**Preface**

Since I have had to rely on the transcript and not the original handwritten diary I have taken the liberty to correct “misspellings” even though the spelling in the orig­inal tran­script may be more faithful to the handwritten diary. Otherwise, I have done all possible to remain faithful to the original tran­script.

We all owe Robert Wisdom Wallace our gratitude for his foresight and labor of love in transcribing his grandmother’s diary. It is a rare and pre­cious legacy that both he and Frances Wallace have left to their descen­dants. I hope this edition will contribute in some way in its preservation.

Robert Wallace Avent

Tupelo, Mississippi

September 1996

Diary

of

Frances Woolfolk Wallace

March 19-August 25, 1864



 *“ Fannie”* “*Georgie”*

*Copied from the original given by Robert Wisdom Wallace, Memphis, Tennessee, for permanent preservation in the Southern Historical Collection University of North Carolina Chapel Hill, North Carolina.*

*I have inserted illustrations and maps as well a table of contents, an index and a timeline table of her trip to aid the reader.*

**INTRODUCTION**

This is a leaf from the book of the life of a very brave, gentle lady. Reared in luxury, surrounded by an affectionate and charming family, who were knit closely by all the ties that usually bound people of breeding and culture in the Kentucky of the 1850's, she was suddenly thrown out of this environ­ment into the turmoil of civil war and uncertain life.

How she took this change and how she met the vicissitudes of travel and hard­ship is shown in the intimate day-by-day diary, onto whose pages she poured her heart and soul.

She was the daughter of George Woolfolk, and the granddaughter of Ann Clark Gwathmey, the sister of the famous Clark family, who gave so many gen­erals to the revolution, one of whose exploits with Meriwether Lewis and the con­quest of the Northwest are so well recorded.

Frances Wallace married a young lawyer whose family came from Hopkinsville, Kentucky, Philip Hugh Wallace, and they lived in Paducah, Kentucky Soon after their only child, George Clayton Wallace, was born, the rum­blings of war grew ominous and in 1861 Philip joined [General Bragg](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Braxton_Bragg)'s di­vision as a captain and served throughout the entire conflict. In 1864 Mrs. Wallace with her cousin, Mrs. Amanda Woolfolk and the young child, George, determined to join their husbands for a while. General Grant was near Paducah, and after they left that place, he took the town and banished her fam­ily to Canada. Her Mother finally joined her in Memphis, Tennessee, and after leaving the South they went to Louisville. At the end of the War Mr. Wallace had reached the rank of major.

[*This diary was secured by the Southern Historical Collection from Robert Wisdom Wallace, of Memphis, Tennessee, a grandson of the writer. It is assumed that the foregoing biographical sketch was either written by Robert Wisdom Wallace or prepared under his direction*.]

Paducah, Kentucky

Steam Boat: [*Imperial*](https://steamboattimes.com/steamboats_1811~61_p6.html)

**March 19, 1864**

“Is it possible we have at last ‘at least’ started on our long expected trip to “Dixie Land?” I can scarcely realize it is so. Mally and I have been perse­vering through many difficulties to gain our end, and have faced opposi­tions and gained our point. All of our friends urged us not to attempt such a hazardous trip, thought it impossible to pass the lines.

We first purchased a wagon and mules and fitted out for a trip through Tennessee, going to Florence, by boat, thence to Dalton, by land but Mally could not go that way so we gave it up. Many and sore were our disap­point­ments, but we persevered and here we are, and I hope soon to be re­warded for our trouble in the great pleasure of being with our husbands.

Here on the boat we meet Mrs. General Bowen. She is going south also very pleasant to meet with her Captain, a Union man.

**March 21, 1864**

Are at Nashville, Tennessee. Mr. Hillman goes with us to Headquarters. We went in to [General Rousseau](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lovell_Rousseau) who said he would use his influence with [General Sherman](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/William_Tecumseh_Sherman) who was then absent. We then went to General Sherman's Headquarters and saw [General Webster,](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Joseph_Dana_Webster) and he promised us aid, but said that the General would be absent some days. We then went back to the boat where we remained all night.

**March 22, 1864**

We go again with Mrs. Craig, who was very kind to try and get a room but found it impossible the city was crowded to overflowing, the streets blocked with wagons and soldiers, find it impossible to get a room, return to the boat. In the afternoon Mr. Budderic, an old acquaintance, called and invited us to his house. Mrs. Bowen goes to Captain Plummer's - an old army acquain­tance. Here we are very comfortable at Mrs. Budderic's - they are very glad to see us. We are introduced to Chaplain Father Stephens, Chaplain in the army. We have taken our first [Dutch supper](http://www.worldwidewords.org/qa/qa-goi3.htm) and retire.

**March 23,1864**

We find Chaplain Father Stephens a genius, very intelligent and agreeable, plays finely on the piano, improvises beautifully and seems to take quite a fancy to us, es­pecially Mally.

Several officers come after tea.

**March 25,1864**

Meet quite an excentric character - an orphan educated by Chaplain Father Stephens. He had on a butternut coat which attracted our attention. We get into con­versa­tion, and find him a [Vallandingham](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Clement_Vallandigham) worshiper, quite a sympathizer with the South. We go down and find Mr. Craig, we hear [General Sherman](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/William_Tecumseh_Sherman) has come and gone - no chance for getting through the lines. Go to see Mrs. Bowen - en­gage passage on the Steam Boat *Nannie Byers* and leave at two o'clock, Mr. Craig taking us to the boat. We meet Mr. Riche who gives me a note from Mrs. Maxwell who saw Phil a few days be­fore writing.

**March 26,1864**

Our friends told us if we did not succeed in getting through Nashville to re­turn and be content to remain at home, but we have decided to go to Vicksburg. Shall we let our Friends in Paducah know we are there or not? Report that [General Forrest](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nathan_Bedford_Forrest) is in Paducah, don't believe it. Well, it is really true, we find the town burning. What more can disturb our feelings? The boat is not allowed to stop. The [gunboats are firing](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Battle_of_Paducah). I see one of my houses burnt to ashes, Mally fears hers is hurt also. But what is the fate of our friends in the Town? What success had the Confederates, God bless them!? We arrive at Cairo at 7 o'clock. The captain went to the Quartermaster department - find them burnt. Returned and meet Cousin Coleman Woolfolk, and he takes me at once to his room where Georgie and I stayed all night. I was quite brave.

Sunday

**March 27,1864**

Go to the [Charles [Hotel]](https://dl.mospace.umsystem.edu/umsl/islandora/object/umsl%3A113868) for breakfast. Mally, Mrs. Bowen, and Cousin Richard meet us. I then went to Mrs. McCauley and got a room - hot Southerners - very pleased to have us. I suffer very much with a boil in my ear. Mally and I determine to go to Paducah to see our friends - the boat has come, am too sick to go, Mally goes, and I am suffering from severe headache from ex­citement.

**March 29,1864**

Mally returns, my dear Mother is well. Oh! how thankful I am. She was at Mrs. Boswell's during the fight. Sister Mary & children at home, - ball en­tered the house & exploded near the children's bed. What an escape - all very much fright­ened - all the houses near the spot struck - still fearing an­other raid - if so the Federals will destroy the town. We determined to go to Memphis - have quite an escort to the boat.

**March 31,1864**

Got on Steam Boat *Belle of St. Louis* at 9 o'clock P. M.- very fine boat- officers all Southern - don't charge us - very attentive and kind. Met Mr. Hatchet at Memphis - invites Mally and I to his house - his wife is taken sick. We don't go there as she is not well enough to receive company - Go to [Gayoso](https://tennesseeencyclopedia.net/entries/gayoso-hotel/) [Hotel] - find many acquain­tances - meet Hattie Jones - consult as to the route - Meet a Mrs. Shock - very kind. We at last decide on the route through Vicksburg.

Sunday

**April 3,1864**

Steam Boat *Sunshine*. Hattie, Mrs. Johnson & two nieces join our party. Very pleas­ant party on board. Our trunks are searched. Much sport and some fear - Mr. Simpson a friend of Hattie's very attentive.

**April 5,1864**

Mrs. Johnson's nieces get off. The Guerrillas are on the bank - threaten to shoot - the ladies only prevent. Hurrah for Jeff Davis & the S.C. - for which some hand­kerchiefs are waved.

**April 6,1864**

Arrive at Vicksburg, find some friends - Mr. Bernard, an old acquaintance of Phil's - go up in the town - make some purchases, everything very high, get some Southern music. Find no difficulty in getting passes.

**April 7,1864**

Much hurry and bustle to get ready for the cars. We part with our friends, leave at 8 o'clock on the cars for the Big Black. Reach that place, feel very dis­conso­late, pulling up the bank with our heavy baskets, et cetera. Soldiers all around us but no assis­tance. We have had so many escorts seems quite hard to go alone, go up to the Camp - meet Captain Kuhn, very polite, in­vites us to his tent and takes us to General Dennis. He gives us but little en­couragement. Much to our surprise he gives us two ambulances, a wagon, and escort. Captain Kuhn goes with us as far as the Confederate pickets. We go for several miles and stop and send a flag of truce. While waiting it rained furiously - trunks all wet - soon the escort returns with Confederate soldiers who permit us to pass. We got to Mr. Cook's house five miles from Big Black - Big Black very high - dan­gerous crossing - one of our horses fell - part of bridge broken - next morning fell in. At Mrs. Cook's met the first Confederate troops - the first I saw & who helped me out of the ambulance was a young Lieutenant Wren - handsome Louisianian - how strangely I felt - then they met - Federals & Confederates - shook hands - both drank to our success - apparently good friends. Oh the hor­ror of this war. We parted with the Feds who had been very kind indeed to us. Came in and talked a while with the Southern soldiers - find we have to re­main here for several days - have sent to General Armstrong for conveyances. George seems to be de­lighted to get to Dixie Land - is quite a pet with all.

Sunday

**April 10, 1864**

A beautiful day - will take a walk. Oh the desolation - beautiful plantations laid waste - where we are staying they were worth one million of dollars & now she is using pewter spoons for which she paid $50 cents. The Federals took silver, furni­ture, everything but house and left her without even a mouthful of food for her children. We have just taken a walk of four miles - oh! what a scene of des­olation and destruction, plantation after plantation destroyed, nothing left but the brick chimneys and the ruins - cotton strewn on the ground as far as the eye can see.

