has been, how we have wished and wished, again to hear, from a really reliable source, that the Yankee Gunboat has been destroyed, Our poor boats will have more work to do, (if they are still in existence). For the sleepy heads at Vicksburg have allowed another Federal boat to pass the batteries. What is the reason they are not more watchful, the whole banks of the Mississippi, between V. and P. Hudson, are now at the mercy of the invader. God shield us; I pray from the enemy, please let them be driven back. And do not allow them to devastate our beautiful Country.

Sunday, February 15th, 1852
(Sun., Feb. 15, 1863)

It being a stormy rainy day we could not go to Church, I read several chapters in the Bible, and wrote a letter, the rest of the day I read Hume's History of England. In the afternoon the Yankee gunboat Indiana passed down with two coal barges in tow. She is the second boat that has passed Vicksburg. And is more formidable looking than the Queen of the West.

Monday, February 16th, 1852
(Mon., Feb. 16, 1863)

This was one of the days that might be called damp, for it has been raining almost constantly for the last thirty-six hours. I awoke with a head ache, and it did not leave me until night, it was a real sick day to me, I wondered if it was a punishment, for my having such wicked wishes about my country's enemies, I cannot help praying that they may be defeated and annihilated. When the folks came down to dinner they brought news that the Yankee boat DeSoto had been destroyed by a battery of ours on Red River, that was the most comforting piece of information we had received for some time, and a great deal more cheering, than Friday's rumors.

Tuesday, February 17th, 1852
(Tues., Feb. 17, 1863)

Rain, Rain, Rain, all last night, and the live-long day the earth surly cannot be very thirsty, just now, at least this part of it. I finished a pair of mitts for myself in the forenoon, and began a pair of gloves, after dinner for a Soldier. The two O'Brien boys, who were captured by the Yanke last Wednesday, - escaped from them yesterday, and returned home last night, they bring news not only of the destruction of the DeSoto but of the capture of the Queen of the West, by a battery of ours, forty miles above the mouth of the Red River, - One of the Rebel shells exploded in her, and a second burst her steampipe, causing great excitement on board, the Col. crying for
God's sake to back her on to a Sand bar and our forces then captured her. Most of the crew escaped, some taken prisoners, and others drowned. The Yanke had burned the buildings on every plantation from which they had fired.

Wednesday, February 18th, 1852
(Wed., Feb. 18, 1863)

This has been a cloudy, blue, looking day, but no rain. At Sunset it cleared off and looked quite cheerful. Cousin Key left this morning for Jackson, via Brookhaven, he will have a delightful time, getting to the latter place, but still I do not envy him his ride. I spent the day in knitting gloves, and was tired enough of it, but could not put it by because it was soldier work. We did not get any news, as no one went to town.

Thursday, February 19th, 1852
(Thurs., Feb. 19, 1863)

We have had a most beautiful day, neither very warm or very cold, a day that ought to make everyone feel good. I received a letter from R. telling me what a nice time he was having with the girls, while out buying forage, about his stealing geese. I fear this war is not improving his morals, very much. I received a letter from Capt. Andrews, and two other letters. In the afternoon we went in town, I went on the Bluff to see the Era No. 5 go up, it will be such a shame if she reaches the mouth of the canal, I do hope that our people will capture or destroy her. I called to see Mrs. Baker, but she was not at home, I then went to the Court House to get yarn, I passed through the large room as I thought (this) the shortest way out, I jerked up my dress, for I did not want to catch any grey backs. Soldiers had been there stopping several times, I looked up and behold there was a poor sick Soldier staring at me.

Friday, February 20th, 1852
(Friday, Feb. 20, 1863)

It has been clear and beautiful, all day, but late in the evening cloudy again. I spent the day in trying to finish a pair of gloves, but did not succeed, for I would no sooner get seated at my work, than I would be called off, in the afternoon E, and Emma Rivers came to see me, and stayed until Sunset. We walked around the garden and they admired my violets very much. We heard of nothing new all day, I received a note from Helen, she had heard of our Little captain and Lieutenant, they were both well.

Saturday, February 21st, 1852
(Sat., Feb. 21, 1863)

More rain today, I think it must be trying how hard and fast it can come down, it cleared off in the afternoon, and turned a little colder; I fussed round the house, and mended a dress, and pair of shoes, made some cakes, that were not good, and felt badly to think I had failed, in fact I felt cross nearly all day. News came that the Era No. 5 had been recaptured, with all on board but ten, hope it is so, and that the brave darkly thief, Col. Ellet, has been taken prisoner, until the war is over, unless they hang him he deserves that fate, as do all the rest of the vandal officers.

[Handwritten note: I hope they will not let him go but keep him a prisoner.]
Monday, February 23rd, 1852
(Monday, Feb. 23, 1863)

The first piece of news I heard this morning, was that a boat had passed up, of course it could be no other than the Indianola. After breakfast I practiced a while, and then sewed the rest of the morning. About two o'clock, heard that another boat was coming, went to see if it was so, and saw the smoke of two boats and presently another, - and at once concluded that our fleet was on its way up to capture the Yankee boat. Sure enough it was, how overjoyed we all were to see it, I could not keep still, was only sorry the fight couldn't have been in sight of Natchez. I had our flag tied to a pole and held it up. The Queen of the West came first, then the Webb, the Grand Era, and the Dr. Batey, the latter from Port Hudson with Soldiers. I sincerely hope they may be successful, and not be badly injured. Oh if it can only be done without much loss of life, of course some poor fellows must be sacrificed.

Tuesday, February 24th, 1852
(Tues., Feb. 24, 1863)

No news from our boats today, how anxious every one has been to hear from them, that they are safe, and have taken or destroyed the Indianola. I sewed, a little practiced awhile and wrote a little, then spent the rest of the morning in roving about out of doors, it was so pleasant, I could not stay in the house. Afternoon I took a book and the spy glass and went up on the Mound, did more spying than reading, the Louis D'or came up, but did not pass here in daylight.

Mr. and Mrs. Nash came down and spent the night, and we all sat up until half past twelve. Yesterday we heard that Major Wm. Lilly had been killed, by the accident on the Jackson railroad, also Mr. Grayson and Charles Bradley.

Wednesday, February 25th, 1852
(Wed., Feb. 25, 1863)

I went to Prayer meeting this morning, it's a wonder I succeed in doing so, for it seems as if there was always something to prevent, Mr. Stratton prayed very earnestly for our bleeding Country, and for those now mourning the loss of loved ones, I met Miss J. and Helen, and Miss Carla Montgomery, from the country, and went with them to Garney's, then went to hunt up news, but in vain, so came home, did not feel at all bright, and could not set myself to work. When Pa came home, he told me that the Webb was sunk, but before I could believe it, he said not to be crestfallen, it was just the opposite, that one of our boats had sunk the Indianola, how glad we all were that she had been destroyed without, the loss of our dear brave Soldiers.

Thursday, February 26th, 1852
(Thursday, Feb. 26, 1863)

More rain today, I begin to think it has forgotten how to be clear, it certainly will, if it does not cease to weep, very soon. I spent the day in trying to accomplish something, but did not succeed. The fleet passed down last night, and we recieve some of the particulars of the engagement between the Yankee boat and our fleet. the Webb went up above
the Indianola, and came down, at the rate or rather with the speed of twenty-two miles an hour, smash against the Yanks and made a hole in the Indianola, so that she commenced sinking immediately.

Friday, February 27th, 1852
(Fri., Feb. 27, 1863)

It did not rain any today, but looked all the time as if it wanted to. I practiced a while, then read the paper, and finished my Cape. I received a very nice letter from Capt. Little, and was very happy to hear from my Tennessee friends, the letter was only about two weeks in coming, but it is better late than never, of course there was not much war news in it, as it had been written so long ago, the Capt. never said a word about my Cole, I think he might have done so, I expect to get a lecture about the propriety of writing to young gentleman from R., don't care if I do, it is none of his business who I write to.

Saturday, February 28th, 1852
(Sat., Feb. 28, 1863)

When I awoke there was every appearance of a rainy day, but about the middle of the forenoon the fog cleared away, and the sun shown out as bright as if its face had been well washed, I went in town with Miss Mary McC, and tried to find some news, but did not succeed, very well. We called on Mrs. Baker and saw a lot of Soldiers, from her window, I walked home, the only individual worth mentioning that I met was a young turtle, I brought him home and gave him a seat on the table if not at it. I arranged my clothes in my drawers & closets. Then walked through the Garden, and gathered some flowers.

Monday, March 1st, 1852
(Mon., Mar. 2, 1863)

This was a most beautiful day, too lovely to remain in doors, but still I did not go out much, I intended going to town but waited until the evening so as to have Ma's company, and she thought when eve came that we had better wait until next day.

I made one sleeve to my barege dress, and then sat down to read but before I had become very deeply interested, Douglass Rivers, and Thomas Watkins came to see me. After chatting awhile in the house, we walked around the Garden, and just as they were leaving Pa came up with Mr. T. and Mr. Tweed and I went round with them. At night I began braiding Palmetto for a hat.

Tuesday, March 2nd, 1852
(Tues., Mar 3, 1863)

Another beautiful bright day. We went in town directly after breakfast, called to see Mrs. Baker, and told Mr. Otis goodbye, then I went to the barbers and had my hair cut, after that was done, went to see Mrs. Shields, then after trying to shop some, we came home.

