THE CIVIL WAR DIARY

of

MRS. HENRIETTA FITZHUGH BARR (BARRE)

1862 - 1863

Ravenswood, Virginia (West Virginia)

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FOREWORD

The century old journal of Mrs. Henrietta Fitzhugh Barr is illustrative of the trials and tribulations suffered by a prominent family of OLD VIRGINIA, the Fitzhugh family. The Fitzhughs inherited a tract of land along the Ohio River between Parkersburg and Charleston, West Virginia as a legacy in the will of George Washington, and in 1834, they migrated from the Virginia plantation over the mountains to the valley along the Ohio. In 1852 they laid out and founded there the town of Ravenswood, Virginia.*

Along with their household and agricultural chattels, they brought human chattels, their slaves. From their mansion and holdings in the town they could look across the river into Yankeeland (Ohio) where slavery had been forbidden in the charter of the Northwest Territory in 1787. As the war clouds gathered, the Fitzhugh family became more and more apprehensive of their situation, so near to Yankeeland, and so far removed from the site of their loyalties. In 1860 their town had a population of 362 inhabitants. Thirteen of its families had the courage of their convictions and espoused the southern cause. These people soon found themselves politically and often socially isolated from the rest of the families in the town.

The diarist, Mrs. Henrietta Fitzhugh Barr, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fitzhugh, had returned to her birthplace after the death of her ten year old daughter, Mollie. The journal gives an account of her life in the village during the war years, reflecting the bitterness she felt toward her neighbors. Yankee troops from nearby Pomeroy made frequent raids searching for those who were disloyal and possibly giving aid to the enemy, and these raiders often invaded the cellars and smokehouses of private citizens. Henrietta had nothing but scorn for the northern soldiers, and she often compares the “Yankee trash” to the fine southern gentlemen, who were the soldiers of the southern army contingents. Her diary comes to an abrupt close in August, 1863, after the battles of Vicksburg and Gettysburg.

George J. Blazier

* The town of Ravenswood is situated in the Ohio River valley near the foothills of Divide Hill where it has been claimed that the elevation divides the dialects of West Virginia, Yankee being spoken on the north and a soft southern brogue on the southern slopes. The population of the village in 1862 was 362 persons. It is now 3410 in the village and 6693 in the magisterial district. According to Josiah Hughes in his book, PIONEER WEST VIRGINIA, published in 1912 the town was named in error. The Fitzhugh holdings both in England prior to their emigration, and in Fairfax County, Virginia, had been named Ravensworth, and it is possible the mapmaker changed this to Ravenswood, which form of the name thus appeared in the act creating the town in 1852.
Henrietta F. Barre's Home — Ravenswood, 1863 (unknown persons using pump)
JOURNAL OF HENRIETTA FITZHUGH BARR
OF RAVENSWOOD, JACKSON COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA

Sunday, Feb. 16, 1862 to Thursday, August 20, 1863

February, 1862

Sunday, Feb. 16th. This is the coldest day we have had this winter, everything looks frozen and we hover around the fire to keep ourselves from freezing....

Wednesday, 19th. Spent nearly all day in answering letters. It rained almost incessantly which was rather favorable for our occupation. In the evening I found a little bundle of my dear little Mollie's doll clothes and playthings which I arranged and put away. My darling child, how forcible these little rag babes and the number and variety of their clothing made by her busy little fingers, now so still and cold, remind me of her.

Thursday, 20th. The abolitionists of this place are frantic with delight at the Fort D. affair. The Unionists here are an unscrupulous set of Black Republicans who would rejoice over the slaughter of their former friends and neighbors.

Saturday, 22nd. This memorable anniversary is to render still more memorable by the inauguration of Jefferson Davis as President of the Confederate States. With such an able and great man at the head of our government we will never have occasion to give up.

Tuesday, 25th. Spent the whole day dressmaking. In the evening Dr. Hoyt came, administered a drop of comfort by telling us some favorable news. He has just heard that France is expected to break the blockade immediately. Only hope it is true. Now, more than ever, we need foreign intervention....

Wednesday, 26th. In this quiet life we lead there is so little to break the monotony. With us "one day telleth of another" except occasionally when we hear some stirring accounts of a new battle or when we are excited to indignation by some fresh act of tyranny or usurpation on the part of the upstart unionists.... In the evening I read two Cin. papers. They are proverbially false. Their statements are so contradictory we do not pretend to rely upon them. Even taking their own version of the affair, the Ft. Donaldson capture is not near so great a victory as they first pretended.

Friday, 28th. Today commenced having some repair work done on the well—as we employ 3 hands and have to cook 3 meals a day it makes quite an addition to our work....

March, 1862

Saturday, March 1st. ... Today read Pres. Davis' inaugural address. I was much pleased with the pious tone of it.

Monday, 3rd. ... Tonight read a couple of papers, a cheerless account of Southern affairs—the northerners gloat over their recent victories to such a degree it is intolerable. They already boast that the South is subjugated. Their laughter may be turned to mourning before long. The South never can be subjugated.

Friday, 7th. A UNION BALL at Keeney's tonight, at which the ladies (**x01) are all to appear a la Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. McClellan. I have no doubt it will be a killing affair.

Saturday, 8th. The ball at K's broke up in a great row. Pistols and Bowie knives were more plenty than refreshments. Came very near being in reality a "killing affair"....

Thursday, 13th. After dinner went up to see Susan and had a fine sweet talk. Received a letter from sister by the evening mail giving an account of the barbarous treatment of our brave men captured at Fort Donaldson by Lincoln's hirelings. Poor fellows me heart bleeds for them. They had almost as well be killed in battle as to be in the power of those bloodthirsty abolitionists.

Saturday, 15th. Mrs. McGuire came to see us. Were agreeably entertained by her graphic description of "high life" in Parkersburg. Heard of the evacuation of Manassas.

Tuesday, 18th. Spent the day in our flower garden and the churchyard, which is a hallowed spot to us.
Monday, 31st. Took a ride in the wagon to Mrs. Wells where we dined.

April, 1862

Friday, 4th. This is my birthday. For many reasons it is the saddest one I ever spent, "Lord make me to know my end and the measure of my days...."

Sunday, 6th. Opened our Sunday school which has been closed ever since June on account of the disturbances. A very good school for the first day; I had 6 scholars....

Wednesday, 9th. Busy all day odorizing and varnishing a set of table mats to send to Sarah Cotton.

Friday, 25th. Whaley, the congressman from this district, sent me a large package of garden seeds, the second I have received from him.

Tuesday, 29th. A bright pleasant day.... The Feds say they have taken New Orleans. Corinth is evacuated, that Yorktown is or will soon be in their possession. All Yankee stories. We cannot rely on a word they say.

May, 1862

Thursday, May 1st. This day a year ago my little Mollie went in the wood with her Aunt Anne to get wild flowers for her garden. The little daisies and violets are blooming where she planted them, although she never lived to see them. Her grave is beautiful with sweet flowers garnished by white pebbles and shells. Each day when we come to change the flowers the little grave is wet with our tears. Went with Mat to see Susan in the afternoon. On our return stopped at the post office. Mat received a late letter from dear Nick. All our brothers are well and write quite cheerfully. It inspires us with renewed hope to receive a letter from them. Anne, Lollie and I took a walk after tea to Mrs. Wells to get butter.

Friday, 2nd. Mr. Ben Davenport spent the evening with us. Had quite a political discussion. He was decidedly "Union" in his sentiments but (to do him justice) he is the only Unionist I ever saw who was at all reasonable or would listen to reason. In spite of all we failed to convince him of his errors and we are of the same opinion still.

Saturday, 3rd. This is sister's birthday. Mother, Anne and all of us spent the whole morning at the churchyard, planting, trimming the shrubbery, etc., etc. In the afternoon assisted Winny with some puddings and pies for Sunday's dinner. The Misses Fleming called in the evening. Sweet weather although rather cool for the season.

Wednesday, 7th. Mr. J. H. Brown of Kanawha (called Judge by the Wheeling Convention) called to see us today. Got into a political discussion. Of course we did not agree. He said many hard things of the South but pretended to be in such good humor all the time it was impossible to be offended. Says it is his belief that this war will not be continued two months longer and the old "union" will be restored in all its former glory, stars and stripes waving over us.

Thursday, 8th. Heard today of the evacuation of Yorktown by the Confederate Troops. Received by this mail a delightful letter from A. Buckner and wife whose house G. T. stayed in while in Bowling Greene, giving us the particulars of G's illness.

Saturday, 10th. The Lincolmites seem to be quite jubilant at the unusual success of their arms. It is reported that a party of southern troops came into Arnoldsburg Thursday night capturing a large quantity of Federal provisions and quite a number of the 11th Va. Regiment who were stationed there. The rumor occasions quite a panic among the Feds of this place. A number of wagons which came here to receive provisions for that place are afraid to return. The town is strictly guarded, no one daring to go out of the corporation without a pass. The Confeds, they say, have penetrated as far as Spencer, 23 miles from this place. Of course all the Unionist sympathize with their military friends in terror.

Sunday, 11th. Went to Sunday school and heard Mr. Stephens preach in the morning. In the afternoon the Military tried to raise a little excitement by marching around with the stars and stripes. Say they expect a reinforcement of 3000 men before they can leave for Spencer. A dozen or more soldiers bringing with them a flag, a drum and fife, wherewith the to route the enemy, arrived on a post this evening. Seem to be a disorderly drunken lot. They are expecting Gen. Kelly tomorrow or tonight. Mrs. Hoyt
was much excited. She sent over for one of us to keep her company a while, Anne and I went over and spent the evening with her.

Friday, 16th. Mrs. Cox arrived this evening with Lilly Cox, her granddaughter.

Saturday, 17th. Spent the day most pleasantly listening to Mrs. C. It would be impossible to write all we talked about...our themes were so varied. I do not pretend to recollect them. Our letters from Ka. bring pleasant news of the bravery of our dear Henry and the estimation in which he is held. Took a walk around the City to show Mrs. Cox its beauties. She expressed herself well pleased by the neat appearance of the place.

Monday, 19th. Mrs. Cox left this evening much regretted by us all. I think her spirits were much cheered, by the visit. Mother had a visit from Capt. King, the commander of the troops here. Yesterday and today there has been a fresh arrival of soldiers. The town seems quite full today. They are drilling constantly in the streets. The drum and fife keep up an incessant discord. The men are rather annoying begging for flowers, music, etc. Several of them have been in our poultry yard. Our eggs are missing. I expect the hens will be taken next.

Tuesday, 20th. A company of cavalry came in today from Spencer. It is impossible to find out the object of the visit. There is surely enough soldiers here to protect the few provisions they have. I should not be surprised if they were not flying from the “Partisan Rangers” or maybe they are frightened by the ghost of “that dreadful Jenkins.” Mrs. Hoyt lent us a paper. The news is rather encouraging for us. Although they try to conceal it...we get no papers of our own....It seems an impossibility for them to tell the truth.

Friday, 23rd. I received such a pleasant letter today from Mr. P, the Catholic Priest, relative to our dear Henry. It is so pleasant to listen to the praises of those you love. Got a paper today...nothing new....Federals have made no further advance on Richmond. At Corinth they remain in status quo.

Monday, 26th. Anne's birthday. Wrote to Ka. I hear that our troops are gaining ground in the valley. The Unionists are not quite so confident as they were a month ago.

