

A Diary
Kept through 1863 and into 1864
By
Mary L. Pearre

Ruth Winford and *Nannie Hamilton. (No kin to the Hamilton family) I think so frequently of the five months I taught school at Union Seminary, Wilson, Co. In May of the same year I accompanied Mrs. Armstrong on a visit to one of her friends on Stones River. While there formed the acquaintance of the H.....s. In the following July Mr. J.H. came out here to engage me as an assistant teacher. A desire for a change more than the love of the gain induced me to accept his offer. He came again before September. I only thought his motive was to become more intimately acquainted with his future assistant.

In September I went to Mr. Winfords, my boarding place. Jno.C. accompanied me to Nashville. So did brother Bob & Matt. That evening at the hotel John offered me his hand. Had told me often ere then both by words and vexation at his conduct came over me & I resolved as a punishment not to give him my decision. Thus we separated extremely wretched. I took my seat in a crowded stage coach that night utterly alone though jammed between two fellow travelers. But one idea possessed me and that was the thought of that pale pleading, but young, manly face I left behind me.

* (Jno. Cator was killed at the battle of Murfreesboro. L.E. Cator died in camp)

Of all the ladies I knew while in Wilson Co. I became the most attached to) Though neither of them were similar in their tastes and habits to myself. Nannie Hamilton was wealthy and a beauty and of course a belle. A graduate of the Nashville Female Academy, an exquisite performer upon the piano, yet by no means literary by practice or inclination. She is of medium height and exquisitely rounded limbs, an oval face, complexion between blonde and brunette, a rich varying color, coral lips, white but uneven teeth, sparkling black eyes, a perfect wealth of rich brown hair. But after all I believe her chief charm lay in her voice and half childish simplicity of manner.

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She professed to take quite a fancy to me. At first I gave myself up to the soothing charm of her society without question as to the quality of the jewel enshrined within. I who was forced to "need" my way in the world and be jostled by it's rude school and was pleased to rest awhile and pluck choice flowers by the wayside, without question to there quality. I loved to sit hours at a time and listen to her sweet voice mingle with the notes of her piano. It quieted my nerves after a day of toil in the school room. And then we would have long chats in her bedroom. Yet I nearly always listened. Not that her theme was books, metaphysics, poetry or philosophy. Nothing of the kind. She soon installed me her chief confidant, and many were the love tales and flirtations I listened to that I did not get

disgusted and weary of her coquetry. She was so different in every respect from myself. That I now think that is why I forgave her faults, and she could not help from seeing possessed many firmness of principle and firmness of character.

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Ruth did not gain my love at first. She was too Boisterous and repellant in her manner, high tempered and haughty. So Mr H would say- just the reverse of Nannie, tall symmetrical , straight as an Indian maid, black hair rather thin and short, dark hazel eyes, and dark complexion, face oval in shape, her teeth perfect lips and mouth far from beautiful. She was not as graduate or literary , fond of society, of singing, dancing and riding, her slowest step was a bound, motion her chief aim in life.

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- A Story of Nannie Hamilton as told to JPH during the latter years by mother:
- About a year after the arrival of the 7th Tenn. Regiment in Va., two former pupils of J.H.H. and Uncle Joe Hamilton, and JHH were mess mates. These two men were Van Williamson of Mt. Juliet and Mr. Ran Word (or Ward) of Lebanon, Tenn. The three of them discovered they were all engaged to marry the same young lady back in Lebanon, Tenn. The young lady in question was Nannie Hamilton. They conferred and decided to cast lots to see which one would return to Tenn. And confront the young lady with there discovery. Van Williamson started home. The young lady heard by some means of Van Williamsons coming. She lost no time in getting married to a minister.
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*Note by JPH (Joshua Pearre Hamilton, son of Mary L. Pearre Hamilton):

I can remember Mr. Van Williamson. He never married and I don't think Uncle Joe was too happy in his married life to aunt Josie Turner. She had some money. In her latter years she had the appearance and manner of a very disappointed woman. They concealed their disappointment their long lives. They had no children. Both are buried just within the main entrance to Springhill Cemetery and Gallatin pike. J.P.H

Saturday Jany 25th 1863

Am almost inclined to give up writing. Have so few hours which I can claim as my own. It is true my leisure is ample but we have only two fireplaces besides the kitchen and it is too cold to write above the stairs in the winter. I could write in the front room every day as I am now doing, but we often have company and that distracts me. It is raining now and no one will come in the rain. Bro. Bob, Matt and I spent last night at Aunt M. Hulmes. She is now a widow. Uncle Billy died in November. He was mother's brother and our guardian. A better man never lived than he. Mother, Aunt Louisa and uncle Billy have all died within the last three years. They all died after a heart attack. Mother in May 1860, Aunt Louisa in Feby 1862, Uncle Billy in the following November. Mother was left a widow ere I was two years (1840) with five children. My eldest brother, William died in 1849 age 25. My second brother Joshua was married 7 years ago to Miss L.A. Sawyer, they have three children, dora, Willie, and John. Sister Mag has been married twice. Was married the last time to Mr. Dots Sawyer in Feby 1861. They have one child Robert. Brother Robert was married the same month to Miss M.E. Cato. Her name was Mat. They have one child. (cousin ruth) I expected to see Cousin Bob last night. He was absent. He returns to camp today. I was anxious to see him. Wrote a letter to cousin Jno Hulme. Ought to have sent one to L.E.C. (LE Cato) will the next opportunity. He wrote to me Christmas eve. *(think cousin Bob was Robert Hulme) Saw Sallie and her husband yesterday, they are coming here today, before they return home. *(think Sallie is Sallie Cator) Mr. L sent his respects and word that he would call soon.

I think a great deal of my past life. I was always a strange being from a child- did not love play like other children. Preferred a lone ramble in the woods or some hidden nook with a book. I read history, a number of novels, biographies, The life of napoleon, 2 large volumes before I was fourteen. Was fond of the Old Testament. Read it through about the same time.

Since then have spent 4 years at school. Not regularly though. Went five months at McMillans at Gallatin, Sumner Co. Came home, was sick the greater portion of the ensuing year. Returned to school at the Franklin Female College, Franklin, Tenn. J.N. Sharpe was principal, with half a dozen Yankee female assistants. Received my diploma in June 1858.

Taught school nine months on Mill Creek. Was engaged to.....Changed my mind. Came home. Visited. Sewed. Read. Had wretched health. Received several offers of marriage. Was or imagined I was in love with one. We quarreled several times. Yet I would not marry him then. Two years have passed.

The war came on. He volunteered, took the fever and died. I shall ever remember his passionate loving words at parting. For months after his death I was gloomy & wretched, because I thought and they told me that if I had married him, he would not have joined the army and died.

Saturday night Jany. 26th 1863 nothing written

Tuesday Jany 28th 1863

Presence of company prevented me from writing. Paid a visit yesterday to Bro. Joshua with Lizzie Hulme. It rained all day. Had a romp with the children. (Cousins Ruth & Bob) Ate Hickory nuts, listened to Dotts play the violin, which saddened me. I know not why but it awakens memories of the past, dear, yet filled my heart with inexplicable sadness.

Heard today that lieut. L.E. Cator had not been seen since the battle of Murfreesboro. That his fate is unknown though it is thought that he is a prisoner. I will not think otherwise until his fate is ascertained.

Wednesday night Jany 29th 1863

Lizzie is still here. In bed at present. Is an invalid or has been. Heard no news from the war. The Federals were out yesterday foraging. I fear we will be left without the means of subsistence. Most of our neighbors have lost all they can spare. Have taken no corn or hay from us yet. The weather is cold. God pity the poor of our southern cities. They are cut off from all means of supplying themselves of fuel, depending entirely upon the charity of their enemies. I am thankful that we live in the country and among the hills. I once desired a splendid mansion upon a large farm near a city. This war has banished such fancies.

Dreamed last night of seeing Mr.H., received the last letter from him this time last year. Oh! That I knew his fate. If living he certainly could have found the means of sending at least one letter. Suspense how terrible all these weary months. Are most my constant companion and still art with me. If not for dreams how extremely dull would be these weary winter nights. Seldom any company of gentlemen. I soon grow weary of the incipid chatter of most of our visitors. Mag, Matt & Dots are more interested in their two babies and domestic affairs than I can be. (Matt was cousin Ruth's mother) Therefore time grows doubly tedious. Have no domestic cares. Cannot be content to card spin as many Southern girls do. Have but little sewing on hand. No new books. Therefore retire to bed early and get up late. Used to ride as an amusement. Now am afraid to go too far on account of the Federals. I know I could be more industrious yet have not the heart to labor unless I had more assurance being benefited by my industry. Have more bed clothing than I desire the Feds to take as they have in many instances. I have frequently planned a course of study and reading as I am possessed of most of the poets, a number of histories and biographies, travel, science works etc. But I can't confine my mind to any subject except the war.

Feby 1st 1863

Lizzie and I spend yesterday at Uncle Hulme's. Bettie is improving. Stayed last night with Lucy Cator. Have not learned the fate of Lee yet. The family do not know that he is missing. Lucy remarked last night that she thought it strange that he had not written since the battle. Another battle in Miss. 'Tis said we were victorious. Hope so. Longstreet is at Tullahoma (a mistake) with reinforcements. Some say 40,000. The Federals have also rec. reinforcements. It is reported that the North (true) is a tempest of commotion of dissatisfaction especially the Northwest. The Democrats are gaining ground daily. They are the only national party in existence. Many are expecting (only a hope) a cessation of hostilities and a reconstruction of the union. It is the height of folly to prate about the old union and constitution. Both parties have trampled them under their feet. Lincoln has violated the constitution at every step since he declared war.

It makes my Southern blood boil to hear these filthy Dutchmen Yankees boasting that they are fighting for "The Glorious Union". "Glorious Union indeed." Their emotions are not susceptible to simple emotions of liberty and equality. What care they, fresh from a foreign land for "The Union" indeed. Money and subsistence is the motive power that moves them to invade the South and rob southern women and children. I desire peace. Yet I can never love the Northern people again. Never trust them as brothers. Have endured too many heart aches. Shed too many bitter and despairing tears & followed to the grave too dear a friend ever to forgive and forget. Have read but little this week. Am trying to review "Criticism" but am making slow speed. They wish me to teach school. Will reflect upon it. Would welcome almost anything for a change. Will stagnate both in body and mind, if I don't arouse and apply my energies to something besides neighborhood visiting, a little reading, knitting, sewing, a great deal of eating and sleeping.

Sunday Feby. 1863

It is raining again a dark misty rain. Like Byron I always feel better when the sun is shining through I can say with him that I feel more religious. Today my head aches and my mind is filled with gloomy thoughts. Sunday is most wearisome of all the days of the week. Since the war we have no Sabbath schools, no sermons. Must remain at home, read, eat, sleep, & complain of ennui.

Feby 7th 1863

A whole week missed as usual. Well I had no news of importance to record. Spent the last week in various ways. Visiting, knitting, & reading, also doing nothing-quite a frequent employment of late. Am rapidly becoming indolent both physically and mentally. Our cavalry under Wheeler, Forrest & Wharton attacked Fort Donnelson last Tuesday night or Wednesday morning. Were unsuccessful. Lost several hundred. Two of Capt. Robertson's men killed. (The descendants of Capt. Robinson still live there) Himself wounded. Am so glad Robert is home. He will be well enough to join his command next week. Donnelson is at a fatal point to us. Nearly a twelve month ago one of the bloodiest battles of the war occurred there. It is again re-baptised with human blood. My heart sickens to think of it. Read Pres. Davis's message. 'Tis the most able and hopeful one has ever written. Was a plain statement of facts as they are. Says the powers of Europe have pursued a policy more hurtful than favorable to the Confederacy. Shows that Lincoln has violated the Constitution time and again since the war began. Denounces Genl. (Silver Spoon Butler) as a criminal and an outlaw. Orders him be executed, if captured. Hurrah for Davis. He thinks that we will maintain our independence without the aid of any foreign power and is of the opinion the war will end during the present year.

Winter cold, grey, and at present white with snow, is still holding fast his scepter. More snow has fallen than during the two past winters. Do not enjoy it as I once did. It adds to much hardship of the soldier. Have heard nothing of L.E. Cator nor from H. or J.H. A twelve month has passed and gone since a line has reached me from the latter. Sometimes I almost become a fatalist. I think a curse rests upon me. Often I am too wretched to even write or converse with the family. Then again a sort of gaiety entirely incomprehensible to me or others takes possession of my spirit & I laugh and talk as if there was no war desolating our land nor no gloom upon my spirit, no more agony of suspense gnawing at my heart. I read but find little relief. Am trying to pursue Barre's Lives of Illustrious Men of America. Don't know whether I can comprehend their thoughts and motives or not. Often stop reading and find myself wondering if they were now living which side would they deem in the right. Heigh-ho. I scarcely know what I am penning. My hand cramps so that I will cease for the present.

Monday night Feby 9th 1863

I have been visiting all day, ought to mark it a day lost. A Federal force is in Franklin. Cavalry are scouting all over the country, stealing money, clothes, foraging, pressing horses and capturing "secesh" soldiers. I am fearful Robert will be taken prisoner. (Uncle Robert Pearre was with Forrest) Not a dog barks but what I think, "The Yankees" are coming. I

told Mag tonight I felt as if I should go crazy. Oh! That we could conquer a peace. I almost doubt the efficiency of a republican form of government. Our has not yet lasted a century. It is humiliating to reflect upon our glorious past and then compare it with the present. Oh! For a Washington, a Jefferson, a Hamilton or a Jackson or some such mighty spirits to guide us aright and bring an end to this devastating war. At times I proudly imagine Jeff Davis our talented forbearing President is the man. God grant he may be. My thoughts are confused. Have lost all command of diction. Can scarcely clothe my thoughts in the most ordinary language. This is the principle reason for my writing. To try to improve myself in composition. I wonder if I could compose a passable letter now. I read but it makes but little impress upon my memory. In an hour after I close my book I can but with a mental effort quote a sentence. Often while sewing I endeavor to quote from memory and frequently have to get the book and re-peruse it. It alarms me. Yet what can I do? Resolutions and plans avail me not. Having no room of my own, my reading is done in the family room except at night after they retire, I read and study or try to. Frequently my eye is upon the page, my thoughts far away lingering upon some recent bloody field or with my soldier friends. The faces of the loved and dead come up before me. Every shadow seems a spirit and the low sighing wind seems a whisper of lips now closed forever. They are with me in dreams. I feel the clasp of loved hands, meet again eyes beaming with love. Passionate, burning words fall upon my ear, words that I once heeded not. With a start I awoke. Wretched, oh so desolate. Yet I made my own desolation and they say broke the truest heart that ever loved woman. I will not believe it, dare not believe. It is only the beautiful that can wound like that. No one ever called me even handsome.