I walked down the garden with Mary L. and then with Mrs. Wm. Shields in the eve. Mrs. Miller came down, I finish the dress I had been sewing on, and went to see Agnes, but did not find her at home. Maggie came part way home with me.
Wednesday, March 3rd, 1852
(Wed., Mar. 4, 1863)

Went to Prayer meeting, Mrs. Clinton presided, he made some very good remarks, and said that God's hand was at the helm, in the taking of the Indianola, and that it was He, that gained us the victory. But Satan came in the shape of Barataria Rum, and took away all the glory attendant upon the achievement. I saw a lot of the girls, after meeting was over, I called to see Mrs. Nash, while waiting for the Extra to come out, promised to take the dispatch to her to read, but it being late, I came home (and) will take it next time. When I got home, found Mrs. Holcombe and Miss Stephens here, the G. Era was at the Mill & I saw a number of soldiers, but did not speak to them. In the evening I went to see Helen, and we had a nice time reading over our Soldiers letters.

Thursday, March 5th, 1852
(Thurs., Mar. 5, 1863)

Cousin Key returned from his travels this morning, he brought me two pair of kid gloves. And he saw Mr. Duncan, just from N. Orleans, he brought us something good, (never mind what)* and a letter. I think Banks is making some of the rebels come over to his side of the house, there is so much difference between him and the Brute, that the poor conquered people of the City almost like him. There was a fire in town today. Timmy D. said Mrs. Cockroaches house was burned, how dreadful to be jurned out of a comfortable home these hard times. I did little of nothing today, wrote part of two letters, and practiced, Ma went out in the morning but I did not.

Friday, March 6th, 1852
(Friday, Mar. 6, 1863)

This morning it was raining, but ceased before noon, and remained cloudy all day. I began working my white dress, finished one sleeve, then fussed round awhile, and took a book to read, but Ma got in a talking humor, and so I could not read much. There was no news came and on the whole it was rather a dull day, but we cannot have lively days all the time, we would soon get tired of them.

Saturday, March 6th, 1852
(Saturday, Mar. 7, 1863)

Directly after breakfast we all went down to the Grand Era, to see the great guns, taken from the neck of the Indianola. I could scarcely believe that they were guns, they were such monsters, and I had never seen any like them before. Capt. came and explained the different kinds of shot and shell he gave me one of the cannister shot. what villainous missiles the grape shot are. it seemed almost impossible that the boat could swim with such heavy plating. We were introduced to Lt. Handy, it is said he is to be court martialed, poor fellow, I am sorry for him, but do not believe anything will be done with him, as there were higher officers in command. I also saw three Yankee prisoners on the boat, one of them was a villainous looking rascal, the others were more decent looking, but I would not trust any of them, the rest of the day I sewed on my white dress.
Monday, March 8th, 1852
(Mon., Mar. 9, 1863)

This morning I mended one dress, and put buttons on another, that took up all the morning, in the afternoon Mrs. Myers & Miss Emma called, and while walking with the latter, we met Miss Anna C. in the Summer house, she came to make us a visit. We played euchre after tea, and Pa and I beat Anna and Lykes.

Tuesday, March 9th, 1852
(Tues., Mar. 10, 1863)

Nothing very wonderful occurred today. We sat by the fire with our work nearly all day, but took a walk in the evening, Miss Anna and I went to the Mill and down to the corn boat, we found some Yankee preserves, or some kind of nondescript fruit in the river, but did not taste any of them.

Wednesday, March 10th, 1852
(Wed., Mar. 11, 1863)

We did not go up to Prayer Meeting, as Wm., was busy, and it was too damp to walk; we sat at our work for an hour or so, then Helen came, and after she rested, we three girls took a stroll through the garden, and went to the office to turn everything out of its place, but that plan was spoiled, as we found the drooping Lykes there. In the even--the Grand Era came up to the Mill and we went down and boarded her, made the acquaintance of a very nice little Soldat, Earnest Helie, he promised to bring us each a memento from the Indiana, When we came home we found that some Texas Soldiers wanted some cooking utensils, I went to them and told them we would cook them supper, 4 were here to supper, 2 spent the evening & one stayed all night. Lt. Holt told us not to set our caps for him, for he was a married man. Dr. Coleman was not well, I told them to tell Gen. Morgan he might have waited for me, they said they were as good as Morgan.

Thursday, March 11th, 1852
(Thurs., Mar. 12, 1863)

We spent nearly the whole day in the Garden, Lieut. Holt, of Texas came up and we walked around the garden with him, he made us all give him our names, and told us to pray for him. I am glad when I know our Soldiers look to God for aid and protection.

Friday, March 12th, 1852
(Fri., Mar. 13, 1863)

We went to the Mill but it was not running, after staying on the bank of the river for awhile we came home, the Nina Simms came and we went on board of her, and were very much surprised to see a boat in such good order in these times, the steward invited us to remain to dinner, we girls were half inclined to accept the invitation but Cousin Key said no. There was a picture of Miss Nina Simms, it was very beautiful, it was over the mirror in the ladies cabin, Mr. Rose little boy was buried in the evening, Ma went to the funeral, and Helen went home. Anne, and I took our work and started for one of the lower Moundes, but there were so many persons up there with Pa, so we went across the lawn and sat down in the shade of a Magnolia tree,
one of the gents that was with Pa looked over at us, and said Mr. Brown, I see you have some Magnolias here. We had a ride on the Nina Simms, to the lower landing and had supper on board.

Saturday, March 14th, 1852
(Sat., Mar. 14, 1863)

Annie and I went to the Mill, and watched them sawing. Pa invited us to take a skiff ride with him, which we accepted, of course, and a very pleasant one it was, we went up to the timber and coming home Pa threw Pomp into the river and made him swim ashore.

We came home and went in town with Ma, saw a great many people out, went in to Mr. Tiehicles (?), and saw him making candy, I had often wondered how it was made to get the stripes so even, it was very interesting to see him rolling it out. When the candy is pulled ready to roll out, he places it on a long table with a little charcoal furnace at one end, to keep the large lump (from becoming) to hard to roll, I neglected to mention that he colors a little of the melted sugar and places it in streaks on the large piece, then pulls at one end of it and rolls it with his hands until it is small enough, when it is all rolled out, he cuts it with scissors into the right lengthed sticks. While Ma was getting subscriptions for the Lunch House, Anna and I went to the Bluff to see the Soldiers, we spoke to two, they seemed to be very glad at the idea of getting back to Missouri. We learned that the band (that was with Prices men) would play on the Bluff that even, we went to Mr. Shields, and was introduced to Lt. Stacy, there he came down the street to look for the Rogers that needed the clothes, and introduced Andrew Ball, and James Glass, we came home & after dinner dressed up in our best, and got some flowers & went to hear the music.

Mr. Glass came down to see the Garden, he went up with us, and introduced several Soldiers, one he said was a great ladies man, Parker was his name, of course we expected a wonderfully agreeable fellow, he apologized for not looking very clean and said he was not prepared to see the ladies a hahn, & everything he said himself he laughed a hahn. Mr. Thornton was very intelgient indeed. Lt. Dyas I did not take a fancy to. Mr. Ingraham I lost my heart with. Capt. Samuels, Capt. Carter & Mr. Sandusky I liked very much, in short I fell in love with all but a hahn, I do not know when I ever spent such a pleasant day. Four of the Soldiers walked home with us, two of them spent the even, & Mr. Glass came just after we had reached home.

Sunday we expected some of the Soldiers down to see the Garden, but news that a boat had passed Port H. prevented them all from coming except Mr. Thornton, We girls went to the Methodist Church to hear Dr. Marvin, Gen. Prices minister, he gave us some very plain remarks. I liked him very much, We saw Mr. Ingraham, & told him Goodbye, I felt very sad at parting with those soldiers, although they were all strangers.

Monday, March 15th, 1852
(Mon., Mar. 16, 1863)

Miss Anna left us this morning. Ma and I were out all the morning, we made several calls, and Ma was quite successful in her collections for the Lunch House. I felt lonely when I came home and spent the afternoon in doing nothing. I arranged some fresh flowers in the hall, after tea we played Euchre, and Pa and I were badly beaten.
Tuesday, March 16th, 1852
(Tues., Mar. 17, 1863)

I cleaned up my room & practiced awhile. Pa came and looked at me as though he was pleased, and that gave me some encouragement. I do wish I could sing. I would be so delighted if I could. I finished my collar that I was working on, and dressed up. Miss Julia and Mary, and Helen came down with Mrs. Lowe to see the Garden, we were in the Garden, and Miss Jo said she would like to see a boat, we looked down the river and there was the Yankee ship Hartford, & the Monongahela, that passed Fort Hudson Saturday night, they were not at all welcome in this part of the country, I wished that we could capture or destroy them, I (hope) we will. Comr. Farragut sent a yawl ashore with a message to the Mayor saying he hoped he would not be fired on by the lawless people of Natchez, he invited the Mayor to come on board of his ship, the impudent rascal.

Wednesday, March 17th, 1852
(Wed., Mar. 18, 1863)

I attended Prayer meeting this morning. Mr. Clinton presided, he told us that we must not long after the flesh pots of Egypt, I had a sick headache and did not accomplish much all day. Ma received a letter from the Dodger, saying that his wife had reached Jackson from N.O. Orleans, and that she and the children were both well, I was truly glad to hear that they were out of that poor down trodden city. I do wish that our army could go and take back the crescent city, what a glorious thing it would be to get all the supplies that are there.