Near [Edwards' Depot](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Edwards%2C_Mississippi) may be seen pieces of wagons, cannons, and the cars that have been destroyed, all giving evidences of war and its terrible effects. Some of the beautiful shrubbery still remains and all is now green and fresh, looking pretty, notwithstanding the surroundings. I have gathered some flow­ers off the battlefield. We were near where [General Tilghman](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lloyd_Tilghman) was killed and [General Bowen](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/John_S._Bowen) died. Mrs. General Bowen was with us, she spoke of her husband dur­ing the walk. Mrs. Cook's was the last house he stayed at, was taken a few miles on and died at some house in the Confederate lines. Insisted on being taken into his own lines or perhaps he would have lived. We went to the Confederate Camp and saw several men Lieutenant Snodgrass and Lieutenant Wren remained for an hour and re­turned to dinner, the lieu­tenants returning with us. In the evening Major Grant joined us - had a pleasant evening some sport with Nannie's picture - young Wren fancied it, and I gave it to him. He had writings drawn up by which he pledged himself to marry her if she was willing, 30 days after the Confederacy was ac­knowl­edged, and he wished her to consider herself en­gaged.

Wrote Mama a long letter, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Boone arrive.

**April 11, 1864**

Mrs. General Bowen decides to go in with the ladies to Vicksburg, hope she will re­turn all safe. Major Grant came this morning and he, Mally, Eddie, Georgie and I took a walk. We went over the ground where they fought when Vicksburg was taken. Major Grant, Lieutenant Wren, Lieutenant Snodgrass with some sol­diers spent the day with us, quite a pleasant day, playing on the pi­ano and singing. Hattie, Mally and I had quite a flirtation with the Major. Hattie & I waltzed around the room with him. In the afternoon Captain Moorman came to see us, old acquain­tance of Phil's and Cousin John's. About 7 o'clock 3 ladies from St. Louis came in, one 70 years old - said she came to be buried in Southern soil. We are crowded - four beds in a room.

**April 12, 1864**

Early this morning Major Grant and Lieutenant Wren came to see us soon af­ter a flag of truce came in. Captain Crains and Lieutenant Clark of the U.S. Army came with it. Federals and Confederates chatting, smoking and joking together - all, I think, more in favor of a friendly chat than a fight. They asked me to sing and play for them, all sang together, they soon left. Major Grant and Lieutenant Wren spent the day. We devoted ourselves to their amusement, played, sang and danced with them - we laughed at our endeavors to amuse them, poor fellows, they need all the favors we can bestow.

Lieutenant Wren bid us goodbye late this evening. I don't think we will see him again. He said he had not spent so much time with ladies since he entered the service, and seemed to enjoy it so much, was very sad at parting with us, and in­deed we shall miss him very much he is a splendid fellow, noble and brave. God bless him and protect him from harm! Mrs. General Bowen has re­turned. She did not bring the things I sent for, feel much disappointed. House crowded with ladies on their way South. They crossed the Big Black in a skiff, found no con­veyance to bring them on, walked here four miles. I think that there is a prob­ability of block­ade of ladies it is almost impossible to get conveyances. We have been here nearly a week, hope soon to hear from General Adams. I feel gloomy tonight. Oh! dearest Mother, dearest Husband, dear friends, all, where are you? Hattie and Mally seem some­what disheartened also. I hope tomorrow will bring some hopeful tid­ings. We have had beautiful weather. Georgie was not well last night or this morning. I hope he will be well tomorrow. Lieutenant Wren and I talked much of Nannie, he seems quite in earnest.

**April 13, 1864**

Quite a number of ladies for the South here, all waiting anxiously for a con­veyance. Mally has hailed a wagon and goes as far as Clinton tonight, and sev­eral others go with her. Mrs. General Bowen goes with Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Boone after dinner. Hattie and I become desperate. Major Grant is very kind and says he will get a conveyance for us. He sends to Dr. Williamson who charges us $50.00. We leave Mrs. Cook's at 3 o'clock and the Major goes with us. We pass Baker's Creek and go over the ground where [General Tilghman was killed.](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Battle_of_Champion_Hill) Oh! how destitute everything looks. For ten miles the trees are torn by shot and ball and all along the dead horses are strewn the scent is dreadful. I can scarcely describe my feelings in passing over the ground where the armies met and fought so desperately. Almost every tree has balls in it, and the branches are torn away from many. The Major picked up balls in the road. We travelled until 8 o'clock at night, it was beautiful moonlight. We all stayed at Mr. Thomas', met Mrs. Woodman of New York celebrity, the one who created such a sensation in New York. She was di­vorced from her husband, a very un­interesting person, I think. They gave us no supper or breakfast.

**April 14, 1864**

Left early this morning. Met Mally at Clinton and she got into our wagon. Major Grant left, and we regret his departure very much. He has been ex­ceed­ingly kind. So many splendid residences destroyed sometimes we would [see] perhaps the gate left of a beautiful fence, a little remnant of former splendor. On the road we met a former acquaintance of my father's Mr. Wales (Waler) of Shelbyville. He told us that his son-in-law, Mr. Radford, married his daughter, whom we found, was an old acquaintance. We called to see him, and he was very pleased to see us. We met the Government wagon that had been sent for us. The Sargeant got in our wagon and came into Jackson with us. He was very angry at a rich Southern man charging us $50.00 for the wagon. We got to Jackson about 1 o'clock, quite tired af­ter our jolting. Colonel Dunken called and knows Phil is well. Mally went home with him. In the afternoon Mrs. and Miss Wharton called to see us very agreeable ladies, want us to spend to­morrow with them ­We are quite tired, retire.

**April 15, 1864**

This is my wedding day, married eight years today. How I wish I could be with my husband.

The sargeant has gone for Mrs. General Bowen, and we hope to get off tomorrow. As we went down the stairs on our way to [General Wharton](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/John_A._Wharton)'s (State General), we met Dr. Boyd. He was delighted to see us and invited us to his house. We had a very pleasant day at General Wharton's, suffered some with cold. While there Major Grant came in to see us. He returns to Mrs. Smith's this evening. As we came home we called to see Mally at Colonel Duncan’s. How different is this evening from the evening of the 15th. of April, 1856! Here I am among strangers, seeking my husband - transportation difficult - every­thing very high, don't know how long it will be before I see Phil, am fearful my money will not hold out as my $100. bills are useless. Could we have looked into futu­rity eight years ago, how sad would our wedding have been to know we were being united so soon to part and to have our country in such a condition. But I pray God all will soon be peace and loved ones again united. My precious boy is a noble fellow - has behaved nicely today, is quite impatient to see his papa. After tea the Misses Dudley called to see me, friends of Brother George. They came to ask me to stay with them while here. They were exceedingly kind.

**April 16, 1864**

Am looking for Dr. Boyd. Miss Dudley called again to ask me to go home with her - she was exceedingly kind. Dr. Boyd came and Hattie, Mally and I with the children went home with him. Crossed Pearl River, was very much fright­ened, pulled across with hooks, several persons have been drowned. Dr. and Mrs. Boyd gave us a warm welcome. Have a headache from long fasting de­tained so long on the bank of the river.

Sunday

**April 17, 1864**

Hattie and Mally take a ride on horseback. Dr. Boyd says he will send us to Meridian in a carriage. Sunday evening took a walk in the woods, beautiful flow­ers and honeysuckle growing wild. This is what they call Mississippi swamps, a rather fine swamp. How I wish Nannie was here to enjoy the walks! How I could enjoy this trip if I knew how all were at home, and my dear Mother was with me. Everyone says our trip to Meridian will be trou­ble - roads very bad, the same Sherman and his army passed over, houses all burned, have to camp out at night. The Torys and robbers are very nu­merous, hope we will get through safely. This is a beautiful evening. Oh! what a glorious world, all that is necessary to make us happy and content and yet this beautiful land is flowing with human blood, death, and suffer­ing has become an accustomed sight. Oh! God! when will this sinful strife end? God grant us peace and good will towards one another.

**April 19, 1864**

Left Dr. Boyd's for Meridian, Mally, Hattie, the children and I Sargeant Posey driving us, a mule drawing the wagon with the trunks. Hattie left her baby with Mrs. Boyd. How kind the doctor and his wife have been to us. We fared very well and missed nothing but coffee, they use cornmeal parched for coffee, and except for that they live very well. We will now, I fear, find rough fare.

Pass through Brandon about 12 o'clock, stopped at one and took lunch and en­joyed it very much, good appetites. Find we have to go 13 miles before reaching a house. Travel slowly, the mules being slow and tired, travel un­til quite late into the night, prospect poor, sing to keep up our spirits. Reach a house at 8 o'­clock, beg for ad­mission, but are refused by a man named Easton. 3/4 mile from Morton. We told him we were travel-worn, our children sleepy, our mules broken down, while talking to him one of the carriage mules fell down. We told him we only wanted shelter. He then asked us where we were going. We replied "to see our hus­bands." He said, "A great time to go to your hus­bands," which so exasperated us that we whipped up our mules and started for Morton. There our mules gave out. The sargeant went off in search of a house but to no effect. While the sargeant was absent, the wagon driver cut the sick mule's mouth, so that he bled profusely. We then went into Mr. Binney's house, a gentleman from Louisiana. He, finding we could get no further, said he would do the best he could, but could give us no bed. We were thankful that his wife, a very nice lady, had a bed made on the floor in which Mally , Eddie, Hattie and Fanny slept, Georgie and I taking the sofa. We went to bed supper­less about 12 o'clock.

**April 20, 1864**

Slept badly, got our faces washed, found one mule in a poor condition, mouth bleeding very much, we can't stop it. We feel very discouraged, take a rough breakfast, but don't enjoy anything we are so anxious about the mule. It seems some better. We have concluded to take the road to Enterprise. The mule is so weak it can scarcely pull. Hattie drives, we walk two miles, stop at a cabin and will rest here until 2 o'clock, then go to Hillsboro, a distance of 10 miles. We took a snack and gave $1.00 for a quart of meal for the sick mule, which seems better. Come to the village by 6 o'­clock very pleasant ride, roads are not near so bad as we expected, but the country seems an utter waste, nothing for food for horses or humans. The same cry is heard from house to house, "The Yankees have destroyed all I had." We seem to have quite a comfortable house to stay in tonight. They brought us a small table bowl in which to wash our faces and told us their washbowls had been broken by the Yankees . That cry will haunt this coun­try for many a day. We hope to make an early start in the morning.