Tuesday, 27th. Various floating rumors. Among them that our forces under Jackson have regained possession of Winchester and Harpers Ferry and have destroyed a portion of the road from Parkersburg which will prevent the transportation of troops and provisions into the mountain department. It is said that McClellan is dead and Cox is surrounded—perhaps captured. I hope it is all true...but it is too much of a good thing.

Wednesday, 28th. The reports of the recapture of Winchester prove correct. Generals Ewell and Jackson with a small force have driven Banks across the Potomac. McClellan is still before Richmond and Cox is being whipped in the southwest.

June, 1862

Tuesday, June 3rd. Nothing new in the way of army news. The Lincoln papers are very careful in suppressing all discouraging accounts of battles, as we get no southern papers...the inference we draw from their silence is favorable to our cause. We daily expect to hear of a battle at Corinth and also at Richmond. We are prepared at both places. If the Feds will only come on we will give them a warm reception. A cavalry company (the 4th Va.) came in from Spencer to guard some provisions...a dreadful rowdy looking set. I expect our garden and hen coop will be sacked tonight.

Wednesday, 4th. As I anticipated the places where our lettuce and onions grew are now barren. Our poultry has also been considerably thinned out. It is no use to complain of these things. They say we “Seesesh” must feed the “Union.” It is no idle boast with them.

Monday, 9th. Went out shopping with Anne and Mat. Sewed industriously all the afternoon. Listened to Anne read the papers. I think our southern prospects begin to brighten a little. Although the Feds occupy Corinth they have not got Richmond yet. They acknowledge a great loss in the battle near there.

Wednesday, 11th. The weather still continues cool and damp for the season. There is to be an eclipse of the moon tonight, commencing at 11 P.M. I do not think I shall
sit up to witness it. Anne and I took our work over to sit a while with Mrs. Hoyt. While there we witnessed some of the depredations of the Yankee cavalry on our mill. They seem literally to be tearing it to pieces. Came home and informed mother of it, who immediately dispatched Charles with a request to the Captain to come up to see her. Of course, the invitation was not accepted. They have no idea of making any reparation. George and Drusia Fleming came up after tea to give us a little music. Everything is quiet when we retire but we have lost all the old sense of security, particularly when we have these lawless cavalrmen in our midst.

Thursday, 12th. The first information that greeted our ears this morning was the loss of a sow and seven pigs, five or six hens and nearly all of our onions. As soon as we were dressed Anne and I sallied forth to see the Capt. ourselves with the hope that we should be more successful than Charles had been. We were fortunate enough to meet him in the street, informed him of our losses, but were treated with such cool contempt it was almost ridiculous. I feel assured from the man's looks he had just consumed one of our little porkers for his breakfast and there was another in course of preparation with a couple fowls stuffed with onions for his dinner.

Episcopal Church, Ravenswood
Marker at Church

Sunday, 15th. After Sunday school we were annoyed all day by the insolent conduct of a company of cavalry who seem to have taken complete possession of the town. We have no privacy whatever. Our yard and garden are no longer our own, and we, like prisoners, have to confine ourselves closely to the house for fear of personal insults. Miss M. left in the evening. We also parted with Mr. Kirby, a kind of friend who has gone to make a home in the far west. Now that "days are dark and friends are few," we shall feel his loss sensibly.

Monday, 16th. Mother sent today to the Commanding Officer to complain of his men. Her only redress was an insulting message in reply and request to "treat the men more politely." No doubt we shall have a second edition of Butler's proclamation after a while.

Thursday, 19th. A cold rain kept us housed all the morning. In the evening Mat, Mrs. D. and I went up to Susan's and took tea. Oscar Fleming made us a little call of several hours after supper. The news still continues favorable for us. McClellan has fallen back from Richmond and Stonewall Jackson is playing smash with Fremont's and Shield's divisions. If something is not done to "squeel" Stonewall he will establish
the independence of the southern Confederacy and subjugate Old Abe and all of his forces. . . . Union men, women and children to arms.

Monday, 23rd. I wrote to sister. Mother, Mat, and Anne wrote to the boys and Sarah C. Sarah F. came up to spend the day. Kate is going to stay all night. Mr. Kirk came in the evening in his buggy to take Anne and Lollie out with him. They will spend a day and night with him. I called to see old Mrs. Chidester who is lying dangerously ill. Her family are much distressed. Another company of cavalry headed by Col. Dan Frost arrived today. The Col. drove the men out of our yard and garden, threatening them if the offense was repeated he would have them punished.

Wednesday, 25th. Spent part of the evening with Mrs. Hoyt who is quite sick. Mother, Anne and Mat wrote to the boys. Sarah F. has applied for a pass to go to them. If she is successful she says she will leave immediately. Anne and Mat took the children out to walk . . . they gathered a quantity of May apples. . . . I am engaged in the (to me) unpleasant business of making a dress. A soldier brought us a paper containing rather cheering news for us. Of course they (the Feds) gave a coloring to everything to suit their views. All secession news is carefully suppressed. They have ordered the "Cln. Enquirer" to discontinue. This is no longer a free country. We are not allowed an expression of our thoughts. They would suppress the thoughts if they only had the power. We are living under a strict military despotism.

Saturday, 28th. Mother and Anne spent the day at Robt. Parks. In the evening G. Fleming and sister and Alvan Burditt came in. The late papers bring the news of the appointment of Gen. Pope (Fed) to the Valley Dept. In consequence it is said Fremont and Shields tender their resignations. Genls. Jackson and Ewell, they say, have been largely reinforced. Beauregard with his force is at Richmond. McClellan has been reinforced and we are daily expecting a great battle at or near Richmond. The Unionists of this place are making great preparations for the celebration of the 4th of July. Judging by the quantity and quality of their managers and managersesses, it will be quite an imposing affair . . . Dan Frost has some very startling and stringent resolutions in the Chronicle with regard to the ill fated "Moccasins." Nothing but their blood will satisfy Dan. He says he is determined to burn the houses and imprison all who are friendly or who harbour these "miscreants" and he will do it. I wonder the government should be so insensitive to the merits of the valiant warrior. It is thought by some (himself, among the number) that the country would be benefited by an exchange between McClellan and himself. Maybe old Abe might be induced to evacuate his throne in favor of the Lt. Col.

Sunday, 29th. After Sunday school Anne and I called to see Mrs. Chidester who is very ill. She seems almost on the verge of eternity. She is in a very happy frame of mind, so calm so composed and hopeful. At her request, we sang "Jesus, Savior of my Soul" and "Oh for a closer walk with God," for her. She had so much company we did not stay long. In the evening Susan brought us a late paper, which only confirms the news alluded to yesterday. A warm rainy day. To make it more unpleasant a fresh arrival of cavalry confines us closely to the house. These men are so perfectly lawless it would be neither safe or pleasant for ladies to trust themselves in the street. This day a year ago my dear brothers were forced to leave their homes. It was in reality the commencement of the war in Ravenswood. How forcibly I am reminded of the sad event and the troubles which succeeded it. The retrospect is so painful I cannot dwell on it. Dear boys, I know their thoughts are with us as ours are with them.

July, 1862

Wednesday, 2nd. Read a paper containing a partial account of the great battle near Richmond. I am led to conclude from the manner in which things are garbled and suppressed that we (the S) have achieved a victory. God grant it may be so. The extracts from foreign papers are most encouraging. They are down on the brutality of Butler's notorious proclamation. Dr. Hoyt came in this evening to discuss the late news, agrees with us in thinking the Yanks have been whipped.

Friday, July 4th. Formerly the anniversary of American Independence. The Union Sunday School assisted by the abolition friends are having a picnic, speeches etc. in the woods. Just as Lieut. Col. Frost was in the midst of his speech he was interrupted by the
intelligence that the "moccasins are killing all our men near Spencer," whereupon the valiant Dan immediately mounted his steed and at the head of a party of cavalry, all "armed and equipped" proceeded to route the aforesaid guerrillas or moccasins. Dan is a little like McClellan, hard to move, but "nary a man." The days of the Moccasins are numbered. I hear that the picnic turned out (as such affairs usually do) stale, flat, and unprofitable. The ball which was to have come off in the evening was indefinitely postponed. By a paper and dispatches of July 3rd, we gladly welcomed the gratifying news of the success of our arms near Richmond. The information is very scanty coming as it does through Federal sources.

Saturday, July 5th. Anne and I went up to clean the church this morning. Soon after we returned the cavalry, infantry, baggage wagons, etc. like little "Bo Peep" all came home. I have not heard of the success of the undertaking. No doubt it was most brilliant. A., Mat and myself went to call at Robt. Parks' on some southern friends. On our return heard that the chivalrous Lieut. Col. had burnt six houses thus rendering six families of secession sympathizers homeless. Glory enough for one day.

July 6th. This is the warmest day we have had this summer. The thermometer is at 90 degrees. After school we had an unusually quiet time. The day seemed so long and dull it had the effect to depress one's spirits, which was only relieved by the glorious news from Richmond. McClellan is repulsed, whipped, driven back with great loss. I make no comments but only hope that this great victory may be the harbinger of peace. We look for further particulars by tomorrow's mail.

Monday, July 14th. The Union troops here are in a great state of excitement about the guerrillas. They are afraid to take their train out as they intended today. There is a report that there are 200 Georgia cavalry about forty miles from here which adds greatly to the alarm and hubbub. There will be no sleep tonight for the poor distracted Unionists. I presume these like all preceding rumors of the kind, are groundless. Mr. Kirby and the Fleming girls called in the afternoon.

Wednesday, July 16th. A tremendous row in Ripley last night occasioned by a fight between Jim Greer and a man called Gilpin. Greer came near killing Gilpin. The U. S. troops under command of Capt. Bag threatened to burn the town producing a great excitement among the women and children. Bag has had considerable experience lately in burning houses. He seems to like that branch of the service. So the fears of the Ripleyites were not unfounded, particularly as B. and his men were reported to be drunk. It is said that the "rebels" have regained possession of Murfreesboro and are marching on Nashville. No late news from Cox. There are vague rumors of another battle at Lewisburg. The "secesh" gained the victory.

Tuesday, July 22nd. I feel quite "used up" after last evening's dissipation. Our own quiet home evenings are much more to my taste. Went this morning to see Mrs. Long who has been quite ill. We are very much annoyed by a company who with their horses and wagons have encamped on one side of our yard. This is in addition to the cavalry company on the other side have destroyed anything like privacy or comfort. It is a great nuisance, but we must endeavor to bear it with patience and hope that a "good time is coming." A letter from dear Henry speaks confidently of a speedy termination of the war and a reunion with our loved ones. I pray we may not be disappointed. Everything on our side wears an encouraging aspect. To crown their mortification the Yanks are more and more insolent every day.

Saturday, July 26th. Anne, Lollie and I walked up to Mrs. E. Wells before tea. Found the parlor full of company on our return. In the evening 2 drunken soldiers intruded themselves upon us, insisting that we would give them some music. Of course, we declined. They seemed much incensed, using the most insulting and profane language I ever heard. It is very hard to book the insults we are continually subjected to but it is no use complaining to their officers. In many respects they are worse than their men, so we can hope to obtain no redress from them.

