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One Yankee told my brother if he would get upon the water trough and holler hurran for Jeff Davis he would give him a silver dollar but he would not do it so I told him that I would do it and he said, "yes you damned little rebel, you would." So we neither one of us got the dollar. Another little brother had on a blue cap and another Yankee boy asked him which side he was on and Sammie began to cry and said that he was just what his cap was. Then the soldier told him that he was a traitor to his country,--that we would have to court marshal him. But he left in a hurry holding on to his cap. One day we missed Johnny. We wandered where he had gone. We were getting uneasy about him when he came into the house scared half to death. He said that a man took him into a tent and told him to wait that he had something to give him, and while the man turned his back Johnnie ran back home. Mother asked him why he did not wait,--Johnny said that he was going to get a gun and shoot him. Johnny did not have much confidence in the Yankee boys with all their friendly ways. He did not trust them very far. There was trouble ahead for those carefree jolly boys. There was a very bad disease broke out in camp. A contagious diarrhea and those boys sure did suffer. My mother turned the main room in the house into a hospital. She took care of them without the aide of a doctor. She took samson snake root and boiled it in sweet milk, which is the best medicine in the world for that type of disease. She had the floor full of those poor suffering boys. One of them told mother that she was not a ceceah but Union to the bone. Mother thld him that she was not working for either side that she was working for suffering humanity. He said

Samuel Buchanan
Duncan, b. 1855, my
great-grandfather.

John Russell Bea
Duncan, b. ca 18

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that she was an angel of mercy. She saved every one of them that she took care of except one poor fellow. He took a relapse from drinking raw milk. They all went back to camp. Then two of them came back. We called them Bob and Tom. One of them was churning; the other was holding the baby on
 ... with something else. when two other boys.

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came running in through the back door calling mother to come quick that
 Jae was dying and mother turned to Bob and Tom and said, will you
 boys take care of my children and Bob, said, "with Gods help we will,
 and Tom laid his cheek on the baby's head. Mother was not gone long.
 She said that she was too late that he was gone. His name was Jae
 Stratten. They burried him there on a sunny hillside among the wild
 flowers that bloom in wild profusion while the birds were singing as if they
 knew they were

Cpl. Joseph J. Stratten
 57th Indiana Infantry
 Died of disease on M
 8, 1862.

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taking a part in the burial of a human being gone to his God. I use to
 gather wild flowers and lay them on his grave. The last time I saw that
 lonely grave the head board had fallen face down. I left it there among
 the flowers with the birds singing. I wonder if his grave was ever found?
 I hope not; it was so peaceful there. I never will forget that lonely grave.
 Such is life; here today and forever gone tomorrow. Lots of the Yankee boys
 died in other camps. I went into a tent--there was no one in it. I picked
 up a yellow back Bible, opened it, and there was some writing in it which read:
 Steal not this book for fear shame--for here you see the owners name. I
 forget the name, it was a long name. I know that his mother must have given
 him the Bible, and he must have died there or else he never would have left
 his Bible. I saw other graves there on that lonely hill

Original burial plac
 listed as Parson's
 Woods, Tennessee
 which was likely a
 near the current S
 Grove Cemetery.

Elsie could not
 grave after the
 because Cpl. S
 remains had be
 to the national
 (grave #639, se

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side and so great was my faith in my mother I wished she could have been
 there to have saved them. Love is the greater thing in the world and faith
 is like unto it. We went into another camp where they had been sick. One
 Yankee boy said, "poor little children, the old cecesh took their Daddy away."
 I told him that they did not take him away--he went because he wanted to go.
 We did not stay long in that camp, because we did not like the way that man
 talked/ about our Daddy. We knew the best places to go to be ^{among} ~~among~~ our

National Ce
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 the national

friends. Children could tell who is a friend or foe. We kept away from the ones that did not like us. As I said before they were not all good. We knew that they were fixing to leave so we were sorry that they were going away so soon. I was thinking about our friends that we had made with the Yankee boys in camp. We were little rebels and we

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were loyal to the South. We were all in the kitchen one morning when we heard some one at the door. Then the door flew open and a sack of flour fell in with a Yankee on top of it. He began to laugh and said that he did not mean for us to see him but the door was not fastened and he was not leaving us without some bread. He was right about that for we did not have any that morning. Another man left us a bundle of soda crackers. They marched away-- I think they went to Tupelo where they were called to arms again to face those brave rebel boys again. My brother was in that battle--his friend was killed there. When the Yankees broke camp they were all around Shiloh and up in the hills. The report got out among the people that were left that the Yankees were going to burn and destroy everything behind them. Mother and Margie and we children