**April 21, 1864**

Another beautiful day. We certainly have been very fortunate in having pleas­ant weather and so far have been agreeably disappointed in the roads. I hope we may have a pleasant trip today. We were very comfortable last night, they charged us $20. each. This is a very pretty place with a beautiful lawn. Just after leaving Hillsboro, I saw a Confederate soldier running to the carriage, I looked and to our surprise and joy saw it was Johnny Saunders he was so delighted to see us. He asked, "Have you any letters for me?" We said, "No." Poor fellow, the tears came into his eyes, but he said nothing. I would have given much to have had a letter for him. While talking to him, Captain Sheppard, "Willie Sheppard" and Captain Dawson of Kentucky rode up, and we had a pleasant social time, all so truly glad to see each other. They rode on some distance with us. We talked and sang for them, Georgie rode all the way with Captain Dawson. He was delighted. At one o'clock we took our dinner, and they dined with us and enjoyed the sun­dries and cake very much. We re­gretted to part with them, but they promised if possible to meet us at Enterprise and go with us to Mobile. At night we stayed with Mrs. Evans, a very comfort­able place, beautiful yard and everything neat. Our fare was very good: tea and coffee with butter and biscuit. We met there some nice people from Tennessee, the gentleman was a minister and before retiring we had prayers. It was re­freshing to hear a prayer offered once more. It has been 5 weeks since we left home and we have heard no minister discourse since then. It seemed quite strange to hear a prayer offered for our beloved South after being so long in Yankeedom and hearing the "Union" prayed for.

**April 22, 1864**

Another pleasant day. We asked for our bill, and it was $25. all included, very reasonable. We have traveled very slowly today, the mules very jaded, stopped at a house and rested. I saw a lady who was quite ingenious, mak­ing very pretty hats out of palmetto and very prettily ornamented with the same. A pedestrian caught up with us and asked permission to ride in the wagon. We found him a cousin of Mr. Ratcliff's of Paducah, and his name was Isaiah Ratcliff. He seemed quite a nice person. The mules are so weary we shall not be able to reach Enterprise tonight, we walked some distance this evening. We met a gang of negroes with napsacks, and they sent up a rousing cheer for Jeff Davis. We are now at a cabin, and some cavalry are camping near this place. The family seem pleasant people though they dress very plainly in homespun, and the girls are pretty. I would so much enjoy this trip if I only could know how my dear Mother is. I feel strong and well and have a great ap­petite.

**April 23, 1864**

We spent a very comfortable night and met a New Yorker in the service very earnest in the Southern cause, has been living in the South only six years. We crossed the Chickasaw about 12 o'clock and came to Enterprise and found it dif­ficult to find a house to stay even until the cars leave. After some persuasion they consented to take us in but could give us nothing to eat.

While consulting as to the best course to pursue, we heard Ed Woolfolk had come to this place to meet us. It was joyful news, for we were beginning to feel quite helpless, fearing we would find difficulty in taking care of our bag­gage. Indeed, we were not certain that we would find our friends in Mobile. But now that Cousin Ed has come we will know what to do. We have not seen him, unfor­tunately, he has gone to meet us and taken a different road, so we missed him. Mally is quite impatient but I think bears it very patiently. I feel quite impatient to see him myself. Oh! where is my husband? It seems so diffi­cult to learn where our husbands are. We have succeeded in getting a house for a short time with the promise of something to eat. Just after dinner Ed and Henry Jones came. They rushed to meet us, and there was of course, great rejoicing. Henry Jones was delighted to receive his letter I brought and the photographs tears of grati­tude and pleasure came into his eyes. I never felt so glad that I had a letter. Cousin Ed brought me a letter from Phil, and I am delighted to hear he is in Mobile. We leave tonight at 8 o'clock in the cars. It is pouring down rain and very dark, and Henry Jones carried Georgie to the depot, while Ed goes with Mally and I. It is dreadful walking, the wa­ter over shoe-tops, so dark we can't see where to go, and I fell into two ditches and am wet and muddy to my waist - a very disagreeable time.

**April 25, 1864**

Had a most unpleasant time in the cars, so wet and cold. They made a fire about 12 o'clock, and I dried my clothes and shawls. I don't know what I should have done if a gentleman had not been kind enough to lend me his shawl for Georgie to lie in. We got to Mobile about 9 o'clock. Phil was a little surprised to see us, did not expect to see us until tonight. Met him at the [Battle House](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Battle_House_Hotel) [Hotel]. Esmondre Browne, Mrs. Davis, Gus Brown, and Mrs. Girard came to see us. In the after­noon we called to see India Brown, she was very pleased to see us. After tea Mrs. Lay called, and I am told that Mr. Girard will take us to the Fort tomorrow.

**April 26, 1864**

We have been disappointed in not going to the Fort. Walked out this after­noon, went up , [Government Street](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Government_Street_%28Mobile%2C_Alabama%29) - very beautiful residences, flowers, all in bloom, and some of the houses seem almost a mass of roses the air is per­fumed with the odor from the flowers. You meet children and women with waiters of bou­quets. The ladies look very handsome with their dark riding dresses and deep pointed cuffs, riding horseback with the officers. Everything presents quite a gay appearance, a great many military men here. After tea Mr. Davis called and spent the evening with us, we had some good music.

**April 27, 1864**

Mr. Davis, Mally, Cousin Ed, Mrs. Lay, Phil, and the children, and I all went to the music store, tried some music. I purchased six pieces for which I gave $20. How dreadfully high everything is! I paid $2.00 for having my shoes cleaned and shawl brushed. I could spend a week here so pleasantly if I could only hear from home. Dear Ma! how often I think of her. We walked out again this evening - what a beautiful city Mobile is, quite a feast to the eye, so many splendid residences. I think it the most beautiful place I have ever seen. The magnolia trees very large and full of bloom just now. Oh! they are beautiful. I would so much like to live here. After tea Mr. Davis came to the parlor, also Mrs. Marable, wife of Dr. Marable, an old friend of Phil's, very nice lady. Had quite an excitement. It seems a lady had left her husband and he followed her and took her child, age four, from her. Poor woman! I never heard such plead­ing - all night she sobbed and wailed - it was truly heartbreaking to hear her.

**April 28, 1864**

Am not very well today. Expected to leave this evening at 4 o'clock. We did not leave as expected. A more pleasant boat leaves tomorrow. Mr. Ford, my old schoolteacher, called to see me this evening. He lives here. General Clark of Missouri called to see me also he is a distant relative, a very intelligent man, he has been South since his inability, for the field, from rheumatism. He leaves for Richmond soon, is now a poor man after being worth almost his mil­lions. His wife is not permitted to come South, and all her children are in the army, poor woman. In the General's reply to the question, "Why should the Southerners be taxed and Kentucky and Missouri troops exempt and where was the tax they paid?" replied, "In the best of coin, blood and limbs!" He is a noble man and sent me his card with some nice strawber­ries. Phil sent us in some oysters. They were very large, but as we had no good dressing for them, I did not enjoy eating them much. Oh! my dear Mother, what would I give to be with you this night! The love of a Mother is very great and oh! so consoling to a broken heart. God only knows the heart's trials, but oh! my God, Thou who knowest the hearts of Thy people, give me strength to bear with patience the yoke Thou hast seen fit I should bear! Oh! may it better fit me for heaven. Bless my child. If it be Thou will, spare him to me and give me wisdom and strength to bring him up in the way he should go.

April 29, 1864

Mrs. Lay called to see us, also Mr. Thad Gibson, met General Clark on the stair­way, he bid us goodbye and wished us much pleasure. Went down to the boat, Steam Boat the *Henry J. King*, about half past two o'clock. Mobile Bay looked well, espe­cially to us, as we see our men-of-wary, vessels and the blockade runners, all on its wa­ters. We have a limited view of the fortifica­tions. Esmondre Brown, Captain Cook, Captain Girard came down to see us. Mr. Davis (Lieutenant) of Paducah, will go with us to Montgomery. This is the first time I have ever travelled on the Alabama River, quite a pretty stream, went on deck after tea. Mally, Ed, Phil, and I sang some of our old songs - oh! how it reminded us of old times. Came down stairs, tried the pi­ano, but found it so out of tune, could not play on it. The Captain is very kind, told us to make ourselves at home and order whatever we wished and do as we liked on his boat. He was a Kentuckian river boat Captain Harris of Henry County, Kentucky. The boat stopped some time at Choctaw Bluff and we walked through the fortification. They are quite a curiosity. I felt as if I were in some of the old ru­ins I have read of, walk­ing through the subter­ranean passages, the works are complete. I tried to sleep this afternoon, but it was so extremely warm I could not stay in the room. While I write the perfume of a fine bouquet fills the cabin with a sweet odor.

April 30, 1864

Have been busy making a shirt for Phil. We passed Selma about 6 o'clock in the af­ternoon, and I am sorry we could not go up in town and see the ma­chine shops. They make all kinds of weapons, cannon, et cetera. This is a more rocky country than I expected. The water running down the rocks looks so refresh­ing, after drinking the warm river water. One of the ser­vants hearing me ex­press a wish for some, took a pitcher and got some from one of the streams. In the afternoon Bishop Wilmer came on board. He is a pleasant gentleman and does much good among his people. After supper we went on deck and had some music. We sing quite like a travel­ling troupe, we made a pleasant little home circle, had it not been for the absence of our loved Mother and friends we could have enjoyed it very much. Oh! it seems so far from home. We sang "Our old Kentucky Home" and all were heartsick except the Bishop. Mr. Davis is very agreeable. The captain does all in his power to make us feel at home. He seems pleased to have us with him. At supper the waiters favored me, it seemed quite like old times to have such at­tention from the negroes .

Sunday

May 1, 1864

Arrived at Montgomery, Alabama, at 10 o'clock this morning. Bishop Wilmer ex­pects to confirm many persons today and parts with us after a very pretty and ap­propriate prayer for our welfare. Had a very pleasant re­ligious conver­sation with him. We all got ready to go to Church and hear the Bishop, but it rained so hard it prevented our going, much disappointed. We have all con­cluded to go back to Mobile on a pleasure trip. We wish only to be with our hus­bands, so it will be quite as pleasant on the boat as in the hotel by the kind per­mission of the Captain. His wife will go also and Mrs. General Armstrong. How I regret passing another Lord's Day without attend­ing Church. This af­ternoon Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Armstrong came on board, very pleasant and pretty ladies. Mrs. Armstrong is an old acquain­tance of Phil's.

May 2,1864

This is Mally 's birthday. We have been at Selma, Alabama, all day, went in town and visited the Arsenal and were very much interested went all through and saw them making all kinds of ammunition, was surprised to find ma­chinery brought to such perfection. Went to a music store, bought a book *Beulah Macaria*, by the author of *Beulah*. The captain had the piano tuned and we hope to have some music. It is now 6:30 in the afternoon and we are just leav­ing Selma. It is cool this afternoon. I am surprised to see Captain Fuller, and I write by him to Cousin John. We had some music tonight but not so good as usual, too cool to sit on deck.

May 3,1864

Passed the day as usual, talking, reading and sleeping. After tea Mr. Davis sang some pretty songs. He sings well.