Tuesday, July 29th. Was sick all day yesterday, consequently made no entry in my journal. Mother, Mat and the children spent the day at Susan's. Hear that the Confederate troops have taken possession of Parkersburg. Also, that they occupy Charleston.
That they made a raid on Racine and a variety of other rumours too numerous to mention. All of which needs confirmation.

Wednesday, July 30th. Nothing more to add to yesterday's rumours. Mr. R. Park called, contradicted some of the reports. So we live; one day we hear an exciting tale which is pronounced unfounded on the next. I am getting so skeptical I am afraid I shall not believe the truth if I ever should be fortunate enough to hear it again.

August, 1862

Friday, August 1st. Had a "dining" today. The Wells, Sweenys, Parks, Sarah and Susan. Several others were invited but for various reasons could not come. The all abounding topic was Dan Frost's latest proclamation wherein he enjoins the "secesh" to quit visiting and stay quietly at home. I wonder if he thinks we are going to mind him. He (Dan) also forbids the "Cin. Enquirer" to be bought or sold in this county. What next, Mr. Dan?

Wednesday, August 6th. Last night this place was the scene of a cruel murder, the cavalry deliberately shooting a poor prisoner. The man attempted to make his escape. He was fired upon and killed immediately and now his unburied corpse lays in the mill lot exposed to the hot rays of the sun. More like a poor heap than one who a few hours ago was animated by a never dying soul. I understand they have ordered a box and are scraping a shallow grave by the river's edge to bury him. Such gross atrocities need no comment.

Saturday, August 9th. Today the militia is called out for the purpose of drafting. Volunteering goes on so slowly "Uncle Sam" has to resort to bribery, drafting and every kind of artifice to fill their thinned ranks. They have promised to subdue the rebellion before Christmas. Such threats have been so frequently made and broken that we cease to fear them.

Monday, August 11th. Anne and I spent the day at Mrs. Wells. She seems greatly distressed about the drafting. Heard that 400 of our cavalry had surprised and routed quite a large body of Feds at Logan C. H. If it really is true that our men are so near I heartily wish they would come to our rescue and deliver us from this miserable thralldom. But we must learn to "possess our souls in patience." All will yet be well.

Saturday, August 16th. We reached Cin. this morning about 5 o'clock. Breakfast on the boat and then went up to town on a shopping expedition. In purchasing a bonnet we happened to stumble into the shop of a real good "secesh." Of course we patronized her. Cin. is a very little improved since I was here 2 years ago. There seems to be much less business done here than formerly. About 11 o'clock we went on the Louisville Packet. There were a great many passengers, a large majority of them ladies. There is a piano on board which is continually "going." Some of the ladies play quite well, among the number a Miss Wright of L. who struck up an acquaintance with us on the score of friendship to sister and the family. She informed us that our old friend Mr. Whittle was on the boat. We immediately sent for him. He seemed delighted to meet us, had been on a visit to the Lakes and Canada and was getting quite impatient to be at home. We had a very pleasant time from Cin. to Louisville. The weather is delightful and we found much to amuse us.

Monday, August 18th. We are particularly favored by the weather which is most delightful. Mr. and Mrs. Whittle, Mrs. and Miss Wright, and Mrs. Smith called to see us this morning. After luncheon, Sister, Anne and I sallied forth for a walk. Called to see Mr. Quarrier at Duvalls' old store. Purchased some photographs of our great Southern Generals. I am pleased to see such a strong southern feeling here. In this, as in every other large place, all who can lay any claim to intelligence and refinement go for states rights. While Hennie was engaged in an animated conversation with her beau, Mr. Q., Sister, Anne, Cush and I went to an ice cream saloon and feasted on pineapple sherbet and cake.

Friday, August 22nd. Just as we were getting ready to leave this morning Mr. Quarrier came in with the unexpected news that "no one was allowed to leave the city without a pass." We all accordingly went down to the Provost Marshalls where (through the influence of a Union friend) we were speedily accommodated with the desired papers. We esteemed ourselves quite fortunate, since more than 50 who were to leave on the same
boat with us were refused. Dear Cush. had a sweet little photograph taken of my
darling Mollie and presented it to me. Just one year ago today I parted with my dear
child who left her home with her grandmother to visit Charleston, so full of life and
loveliness it made my heart glad to look at her. In four short months her spirit was
with God who gave it. How vividly do these events recur to me as I take leave of my
dear sister and brother and their children. We may never meet again but “He who
doeth all things well” knows what is best for us. We must learn to cast all our cares
on Him who careth for us. Mr. Q. and the boys went down to the boat with us. Mr. Q.
introduced us to the Captain and put us under his protection. The boat was crowded
with passengers. We had a comfortable state-room and enjoyed ourselves very well.
Everybody who travels are Union. A. and I are very quiet. There are a large number
of Union soldiers on board who have been taken prisoners and paroled by Gen. Morgan.
They speak in the most complimentary manner of his chivalry and gallantry. This is
dear Archie’s 21st birthday. He was very anxious that I should celebrate it with him,
but the water is so low and we feel so uneasy about home we could not consent to remain
a day longer.

Sunday, August 24th. Sunday on a steamboat is very much like any other day of the
working days. We fortunately have the Bible and some good religious papers to read.
It is so very warm we have to sit most of the time on the guards where we hear politics
discussed pretty extensively. Cin. down “Morgan” is the all absorbing terror; from
Cin. up the river we hear of nothing but that “dreadful Jenkins.”

Barr home today in Ravenswood

Sunday, August 31st. Sunday school today. A rather slim attendance of scholars.
Several of the teachers absent owing I suppose to the intended marriage of one of
them this evening. Miss Mary Taylor is to be married to Mr. John Huff. She sent to
request me to make the bridal wreath which I accordingly did and carried it up, taking
Lollie with me. When I got there found the bride elect and her bridesmaid (Carrie
Fleming) busily preparing for the ceremony. They have availed themselves the pleasure
of my assistance in arranging their hair and wreaths. They both looked very pretty.
As they insisted upon Lollie and myself remaining, we resolved to stay as there were
only a few of her relatives present. The ceremony was performed by a strange
Methodist minister and was abridged to the shortest possible limits, not occupying above 1¼
minutes to complete the solemn compact. After her friends had congratulated the
happy couple while the refreshments were being handed around, some of our Union
friends, assisted by the soldiers, got up the most immense row outside the house I
ever heard. They pounded on the windows, beat the doors and until I really feared they
would knock the house down. They could not be quieted until the bride and groom went
to the door and showed themselves. After the mob dispersed Lollie and I went home.

September, 1862

Monday, September 1st. We had quite a thunder storm last night accompanied by
severe lightning and heavy rain. The air is cooled and pleasant this morning. After tea
Geo. Fleming came in bringing us glorious news of the success of our arms in eastern Va. "Stonewall" is within 12 miles of Washington City, driving the enemy before him. I hope this continued series of successes will not make us careless or unthankful. Letters from Sarah C. and dear Aunt Eliza. The latter has much to trouble her. She has our sympathy.

Wednesday, September 3rd. Last night about 12 o'clock I was awakened by the firing of two guns and an unusual amount of noise which was explained this morning. A man came in from Spencer bringing the news that 800 of Jenkins cavalry had taken possession of that place. Rathbone's regiment which was stationed there surrendered without a blow. The greatest state of excitement prevails here. The "secesh cavalry" are expecting it immediately. The Union men, women and children are escaping in hot haste over the river. The wagons have all gone, all the government stores have been taken over the river. One or two companies of infantry which are stationed here are constantly drilling and running out to the bridge to get a sight of the "enemy." Towards night all came in thinking (as usual) that it was a false alarm. Everything quiet tonight.

Thursday, September 4th. This morning, just after prayers, we observed a great many persons running in opposite directions, seemingly another alarm. The men were quickly mustered and in a few minutes were on the march to meet the rebels. In a very short time they all came scampering back "couldn't find nary rebel." So they all went quietly to work cooking their breakfast. Just in the midst of the culinary operations two men in hot haste came riding in. "The enemy are in sight." "They are on the bridge! Whereupon our gallant defenders (?) buckle on they're armour, nobly leaving their untasted breakfasts and sally forth to annihilate the invaders. Oh my, what a fuss!! Such noise, confusion, hollowing, bellowing, screaming, yelling, running, scuffling, moving, it never was my good fortune to witness before. We hardly thought the men had time to reach the bridge before they were all back again in full retreat...such skedaddling. Bull Run (on a small scale) was enacted. Down they came in full gallop, some of them had thrown their muskets away in their haste...others without hats or coats. They seemed anxious to get rid of everything that will impede their progress. They all make straight for the river where they huddle in the boats and get over to the other side as fast as possible. I ascertained from a Union man that flag of truce had been sent Gen. Jenkins "giving them an hour and a half to surrender or fight." They immediately surrendered and then skedaddled. While I am talking one of the two children came screaming "Aunt Nettie," come and see our men, they are almost here." I accordingly made a bee line for the most approved point of observation (on top of the fence by the coal house) and sure enough I saw a great cloud of dust and then our men, our dear good brave men. I cannot recall what was said or done for the next three minutes. I only remember about that time being clasped in the arms of dear, dear Nick who with Genl. Jenkins is at the head of the command. Our joy can be imagined better than described. Just about this time the Yankees who had surrendered the town and retreated across the river commenced firing. Our men coming up fired in return volley after volley of musketry until ordered to desist. The men were most anxious to follow the cowardly sneak and punish them for their insolence but they were not permitted to do so by their General, who seemed to exercise the most perfect control, at the same time securing their confidence and high regard. I may as well add here that these are the soldiers that I have had the good fortune to meet since the war began. These gentlemen are so entirely different from the low hirling Hessian who have been polluting our soil for the last fifteen months. It seems almost like home again to have them with us. My only regret is that they must leave us so soon again. We had no time to say half that we wished or to ask the very questions we wished to have answered. We were in such a hurry getting dinner, setting the table etc. and now they have gone we can think of a thousand things we could have done and said. They came in town about 11 o'clock and had left at 2 P.M. the whole thing was so sudden and unexpected, I can hardly realize it yet. It all seems like a bright dream. But that they have promised to come soon again we should feel desolate again, left as we are to the tender (?) mercies of the Yankees. But we know we can rely on their word. We shall not know where they went until we know from them. Geo. Fleming, Hagen and John Wells and one or two others left with them. I hear there were a great many
from Spencer and Ripley who volunteered to go. Western Virginia is waking up at last. We spent a quiet evening after our day's excitement.

Sunday, September 7th. We have a paper this morning giving an account of the brilliant exploits of Lee and Jackson in the east. The enemy now occupy their old camping grounds near Washington, having been driven from their position by our men. Everything looks bright for us. We have had much to be thankful for. The Yankees here are in a dreadful humor, talk of revenge etc. very confidently.

Monday, September 8th. Anne and I went out this morning to get some stationery and stamps. Our P. M. who is a Republican of the blackest sort refused to let us have any pretending the "Rebels" had taken them all. Oh my, it is said the Unionists have vowed vengeance against us, blaming us for the "raid of the notorious Jenkins." In their ridiculous rage and eagerness for revenge there is a possible chance that they may overreach themselves.