Thursday, March 18th, 1852
(Thurs., Mar. 19, 1863)

I practiced some this morning, Mrs. Ship called and brought a Soldier to see the garden, he is one of Price's staff, his name is Kelly (Kelly?), he is a cousin of Mr. Thornton's, and seemed to be a very intelligent young gentleman, and admired the garden very much, he said he did not think he would ever forget it, and in remembering it, would remember me. Ma went out in the afternoon on a begging expedition, I went with her, and we called on Agnes and took her along, we stopped at Mrs. Montgomery's, I saw Nellah, she told me she had received a letter from my Little Capt. We stopped at Mrs. Dr. Calhoun's, while Ma went in to the house Ag and I walked round their garden, and saw a great many beautiful flowers, we could scarcely keep our hands off the Fiscata (?) trees, Miss Mc McC. came home with us and stayed all night.

Friday, March 19th, 1852
(Fri., Mar. 20, 1863)

We were agreeably surprised to hear a boat whistle this morning, and delighted to find that it was the Grand Era that had been trying to raise the Indianola. We were told that there was a gun on board, and Ma, Miss Mary and I went down to see it. I gathered a bouquet to take to our little French Soldier, as I did not see him, I gave it to the Captain, Houts (?), and he in turn sent me a mat made of two kinds of wood, it had been fished up from the sunken Indianola. I went in town with Ma and when I came home
I practiced some and wrote up my diree (as the sick soldier called it). I wrote a little note to my Little Capt., and had the socks done up to send by Lt. Benson. I hope they will reach their destination in safety, for they have been long enough in starting. A lot of girls and beaux came to see the garden, I went around with them and had a very pleasant walk.

Saturday, March 20th, 1852
(Sat., Mar. 21, 1863)

This morning I rose quite early, which is something very unusual, and cleaned up my room before breakfast, that ought to be written as the eighth wonder of the world. After breakfast I fussed about the house, & dusted the sitting room and parlor, then darned some stockings, and bound my white dress. After noon I set two hens, and, began to dress to go in town when company came, & that made me.ironically speaking feel particularly amiable, but they did not stay long, and I made my visit after all, I was dissapointed at not meeting Anne C. and hearing Thornton's letter read. I met Miss Perry at Mrs. Stockton's and was very much amused at her repeating the compliments she had rec. from a little negro, I think she is the most vain young lady that I ever met.

Monday, March 22nd, 1852
(Mon., Mar. 23, 1863)

This was a very, very, very, stormy day, it rained in torrents all Sunday night and most of the morning but cleared of in the afternoon, then clouded up again and cleared away the second time but could not, it seemed, decide which way to remain. I began working a hand for an underbody. It being a stormy day I did not go out of doors much. Cousin Key was very sick, he had a chill in the evening, Alfred had his hand badly cut, & blustering Sparling made out that it was a great deal worse, than it was.

Tuesday, March 23rd, 1852
(Tues., Mar 24, 1863)

Today it remained cloudy most of the time, I stayed in the house and sewed on my embroidery, all day, and suffered a great deal with dyspepsia, so I did not feel like exerting myself very much, I don't know that I ever do, even when I am well. News came that the Ste. Natchez was burned with thirteen hundred bales of cotton, poor Capt. Feathers (?) fine boat is gone, and he is in down trodden N. Orleans. it will be a heavy loss to him I think.

Wednesday, March 24th, 1852
(Wed., Mar. 25, 1863)

Today I did not rise until the breakfast bell had rung, and either waking so suddenly or something else, I have been in not a very amiable mode all day. I intend going in town, but Ma had to go, & she thought one of us ought to remain at home, to give Lykes his medicine.
Thursday, March 25th, 1852
(Thurs., Mar. 26, 1863)

Ma went out to Mr. Hibbe's to spend the day, I was in town a little while in the morning, but did not get any news. There was a very large circle round the sun, it was very pretty but queer looking, I had never seen anything like it before. After I came home I fussed about doing very little of anything. I did not feel well & had no desire to make any exertion whatever. While we were at dinner, Mrs. Calvit and Miss Mary Whitehurst came. Pa & I went round the garden with them, they both seemed to be very pleasant ladies, & promised to come again. The wreck of a gunboat passed down, and there was a great many valuable articles taken off it by little boys.

Friday, March 26th, 1852
(Fri., Mar. 27, 1863)

This was the day appointed by our President for fasting and prayer. We went to Church in the morning, and Mr. Stratton gave us a good sermon & told us that we were as much to blame as the North, in breaking up such a great country as the U.S. was, that we were now being punished for it, but we must not give up, but pray earnestly, for peace, and for God to be with us in our struggle. In the evening I walked up to the chappel, Mr. Clinton and Mr. Stratton both presided. Mrs. C. gave us a little sermon but said a great deal, in that little. coming home I met some Soldiers and threw some flowers at them. there was a great scrabbling to get the flowers. Helen came home with me and stayed all night.

Saturday, March 27th, 1852
(Sat., Mar. 28, 1863)

I went in town with Ma in the morning, we stopped to speak to some Soldiers who were encamped near the bluff, and gave them some flowers; they were Gen. Hindman's men, and were going to Jackson, there were a great many Soldiers on the street. Helen threw a bouquet at some and they seemed very much pleased. We met Robert Rivers, who has just returned from the Troop; he is looking so well, I almost lost my heart while talking to him. I called to see Dr. Holcombe, but he was not at home, so I went to see his wife, for a few minutes Miss Mary McO. came home with us, and Mr. and Mrs. Douglass came to spend the day. Miss Mary & I walked round the Garden with two of Wirt Adams cavalrmen, they were from Ala, and seemed to be very good sort of fellows, but had not been very highly cultivated.

Monday, March 29th, 1852
(Mon., Mar. 30, 1863)

This was a very cold bleak day, and we sat almost into the fire trying to keep ourselves and it warm. I worked a little on my embroidery, set a turkey and a hen, put seventeen eggs, under the first and fifteen. There was no news from anywhere, as the wires were all down, so it was a very dull as well as a cold day.
Tuesday, March 30th, 1852
(Tues., Mar. 31, 1863)

The Sun shone out most gloriously today, everything looked bright &
beautiful, there was a slight frost, but I do not think it would hurt the
fruit very much as the leaves are so large now. Mrs. Miller came to spend
the day, I made some Confederate cake, and Julia spoiled it in the baking,
while I was at dinner two Soldiers came to see me Lt. McDonald & a Lt. Muir.
I thought the rest of the folks would never come out of the dining room, here
was I with two strangers and they not very talkative. I went round the garden
with them, they then took their leave. Lt. McD. promised to bring his Capt.
down. Mrs. Baker came with three Arko Soldiers, then Mr. Walworth and his
two adopted daughters. I think the mute much more agreeable than the other.

Wednesday, March 31st, 1852
(Wed., Apr. 1, 1863)

I went to Prayer Meeting this morning, on our way up we stopped at
Mr. Carradine’s and spoke to him, he advised Ma not to go to the Court H.
but to go home and take care of herself until we saw what the Yankee vessels
were going to do, he seemed to be very much frightened, and I was very much
amused at him. After Meeting we went down to the Bluff, to see the Hartford,
Albatross, & Switzerland pass. Our cavalry men were lying on the grass,
ready to fire if the Yanks came up the hill, on my way home I met a male, he
was on his way to the promenade, and as we passed each other, he says it looks
like dangerous times Miss, I am sorry I did not say something to scare him
more. The Switzerland sent a yawl ashore with a package, and wanted some
papers, I am told that our Mayor was very much frightened. In the afternoon
Ma & I rode out to Mr. Chamberlain’s.

Thursday, April 1st, 1852
(Thurs., Apr. 2, 1863)

I fussed about the house most of the morning. Received two letters,
one from Capt. which amused, and yet troubled me, he inferred from what I
had written to him about Capt. that I was terribly in love with him, I was
sorry too that he supposed that I would disobey my Father’s commands, at
some future day, to make him happy or the reverse, as time would show, I
should like him to know that he is mistaken, but do not like to write as
plainly as I would do if he was other than a Soldier. - Capt. His letter
was chiefly about the P. H. fight. In the eve Lt. McDonald, & Capt. Bowie
came according to promise, & then Ellen, Julia, Helen, and Mr. Norment came,
and we had quite a nice time walking in the Garden with them. I would liked
to have asked them to stay to tea, but could not do it as there were so
many of them.

Friday, April 2nd, 1852
(Fri., Apr. 3, 1863)

I went in town with Ma, & heard the good news that our forces had
captured another Gunboat, I intended stopping in town most of the morn. but
had to come home to get something for Ma, I met Capt. Inge, near the office,
and Pa told him, that I would walk through the Garden with him, but did not
think of introducing us. We got along quite well without however, & I like
him very much. I do not wonder at his men for loving him. Mrs. Branch

called with another lady, then Lt. Tucker came, he stayed until dusky while

in the garden with him, we met Capt. Cleveland, Capt. Bowie and two ladies.

Capt. B. and myself had quite a nice little chat, upon Mexico. I was very

much surprised, when he asked me to go with him to the Tableaux. After the

home folks had arranged a party to go, I accepted the Capt. B. invitation.

Saturday, April 3rd, 1852
(Sat., Apr. 4, 1863)

I did not go from home today, but fussed about the house, cleaned up my

room, fixed lace in the sleeves of my dresses, and did nothing in particular,

but everything in general.