He acted wrong. So did I. Why? I write this I know not. Am always remembering it, always feeling a presence and a shadow even in my gayest hour. I fear it is morbid. I never thought even after mature reflection that I cared for him more than a brother. If I did not, why? This eternal consciousness of an unseen presence. If H. could only come home, I would cease to feel so. Oh, when in agony and despair he exclaimed, "Alone, all alone". Expresses what I often feel, even with a loving brother and sister. They do not understand me. But no one ever did. Alas! That one of all others. I perhaps will tear this out tomorrow. I write it as a relief. I never talk thus-never.

February 13th 1863

The sun shone out most brilliantly this morning. It has been hidden by clouds and rain for several days. It has been a real spring day. I observed that the hyacinths and other sister flowers had begun to show their color of dark green above the dusky ground. Will soon gladden the earth with their fresh blooming beauty and delicate perfume. Have read the biography of Alexander Hamilton this week, also that of Jno. C. Calhoun.

From the latter I will make a few extracts. He says. "Opinion is power and again I am admonished by universal experience that prosperity is the most precious of human conditions. From the flood the tide takes its ebb. From the meridian the sun commences its decline. Prosperity has its weakness, adversity its strength."

His opinions possess a peculiar interest since the South seceded. He and Webster differ widely in opinion as to the nature of the Federal government. I believe with Calhoun and am a states right woman. Always had a grand passion for politics. Of late have paid but little attention to them. War, war has absorbed every faculty. Spent an hour and a half with Lucy C. Both were lively though heavy firing was progressing all the while. Our ears are accustomed to the sounds and scenes of war. It is thought there was skirmishing on the Franklin Pike. The Feds were at Franklin all last week. At present our cavalry occupy it. The commotion between the democrats and abolitionists portend a change in affairs politically.

The "Savans" predict a speedy close of the war. Was writing the above quite leisurely when in came Matt exclaiming, "Mollie! The Yanks are coming!" Hastily dropping my pen, I ran to the door expecting to see bluecoats. It proved to be our neighbors running off their horses to hide them from the Feds. Who are within 10 miles of here. About fifty horses are being hidden among our hills. Though I know there is imminent danger of all our horses being taken, yet there is much of the ludicrous in the hurry and confusion of men, women, children and horses that I cannot help laughing. I had a nice run through the mud assisting to catch our animals just now. Will cease writing and stand picket watching for the appearance of the Feds.

Monday morning Feby 15th 1863

Had company yesterday and last night. Imagine! Yesterday morning it being Sunday that I would have all day to read. Only read a poem in Mrs. Hermans. Last weekend studied a few chapters in "Criticism". Finished the lives of Hamilton, Jefferson, Clay, and Calhoun and read "King Lear" in Shakespear, read it once before. The ingratitude of his daughter is finely portrayed and fills me with horror. I intend to study Shakespear this year. Read most of his.....and comedies but too hastily.

Am alone today. Will make good use of my time. Will read and write as much as I choose.

Joshua's little Johnny is quite ill. Mag and Matt are there. Took there babies so I have nothing to annoy me.

If J.H. is killed, I expect to teach school for five years, and then have me a neat little cottage built and keep house. One servant will be sufficient. I shall be much better and contented than staying with my brothers or sister. My idea of life and theirs are different. Have no news to record. The weather is chilly yet 'tis better than so much rain. Am anxious for spring to open. Can be more employed then.

Took a ride this morning. Found no bottom to the road. All mud. No pleasure in such rides. Went to see Mrs. Allen to get her to bring me out a coal oil lamp and a gallon of oil. She promised to get it. I think it is doubtful.

Thursday Feby 18th 1863

(Think Carrie Sawyer was the wife of Jno. Sawyer) Today twelve months ago Carrie Sawyer lay dying. Died about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. No, it was nearer six. For I remember standing by her corpse as they were dressing her for the tomb in her bridal outfit.

She looked so calm, peaceful, and beautiful that these lines of Byron occurred to memory.

"He who hath bent him over the dead,
Ere the first day of death hath fled,
Before decays effacing finger lingers
Have swept the lines where beauty
And marked the mild angelic air
The rapture of repose that's there".

I never gazed upon a face more expressive of the rapture and repose than hers an hour after death.

Little Johnny is still quite ill. Sat up with him night before last. Made his mother a dress yesterday. Sister Mat and I all wear homespun these hard times. I don't like to card and spin. Never did much of it. Have read little but too busy sewing. These days are still dark, grey and misty. The ground wet and roads bottomless.

It is rumored the Feds occupy Shelbyville. Our forces have fallen back to Tullahoma and on other points beyond there. Another fight is to take place soon. Both armies are heavily reinforced. Somehow I have a vague presentment that J.H. is there. If so I will hear from him in a short time. (J.H.H. was still in Va.)

Am foolish enough to be secretly preparing for his coming. Finished my bridal.....oh how they all were at home would laugh if they knew my thoughts. He may be dead. Who knows. Oh suspense, how cruel.

If he is alive why don't he find the means to write. If dead, he has brothers they could send the intelligence. Thus, I reason and torture myself day after day.

Thursday night Feby 26th 1863

Missed a whole week of my Journal. Well, it matters but little. Nothing of interest, lead a desultory, monotonous life. Mag and both children (cousins Ruth and Bob) are ill which has prevented me from writing. Mat and I made two gallons of sugar tree molasses. Thus I thought of the good old times, when our grandmothers camped out in the forest to make sugar and molasses. This war has caused a great many people to return to the primitive habits of the "olden time".

Mr. Bob Cotton called on me today. Stayed till nearly dark. Had not seen him since he joined the army. He came home blind three months- quite blind. His eyes are still weak. He has a fine voice and possesses a fund of flowery language which he expends very freely though his chief forte lies in description. Gave me a glowing word picture of the mountains of East Tennessee. Suspect he drew quite lavishly upon imagination. It is a pity he has so little respect for the truth. "Consistency Thou art a jewel". Though he is eloquent, yet there is such a palatable vein of egotism in all he says that I become disgusted and soon weary of his brilliant language and fine apt illustrations.

His sweetheart has discarded him, being her father's command. The weather like the country is dismal, rained yesterday, all night and today.

Bought a summer dress today. Cost \$6.00, buff bishop lawn. Quite pretty. Little Ruth has kept me awake so much that I need sleep, so will retire.

Friday Night Feby 27th 1863

Another day is numbered with the past. Mag is quite sick and Ruthy is worse. Poor little thing she breathes so hard and lies so still that I fear her condition is dangerous.

Went to Mrs. Allens this morning on business. Mr. Cotton told me last evening that he would call again early today. Expect to return home before he comes. I was detained by Mrs. Allen. He called and left before I got back. Presumed he was a little piqued at my carelessness though he told my sister Mag that he would return in a short time. Did not come, glad he did not. Have no time to devote to company and then his conversation is words, mere words. R.H. (probably Robert Hulme) would be angry if he knew I talked to him as I did yesterday. Yet need I care. I have a right to entertain whom I please. Have been debating the policy of acting a double part and perform a signal favor H. But conscience I profess that monitor yet and forget and it whispers nay.

Mr. C. promised to bring me Brownlow's new book to read. Am anxious to see it.

Am to commence my school within two days. Heighho. I wonder if I have a sane idea to impart these weary times. As Mr. Vaughn says, I welcome the school room as a change. I will feel less ennui.

Oh the life I endure, not one congenial spirit, not one that feels as I do or sympathetic with my many moods. They are kind. I love them yet there is a void they cannot fill. In the words of another. I can only exclaim, "Oh! How long will this endure. How Long!"

March 6th 1863

Seven days have passed since I wrote. Ruth, poor little darling came near dying. We sent for her father. He has not come yet. She is convalescent

now. Mag is also getting well. Have been about half sick myself. Caught cold sitting up at night and having to be outdoors so much in the day time.

(note: This man was interested in the Northwest conspiracy "The Copper Leads") Had company every day and several nights. Bob C. came here again this week. I read Vallandigham's speech to him. Took me over an hour. I don't like to read aloud, felt my voice tremble when I began. Was a little embarrassed. Bob is a flatterer. This is quite palpable in his conversation. Says women should be educated. Taught to reason, to think, and above all should cultivate a fondness for reading. I agree with him, yet I told him that a woman that thought and reasoned to an extent was unhappy that they have to feed on mere "husks". The outward world that they hide within their hearts do not agree.

If I had read less, imagined less and educated my mind for the practical instead of the ideal life, I would have been better adapted for the prosaic existence that appears to be mine. That it is my fate so far.

Yet I threw away (I fear) my hope of earthly happiness and must wait until the troubled heart moans itself unto the rest which knows no waking.

I do not feel so unhappy, personally I am growing indifferent, yet my heart bleeds in every pore for my country and my friends. I heard the booming of cannon yesterday. Bro. Robert I expect, was in the fight. We have heard nothing from it, only that our boys fell back. They have been fighting again at Vicksburg. We gained the victory.

The Federals lost so their papers say, 20,000. Dr. Byrn brought me two late papers & I bought him one from Mrs. Allen. Therefore had a peep at the world once more. This same world is out of tune. A perfect chaos.

I think of Byron's dream "Darkness". The bright sun of American peace and liberty I fear is extinguished. A fearful hope is all we profess. A hope we will gain our independence. (A Negro War) how hateful the thought. I wish they were all in their native land beyond the sea. God only knows if slavery be right. Yet all men were certainly not born equal. If so they surely would have obtained their rights before now. I am a half fatalist. Naturally cannot help it. Have never read any works tinctured with that belief. If I had four years since, what would I have been now.

Heaven help me. I am strange enough as I am.

Did not commence my school Monday. Mag and Ruth were too sick. Will begin next Monday if nothing prevents me.

It is raining tonight. Rained all afternoon, such sloppy, gloomy weather. I wish the sun would shine once more all day.

March 27th 1863

Three weeks have passed since I have penned a line. Ruth, Mag and myself have all been ill. Are now convalescent. I have been confined to my room for two weeks and have been well physicked with quinine, opium & various other powders and pills. Have no faith in M.D.'s and their stuff. Yet by dint of much persuasive eloquence aided by my acute pain they

prevailed upon me to be drugged to any amount. I am far from being well yet. Have forsworn any more dosing. Not another pill will I swallow except opium. I rather like its effect.

While I have been ill, time has kept the uneven tenor of its way. Various events have occurred.

Brentwood, six miles from here was surprised and taken last Wednesday by Genl. Forrest and Starnes. The attack was made just a day. Took 680 prisoners that morning, a wagon train with medicine and supplies of every kind.

About twelve o'clock the Federal cavalry (from Franklin) came into a collision on the Hillsboro Pike two miles from here. We were victors again and captured several hundred bluecoats. Mag says this event has caused me to get well rapidly. Perhaps so. I know I have been elated since. Bob Cotton brought me a package of letters he took out of a Yankee tent. They were from Mrs. Abbie Sears to her husband. It made my heart ache to read her tender loving wifely letters, so full of devotion and passionate longing for his return. Poor thing. Her husband is a prisoner and she as yet unconscious of his fate. This is only an incident of war, a mere speck among its accumulated horrors. My hand trembles so I can scarcely write. I would desist could I find a better employment. Am so tired of being sick and seeing those that are sick that I have shut myself up alone though there is no fire and the room is rather damp.

Mrs. Bettie Allen sent me "Godey" to read. "Husks" is still continued. Am more interested in the heroine than ever, though it makes me more thoughtful and grave to read it.

Many of us have adopted the motto in all things-if you can't be-at least seem to be and go on eating "husks" as it were and holding as life's chief good the complete and final subjugation of genuine emotion and substitute in it's place an artificial mode of thinking, speaking and eating.

Here I will make an extract. Truly there are two senses in which every search, every combat, may be said to be closed. One where the victor grasps his prize or waves aloft his sword in the moment of triumph. The other, when bleeding, maimed or dying, the vanquished sinks to earth without the power to arise.

Brother Robert is quite sick, has been at home for two weeks. Came to see Ruth. Have had visitors all afternoon and aunt Polly is here now. The house is generally filled with company, mostly girls and old ladies, with a stray soldier now and then which relieves the monotony of life considerably. Bob C. is a frequent visitor, is wearisome at times, though a capital conversationalist. If he would not be so egotistical. I'm in a dilemma between him and cousin Robert Hulme.

What ought I to have done under the circumstances. 'Tis vain to regret the past. I am studying "Phrenology" Just began yesterday. Bob C. brought me the book. Am rather skeptical in regard to the science. Expect to begin school again Monday. Anything is preference to the life here. Oh me. A contented mind is a continual feast.

Saturday Night March 7th 1863

It is raining again in fitful showers. The moon at intervals beams out through the clouds, rendering the gloom more visible and ghostly. A fine night to sit by the fire and muse or trace the shadows on the wall of memory. I have endeavored to read tonight. Have late papers and Brownlow's book but nothing seems to interest me. My mind tonight is aof misty and vague thoughts. Picked up "Godey" and read Husks over again in part. Got my french book to look up the meaning of a quotation.

Robt. C. came again today. Though I profess so little faith in the man, his conversation interests me. He was rather morose today and not so loquacious. We talked of war, human love, human depravity, of books and education. He complimented me for advancing new trains of thought and said I always set his brain wild with thinking. This is one of his modes of flattery. He tells a vain girl in a delicate way that she is pretty and that she is attractive and so on to the end of the catalogue of female attractions. I wonder what made me his confidante. Heigho! I am playing a game. Shall not betray him. I am only acting for past time and to prevent stagnation of mind. After all how lonely, how desolate, the life I lead. Will it ever be thus?

I wish sometimes I was more domestic in my taste. My throat is so sore and the candle is burned low, the fire is shrouded in white ashes, and the room filled with dark weird shadows chasing each other like silent ghosts upon the wall. Therefore to bed. I'll be lulled to sleep by the pattering rain.

Thursday Night March 12th 1863

It is nine o'clock. The last two hours have been spent by me lying upon the carpet gazing into the fire. Felt too weary physically to sew or knit and too meditative to read.

Have taught school only four days. Only eight pupils. Been rather unwell all the week, therefore profess but little energy to teach. The Feds are playing the very mischief. Expect them here daily. There are about 15 horses here waiting to be taken. They are stealing horses, cows, meat, poultry, sheep and everything else they happen to fancy.

Our cavalry have fallen back to Columbia. Brother Robert came out unscathed in the fighting near Franklin. Oh! How thankful I feel when I learn that he is well and unwounded.

Bob Cotton is visiting us frequently. This is twice a week often 2 days in succession. They call him my waiting boy.

Accompanies me to school. Brings back my horse. He is quite an amusing companion these gloomy times. Loves to laugh and dispute with me. Though I rather weary with his affected eloquence. His melodious voice is his chief forte and he is aware of its fascination. A well modulated voice is an excellent thing in conversation.

