

Praying For Southern Victory

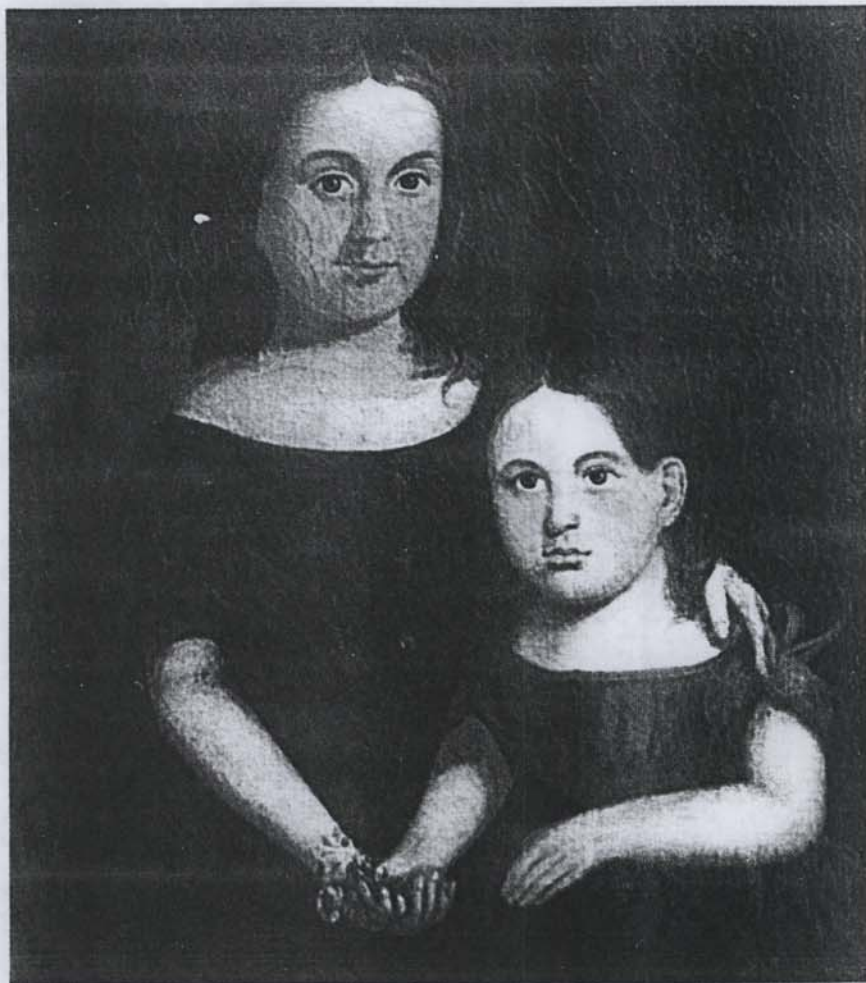
A Confederate officer's teenaged wife fills a journal with her descriptions of day-to-day activities, details of battlefield news and impressions of the war.

By ISABEL CARTER
Submitted By
STEVAN PHILLIPS

At age 17, Isabel Brin Wilson married Josiah Tidball Carter, a Virginia land-owner in his mid-thirties. Two years later, in the midst of the Civil War, Josiah joined the Confederate army and Isabel, the young wife and mother, was left alone to tend their homestead.

On April 17, 1862, faced with new responsibilities and the uncertainty of her husband's return, Isabel composed a retrospect of the period April 1861 through March 1862. She then began detailing her day-to-day activities and her thoughts on the war in a journal. She vividly described her life as a Southern woman and her views on emancipation and secession. Her home, *Carter's Green*, was eight miles from the Battle of Bull Run, and she chronicled news of battles and noted the names of important military figures in her entries.

"Baby Eva," frequently mentioned in her mother's journal, was Isabel's third child. The Carters' first two children died as infants, and Eva was



born in April 1861. Eventually, Isabel and Josiah had six more children. Stevan Phillips, who contributed this journal, is their great-grandson.

The journal as it appears in CWTI ends in August 1862. Evidence of destroyed pages in the original manuscript indicates Isabel probably continued to write in her diary after that time.

Notations in brackets are those of CWTI's editorial staff. Full names are indicated where historical record or prior mention made it possible to decipher Isabel's abbreviations.