A beautiful day, expect to reach Mobile by 11 o'clock. Have to take rooms on the third story of the Battle House [Hotel], meet my friends and relatives and General Clark at the dinner table. Afternoon we go on the horsecars to see Mrs. Lay and much to our surprise meet Mrs. Jones, really Mrs. Miker, the same person we met in Nashville, Tennessee, quite an eccentric char­acter.

Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Armstrong call for us to go to a fair, but we can not leave the children.

May 5,1864

Go to see Mrs. Brown. Quite warm, have a headache. I meet Mrs. Hislip, the authoress. We bid Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Armstrong goodbye and go to the boat at 3 o'clock. We regret to leave them as they are very pleasant ladies. We leave Mobile about 5 o'clock, I have a severe headache and retire early.

May 6,1864

Nothing of interest. How high everything is! $30.00 for doing up a muslin dress, $20.00 for a waist. I forgot to mention that Bishop Wilmer confirmed [General Pillow](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gideon_Johnson_Pillow) on the first of May.

May 7,1864

Phil had a chill last night, looks badly. Oh! I have such a heaviness of heart and feel so oppressed today. Oh God! have mercy on me and those dear to me. Lord! Thou knowest my heart. Oh! my dear Mother, have you heard from me? I pray you are well and happy. The Captain had some nice straw­berries for us, and beautiful flowers have been sent to gladden our eyes, all nature is glori­ously beau­tiful today, but my heart is heavy. I long to see my dear Mother and my other dear ones. If I could only be with my husband, but his leave of ab­sence is nearly out and then I shall be alone. We are now at Selma, Alabama, and will remain until 5 o'clock. I met Cousin John Jones, Mr. Lawson, and Johnny Flournoy. Mr. Lawson seemed almost overcome with joy on seeing us. He offered all the assis­tance he could, gave us a hearty Kentucky grip, and share of his money and ne­cessities. Cousin John had been waiting to see us for a day. Mrs. Dr. [blank] for­merly of Shelbyville, got on board, a very intelligent woman, a great talker. Went on deck as usual and sang for the Captain, but I have felt depressed all day and am anxious to hear from home.

Sunday

May 8, 1864

Arrive at Montgomery and go to Hotel Montgomery Hall, take breakfast - very good - and go to the Episcopal Church, hear an excellent sermon and a prayer for the President of the Confederate States. Oh! how strange it sounded after hearing the prayer for the President of the United States so long. A beautiful prayer for the success of our Cause, the suffering prison­ers, wounded, or­phans, and widows, and thanks for our recent victory in Virginia. How beauti­fully he spoke. Though the air trembled with the news of another great victory, the sound brought an­guish and desolation to many hearts. Our friend, Bishop Wilmer, was there. I hope there may be much good done in the army. I hear there is a great change for the better, and I pray God it may continue. After tea I met Dr. and Mrs. Knoch and Dr. and Mrs. Bridges. Did not go to Church, headache.

May 9, 1864

Bright and beautiful day. I have just eaten some strawberries - very nice. Oh! dear Mother, what would I not give to see or to hear from you. God grant you may be well! Colonel and Mrs. Short and Mrs. Goodloe called to see us this morn­ing, passed a very pleasant morning, am invited to Captain Cummings, but think I will not go. Take a long walk in the evening - some beautiful places. After tea Major McClure called - nice gentleman, an old schoolmate of Phil's. Great excitement here at the news of the repulse of the enemy. How high ev­erything is here - board $20. $50. for Phil, Georgie, and myself.

May 10,1864

Walked out in the city - nothing new. Major Dr. Driver, who met Nannie and Bertie at Caroline Garrett's in Paducah, when he was a prisoner two years ago, is now in Montgomery. He asked about the children.

May 11,1864

We left Montgomery at 8 this morning to take the cars for Tuskegee. Mr. Davis went as far as Chehaw with us. Georgie quite distressed at parting with Pappy has he calls him - indeed we shall miss him very much. We meet with some very disagreeable people in the cars and stage. Don't think Kentuckians have much patience with Southerners. Took the stage at the station and go five miles to reach Tuskegee - very cold disagreeable day - sent our cards to Mrs. Cosby and Byers.

May 12,1864

Ladies have not called, quite cold today. Had a fine dinner, turkey, green peas, let­tuce, sweet potatoes, salad, etc., fare very good here. Walked out this evening - some very beautiful places. Phil will go to serenade some friends tonight.

May 13,1864

We went early this morning to call on Mrs. Byers. Mrs. Cosby and Emma Byers had gone to attend Dr. Johnson's wedding.

Mrs. Byers gave us a pressing invitation to take tea and spend the evening with her but we declined. I wrote to Cousin John Jones today. This evening we walked out again. This is really a beautiful place, some beautiful yards. Strawberries are now plentiful. For dinner we had quite a variety of vegeta­bles. Nothing like starva­tion here. There is nothing here that reminds us of the war, except the anxious hearts of Mothers and friends and the conver­sation of the gentlemen. Everything is quiet, indeed all that is beautiful to the eye can be seen here the place seems laden with flowers and the per­fume of flowers. As I write, a child passed with a handful of the largest roses I have ever seen and the magnolia blossoms. It seems strange that those who live in such a beauti­ful country can be at war with one an­other. Near us is the Church where they have the Union prayer meetings to pray for our army. God grant us peace! 'Tis such a calm beautiful evening, all so quiet. I am writing in the balcony of the hotel. Many persons have passed, mostly schoolgirls and young ladies. I see no scarcity of dress materials - all look neat. It is almost dark, occasionally I hear a footstep but in this quiet there is heard all around the sweetest sounds from the mocking birds. I never experienced so per­fect a calm and this is quite a large place - all sounds seemed hushed except that of the birds. Truly this is one of God's loveliest spots. It is a fit place to worship our God for all around seems quiet and loveliness.

**May 14, 1864**

Nothing new, such a heavy rain. Georgie and Eddie gone into the country for strawberries.

Sunday

**May 15, 1864**

A beautiful day. News that there is fighting at Dalton. Go to Church where prayers are offered for our success. As we return from Church the stage came in and Gus Given was in it. How delighted we were to meet. He said, "I would have followed you over the Confederacy but I would have found you."

[Note: The following note by some friend or member of the clan is written in the diary. Probably by Gus Given]

**May 16,1864**

Am well. The general has resigned and has been ordered to Savannah to command the arsenal at that place. I have been ordered there with him as his adjutant. Savannah is a beautiful and pleas­ant place and I anticipate a very nice time with the "Goober grabbers." I am delighted with my album and other things. I think Cousin Florence's photograph is very poor - does­n't do her justice by any means. Pa's is splendid, yours looks too old. Those of the boys are very good, also Cousin Nannie's, Carrie and Bell. Send me some of Uncle Henry and wife and all of my relatives and friends and all of my girl acquaintances if they are willing for me to have them. I have boasted a great deal, down here, of their beauty, etc. I have praised Cousin Florence's beauty to every one and just to think that she would send me such a poor one as she did. We talked until 5 o'clock in the evening and then Mally and I went to prayer meeting and afterwards Phil, Ed, Gus and I walked until dark.

May 16,1864

Cool and pleasant today. We are invited to take tea with Captain Conley.

TUSKEGEE

**May 17,1864**

We went about 8:30 to Captain Conley's. Much to my surprise ladies dressed in evening costume came in, some extravagantly dressed, and many glittered in their diamonds. The Mrs. Balfours looked quite Parisian in their style. Miss Dargin, the senator's daughter, was decidedly an ele­gant girl very intellectual and played finely on the piano. The young people danced and Mally, Phil and I sang, Phil's music created quite a sensation.

Mrs. Conley was very polite in her attentions. At 1 o'clock we walked into sup­per and to our surprise was a most beautiful table, the center orna­mented with a pyramid of flowers in a silver stand, five stands in height and tastefully arranged the cake was beautifully iced, three varieties, fruit, teacake and pound, calf's foot jelly, turkey, chicken salad, ham, delicious tea, contents of the table and this is the starvation in the South! Nowhere in the South could you find more style, per­haps a greater variety, but nothing more for wealth, style, beauty and taste no place can surpass it, and this in the house of a refugee from Mississippi who claims to be only camping, having collected what little furniture she could find for temporary use. If this be a poor dying struggle, Oh! beautiful South, you are glamorous even in your death. We re­turned about 2 o'clock. Most of the company there were refugees from different states Dr. Withers and his interesting daugh­ter from Kentucky. Gus Given left us at 10 o'clock, took stage and has gone to Savannah. Captain Cummings sent us a bowl of fine strawberries with sugar, cake and cream to eat with them. We prepared them and then had quite a little party to eat them in the parlor. Walked out to look at a house.

**May 18, 1864**

When the stage arrived "[Blind Tom](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Blind_Tom_Wiggins)" was on it. He is certainly one of the great­est wonders of the day, indeed the greatest. His memory is wonderful, his pow­ers for imitating equally so and his musical talent surpasses any­thing I ever heard or dreamed of. We went to his concert tonight. He played the most diffi­cult pieces, composed and arranged beautifully. His imitation of "Old Uncle Charlie of Kentucky" was very good, and he repeated word for word as he heard Uncle Charlie speak. His piece called "Manassas Battle," his conception of a battle from hearing the newspapers read, was splendid. Has imitations playing of the organ, guitar, banjo and violin, etc. After we returned home he came into our part of the hotel and we sang for him and he seemed pleased. Most of the time when he heard no music he was turn­ing around like a top, a very singular person.

**May 19, 1864**

We are invited this morning to Mrs. Conley's and have to accept as we de­clined last evening. We are sorry we cannot hear "Blind Tom" again. Ed left this morning. I spent a pleasant afternoon with Mally and Phil in the parlor and several gentlemen came in

 Note: The following memo written by Major Philip H. Wallace follows in the diary.]

June 24 & 25, 1863

Was with General Cleburne as aide de camp and was in the fight with a por­tion of our divi­sion at Liberty Gap between Murfreesboro and Wartrace. On the last day at the same place we fought a corps of the enemy and repulsed them. We then fell back with Bragg's army to Chattanooga, and I was sent into the Union part of Tennessee to gather army supplies and missed the battle of Chickamauga, but was in a cavalry fight near Athens, Tennessee, be­tween Woolford Cavalry and our forces under General Armstrong. After the Missionary Ridge defeat I was cut off in East Tennessee and was in another cavalry fight at Charleston, Tennessee be­tween the enemy's cavalry and the Kentucky cavalry under General Kelley. On the 28th. of June I was also in a fight between our division and Negley's division of the enemy at Bethpage Bridge on Elk River this side of Tullahoma and narrowly escaped being killed by a shell.