Sunday, April 4th, 1852
(Sun., Apr. 5, 1863)

I attended Church in the morning, but am sorry to say I was too sleepy
to remember much or any, about the sermon in the evening. I was not very well

Monday, April 5th, 1852
(Mon., Apr. 6, 1863)

I went to the Court House and helped a wee bit, about cutting shirts,

& made a mistake even in that little, I stopped to see Mrs. Baker, & Mrs. Nash

and then came home. I did not feel in the best of humor, but could not tell

what I was mad at, I braided on my hat until dinner-time, And after that

Lt. Duncan McDonald, (a man with such a name ought to make a great mark in
the world) came, and stayed until sundown, we chatted on various subjects,
he tried to make me tell him whether I was engaged or not, but I did not

gratify his curiosity, he said he wanted to know for Capt. B's benefit.
I think that gent is too susceptible, if he has taken such a fancy to me
when he has only seen me twice.

Tuesday, April 6th, 1852
(Tues., Apr. 7, 1863)

I don't think I did anything worth mentioning all this morning, in
the afternoon I went with Lt. McDonald to Mrs. Montgomery's, Miss Julia
looked very sweet, and the Lt. almost lost his heart, at least I think so.
The scouting company returned while we were out, but I did not see them. Helen
came home with us. We found Cousin Key, sick with a chill, and not
only felt sorry for him, but thought our pleasure party for the Tableaux
spoiled, but he seemed to revive, and promised to be well if he could.
Wednesday, April 7th, 1852  
(Wed., Apr. 8, 1863)  

I went in town this morning & while on an errand for Ma, I passed a wounded Soldier sitting on some steps, he looked (or at least I thought so) very wishfully at some violets that I had, I wanted to give them to him but could not muster up courage to do so, and when it was too late I felt so badly at not having given them. H. & I went to Prayer meeting, Mr. Stratton made some very plain remarks about the extortioners, I wish those individuals could have heard him, but I fear their hearts are so hardened, that no impression could have been made. I expected Capt. B. to come & find out what arrangements had been made, but he did not & Lykes said that Capt. had forgotten me. We could not get the party made up all P.H. and I was a little provoked at one time.

Thursday, April 8th, 1852  
(Thurs., Apr. 9, 1863)  

This morning I did not feel particularly amiable, but after a little my bad feelings wore off. Charlie N. came down to find out what plans we had made, I went to the office with him to see Cousin H. & then made a bouquet for Miss J. Recieved a note from the Capt., saying he was at my service answered it telling him to report for orders at five o'clock, then Lykes came home with a chill, & that decided that he could not go. H. came home with Ma, and the other girls came in the evening. Gene Tweed & Capt. B. & we all started for the monkey show, Capt. B. stopped at camp to see how a sick soldier was getting along, when we arrived at the scene of action we found it so crowded that we could not get a seat nor could we see the Tableau, there was such a gabbling that we could not even hear the music, there was a very nice supper and all seemed to enjoy that. We stopped and watched them dancing, and then took our departure.

Friday, April 9th, 1852  
(Friday, Apr. 10,1863)  

We reached home about two o'clock this morning, & I (didn't) rise until sometime after daylight, after breakfast I made some (2) for the sick Soldier, & we went out to camp to see how he was, found him a great deal better, we saw Capt. Cleveland, Lt. McD. & Capt. B. & Lt. Tucker, they were teasing each other - as usual, After dinner I went to bed & had a nice knap, slept to soundly to dream of anything. I felt as old as the hills.

Saturday, April 10th, 1852  
(Sat., Apr. 11, 1863)  

I went this morning to have done what I dislike very much & that is to have a dress fitted, but I like to have my clothes look well when I have them on so I must put up with some of the disagreeables for the sake of the pleasures. Mrs. T. came home with me to see Cora, when she left I arranged flowers in the hall & then sewed on Mrs. M's chapeau, after dinner I made two bouquets, for the Soldiers, & then dressed for a ride to camp, Miss J. & H. went with me, we saw the three Capt's. & several others, then
they had a drill, part of which was very amusing. Capt. Cleveland to tease me invited me to visit him in Alle. I told him perhaps I would when the war was over, he thought I was (or ought to be) very anxious for the war to stop.

Monday, April 12th, 1852
(Mon., Apr. 13, 1863)

This has been a dull and part of the time a rainy day. I fussed about in the morning without accomplishing anything of consequence, in the afternoon I planted out some Poppies in my garden, then Mary McD. came with a returned prisoner, to show him the garden, his name was seagreen if I remember rightly. I did not lose my heart with him, as I have come very near doing with some Soldiers, & I do not think he took any fancy to me, for I did not feel like entertaining & so did not appear very agreeable.

Tuesday, April 13th, 1852
(Tues., Apr. 14, 1863)

Today I thought I was very smart, & was going to have the dining room look so pretty, with the lace curtains up to the windows, & got them all arranged before dinner, but alas my work was not appreciated, but instead of praise I caught a most terrible blowing up, and instead of taking it like a woman I cried like a spoiled baby. I must try and control my feelings better & be a woman, in some things at least.

Wednesday, April 14th, 1852
(Wed., Apr. 15, 1863)

I went to Prayer Meeting this morning and heard some very pretty remarks from Mrs. Clinton, I felt more serious than I had done at any previous meeting, I suppose the talking which I recieved on my way up, had a very great effect, in sobering me down. I saw quite a number of girls, after meeting, & went to Dr. Sellars to see Anna C. then came home and found Cousin K. with another chill, My first piece of work was to take down the pretty curtains, then I arranged flowers in the hall vase, Mrs. & Mrs. Moore came to spend the afternoon & evening, & after dinner the Meyers girls came with Capt. Knight & Lt. (?) Then Capt. R. & Capt. Sebastian came, I think the latter loves flowers more than any gent I ever saw. Capt. Cleveland & Capt. Cage came, I like them both very much, the former is very polite & exceedingly gentlemanly, but full of mischief, he said if I did not want to be annoyed with them coming here, I must come out to camp.

Thursday, April 15th, 1852
(Thurs., Apr. 16, 1863)

I was in town with Ma in the morning, and while out heard of Capt. Andrews great achievement, the capture of the Ste. Fox, at Passa l'outre (?). I am glad he has been so successful, and hope he will continue to be so, in whatever he tries. I recieved a letter from Mrs. Ingram, and was very much, tho', not unpleasantly surprised at hearing from him, I was very much pleased to find that I was not forgotten by my Mag. acquaintances. When I returned
from town I spent most of my time in arranging my room, then some ladies came, & also Capt. Cleveland & Cage, with Colo. Adams. We had a very pleasant time walking with them, the Colo. seems to be a very polite gentleman, & Capt. cage, seemed to be very much pleased with Miss Abby S. After they had gone, I took a notion to go to the Concert, but did not have anyone to gallant me, but I coaxed Pa into the notion, or rather he consented to go to please me, I cannot say I was delighted with the concert.

Friday, April 16th, 1852
(Fri., Apr. 17, 1863)

I spent the early part of the day in fixing up my room, & then went in town to bring Pa home, & to pay Mrs. Norton for making my dress. News came that five Gunboats had passed Vicksburg, & that threw a gloom over everyone, I wanted to see some of the soldiers that I knew but they were none about. Mr. Tweed & I went to Mr. Montgomery's to spend the evening, & as is always the case when I go there, I enjoyed myself exceedingly, Nella came home with me, we left Mr. T. on the Bluff as we did not wish to put him to the trouble of coming home with us.

Saturday, April 17th, 1852
(Sat., Apr. 18, 1863)

Helen and I amused ourselves among the flowers, & then we tried to sing Lorena, but I do not think anyone could have heard us across the room, Mrs. Hinds, Miss Lape & another young lady called to see us & the garden, I found Miss Mattie very pleasant indeed & so was Mrs. R. Helen & I braided our Palmeto, in particular and did nothing in general. I received three letters, one from R. which was a great deal more cheerful than any I had received from him for a long time, I am glad he is getting over his blue fit. one from Paph, telling me to write him all the news, & the third from Colo. T. thanking me for the things I had sent him, it is a very pretty letter & one that I did not expect. Capt. B. came down in the afternoon, & we took him in the carriage with us, when we carried R. home, he spent the evening with us & he and I beat Pa, & Ma, at euchre. Just after he left there came up a terrible storm, the hail beat against the glass so that I thought it would be broken.

Sunday, April 18th, 1852
(Sun., Apr. 19, 1863)

This has been a beautiful clear Sabbath day. We attended Church this morning, Capt. B. sat in our pew, we had a very fine Sermon from Mrs. Stratton, the subject was chiefly about Elijah, he prayed earnestly that if we were to be afflicted with famine, that God would give us a spirit of patience.

Monday, April 19th, 1852
(Mon., Apr. 20, 1863)

This was a most beautiful day, one that was calculated by its brightness to make every one feel happy, the birds seemed to vie with each other in singing, and the flowers in beauty. I sometimes find it difficult to impress
on my mind that our country is so terribly devastated, and that there is
so much blood being shed throughout the land. How soon this place may be a
heap of smouldering ruins none can tell, we have been exceedingly blessed
in having been permitted to remain in our lovely home, while so many have
been driven into the world almost destitute, I pray that God will continue
to be with and protect us from the ruthless invader. While in the Garden
among the flowers, I met a Colo. Brand, he seemed to be a great admirer of
the beautiful, & said he could not remain in this place long without
practizing on its beauties, he gave Annie, & I, some of our General's
photographs to look at. I thought the Colo. would have been more agreeable if he was less
precise.

Tuesday, April 20th, 1852
(Tues., Apr. 21, 1863)

Early this morning the heavens were beautifully serene, but in a little
while masses of dark clouds spread over the sky, as if to remind us that
"all that's bright must fade" and to convince us, that danger is nearest when
we least expect it. I recieved a note from Capt. B, inviting us out to see
the drill, Ma would see the note, & of course criticized it, poor fellow,
it's a pity that so good a person as he seems to be should not have a better
education. We rode out in the forenoon and made some calls, one at the Briers,
on Mrs. & Miss Irving, what a beautiful place theirs might be made, it is a
pity that someone did not have it that would improve it, and keep the pigs
out of the front yard.