Tuesday, September 9th. The Unionists (to carry out their spirit of revenge) commenced stealing our wood. They have reduced our wood pile to such a degree we shall have to make a fresh haul. What next? It is reported that Dan Frost, supported by 1200 braves (!!!) has gone in pursuit of Jenkins. (Won't it be dreadful if the valorous Lieut. Col. should happen to overtake the cavalry? Would he (Dan) gobble them all up! Mat and I went over to Dr. Hoyt's who had a new paper. He was so obliging as to read to us. Good news! Good News! Nothing but good news. Our army is victorious all over the country. Everywhere the enemy areretreating before them. We now occupy Hagerstown and Frederickton, Md. and perhaps Baltimore. It must be an easy matter to hold poor downtrodden Maryland. I should not be surprised any day to hear the Federal Capitol was in our hands. The Feds. (as usual) are in a peck of trouble about their Generals. Pope has been disgraced. Nearly all the commanders who are not killed are doomed to have the same fate. Stanton has resigned and Halleck now fills his place as Secretary of War. McClellan is again Commander in Chief of the Federal Army. I hear the Feds have concluded to evacuate Western Va. A very wise movement in them "taking time by the forelock."

Friday, September 12th. A heavy shower last night has laid the dust and rendered it cool and delightful. The Unionists are expecting a visit from Dan Frost & Co. No doubt he is tired of squeeching Jenkins and will retake Ravenswood. I was interrupted just after writing the above by a noise downstairs. Upon getting down found six armed men insulting mother in the grossest manner, insisting with many oaths that she should cook for as many of them as she had done for Jenkins. Finding they were determined not to leave without eating, I went out and ordered Winny to get some dinner for them. Winny set to work and soon had dinner on the table for them. They refused to eat until she had cooked an additional quantity for them. When they were about half through their meal they were re-enforced by six more men, more violent (if possible) than themselves, who ordered a fresh supply cooked. Winny (thinking discretion the better part of valor) complied and the impertinent Yanks having all left, she set about getting dinner for the family. Before we had an opportunity of partaking of it, we were interrupted again; and this time by quite a large force, who came to search the house (they say) for "flags and arms." After a most thorough (and to them) unsatisfactory investigation of every corner and crack in the house and yard, they left in disgust and fondly hoped we should never see their faces again... which hope was doomed to disappointment. While we were sitting at the table, discussing with our dinner, the various insults which had been heaped upon us, 12 men came and commanded us to have supper ready for them in an hour. In this case, as in others, we were compelled to submit, although it is hard trial to our patience. We shall now know what to expect next since Col. (!!!) Frost has taken this business into his own brave hands.

Saturday, September 13th. As I expected we shall have no more peace or quiet while Dan Frost is in the place. He sent up this morning his Lieut. (A most important cut-throat looking thing) and Capt. Gilpin to compel us to take the oath. Of course, we declined doing so. We are threatened with the consequences, which are — that we shall be taken to Wheeling in the morning, receive horrid treatment, and then we "shall be glad to take the oath." (Very glad, indeed!) Their eloquence and insolence making no impression with us, they leave in disgust. At every house but one, where
they made the attempt, they met with similar success. Our women are made of the right stuff — dear good creatures. I hope something soon will put an end to the power of our insolent oppressors. We are all making our arrangements to leave in the morning.

Monday, September 15th. Last night the advance guard of the retreating army entered town and all day long they have been coming and "still they come." The baggage train is said to be sixteen miles long. Such an army I suppose was never seen, composed of negro men, women and children, refugees of all ages, sex and condition. We have been feeding the troops all day and until late at night. There are some apprehensions of a battle at this place, if the Confederates really are in pursuit (which I begin to doubt). They are retreating across the river as fast as possible. The negroes and the ambulances with their sick and wounded are sent first. Before night the valuable darkies are over the line, hence bid adieu to "Dixie." The soldiers say they were fighting five days all the way from Gauley. They confirmed the report that Charleston is burnt. They speak in a very exultant manner of having laid waste the country. Say they have no doubt there will be a famine. They seem to be a reckless set of men. Seem to have no idea of the possibility of retaliation or retribution.

Tuesday, September 16th. We sat up last night. It seemed unsafe to retire to bed with such large numbers of these dreadful men so close around us. In consequence we are unfitted for our regular duties today. We breakfasted about 16 of the men. After we had cleared away the tea things, went up to Susan's to see the remainder of the army pass. An immense train, then the artillery, next to the infantry, the cavalry followed. I did not wait to see them. We are filled with such intense anxiety about our dear ones at C. and dear brothers who have probably been exposed in these deadly battles that I cannot give a connected account of anything. Three steamboats came up the river to help take the army away. Part of them with the artillery embarked on the boats. The rest crossed the river and marched down, they say, to Point Pleasant. We passed an uncommonly quiet peaceful evening after the evacuation. Keeny, Armstrong and a great many of our Union neighbors have skedaddled. Poor guilty creatures, they are afraid of their own shadows.

Saturday, 20th. A day of bustle and confusion, mother having decided to go over to C. in a buggy with F. H. to see the boys. Mat, Susan and Sarah are preparing to follow her tomorrow. A company of cavalry calling themselves the "ragged secesh" numbering about 75 or so rode in and out of town in very excellent order today. They behaved well and quietly, disturbing no one. I hear they are stationed back of Ripley.

Friday, 26th. Mrs. Hoyt returned from Ripley in company with a small part of our cavalry. The latter went over the river and very near capturing the Yankee mail rider. If they had been on horseback could have succeeded in getting him.

Sunday, 28th. The news alluded to yesterday turns out to be the genuine truth. Dan Frost came last night and with him a bodyguard of men commanded by Lytle. The latter went out immediately after ordering a supper at Susan's and stealing all the cold provisions, buckets and tin cups she had about the house, to bushwhack on the road between here and Ripley. Their object is to secure any of our men who may be coming this way. In this they will be defeated. Proper measures have been taken to prevent mischief. Dan left this evening for Ohio ... afraid to spend the night here. Anne and I went up to Mrs. F's after tea to discuss the various events of the past day. A startling development in the family of Mr. Fleming is the occasion of much talk. The weather is charming but very dry.

October, 1862

Thursday, October 2nd. Four armed men came today with orders from Col. Frost to press all our flour. I showed them what flour we had but declined letting them have it. They said "the Col." says we must subsist off the "secesh." After a little talk with them they seemed to be ashamed and went off. Capt. Lytle soon after made his appearance and said it was by his orders, under the command of Frost that the men had come. He did not desire us to be further molested. So we may hope (If there is any reliance to be placed in the word of a Yank) to be left alone for a brief space.

Friday, 3rd. Anne and I went up to Mrs. Wells this morning who is making loud complaints about the ravages of Lytle's men and her Union neighbors. She has suffered
military occupancy as the suffering of the people would exceed that of suffering that you have now or anything against one to that you have been wronged, and with the hope that this will bring you some level of comfort and peace.
many and severe depredations and insults from these savages. Lytle is afraid to sleep in town so he with his men camp on the other side of the river just opposite Mrs. W’s. They are stealing all the horses and everything else they can lay their hands on.

Saturday, 4th. While Edward was taking one of Susan’s horses up to Mrs. Well’s, Lytle took it away from him saying he “was commanded to press all secesh horses.” Upon E’s informing us Anne and I went up and demanded the horse. L. after a little while consented to let us have it if we sent for it. We immediately sent E. for it and sent the horse up to Susan’s. E. had hardly taken possession of the horse when L. sent a man out and took it from her. While she was talking of it L. took another of her horses from Louis Kouns. He would not be persuaded to return either of them. He with this, his band of thieves, left directly after for Parkersburg. It is useless to say what kind of wishes we sent after them. A little rain today, not enough to do much good.

Tuesday, 7th. Sarah, Kate and Mary Samuels left yesterday for Charleston. They had (on account of the scarcity of horses) to go as far as Ripley in an ox cart. We wrote to our friends by them. Mrs. Hoyt and family spent the day with us.

Thursday, 16th. We had a pleasant surprise this evening in a visit from our friend, Father Park of Parkersburg. He is on his way to the C. S. and will devote his time and talents to the Holy Cause of freedom. We wrote to our boys by him.

Tuesday, 28th. Anne, Nannie, Susan and Co., left about 9 o’clock this morning in good order and fine spirits, with the prospect of delightful weather to travel in. If they meet no accident and this weather continues, they will get to Charleston tomorrow evening. Mother and I spent a quiet day together. Mattie has to take little Nickie for a playfellow now that N. has gone. We are all a little lonesome down to Ninny, who misses Charles. We hear various accounts about Charleston being attacked by the Yanks etc. but they are of such an idle character they are not worth believing or repeating. I imagine the Yanks have not force enough to assail Chas. just now. We have not even had a Yankee paper for a long time so cannot say what they are about. From what I hear, I imagine McClellan is very badly used up. Their “young Napoleon” has proved himself a humbug.

Thursday, 30th. Bob Park brought us news today that Charleston was again evacuated by our troops. It may turn out like the other report. I do not believe it although I am afraid our men will not hold undisputed possession of the valley.

November, 1862

Monday, November 24th. The mail being again established between this place and Charleston, we wrote to our friends. We are kept completely in the dark as regards the movements of our friends. All has been quiet here. Nothing to ruffle the smooth current of our lives but an election Saturday for the Wheeling legislature. Jackson Kay was the formal candidate. These proceedings as usual are a perfect farce. There are no expressions of the voice of the people, only of Dan Frost, Armstrong & Co., aided by the bayonets of the two companies of soldiers.

Tuesday, 25th. We have lovely weather. The river is rising and is now in good boating order. This to us is rather a source of regret as it affords the Yanks an opportunity to launch their hated gunboats and send supplies to their troops in our country.

December, 1862

Wednesday, 17th. Today one of the soldiers came in bringing me a letter from Aunt Eliza which this Lieut. had taken from the P. O. and opened and read. Saying there was “nothing” to him in it. The intolerable insolence of these people is almost beyond endurance. There is the second offense of its kind within a week. In former times it was a penitentiary offense to open a letter. But everything like law, order or decency is subverted under the Lincoln Government — it is reported that the new state of Va. has passed both houses of Congress. But the President will veto the bill on the grounds of its “unconstitutionality.” This is the most laughable joke Lincoln ever was guilty of. Even the Union people are a little dubious for the same reason but are in favor of it, as one of them said “because it is a military necessity.”
Thursday, 18th. We got a paper today containing the full particulars of the complete and glorious victory of our army at Fredericksburg. Hooker is killed, Burnside, I expect will be removed for being defeated. What next and who next? Charles went over to Charleston today to bring Edward home.

Sunday, 21st. Just one year ago today my little Mollie dies. Sweet little saint. I never saw her during her illness. I was sent for, at urgent request, but too late. When I reached there the precious child had ceased to suffer and was a lamb gathered into the Good Shepherd's bosom. She breathed her last just at sunset on the 21st. I got there nearly 24 hours after. Only those who have experienced the same can imagine my bitter anguish. I left C. on the 23rd with the precious remains of my child. I arrived home early on the morning of the 24th — Christmas eve. The sun was sinking behind the hills as I turned my face from her grave to return to my desolate home. My home is indeed "left unto me desolate." These sad events are so forcibly recalled to me by the season. I can think or write of nothing else. (Today 24th) the anniversary of her burial will ever be a day of mourning to me....In preparing the Christmas gifts for the happy little children of the family she was ever present to me in my thoughts. This was always a season of unalloyed pleasure to her. I made two little wreaths of evergreens and placed them at the head and foot of her little grave. Her memory will always be fresh and green to me. May I be enabled to follow her as she followed Christ and then we shall meet in that better land where parting and tears are unknown.