Bringing two violins, a flute, and guitar. Blind Tom played on the violin and gui­tar, and we had some fine music. Little Georgie seem still a pet with the young ladies. He comes laden with beautiful flowers, I have had some magnif­icent bou­quets sent to me. Spent the evening with Mrs. Conley.

**May 20, 1864**

Phil left this morning in the stage for Montgomery.

Dr. Johnston invited us to take tea at his house this evening, have to decline as the gentlemen are absent. Feel very lonely. Mally and I retire early.

**May 21, 1864**

Mrs. Beatty and Mrs. Conley call to take us to the "Picnic" six miles in the coun­try, have a very pleasant time. Meet the Mrs. Johnsons, Mrs. Conley, Mrs. Judson and several other ladies. Have a fine dinner, good fish, hot cof­fee, turkey, chicken salad, ham, partridge, fruit cake, pound cake, wafers, biscuit and crack­ers. All wished so much for Phil. Returned home in the evening. Heard that Mrs. Byers had given a large party the evening before. We were not honored with an in­vitation.

Sunday

**May 22,1864**

Another beautiful Sabbath - Glory be to God on high, peace goodwill towards all men. Mally , the children, and I go to the Presbyterian Church this morning, in the afternoon to the Baptist Church for prayer meeting, where we heard the most earnest prayers offered in behalf of our country. I took a walk retired early.

**May 23,1864**

Arise earlier than usual, busy all day cutting out shirts and some clothing for Georgie. Mally and I went to prayer meeting. There seems to be doubt and gloom hanging over the inhabitants of this town the war news is not so favor­able. Oh! God have mercy on us! Many persons have lost sons and brothers and the wails of sorrow can be heard through the town. After we returned from church, we found Mrs. Johnston's carriage waiting for us. We had quite a pleasant ride. Tuskegee is a beautiful little place. All seemed gloomy at the tea table. I look for Phil tomor­row.

**May 24,1864**

Phil came in the stage. Quite a storm this evening. Received an invitation to a picnic but declined it. There seems to be doubt and gloom with the people as the result of the impending battles. They have been too sanguine.

**May 25,1864**

Phil had a chill last night. It is quite cool this morning. Wrote yesterday to Lucy Johnson and India Browne. Mrs. Beatty called this evening, we went to prayer meeting. When we returned we found Mrs. Balfour had called and was waiting in her carriage with Mrs. Holloway to take us riding. We had a very pleasant ride. George is not well this morning. Phil received a dispatch saying he had been elected Captain of Company "I" in Scott's Brigade, Louisiana.

**May 26,1864**

I called this evening to see how Mrs. Conley was and found her looking quite badly.

**May 27,1864**

Called on Mrs. Conley, Mrs. Beatty and Mrs. (Dr.) Johnson. Went to prayer meet­ing this evening, received a letter from Henry Jones. He wishes his cousin to ac­company us home.

**May 28,1864**

Phil had another chill last night.

Sunday

**May 29,1864**

Mally, Phil and I went to church this morning. Phil looked very feeble.

May 30,1864

Went to prayer meeting - very interesting. General and Mrs. Higgins called, in­vited out to take tea with Mrs. Conley and meet Mrs. Mrs. General Humphries. She is a very intelligent woman.

May 31,1864

Phil has gone to Montgomery. I have written a note to General Crosby to ex­cuse the address of my letters to his care. Wrote to Lucy Johnson and Lou Maxwell.

June 1,1864

I called this evening to see Mrs. Colonel Balfour and Mrs. Holloway, Mrs. Balfour sent us home in her carriage. I found Mrs. Conley here, walked home with her.

June 2,1864

Received a note from Phil. Mrs. Leroy called. Wishes Phil to sing in a con­cert for the benefit of refugees from home. We called to see Mrs. Mrs. [General Higgins](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Edward_Higgins_%28Confederate_general%29) and Miss Foster.

June 3,1864

Disappointed, Phil did not return. No letters. Mrs. Hawkins, and her hus­band and little child came today. She is an interesting lady and has been superinten­dant of three hospitals in Richmond. Has been a liberal donator to the Cause. They seem quite wealthy. She knows Mrs. Gwathmey, of Richmond, who is also a hospital angel. Mrs. Boykin called to beg us to as­sist in a concert given for the refugees.

Sunday

June 5, 1864

Went to church this morning. Prayer meeting this evening.

June 6,1864

Look for Phil.

June 7,1864

Received a letter from Phil. Colonel Short had not arrived. He will not for a day or two longer. Called on Mrs. Boykin She is still persistent in her persua­sion for us to sing at the concert. I think we shall go to Mrs. Battle's this evening and meet those who take part in the performance and give our de­cisive an­swer. Sorry to disappoint them as they seem to depend so much on us. Dear lit­tle Georgie has seemed low spirited about his grandma all day and begs to go back to see her. Dear Boy, his Mother feels too that she cannot be parted from her much longer.

June 8,1864

I wrote to Phil. Have been often interrupted. Mrs. Battle called - a charming woman. Mrs. Adams sent a basket of flowers and fruits to us, beautifully ar­ranged. Went to Mrs. Conley's and spent a very pleasant day, very nice dinner. Phil came home much to our surprise. We walked home with Mrs. Humphries, quite late. Mrs. Boykin had us to spend the evening with her. Met Dr. and Mrs. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Battle. The table looked beautiful. We had pound cake, teacakes, chicken salad, custard, peaches and cream, broiled chicken, biscuit, cakes and wafers, and after tea went to Mrs. Battle's to prac­tice for the concert. Spent a very pleasant evening. Returned by 12, found Georgie suffering very much from sun having burned his neck, poor little fel­low.

June 9,1864

Rise late this morning, slept badly last night. Phil, Colonel Bits and I went over to Mrs. Battle's to practice. They are very anxious for me to take part, I as­sist them to arrange and learn their pieces. Mrs. Battle gave me a cup of cof­fee. I have never met a more agreeable and intelligent couple than Mr. and Mrs. Battle. We meet tonight at the Baptist College to practice.

June 10,1864

The concert went off very well. Phil was very much complimented indeed. Mrs. Conley went with us. Mrs. Stamp, whose husband was killed at Gettisburg (sic) (who was a nephew of Jeff Davis) called in my room and dressed Mrs. Conley's hair. Mrs. Stamp is a beautiful woman. We received $340. from our concert for our sick and wounded at Camp Watts.

June 11,1864

Calls again this morning. Colonel Balfour called to invite us to take tea with them. We have been treated with every attention by the Tuskegee people. Spent a pleasant [hour] with Mrs. Balfour, met Mrs. Humphrey, Mrs. Holloway, [and] young Mrs. Balfour, who is a beauty. Mrs. Conley went with us. It rained very hard about 12 and Colonel Balfour sent his carriage for us. Heard that the Federals had issued a proclamation prohibiting persons from return­ing north within the Federal lines. Oh! how terrible if I am not permitted to go to my dear Mother. I feel that I would go crazy. God grant that I may be per­mitted to see her dear face again!

Sunday

June 12, 1864

This is the 29th anniversary of my birthday. One year ago I was in Paducah keep­ing house. I was with my dear Mother but separated from my hus­band. Now I am in Tuskegee, Alabama, with my dear husband beside me, [separated] from my own blessed Mother. It has been raining all day and tonight it is pouring down. It is not a bright day but if I could only hear from my Mother, I would be more than happy. Oh! my God, bless and watch over her and spare our lives that we may meet again if it be Thy will. My husband has been with me all day. He seems loath to leave me even for a moment. He is so kind and affectionate. Our little boy stands beside us. He has just asked "I wonder where the moon is? Oh!, he says, "I know. It is behind the clouds." He is very bright. He said this morning, "Oh! Mother, you ought not to take me from my grandma. Don't you know it will make her sick if I don't stay with her." Into Thy merciful hands, Oh! God, do I commit my loved ones! And you, my dear brother, who are in prison, may God bless and comfort you!

[Note: The following notation in the diary is by Philip Wallace]

My dear wife has just finished jotting down the anniversary of her birthday, the last of three that she has passed with me. God only knows how sadly the long weary years have passed since I have spent one with her, and how grateful I am that he has permitted her to be with me again and my dear boy also. This time three years ago he was an infant, and now when I look on his well grown form, his beautiful face and hear his sweet prattle, I can only pray that many suc­ceeding anniversaries may find us united as now.

June 15,1864

Mrs. Conley, Mally and I went to Mrs. Humphries' to attend Episcopal ser­vices. Very few were there. Mrs. Byers, Mrs. Cosby were among the few. Mrs. Cosby did not speak and looked fidgity. Dr. Hedges was a pleasant speaker. He brought me a letter from Lou Maxwell. In the evening Mrs. Balfour and Mrs. Holloway called. Spent a very pleasant evening.

June 16,1864

I spent a very uncomfortable night. Suffered very much from some erup­tion.

June 17,1864

A very rainy disagreeable day. Phil received a note from Mrs. Conley inviting him and his friends who serenaded with him last night to accompany him to take tea with her. He declined as he did not wish to have her take the trouble of an enter­tainment because he had given her a serenade. She and some other friends who had been very attentive to us and who were very fond of music he serenaded last night. At Mrs. Johnson's they had a fine supper set for them, hot coffee, biscuit, salad, custard, cake, etc. All day it has been raining. I made two pincushions that we have very much needed out of the gaskets of the can­non that we got at Selma, Alabama. Mrs. Mrs. Judge Hopkins, who has been super­intending the affairs of the hospital at [Camp Watts](http://www.alabamaghosthunters.com/campwatts.html), returned just now. She has been in the rain. Four ladies go down ev­ery day from this place to nurse and carry edibles for the sick and wounded. Tuskegee has been thrown in a state of excitement for several days past by the escape of two women out of jail. One, Mrs. Keelan, is a famous Negroe thief and I believe a very desperate char­acter. They pursued and finally caught her, she is now in the cage. She wrote at one time to General Sherman, enclosed the letter in a book and directed it to some northern friends, the contents of the letter to this effect, writing Sherman to come to this place that he would find a rich har­vest. The letter did not reach its destination but fell into other hands. The people seem quite glad that she has been caught. We have heard nothing from Colonel Short. Phil has become impatient. He has accepted a captaincy of a company in Scott's Brigade, East Louisiana.