We just reached home before the rain came, and what a glorious storm
we had, I love to watch the clouds, and hear the thunder, except at night
when I am alone.

Wednesday, April 21st, 1852
(Wed., Apr. 22, 1863)

As it was so dark and stormy looking I did not go to the meeting but
spent most of the morning in writing a letter, I was so very particular about
it, and so it took me some time to write it. We heard that there were
thirteen boats below Vicksburg, and every one feels gloomy enough in consequence.

Thursday, April 22nd, 1852
(Thurs., Apr. 23, 1863)

I spent sometime among the beautiful flowers, and I think I had the
finest bunch of roses that I ever saw, the flowers aided in dispelling the
low spirits that I had, caused by Pa's leaving on a rather perilous expedition
up the river, I felt as though the Yanks might get him, and I might not see
him for a long time. I arranged flowers in the different vases, and flattered
myself that I displayed considerable taste. We were in town and brought
Annie home with us, Capt. B, called in the evening, but did not stay to tea,
I teased him about the flowers, I cannot write as I would like to, I think
I had better stop.
Friday, April 23rd, 1852
(Fri., Apr. 24, 1863)

Annie & I, took a walk to admire the beautiful flowers, And how beautiful they were, I never can find words to express my admiration, and so have to gaze in silent wonderment, on the glories of nature, and always wish, I was half as good as they are lovely. When we came in I employed a portion of my time in embroidering some openings in an underbody, that were rather too large to appear neat. I then wrote a letter which I fear will not interest the receiver much, farther than letting him know he is not forgotten. I must try and make my letters welcome for more than that. In the evening I saw Capt. Cleveland & Cage, and quite a number of young ladies. Two Arkansas Soldiers spent the eve and night here. Miss Annie played a song for them & they seemed very grateful for the attention paid them.

Saturday, April 24th, 1852
(Sat., Apr. 25, 1863)

Annie and I spent most of the morning in making bouquets for our friends at the quarters. Lt. Stacy, made quite a long call. Annie sang for him, and he always said in expressing his admiration of a piece, that it was pretty, very pretty, he is a very nice young Gent and I should judge he belongs to one of the F. F. V's. In the evening we went out to see the Drill, and were surprised to see so many carriages out. It was very interesting to see the different maneuvers of the Soldiers, especially where they had the sham fight. I met Helen there, she told me something that astonished me a little. Altho I keep this journal I cannot write down all my thoughts. I only say it is somewhat strange that a person could be willing to unite their destinies with a person with whom they are so little acquainted, that a man who has been in the world as long as _______ should be so smitten with me, if he were younger I would not wonder so much, Poor fellow, I am sorry for him that his affection cannot be returned.

Monday, April 26th, 1852
(Mon., Apr. 27, 1863)

(This column has been torn out, making the writing in the next column - under the next day's dateline - difficult to decipher accurately.)

Tuesday, April 27th, 1852
(Tues., Apr. 28, 1863)

The clouds disappeared about half past eight, and old Sol shone out with all his glory, on the newly washed face of this Terrestrial ball. Everything looked so beautifully bright, and the birds chirped so happily among the trees. The scene of nature seemed rampant with smiles. I spent the day at Mr. MacP's and had a very pleasant time, they are an agreeable family to visit, all except John, and he ought to be under better control, Mr. Shirk came, and he played for us on his violin, & Bella on the Piano. There were various rumors about the Yankee cavalry, some said they were on their way to Natchez.
Wednesday, April 28th, 1852
(Wed., Apr. 29, 1863)

What a day of excitement this had been, Ma woke me rather early, to inform me that news had been received, that the Yankee cavalry were on their way to Natchez. Of course the expectation was that we would all be swallowed up alive.

Thursday, April 29th, 1852
(Thurs., Apr. 30, 1863)

I was extremely reluctant to rise this morning, whether it was caused by the excitement & fatigue of yesterday, or from natural laziness, I do not know, but I can assure anyone that I was (reluctant) to leave the arms of Morpheus. That would, never mind I won't write it. After I had broken my fast, I walked in town, and met H. coming to see me. She turned back, and went with me on my different errands. I was a little surprised to meet so many able bodied (not able hearted)* men on the street, I had supposed they were all with N. A. (?) ready to fight if necessary. What a pity all are not Men, who wear that guise. I saw Sargent Cobrey, and had a little talk with him.

Friday, April 30th, 1852
(Fri., May 1, 1863)

How very different this May-day has been from that of three years ago, the flowers were allowed to wither on the Parent stem, and the maidens fair brow was not decked with Flora's crown. What has caused the omission of the usual festive scene at the Hall today? Listen to that noise like distant thunder, and look on the blood stained turf, and your question is answered. The women and children of the South have hearts, and how could they enter into the May-day frolic, when all they hold dear, may be bleeding on the Battle field, with no one to give assistance, or hear their last wishes, and messages to the loved ones at home. I hope on (?) another first of May, the War will have ceased, and our Country be at rest. Where will we be a year from this night? Will our home be taken from us, or laid waste beneath the iron heel of war? I trust in our Heavenly Father that it will not, but that we shall still live under His protecting care.

Monday, May 3rd, 1852
(Mon., May 4, 1863)

The first piece of news I rec collects this morning was that five of Pa's men had gone to the Yanks, poor deluded fellows. They ought to have known better than to leave there home, if they did think they were half starved.

Tuesday, May 4th, 1852
(Tues., May 5, 1863)

I was greatly surprised this morning to see Mrs. Hanson. I did not think she was near here. I remained at home all day, and had a nice walk with Pa in the even. I cannot remember one thought worth writing down so I will not spoil the looks of the paper with my scrawl, nor waste the ink writing nothing.
Wednesday, May 5th, 1852
(Wed., May 6, 1863)

I walked up to Prayer Meeting and heard some very encouraging remarks from our beloved Mr. Stratton, I wish I was half as good as he is, but I fear I never can be. I wonder if I ever shall feel pious. I hope I will. I call at Mrs. Farrar's, what a nice old lady she is; I do not wonder at Capt. R. A. I'm being such a gentleman when I know his mother. H. came home with me and spent the day. I don't think any part of our conversation was worth writing down, she told me something at which I was very much surprised, and it went to convince me more, that Natchez was a terrible place for Gossip & scandal. I cannot see why persons like to slander their neighbors.

Saturday, May 8th, 1852
(Saturday, May 9, 1863)

This has been a day of novelties to me, I crossed the river in a skiff and spent the day on Mr. Gaither's plantation, I saw a great number of little Americans of African decent, they all called out Howdy do, as we passed the house where they were. I wandered about in search of Dew berries, over ploughed ground, and as I had shoes on that were more roomy than comfortable, my understandings complained bitterly of the uneven time they were having. I at last found the berries, and had to go back after something to put them in. I gathered a basketful, and when I reached the gin, I had an aching head, but after we had our dinner which we had sufficient appetites to enjoy, I felt better.

Monday, May 10th, 1852
(Mon., May 11, 1863)

I was dreaming that I had rec'd. four letters, & had just broken the seal of one, when Deadie called me, I was a little provoked that I did not have time to find out who my letters were from. I would like to have known if it was but a dream, I fear it will not come true in the present irregularity of the Mails. After an early breakfast Pa started over the river, and just then a Yankee tug came along, like lightning, but did not stop, I suppose it was going after the lower fleet. In the evening, Mr. Davis & Lady called and then Nella, and Miss Julia came, to stay all night with me.

Tuesday, May 11th, 1852
(Tues., May 12, 1863)

The girls went home early in the forenoon, I employed most of the day in braiding on Pa's chapeau, I read a little, tiny, bit. I do not remember of any great or good thoughts that came into my mind all day, I don't think I make a good journalist.
Wednesday, May 12th, 1852
(Wed., May 15, 1863)

There has been nothing of a very exciting character heard today, the only news was calculated to depress once spirits, and bring on the blues, Another cavalry raid in Miss. I hope it is not true, but if the advance of Grant's army it would be worse, it is dreadful to be placed so that we cannot hear from our brave Soldiers. We are nearly so now, and how much worse to be entirely cut off from all communication. I had a sad feeling tonight, - Ma was feeling badly, and I knew why, but could not alleviate her troubles, I sometimes think she must feel very lonely, and I know she is anxious, I wish I could be more of a companion to her, but I am such a little nobody, that even Pomp sometimes seems to tire of my company, and takes himself off. I would like (it) if I had more perseverance, I must try and be more industrious, and be not so much a child.

Thursday, May 13th, 1852
(Thurs., May 14, 1863)

I sewed Pa's Palmeto hat, and thought I was getting on nicely with it when Ma said she thought it too large, and so it was, I had all my morning's work to undo, and almost had a cry over it, but such is life, we toil and struggle on, and when we think we have reached the goal, some slight thing sets us back and frustrates all our hopes.

Friday, May 14th, 1852
(Fri., May 15, 1863)

Everything outside looked beautiful and bright today, the birds sang as if the rain had really been to them a fountain of rejuveniscence. I wish Ma could have felt as happy as they, but she looked so sad, it almost grew contagious, it had some effect on me I think, for I did not feel at all lively. I received three letters, two from Capt. Green, which I was very much pleased to see for they proved to me that I was not forgotten, by one whom I think my friend. The other from a Little friend, was a very pretty letter, but had too much about the heart to suit my fancy.