Last night he made me his confidante. Am truly sorry he did. It places me in a rather awkward position. However, I've passed the "Rubicorn" and events will take their course. I pray that I may be kept from the sin of double dealing. I had no idea that I would be called upon to play the part I've promised, when he first asked me to be his confidante. It troubles me. Have been wondering all day whether I'd better not ask him to release me. Would not care were it not for J.H.H.'s sake. I wish I could tell him all but no, never.

Cotton is coming again tomorrow night. I dislike to be troubled about the affairs of others.

March 30th 1863

Taught school again today. Find it more agreeable than staying at home listening to the everlasting squalls of the children. Though I will say that Bobbie is one of the best little fellows I ever saw and so pretty with his round rosey face, deep blue eyes and charming mouth. He and I have a romp every day. He is so affectionate and playful.

We suppose Gen. Forrest attacked Franklin today from the heavy firing in that direction. I heard the report of cannon for several hours. We are so anxious to learn the result. Have not heard from the wounded soldiers over on the pike today. One has died from his wounds. He died at the toll gate. A Mr. Swanson. I could have gone to see them if I had been well enough.

(the toll gate was just south of the second bridge over little Harpeth)

Bob Cotton took supper with us. Stayed about twenty minutes after and left. Called to see me about a pistol and left 2.00 to pay Mrs. Allen for it. She brought it out of Nashville. Contraband of course. Mag and all the family are very anxious to find out what I bought but I promised to keep it a secret.

Note: A full page of extracts from a Yankees letter is left out J.P.H.

April 5th 1863

Such a bright and sunny Sabbath morning. It is really a pleasure to go outdoors and inhale the pure fresh air and gaze upon the blue sky and dancing sunbeams. Have just returned from a walk in the cool spring hollow and the slopes of the hills above it. Brought back a handful of violets and other wild blooms. It was with a sense of childish pleasure that I beheld the first violet hidden among the leaves and the next moment I grew thoughtful and smiled to myself over the exclamation of delight that involuntary burst from my lips as I grasped it. In a moment memory brought the senses of other days around me. Days, such bright Sabbaths as this, when I gathered wild flowers in the same spot.

I was a child then quietly happy, wandering over the hills, scrambling among the rocks after flowers or seated upon a mossy hillock, my eyes drinking in the wild beauty of the scene and my thoughts busy ranging, and undefined images of the future commingling with cogulations of the present.

I was a strange child, so mother and others would say in my presence, reserved to all and shy to strangers.

At home my time was usually at my own disposal for Mother petted and spoiled me, her youngest child. Many and various were my pursuits and pleasures. I possessed a love for pets of all kinds from the favorite housedog down to my lame ground squirrel.

Much of my time was spent out of doors with my brothers in the field where I learned many lessons in farming and to drop corn and beans and at noontime I used to love to ride home on the backs of the gentle plough horses. The ploughing gear serving to keep me steady upon their otherwise bare backs and then I was their companion in their hunting and fishing sports. It was during these excursions that I imbibed my strong preference for out door life, and passionate love of nature and the forest.

I never loved to sit patiently and wait for the fish to bite as they did. I would soon throw down my pole and wander up and down the green banks of "Little Harpeth" gathering flowers and shells, climbing bushes to peep into curious shaped bird nests. The consequence was that I generally returned home with soiled garments which brought a scolding from mother, enforced by the threat I stay home if I did not take better care of my clothes. Yet this threat was never executed. I did not like to play with other children. I liked dolls of which I had whole families from the grandmother to the infant in long clothes.

My greatest indoor pleasure was books, histories, novels travels were devoured promiscuously, all of my little allowances of money went for books.

Then I used to get bundles of old newspapers full of politics and love stories from Grandfather's old papers. From these I acquired a fondness for politics. But enough of these reminiscences which the spring violets recalled.

Matt, Little Ruth & I are alone today. Even Lottie is gone visiting. Last week was tolerably pleasant. Had no difficulty with my pupils. reproved them sharply for talking. Judge they will profit by my lecture by the blushes that suffused their cheeks. They are so happy and playful as if there was no war in progress.

I often envy them, as their peals of lighthearted laughter falls upon my ears. Happy childhood: how evescant (?) is your stay! Then comes womanhood and manhood with cares and responsibilities, grief and heart burning love and hate. Had visitors last week as usual.

R.C. stayed here Friday night. We sat up until twelve o'clock. I tried to make him go to bed earlier, but he would not. Kept on talking.

We discussed various subjects. At last I told him Mag would scold me if she knew we were up & I not entirely recovered from my illness.

Well! Said he, I am obliged to have a drink of water before I retire & she will hear me and know we are up. I laughingly told him to take off his boots, He did so and came back saying all was quiet on that part of the house.

He sat there and talked another half hour and then got up on the stairway and said he would make his farewell speech and go to bed. He is at times a pleasant companion. Yet: one can discern too much egotism at times. His voice is his chief charm and he is fully aware of it.

He is the only young man left to come here and he will leave soon. His eyes are nearly well. I fear if J.H.H. is alive and ever sees these pages, he will be jealous, seeing Cotton's name so frequently. Though heaven knows not a particle of affection, that is love, exists for him, only friendship. His society is a relief these lonesome times.

I think so often of J.H.H. and wonder if he will return. Sometimes I sit and muse of the past and those five months we spent together seem merely the creation of a dream. Two years have passed away since he bade me good bye. It has been sixteen months since a line from him has reached me. Oh the weary days of suspense and nights of sleepless vigilance that I spend. Often it is eleven or twelve o'clock before I retire. Then I frequently cannot sleep until day.

No news of importance. The Feds are still taking horses and mules. They speak of encamping within a mile of here. If they do! They shall share the fate of those at Brentwood.

9 P.M. Monday April 12th 1863

It is so pleasant to retire to my room, that is to the sitting room. I sleep in there this winter. It makes no difference these war times. We have so few gentlemen visitors and when these few happen to stay all night, I put them upstairs above this room and retire to the bedroom above Mags room.

I believe I started to say it was pleasant to sit here alone, to write, to read, or to think. Just as I choose, with no one to disturb me.

Brother Bob came home for a few minutes last night. Is spending the night here tonight.

Will have to skidaddle by daylight. The "Yankees" are scouting around. Had another near Franklin on Friday. He escaped again. Thank God for his goodness to us in sparing him.

Mag, my dear, kind sister. Her health I fear is gone. She has a chill every day now, is quite sick tonight, has such a violent headache. I am really uneasy about her. Her poor, pale face and wasted form haunt me, even in my dreams. She is the best friend I have. More like a mother than a sister in her tender kindness toward me, her only but wilfull and at times perverse sister. I dare not think of the future if she were taken.

I will change this theme or tears will flow. I am so far from well myself. Yet I sit up here nights, sometimes until midnight. I can't sleep. If I do,

am seeing unpleasant visions or lie there half asleep, thinking vaguely of everything.

Sometimes I fear I will go mad. I do very well during the day at school eight hours and the rest of the time busy sewing, nursing feeding the chickens or putting the house in order. I lead a tolerable busy life. Arise at five or five thirty. Make my bed, sweep the room, dust the furniture, make my toilet, then go to Mag's room. If she is able to be up, make her bed, bathe Bobby and get him ready for breakfast. Sometimes set the table for Lottie. (Lottie must be the cook) After breakfast, sew until 7:30, then eight hours at school. Then come home am generally occupied or other until supper. After we have eaten, spend an hour or two with Dotts, Mag and Mat and then steal off to here. Brother Dotts often comes in and chats or reads for an hour or so. I have made but two visits in six weeks. Have no desire to go. Bob Cotton called tonight. Had supper and stayed for an hour afterwards. Suspect he came to spend the night but found Bro. bob here and changed his mind. For he knows Bro. Bob does not like him. He says Bob Cotton is a liar and a hypocrite. Perhaps so. I know he is too fond of talking. He and I got into a dispute tonight and I told him he talked too much. He said half justingly; Confound Mary! You are always lecturing me and telling me my faults.

After awhile we got upon another subject in which he paid me some compliments. I have forgotten what. At which I pretended to be angry and retorted with, I don't thank you sir! I will not stand being "confounded" and flattered all together. He jestingly reached his pistol toward me saying here, take this and blow my brains out if you wish. I coldly outstretched to take it. He it drew back saying, I don't like the expression of your eyes. I believe you would as lief shoot as not. I told him yes, just for the sake of a new sensation& etc. Yet after all his confidence and our long-long head and heart confabulations, we are scarcely friends. I told him so tonight and that our intimacy was a mere pretense and pastime.

He vowed I was the meanest girl he ever saw and he would not tell me anything else. I told him I did not care what he thought of me. He could hate me if he chose etc. etc. He went off laughing.

Sunday morning April 19th 1863

I would have written last night but I was weary in both mind and body. I arose early in the morning expecting to take up the carpet in the new room and do many other things besides. So after breakfast I was fixed up in working plight and having an old dress with a white cloth tied around my head turban style. About 9 a.m. Dr. Byrne came up and caught me dirty as a dusty carpet and floor could make me. He laughed and said now you are in a pretty plight.

I divested my head of the turban and took him to see Mag. Mat was lying down with a tooth ache.

I sat chatting with him for half an hour and then went back to my work. In a few minutes I heard such a chattering. I went to the door to see what was to pay. By this time a squad of Federal cavalry had surrounded the yard and four were sitting on their horses at the gate. I went out to ascertain their business. They asked if Mr. Pearre was at home. I told him "No"! Well, they said he was here last night. This I could not deny for he did come after midnight and left at daylight. They said, that is, the officer said, he had orders to search the house and take him if he were there. And also his horses. I told him the family were sick, and that a physician was here, etc. Dr. Byrne came out and told him the same. The officer appeared quite gentlemanly, regretted that he had orders to search as a lady was sick etc. He took one man with him and looked into both rooms and upstairs and of course found no one. Brushed by Roberts cavalry overcoat without seeing it. There are Federal blankets here and an army gun but they never found them.

I was afraid it would excite Mag, she was so sick, but she bore it very well. They found none of Roberts horses. He had sold his mule and his young horse was not here. Has none but two mares and they are not fit for army service. Two of Dotts horses were in the stable, the one he gave me to ride and Mags young mare. I claimed them and he ordered his men to let them alone.

I guess he thought it was cleaning day or rather confusion day. I had swept the straw into a pile in the middle of the floor, the furniture was in various positions and shrouded from the dust. A dozen chairs stood loaded with clothes, pictures, books, pillows, etc. The little table and night stand were ditto. Upstairs things were not much better. One bed was as I had gotten up out of it a few moments before. At the head my new hoops were suspended in all their glory. One bed was made up and they were particular to examine it. Up in the other rooms things were "topsy turvy", beds were not made, dirty clothes were strewn on the carpet and two large bunches of spun cotton though they did not appear inclined to take anything.

I should like to find out who reported Robert and Mr. Armstrong. They went there and took two of his horses and a mule and searched Aunt Polly C. (Cato I think) house and stole her butter, took it off in a water gourd. Also intercepted a letter written by Chas. Sawyer to Mary Hulme, took it from a little negro who was carrying it to her. I presume they enjoyed its contents as some say he is in love with her. I suspect they will be here again soon. I wrote to Jno. Hulme last night. He is at Tullahoma. (Braggs army was there) They may get it and discover that I have no good will towards them.

Tuesday Night April 21st 1863

Mag has been so sick. More than a week has passed since I've written a line. She has missed her chill for three days and is better tonight.

Bobbie is being weaned. Has been away from home since Wednesday. Aunt C.H. has him.

My school is larger than at first. Have 18 pupils. They worry me sometimes. If Mag was well I would get along much better. Being so confined all and being on my feet so much morning and evening makes me nervous and easily vexed. Very often I am up half of the night and then I have such bad headaches. But out of the bed I spring at dawn. Attend to Mag, feed the chickens see about breakfast and yet it is better for me to be busy. It kills time and drives away thoughts dark and troublesome. Keeps my thoughts from eating out my heart as it were.

I know I don't feel right or act right. Am too selfish. Am not as cheerful as I pretend to be. Love solitude and my own thoughts better than the society of those with whom I am thrown. Bro. Robert is here again tonight. Also spent Sat. night here. Chas. Sawyer was our guest last night.

Southern soldiers will visit there friends, let Yanks do what they will to prevent them. They come in the night and leave at dawn. Have not seen Bob C. since the night we had such a dispute. He is afraid to show himself on this side of Harpeth since the Federals scout through here so frequently. If he is well I wish he would join his company and save his reputation. All have retired except me and I don't feel sleepy more than once per week. Ought to sew some. Am making a new dress. A pink calico one.

Bought a new dress for Mag the other day. Thought it would please her. The Federals took her favorite mare last week. It excited her a little. Dotts sent off the one he gave her. They have nearly deprived the country of horses and mules.

Mr. Baker one of Roberts fellow soldiers shot another soldier and killed him last Sunday. They were conversing upon friendly terms a short time before it occurred. A mans life is lightly valued at present. It hardly causes an emotion to hear of a death.

May third 1863

Another Sabbath and how lonely. I sit here at the window and look around the room. Everything in its place, each article clean and neat, the carpet fresh and bright and upon the mantle a bouquet of Mags choicest flowers perfumes enlivens the room. Through the windows sunlight and shadows strive together for pre-eminence, and out of doors every object wears the exquisite robe of spring. In the yard flowers are blooming and birds are singing. Yet an air of loneliness rests upon all. The very calmness of the evening seems oppressive and the quiet of the room with its empty chairs sitting unmoved where I placed them this morning fills me with a vague melancholy awe. They seem to speak of the past, of beautiful Sabbath afternoons when the room was gay with sunlight, youth and beauty. Manly forms were here and white robed girls and music and laughter mingled with the carols of the blithe songster of the woods.

Indeed I can say with Moore, "I feel like one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted, whose lights have fled, whose garlands dead and all but he departed."

Heigho how my head aches. Mag is decidedly improving and I am fast becoming sick or something. I need rest and change. Last week was not quite so tedious as the one before. We had company several nights. Robert, Jno. Sawyer and Bob C. all Rebels and of course night birds. We live in Yankeedom and they dare not be seen after sunrise.

I was exceedingly annoyed the last night Cotton was here. About 10 O'clock just as he was in one of his best speeches, Aunt Polly Cator, Mat's dear mama, looking as solemn as a ghost, took her seat in the corner, thus giving a gently hint that it was "bed time". It is strange to me that Mat can't see that it annoys me, and put her to sleep upstairs in the other room. I felt my face flush. Bob stopped abruptly. Then began another gay sally upon another theme to hide the annoyance visible in my face and manner.