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all got busy and carried everything that we could out into the cave. All day we heard the wagons going by. There were two roads going out from the battle field. One was the bottom road, the other called the hill road. We hid down in the bushes. Mother had some of the children in one place and Margie had the rest. Middle had taken her five children over to the river for a while. We hid in the bushes near the bottom road where they were the thickest. We saw a long line of soldiers, we could hear the horses feet go slashing in the mud and water for it had been raining. They went silently away without molesting anything. That night after we went back to the house Mother spread an old comfort down on the floor for the children were tired but thankful that we had a roof over our heads. Next morning everything was

quiet and peaceful like a

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calm after a storm. We went out among the deserted camps--everything looked like desolation. Seems as if a cyclone sure had passed leaving wreckage in its wake. We would never again see our friends--never more are the saddest of all sad words. It slays the heart and leaves us in despair. When the Yankees marched away we were left entirely without any protection. We were left to the merciless raiders whose aim was to steal and destroy everything in their path. There still were some Union soldiers stationed at Hamburg, a river town not far from Pittsburg. We did not know much about them. They seemed to be on the lookout for rebel soldiers on parole. They said if they caught them they would take them as prisoners of war. They left soon

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after that. Not long after that a lot of soldiers came over to our house thinking that father was home. The officer in command was very brutal. In his manner he tried, at the point of a gun, to make mother tell where father was and if she did not he would shoot her. I was praying to God to help her and he did. There was a young man lying on the bed playing with the baby. He jumped up and jerked the gun out of that brute hand and threw him out the door. Then he looked back and said, "I may die for this but I too have a mother at home." I hope that nothing happened to that brave boy. They went away and we were not bothered for a while. There were so many bands of men going around dressed in blue uniform,--these men were a disgrace to the Union army down below Pittsburg and Grumps Landing. There is a bend in the river called Hoakers bend there.

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A nest of men who were a disgrace to the uniform were there. Under their coats of blue they committed crime, stealing, robbing, etc. They did not stop at murder when it suited their purpose. They went around in small bands

led by a Captain. They were a terror to the people that were left in the wake of the regular Union Army. Although they were our enemy they would not harm any one outside of warfare. Although they were our enemy they were no less American gentlemen. These ~~small~~ ^{small} bands were called raiders. They were traitors to their country. We were under Tory rule. We did not know in what hour of the night they would come and burn us out of house and home. One night we saw a big blaze up in the edge of the woods. Mother and I went out into the yard. We saw men burning brush on the hillside just outside of the gate. Mother asked them to put the fire out before the house caught on fire. They said they were not going to burn the

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house that night but the next time they would,--they said they were just warning us to be on the lookout. We lived in constant fear of what might happen next. Mother was alone with Margie and the children with no one to help her. Everyone else was in the fix as we were. I began to realize that we were entirely helpless. She was very brave ready for anything that may happen and I say again that God in his wisdom and mercy was taking care of all as we passed through the dark and stormy days and nights of terror. The nights were the worst because we were afraid to have any light such as it was--a tin plate with some grease in it with a twisted rag for a wick--but it was light. We did not burn it long because we did not have the grease. Then we had a little light in the place. We used to cover that up with ashes to keep it from going out, as we had no way to light a fire. One night we had no fire. Father slipped in and took an old flint lock musket and put some powder in the pan and scraped some fine stuff off of some wood and he kept the hammer snapping until the wood caught fire. That was to only time that the fire went out. Father had to leave that night for it was not safe for him to stay. The fall of the year was coming on. Mother and Margie had planted a late garden and the things were growing nicely. The weather was nice and we were going to put the vegetables up for winter. They were

This person may have been Nathan M. Kemp, captain, 6th Tennessee a.k.a. "Hurst's V." Support for this identification in Elsie's mention of the diary that he appointed sheriff following the war. Kemp was appointed sheriff of Hardin following the war. Another captain of the 6th Tennessee was Samuel Lewis, appointed sheriff of McNairy County following the war. He did not hold the position until Nov. 1864, and these dates appear to take place in 1862. Comments on this subject would be appreciated. Can you identify this person through another line.

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almost ready to eat. Young corn, onions and greens. We children were playing out in the back yard under the old apple tree. We were playing war. We were burying the dead in the dust, when Mother called us into the house and told us to listen and hear the horses galoping. Soon we saw them coming. They rode into the yard and told mother that wanted something to eat. There were

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63 six of them. She told them that she did not have anything to give them. They said, that they would get something for themselves. So they went into the garden, pulled up the corn, and all of the vegetables, brought them into the beach yard and then went into the kitchen to get something to cook them in. I watched them cook. They put everything in the pot together. I was afraid they would set the house on fire. I asked a man what they were cooking in the pot, he said, "it was the cat." I ran into the house and told mother that the Yankees were cooking the cat. Mother said, she did not believe that they would eat the cat. Eat it or not, we never saw that cat again. When those men left they went into the garden and pulled up all of the onions and all of the things that we had planted. Mother planted the onions out again. We lost all of our chickens and geese. Only one colt was left. My fourteen year old brother wanted mother to let him put it in the house. That did not save it for they took it later on. 58 Winter is upon us—we have gone through so much since the Shiloh battle was fought. So we have to prepare ourselves,--bear whatever the future has in store for us. We will do our best and leave the rest with the Lord. He will help us in the coming year as he did in the last year. And in Him we will trust. We had gathered all kinds of nuts and wild grapes. We had some fruit on the trees. Mother dried all that was not stolen. We had eaten all of the ? that was left of the flour that was hidden upstairs. That was taken away not long after the army marched away. Father had slipped in and brought us something to eat such as it was, but anything was good in that day and time. He brought Marge back with him. Mother had sent her down in Mississippi where she would be safe. Some of the servants had been badly treated because they would not tell when the