June 18, 1864

We were all thrown in quite a state of excitement by the confusion caused by our landlord getting into a spree. He was in a dreadful way, breaking up china, etc. and ill treating his wife. We are anxious to get away and regret the incident as we have been pleasantly situated but as these freaks are be­coming quite frequent we will soon leave. It is still raining, fear too much for the crops. We are invited to take tea at Professor Battle's, brother to General Battle, met Mrs. and Dr. Johnson, Judge and Mrs. Hopkins. We had a fine supper, not to be surpassed in Yankeedom breads, biscuits, waffles, light­bread, and wafers, broiled chicken, chipped ham, salad, fruit cake, pound cake, custard, whortle­berries and cream, plums and fruit of different kinds, tea and coffee. Mr. Kelly, our landlord, has gone away, feel uneasy for fear he will come back on a spree. I hope we shall leave here soon.

Sunday

June 19, 1864

Still raining, will not go to church, am still suffering with an eruption some­thing like hives. Oh! my dearest, most beloved Mother, how I wish I could be with you this day. I pray God you may be well and happy.

June 20,1864

Still raining. Phil received a letter today from Mr. Kelly saying our board would be increased to $250 for Georgie and I. We received a letter from Mike Nelson. Spent a restless night, bad dreams.

June 21,1864

Bright morning. Phil went to Montgomery. Colonel Martin lent us $400 did not wish to keep our gold but Phil insisted. Rain again in the evening, don't feel very well.

June 22,1864

A bright day much to our delight and surprise. Phil did not return as ex­pected. Went to prayer meeting, after to see Mrs. Reed who we found to be very agree­able and sensible woman, quite a character. Mrs. and Professor Battle called after tea. Saw Mrs. Wright - don't admire her. Georgie brought me some peaches from Mrs. Reed's. Phil received a note from the president of the Female College requesting him to sing in the choir next Sunday. There is a sermon to be delivered in the Commencement - great day with the girls.

June 23, 1864

Called on some ladies this morning, found some very entertaining, re­turned. Dr. Johnson called and gave me another prescription for my hives. It is a very annoy­ing disease. Phil returned, could not get the money yet. I feel so worried about it. I fear to be in the power of such a man as Mr. Kelly. I am really afraid of him. Went to prayer meeting, Mally received a letter from Hattie Jones. She writes that Cousin John has a letter to me from home. Dear, dear home and you, my dear Mother! How I long to see your dear face. My Georgie asks me so often why I don't go to see dear Grandma and says "Ma, you ought not to leave my dear grandma." I have felt almost heartsick today. I feel so anxious to hear from and see them all in Paducah.

June 24, 1864

Called on some ladies. In the evening went to see Mrs. Nall, the Presbyterian minister's wife and had a very unpleasant walk, very rugged steep hills to climb. I stepped into a spring, it was a trap set by some boys, it looked like a firm, good stepping stone. I put my foot on it and fell through, it being only a thin crust with a little sand thrown on it. Found Mrs. Nall a very agreeable person. Had a severe headache after my return.

June 25,1864

Very hot day. Georgie and Eddie are invited to Mrs. General Humphries' to a party this evening. I feel very unwell don't know whether or not it is from cold, hope soon to be relieved. Stage has just re­turned from the depot, hope it brings news and letter for us. Had ripe peaches this morning. It is very rainy, fear we shall suffer with heat.

Sunday

June 26, 1864

I will not go to church, too warm. Lie in bed most of the day don't feel well. In the evening Major McClure from Montgomery called. He is Paymaster, no money in the department.

June 27,1864

No news. Went in the evening to see Mrs. Conly. She looks very badly. She lost her brother, died in the hospital. Have heard of one of my cousins, "Uncle Allen's" son, I believe, being badly wounded in the hospital in Atlanta. Have met General Battle several times - he is a very pleasant gentle­man. Mally ex­pects to go to see her husband tomorrow. Hope I will hear from Hattie Jones and get my letters from home.

June 29,1864

Mally left for Atlanta this morning, hopes to meet Ed. Phil went as far as Chehaw in the stage with her. Received a letter from the front from Mike Nelson. Have been much amused at a conversation between Georgie and a lit­tle friend, Julia. She is enumerating her brothers and sisters. He claims to have as many as she, naming Sister Fanny, doctor, etc. She men­tions her brother Charlie, Georgie says, "Mrs. Riche has a Charlie for me," a very amusing child. Went to see Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Beattie found them absent. At Mrs. Beattie's a dog flew out and barked at us, I was very alarmed. When we returned Mrs. Conley called us in and we had to spend the evening. I feel quite ner­vous.

June 30,1864

Feel badly, have been in bed all day. Georgie fell out of bed and with my other fright made me so nervous I could not sleep. Dr. called this evening. Undressed this evening. Hope to be well tomorrow. I received a letter today from home from Brother Robert (Owen) dated April 6th, tears of joy I shed. Oh! that I could have one of more recent date. I thank God for this one.

July 1,1864

Mrs. Boykin has been here, I let her have my riding dress and Balmoral, she is anxious for my dress also - our expenses are very great, $15. a day and washing $5.00 per dress. It takes a fortune to live. Spent the evening with Mrs. Reid. Her daughter is one of the most fascinating girls I ever met.

July 2,1864

No news. I cut two jackets for Georgie out of my bonnet, hope I will get home soon, or else Georgie will suffer for clothes.

Sunday

July 3, 1864

Beautiful day, very hot. We went to the Baptist Chapel to attend services. The commencement sermon was delivered by Rev. Mr. Nall, Presbyterian minis­ter. Judge and Mrs. Hopkins of Mobile who are now boarding here, Phil, Georgie and I went together. The music was very good, the girls singing in the choir - the scene was quite imposing, a great crowd was there. The grounds surrounding the "College" were filled with carriages. Tomorrow the exercises begin. I hear the schools here before the war were very fine, and there are quite a number here now, both at the Methodist and Baptist Colleges. Oh! God, could I hear from my dear Mother this day. Oh! may we all have that grace and Christian fortitude to bear with patience our separation. God grant we may meet soon. Are you think­ing of me this quiet Sunday evening. All is as still and quiet as if it were night.

July 4, 1864

Tuskegee seems to be all excitement. The examinations take place, carriage af­ter carriage passes. I will not attend - too warm.

July 5, 1864

We attended the evening exercises. I have never seen a more beautiful sight the streets were thronged with pedestrians and carriages, a great many per­sons came in the cars from different parts of the country. I went to the College in Colonel Balfour's carriage with Captain and Mrs. Conley. We found the house crowded, a great many had to leave, seats had been re­served for us. As I looked around I thought how little this looked like war. The music was splen­did, four pi­anos and an organ with flute accompani­ment. Some of the ladies had fine voices and some of the vocal duets were beautiful. The stage was beau­tifully decorated, the school girls were ar­ranged in order. A chorus was sung in which all the girls joined, from the opera ”Daughter of the Regiment, the Confederate flag was waved with a very appropriate speech by one of the girls, and drums were beat by the girls also. Altogether it was a beautiful sight. The ladies were beautifully dressed, some elegantly. There seems to be much wealth here. The hotel is crowded. Just as many persons come to attend a wedding, great deal of style. I think the Southern ladies dress more in taste than any people I ever knew.

July 6,1864

The wedding comes off tonight. A great many officers here to attend it. The bon­fires are blazing around the house it looks well. Phil and I go to spend the evening with Colonel Balfour, there we have the bonfires also - everything so lighted up it looks gay and bright. Received a letter from Mally.

July 7,1864

The stages, omnibuses and carriages leave today crowded. Most of the visi­tors have left and Tuskegee will, I suppose, relapse into its former quiet. Captain and Mrs. Cummings and Major and Mrs. Driver leave tonight. Phil left this morning for Montgomery. In mentioning the concert given by the young ladies of the Baptist College, I failed to mention the sum given by the audience, $1000 for the benefit of Camp Watts. Phil was requested to sing "Brave Boys," and they soon made up a sum. The song was appropriate and calculated to appeal to the feel­ings.

Tuskegee

July 8,1864

Tuskegee has again resumed its usual quiet. Captain and Mrs. Cummings left in the stage last night, and Mrs. Conly sent for me to come and spend the day, I could not stay all day, but sat all the morning with her. She is anxious for us to stay with her. I saw in the papers this morning an ac­count of the de­plorable con­dition of my home. Oh! God, spare my Mother and relatives to me. I feel so sad! I received the hat I ordered for Brother Robert. I gave $60 for it, very pretty. Felt so sad this evening. I went to see Mrs. Battle. Phil did not come to stay with me. Just as I write she comes. She is an exceedingly intellec­tual girl.

July 9,1864

Busy packing my trunk. Colonel and Mrs. Balfour insist upon our going there and spending some time. Phil returns from Montgomery, Colonel Short has again disappointed him, wishes him to pay dollar for dollar in greenbacks. He is very angry, told him he would beg before he would get a cent from him. I went to Mrs. Battle's who said she would get some of my things. Mrs. Hopkins was very kind, she went to see Mrs. Battle and told her the value of the things. Mrs. Boykin who worried me about letting her have some of my things and got them for little or nothing, would not take the things I wanted her to take. We were anxious to get out of the hotel but did not have the money. I sent a basket of things for which she gave me $660. I felt dreadful at the idea of selling cloth­ing. Mrs. Battle was very delicate in the matter. About six o'clock in the evening Mrs. Balfour sent her car­riage for us, she gave me a warm welcome.

Sunday

July 10,1864

Quiet Sunday but I shall not go to church as it is too far to walk. Look for Colonel Balfour home.

July 11,1864

Go to Mrs. Kelly's for some articles I left, meet Mrs. Hopkins just as she is about to leave for Camp Watts to take charge of the hospitals. Hope we will meet again some day. The old judge seems to feel real regret at parting with us.

Colonel Balfour has returned. We have a pleasant dinner party. Mrs. Ballard of Memphis is here also. Colonel and Mrs. Johnson expect to spend the evening here.

July 12,1864

I feel quite anxious to get on. Everything is so high, I don't like to stay with any one. Mrs. Balfour is very kind, but I am a stranger. Hope we will leave Thursday. Georgie is quite a favorite. Oh! I do suffer so much, to be among strangers and without friends or funds. Oh! it is very trying. Colonel Balfour is very kind, begs me to make his house my home. I wait until the battle is over. Mally came today, they are all trying to persuade me to stay, but I cannot make up my mind. We have no means, but I will try and manage some way. Mally will not go.

July 13,1864

Passed a sleepless night trying to decide. I finally consented to go to Mr. Battle and leave my diamond ring to get money. I went and never was I so overcome. I had no control of my feelings. He refused to take the ring, so we all decided to go. Got $860, $300 in interest bearing notes. Oh! could my dear Mother and brother know what a trying position I have been in, how miser­able they would be. Everything here is so high. Spent the day with Mally and Mrs. Conley, Mrs. Conley and Mally spent the evening with us. I feel sorry for Mally as I know she will feel lonely when I leave.