My temper was up so I ordered him to hush and go to bed. He laughed and said he was not sleepy but I knew he was vexed as well as I. He took the candle and went upstairs. I wrapped my comforter around my head and took a seat out in the passage in the moonlight to cool my temper and vowed if I ever owned a house I would never put a bed in the sitting room if I had no parlor. She has vexed me a dozen times since we came home, in this manner as if she could not go upstairs. She annoys me exceedingly with her silly chat. I learned everything she relates by heart by hearing her tell it to mother when I was a child. Oh Me! The very presence of such people makes me uncomfortable and I have been tortured time and again during the past four months.

Have been restless about not hearing from J.H.H. It has been reported that Jackson has arrived at Tullahoma. If so he may be there and perhaps will come. (False alarm)

Then I think if he were alive I would hear from him and a thousand conjectures relative to his fate fills my brain. I lie awake at nights and think until that blinding headache almost dethrones reason. Then I get up and go out and bathe my temples and sit down outdoors until I become calm and the pain less intense. Have been up at two o'clock nearly every night for three weeks.

Thursday 1863

It is five o'clock p.m. Dismissed my pupils at half after four. Chatted with Aunt Charlotte for 20 minutes. She came back to bring Kate for me to ride home. Ride her every day to keep the Feds from taking her. Rode up to the wild strawberry bed. Brought Mag and Dotts some. They are just beginning to ripen.

Have neglected writing since the third. Have been too busy and also ill with nervous toothache to do anything but that I am obliged to do. Mag is well or nearly so now and I am relieved of domestic affairs. Dr. Byrne extracted two of my decayed teeth therefore will not be troubled with that most excruciating pain of toothache. He took them out yesterday morning. After my gums ceased

bleeding we sat down to breakfast in a merry mood. Bettie Hulme was here and her wittiest way, at my expense about losing my teeth.

I went to the gate to give some orders about our horses. Bubner (a colored boy) came running toward me saying, "Oh Miss Mary, the Yankees are coming." Sure enough, up galloped eleven and quick as lightning surrounded the yard. Sarg. Hall, the same one who came and searched the premises before. Demanded of me if Mr. Pearre lived here. I replied that I answered that question to you sir a few weeks ago. He laughed and then inquired if he was at home. No said I. whoever informed you that he was, informed you wrong this time.

Well, I must search, so he dismounted. Beckoned one of his men to follow and in they came, I leading the way. We talked in perfect good humor during the tour of the house, he apologizing, Bettie and I insisting upon him peeping behind the fire screen and into barrels etc. We were lighthearted because Robert was not here and hadn't been here for two weeks.

They acted more like gentlemen than Federal soldiers usually do. I told Hall that I could say that there was one gentlemen in the Federal army. They did not relish Bettie and I dubbing them Yankees. We told them to doff the blue and then we would not call them so.

Twenty five came here today. Never molested anything, only scouting around. The officer had a bouquet, presented by Mrs. Bettie Allen. So much for her Southernism. Hall stopped there yesterday morning. Enquired who I was. Said that I was a nice young lady, treated them very politely and etc. But that I did not disguise my southern sentiments. No and I never shall, I hope.

Wednesday Night May 20th 1863

It is very seldom that I open this book to pen my thoughts now. The nights are so short and I am generally weary that I don't have the inclination to write. Have no time during the day. My hours are spent in the schoolroom. (The school was out on Hillsboro Pike)

I usually rise at five a.m., busy until school time, seeing to the "small fowls" as Dotts says, and make up beds, sweeping etc. Mag is still chilling. I have to perform the duties of housekeeper, nurse, seamstress, and school teacher.

Made one dress for myself, one for Mag and one for Bobbie. At present am making one for Lottie. Went to Mrs. Allen, before sun-up Monday morning to purchase calico, linen, domestic, sugar and shoes. Remained two hours and only succeeded in buying twenty yards of calico @ 40 cents, 2 yds of brown linen @ 75 cents per yard., 6 yards of domestic @ 50 cents per yard., and \$1.00 worth of sugar @ 30 cents per pound. Heigho. What prices. We received 20 cents per dozen for eggs, 40 cents for butter, 30 cents apiece for chickens, the size of partridges. It grieves me to know that we sell such things for the Federals. Yet if we were to try to keep our marketing, the Federals would take it anyhow.

I believe we average three dollars per week and get sugar, coffee, soda, and dry goods in exchange.

The Provost Marshall permits Mrs. Allen to bring out most anything she chooses. Yet I presume she is not aware that the greater portion of what she brings out is carried South. Yet she does not smuggle for Patriotic motives.

Money is the motive. She is no Secesionist. Everyone knows besides that she is a consummate liar.

The Feds still keep up their search for "Rebels". Two were seen coming off our hills today. They seem loath to give up their search for Robert. Poor fellow, he is still ill but cannot be at home. They come out at night also. Every night I lie down expecting to be aroused before day. I keep a candle and matches close to my bed so that I can at least have the protection of a light should they burst into the room as they frequently do when searching for soldiers.

I could not help but admiring their cavalry as a squad passed me the other day. Their uniform is so much prettier than ours. They look so picturesque winding their way through the beautiful woods, presenting such a contrast with their bronze faces, blue uniforms and glittering arms, the dark green foliage over their heads. The admiration was involuntary and I turned away with a sigh, remembering they were enemies and desecraters of my native land and even then were proceeding perhaps to my home to destroy it.

Sabbath morning May 24th 1863

The Federals traversed this vicinity from one end to the other yesterday, taking, arresting citizens. They arrested three of our oldest neighbors, Uncle Willis Wray and the two Mr. Berry's and a number of others not so old. They were here late in the afternoon, asked for something to eat and looked at the horses. Fortunately our best were not at home though I expect I expect they will take them yet.

It is such a beautiful calm May day. The yard is a of flowers. I have made the room gay and odorous with baskets and bouquets of pinks, honeysuckle, roses, syringers. I know not why it is, yet I take a mournful pleasure in making the house so neat and decorating the front room as though I expected it to be filled with company.

Alas our daily life is monotonous and gloomy than ever. It has been two weeks since a Southern soldier has ventured to pay us a visit even at night. Therefore, there are no more "disputations" confidential chats and laughter between Bob C. and I. He is a coward, so some say. Some say he is sick again. If he were my sweetheart I would have told him his reputation was involved, would have induced him to return to his command or discarded him.

Stonewall Jackson died from his wounds. It seems our best and bravest men are destined to fall in this terrible war. I wish! I wish it would cease.

It has been two years since I saw Mr. Hamilton, 16 months since I received a letter from him and seven months since I received any verbal intelligence from him. Often the suspense is more agonizing than news of his death would be for then I would know our fate was irrevocably sealed and endeavor to submit. The last letter he wrote he spoke so exultingly of the following May for then he said I will see you again and Oh! How happy the hour when I can take your hand in mine and hear your sweet voice in tones of welcome etc.

Alas he lived to see the beautiful month that was to have given him liberty to return home. But its calm sweet sunshiny days and many hued flowers brought no joy to the weary soldier and home and loved ones met not his gaze.

Stern fate and Jeff Davis decreed that these 12 month volunteers should remain, offer his life to secure Southern Independence. Another long, weary, bloody year has passed.

May has come again and the soldier is still far away toiling and bleeding for his country or lying upon some battlefield. Battle after Battle is fought in Virginia. Every inch of her soil has been contested over, and is yet disputed ground and still the most sanguinary battles on record are fought. It is though another fight is imminent in this state between the hostile armies. God grant that we be victorious.

Friday Night May 29th 1863

My school week is over and a weary one it has been. Several of my pupils are ill and others are obliged to remain at home. Last Sunday night and Monday the Federals made quite a raid through the neighborhood.

Captured Jno. Sawyer at Uncle Wesley Hulmes. They came there at 3 o'clock in the morning, rushed upstairs into the girl's room which frightened them considerably. Some of them acted very badly, cursed and threatened to burn the house. Hall (the one gentlemen in the Federal army) was with them, as I had laughingly told him. He endeavored to restrain them. He sent his respects to me. Of course I am much obliged to him for his compliments. After taking Jno. Sawyer, they proceeded to Mr. Armstrong's, arrested Mrs. Armstrong and Ellen and kept them two days. It is thought that she will be sent south. Ellen came back to school looking very pale and dejected, saying she hated the "Yankees" more than ever.

The Feds after taking Jno. S, Mrs. Armstrong and Ellen came on over here and demanded Bro. Dotts horses, described them precisely, asked for them. As it happened none of his valuable ones except Kate, my gallant grey, was here. This kindled their ire to the boiling point. They caught Kate, saddled and bridled and mounted her, vowing they would take her. Dotts and myself were not here, were gone even then to save the very horse they wished to get. Uncle Wesley Hulme was here and told them the grey was mine and begged them not to take the only horse his orphan niece had.

They turned her loose and cursed little Bubner (a negro boy and told Mag that Mat had told a d__m lie and if she failed to tell the truth they would burn the house down. Poor Mag they frightened her into a chill. But thank God the villain who cursed a helpless woman in her own house was not an American but a detestable black Dutchman.

The news from Miss. Is very conflicting. The Federals acknowledge that they failed again to take Vicksburg and Port Hudson and it is said Grant's army is in a very precarious situation and that is good reason to expect his capture. I know not what to believe, both parties generally claim the victory and their newspapers teem with falsehoods. God only knows when this war will cease and what will be the result. It is terrible to bear and my brain goes wild as I contemplate the possibility of its continuation for years. I would gladly go south where I would be

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free from the presence and insults of the Yankee Dutch Soldiers. If only I had someone to go with me. I become fearful that I will have to go barefoot if I cannot obtain a pair of shoes soon. I sent to Mrs. F's (probably Frith's) and paid \$3.75 for a pair of goat skin shoes. Let me see. I have paid \$7.75 for a pair of shoes in Jany. Heigho! I cannot go barefooted. It has rained all day and it is raining yet. I must hasten to bed and get a sound nights sleep for the Feds won't come such a night as this.

June 6th 1863

Heigho! Saturday night again. It is surprising how fast time seems to fly. I believe I have nothing of interest to record. Had quite a pleasant week at school. My pupils are studying very well considering the times. There is so much to disturb them and detract their attention from books. Poor things. their youth is overshadowed by the dark cloud of civil war. Daily they behold armed men and often listen to the booming cannon which has been the case two days this week. Forrest is annoying them again at Franklin. He is certainly endowed with ubiquity. I guess the Feds think so. They hate him and vent their spleen by calling him the "notorious guerilla" chief. Brother Robert says he is a very handsome man and has a very smart appearance. I have never seen any of our generals. I would like to much to see them. I am very weary tonight. Dotts and I went hunting this afternoon. I made the shot out of Yankee bullets. It is almost impossible to obtain any from marketers. Shot is contraband. We had no luck. Came home minus game and lost my comb besides. Jennie Pearre is sleeping in my room tonight and really she snores so that I am nervous. I can't bear "nasal music" Bro. Robert and Bob Cotton came here Wednesday night at 9 o'clock. Remained an hour. Could not prevail upon them to stay longer. Were fearful of being captured.

June 14th 1863

Another weary week has dragged its length along. Spent by me pretty much as usual. Made several visits and sewed for myself during my leisure until yesterday I helped sister Lucy make a dress. We went to pick raspberries later in the afternoon. I came back sick and dizzy and went to bed early. I wonder if my sisters appreciate my self-denial? And devotion to them? I who am naturally selfish and fond of reading devote half my time to them and theirs in sewing etc. I believe they consider my time theirs by right of my single blessedness. Perhaps it is best that it is so. I am often asked, "Mollie, why didn't you marry before the war began?" I often wonder why I did not. Then I shudder to think what might have been the consequence. Oh! Did fate ever throw us together or Your dead face is oftenest visible in my dreams. There is quite a budget of news afoot. Vicksburg is still ours. Thousands of men have fallen and the Federals still endeavor to subdue it. It is said they lost 40,000 men there. The South is being deluged with blood. I think of "Armagedden" and shudder. I have not seen a "bluecoat" this week. They have left Brentwood and perhaps will not come here so frequently. The horror of war seems to be accumulating around us. Ywo of our men were convicted as "spies", and hanged at Franklin this past week. My

heart chilled when I heard of it. Thank God they died bravely and firmly. They were not Tennesseans.

NOTE: By J.P.H.

Much mystery surrounds the capture and execution of these two young men, Lieut. Orton Williams and Lieut. Peters. Orton (or arton) Williams was a rash sort of person, drank some. He had been on the staff of Genl. Leonadis Polk. Had a difficulty with a private soldier whom he shot and killed. This terminated his army career. He had been a suitor of Agnes Lee, one of Genl. R.E. Lee's daughters. She did not encourage him. He had paid a visit to see Agnes Lee just before embarking upon this mysterious mission. He was a distant cousin of the Lee family. Ninety-five years after, the mystery still remains a mystery. The supposition is this mission in some way was connected with the "Northwest Conspiracy" a movement engineered by the so-called "Copperheads" or northern people who were war-weary and in favor of stopping the war, letting the south go and become an independent nation. This movement had considerable support throughout the Middle west, Ind., Ill, part of Ohio, and others. Jno. Morgans raid through Ky. And Ohio was part of the plan. The confederate government had agents in Canada and all through the North. Freeing the 10,000 Confederate officer prisoners was part of the plan. A northern man by the name of Vallandigham was the leader. Williams and Peters were dressed as Federal officers. Rode confidently into Federal lines at Franklin. Were entertained by the Feds at officers mess. They claimed that they were inspectors for the Federal army. After supper they bid their hosts adieu and started for Nashville. After their departure one of the officers became suspicious that their story was a fake. He communicated their suspicions to Genl. Blair, commander of the force at Franklin. The Feds followed them and brought them back and into the presence of Genl. Blair, who telegraphed Genl. Rosencrans at Nashville that he suspected they had caught two rebel spies and that he thought some hanging would be a proper method of dealing with them if found guilty. Rosencrans wired back to form a court martial, try them, and if found guilty, hang them at daylight. After interviewing the men, Genl. Blair felt sorry for them and regretted that he had suggested "that a little hanging would be good for them". He wired Rosencrans again suggesting a lesser severe verdict be imposed. Rosencrans wired back to let the verdict of court martial stand and went to bed giving orders that he not be disturbed again. Genl. Blair sent one or two more telegrams begging leniency. Rosencrans orders stood. Blair was frantically kneeling on the floor wringing his hands and censuring himself for having suggested the punishment. Lieuts. Williams and Peters "died as men". (As mother states). Williams taking the blame upon himself, exonerating Peters. The Feds would not be moved for mercy. The only statement made by the prisoners was that had their mission succeeded, they would have been in Canada in two weeks. The heart rendering story still stands a mystery. No official note of it was ever found or mentioned in the Confederate records.

J.P.H.

Little thought I five years ago while student of the Franklin Female College, Franklin, Tenn. That the then pleasant village was destined to become the center of such horrors. Our beloved college has been turned into a Yankee Hospital. A Mr. Haly is here, is quite loquacious. I have returned upstairs but I can still hear his voice. A portion of the conversation will do. But I get sick of farming details and money matters. I have read too much for my happiness, unless I had like spirits to converse with. I love refinement in manners and conversation. Yet I daily see the reverse.