Saturday, May 15th, 1852
(Sat., May 16, 1863)

I was very busy today and consequently felt very happy, I finished Pa's chapeau, and then went in town, saw Mrs. N. and called on Mrs. B., in the evening I trimmed my own hat.

Monday, May 17th, 1852
(Mon., May 18, 1863)

Last night we heard that the enemy had possession of Jackson, and we felt bad enough, but this morning news came that our forces had defeated the Yanks, but it seemed too good to be true, but oh how I hope it is.
Tuesday, May 18th, 1852  
(Tues., May 19, 1863)

When I first awoke I felt as if I would accomplish wonders today, I gathered some flowers and arranged them in water; and by that time all my desire for exertion had vamosed the ranch, and I did nothing, worthy to be recorded, not that I ever do, it sometimes seems a pity that I should waste the ink, and mar the looks of the papeir with my scribbling. Ma and I had a nice ride in the eve, Mrs N was with us, The chief, I might almost say the only topic of conversation was of something to eat. I wonder if the lady never gets tired of it, or does not think she tires her hearers. We stopped a few moments at Mrs H's and I saw Miss J.

Wednesday, May 19th, 1852  
(Wed., May 20, 1863)

I was undecided whether to remain at home or to walk up to Meeting this morning, but concluded not to go for I thought my soul would not be sufficiently benefited by what I should hear to compensate for the broiling to death of the little piece of brain that I had, so I fussed away the morn, and had a ride in the eve.

Monday, May 24th, 1852  
(Mon., May 25, 1863)

I finished a piece of work in the morning, and then read about the distinguished women of ancient times, I ought to be very thankful that I did not live then, for I might have been illustrious, and like most of those women been murdered in some way or other, I read of Anne Boleyn how shamefully Henry, treated her. - she did not seek to be his Queen, but was receiving the addresses of one who was nearer her equal.

Friday, May 28th, 1852  
(Fri., May 29, 1863)

I finished a piece of work this morning, that kept me so busy for the three preceding days that I could not even think of anything worthy of committing to the secret leaves of my journal, I went to the Hall and saw a great many ladies as busy as bees, arranging the tables for the festival at night. We went after Hef, and found her - not very well, but she concluded to come with us. We went to the Strawberry Festival, had Mr. T. for an escort, (Cousin had a chill and could not go)*. What a grand affair it was, every one seemed to enjoy themselves so much, I don't think I ever saw so many handsome ladies together, or the same ones, ever look so beautiful. The Hall was crowded, The Tables ornamented with flowers and vases, and laden with berries, and cakes.

Wednesday, June 2nd, 1852  
(Wed., June 3, 1863)

I suffered from my cold all the morning, and felt like, I really didn't know what, I read part of the Merry Wives of Windsor, and like the story less than any of Shakespeare's other plays that I have read, perhaps if I had not been half sick I would have liked it better.
Thursday, June 10th, 1852
(Thurs., June 11, 1863)

Today the Arizona was gotten off the Sand bar and with the Laurel Hill came up and anchored off Natchez, sent a boat ashore under Flag of Truce to demand an explanation and denial of the hanging of two men.

Tuesday, July 6th, 1852
(Tues., July 7, 1863)

We were almost crazed at the news of the Capitulation of Vicksburg, (which came today)*. We could scarcely credit it, yet felt it was possible. Oh to think our poor Boys had to give up after all their hard fighting and terrible sufferings. I felt as though it was all up with us but would not allow myself to think so long, for I knew it would not do to give up. We have got to fight the (war) harder* that is all, and trust that God will be with us, and enable us to free our poor Country yet.

Wednesday, July 7th, 1852
(Wed., July 8, 1863)

Today we had our hopes raised considerably, several items of news were received which threw a doubt on the bad report of yesterday, how readily we were to grasp at the slightest proof of doubt. We thought it very strange that no direct news came, and then if it had been so some of the enemy's boats would have been down, they could not (we thought)* keep the news to themselves.

Thursday, July 8th, 1852
(Thurs., July 9, 1863)

No reliable news yet. Ma and Mrs. M. & myself, came to the conclusion that it was all a Yankee Fourth of July story, and talked it over so much that we nearly believed it was. After tea, Pa, Ma, and I went home with Mrs. M. and had a delightful ride, Pa said he was going to ride every night, when the Moon shone. (But alas something occurred a few days afterwards that put a stop to all those schemes of pleasure.)*

Friday, July 9th, 1852
(Fri., July 10, 1863)

The terrible news was confirmed today, and also came correct news of the surrender of dear, brave little Fort Hudson. We now felt at the mercy of our merciless foes. What a neglected, deserted feeling came over me, I do not know if any one else felt as I did, but really I felt as if our own Country had cast us off.

Monday, July 12th, 1852
(Mon., July 13, 1863)

The morning of this day was spent quietly at home, nothing unusual taking place, but in the afternoon all were excited for the enemy had come
to garrison our beautiful little town, they had delayed coming for so long, that we began to hope that they would not come. In a very short time there were pickets placed above the garden, and the passing of home people inquired into. I was told the Feds said they were going to respect private property, and the citizens must just go on with their business, and they would not be molested, so they have said at every place they have been to, and we know what their word is worth.

Tuesday, July 13th, 1852
(Tues., July 14, 1863)

The Feds respect private horses so much that they want to relieve the owners of the care of them. I suppose they would not steal them for the world, they never steal anything, no indeed never take anything at all except everything they can lay their hands on. Some of the stragglers came into the yard for water - and directly afterwards Cora and Maria had a fuss and Ma tried to stop it. Ma gave her a great deal of impudence, and packed up her clothes and left. Poor Ma was very much deceived in her, - she thought better of Maria, after she had been so kind to her, - and done so much for her. The Yanks took our horses and saddles early in the morning without leave asked or obtained. I wished that Joe had them.

Wednesday, July 14th, 1852
(Wed., July 15, 1863)

Today they commenced stealing Lumber; and said we need not take the trouble of measuring it, for all the pay we would get would not do us much good. Cousin told them he would measure it, pay or no pay.

Thursday, July 15th, 1852
(Thurs., July 16, 1863)

Pa went up to see the Geno about his Mill & Lumber - and was told that Grant had given him orders to confiscate the lumber & burn the mill.

(After this date a tiny news clipping is included, dated July 21, Manassas: "We have won a glorious though dearly bought victory. Night closed on the enemy in full flight and closely pursued," signed by "Jeff. Davis")

Friday, July 30th, 1852
(Fri., July 31, 1863)

Gen. Banks M. S. payed Natchez a short visit together with the French and English Consuls. Neither of them called on me and I feel quite slighted. I am perfectly willing to excuse the Geno, as I should not care to have a visit from him official or otherwise, for I do not feel capable of entertaining him, as I have not sufficient control of my feelings. There was great excitement in town nearly all day owing to a report that Logan was approaching to attack this place, Geno Ransom with staff marched out of town, and then, - marched back again very much after the mode of the French king. But there was a little skirmish, and some of the Confederates were taken prisoners, but a greater number of the Feds who went out, had not been heard from late in the evening.
Saturday, July 31st, 1852  
(Sat., Aug. 1, 1863)

We were aroused from our sleep last night by the chickens crying aloud for assistance and, soon discovered that there was someone in the coop, they left it double quick when they found there was a weapon of defense in our possession, but managed to relieve us from the necessity of feeding several of our fowls, among others a very venerable old Gobler, who was Sultan of the Yard. Next morning we found that the thieves had broken in, in two places. Pa saw the Provost Marshall about getting a gun to protect ourselves with, but was told he could not have it, for the life of one of their soldiers was worth more than all the property.

Sunday, August 1st, 1852  
(Sun., Aug. 2, 1863)

Today I felt very much like going to Church, and believe I should have overcome my dislike of meeting so many strangers if I could have persuaded Pa, or Cousin to go with me, but as I could not, I spent the day in reading a little, and not doing anything. In the afternoon four boats came down loaded with troops for this place when I saw so many I thought we would be swallowed up alive. The boats were all formerly Louisville packets but their looks have been entirely changed being boarded up all round, & have no guards. One consolation about having so many troops here, they are not fighting —

Monday, August 2nd, 1852  
(Mon., Aug. 3, 1863)

Nothing of importance occurred to disturb our quiet today or to excite our astonishment except the novelty of seeing some polite Yankees. One officer rode up on horseback and after expressing his admiration of the garden rode off, but soon returned with six others who seemed to appreciate the beautiful, they rode up the hill and seeing Pa, returned to the office and apologized for coming into this ground without first obtaining leave, it is certainly a great consolation to find some gentleman among the enemy, for all we had previously seen in the garden did not show that they had any manners.

Tuesday, August 3rd, 1852  
(Tues., Aug. 4, 1863)

As I was practicing this morn, Mrs. M. came to spend the day, nothing exciting happened, she told some news.

Wednesday, August 4th, 1852  
(Wed., Aug. 5, 1863)

More troops were brought to town this morning, in the afternoon Gen. Ellet and some of his officers came to walk through the Garden, Pa had a conversation with the Gen. about the state of the country, he told Pa there was something said in the papers about the Confederacy, making some propositions to France for some assistance, I hope she will help us. If the war was only over, and peace once more reigned through our land, we could not be too thankful.
Friday, August 6th, 1852
(Fri., Aug. 7, 1863)

Mrs. and Mrs. L. & Mary, with Mrs. H. and Miss T. came down to see us, we were delighted to see them once more, and I enjoyed their visit, Miss T. said when she spoke of our friends she always felt like saying damed.