Friday, December 26th. We were agreeably surprised this morning by a visit from Mr. Wells who was released and returned quite unexpectedly from Camp Chase, after an imprisonment of four months. He was arrested and detained on the charges of some wicked meddling Union women of this place. Nothing being proved against him he was suffered to return. What should be done with the aforesaid women? Hearing that poor John Park was much worse, I determined to go up to see him. Found him, as I thought, in a dying condition. He seemed to be perfectly composed and resigned; said he was "never better prepared to die than at present." In this enviable frame of mind he continued until the next morning (Saturday, the 27th) when death released him from all his troubles. As I watched by the death bed of this bright young Christian, I fully realized how much better it was for him "to depart this life and be with Christ." After assisting to perform the last sad duties to my young friend, I returned home.

January, 1863

Thursday, January 1st. Another New Year dawns upon us, in many respects more hopefully than the last. Our arms have achieved, signal victories. From the tone of the leading Northern Journals, our enemies are beginning to despair of subjugating the South, to tire of the exhausting conflict. Still they are constrained by pride from making the acknowledgment which would at once end this dreadful war. Today Lincoln's proclamation of freedom and equality to the negroes goes into effect. I do not apprehend any serious consequences from this new act of tyranny. All that could be done by the meddling abolitionists to render this unhappy race discontented and miserable has been done. They have failed in their efforts to produce servile insurrections, which the Southern people justly dreaded more than anything in regard to the war. Anarchy and confusion rule supreme at the Federal Capitol. Seward, the Secretary of State, has tendered his resignation, several other members of the Cabinet followed suit, all of which "honest old Abe" declined to accept. Their Generals have given every general dissatisfaction. Poor old Mr. Burnside comes in for a share of the blame, because Gen'l. Lee gave him that round thrashing at Fredericksburg. So it is with all their commanders, before they are tried the God of War is a mere coward in comparison after a defeat (The almost certain result of a battle) the lowest private in the ranks stands higher in public favor.

Friday, January 2nd. The news reaches us and is hailed with joy by the abolitionists that Lincoln has signed the bill for the new state of West Virginia. The joy of the aforesaid will not be very long lived if present indications are to be relied on. Banks has succeeded "Beast Butler" at New Orleans. The Yanks are quaking with fear at the idea of the Emperor Napoleon acknowledging and assisting the S. Confederacy.
Wednesday, 7th. Read a Cin. commercial—containing an account of the battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn. The Feds claim it as a victory. One or two more such will prove their utter ruin. They acknowledge the loss of 6,000 men which means it is a dear bought victory. I have not seen the Southern version of the affair. The Yankee papers are so unreliable even when they happen to stumble upon the truth, we cannot believe them until we see it confirmed from some other source.

Thursday, January 8th. Mat and I walked up to see our neighbors the Wells and Parks. Found it excessively muddy. News reached us today of a battle at Vicksburg which has resulted in the overwhelming defeat of the Feds. Also the capture of the ship “Harriet Lane” by the Confederates at Galveston on the 1st inst.

Friday, 9th. Susan sent us some papers this evening, containing accounts of the above mentioned battles etc. The corner stone of the North (the democrates) are beginning to say “enough.” Will the cry be heeded by the wicked administration? After we had retired we were aroused by a knock at the door. Going out we found Mrs. Davenport. She has come with the intention of living amongst us.

Tuesday, 13th. I sold my house today to Mr. Robt Brown of Wirt County for $1,000. This is the most expensive business transaction I have ever engaged in. I gave up the house with no regret, never expecting to live in it. It was a source of more trouble than profit. Received a letter from Anne informing us that she and Sarah are just on the eve of a visit to Cin. Also a long kind letter from sister and one from Mr. W.

Thursday, 15th. In between the showers, May Sweeney paid us a visit. There is a rumor that England has fitted out a fleet of forty ships to break the blockade. So many flattering reports of the same character have reached us that I am determined not to believe same until I see the truth of this.

Saturday, 17th. Dan Frost (The Col.) is again in our midst. I understand we are to be favored with his presence for the balance of the winter, as he designs making this place his headquarters. I suppose this is one of the safest places he could select. I wish very much an opportunity could be afforded him of displaying his wonderful talents in active service. He would exert himself and win for himself a high name as a “skeddadler.” Mr. R. Parks informs us there is a vague rumor of an armistice between the armies of a hundred days. If so, we may take it as a harbinger of peace. A portion
of the North are anxious for peace on any terms; they are opposed by the Abolition party, of which Brute Butler is a fitting representative.

Tuesday, 20th. Rain, rain, rain all day. The mud in the streets is about the consistency of cream. The river is rising with considerable ice floating in it.

Thursday, January 22nd. Last night a party of Yankee Cavalry robbed our garden of a quantity of cabbage, potatoes, etc. They even dug up my dahlia roots thinking (I suppose) that they were sweet potatoes.

Saturday, 31st. The bad weather and muddy walking has confined us closely to the house. We have seen very few papers. Have heard nothing of importance in the way of war news except that Burnside has been superseded in command of the army of the Potomac by Hooker. "Fighting Joe" as he is called by the Yanks. At present he is "the right man for the right place." I can afford to wait until he is tried before I pass judgment on him.

February, 1863

Sunday, February 1st. Pleasant overhead but terrible underfoot. Susan came over in the evening bringing a budget of papers. They "the Yanks" are still jubilant over their small victory at Arkansas Port. They have so few of them of late they are forced to make the most of every little skirmish.

Tuesday, Feb. 3rd. Mrs. Davenport is preparing to go housekeeping. Read a paper. The Feds are making active preparations for another attack on Vicksburg. Their inglorious repulse and defeat from place to place seems to be very galling to them. The onward movement to Richmond turns out to be a sham.

Friday, 6th. Mrs. McGuire and daughters arrived from Parkersburg. They intend making this place their home. Mrs. Mc. G. says there is a rumor that the army of the Potomac has been disbanded. If true it is better for us than half a dozen victories.

Saturday, Feb. 7th. Another rainy day. Mat. Anne and I ploughed through the mud to do a little shopping. Goods are getting so high we are all getting very economical. If the war continues much longer I expect we shall have to go to spinning and weaving. Better that than to be dependent upon the Yankees.

Sunday, 22nd. Were favored this evening by an unexpected visit from Sister and Hennie. We even had hardly gotten through with our joyous greeting when we were interrupted by Capt. Gilpin (the Commander of this post) and five or six soldiers who came to search her baggage. Of course, we offered no obstacle to his doing so. The men looked with such greedy eyes on the oranges and lemons with which the bottom of her trunk was filled. I entertained some fears they would confiscate them. After gratifying their "lawful" curiosity, they left, having found nothing "contraband."

March, 1863

Wednesday, March 4th. Lincoln's congress adjourns today. A variety of pleasing rumors reaches us. One is that we have achieved a victory at Vicksburg. We have captured a Yankee gunboat "Indiola" with the Queen of the West (A Federal boat we took a short time ago). These two boats make quite an addition to our western navy. Winchester, Va. is in our possession and several other places recently held by the Yanks.

Wednesday, 18th. The old "Jenkins" panic has been revived. The soldiers are running here, there, and everywhere to impede the progress of that "notorious" individual or (which is more likely) to get out of his way.

Saturday, March 21st. Our letters from Charleston are full of excitement — rumors of the advance of the "Rebel army." All communication with the South is interdicted. I have no fears but that all will end well and that speedily. I think the North is becoming tired of this war. They will not submit quietly to the intended conscription.

Wednesday, 25th. Mother attempted to send some bacon etc. to Charleston to Dr. Cotton. The things were stopped on the wharfboat by a man named Russel who claims to be the "Collector of the Port," Provost, Marshall or something equally ridiculous. Mother immediately sent down money to pay for a "permit," politely requesting him to give her one. Russel wrote an impertinent note in reply ordering her come down to his office at Keeny's take the oath of allegiance and pay him 80 cents. Before he would
give her the permit. Mother, not caring to humor his whims, took no notice of the fellow but sent for her bacon, which she was fortunate enough to get. Such gross injustice is only practiced towards our family. This is not the first time this Russell has presumed to insult us. If he knew what was to his interest perhaps he would be a little more careful.

Thursday, 26th. This is the day set apart by the Bous Government, for the election for the new state. I understand quite a large number of votes was polled; all in favor, only one against it and that one was Michael Kouns. Who would have thought it? We have not heard the returns from the other precincts. It is all a ridiculous farce. Those will be better off who do not vote at all (Written on the margin of the page) “Later — Mr. Kouns only voted against the Wiley amendment.”

Monday, 30th. The weather continues so cold and changeable as to render out of door employment and pleasures impossible. My mornings are devoted to teaching my little nieces and Lucy Davenport. In the afternoons I read, sew, etc.

Tuesday, March 31st. Soon after breakfast this morning we heard that a great state of excitement existed in town, occasioned by the report of the “Rebels” having taken Point Pleasant yesterday after a slight skirmish in which two or three were killed. It is also rumored that they (the rebels) have occupied the Ka. Valley two weeks ago. If true, that will account for our not receiving our regular mail from that place. These reports seem to be generally believed. The most notorious Unionists have left the town. Some of the merchants have packed up their goods to send off. Others are in a quandary. To fill up their time and add to the confusion the soldiers are doing an unusual amount of running, scuffling and picket duty. A great uncertainty prevails as to whether the Rebs are commanded by Marshall, Inboden or Jenkins — which doubt will only be solved when they make their appearance here, which they are hourly expected to do. The St. Patrick went up this morning, confirming the news about the Point. 4 P.M. The Rebs are said to be at Ripley — Wonder if they will venture down here tonight.

April, 1863

Wednesday, April 1st. We heard today from reliable sources that Gen'l Jenkins with a small portion of his men entered Pt. Pleasant Monday about 11 o'clock A.M. capturing about 40 men and a large quantity of commissary stores. He would doubtless have taken the whole Yankee force stationed there but they took refuge in the Court House from whence they fired on our men. Nothing but Gen'l Jenkins' great kindness and moderation prevented him from setting the building on fire. Having accomplished their designs the Confederates left for parts unknown. I am sorry to add that 12 or 13 of their brave men were captured by the enemy. The excitement here is subsiding. The Union people are beginning to pluck up their courage since the “notorious” is not in the immediate vicinity.