boys came home. Mother needed her now that things are fairly quiet. We were not so much afraid had Margie back with us. She slept on a cot in mothers' room. I think that next to Mother we loved Margie. She had helped take care of us ever since we were ~~born~~ born. She was one of the family as it were. Mother said that it was best for Margie to stay in the room with us. It would be safer. We did not have to stay so close to the house now, though we didn't go far because we didn't want to leave mother by herself so long. We were busy planning for the winter. It is getting near Christmas--we had not been bothered with the Tories, and the raiders for quite awhile. None of the rebel boys have come home for sometime. The war is still raging, and we are always uneasy for fear that something was going to happen. We never knew one day what the next would bring forth. One night father came home and he brought some such needed things.

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He said that things were getting so much better that he was going to stay a few days. He had good news from the boys on the front. He had to stay in the house. We had keep watch. He called us his little sentinels. At night Margie would watch with us until bedtime but our peaceful days did not last long. One night some one knocked on the door. Father slipped out of the back door and made for the cave. Mother did not open the door right away until she saw that they were going to break it down. She told Margie to open it and get behind it. ~~so--they~~ Two men came in the rest stayed outside. They tried to make mother tell where father went but she would not. They said that they knew that he was in the house. Then Mother told them to search the house and they did but found no one in it. Then he told mother if she did not tell them they would hang her. Then Margie stepped out from behind the door. The other man said don't

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do that,--we will hang the Negro until she tells us. Then they went out to get a rope and when they came back the Negro was gone. They hunted everywhere but did not find her. Then the same man said that they would hang mother. The other man said, "no don't do that for she would die before she would tell them.

Then they left, and we children went to bed. Next morning I got up and ran into the kitchen and mother was in there so I asked her if the men took Margie. She said no that Pappy took Margie away. She said that she would be killed if she stayed there. We did not see Margie for two years and now we were left alone again and things went on as usual. We knew we would have a rest from those ruthless men but the old fear came back again. We were in a nest of Union people. They were not bothered and yet they were our friends and neighbors. (???) We were beginning to have cold weather.

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It is always hardest for us in the winter time. We spent Christmas very quiet. We were thankful that none of our boys were killed and we were in good health. The new year came in (1863). We were making a brave struggle to keep going. Our clothes were wearing out. Mother said they were on the patch but that is about it. She had to do all the cooking but it did not amount to much. She made us clothes out of shirts and other things that we picked up on the battle field, after they marched away. They were nice and warm if they were Yankee blue. Mother made me a dress out of two white flannel shirts. I wore that dress because it was the cymbol of peace. She found a red ~~and~~ shirt and made me a pretty jacket out of it. I was very proud of my red jacket. The boys would not wear the blue so mother took walnut bark and died them a mddy brown. Top coats, pants, and shirts. ^{By} So the time she got through with

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them we had plenty of warm clothes. My sister Middie came back,--the one they brought off of the battle field that fateful Sunday night. She had been away for a while. Her baby was sick, poor little baby, and there was no doctor near. We could not do anything for her,--I was heart broken for Middie had given her to me to be my little sister. She died and we were so sorry to loose that dear little baby. We knew that she had gone to that beautiful land called Heaven where there is no death. She is a tie that binds us to that better land where there is no strife,--no more bitter tears,--where the wicked cease to trouble and the weary are at rest.

So wait for us when the Lord is ready to call us home. We are praying for strength to bear whatever befalls us,--no matter how bad thins are they could be worse. Where there is a will there is a way and we certainly have had the will. We still had no meat or anykind of seasoning. We had plenty of nuss and

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dried fruit. No one bothered us about anything to eat for some time. Winter will soon be over and we will have to go back to wild life and our food will be where we find it. We still have good health,--that is another blessing. If it was not for being uneasy about our men in the arm we would be doing fairly well although we never know how soon trouble will come so we are always on the lookout. The trees and shrubs are beginning to bud. It has been almost two years since the Shilak battle. We have been through a lot but ~~still~~ everyone is still with us and we hope to see the sun th t is shin~~ing~~ above the clouds and again look upon a land of peace and prosperity. Although we (faint or fall)???? be the wayside we still have our wonderful mother and we can count many other things to be thankful for as we look over the dark days of the passed winter. No wonder we are glad to see the sun shiny days to come again. We are glad that has gone by.