Sunday, August 8th, 1852
(Sun., Aug. 9, 1863)

I have not spent this day as I suppose I should have done and if Sister B was here I expect I should get a lecture. I felt very rebellious this morning when I saw the impudent niggers stealing the wood, I had the will to tell them to go to the d...l but concluded it was best not to give vent to my feelings in that kind of expression, so I sent and informed the Guard and was much pleased when I saw him come and drive off the vile creatures who think themselves equal to the whites. Since they have got quarters in the hog pen, as I heard a darky call it, they are having a good time now, but before winter passes over their heads they will be objects of pity, or I am very much mistaken, for I think Uncle Sam although he's rich enough to give us all a Farm will tire of his Elephant before many months pass by.

Monday, August 9th, 1852
(Mon., Aug. 10, 1863)

When will our troubles cease? this morning Smith the negro driver, sent a lot of his pets to be quartered in one of Pa's buildings below the Mill, and some of the thieves stole the four oxen that we expected to have for our winter food, they did not even say by your-leave.

Pa looked very much worried, I wish I could help him in some way, Old Alfred came with an officer - after his clothes, the mean old scamp behaved shamefully towards his master, I had no good wishes for his future welfare, and perhaps I am very wicked, for I called him some ugly names, I hope we will get even with him yet.

Tuesday, August 10th, 1852
(Tues., Aug. 11, 1863)

I noticed as soon as I arose this morning that there had been a change in one of the camps, there had been a move, and everything was unusually quiet. I had a very delightful hope come, that perhaps our friends had all left, but still I knew that could not be, I soon heard the drum and that assured me there were some about.

Wednesday, August 11th, 1852
(Wed., Aug. 12, 1863)

More troops arrived before breakfast, mostly Cavalry. I believe, I saw a large company of them on the top of the hill, where they pitched their tents, I was very much alarmed at first, for I thought they were armed men (I cannot call them Soldiers) of African descent, but very much relieved when I found they were Yankees, because of the two evils I think
I would rather have the latter at least under present circumstances. Pa was placed under arrest because he threatened to strike a nigger who was in the garden stealing, what a fuss the hateful things made, I felt it would do me good to see them all get a drubbing. I hope they will be made to suffer for their impudence before another season passes by, 'tis a pity all that have left their homes couldn't be sent away from here.

Thursday, August 12th, 1852  
(Thurs., Aug. 13, 1863)

Pa did not have any trouble with the Provost Marshall, but was told he could set dogs on the darkies but must not strike them. I suppose he thought that would be a good way to get rid of all the troublesome animals of the canine species, as the nigger (not negroes any longer) would be apt to kill them. Mrs. M. came down and stayed to tea, I was put out of temper (not a difficult thing these days) by supper being late and not being very nice when we did get it.

Friday, August 13th, 1852  
(Fri., Aug. 14, 1863)

Nothing of much consequence occurred today among the strangers that I know of. All of Pa's men but five left this morning, they are going to be armed and have joined a Co. to fight their masters. I think that old scamp John Bowie was the cause of their leaving; he influenced them. Oh! if we can only get even with him I shall be very glad. I think the boys will get tired enough before long, & will wish themselves at home. We heard that the Federals had met with another terrible defeat at Charleston, I hope they will always meet with the same kind of success there. Gen. Grant was reported coming to N. C. I hope he will not give his men any more liberties than Gen. Ransom, and the darkies not so many.

Saturday, August 14th, 1852  
(Sat., Aug. 15, 1863)

This morn I was hurried by hearing Guns firing, & supposing it was a salute in honor of the big Gen. coming, I hurried out to see the boat, but none was coming. I called out to a man who I saw coming into the garden, & made him skedaddle, I very impudently spoke to an impudent colored lady, who had stolen wood, and got insolence in return, & afterwards had more impudence from others.

Mrs. M. came and spent the day, she told us of the death of her Howard and Billy Sanderson, also that there were four of the troop killed.

Sunday, August 15th, 1852  
(Sun., Aug. 16, 1863)

I did not go to Church today and fear I was not a very good girl this morning. After dinner Pa went out to the bank, & soon returned and asked me if I knew what was going on out there, as I did not, I went out to see, and behind troops landing from a boat by the Rail track, they were going to camp back of the garden and of course their first action was to tear down
the fences for fire wood, & come on exploring expeditions. The Guard from
the Mill very kindly offered to patrol the Garden that night he came to
the front of the house to see Pa, and Ma actually invited him to take a seat,
he seemed to be a very decent fellow, and I could almost like him for his
kindness. his name is Mr. Folz.

Monday, August 16th, 1852
(Mon., Aug. 17, 1863)

We were annoyed by the Jayhawkers all day, in the morning one who came
for water went prying into the poultry yard, & Pa asked him if he had orders
to go in there, he said his commander told him to come here. Pa says did he
tell you to go in my chicken yard, the Dutchman said he told me to come here
for water, well Pa pointed to the cistern & said there was the water, get it
& go, yes I'll go and I come back, & before you know it I'll burn your house.
Mr. Folz & a patrol guard came & offered their assistance for which we felt
truly grateful. Pa received a letter from Gen. Ransom, saying he had suggested
to Col. Farrar that he had better take a room in this house, that it would
tend in a great measure to protect Pa from all petty annoyances, So Pa brought
the Col. over to see what rooms would suit him. We felt willing to put up
with having so many strangers about if it would only save our home.

Tuesday, August 17th, 1852
(Tues., Aug. 18, 1863)

The Col. moved over today, he takes the corner room downstairs &
Mr. Blythes room for bedroom & the back parlor for an office. There was a
sick Soldier on guard, I felt very sorry for him, but debated some time
whether I should get Ma to do anything for him. I felt that if we cured him
it would just be keeping a soldier in the field to fight against us, but I
then thought suppose, some of our boys was sick in an enemy's country,
wouldn't I feel grateful if some kind person would give them things to make
them well, so I told Ma of his case and she gave him some medicine, and at
night gave him some tea, for which he was very grateful,

Pa saw the Provost Marshall about Ben & Randal, and he said no one had
a right to force them away if they did not want to go.

We heard today that the Fed... had met with a terrible repulse at Mobile.

Wednesday, August 18th, 1852
(Wed., Aug. 19, 1863)

Today nothing of very great importance took place except Capt. Smith
made himself obnoxious as usual. Mr. Moore came down and took dinner with us.
Ma & I walked down to the gate to meet Pa. we there had a little talk with
the guard and astonished him very much when on the topic of coffee by telling
him that it sold here for five dollars per lb., and that flour was two hun-
dred $ per barrel.
Thursday, August 19th, 1852
(Thurs., Aug. 20, 1863)

This morning while at breakfast Pa was wondering what would happen to us today, every day lately something unpleasant has occurred, so much has it been the case that we can exclaim with truth, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." But scarcely had we done speaking, before an Orderly came with a note from Gen. Ransom to Pa, giving him protection for his dwelling & grounds, & for his mill and stables, I blessed the Gen. from my heart, and I intend to send him a handsome bouquet as a slight acknowledgement for his protection to us, My prayer is that he may never be removed as long as any Federal troops are in Natchez.

Friday, August 20th, 1852
(Fri., Aug. 21, 1863)

This morning I read some in Ivanhoe, & then attended to some domestic matters, then sewed a very little, after dinner I sewed and read, & then took a walk, Pa started to walk with us but left us to go and stop the darkies from stealing wood, nothing very terrible happened during the day, except mean niggar Smith putting his colored brothers & sisters in Pa's houses, & Mrs. D', telling him she had no objections to their being there after professing to us to be so much afraid of them. Ma sent to know if she could do anything for the sick Ajdz, he thanked her and said he would be no ways bashful about asking if he wanted anything, we had not the least idea that he would, as bashfulness is not a characteristic of his race.

Saturday, August 21st, 1852
(Sat., Aug. 22, 1863)

I was very indifferent about my work and so accomplished nothing at it. I read some in Ivanhoe, in the afternoon Mrs. M' came to see us, she told us considerable news. The whole day was quiet, much more so than any day for the month past.

Monday, August 23rd, 1852
(Mon., Aug. 24, 1863)

Today Nelah came to see me, I was rejoiced to see her once more, she told us about the rest of our acquaintances whom we had not heard from or of, for a long time, of Minnie Sanderson's beautiful boy being dead. I thought it seemed like a judgement on the family for their being untrue to their native land, for Father & Son were both taken since their making friends with their country's enemy. Nelah & I went down to the gate to wait for the carriage, we had a nice chat to ourselves, then we called Sykes & while he was with us Gen. Ransom's A. D. C. Lt. Done came to see the Garden.
Thursday, September 2nd, 1852
(Thurs., Sept. 3, 1863)

Today the officers who were staying here left with all their baggage. We were not at all sorry to get rid of them, for they were not gentleman, and their servants were so annoying, they are not the kind of men to create union feelings among us rebels. I wish they were farther from us than they are.

Monday, September 6th, 1852
(Mon., Sept. 7, 1863)

Today Pa came in a little before dinner time, and told us a Fed. Lieut. was coming here to board, how dreadfully we felt, to have to sit down to table with a Yankee. I felt it would almost kill me, but we were introduced and the dinner passed off quite well considering there were two parties of such opposite feelings. We made some remarks that perhaps would have been well left unsaid, and I was constantly alarmed lest Ma should boil over.