June 21st 1863

I spent yesterday morning in putting up raspberries and making jam. Our vines are full this season. Have tarts every day and have given several gallons of berries away besides.

Aunt Polly (Cato) heard from Moses (Cato) yesterday. He is not dead. Is at Murfreesboro, a prisoner in the hospital. His laeg had been mortified. No news from Lebanon. Saw a southern paper. We still hold Vicksburg and Port Hudson. The only hope the Federals seem to have in subduing them is by starvation. Pemberton (the commander) says he will hold as long as he has a pound of bacon, beef, flour and until the last cow, horse, mule or dog has been eaten. Hurrah for him say I. No Yanks out here this week. Do not make themselves so numerous since the Franklin raid. Forrest is at Springhill. His pickets are frequently within 12 miles of Franklin and his scouts are here every night or two. Bro. Robert came home Thursday night. Is well again. We talked all night. Felt sleep next day at school. Bob Cotton came here again last night. Fortunately or unfortunately, I know not which, I was away from home. Mag says he asked for me immediately. She says he bragged prodigiously. He has been appointed a scout or courier. Quite an easy part for one who is afraid to face a cannon ball. Cousin Robt. Hulme wrote that perhaps Genl. Bragg will march to Nashville soon. Perhaps so, a bare perhaps. Alas for Tennessee. Her yoke is heavy and grievous to bear. Days glide into weeks into months and accumulated into years and no letter from Mr. H. I dreamed I saw his sister Lizzie last night. I wish, oh, how I wish she could get through the lines and bring me intelligence on her brother. Cotton spent last Saturday and Sunday nights here. We had quite a long talk. He was in one of his best moods. Not so egotistical as usual. Read Byron's dream to him. Also Vallandigham's speech at Niagra Falls. We stay up until midnight Sunday night, principally conversing upon the war and it's demoralizing effects. We don't always agree. Yet we are good friends. A student of human nature. He and I spent last night at Uncle Wesley Hulmes. We all sat up until 11 o'clock, apparently quite merry, though Cotton was much indisposed. His health is bad at present. Looks pale and thin. He is a scout or courier or something of the kind.

(False Report) Brother Dotts came in just now to tell me that it is reported at Nashville that France had recognized the Southern Confederacy and war between

the United States and England is inevitable. It is too good to be true and if a fact and comes just in time to revive our expiring hopes. They have Vicksburg and Port Hudson. Captured Jno. Morgan and nearly every place of importance. War is a curious but bloody game of chess, one bad move ruins everything. I learned through the Louisville Journal that Archers brigade states that only 75 men the first day were captured. On the third day, "Pickett's charge", more were captured. In and beyond the Federal breastworks. The total loss of the brigade for the two days fighting was 677 out of 1068 official. I have written to him twice lately. Will write again as soon as his regiment is exchanged. Perhaps I will hear from him soon. Oh! That I could. I would be tempted to go to him did I know he was alive and where he is. Will I ever know. How often do I give him up in despair. Then hope whispers you will see him again. May God answer my prayers and verify that hope.

NOTE by J.P.H.

My father was struck by two bullets, once a slight scratch on his left thigh and again through the same leg above the knee. At this time he had crossed both fences of the Emmettsburg Road and was between this road which was a protection. He remained upon the field for ten days. The Federal surgeons treated his leg and afterwards sent him to a hospital in Baltimore. He was exchanged after about 6 months, rejoined his regiment and served all through 1864 and was one of the 45 men of the 7th Tenn. surrendered at Appomattox.

July 13th 1863

I had almost forgotten that I had a journal so busy have I been at school. My pupils persuaded me to have an exhibition at the close of the session. I could not find enough suitable dialogues, therefore, have been composing one, scene a Northern city, characters, a Northern and union lady, her two daughters and an orphan niece of the old lady, abolitionists and she a high spirited daughter of Dixie, etc., I suppose it will pass as there will be but a few critics present. My school ends in two weeks and then I expect to spend two weeks in Hickman Co. drinking sulphur water. Levy Cator, Bettie Hulme, and I expect to go together. Time still drags heavily away, bearing thousands of souls to eternity. War, rapine and death yet hold their bloody carnival in this once fair, happy, free land. No signs of peace, yet many rumors as to affairs at Vicksburg are afloat: It was announced in thundering tones of joy by booming cannon at Nashville last Friday that Pemberton had surrendered, but Southerners doubt it and rebel soldiers say it is not true. I wept with anguish when I heard of it. (Note: Vicksburg was surrendered on July the 4th and the battle of Gettysburg was fought on the first three days of July but news of the latter calamity had not reached the writer of this diary. J.P.H.)

Another battle has been fought in Virginia. (Meaning Gettysburg, no doubt) The news from there is conflicting as from Vicksburg. Bragg has fallen back, going South to spend the winter, I presume against his will.

A Mr. John Davis came here today. He escaped from the prison at Nashville last

Tuesday night, has been until today getting through the picket lines. He is completely broken down, is truly to be pitied and is no condition to be benefit to himself or to the south either.

August 1863 (No date)

I am seated in the wide open entry where I can see over pastures and cornfields to the blue hazy hills beyond, "Little Harpeth" But the calmness of the scene oppresses me.xxxxxxxx"It is midsummer when the hay is comes to mind" (some lines of a poem)

As I sit here gazing upon the scene, the breeze floats past just chanting the faintest moan of the coming dirge that nature will soon chant over the fast dying summer. Occasionally a few leaves drop before their time, forsake their stem and rustle to the ground, sending a vague thrill of pain through my heart. Reminding me of the heavy throb of the first clod thrown upon the silent form of a beloved one dead. In the nearby forest trees and in the nearby pastures, arises the harsh chatter of the grasshoppers. Even mingled in the chirp runs a thread of mournful cadence that speaks of the fast coming melancholy days. The saddest of the year. It is the presage of change and decay of the last days of summers calmly dying. That oppresses me much more than the glamorous days of Indian summer. The days of crimson woods, dropping nuts and blue misty lines above soft gliding waters wandering near and through haze veiled hills. I cannot be sad when natures pencil paints earth and heaven in such varied and glorious colors. Reflective and speculative I may be but not so soul saddened as I feel this morning as I sit here alone and note the indications of summers approaching dissolution.

August 1863

The pall of death and despair seems hovering over the Southern cause. Nothing but disaster meets us at every step. Tennessee, nearly all of it bows again under Federal rule. Citizens daily flock to Nashville to take the oath. I presume they feel quite easy when Ironclad and go their way rejoicing feeling pretty much I suppose when the burden of secession rolls off their weary shoulders, as the Pilgrim did when he drew a long breath of ease as the heavy load of sin rolled off his shoulders. But it is not for me to cavil at them for enveloping their hearts and veiling their faces with the mantle of hypocrisy. Poor human nature is weak. The time that tries men's souls has continued long, too grievous to be borne and the furnace fury hot and few there be that appear to me to be coming forth pure and double refined but the end is not yet and severe tests will be more successful and change chameleon like. It is the love for the mortal dollar and a desire for gain that daily sends crowds of men to the Halls of State to solemnly swear renewed allegiance to the authority of the government which they forsook in the hour of peril and dissolving agony.

Now that the star of the Union is in the ascendant and their sons, brothers and friends are driven far away to endure Southern heat and redoubled privations.

They save a few dollars and beg for the return of the beloved slave dearer to them than the life of a son or brother. Lowly bend before Northern tyrants and meekly swear allegiance to the government that has ruined them.

The federals if they possess a spark of nobleness and chivalry must despise the sneaking sycophants in their hearts. Oh me, I ought not to contemplate much less write of such dark traits of humanity. Lest my faith in human nobleness and goodness be shaken to its inmost depths. It is Sabbath again. Someone called Sunday the golden clasp that bound together the volume of the week. But it is to me now the weariest of the seven days. Mr. C stayed here two nights this week. Left this morning. I think the best thing he could do would be to go back to his command.

I witnessed a race between a Rebel and some Feds. last Tuesday. It was rather exciting. The southerner escaped unhurt though they fired at him etc. several times and were tolerably close to him. I ran out to see if they captured him, forgetting that a random shot might chance to greet me but did not get hit. My school begins in two weeks. Am glad because indolence wearies me. I make a short visit nearly every evening just for the sake of the ride. I try to sew and read but make slow progress. The weather is hot and sultry.

August 23rd 1863

The weather is till hot and sultry especially at noon. Is the heat oppressive. Good news. Mr. J. Horn from Wilson Co. has been in the neighborhood. Through him heard from my numerous acquaintances up there.

I also heard from Mr. Hamilton since the battle of Gettysburg. He and his brother are still living. There is a letter for me from him at Mr. Winford's. But alas, I perhaps will never enjoy the pleasure of reading it. I wrote to Miss Ruth to write Mr. Hamilton if she ever had the opportunity and tell him that I said he must come home. Oh, I wish he would come. That is my daily prayer. Jno. Peyton, Jimmie Powell, Van Williamson (he was not) or rather two of them were former pupils of Mr. Hamilton. Are dead. Killed in battle. This past week has been spent pretty much as its predecessor. Made quite a number of short visits. Sewed a little read a little spent a few hours talking to Bob C. Ate and slept a great deal. Bob's mother died last week. He appears very much grieved. Always spoke of his mother with respect and affection. He went home and saw her corpse at night but dared not stay for the funeral. Such is the fate of a soldier. None of us realized when the war began the dark and terrible days that lay beyond. How chilled with horror we would have been.

How hardened we have become through contact with war. I have and do sit for hours and chat with friends and soldiers armed to "the teeth". Pistols excite no emotion when seen about a mans person than his hat. We girls handle and shoot them with coolness. Unbuckle and lay them aside where they can be redeemed at the first note of alarm. All this is perfect "sang froid" as if we were born into it. And oh, how we have learned to disguise our feelings and invent the smoothest tales of when the Federals come. This, too, without a qualm of conscience. I told a falsehood to those hated bluecoats. I have heard more than one southern girl

say as she stood watching them leave her home. Why did you do it? Why! To keep them from capturing my friends. This is another deplorable evil of war. All regard for truth is lost.

No more war news this week.

Three Negro regiments left Nashville last week. God speed the hour of utter destruction is my prayer.

August 30th 1863

Have been so busy with pupils, drilling them for the exhibition which came off last Thursday afternoon that I have not written anything. Everyone says the girls did admirably. They acted two pieces: first Mrs. Weatherbo or The Village School, then the dialogue that I composed to which I gave the title of "A Southern Girl at the North". It opened with a southern song sung by Josie Hulme who acted the part of a southern girl to perfection. Her dark eyes and dark rosy face suited the part and then she possesses a voice of great power. The other characters were her aunt, a Northern widow, her two daughters and an Irish servant. Sallie Walker acted the part the aunt admirably, was a staunch Unionist. She looked very dignified in black silk. Julia was her youngest daughter, pure, simple, and affectionate while Ellen Armstrong performed the part and imitated the role of a New York belle. Kate Hulme was the Irish servant. The audience seemed delighted with the performance. At close I called upon Bob Cotton for a speech. He and several other Southern soldiers were present. He responded with a very clever little talk to my pupils. Several among my audience became offended at his being called upon. He is not very popular with a certain set. *Cotton spent Sat and Sun nights here we had a long talk.....Beginning here it was the same in the typewritten copy as on June 21st of the handwritten copy.

New Years Night 1864

Not a line have I written or a thought recorded here in four months. It is so cold tonight that I am writing seated before the fire upon the carpet. The old year of 1863 has vanished and with it New Years Day. Christmas came and passed bringing neither peace to my country nor happiness to my heart. Since last I wrote I heard from Mr. Hamilton. He was wounded, taken prisoner at Gettysburg, remained captive three months (it was 6) was at Richmond when he wrote to me. Oh! How happy and thankful I felt when I read his letter, the 2nd I have received since the invasion of Tennessee. He expected to come home. I yet look for him. If he comes I will not let him go back again. He wrote that he was a cripple. The saddest event of the year personally was the death of cousin Robt. Hulme, the dearest of my cousins. The only being that seemed to understand my queer way of thinking. He fell upon the bloody field of Chicamauga in the last charge of the gallant old 20th Tennessee regiment.

Alas! That he should die, peace to his memory and d_____ oh me. Brother Hulme is still in the army (with Forrests cavalry) nearly destitute of clothing and no way to send him any. His wife has a son 2 months old (Bud Pearre) brother of cousin Ruth) The fate of matrimony or rather as a result. Bob Cotton is a prisoner at

Camp Chase. Had a letter from him in Nov. Was well. Made a visit to Stones River (Grandmother's place) to hear from Mr.H.

Sunday Jan'y 11th 1864

Frozen earth, chilly air, frozen ink and numb fingers. Yet write I will. The ground has been covered with snow, pure and white for over a week. As yet the sun refuses to disencumber it of it's fair mantle.

Nothing new reaches me. It has been ages since I have had a letter or perused a paper. Even books that I possess weary me. Long for something sensational. Not a soul of the male sex possessing two ideas above "Hows crops?" "Whats news" "No weddings lately" "When did you hear from your sweetheart?" ever calls here now. Save one and he is ancient enough to call Papa. Yet he has ideas and like Miss "Visa Weir" I admire ideas. Mag says he wants to address me. I am half inclined to let him just to punish him for being an old bachelor. We play drafts together. (he and I)

I have such a bright fire today giving the room such a cozy look. It is the very picture of country comfort anyway. Upon the floor is a bright regular striped home made carpet. Over the windows are heavy damask curtains.

In the corner on the left is a large bureau covered with books and magazines, in the opposite niche is a little walnut table holding a basket etc. Further up, drawn in this cold room nearly to the center of the room, stands a finely carved lounge bedstead, its large snowy pillows covered with a winter coverlet woven of pink, green and brown, crimson & blue wool, a dressing bureau, writing table, work basket, light stand, lamp mats, pine burr baskets and a large case of books. This is my beloved winter room, a dear refuge to study, to dream. How I love it, though homely in comparison to some I have occupied in bygone days, yet it is "home".

This letter was addressed to the War Dept. at Richmond. No date, no comment as to its result.

Respected Sir:

Perhaps you could deem it quite presumptuous in an unknown girl to address one to whom she is an entire stranger. Yet trusting the motive will excuse or at least palia my boldness, I hasten to make known my request.

In August 1861 Mr.Jno. H. Hamilton, a private in Co. H. 7th Tenn. Regiment, Capt. Williamson, left for Virginia. If he or his two brothers are yet living, give him the enclosed letter. You will confer a lasting favor upon one of Middle

Tennessees oppressed daughters who has not heard from her friends since last Sept.

Respectfully yours,
Mary Louise Pearre

XXXXXXXXXXXXX

Letter from Uncle Joe (Hamilton) after Gettysburg.