Wednesday, 7th. Received a letter today which rendered it necessary for some of us to go to Parkersburg to attend to a piece of business. Accordingly Anne and I left on the evening boat for that place. We arrived there the next morning, and went immediately to the Swain house where we had the pleasure ( ; ) of seeing the gallant Coln. of the 11th Va. We were fortunate enough to accomplish our business without any difficulty. Mrs. B. Smith called and insisted on our returning with her and making her house our home during our sojourn, which invitation we accepted. Our friends treated us with great kindness. We shall look back on the visit with much pleasure. After taking tea with Mrs. Shresbury, Mr. Hyland and lady called on us. The next morning we went on the cars to Marietta expecting to meet Nettie Cotton and bring her home with us. After a pleasant ride we reached but found upon calling at Mrs. Slocomba’s (where she had been staying) that she had left for Portsmouth the day before. We accordingly resolved to call upon some of our friends and return on the next train of cars. We went first to Dick Cotton’s who is now a surgeon in the Norther army with the rank of “Major” and one of the most “out and out” Lincoln men I ever met with. His wife is more quiet but I suspect she is just as warm as he is. She complains terribly of some of the “inconveniences” of war. She has never felt any of its “horrors” yet. Business is as brisk and everything goes on in Marietta and Parkersburg as if there was no such thing in the land as war. They are both Black Republican
places, so they are not injured; they have not the heart to sympathize with their suffering friends. We returned home Friday the 10th — Mother's groceries which she sent to Wheeling for some time ago came on the boat today. Although the merchant had procured a “permit” for the goods the cad (Russell) will not allow her to have them until she takes the oath, which she will never do for him; Mother wrote to Wheeling Headquarters about them. After waiting a week, Hornbrook the man in W. sent her word that “from representations made to him by responsible persons in K. he declined letting such a Rebel have the groceries. Maybe they think they'll starve the “Rebels” out. The Rebs have such stout hearts they can live and grow fat on half what it will take to feed an abolitionist. The goods were reshipped to Wheeling.

Wednesday, 22nd. We have had such a long uninterrupted spell of charming weather, I could not think of confining myself to the house, so I have been luxuriating most of the time out of doors. Our gardens look beautiful. I never saw the spring flowers more lovely. Anne and I have sowed our flower seed and done a quantity and we live will pay us for the attention.

Saturday, 25th. This morning Anne received an order from headquarters (Dan Frost) to appear before “Justice of the Peace and answer such questions as may be put to her.” Just as we were starting to see Dr. Armstrong’s office, we found Mrs. Hoyt had also been arrested. We all went together to Dr. Armstrong’s office where we met old Gilpin, the commander of this post. The occasion of this fresh piece of insolence was a letter which Anne had written to Mrs. Hoyt where in there was some allusion to a letter which I had received from Dr. H. Gilpin went to Ripley and stole the letter out of the P. O. and took it to Parkersburg to his master, Dan, who not relishing some little personal allusions to himself thought he would gratify his little petty malice by punishing Mrs. H. Anne and Mrs. W. who had mailed the letter for Anne, in which pleasant little designs I am pleased to say he was defeated. This evening’s mail brought us a most distressing letter from Dr. Cotton, telling of one of the greatest outrages I have ever been cognizant of since the war. About 12 o’clock at night, Friday the 17th, Sarah was arrested and taken over the lines, without a word of trial. She was torn from her little children and threatened if she dared to return that she would be “shot as a spy.” Comment is unnecessary.

Tuesday, 28th. Heard Nettie Cotton was arrested at Gallipolis on her way home from Portsmouth. Anne and I will go down tomorrow on the first boat to see about it. There is nothing too wicked and cruel for these enemies of freedom to be guilty of.

Wednesday, 29th. Left this morning on the “St. Patrick.” Heard on the boat, confirming the rumors of the fright and excitement at Wheeling. The Gov. left Sunday, was immediately followed by all the dignitaries of the new state. It is said to be a raid led by Genl. Inboden. A half dozen of our honest upright men will scare “West Va.” to death. We arrived at Gallipolis about 12 o’clock at night, went immediately uptown to enquire for Net. Found she had been arrested and detained several days, but had left on a previous boat. So Anne got on a Ka. boat which was at the landing and went up to Charleston to stay with Sarah’s children until she returned. I went aboard of the Logan and returned home.

Thursday, 30th. This being “Old Abe’s” fast day, I eat as much as I could (which considering the hard fare on the boat I think I deserve considerable credit for) The troops, commissary stores, etc. from Spencer and this county have all been taken to P. Won’t the Rebs have a fine time gobbling them all (troops and provisions too) when they come to Parkersburg.

May, 1863

Saturday, May 2nd. Heard some good news — too good to write in this book.

Sunday, May 10th. Our little town is in such a blaze of excitement I am greatly surprised it is not consumed. I can only give the heads of the various rumors which engross the public attention. “Richmond is Taken,” “Vicksburg Falls at Last,” “The Rebs are in Parkersburg,” and “Dan Frost is Dead.” Of course, we do not credit one half we hear, especially about Richmond and Vicksburg. Time will show.

Monday, May 11th. The news about Richmond and Vicksburg is contradicted today. I presume Parkersburg is still in the hands of the “Unions” and I do not believe Dan Frost is dead. The county court had to adjourn and return in a great hurry from Ripley
today on account of an alarm of the “Rebs” being circulated. Cannot say what grounds they had for their fright, but the Union people are so much in the habit of running they would hardly be healthy without a skedaddle every day or two.

Wednesday, May 13th. Read a paper continuing an account of the defeat of “Fighting Joe” Hooker’s army at Fredericksburg. This has been one of the most hotly contended and bloody battles of this dreadful war. The Feds admit a loss of between 20,000 and 30,000 men. They have no means of ascertaining the loss of men on the Confederate side. I presume it is much less.

Thursday, May 14th. Mr. E. Wells spent the day with us. Upon enquiring for Edward to send him on an errand, I was duly informed by his august mother that had left on the Logan—proclaimed himself “free and equal” (with the Yanks) I should not be surprised to wake up any morning and find that “Mr. and Mrs. Keys,” this independent young man’s parents, had change their base of operations. “So mite it be.”

Saturday, May 16th. Received the sad tidings of the death of the great and good Genl. Jackson who died from the effects of wounds received at the late battle of Fredericksburg on Sunday, May 11th. A whole nation mingle their tears over this untimely end, cut off in the midst of his brilliant and useful career we can but lament and mourn. God’s ways are not as our ways. He can raise up suitable Generals to supply the place of the lamented “Stonewall.” To Him we look for aid and comfort.

Tuesday, May 19th. This morning while we were in the midst of housecleaning we were interrupted by 8 ruffianly looking cavalry men who ordered their dinner in their usual insulting manner. We felt compelled to obey their order—resistance would be worse than useless. After eating they coolly ordered supper for the same number. About 3 P.M. they all came back. As supper was not ready they amused themselves (and disgraced us) by playing cards and dancing on our porch and cursing and swearing in the most dreadful manner. At the supper table they tried to provoke Mat and myself to say something to them, but we treated them with perfect indifference, only speaking to them when it was necessary but to help them. On rising from the table the commander of the gang ordered “breakfast” the next morning. They were here bright and early. We were really beginning to fear we should have to board them as long as they stayed. Fortunately for us our persecutors were ordered off, I suppose to annoy and abuse other families who may be in their power. This gallant (?) Company called the Va. cavalry is commanded by Capt. Flesher, son of the elegant and accomplished Andrew Flesher, the famous writer for the Va. Chronicle.

Tuesday, May 26th. The weather is very warm and uncommonly dry for the season of the year. It is thought by the farmers that the crops will be irreparably injured if we do not have speedy rains. Received a long letter by the mail this evening from A. F., giving an account of the death of her excellent husband. There is a floating rumor that Vicksburg is in the hands of the enemy. We do not believe it. This is Anne’s birthday. She has our best wishes.

Thursday, 28th. Today there is an election going on for officers under the new state. From Gov. down to constable is to be voted for. No doubt the candidates will all be elected as they will MEET with no opposition. They are uniform in their sentiments, i.e., they are all Black Republicans.

Saturday, 30th. Ed Mahan is said to be elected to the state senate, a small majority over Andy Flesher. There is no particular choice between the two men. They are both uncompromising Black Republicans and in other respects are as mean as gas broth. Keeny represents us again in the Legislature. The Union ticket for Gov. etc. were, of course, elected as there was no opposition.

June, 1863

Tuesday, 2nd. From what I can gather from the papers etc. the Feds must be getting a terrible thrashing at Vicksburg. We shall not hear the truth for a long time, perhaps never, the whole of it. Mrs. Harpold called to see us in the evening. She represents herself to be a very good “Rebel.” Her mind is made up at last.

Wednesday, June 3rd. This morning we were rendered quite happy by the receipt of a letter from Anne containing the joyful news of Sarah’s return from her banishment.
She was recalled by Gen'l. Scammon. Anne did not give us the full particulars. She reserves them for our hearing when she returns home. We shall expect her now on every boat. Mrs. Davenport, Mrs. McGuire, Mat and myself took tea at Bill Park's this evening. We had quite a pleasant time.

Monday, June 8th. The Yankee mail carrier was captured yesterday between this place and Sandyville by a small force of "Rebs." The mail was retained, the man released. He returned here last night, gave the alarm, the drum beat to arms. Capt. Williamson dispatched Lieut. Polen with part of his Co. to subdue the Rebels. He was afraid to go himself. Like all boosters he is an arrant coward. I am told P. has orders "not to return until he has exterminated the last man." Rather a hard job. Mrs. McGuire, Mrs. Davenport and daughters and Drusie Fleming spent the evening with us. I received a letter from Mr. Quarrier—we have not seen a paper for several days, so cannot tell how the world goes.

Tuesday, June 9th. The weather is so cool we are having fires. Although the garden is bright with flowers, it hardly seems like summer. Lieut. Polen and men returned today from their bootless errand. I don't believe there ever were any "Rebels" where they have been. They (Polen & Co.) would have been captured if they were.

Thursday, June 11th. A heavy and most refreshing rain today. If it continues will save the perishing gardens and crops. We are surprised and delighted by a visit from Sarah who came on the Logan this evening. It would take reams of paper to write all she told of her journey and of our dear absent ones, so I forbear. They staid until Monday the 15th and left taking Nannie with her, who will return in a few weeks with Ann. While S. was here I received a very impudent order from Dan Frost, forbidding me to travel by land or water."

Wednesday, 17th. Mrs. Hoyt and children spent the day with us. We hear the Confederates have taken Winchester and Morgantown, surrounding Milsey at the former place, who had to cut his way through. If he did I have no doubt he was cut to pieces. Grant (we hear) has been forced to give up taking Vicksburg as a "bad job."

Thursday, 18th. "Our men" Co. K. 11th Va. left here in haste this morning for Parkersburg.

Henrietta Barre's Mother

Friday, June 19th. Heard today of General Lee's forward movement into the enemy's country. He seems to carry everything before him. The valley of Va. is nearly cleared
out of Yanks. A terrible panic exists in Pennsylvania, Ohio, even New York has caught the contagion. We of the border (I hope) will be let alone for a while. Hooker has changed his base to Alexandria. I suppose to protect their capitol. Vicksburg goes on swimmingly. The next news I expect to hear is that the Confederate flag floats over Harrisburg.

Saturday, 20th. A man came today to bargain with mother for the iron in the mill. She being too unwell to transact business, had to give it into my hands.

Sunday, 21st. So cool today we find fires very comfortable. We hear the militia is to be called out and drafting commence immediately. Lincoln has called for ten thousand troops from “West Va.” which can only be raised by conscription or drafting.

Tuesday, 23rd. Mrs. Hoyt obtained possession of her house today after a law suit with Hutchinson and we all assisted her to move today. There is a report that the “Moccasins” have taken two horses from Wardner (An abolitionist in the neighborhood). The Unions are making a terrible fuss about it. They speak of robbing all the “Secesh” in the county of their beasts, if the aforesaid animals are not forthcoming.