RETROSPECTS OF THE YEAR 1861

Glen Welby
April 17th. Little Eva was about two

Isabel Carter with her daughter, Eva, whom she frequently wrote about in her journal. This portrait dates from the approximate time of the diary entries.

weeks old when we heard car after car whistle up the Manassas Gap Railroad on the night of the 17th. Were much alarmed, knowing we were on the eve of some crisis. Sister Mary and I imagined a rising amongst the servants. Brother Richard and Mr. Carter [her husband] both being away, all were much terrified, but none dare whisper what we felt. I drew Eva closer to me with a determination to protect her from any danger. Morning came and with it the news of Virginia's secession. Dear Old Virginia, long did she strive to keep her place in the Union, but trampled

rights, a broken Constitution, a dishonorable Government compelled her to join her sister states in the new Confederacy where the government for which Washington so long contended and our forefathers died was re-established in all its pristine glory. Our troops had taken possession of the Arsenal at Harper's Ferry. All now were in busy preparation for war, getting up volunteer companies, drilling, etc. Brother Richard, with his usual energy and determination, soon accomplished his designs — went to Baltimore to equip his men when others dare not go for fear of being taken up. Young men were constantly coming to bid Sophia and Edith "good-bye," "off to the wars." They little dream of the reality of what they were so ardently undertaking, that it was to be a hard struggle for Independence and one of long duration. Oh no, it would soon be over. All would come back ere the summer was over. It makes my heart sad indeed when I think how it is now in 1862, but God in his Mercy hid from us what was best for us to be ignorant of. If the future had been known, where would have been the enthusiasm, the high spirits, the bright anticipations of glory and fame for our new cause. All would have been weak and undetermined. Though our hearts were sad at the thought of our dear ones going into danger, yet we were hopeful.

About the first of May we came home. I was full of plans and schemes of improvement in my little home. I could not realize, though others were all enlisting, that Mr. C. [Carter] might go. No, at the time I was happy with my own dear Husband, my precious Mother, who was my ever kind and tender friend who had nursed me through many a sickness, and my darling baby with my only brother. Kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. B., met us at Haymarket and then came the first real cloud across my sunshine. (Mr. B.) was getting up a company. Mr. C. must join it. I could not oppose it, indeed, I never felt that I wished to keep him back. Still, I could not but hope maybe they won't be called out, maybe he won't go, and though for three weeks he was away all the daytime employed in organizing the "Evergreen Guards," when he came home one evening, sad and serious, and told Mother and I the company was ordered to Leesburg and he and Fred must go, I burst into tears

and felt more miserable than I have ever felt since I thought they were going instantly into battle. and a thousand fears filled my mind. My Husband consoled me with the hopes it would soon be over and, at any rate, he had only enlisted for the year and I must keep up being a brave little woman, see what a nice farmer I could make and, above all, take great care of Eva and myself. On the 25th of May they marched to Leesburg, received their arms, and were mustered into service. No active duty followed for some time. Many rumors and false alarms kept us in an excitement. During the months of June and July, I heard regularly once a week, sometimes oftener. Mr. C. would come home for a few hours about once a month and things went on very well. I did what I could on the farm, which was but little. My dear Husband was pleased and I was satisfied. How blessed was I even then compared to the present, but I must not anticipate. Soldiers would occasionally come to get something to eat and to stay all night as they were on their way to re-join their regiments. Indeed, all during the year of 1861 they would stop at Carter's Green. We fed those we could, but Mother and I being entirely alone, our house small, we did not like to let them stay all night. When it was impractical to keep them, we sent them on further. The 4th South Carolina Regiment [4th South Carolina Infantry] under Colonel Sloane [Confederate Colonel J.B.E. Sloane] rested at Carter's Green on the way to Leesburg.

On the 17th of July, the 8th Virginia Regiment [8th Virginia Infantry] was ordered to Manassas as a battle was expected. Mrs. B. and Mr. Lowler were with me when the news came of the 8th's coming down. She hurried home to see Captain B. who would call as he came by. Mr. C. Dropped in towards nightfall. How happy was I to see him. Fred, too, came to rest all night as the Regiment camped near. They left early the next morning. In sorrow, I saw them go. That day, the 18th, the battle of Bull Run was fought. The enemy was repulsed and lost many. The South was not without her slain. Our immediate friends escaped unhurt. On the 19th, I received a letter from Mr. C. urging my hasty departure to Glen Welby. I was much terrified and sent for Sister Maria to go