Orange Court House Va.
Sept 13th 1863

Miss M.L. Pearre:

I received a letter from you yesterday, and my brother, to whom it was directed, being absent and a prisoner of war and no prospect of exchange soon, I thought it best to see who it was from and there being perfect confidence between us, I opened it and now as proxy for my loved and dear absent brother, I will write you a short letter explaining the reason why he failed to answer your letters.

In the first place, allow me to state that I also received and answered your letter received three weeks since and directed as you bid my brother to do.

My brother J.H.H. was severely wounded and was taken prisoner at Gettysburg Pa. I have heard from him only a week ago and he was reputed and doing well and an amputation of the leg was not made as at first was thought to be done. He was able to hobble about upon crutches.

This is the news from men who were paroled from the same place. I have no reason to doubt its correctness. Of course, this will be a satisfactory explanation of why he failed to respond to your letters.

Rest assured that he not only would have written answers but would perhaps have kept you busy answering his epistles. I am looking for a letter from him soon and will immediately dispatch you a short letter.

I expect him to be exchanged soon and return to the confederacy. If he does, I will send him the two letters I have from you. I will preserve these letters faithfully and will certainly deliver them to him.

Permit me now not as a brother but as a friend to say to you in reference to him that his affection is pure and lasting.

The last time we conversed upon any topic, the subject was you. He said that he did not have much hope of seeing you again because it is almost impossible to escape in every battle. He said further that he did not care to live longer if it were not for you. The object for living was to effect some good in the world and to see you.

Permit me to say also that you will never have any cause to be ashamed of him for he has always been at his post and was shot while bravely charging the enemy in front of his comrades. (Pickett's charge)

My old captain, W.H. Williamson, had his arm shot off. All of our old company were killed, wounded or captured save three. We are in fine spirits now and having recruited our ranks, we are now ready to meet the enemy again.

Longstreet has gone to East Tennessee and soon I hope to hear that with his and Braggs forces, Tennessee will be redeemed.

Respectfully,
J.P. Hamilton

P.S. If he is paroled, I will bid him visit you.

Copy of a letter of Mother's written while the battle of Nashville was raging Dec 16th and 17th 1864

Again I attempt to communicate with you, whether living or dead, I know not. Did I not think the former I would not write. Hood is thundering at the gate of our once fair, beautiful and beloved capital. Drove the Federals before him as he came. Fought a short but severe battle at Franklin.

Murfreesboro is cut off and completely surrounded by Forrest and Bates forces. We are hourly expecting to hear of its fall. Nashville is too formidable a place to be taken by force of arms. They say hood will not storm it and the loss of life would be frightful. Our boys were literally piled in heaps at Franklin. Clebourne and other valuable officers lost their lives. All this you will have learned ere this reaches you.

Hood holds every road this side of Cumberland River. If he only had Gallatin and Louisville roads. Nashville would surrender as they are short of provisions and fuel.

They did not expect Mr. Hood and his Johnny Rebs so soon. They are not as well prepared as you might expect though the fortifications are strong and numerous.

"General Conscript" is energetically engaged in recruiting men at present and have caught a number of our patriotic able bodied men. They came here last week and politely informed me that they would like the pleasure of conscripting my sweetheart. I politely retorted that they would have to visit Genl. R.E. Lee's army if they did, as I disdained to claim a coward as they were seeking.

The Rebels are rapidly sweeping the country of horses, mules, cattle, hogs, sheep and all sorts of forage. I went out to our fields yesterday and asked them to at least divide with us. They have taken our best horse and mules.

Make haste and come home while we have something to eat. I am saving a fine turkeys and fat chickens, a barrel or two of choice apples for your benefit. We also have plenty of bread and meat as yet, but fear it will not be for long. So haste home.

Indeed I am not jesting. Can't you come while Hood is here? His men are fleet of foot and no one knows where he may be tomorrow, next week or next month.

"Now is the accepted time" as the minister says. So please come this time if you can. If you don't come, I might fancy you preferred staying away. As this may be the last chance you will ever have.

If I was sure of your love as I once was, I could perhaps bring you home by making you jealous as there are many nice Rebs willing to make Tennessee their future home. Don't get angry with me, I am only jesting. I do not approve of hasty marriages with strangers. Two young men (one a Kentuckian and one a

Mississippian) are coming here today on a visit. Our house is the soldiers home at present. We have had some new rooms built since you were here. One of them is generally full of Rebels.

Sister always hospitable and kind hearted. Takes great pleasure in waiting upon them. But as for myself, I prefer the parlor to the kitchen and will not cook for a soldier if I can avoid it, although I am busy sewing and knitting for them.

We are expecting a visit from a Texan cousin whom I have never seen. I believe it is my fate to see all of my living soldier friends except you, when I had rather see you than all the rest.

Our lot is a hard one. Don't you sometimes think so. You, I know are not to be blamed, neither am I, yet I almost despair of ever seeing you again.

Many joyful reunions are daily taking place. I witness them with a smile of welcome it is true, and greet them with warm words of welcome. Yet my thoughts are of you and there are many unshed tears in my heart.

We are leading a life of excitement here at present. I made a visit yesterday near the Harding Pike and came near getting into a skirmish or at least being run over by panic stricken Rebels. The Yankees broke our lines on the Harding Pike and captured our pickets. A regiment or two succeeded in thoroughly frightening all stragglers and foraging trains in the vicinity of the place. I never saw men run as some in our cavalry did.

Hoods headquarters are over on Franklin Pike. (The Jno. Overton Place) within a few miles of Nashville, ditching and fortifying. Many think he will soon pass over into Ky.

I have not seen or heard from any of your family in an age and regret I can send you no news of them.

I received a letter from you written in July "by flag of truce" I know nothing of our Wilson Co. friends. Saw Mr. Jim Horn in the summer who told me that Nannie (our sister that was to be) had married Parson Miller. Comment is not needed- Joe I hope will find a truer heart than this false queen.

Note by J.P.H. I suppose this is a copy as it is not dated or signed.

Note by J.P.H.

I have enjoyed copying this diary. Many pages have been torn out. Mother did it, I think.

Just a day or so before Christmas 1951, I paid a visit to the old place. It was unoccupied. The yard was strewn with limbs of the old cedar trees that had broken off during the sleet storm January 31, 1951 (13.5 degrees below zero.)

I walked all through the house and stood for some time in the room in which Mother did her writing. I looked out the window to the distant hills across Little Harpeth (now Warner Park) where she used to spend so many hours in reflection. This also carried memories of Uncle Dotts and his family. I always loved Uncle Dotts though he was no blood kin. He understood boys, always let us hunt in winter and fish in the summer with lots of holidays in between.

There were always horses for everyone to ride. Aunt Mag always provided a bountiful supply of everything to eat. The family consisted of Uncle Dotts, Aunt Mag, Cousins Bob, Mary, Ada, Costen, Eugene, Lottie & Jim. The latter was near my age. We visited back and forth. I nearly always visited around Christmas and during the summer.

All have passed over the river. Cousin Bob, the eldest, was the last one. Eugene played the violin. My memory went back to the music he made. It was wonderful then. Everywhere I turned some incident, some memory was there to greet me. I felt the presence of Mother's spirit and the spirits of all the others.

I stood out on the little front porch. The two benches were still there. On top of the hill in front, there used to be a peach orchard. No peaches that I ever tasted were equal to those. Down in the garden in front of the house, there used to be a pear and an apple tree. No other pears or apples ever tasted any better. There was also a concord grape vine that ran up into the apple tree. Up those steep hills above the orchard there was the largest tree I ever saw, a poplar. Years afterward it was cut down. It measured 11 feet across the stump.

Another tall poplar tree stood near the top of the tallest hill. One night we were coon hunting and the dogs ran 6 coons up that tree. I had the Sat. night Nashville Banner (a big paper for those days) in my pocket. I took it and spread it together with small sticks pinned it around that tree. Raccoons will not come down over anything white. Next morning after breakfast, we went up there. Believe it or not, there were all six away up towards the top of the tree. We, I am now ashamed to say, shot them all out.

Something about the service of four years in the Army of Northern Virginia.

J.H.H. Uncle Joe and Uncle Dick enlisted in Co H. 7th Tenn. Infantry in April 1861. The regiment trained at Camp Trousdale at Gallatin. Tenn.

In July, they were on there way to Va. The 1st battle of Bull Run fought before they arrived. J.H.H. wrote that they regretted not arriving in time. The war would be over and they would have no part in it. The 1st, 7th, and 14th regiments were formed into a brigade known as the Hattons of Lebanon Tenn. Brig. Hatton was killed at the battle of Seven Pines in 1862. The new commander was Genl. J.J. Archer. The brigade was known as the Archers throughout the war.

The brigade served in West Va. Throughout the fall and winter of 1861-62. They were serving under Stonewall Jackson during the Jany. campaign against Romney in bitter cold weather. The regiments took part in all of the fighting known as the seven days battles. Uncle Dick was struck by a ball in the forehead almost killing him. He lay unconscious for about two days. He was so disabled that he could not stand to be exposed to the heat of the sun. Col. Peter Turneys 1st Tenn. Served with them for awhile. Then the 13th Alabama and the 5th Ala. Battalion served with the Tenn. Regiments until all surrendered in 1865.

In August the brigade was with A.P. Hills division under Stonewall Jackson. They took part in the battles of Cheat Mtn., 2nd Bull Run, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg. All through the many battles of 1864 being driven back around Richmond and were within the lines at Petersburg all winter until the surrender at Appomattox April 9, 1865.

A few stories that I heard my father relate to his comrades at different times. I do not recall that he ever told any of them to me directly. There are only a few. He was not in the habit of talking about his war experiences.

One story I remember hearing was about an occasion when the brigade was being shelled by the Yanks. Every man was behind a tree, a stump, a rock or anything that would afford any protection. He was lying flat behind a stump. Behind a tree nearby, four men were behind a tree, one behind the other. A canon ball struck the tree about 20 feet up. The concussion knocked every man sprawling. The last man of four was stunned and ran around in circles hunting for cover yelling at every step, "I am killed! I am Killed!" to the great amusement of his comrades. Don't recall that I ever knew where this occurred.

Another story, Gettysburg. Archers Brigade marched toward Gettysburg on the morning of July 1st 1863, archer was marching along Cashtown Pike and Davis's Miss. Brigade was on the left of the Pike. They opened the battle in McPherson's woods. They had a rough time, losing 75 men by capture and heavy losses in killed and wounded.

The next day July 2nd Archer's brigade was in reserve. J.H.H. must have walked over the ground of the previous days fighting. He found a buddy desperately wounded at the breast. He had been overlooked. He stated that he knew he was going to die. He had two sisters back home. He had a 5\$ gold piece which he wanted to send to them. So he gave it to J.H.H. asking him if he ever got through the war and back home to give them the gold piece as a memento from their brother who died that night. That night Archers brigade was moved around in front of Cemetery Hill, next to Picketts division. J.H.H. was wounded and taken prisoner. While a prisoner that gold piece was all the money he had. Being in desperate circumstances, he was compelled to spend it. After the return home, he secured another 5\$ gold piece and gave it to the sisters who never knew but it was the identical coin sent them by their dying brother.

The story of his being wounded while participating in "Pickett's Charge"

He stated that he was slightly wounded by a ball that just grazed his left thigh. After crossing a fence (or fences) he was struck by a rifle ball through his left leg above the knee. Where he fell, he said, the air was full of missiles. He crawled back to the fence, tried to find a hole large enough to get through. He found a crack, got his head and shoulders through but his cartridge box caught and stopped him. He finally got through. He said the balls were striking that fence like hail. This incident must have occurred after the men had crossed the Emmetsburg Road in front of the angle of the Federal Breastworks where the Tenn. Brigade struck and were soon nearly all killed wounded or captured. This road and its two fences were within less than 200 yards of the "Angle". He must have been in the Emmetsburg Lane as it was lower than the fields of the upper side. He said he laid there for ten days. Said the Federal surgeons treated him well, even putting up a blanket to shade him from the sun. He was then sent to a hospital in Baltimore where he rejoined his regiment.

The writer has visited this field in 1941, and again in 1953. I drove up the Emmetsburg Road, now a highway, until I could see the angle of the rock fence. So I climbed over the fence and walked over the same ground that Archer's Brigade marched over 78 years ago.

I had a feeling of reverence. I was walking over sacred historical ground. Dead and wounded men were lying on almost every square yard of that ground. There is a marker to Archer in McPhersons woods, another on Seminary Ridge next to Pickett's position, and up there not far from the "High Tide" monument there is a small marker giving the names of the Confederate brigades that reached that point. I also heard him say that for four days before the surrender all they had to eat was parched corn.

Uncle Dick enlisted in another regiment of Tenn. Troops. Was surrendered to the Yanks at Fort Donelson. Was sent to Rock Island prison. Died there. None of the circumstances concerning his death were ever known by his family.

He had a family of five children. His wife was from Kentucky. After his death, she returned to her old home. My part of the family never knew much of them.

J.P. Hamilton
Jackson, Miss
February 11, 1958

(Letters from John H. Hamilton to Mary Pearre)

Camp Trousdale
Sumner Co.
Sunday Morning
June 2, 1861

Dear Mollie,

I have written this makes the fourth letter to you and have not received a line from you since I have been here. I hope to hear from you within a few days at least. This is Sunday morning and our second camp. It is a beautiful morning for you people out of camp to go to church, but we have no church to which we might go nor angelic beings to look at if we were permitted to go.

That seems hard doesn't it? I expect we will have preaching in camp today as we have several preachers in our regiment. Several of our men have been sent out to work today as though it were not the Sabbath, but this is the soldiers life. Officers have no respect for the day so the sin lies at their door for making us soldiers break the Sabbath unwillingly.

I have been sick the last week, but am now well and fit for duty. I am the worst sun-burnt man you ever saw and don't look very pretty. Brother Joe has gone home but apt as not he will go somewhere, Lebanon, (by permission from the colonel) . He wanted to take me home when I was sick, but I was not willing to go. I do not expect to go home until my term of service is out unless I am carried.

The officers have said since Joe left that they would not permit anyone else to go home, so I will content myself as well as I can. If I can secure a furlough, I will come to see you in preference to anyone else, for you are the dearest one on earth to me, my mother not excepted. This declaration may seem strange and unnatural to you, but it according to Scripture, which says a man shall forsake his father and mother and cleave unto his wife. I have not quoted it verbatim but in substance.

Oh joy! What a treat. Here is a letter from you, my dear Mollie. Oh! You can't imagine how glad I am and what feelings thrilled my bosom while reading it. Oh! I am so glad that you are not one of those timid creatures, who can't endure for their husbands and sweethearts to leave them to fight for their country.