A few of our little men have distinguished (?) themselves on the occasion. Wish to organize themselves into a military company for home protection, talk of sending for troops, etc., etc.

Wednesday, 24th. Read a paper today giving particulars of the great “Rebel Raid” into Pennsylvania, one of the most brilliant and successful affairs of the war. Mat and I took tea at Mr. Flemings in company with Mr. and Mrs. Brown of Brooks County — very agreeable people.

Thursday, 25th. Mat and the children attended the funeral of Alec, Keeny's youngest child, who died last night. Mother was too unwell for me to leave, so I staid at home and wrote letters to sister and Anne.

Friday, 26th. Very unexpectedly to us and the inhabitants generally, about twenty southern soldiers came into town about daybreak this morning. They conducted themselves so quietly we were not aware of their presence until they had gone. I understand they pressed several loyal horses and got some needed articles out of the stores, which they offered to pay for. As they only had Confederate money, it was declined. While the Southerners were here the Unionists were so obsequious, a stranger would have supposed they were all good “Secesh.” The Rebs had no sooner gotten out of sight, when their bearing was changed. Even the women (The most abject of all when in the presence of their betters) were so terribly insulting as to be hardly endurable. Five or six viragos came boldly into our yard and Billingsgated us threatening us “that we had better make the most of our garden now” for “Uncle Sam” intended to put us out and put them in, etc., etc. Some other worthy citizens started immediately for more troops to protect them against the “invaders.” Ridiculous.

Saturday, 27th. It has been raining all morning, like an April day. As we anticipated a Company of Yankee soldiers arrived today on the “Logan” bringing with them 2 cannon. A party headed by Jerome Procter started out immediately in pursuit of the “thieving Rebels.” As usual we had a large share of feeding to do. The men are a coarse, tough sort, but evidently they have been under better discipline than those we have been thrown with. For that reason they were a shade less impudent. They speak of Gen'l. Scammon (their immediate Commander) with the greatest dislike. I believe that is a very common fault of the Yankee soldiers to speak disrespectfully of their leaders.

Tuesday, 30th. The papers today bring the news that Hooker is superceded and Gen'l. Meade takes command of the Federal Army. “Fighting Joe” like McClellan, Burnside & Co. has had his day (nothing to boast of in the way of fighting that I can perceive) and like them he must be content to sink into partial obscurity. The “Rebel Raid” into Pennsylvania still goes on with unabated vigor, the panic has not the least subsided. Fighting had commenced at Harrisburg, the 28th. We await the result with considerable anxiety. A letter from Anne brings the sad tidings of the death of Major Parks of Ka. He died Wednesday the 24th inst.

July, 1863

Friday, July 3rd. Winny, our chief cook and bottle washer, left today to visit her hopeful son, who is living in that paradise of negroes, Pomeroy. In consequence we
have to take her place in the kitchen. (Although the confession is humiliating) I must say I do not in the smallest particular fill the situation as creditably as she did. I certainly do not think my forte lies in cooking.

Saturday, July 4th. A new Co. from Parkersburg (Capt. Deven's) are here to drill the militia (a sort of trap to get the poor men to enlist for the Union. etc.). They were very quiet about it. I think they were not particularly successful. I hear Mr. Jerome Procter was elected Capt. and Bob Wetzel, Lieut.

Sunday, July 5th. Yesterday passed off so quietly I hardly knew it was the "Glorious Fourth." People have too much to occupy their attention in these diggings to think of celebrating the anniversary, etc. The Yanks have all left today and we are once more in possession of our homes, which was not the case while they were with us. A rumor reaches us of a great battle at Gettysburg. Of course, Gen'. Lee is victorious although the Yankee papers are not willing to give him full credit for it. We also hear that a division of the Southern Army is at Beverly where they had an engagement with the enemy and crushed them. A report that "Vicksburg has fallen" I do not credit. I must have better proof than mere heresay.

Tuesday, 7th. This morning our house was searched by four of the men who came yesterday. They are under Taylor Frost's command and it was by his order that they pretended they were looking for Charlie Lallance. I think they wished to gratify their curiosity as to what we possessed in the way of provisions, etc. Received letters from Anne and Mr. Q.

Wednesday, July 8th. Mr. Brown sent us a paper of the 7th. The reports of the battle at Gettysburg are of such a contradictory character that we can learn nothing from them so we are still in the dark as to the true issue of the engagement. Nothing from the raid in Beverly and nothing from K. Valley. Kentucky seems to be in a great state of excitement, her "Sacred Soil" is invaded by John Morgan. Of course, our neighbors across the river are in a terrible state of mind. It is bringing the war a little too near home to be perfectly agreeable. They seem just now to be divided between abject fear and pressing negroes into their army "to subdue the unholy rebellion." They are too cowardly to fight their own battle so they steal all of our "contrabands" and force them to take up arms against their rightful owners. I really feel sorry for the poor silly dupes (I mean the negroes).

Saturday, July 11th. It is said (by the Yanks) that Vicksburg and Port Hudson both surrendered on the 4th.

Thursday, July 16th. John Morgan (the Marion of the South) seems to be having a great time in Indiana. He is showing the Yanks "Southern pluck."

Friday, July 17th. Morgan, we hear (for we get no papers) is in Ohio, playing smash with the railroads, telegraphs, etc. That's right, John, I believe in carrying the war into the enemy's country. Give them a little taste of what we have been enduring for two years past.

Saturday, July 18th. We expected a general muster of the militia today but it turned out rather a time affair. The people are in such a panic about Morgan they have not time to muster. This morning he was reported to be at Pomeroy. The "Logan" came up in the evening confirming the rumor and bringing troops to prevent his crossing at the island. Before night almost as much excitement prevails as the day "Jenkins" was expected. The town is full of Unions, the scared looking Yanks were tearing up and down the street like mad dogs. The militia are galloping about on horses as if their lives and that of the "Union" depended upon their speed. Those of the "Secesh" persuasion seems rather to enjoy it than otherwise. Late in the evening (about 9 P.M.) we hear that Morgan has driven the pickets in at Portland. Later still six gunboats went up with General Scammon and several thousand men to contest the passage of the river. Of course, the excitement is unabated but in the midst of it went to bed and slept quietly, peacefully all night.

Sunday, July 19th. (Note: Battle of Buffington Island) We were aroused early this morning by a dozen or so men from a gunboat lying at the wharf demanding breakfast. They were in such a hurry they could not wait to get it cooked, so took what cold bread and meat we had about the house. They were very insolent because we did not give them any cakes, or pies or cheese, etc. While they were in the midst of guzzling, heavy
firing was heard from the island. They took it as a signal for themselves to retreat to their boat, which immediately got up steam and left for the scene of action. The firing of musketry and cannon continued about three hours, when it ceased and quiet succeeded which seemed almost like the stillness of death after the dreadful din. We could plainly see great clouds of smoke and dust rolling from the battlefield — the result we cannot ascertain. The Union people say Morgan could not effect a crossing and had to go higher up the river where (they say) he will certainly be overpowered by a force much superior to his own. Later in the evening: there is a rumor that the Yanks hold the battlefield and have captured 1500 prisoners, so the day which commenced with such hope for us seems to have ended in doubt — to some, despair, and to some, death.

Monday, July 20th. A number of our friends visited Portland (the scene of yesterday's conflict) today. Although things are not quite as bad as the Yankees represent them, still they are gloomy enough to make us feel sad. Morgan's ammunition gave out, fresh re-enforcements poured in to the Yankees from all quarters, surrounding our brave men, about two thousand of whom escaped. 740 were said to be captured, two or three killed and as many wounded. The Yankee loss in killed and wounded was much greater. It was heart rending to hear how cruelly our men (particularly the wounded) were treated by their savage captors. They had nothing given them to eat and were denied even a drink of water and to cap the climax the Union women visited them in hordes to gloat over their sufferings and insult them. Some of them spit on and abused the bodies of the dead. Anne and I with several others crossed the river in the afternoon to see the prisoners as they passed down. We could not speak to them or administer in anyway to their wants, they were so strictly guarded. They were a fine, noble looking set of men. Did not seem at all downcast. They formed a striking contrast to the ruffianly looking Yanks who formed their guard. All the Union people in our town are more intolerably insolent than ever in consequence of their great victory. The Stars and Stripes are waving over the Post Office, Old Cheverent's and other prominent Republican houses in honor of the event.

Tuesday, July 28th. Mrs. Kemp, Susan and family spent the day with us. Heard that Gen'l. Morgan and force were captured by the Yanks.

August, 1863

Thursday, 20th. We have had a few days of comparative quiet. We hear daily the "Rangers are coming in," but as they have never come we have ceased to be excited by any rumor regarding them.
FINIS

Mrs. Barr, subsequently left the scene of her war time residence which held so many unpleasant memories for her and moved to Charleston, West Virginia where her sister, Sarah Ashton Fitzhugh, the wife of Dr. John Thomas Cotton, M.D. and other friends lived. In one of her letters,* she stated “I gave up the house with no regrets,—never expecting to live in it again. It was more trouble than profit.” She never returned during her life, but at her death, she was buried in the Ravenswood village cemetery.

Among the Fitzhugh neighbors in Ravenswood was the Hoyt family, also southern in its sympathies. The father, Dr. Hoyt, was a surgeon in the Confederate army. The Hoyt family had its trials and tribulations also. Still in existence is a dining room sideboard, the door of which contains a scar around the lock where a Yankee soldier pierced it with his bayonet, hoping to find a storage of wine. It is quite probable that he also visited the cellar where he might find items of food.

From the pen of Miss Anna Laura DeNoon, a descendant of Dr. Hoyt, a graduate of Marietta College, and the first coed to receive an honorary degree for her career of service as a mathematics professor in Marshall College, comes a final note of the Fitzhugh family:

“The Fitzhugh servants left one by one (during the war) via the Underground across the river into Ohio. Only Winny and Charles remained. Each morning they came to receive their orders to the “Old Lady’s” (Henrietta Fitzhugh’s mother) sitting room upstairs to receive their orders for the day. The daughters stayed outside the door to hear the instructions, for they had never told their mother that they themselves were doing most of the work.

“At the end of the war, Winny and Charles came to the family and said: ’Now that we are free, we are going to Pomeroy, Ohio to live, where we will be called Mister and Missus.’ And also at the end of the war they were commanded to go to Wheeling to take the oath of allegiance. They stoutly refused, but eventually did sign. Miss Anne (sister of Henrietta) sat and patted her foot saying over and over: ’I’ll be damned if I do’.

“With their men away at war, they had very little money to live on, so the ‘girls’ took in sewing for a time. One day a messenger brought word that their brother Henry had died and left them an inheritance. They laid down the garments on which they were working and announced: ’We will never take another stitch.’ The garments were returned, unfinished, to their owners.”