July 14,1864

All ready to go to Montgomery, Colonel Balfour goes with us. Georgie is de­lighted and says we are going to see grandma, and I do indeed feel happy to think that we have at least started. It is hard to part with such kind friends, but the hope of see­ing my loved Mother and family keeps me in good spirits. Phil seems so cheerful to think he can take me with him - poor fellow! it is a hard thing for him to be in want of money at the time he most needs it, when he has always had what he wanted before. Mallie seems quite sad at parting. We went to the depot in the Colonel's carriage, had a very pleasant trip, ar­rived at Montgomery about 3 o'­clock. We were kindly received by Captain and Mrs. Cummings, old friends of Phil's. We will remain with them until tomor­row evening when we take the cars for Mobile.

July 15, 1864

Feel very badly, did not sleep much, mosquitoes so bad. I really am afraid I cannot stand the trip if I travel all day and sleep none at night. Went this morning to ride, went to the cemetery and saw little Georgie Balfour's tomb. The inscription was two verses of the little hymn "I Want to be an Angel," the same my own sweet Georgie often repeats. I thought, Oh, shall he too sleep in an unknown tomb in a strange land and among strange peo­ple. Little Georgie Balfour was the son of our kind friends and died in Montgomery with dypthe­ria as they were moving from Mississippi to Tuskegee as refugees. My own lit­tle boy reminded them so much of their lost one. I feel better since I rode out.

I was quite encouraged about getting through to Memphis but hear now that the Yankees are advancing 10,000 strong upon Jackson, Mississippi. We met our old friend, Mr. Wright at Captain Cummings'. Captain Cummings gave us a letter to his father near Hernando. I hope we will get through. Got on the cars at four. They were crowded but about 10 o'clock we got an extra seat and Georgie had a nice bed. He slept very comfortably all night. He is the best child I ever knew for traveling. Colonel Balfour is a very agree­able traveling com­panion. He begs me to consider his home my home while I am in the South and wishes me to go back immediately if we cannot go on. Oh! I pray God I can. I am so anxious to go home.

July 16, 1864

Took a boat this morning for Mobile. I feel tired and sore, slept uncomfort­ably in the cars. It has been intensely hot, but it seems more pleasant today. I ar­rive in Mobile about 9 o'clock, feel very unwell, too tired to sleep. Phil brings me an ice julep and some grapes. Slept until half past one. Cousin John Jones and Colonel Marco call. Cross the bay, the boat is crowded. Hattie very pleased to see us. After tea walk out on the pier. It is a beautiful night, and the breeze de­lightful - it could not be more pleasant anywhere. It seems quite like old times, tunes of peace, dancing and music. I retire quite early. In all this gaiety my heart is heavy, I long to see my dear Mother. Oh! that I was prepared for heaven, how gladly would I welcome the call of my Saviour! But I pray for pa­tience and strength to bear my trials. Oh! the sor­row of a heart that sorrows all alone. Why is it that those we most love often cause us the most sorrow and the noblest and best of men allow themselves to be led into evil by those who call themselves friends. But oh! what a blessed hope to know that there is a home for us where we shall know no sorrow if we only hold out in faith. God bless my boy! He is a comfort to me.

Sunday

July 17, 1864

A delightful morning. Slept finely last night. Had quite a good breakfast of oys­ters, etc. Hattie and I went over into the bay to bathe and it was splendid. It reminded me of my visit to "Old Point Comfort." If I had been here all this time I think it would have benefited me much. I took My Georgie in with me, and he was de­lighted. At dinner the ladies were all dressed very handsomely. It looked little like war. As I write I hear the waves dashing over the beach and the breeze blows in so delightfully I feel as if I were on some northern seashore. I think a few weeks here would benefit me so much. The baths have already done so, I feel stronger. Met Major and Mrs. Winton Smith. She is an old friend and sweetheart of Brother Robert's and he knows all of my family. It is pleasant to meet old family friends so far from home.

 July 18, 1864

Leave Hollywood this morning. The boat is crowded, many persons are go­ing over to spend the day and will return this evening - very pleasant cross­ing. Colonel Balfour, Phil, Colonel Marco and Cousin John form our party. My friends, Mrs. Louis Girard died two weeks since across the bay and last night her baby, one month old, died. Captain Girard came over with us. He has four children living now. Mr. Ford, my old schoolteacher, under whom I was graduated, called to see me and invited me to go and spend a few days with him. Colonel Marco has been exceedingly kind. I have eaten my first figs, have been feasting on them today. Leave at 4 o'clock in the cars.

Meridian

 July 19, 1864

Arrived this morning about 4 o'clock A. M. Traveled all night. I parted from our friend Colonel Balfour, about 2 o'clock. He was much distressed about the report that Tuskegee was burned. I hope it is not true. Phil went to see General Taylor, finds it impossible to get me a pass through the lines, very stringent orders to the contrary. But I will trust to my wits to get through. It is not near so warm as I had expected. The weather has not been at all op­pressive. The fare is plentiful but badly cooked. Just beside me on the porch is a soldier, one of the 3rd. Kentucky. He was in Paducah with Forrest. We expect to leave in the morning. Major Ellis called to see us, looks well. As I write, some Yankee pass, taken at Jackson, Mississippi.

 July 20, 1864

Leave Meridian after paying $45 for one day and breakfast and nothing fit for use or to eat. Paid $7 for one doz pieces of cloth. As the Yankees were be­ing brought into these cars to be taken to Jackson for exchange, little Georgie asks "Oh! Mama, is Sergeant George that use to drive our carriage with them? Don't you remember him, Mama?" We meet Captain George Moorman who is now a Colonel. Meet some young ladies returning from school, Miss Helen Shackleford, she knew Hebe and Lilly at Patapsco, and she seemed very much attached to them. We bought a lunch basket from some Indians. Arrived at the depot for Jackson at 4, paid $6.00 to bring us a mile and $6.50 for the trunk, $13.00 for one mile! We found the hotel very comfortable and met a gentleman who lives in Hernando, knows Dr. Temple very well, thinks I will have no dif­ficulty in getting through.

July 21, 1864

Went to see Mrs. Dudley, find her a very nice lady. She invited us to go and spend a few days with her. Her servants have gone and her daughters are do­ing the work. They are very nice people. Took dinner with [General Adams](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/John_Adams_%28Confederate_Army_officer%29) and staff. Had a very nice one. Mrs. Dr. Nap called to see me this evening and in­vited us to take tea tomorrow evening.

 July 22, 1864

Will go this morning to Mrs. Dudley's. Are invited to Dr. Nap's to tea. Colonel and Miss Duncan called this morning. We take tea there tomorrow evening. Find Mrs. Dudley's a pleasant place to stay, met several ladies, among them is one member of my church.

July 23, 1864

Spent a very pleasant evening with the Naps. They wish us to spend Monday evening but I declined. They seemed delighted with Phil's singing. There is great rejoicing over the reported victory of hood and the death of General Grant. Everyone is sorry that Johnston is superseded. Mrs. Anderson and Mrs. Drake of Vicksburg call.

Sunday

July 24, 1864

Went to the Christian Church today, first time I have had the pleasure of at­tend­ing that church since I left home. Mr. Smythe preached. He called yester­day to see me. There is a report of another Yankee raid. I am uneasy and hope soon to get off.

July 25, 1864

Great excitement! the Yankees are expected. Phil is fortunate enough to get a pass to Penola. Will not wait for the cars but take a hack and meet them at Canton. It is quite singular I left Tuskegee in just the right time. Well, I hope to get away from Jackson before the railroad is destroyed. Phil dines with Colonel Yerger.

July 26, 1864

All anxiety to get a hack and finally got one for $50, don't get off until 1 o'­clock. Leave Mrs. Dudley's - Georgie, Phil and I. Have a very pleasant ride. Reach Canton at sundown and stay at Mrs. Reeves', a private boarding house, meet Whit Thomas. Mrs. Tench calls on us, quite a pretty woman.

July 27, 1864

Spent a disagreeable night, felt badly all day. Captain Leake and Major Triplett will go to Memphis. Arrived at Grenada about 4 o'clock. Expect to take the cars for Penola tomorrow. Oh! it is terrible, the destruction of the cars and locomo­tives all along the road. Car after car and locomotives after locomotives burnt and charred.

July 28, 1864

My dear husband goes with me. We had a pleasant trip until we changed cars for the horsecars three miles this side of Penola. We crossed the Tallahatchie River and came to Senatobia on the horsecar. It was very un­comfortable travel­ing, the car only a rough concern for temporary use. After arriving at Senatobia we walked some distance before we came to a house for boarders. I was warm and tired and so was Georgie. I took a bath and felt better. Oh! this is the last night I am to spend with my husband. My God! when will this cruel war cease?

 July 29, 1864

Hurried up to be ready for Captain Leake. He has kindly offered to take charge of me to Paducah. Am all ready for the hack. Oh! my dear husband, how can I bid you "Goodbye" perhaps for the last time. Sorrow, sorrow, the world is full of trou­ble. How hard to tear myself away. God bless you, my Darling, God bless you! It is all over - I have left him, every hour separates us farther and farther. I am left alone with my boy. I have not even the sat­isfaction to know I will soon meet by dear Mother, for months have elapsed since I heard and what may not have hap­pened in that time. Oh! my Mother, God spare you to me. I come to devote my life to my God, my Mother, and my child. What is life but a scene of sorrow and strife! We stop on our way an hour at Dr. Temple's. They are dis­appointed we are not go­ing to spend a few days. I regret I cannot. Stay tonight at a Mr. Boyd's. Just here I see a piece written by my dear husband just before we parted. He, too, is filled with sad forebodings. I thank Thee, oh my God, that he does not know how they have been realized. I suppose from what I hear that I have been

[Note written in diary by Philip Hugh Wallace]

Grenada, Mississippi

July 27, 1864

After nearly three years of bitter and cruel separation, my darling wife, on tomorrow we must separate again, you to a life of loneliness and privation and I to one of danger and sor­row. God only can know, Dearest, how in the long and cruel time of our separation I longed for your loving embrace and sympathy, and how, since our unhoped for reunion, I have dreaded this sad hour, the dread of which has come darkly and remorselessly between every pleasure which I hoped to share with you. Any my dear, bright, noble boy! Must he go too when I perhaps may never be­hold his dear form again? And the time may come when my name may not recall one single re­mem­brance of his father. And yet, darling, as cruel as it is, I humbly thank our merciful God that he has once more permitted me to gather you both to my heart, even but to tear you from me again, and more than all, that he has left me the sweet hope that after our faith has been tried and purified He will again in his own good time bring us together never more to part. When we least expected He brought us together from distant parts of the earth and why may it not be so again?