Billy Winford was over Friday to see us. He brought us a box of cakes and wine sent by Miss Ruth and Mrs. Winford. It was a treat sure. Most of the ladies about Lebanon are sending the boys good things. We are expecting something that week from Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Payne and others. May Heaven bless the women and permit us to return to them again for they are angels to a man. I would like very much to get a box from Williamson, if it would not be too much trouble. I think that I would appreciate it very much higher than from any other source. I saw Mr. John Cator the other day. He is well. I think a great deal and respect him for your sake. I shall, whenever I can, go to see him. He is not in our regiment and we have guards between the regiments now and cannot get through unless an officer lets us through. Sometimes we boys get the password and go

where we please. Some of them guess at the word until they guess right and then we get it. The boys are right cunning.

We are on duty nearly all of the time and have not much time to write. I will write you as often as I can. I also am to write today to Miss Payne.

Note: Balance of this letter is missing.

Knoxville Tenn.
Sunday Morning
July 21st 1861

Dear Mollie;-

I have nothing to do this morning and will try and send you a few lines. I am sitting in my tent, a knapsack for my writing desk. I have a box in which are packed our cooking utensils from Camp Trousdale, which place we left one week ago. We are well situated now. We are three hundred miles from that place. We expect to leave for Washington Co., Court House, Va. As to me, I am not anxious to leave Tennessee, but will go with my regiment wherever it goes into action I expect to be there and bear my part. If I get killed I fall in a glorious cause. Life is sweet and I would like to live to get back which is only natural. Oh! "the ties that bind"; that bind back there are so numerous and strong, none can fill nor ever fill the place in my heart that Mollie does.

Were I as reckless and destitute of those finer feelings which characterize gentlemen in private life, and had I no dear one to think of by day and dream of by night. I would not care a great deal about getting back, but that is not the case. The further I get from you, the more binding is the cord that unites us. Though I may go to Virginia yet, I do not wish you to think me lost to you.

I would this morning like very much to see you and tell you the story of my life in camp since I became a soldier. I have been out only two months and though surrounded by wicked men of almost every die, yet I conscientiously say that so far I have held faithful and still hold fast my integrity and, by the assistance of kind Heaven, I will continue so, even to the end. I don't say this because I am writing you, but I would be willing to let any one of my acquaintances here either deny or confirm.

Since I have been writing, we have received to march this evening at 5 o'clock, and we are going to cook provisions for forty-eight hours. We are going to a place in Washington Co., Va. Called Haynesville. We will remain there only a few days, but I hope to hear from you.

I would write more but have to quit for a time.

Farewell, yours affectionately,
J.H. Hamilton

Lynchburg, Va.
July 23rd 1861

Dear Mollie;-

I wrote to you last Sunday while at Knoxville and thought then that we would not leave Tennessee, but a great battle was fought in Va. Beauregard has driven the "Goth Vandals" and swarms of the North with great loss. He has taken one of their batteries. The killed and wounded on both sides is estimated at ten-thousand. Some of the wounded have been brought here.

Three of our company came here by express train from Bristol. We left their six o'clock yesterday evening and arrived here at six o'clock this morning, distance 250 miles.

Men were boarding the train last night going on ahead to take care of the wounded friends.

Direct your letters to Colonel Hatton's Regiment, Captain Williamson's Company, Staunton Va. And perhaps I will receive them.

This leaves me in fine health.

Farewell,
J.H. Hamilton

Staunton Va.
July 25th 1861
Thursday

Dear Mollie;-

We have just reached this place. We left Lynchburg Tuesday night. We traveled all night, arrived at Charlottesville for breakfast, were delayed there all day, There we met the wounded, the sick, and the dead from the field of battle. I talked with eight or ten of the wounded, all said that it was a hard fought battle and lasted from 4a.m. until 7p.m. Our cavalry pursued them for eight or nine miles and were stopped only by nightfall. We gained a complete victory, captured nearly all of their artillery. It was said yesterday that the Yanks were still running and had evacuated Alexandria, but that is only rumor.

The Virginians are the cleverest folks in the world and give us plenty to eat. The ladies came out and talked with us as if we were acquainted. Several of the boys said that if they live through the war, they are coming to Virginia to marry. From this, you can get some idea of how the ladies treat us.

We crossed the Blue Ridge on the way to Charlottesville and recrossed it again this morning before sunrise, a more lovely scene I never beheld. After passing through a tunnel a beautiful valley surrounded by hills and mountains lay stretched out before us. The valley was decked here and there by groves of forest

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trees, meadows, and cornfields with white cottages scattered throughout. It was the most beautiful scenery I ever saw.

We traveled more by night than by day. We are placed in cars like stock and fastened up. The cars go slowly that we lie down on the floor and sleep all night, the fact is that we can sleep anywhere. We are to leave within a few minutes upon a march of fifty miles on foot.

This leaves me well and in fine spirits. We are about 100 miles from the enemy. McClelland is in command of the Federals. Troops from the south are coming in here by the thousand and we will have a fight up here within a month unless the enemy retreats. I am going to fight when it comes.

I had a very pleasant dream at Charlottesville. I dreamed of being at home or some such place and of seeing you. Oh, I was so disappointed when I awakened and found it all a dream. I really felt homesick and melancholy for awhile for awhile for the first time since I left home. I would be better satisfied here in Virginia than I am if I could hear from you as often as I did there in Tennessee.

Write to me as I directed in my former letters.

I remain yours as ever,
J.H. Hamilton

Green Brier Bridge, Va.
Wednesday
September 25th 1861

Dear Mollie:-

We reached this place yesterday evening. We are only five or six miles from Huntersville on Green Brier River. We are to await further orders. It is generally understood that we will go down this river into what is known as Ranam Valley, a distance of forty miles to Lewisburg.

There we expect to meet Rosencrans with 15,000 men who are said to be persuing Floyd who has only a small force. He is trying to draw the enemy out so that we can have a fair show at them. We have just received orders to be in readiness to march at a moment's notice. Our men are very much fatigued and very few are willing to go down the valley. They are tired of Western Va. But we have to obey orders.

Oh, joy! I just received a letter from you yesterday dated Sept. 14th. I was glad to learn that you had gone back to old Wilson to teach. I wrote a ten page letter to you and directed it to Lebanon. I gave in it a brief description of our expedition against the enemy. I have nothing of interest to relate now unless I tell you something of our retreat, if it may be called a retreat. The roads were so muddy that very little of our baggage could be hauled, so we, on the first day picked up our tents and cooking utensils and carried them over the mountain three miles. There we packed our tents away in a "morgue". We also left our cooking utensils to be brought after us. We then set out on our march for this place.

I with four others got off and came on before in order to get something to eat which we did and that some fine honey. We camped at the foot of Elk Mountain. Next morning we were up and on the march by daylight. We reached the top of the mountain, the sun was shining in all his splendor. I paused for some time to gaze at the scene. On this side of the mountain the valley below was veiled in fog upon which the sun was shining and a finer view I never saw. The fog rested or rather wound its way along the valley and gorges and looked like a vast expanse of water. We were above the clouds and looking down upon them. I cannot describe it and will leave it to your imagination. Don't you think that would be best? For I have not the time nor the space here. We are now without tents and do not know when we will secure them again., not before we go into winter quarters I guess. Last night little Jim Patton and myself slept side by side in the open air with no shelter and a broad expanse of Heavens blue concave. We slept soundly though. Jim grumbles that he gets no sugar for his coffee. I laugh at him and tell him he is not initiated into the service yet. I am glad to get coffee any way.

I suppose from what you say in your letters that you are amused at my cooking and are inclined to think that I am boastful, but it is conceded by my mess that I can make as good biscuits as are made in Tennessee. I would like to know who told you that I had lost your and Minnie Payne's pictures. Will you inform me in your next letter which one of the boys wrote back that kind of news? I have not lost yours. It is in my breast pocket now, but Minnie's I have lost. It was in my knapsack and I have never found it. I am very sorry but cannot help it now. Some meddlesome boy wrote word back there and, if you can find out who did it, please inform me as soon as you can. I have and will keep your picture with me, rest assured. I had rather part with anything than lose that image of my best and dearest friend.

In regard to that secret you wished me to divulge concerning Ruth's (Winford) sweetheart, I am not afraid to trust you for I believe you will keep it profoundly secret. I request it of you. Well, Jim Major is the man. I have talked with him about Ruth. He loves her surely and is not flirting with her but will court her if he ever gets back unless he has already addressed her. I have heard him say enough upon the subject to convince me that there is no flirting on his part.

This leaves me well. Van Williamson will leave within a few days for Tennessee unless he gets better. He looks as though he were pining away. Some of the boys think he is not very sick but how that is, I do not know, and will not say. You need not say anything to anyone as it might be thought I was meddling.

Yours affectionately,
J.H. Hamilton

Cross Roads, Va.
Jany, 10th, 1862

Dear Mollie;-

We are between twenty and twenty-five miles northwest of Winchester. We have just returned from taking the city of Bath and the bombardment of Hancock (a Federal General). Perhaps you will have learned the particulars ere this reaches you, but I will give you a few items anyway. We left Winchester Jany. 1st, and, as we thought, were going against Romney. We were three days on the march and the weather was colder than we ever felt in Tennessee. Our advance guard drove in the pickets on Friday evening the 3rd, had two of our men wounded and took 8 prisoners, camped within three miles of town, slept without tents, nor had we anything to eat for supper. It began to snow at dark and snowed most of the night. The wagons came up with us at 3 a.m. We then cooked supper and breakfast all together and at daylight were ready for the march to Bath. We went very slowly and at 1 o'clock we came within gunshot of the town. I could see the flash and smoke and hear the report of enemy's canon. It was situated upon a hill behind the town. They were firing at our men, but not with those with whom I was.

The 1st and 7th regiments were sent out on the mountain in order to get around behind and take that canon. We marched on a mile on the side of the mountain over the snow through bushes and over rocks before we reached the point where the canon was placed. The news came that the Yanks had left at double quick. Our whole army raised a yell from one end to the other. We were above the town and road and could see the whole lines. The cavalry were in front and charged upon the rear guard, killed several horses and wounded several of the enemy. The artillery was next and then the infantry all these joined in pursuit of the enemy at a double quick. We pursued them to Hancock across the Potomac.

Our regiment did not get into the chase until nearly dark. We were then told that unless we pushed forward, we would not get there in time to see the fun, so we put out in double-quick time and reached there in an hour's time, distance about six miles. Long ere we got there we could hear the roar of artillery. Our cannon fired at the enemy who retired to the other side of the Potomac, there being no bridge we could go no further.

Jackson had us Tennesseans marched up and was about to send us over as it was. They said the water was not more than two feet deep. It was all our Colonel could do to keep him from sending us over anyway. At 11p.m. we retired to the rear of our cannon. They then turned loose upon the town. The roar was terrific; the balls and shells whistled through the air in a furious manner. We built us fires out of fence rails and sat by them until daylight. It was so cold we could not sleep. Our wagons with our tents, blankets, and cooking utensils were still in the rear. We had nothing to eat until late in the evening of the next day.

While we were engaged there, a detachment of our army was above, up the river, engaged in burning bridges, tearing up the railroad and cutting telegraph wires. This being completed, we have returned this far on our way back.

We lost only five or six men, and captured forty or fifty prisoners, caught one under a bed hidden. We asked him where he was from and he said, Chicago Ill. We have suffered greatly from the cold and have been hungry several times. We will march upon another expedition ere we get back to Winchester, I think, for we are stopping here too long.

I received your letter on the 24th of December while on the banks of the Potomac. Oh, it was a treat for me, you may be sure. It was full of interest from beginning to end. I will grant you that favor you asked of me as soon as I get back to Winchester, won't that do? I have no chance here to comply with your wishes and am sorry for it. I would do more to please you than anyone on earth. If I have no chance of sending you a picture of myself, I will return home as I now am with beard and mustache and as ugly as, well, I can't say who.

Van Williamson came up last night. Said that he saw my sweetheart. He looks well. My paper is damp. I hope that you can make out most of what is written. I was glad that your brother had not gone off to the war.

We, that is, the army at Winchester, are the only troops in active service and hard service it is, but thank Heaven I am well. Oh, what a blessing it to be well, especially in camp. Joe and Dick are both in good health. Write soon. Give my regards to your brother and sister. I wish I knew something else to write about, but cannot say anything better than that I love you and would like so much to be with you but cannot yet awhile. So farewell.

Yours Forever,
J.H. Hamilton

Note: This winter campaign of Stonewall Jackson was very hard upon the men and a great deal has since been written about their suffering. The men under Jackson did not at this time love and admire him as they did a few months later after they had learned what a great leader he was. Within the next few months he startled the whole country by driving out of Virginia four Federal armies, some of them equal in numbers to his. He would attack them separately, whip them and run across the Potomac, and then within two or three days show up unexpectedly fifty or seventy miles away with his "foot cavalry" as it was called, attack another command of the enemy, usually in front and in the flank or rear at the same time, and, as a rule, he won. At one time that spring, he fought a battle almost every day for a week. He marched a great deal at night and fought the next day. He never informed his own officers what he intended to do so he always mystified his opponents. It is said that one of his marching columns was asked where they were going. "We don't know, but old Jack does" they replied. He prayed before every battle especially.

J.P.H.

Commentary
And
A bit of family
History

In reading Mother's diary, one cannot help but come to the conclusion that she was intensely Southern in her feelings at the time she wrote and she had not surrendered at the time of her death. She was fairly well educated and well posted upon public questions of the times in which she wrote and lived.

Her family, (the Pearre's) were descended from the French Huguenots and came to Tennessee from Charleston, S.C. as evidenced by an inscription upon the fly leaf of an old bible in the possession of a son of mother's sister. The name of Joshua Pearre and date of 1803 were written giving the price in pounds and shillings that he paid for it. I do not recall the place, if given.

My father's family evidently came to Tennessee between 1785 and 1800, as I have seen a copy of an old will executed by William Hamilton dated at Charleston, S.C. in 1785 in which he mentions his lands in the Watauga settlements upon the Cumberland. They first lived out from Nashville upon the White's Creek Road and then moved or rather built the old home place on the Stewarts Ferry Rd. in 1824 as evidenced by the date cut upon a stone in one of the chimneys. My grandfather and grandmother are buried there. The place was sold for division after grandmother's death in 1905. Grandfather's name was Eleazar and grandmother was a Miss Emily Perry. The Perrys lived at the end of the Couchville Rd near Stones River and it is said that Great-Great-Grandfather Perry was a Revolutionary soldier.