* The Fleming family, St. Marys, W. Va. had a home on Fitzhugh land and were loyal friends throughout the war period. The letter pictured on page 16 was written to Dan Fleming’s father.
LIST OF NAMES OCCURRING
IN THE JOURNAL OF HENRIETTA FITZHUGH BARR

A. F. (probably Ann Fentress) see 5/26/63
Anne (Ann Fitzhugh - sister) 2/16/62 etc.
Archie (Mr. A. A. Quarrier of Louisville, Ky., brother-in-law) 6/26/62
Archie (nephew - son of above) 8/22/62
Armstrong, Dr. 4/25/63
Armstrong (probably same) 11/16/62 etc.
Armstrong, Mrs. (of Ripley) 3/14/62

Bag, or Baggs, Capt. 7/16/62
Beckwith, Mr. (near Ripley) 10/1/62
Bob (servant) 3/27/62
Brigham, Mrs. (of Louisville, Ky.) 8/19/62
Brockenbrough, Mr. (also Brock & Mr. Brock, of Louisville, Ky., later m. Hennie Quarrier) see 8/21/62 etc.
Brooks, Mrs. (of Louisville, Ky.) 8/19/62
Brown, Mrs. 12/2/62
Brown, Robert (of Wirt County) 1/13/63
Brown, Mr. & Mrs. (of Brooke County) 6/24/63
Brown, Dr. (died June 18, 1862) see 5/13/62 etc.
Brown, Mary (dau. of Dr. Brown) 5/13/62
Brown, Judge J. H. (of Kanawha) 5/7/62
Buckner, A. and wife (of Bowling Green, Ky.) see 5/8/62
Burritt (brother - died in 1855) see 10/23/62 and 11/7/62
Burdie (little nephew - son of Sarah Cotton, died Dec., 1861) see 12/5/62
Burritt, Alvin - 6/28/62
Bushwhackers - see 9/28/62, etc.

C. M. - 9/19/62
Charles, Uncle (died 9/27/62, aged 63) see 10/15/62
Charles, servant, 3/18/62 etc.
Cheverent, Old - 7/20/63
Chidester, Mrs. (died 6/30/62) see 6/23/62 etc.
Chidester, Helen - 12/4/62
Cobb's (neighbors) 7/31/62
Conway, Mrs. & Miss (of Louisville) 8/20/62
Cotton, Dr. (Dr. John Cotton, of Charleston, brother-in-law) see 7/19/62 etc.
Cotton, Sarah (or Sahah C.) sister - wife of Dr. John Cotton see 4/9/62 etc.
Cotton, Sarah (daughter of above) 4/10/62
Cotton, Net or Nettie (daughter of above) 4/9/62 etc.
Cotton, Dick & wife (of Marietta) 4/8/62
Cox, Mrs. (of Charleston) 8/13/62 etc.
Cox, Lilly (granddaughter of above) 5/16/62
Crail, Dr. (of Louisville) 8/17/62
Cush, (nephew - Cushman Quarrier of Louisville) 8/22/62

D. Mr. (who had returned from Ft. Donaldson) 3/27/62
Davenport, Mrs. 3/16/62 etc.
Davenport, Mrs. Mary 4/20/62
Davenport, Mr. Ben 5/2/62
Davenport, Lucy (dau. of Mrs. D.) 8/27/62
Devens, Captain 7/4/68

Eliza, Aunt (wife of Dr. Edmund Fitzhugh of Tennessee) 9/1/62 & 12/17/62
Edward, servant, 8/28/62 etc. — proclaimed himself free 8/28/62

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F. H. 9/20/62
Father (Henry Fitzhugh, died 1855) see 3/17/63
"Fannie McBurnie" (Ohio River Packet) 8/23/62
Fentress, Ann (of Tennessee - relative) 10/15/62
Fleming, Mr. & Mrs. 3/12/62 etc.
Fleming, George 2/16/62 etc. (joined Genl. Jenkins Cavalry) 9/4/62
Fleming, Georgia 3/3/62 etc.
Fleming, Abigail 2/22/62 etc.
Fleming, Drusia 6/11/62 etc.
Fleming, Oscar 2/21/62 etc.
Fleming, Carrie 7/11/62 etc.
Flesher, Andrew (candidate for State Senator) 5/19/63 and 5/30/63
Flesher, Capt. (son of above) 5/19/63
Floyd's Brigade 2/18/62 etc.
Fortne, Mrs. 6/4/63
Frost, Dan, Daniel or Coldan (Col. 11th Va.) 3/10/62 etc.
Frost, Taylor 7/7/63
George, or G. (brother in Confed Army) 3/1/62 etc. at Ripley 8/22/62
Georgia Cavalry 7/14/62
Gilpin, 7/16/62
Gilpin, Capt. (11th Va.) 9/11/62 etc.
Gree, Jim (at Ripley) 7/16/62
"Guerrillas" 7/14/62 etc.
H. Mr. 9/19/62
Harpold, Mrs. 6/18/62 etc.
Harpold, Col. 10/6/62
Hemlock Militia 10/6/62
Henry (brother in Confed. Army) 3/1/62 etc.
Hennie (niece Henrietta Quarrier of Louisville) 8/18/62
Hornbrook (Commander at Wheeling) 4/10/63
Hoyt, Dr. 2/16/62 etc. - joined Confederate army as surgeon 9/22/62
Hoyts, Mrs. 2/18/62 etc.
Hoyt, Laura 5/24/62
Hutchinson, 6/23/62
Hyland, Mr. & Mrs. (of Parkersburg) 4/7/63
Huff, John 4/1/62

Inghram, Mr. 9/22/62

Jenkins, Genl. (in Ravenswood 9/4/62) see 5/20/62 etc.
John (servant?) 8/28/62

Kate, Niece, dau of George Fitzhugh, see 6/23/62 etc.
Kay, Jackson (candidate for Wheeling Legislature) 11/24/62
Keeny (elect to Legislature 5/30/63) see 3/7/62 etc.
Keeny, Alex (his child, died 6/25/63)
Kemp, Mrs. 7/28/63
Keys, Mr. and Mrs. (servants) 5/14/63
King, Capt. (11th Va.) 5/7/63 etc.
Kirby, Mr. 6/15/62
Kirkner, Miss 4/19/62
Kirkley, Mr. 5/4/62 etc.
Kouns, "Auntie" 1/19/63
Kouns, Louis 10/4/62
Kouns, Michael 3/26/63

L...Mrs. (lived across the river) 8/30/62
Lawrence, Little (nephew, one of Mat's children) see 11/11/62
Lallance, Mrs. 4/3/62
Lallance, Charles 8/26/62
Little children (usually “Mat’s” and Nannie Cotton)
Lollie (Laura - niece, dau of Nicholas) 4/25/62 etc.
Long, George 3/14/62
Long, Mrs. 7/22/62
“Logan” (Ohio River Packet) 5/15/62 etc.
Lytle, Capt. 9/27/62 etc.

Mahan, Ed (state senator) 5/30/63
Mary, Little (niece, dau of Theodorick) 5/9/62
Mary (sister of Susan) 6/13/62 etc.
“Mat” (Martha, sister-in-law, wife of Nicholas) see 3/27/62 etc.
Mollie - dau of Above 3/21/62 etc.
McCabe, Dr. 2/20/62
McGuire, Mrs. 3/15/62 etc.
McGuire, Miss Betty 4/20/62 etc.
McGuire, Mary 4/27/62 etc.
McGuire, Miss Kate 6/14/62
Mollie (Mollie A. Barr, daughter, died 12/21/61) see 2/19/62 etc.
Morris, Mrs. Joe of Louisville, 8/21/62
Morgan, Genl. John 7/21/62 - 7/18 & 7/19/63
Mother (Henrietta Fitzhugh) 3/1/62 etc.
“Mysterious Stranger” 9/11/62

Nannie, or Little Nannie (niece Nannie Cotton) 3/21/62 etc.
Nettie (Cotton) niece 4/7/63
Nick (brother Nicholas Fitzhugh in Conf’d Army) see 3/24/62 etc.—in R. 9/4/62

Park, Rev. or Father (Catholic Priest of Parkersburg) 3/24/62
P. Mr. same as above
Park, Mr. & Mrs. Robert 4/19/62 etc.
Park, Mr. and Mrs. William, 7/25/62 etc.
Park, William or Billy (probably son of above) 7/31/62 etc.
Park, John (died 12/27/62 see 7/3/62 etc.
Parke, Major (of Kanawha, died 6/24/63) see 6/30/63
Partisan Rangers 5/20/62
Polen, Lt. Co. K 5/17/63
Powell, Dr. & Mrs. (of Louisville) 8/20/62
Proctor, Jerome (Capt.) 6/27/63 - 7/4/63
Provost Marshall at Louisville 8/22/62

Quarrier, Mr. (brother-in-law, of Louisville, Ky.) 3/12/62 etc.
Quarrier, Mr. Wm. (died in Charleston) see 4/13/62
Quarrier, Mr. A. W. (died in Charleston) see 8/1/63

“Ragged Secesh” (Co. of Rangers) 9/20/62
“Rangers” The - 7/23/62 etc.
Rathbone, Col. Regt. at Spencer 9/3/62
Redman, Alvin Burdit 4/1/62
Robinson, Dr. & Mrs. (of Louisville) 8/19/62
Roby, Mr. 5/14/62
Russell (Capt.) 3/25/62 etc.

St. Patrick (Ohio River Packet) 4/29/63
Samuels, Mary 6/6/62 etc.
Sarah and Sarah F. (sister-in-law, wife of George) see 3/1/62 etc.
Sarah C. (sister-in-law, wife of Dr. Cotton) 4/9/62
Sayers, Mr. (killed at Fort Donaldson) 3/24/62

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Scammon, Genl. 6/3/63 and 7/18/63 etc.
Shepperson 8/6/63
Shrewsbury, Mrs. (of Parkersburg) 4/7/63
Shrewsbury, Mrs. (her brother had just died) 4/23/62
Shrewsbury, Mrs. Fanny 6/30/62
Sister (sister Mary Henry, wife of A. A. Quarrier, of Louisville) 3/13/62 etc.
Slocumb, Mr. (of Marietta) 4/8/63
Smith, Jim (Capt. or Deputy Sheriff) 6/28/63 etc.
Smith, Mrs. (of Louisville) 8/18/62
Smith, Mrs. B. (of Parkersburg) 4/7/63
Starcher, Mrs. 4/12/62
Stephens, Mr. or Rev. (Southern Methodist Minister in R) see 2/16/62 etc.
Susan (sister-in-law, wife of Theodorick) 2/17/62
Sweeney, Miss (of Wheeling) 7/9/62 etc.
Sweeney, May 1/15/63 etc.
Taylor, Miss Mary (married John Huff 8/31/62)
“Tennessee relations” 3/1/62
Theod. or Theody (brother Theodorick in Confed Army) see 3/1/62 etc.

Wardner, 6/23/63
Watrous, Mr. H. (killed at Fort Donaldson) 3/24/62
Wells, Mr. and Mrs. E. 3/12/62 - 3/25/62 etc.
Wells, Amanda 11/11/62
Wells “Cis” - 11/11/62 etc.
Wells, Bazel 3/27/62 etc. (returned from Camp Chase 12/26/62)
Wells, Hagan 2/16/62 etc. (joined Jenkins Cavalry) 9/4/62
Wells, John (enlisted Jenkins Cavalry 9/4/62)
Wetzel, Bob (Lieut.) 7/4/63
Whaley, Congressman, 4/25/62
Whittle, Mr. and Mrs. of Louisville 8/16 and 8/18/62
Willis (servant) 3/14/62 etc.
Winny (servant) 3/27/62 etc.
Williamson, Jim (Capt. Co. K) 6/5/63 and 6/8/63
Wright, Mrs. and Miss (of Louisville) 8/16 and 8/18/62