

**DIARY OF A SOUTHERN
REFUGEE, DURING THE
WAR. SECOND EDITION**

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Diary of a Southern Refugee, During the War. Second Edition by Judith White Brockenbrough
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P R E F A C E.

THIS "Diary" sees the light unexpectedly. In its origin nothing of the sort was anticipated. During its progress the writer often said, "I am keeping this for the members of the family who are too young to remember these days." Nothing was intended but a private record, into which friends and kindred might in coming years look with some pleasure. They will hear much of the War of Secession, and will take special interest in the thoughts and records of one of their own family who had passed through the wonderful scenes of this great revolution. Subsequent circumstances have led to its publication. Partial friends think that others might be interested by its pages. It was kept at points of great interest in connection with the men and events of the war. There was every opportunity, and certainly every intention, to keep a true record. Enormous as were the wrongs done us, yet we had no desire to do the slightest wrong to even the bitterest of our enemies. We refused not to do them justice; we were not unwilling to seek for them the mercy of Heaven; to extend to them the hand of Charity; to supply their wants when captured; to attend as far as possible to their sick, and dying, and dead; and asked for nothing from them but that they would leave our borders,

never to return. We could not forget the injury done to our country. If what we wrote indicates this, what is it but the voice of nature, which neither fear nor hope could repress? The ruin of the whole South! Where are the colours dark enough for that picture? With her rightful government overturned; her territory seized by lawless hands; her system of domestic labour suddenly broken up; her estates robbed; her fields desolated; her barns destroyed by fire; her temples profaned; her once joyous homes here and there silent as death; her old men and women going with sorrow to the grave, because their gallant sons are not; her fair and fainting daughters mourning for loved ones whom they girded for the fight, and saw again never more; her widows and orphans, whom sorrow may kill, if want does not starve them; her wounded, and scarred, and crippled, and suffering, with no rest for any save in the quiet graves at home, or in the vast cemeteries, where such hosts of her slaughtered children lie. How must we think or speak of all this? Let the coldest heart ever frozen by Northern interest or prejudice answer.

Shall this breach never be healed? Are there no able and patriotic men North and South—no men of God—fitted to achieve this work without further injury or shame to either party? This great revolution cannot be without God—without whom not a sparrow falls to the ground. If there be error or mischief, that is of man. With God "one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." He sees the end from the beginning. His great "purposes run along the line of ages," and, worked out as He ordains, produce good, and good only. For ages He has blessed the South with the fairest land, the purest social circle, the noblest race of men, and the happiest people, on

earth. Under a mysterious Providence, millions of the coloured race have been saved from the foulest paganism ; millions mentally and morally elevated far above those of their native land, and multitudes saved in Christ forever. Is it God's purpose to break up this system ? Who can believe that it was His will to do it by war and bloodshed ? Or that turning this people loose without preparation, a rapid demoralization, idleness, poverty and vice should doom so many of them to misery, or send them so rapidly to the grave ? In this transition state, must the earth remain uncultivated, and its fruits so lessened as to reduce all to comparative poverty, and threaten such numbers with actual starvation ? Must a war of races come ? Must a spirit of bitter hatred burn on between the sections of our unhappy country ? Why not one of peace and forgiveness instead ? Why not the healing balm of love ? Why not the spirit of Christ, pervading all hearts, and binding up all wounds ? God of love, hasten the day ! We are verily in need of His gracious assistance. We have cried to Him through many a gloomy day. The days are dark and dreary still. The old South has passed away ; her music is all dead ; her harp hung where no mortal hand can sweep its chords again, and the very winds of Heaven can bring from it naught save a few wailing notes, sad enough to break every human heart.

"Mourn

Her banished peace, her laurels torn ;
 Her sons, for valour long renowned,
 Lie slaughtered on their native ground.
 Her hospitable roofs no more
 Invite the stranger to the door ;
 In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
 The monuments of cruelty."

The following pages are, as intimated above, presented to the public more in compliance with the wishes of others than of the writer. She has no experience in matters of this sort, and claims nothing except what may be due to sincerity and truth. Her earnest prayer is, that what is erroneous may be forgiven her, and the whole result be agreeable and useful to her readers.