You have often said that God has brought our present calamities on us be­cause we did not prop­erly appreciate our past happiness. How fully do I feel at this sad hour how little I knew or ap­preciated my own, as you and my dear boy are leaving me to go far into the dim uncer­tainties of the future, peopled with enough of known misery and sorrow to fill me with dread, and Oh! of how much that is left me to imagine! There is but one thing left us and that is trust in God's providence which has done so much for us, and the hope that it may not desert us in the future. You have sometimes said you wished, when unavoidable troubles came upon us, that you had not come to me. Should it chance that we are forever separated in this life, ev­ery day and hour of the past few months and every spot visited by us will be fraught with the deepest interest and the recollection of it grow brighter and dearer through life. You will always recur to this dear visit as the greatest spot in your memory and in fu­ture years how we shall both delight to talk with our dear boy until he almost imagines he recollects each circumstance and place. No, Darling, let us continue to woo the sweet presence of Hope to remain with us and whilst separated, live over the pleasures of the dead past, blotting from our memory its dark spots and looking only on its bright ones. God never made us perfect, then why expect impossibilities and re­pine when we have had and still have so much to make us happy. "And, behold a new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." Through the coming time of our separation your image and our dear boy's shall be ever with me, sleeping or waking, in sickness, in health, in quite or in danger, to bless and cheer me and not recalled in order to bring to mind some unpleasant reminiscence of the past. I pray God it may be so with you. Each succeeding year robs us of some loved friend or some cherished hope. Let us then cling the closer together and build new hopes on the ruins of the fallen. When I am far away and something recalls my foibles and my faults, remember that in spite of them, my heart was true to you that I have but one wife and one darling boy to whom my heart clings as its an­chor and to whom it will continue to cling while I live.

stripped of all I possess. Well, be it so. There is one who will give me a home "not prepared with hands" if I hold out faithful and I defy them to rob me of that.

July 30, 1864

Rested badly, was eaten by the fleas, start again this morning, find some trou­ble in getting a carriage to take us through the lines. Get a spring wagon, ex­pect to be stopped by the pickets, as they are allowing no one to pass without a pass.

Have reached Memphis, had no trouble with the pickets. Went to Captain Leake's office and waited until he sent for Mr. Hatchett. We are all covered with dust, tired and worn out. Captain Leake has been exceedingly kind. Came to Mr. Hatchett's about 1 o'clock find his wife a nice lady. But Oh! my heart is so heavy as I hear such unfavorable news from Paducah. My friends are all being so tyran­nized over.

Sunday

July 31, 1864

Feel tired - company for dinner - go to church at night and hear a good ser­mon. Oh! God! may I profit by its teachings.

August 1, 1864

Go down town, purchase a hat for Georgie and a bonnet for myself. I expect to leave tomorrow for Paducah.

August 2, 1864

Busy packing and while packing Captain Leake and Leslie Browne came. Captain Leake tells me it is best not to go to Paducah until he returns, he will see if it is safe for me to go. That I might be arrested. Most of my friends have been sent out of the United States. What a state of affairs! Was such tyranny ever exercised over a people! Surely the demons of the lower re­gions have been set loose. This man Payne is surely a devil on earth. But there is a home in Heaven for us if we hold out faithful. What is the envy and hate of poor in­significent men if we have the love of God! Captain Leake has gone and I am disappointed in going but I am used to disappointment. Mr. Hatchett is very kind.

Memphis, Tennessee

August 3,1864

Busy downtown making purchases preparatory for my banishment to Canada with the rest of my friends. Where my dear Mother and Brother is I don't know, hope I will join them soon.

August 4,1864

This is Lincoln's fast day. Seems quite quiet except for the negroes who have pos­session of the town. The Confederates are killing off the white sol­diers so fast it is well to favor the blacks as much as possible to make them fight. The negro is bet­ter than these uncivilized, cruel, brutish Yankees . But enough! I dislike to soil my book by mentioning such butchers in it. I feel very unwell. The weather is so sultry and warm it weakens me.

 August 5, 1864

None can imagine the anxiety with which I await news from my friends and you, my dear Husband, could you but know the condition of things how much harder could you fight and with what a feeling of revenge would meet the per­secutors of your loved ones. I spoke kindly of them, told you to have mercy and believe that many were conscientious in their belief, little think­ing they were battling with women and children instead of meeting the en­emy face to face and fighting like soldiers for their country. No! gain is their object and theft is their business.

August 6,1864

Downtown all morning shopping. As I returned I called at the postoffice and got a letter from Cousin Coleman Woolfolk. He informed me that my dear Mother was well and in Paducah, I am thankful to hear that. My brother is in Vincennes but what are his arrangements and where his fam­ily is I don't know. Captain Leake has not yet returned. Have been going at night to hear Mr. Miller, a Baptist minis­ter who is a fine speaker, I hope I may profit by his teaching.

Sunday

August 7, 1864

Went again this morning to hear Mr. Miller preach, Georgie went to Sunday School with Mr. Hatchett. He behaved very well at church. Went again at night to hear Mr. Miller who says he met Brother Robert on the boat and Nannie in Owensboro. I can't imagine what Nannie is doing there, but my family are so scattered I am not surprised to hear anything. Poor Ma! to think of tearing her from her children in her old age when she has lived only for them. If they have banished Brother Robert, it is, I fear, a final farewell between my dear Mother and her oldest child. She is 69 years old and cannot expect to be long on this earth.

August 9, 1864

I did not get off on the *Alton* [Steam Boat]. Captain Leake has not yet re­turned. Am getting very impatient.

August 10, 1864

Hope to hear from home. Feel very badly - have a cold in my head. Quite an ex­citement in this neighborhood. The dogkiller has been around, and the horse that carries the dead dogs gave out, and they have been whipping him and killing dogs until I am sick at the sight of so much cruelty and heartlessness. He is certainly one of the most cruel wretches I have seen. My hand trembles now from excite­ment. I wonder what news Mr. Hatchett will bring now for me.

August 11, 1864

Felt some better this morning, but about noon felt so badly I had to go to bed. I fear I am going to be sick.

August 12, 1864

Spent a restless night. Am out of bed but don't know how long I will be able to keep up. Have heard nothing more from home. Home! Oh, where is home? Friends and relatives gone, home taken. There is no security from such tyrants. This sus­pense is terrible. I know nothing of any of my family except that they are sent from Paducah. My Mother is in Paducah but whether she will be permitted to stay I don't know.

August 13, 1864

Captain Leake has returned. Gives me little satisfaction. Says there is only mili­tary despotism in Paducah. Friends dare not recognize a friend on the street. He could do nothing for me. He saw my dearest Mother and Mary and the children when they left Paducah. They were allowed to take only their wearing clothes. They left with proud bearing, not a tear was shed though their hearts were heavy, they did not allow the monster Payne to witness their distress, though he came down to the wharfboat to seem them depart, hoping no doubt to see tears and dis­tress and to be pleaded with to be allowed to re­main. Thank God! they bore it bravely as every true Southern woman does. I read this morning an article from the Cairo paper speaking of their departure. The writer must have been some poor, low, unprincipled creature whose standing heretofore has been doubtful. As I read, I became so indignant I felt as if I were a man how quickly would I join the Southern army and how sav­agely would I fight.

Sunday

August 14, 1864

Heard Mr. Miller again, am more and more pleased with him. In the af­ter­noon I went to see Mrs. Turley.

August 15, 1864

I am determined to go to Cairo. Slept more last night.

[Note: A page is missing containing dates August 16, 17 and part of Aug. 18th. These pages evidently refer to the members of her family who were banished to Canada by General Payne and General Grant. The diary continues describing the trip of her rela­tives north to Canada.]

August 18, 1864

They found many Southern friends. On crossing the river with the guard, it in­censed the British authorities. They say they had no right to cross. They met some of Morgan's men, escaped prisoners, who were very indignant that ladies should be sent under Negro guards. But nothing surprises me now. I hope my family will get on comfortably. Some kind gentlemen from Detroit, Michigan, invited them to make his house their home, but I believe they will remain for awhile in Canada. I am waiting to see Coleman Woolfolk before de­ciding what step to take next. Mr. Scanland went down to dinner with us. He was very polite.

August 19, 1864

While in the parlor last night Mrs. Gus Browne and Frank McCloud came in much to my surprise. Mrs. Browne informs me that General Payne will not per­mit me to return to Paducah, that he will send Mrs. Wallace and Mrs. Woolfolk to Central America. Have been looking for Coleman Woolfolk to come and tell me what is best to do. I spent a most unpleasant evening, ser­vants very remiss. Some time before I could get a servant and then my door had no fasten­ing. But I slept very well after I did go to bed. General Payne's son has taken my house, it is filled with young men, and I suppose is the scene of dissappa­tion of all kinds. Well! it is but my earthly home and would have occupied by me but a short time. True, it is associated with some of my happiest hours, it was my home, the birthplace of my only child. I have been happy there, and it grieves me to know a place so sacred to me should be desecrated by such peo­ple. I fear many things I prize are in the hands of those unprincipled fellows, letters, etc., they have gone from me, past and gone as almost every old associ­ation, but these people. We will soon pass away, and the places that know us will know us no more, so it matters little what we have in this world.

August 20, 1864

Last night after tea I had the pleasure of a call from Mr. Charles Riche. He gave me much news. Cousin Richard brought me two letters to Ma and one from Brother Robert in Windsor, Canada and one from Dr. Stearnes. I have sent them to her and written her to come down here. Cousin Richard and I came to see Mrs. McCauly and ask her to take us for a week or ten days. She consented. I came this afternoon and found Emerson Ethridge board­ing here. He is very sociable and en­tertaining. He is more I think opposed to the Administration than to Rebellion.

Sunday

August 21, 1864

I have spent most of the day in my rooms. Have not felt well. What a lonely life I have led for the past few weeks. I can take no interest in anything or anybody. About 4 o'clock this afternoon my dear Mother came. I was not expecting her. She looked better than I hoped. Georgie was out walking but knew her as soon as he saw her.

August 22,1864

Ma and I slept but little last night, talked most of the night. We think it best to go to Louisville as General Payne can send me from this place.

August 23,1864

Go down to Cousin Richard's office where my trunks are and look them over.

August 24,1864

Left at 12 in the cars.

August 25,1864

Travelled all night, had a severe headache, could not sit up. There was no gen­tlemen with us and we had to change cars twice, but I get along better than I ex­pected knowing no one. Georgie as usual made friends. Arrived at Louisville at 6 o'clock, found all well at Cousin Rebecca Tyler's. Cousin Liza Gwathmey and Amanda called to see me.

FINIS