Wednesday, September 8th, 1852
(Wed., Sept. 9, 1863)

I believe the day passed off tolerable quietly, but at night, some of the Dutch Yankees set the fence on fire, it was fortunate that they did it so early in the evening or it might have been worse. Our folks with the Lieut. succeeded in extinguishing the flames, the Lt. then got us a guard, and he won a friendly feeling toward him for his kindness, I sit in the Parlor and talked to him a little.

Saturday, September 11th, 1852
(Sat., Sept. 12, 1863)

The Lt's guard stopped the Dutch Yanks from getting water from our cistern, and they went off and got some armed men & drove our guard away, and kept a guard there all day, in the evening the Lt. came with a Provost guard and there was another fuss, the Dutch men would not believe but what we had other cisterns of water, at last they went off, Ma & I were very much afraid the Lieut. would get into trouble.

Sunday, September 12th, 1852
(Sun., Sept. 13, 1863)

I read a little and took a nap in the morning, in the even I talked awhile to Cousin and the Lt., and then went out to show the garden to the latter. He saw some of his superior officers and went to join them, as I did not wish to be introduced I went on down, and tried to avoid meeting any Yanke, but in doing with (?) two who saw, came face to face with another but he proved to be one of our guards.

Friday, September 17th, 1852
(Fri., Sept. 18, 1863)

This morning I spent in doing very little of anything. Cousin M.
told me he had seen Helen and she was going into the country next day. I wished very much to send a message by her, and knew I could not do so without seeing her, I was seized with a very strong inclination to go out yet I hated to do so as I had not been out for the past two months and did not care to go.

Sunday, September 19th, 1852
(Sun., Sept. 20, 1863)

I believe the past week has been more quiet than any we have had since the Yanks came.

Sunday, September 26th, 1852
(Sun., Sept. 27, 1863)

I spent the morning in attending to various matters, and in reading (I am sorry to say) but very little, Ma was sick, so Pa & I had to take our dinner alone, while we were at table Lt. Catherwood came, Pa and he conversed on politics awhile, then Pa went out and left me to play the agreeable. We conversed on a great many subjects and while we were chatting very pleasantly, V. Meyer came. I would have been very glad to see him at almost any time but I did not exactly like him finding me entertaining a Federal officer, not that I was at all ashamed of the Lt. I like him too well for that, but I had a fear lest Victor might think I had turned Unionist, and so forgotten our dear Confederate boys.
An engraving of the Union ironclad Tecumseh as she sank in Battle of Mobile Bay in 1864

By JOHN NOBLE WILFORD

The Civil War ironclad whose sinking is said to have inspired Rear Adm. David G. Farragut to heroic utterance has been found buried in mud and silt at the bottom of the mouth of Mobile Bay.

If the admiral said what he is credited with having said, it was "Damn the torpedoes! Full speed ahead!" or, in another version, "Damn the torpedoes! Go ahead!" Or perhaps, some accounts suggest, he expressed his determination in other words.

In any event, the Tecumseh, which sank Aug. 5, 1864, during the Battle of Mobile Bay, is expected to be hauled up, refurbished and placed on display in the Smithsonian Institution's proposed National Armed Forces Museum in Washington.

For years the Tecumseh was presumed lost beyond recovery, either buried too deep or fragmented hopelessly. Her exact location was unknown. Previous dragging operations had failed in attempts to find the warship.

Then, last month, engineers systematically probed the bottom of the bay, using detection techniques sensitive to electricity emanating from metal objects in salt water.

Within three days—on Feb. 1—they found the ship at a depth of 38 feet. She was almost completely overturned, with only six feet of her keel sticking out of the mud. Divers went down for positive identification.

If the Tecumseh's restoration is accomplished, she would be the only surviving example of the Monitor class of fighting ships that ushered in the era of armored naval warfare.

The original Monitor, which defeated the Confederate ironclad Merrimack in 1862, lies deep at sea off North Carolina. She sank while under tow late that year. The six other ships of her kind were dismantled for scrap after the Civil War.

Like the seven other ships, the Tecumseh was slow and

Continued on Page 26, Column 2
Ironclad of Farragut’s Fleet
Found at Bottom of Mobile Bay

Continued From Page 1, Col. 5

The technique involves dropping one cable from the surface
ship to the bottom and letting
another cable trail the ship by
about 200 feet. Each cable is
printed with an electrode sensi-
tive to any electric fields.

In seawater any metallic ob-
ject, even a beer can, acts as
a low-powered battery, generating
faint electric field in all direc-
tions.

As the surface ship moved
methodically back and forth
across the bay in the search for
the Tecumseh, engineers moni-
tored the amplified signals
picked up by the cables and
transcribed to graph paper. The
first clue as to the Tecumseh’s
whereabouts was a sharply
jagged line on the graph.

By going back over the same
Andrew Brown, 1790-1871, to whom we of the last generation on the family tree diagram are all related, was the first of the Browns to come to America from the vicinity of Crail, Scotland. "The Browns of Fife and Their Descendants in America" (1770-1953), by Alfred L. Brown of San Mateo, California, reveals that the Andrew Brown who lived from 1790 until 1871 was one of a family of five brothers and one sister. His father, an only child born in 1770, and his grandfather were also named Andrew Brown.

The Learned family, as shown on the diagram, enters the picture through two marriages. Andrew Brown's second marriage to the former Louise C. Woodward was for her a third marriage. Her first husband was Edward Davis Learned of Gardiner, Maine, by whom she had seven sons - one of whom was Rufus Frederick Learned. After Edward Davis Learned died the Widow Learned later married a Mr. Judd, but he did not live long, and there were no children by this marriage. By 1854 "The Widow Learned" married Andrew Brown. Again, there were no children by this marriage. However, Rufus F. Learned, one of her sons by her marriage to Edward D. Learned, also entered the Brown family by marrying on January 1, 1868 Mr. Brown's only daughter, Elizabeth Christie Brown - always known as "Lizzie".

From Andrew Brown Learned's writings of Rufus F. Learned, his father, we are made aware of the fact that Rufus was an eighth generation descendant of William Learned, who came from Bermondy, Surry County, England, and settled in Charlestown, Massachusetts, in 1632. "William's great grandson Ebenezer, great grandfather of Rufus Learned, was active in the Revolutionary War. He was in the Battle of Bunker Hill and in 1777 was appointed Brigadier General by Congress. He was with General Washington at Valley Forge in command of the Massachusetts troops and was at Saratoga at capture of Burgoyne. Rufus Learned's grandfather (Haynes) was with General Jackson and was injured in the Battle of New Orleans. He was later with General Jackson and died, as an effect of his earlier wound, when with General Jackson in his Indian campaign in Florida." A look at the Learned Genealogy, compiled by William Law Learned and published in 1882, reveals that William's great great grandson Ebenezer was the Brigadier General with General Washington, not William's great grandson, also named Ebenezer. This genealogy, now owned by Howard B. Peabody Jr., has a vast fund of information in it on the lives and times of the Learned descendants.

Edward Davis Learned and his wife Louise emigrated from Gardiner, Maine to Jackson, Miss. Their seven sons were: Charles Edward Learned, born 5/15/18 and died 9/18/1870; Francis Eugene Learned, born 9/3/1827 and died 1/29/1853; Henry Augustus Learned, born 1/28/1830 and died at sea, probably in 1857; Daniel W. Learned, born and died in 1832; Daniel W. Learned, born 5/15/1833 and died 3/27/1834; Rufus Frederick Learned, born 12/26/1834 and died 3/26/19; and Martin Van Buren Learned, born 4/26/1836 and died 9/27/1840. From these dates it can be seen that three of these sons died in childhood. The first three sons all took to the sea, working their way up to command of their ships. In Andrew Brown Learned's writings of Rufus F. Learned are a number of interesting details on their lives at sea. He also recounts Rufus' life, of course more fully - his childhood, buying steerage to California to find gold there, sailing for Australia for gold, the Australian sheep venture, being stung by a fly - which necessitated a sea voyage home, new beginnings in the lumber business near Knoxville, Miss., life in the Confederate Army, working for his stepfather, his marriage to Lizzie C. Brown, and many years of the management of the family business interests in Natchez, Miss.
Andrew Brown Learned m. Elizabeth Yerger m. Pearl Rawlins (no issue)

Elizabeth Yerger Learned
b. Natchez, Miss. 9/3/1898
d. Lake Forest, Ill. 7/24/1965
m. Howard Bell Peabody
b. Chicago, Ill. 1/18/1897

Rufus Yerger Learned
b. Natchez, Miss. 12/29/1908
d. Natchez, Miss. 4/11/1911

Andrew Brown Learned, Jr.
b. Natchez, Miss. 9/27/1903
d. Natchez, Miss. 5/13/1905

Rufus Frederick Learned
b. Natchez, Miss. 6/10/1901
d. Natchez, Miss. 4/25/1907

Howard Bell Peabody, Jr.
b. Chicago, Ill. 10/24/1919

Joan Peabody
b. Chicago, Ill. 1/6/1923

Elizabeth Learned Peabody
b. Chicago, Ill. 6/21/1924

Andrew Learned Peabody
b. Lake Forest, Ill. 9/27/1928

Elizabth Brown Learned (Lizzie B. Learned, or Bessie)

Louise Woodward Learned m. Richard Ingle Metcalfe

Louise Learned Metcalfe
b. Natchez, Miss. 3/9/1901

m. Albert Dickens Williams
b. 2/4/1901
d. Lake Forest, Ill.

Albert Dickens Williams, Jr.
b. Evanston, Ill. 9/22/1932

Deborah Woodward Williams
b. Chicago, Ill. 3/21/1938