D. I A R Y
OF A
SOUTHERN REFUGEE.

AT HOME, *May 4, 1861.*—I am too nervous, too wretched to-day to write in my diary, but that the employment will while away a few moments of this trying time. Our friends and neighbors have left us. Every thing is broken up. The Theological Seminary is closed ; the High School dismissed. Scarcely any one is left of the many families which surrounded us. The homes all look desolate ; and yet this beautiful country is looking more peaceful, more lovely than ever, as if to rebuke the tumult of passion and the fanaticism of man. We are left lonely indeed ; our children are all gone—the girls to Clarke, where they may be safer, and farther from the exciting scenes which may too soon surround us ; and the boys, the dear, dear boys, to the camp, to be drilled and prepared to meet any emergency. Can it be that our country is to be carried on and on to the horrors of civil war ? I pray, oh how fervently do I pray, that our Heavenly Father may yet avert it. I shut my eyes and hold my breath when the thought of what may come upon us obtrudes itself ; and yet I cannot believe it. It will, I know the breach will be healed without the effusion of blood. The taking of Sumter without bloodshed has some-

what soothed my fears, though I am told by those who are wiser than I, that men must fall on both sides by the score, by the hundred, and even by the thousand. But it is not my habit to look on the dark side, so I try hard to employ myself, and hope for the best. To-day our house seems so deserted, that I feel more sad than usual, for on this morning we took leave of our whole household. Mr. — and myself are now the sole occupants of the house, which usually teems with life. I go from room to room, looking at first one thing and then another, so full of sad associations. The closed piano, the locked bookcase, the nicely-arranged tables, the formally-placed chairs, ottomans and sofas in the parlor! Oh for some one to put them out of order! And then the dinner-table, which has always been so well surrounded, so social, so cheerful, looked so cheerless to-day, as we seated ourselves one at the head, the other at the foot, with one friend,—but one,—at the side. I could scarcely restrain my tears, and but for the presence of that one friend, I believe I should have cried outright. After dinner, I did not mean to do it, but I could not help going into the girls' room, and then into C.'s. I heard my own footsteps so plainly, that I was startled by the absence of all other sounds. There the furniture looked so quiet, the beds so fixed and smooth, the wardrobes and bureaux so tightly locked, and the whole so lifeless! But the writing-desks, work-boxes, and the numberless things so familiar to my eyes! Where were they? I paused, to ask myself what it all meant. Why did we think it necessary to send off all that was so dear to us from our own home? I threw open the shutters, and the answer came at once, so mournfully! I heard distinctly the drums beating in Washington. The evening was so still that I seemed to hear nothing else. As

I looked at the Capitol in the distance, I could scarcely believe my senses. That Capitol of which I had always been so proud! Can it be possible that it is no longer our Capitol? And are our countrymen, under its very eaves, making mighty preparation to drain our hearts' blood! And must this Union, which I was taught to revere, be rent asunder? Once I thought such a suggestion sacrilege; but now that it is dismembered, I trust it may never, never be reunited. We must be a separate people—our nationality must be different, to insure lasting peace and good-will. Why cannot we part in peace?

May 10.—Since writing last, I have been busy, very busy, arranging and rearranging. We are now hoping that Alexandria will not be a landing-place for the enemy, but that the forts will be attacked. In that case, they would certainly be repulsed, and we could stay quietly at home. To view the progress of events from any point will be sad enough, but it would be more bearable at our own home, and surrounded by our family and friends. With the supposition that we may remain, and that the ladies of the family at least may return to us, I am having the grounds put in order, and they are now so beautiful! Lilacs, crocuses, the lily of the valley, and other spring flowers, are in luxuriant bloom, and the roses in full bud. The greenhouse plants have been removed and grouped on the lawn, verbenas in bright bloom have been transplanted from the pit to the borders, and the grass seems unusually green after the late rains; the trees are in full leaf; every thing is so fresh and lovely. "All, save the spirit of man, is divine."

War seems inevitable, and while I am trying to employ the passing hour, a cloud still hangs over us and all that surrounds us. For a long time before our society was