My father John Hamilton, called by all, Jack, was born in 1829, was one of a family of 10 sons and two daughters all of whom lived to reach their majority. Uncle Alexander (the eldest I believe) was a soldier of the war with Mexico, four were soldiers of the confederacy, Jack, Joseph, Richard, and Dent. The latter was taken prisoner at the fall of Fort Donelson and died in a Northern Prison. The other three were members of Company H of the 7th Tennessee Volunteer Infantry. This regiment was composed principally from Wilson and Sumner Counties. Most of them were educated and from well-to-do families. The regiment entered the service in May 1861 and with the 1st and 14th Tennessee regiments formed the brigade known as Hattons, as Genl. Robert Hatton of Lebanon was its commander until his death at the battle of Seven Pines. Hatton was succeeded by Genl.J.J.Archer and the brigade was known as Archer's Brigade thereafter.

The brigade was sent to Virginia in July 1861 and was placed under the command of Stonewall Jackson in December of that year. And was with Jackson until his death in May 1863 and was part of that glorious army (The Army of Northern Virginia) until its surrender at Appomattox in April 1865. Uncle Dick was almost killed at the Battle of Seven Pines, being struck by a bullet in the head and given up as dead. My father was badly wounded while charging the heights at Cemetery Ridge with Pickett on the third day of Gettysburg (which charge had been made famous since by song and story and was aptly called "The High Tide of the Confederacy". He was a prisoner for three months and was exchanged and

returned to his regiment instead of coming home as so many of the soldiers Mother mentioned did. He stayed with his command until the end and returned home in May 1865 for the first time since he went away four years before.

Father was a graduate of Union University (a Baptist school at Murfreesboro) and was teaching at Union Seminary at or near Lebanon during the winter of 1860 and 61. Mother was his assistant and he must have decided that he needed her as his assistant for life for they became engaged to be married before he entered the army. The breaking out of the war seemed to have closed the school. Teacher and at least part of the pupils laid aside their seeking after knowledge and sought glory and death upon the battlefield as mother mentions in her diary of two of them being killed.

Mother taught school in a brick building upon the Hillsboro Pike just across the Davidson County line in Williamson within a hundred yards of Little Harpeth. The building is still here at this time.

Father and mother were married in August 1865 and within a year or two moved to Clinton Kentucky where John Joseph and Maggie were born. Maggie was never well and died within the year that she was born and was buried in the Cator Cemetery on Uncle Robert's place. None now knows the grave. Clinton was not a healthy place and they moved back to near Beachville, Williamson Co; where Pearre was born. Father taught school at Franklin, Triune, and at other places. Ida E. was born at Antioch and the family moved to Wilson Co. shortly after.

Father died of pneumonia Dec 7, 1891; mother died in Memphis at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Currie F. Taylor Dec 24th 1913. Joseph died of typhoid pneumonia at Nashville Dec 17th, 1897; all are buried at Mt. Olivet Cemetery At Nashville

Mother in her writing mentions so often that it had been months and months since she received a letter or any news from father. I think this could be explained by the fact that early in 1862 the Federals had possession of all of Middle Tennessee and was under their control and I suppose mail stood a small chance of getting through the lines, and another thing I don't suppose that he often had a chance to write and if he had the time, did he have writing material? Stonewall Jackson gave his men but little rest from marching and fighting.

She also seemed to blame him for not coming home as her soldier friends and relatives so often did. They were often within a few miles of home while he was nearer a thousand miles away and then as many of his comrades have said he was always at his post of duty. If all the soldiers of the south had put in the service that he did and for the length of time that he did, there might have been a different story to the result of the struggle.

J. Pearre Hamilton
Nashville Tenn.
February 24th 1925

P.S. There are quite a number of pages torn from the book that mother used and, if she wrote after Jan'y 1864 she must have destroyed it. All of the events in 1864 were so disastrous and discouraging from the southern standpoint, that perhaps she had not the heart to write of them. J.P.H.

Record of
John Hall Hamilton
As a soldier of the Confederate Army
1861-1865

Enlisted as a private of Company H. 7th Tenn. Volunteer Infantry in May 1861. The regiment was composed of men principally from Wilson and Sumner Counties, was trained for about two months at camp Trousdale near Gallatin. A brigade composed of the first seventh and 14th Tennessee regiments was formed, commanded by Genl. Robert Hatton of Lebanon. The regiments were sent to Virginia about the last week of July 1861. The brigade was placed under command of Genl. Loring and did a great deal of marching northeastern Virginia during the latter part of the year, was attached to the command of Stonewall Jackson during what is known as the Romney's or winter campaign of January 1862 which was very hard on the men as they marched day after day and at times at night sleeping wherever night found them, without tents and often times without rations. The brigade seems to have been detached from Jackson and placed under Genl. Edward Johnson until May 1862. It was attached to the corps of Genl. A.P. Hill and under the command of Stonewall Jackson and served under these generals until their deaths, Jackson in 1863 and Hill 1865.

Battles

Seven Pines and Fair Oaks
May 31 and June 1st June 26th to July 1st 1862

Brigadier Genl. Hatton killed, the brigade lost 44 killed, 187 wounded and 13 missing during the seven days fighting around Richmond, Beaver Dam Creek, Mechanicsville, Ellersons Mill, Gains Mill, Malvern Hill and Frayers Farm. All of these were hard fought and after these fights, the men were considered veterans. Uncle Dick Hamilton was almost killed by a bullet which plowed through the top of his head. Uncle Joe and J.H.H. came through without being struck.

Cedar Mountain
August 9th 1862

After these battles, Stonewall Jackson separated his command from Genl. Lee and went back toward central Virginia and fought a hard fight on August 9th at Cedar Mountain, the brigade losing 19 killed and 116 wounded. The 5th Ala. Battalion and the 19th Georgia Regiment were now serving with the three Tenn. Regiments.

Second Battle of Manassas or Bull Run
August 28th 29 30th 1862

On August 25th Jackson set out on his march around the Federal Army from Jefferson to Salem, 26 miles; August 26 Salem to Bristoe Station, 30 Miles,

August 27 to Manassas Junction ; August 27 night march to Centerville; August 28th back to Manassas battlefield where the fighting began on the afternoon of the 28th . Almost the entire Federal army attacked Jackson and he held them off until the arrival of Longstreet under the command of Genl Lee on the afternoon of the 29th. The fighting was almost continuous for three days when The Federals retreated from the battlefield on the night of the 31st. Brigade loss 21 killed and 213 wounded.

Harpers Ferry September 15th Antietam, Md. Sept 17th
Shepardstown Md. September 19th 1862

Hard long marches and fighting every day. Brigade loss 22 killed and 171 wounded. The arrival of A.P. Hill on the field after a long march from Harper's Ferry during the height of the battle is said to have saved the day. The army did no more hard fighting until Dec 13th 1862 after the death of Genl, Hatton, the brigade was placed under the command of Genl. Archer, a Virginian and of the regular army before the war.

Fredericksburg Dec 13th 1862

At the battle of Fredericksburg, the brigade was placed upon the extreme right of the line of battle and at one time was almost surrounded when the Federals broke through between Archer and Genl. Gregg, but the Federals were driven back. Brigade loss, 40 killed 211 wounded 166 missing.

Chancellorsville May 1st 1863

Genl. Stonewall Jackson received his death wounds in this battle. The brigade as usual saw very hard fighting and lost 44 killed, 305 wounded and 16 missing.

Gettysburg Pa. July 1st 2nd 3rd 1863

The brigade saw hard fighting on the first day, was advancing through a woods and suddenly found itself surrounded by two Federal brigades. Genl Archer and 75 of the 7th regiment were captured. The regiment rested on July 2nd . On July the 3rd, the brigade formed the right of the assaulting column of Pickett in his celebrated charge against the Federal center on Cemetery Ridge which has been called "The High Tide of the Confederacy." Twenty of the men of the 7th went over the stone wall which was the first Federal line where, as Leut. Col. Shepherd of the 7th says in his official report, "The regiments melted away, the color bearers of the 7th were shot down for the third time, the last man tearing the flag from its staff and bringing it out under his coat. The other regiments also had their flags shot down three and four times. There were not enough men left to be considered a brigade. Uncle Joe Hamilton, who was not left in charge, says that there were only three of the Company left at roll call next morning.

John H. Hamilton was struck first by a spent ball upon the thigh and later beyond the two fences that they had to cross in the charge. Was shot through the left leg near the knee and lay upon the field for ten days after the battle. He said the Federals treated him well. He was exchanged about three months later and

rejoined his regiment. For further details, see the official report by Lieut. Col. S.G. Shepard attached. Brigade loss in killed, wounded and captured were 677 out of 1048. Nearly 63%.

Report of Lieut. Col. S.G. Shepard
7th Tennessee Infantry
Archer's Brigade Heth's Division
August 10th 1863

Sir:

In compliance with general orders No. _____ (to report the part that Archer's brigade took in the recent engagements in Pennsylvania and Maryland) I beg leave to state that, although I was not in command of this brigade, yet I was in each of the engagements, and upon my own observation and the testimony of the officers of each of the regiments, I predicate my statements.

We left Cashtown, Pa. early on the morning of July 1st and marched down the turnpike road leading to Gettysburg. We had advanced about three miles when we came upon the enemy's pickets who gradually fell back before us for about three miles which brought us in sight of the enemy, upon a slight eminence in our front and to the right of the road.

Genl. Archer halted for time while a section of a battery opened fire upon them. He then deployed the brigade in line, and advanced directly upon the enemy through an open field. At the extreme side of the field was a small creek with a fence and undergrowth which was some disadvantage to our line in crossing, but the brigade rushed across with a cheer, and met the enemy just beyond. We were not over 40 or 50 yards from the enemy's line when we opened fire. Our men fired with great coolness and deliberation, and with terrible effect, as I learned the next day by visiting the ground.

We had encountered the enemy but a short while when he made his appearance suddenly upon our right flank with a heavy force and opened upon us a cross fire. Our position was at once rendered untenable, and the right of our line was forced back. He also made a demonstration upon our left, and our lines commenced falling back, but owing to the obstructions in our rear (the creek etc) some 75 of the brigade were unable to make their escape, Genl. Archer among the rest. I saw Archer a short time before he surrendered and he appeared to be very much exhausted with fatigue.

Being over powered by numbers, our support being near enough to give us any assistance, we fell back across the field, and reformed just in rear of the brigade that was started in as our support. Colonel Frye took command of the brigade and after remaining in the woods for two or three hours, the whole line upon our left advanced, Archer's brigade advanced at the same time upon the extreme right of the line. While advancing the enemy threw a body of cavalry around upon our right flank. Seeing this, Colonel Frye changed the direction of his front so as to protect our flank. The cavalry did not advance upon us, but hung around during the entire engagement of the evening of July 1st.

During the night of the 1st and all day of the 2nd, we lay in position upon the road upon the right of our lines. We were not in the engagements of July 2nd.

During the night of the 2nd, we moved around and took our position in front of the enemy's works and remained there until the afternoon of the third.

In the engagement of July 3rd, the brigade was on the right of our division in the following order; First Tennessee on the right; on its left, the 13th Alabama; next the 14th Tennessee; its left the 7th Tennessee, on the left the 5th Alabama Battalion. There was space of a few hundred yards between the right of Archer's Brigade and the left of Genl. Pickett's division when we advanced, but owing to the position of the lines, as we advanced the right of our brigade and the left of Pickett's gradually approached each other, so that by the time we had advanced a little over half way, the right of Archer and the left of Pickett had touched and connected.

The command was passed down the line by the Officers Guide Right, and we advanced our right guiding by Genl. Pickett's left. The enemy held their fire until we were within fine range and opened upon us a terrible and well directed fire. Within 180 or 200 yards of his works, we came upon a lane enclosed by two stout post and plank fences. This was a very great obstruction to us, but the men rushed over as rapidly as they could and advanced directly upon the enemy's works. The first line of which was composed of rough stones. The enemy abandoned this, but just in the rear was massed a heavy force. By the time we reached this work, our lines all along as far as I could see, had become very much weakened; indeed, the lines right and left as far as I could observe seemed to melt away until there was little left of it. Those that remained at the works saw that it was a hopeless case and fell back. Archer's brigade remained at the works fighting as long as any other troops either on the right or the left so far as I could observe.

Every flag in the brigade except one was captured at or in the enemy's works. The 1st Tenn. Had three color bearers shot down, the last of whom was at the works and the flag captured. The 13th Alabama lost three in the same way, the last of whom down at the works. The 14th Tenn. Had four shot down, the last of whom was at the works. The 7th Tenn. Lost three color bearers, the last of whom was at the works, and the flag was only saved by Capt. A.D. Norris tearing it away from the staff and bringing it out beneath his coat. The 5th Alabama battalion also lost her flag at the works.

There were seven field officers who went into the charge, only two came out; the rest were wounded or captured. The loss Company Officers was in the same proportion. Our loss in men also was heavy. We went into fight on the first day with 1048 men, 677 of whom were killed, wounded or captured during these engagements.

I cannot particularize where so many officers and men did their whole duty. There were doubtless some, however, as always is the case, who did not do their duty and richly deserve the severest punishment that can be inflicted. After our unfortunate repulse, we reformed upon the same ground from which we advanced, and waited for an advance from the enemy, which, however, they did not see proper to make; so ended the conflict of the day. We remained here until the night of the 4th, when we retired and fell back beyond Hagerstown Md. We next took our position between Hagerstown and Williamsport Md., where we lay in line of battle for two days and retired the night of the 13th. Owing to the

darkness of the night and the impossibility of the artillery getting on we found ourselves 5 miles from the river at daylight. We moved on to within 2 miles of the river and formed a line of battle upon the crest of a hill to protect our rear until the artillery and the column in advance of us could cross the river. While here a small squadron of the enemy's cavalry consisting of 75 or 100 men made their appearance in our front. They were mistaken at first for our cavalry until they advanced upon us. Their first charge was upon the First Tennessee which was upon the right of the brigade, our men unfortunately did not have all of their guns loaded and were forced to fight with clubbed guns, the enemy finding that they were making rather slow progress at this point, moved down the line upon the 13th Ala. 7th and 14th Tenn. Regiments, who by this time had gotten most of their guns loaded, and were but a short time into killing and wounding a majority of them. The rest made a desperate effort to escape back to the woods but most of these were shot from their horses as they fled, so that not over a dozen or twenty made their escape. We lost in this affair one killed and seven wounded.

It was our misfortune to lost in this affair Genl. Pettigrew who was in command of the brigade. No encomium that I might add could do justice to his memory. Both officers and men feel that by his death the Confederacy has lost a model soldier and one of her most gifted sons.

We received orders to retire beyond the river, and we moved out with Genl. Pettigrew's Brigade on our left, our route to the river was part of the way through a dense and tangled copse of undergrowth, with deep ravines running up from the river.

Not wishing to burden with a report too lengthy, I have noted down in brief style the facts deemed most important for your information. All of which I beg leave to respectfully submit.

S.G. Shepard
Lieut. Col. 7th Tenn. Inf.

Archer's Brigade
Heth's Division
A.P. Hill's Corps.

Note: Col Shepard became a Baptist minister after the war and I have heard him preach at the Old Cedar Lick Church about 1890.

J.P.H.