too. Saturday evening, the 20th, Mr. Edwards and two other gentlemen from the neighborhood of Leesburg paid us a short visit. Mr. E. [Edwards] was going after his nephew, who had been wounded in the Thursday fight. How proudly he spoke of the daring bravery of this boy of nineteen. It made my heart ache for him and with dread of my own precious ones. Early Sunday morning we started across the mountains, Mother, Baby and I. After a fatiguing drive, we reached dear Glen Welby in safety. All so glad to see us. Sister Mary, Fannie, Scott, Sophie, Edie, Nina, not forgetting the little ones. Thanks to Almighty God, we knew not of the terrible battle of Manassas until it was over and all ours unhurt. Dear Brother Richard, kept by an Almighty hand in the midst of battle, met with a severe accident soon after. A vicious colt kicked him in the mouth knocking two teeth out. Though this victory was a wonderful one, yet I fear it weakened us. We were afterwards too certain of success. This was the first real battle the 8th had fought though many skirmishes took place on the riverside and they had many miraculous escapes. Yet the enemy had never before encountered them, and bravely did they fight. My hero was cool and determined. He was Second Lieutenant and Freddie said he fought well and bravely. The 8th returned to Loudoun and, after as pleasant a visit as the times permitted of six weeks, we went back to Carter's Green where we might have stayed in all safety though we were only eight miles from the Yankees. I commenced refarming with cheerfulness thinking the worst was then over. In the meantime, Mr. C. was made Commissary-man. I had missed hearing from him during my stay in Fauquier. Now I heard often, saw him occasionally, could send him little knick-snacks from home. We would all take turns in sending a basket of nice things to the E.G.'s [Evergreen Guard]. All went on quietly for a time. The ladies were busy taking care of the sick soldiers at Haymarket, Thoroughfare and Pageland. Then we were startled by a rumor that all the 8th were taken prisoner. I was much agitated and truly miserable, but it was soon contradicted. During October, we were again advised to leave home. We would not go so far as before, so we went to the "Sheltons", some distance from the main road where the Army might be

[Edmund Berkeley was Captain of Evergreen Guards.]

expected to pass. Here we only stayed three days. The Confederates were successful at Leesburg under General Evans [Confederate Brigadier General Nathan G. "Shanks" Evans]. Forty of our men, several of the E.G.'s, Captain B. at their head, after the fight took three hundred prisoners, so terrified were they. Their General Baker [Union Major General Edward D. Baker] was killed, and it is not known how many of the Federalists perished. Many were drowned in attempting to cross the river. Again, for a while, we stayed at home.

The 8th was exchanged with a far southern Regiment and sent to Centerville, still near enough to hear constantly from them. Mr. C. came home once sick with the jaundice. He stayed ten days. Oh, those ten days, how short they were! One bright spot in all the dark, dreary winter. God bless my dear Husband and keep him safe. Oh Heavenly Father, bring him home to his sorrowing wife.

About the first of March, 1862, many reports flew about.... The Army had evacuated Manassas in reality. I

was desolate. Mr. C. came home for one night to make some plans to place us in safety. I had no strength or energy to go far, so we concluded to stay with our neighbor, Mr. Brawler, who has been a kind friend. My Husband left on Sunday morning, the 8th, and when, oh when, shall I see him again. God only knows. He is far, far away, the Federal Army between us and I can't hear a word from him. My dear brother was home after the Army left on Monday, but I was terribly uneasy lest he should be taken by the Yankees, but he got off in safety. The excitement of moving kept me up for two or three days. Then came the sickening thought of the reality. Our Army had left us behind. We could neither hear from nor see our dear friends and knew not how long this might last — for months or for years. I often, in moments of despondency, regretted I had not gone with Mr. C., but when I thought of Mother and little Eva I knew it was best for me to stay here. God alone can tell how I grieved and fretted at this state of things, but I strove to be cheerful and submissive and I, by help from on High, bore my trials with patience, if not cheerful-

ness. Night was the time I felt most, as I laid and listened to the rain or the wind, I would think of our Army exposed to the tempest. I had still a sure refuge for them and us, the Throne of Grace, and I am firmly convinced that my prayers will be answered. How and when, I leave to a wiser Power. My thought at night would run into my dreams, sometimes pleasant, at other times sad.

I determined to be constantly occupied and, having but little to do, I commenced studying and reading French and Botany. Mother reads History to me and, with my other duties, time sped on. We were constantly alarmed with reports of the approach of the Federal Army. We could distinctly hear their drums, but a Merciful Providence sent them another way. They were all around us — seven, five and ten miles. Mollie B. and I rode one Sunday afternoon within two miles of their camp at Haymarket. I tell you we were thankful to be no nearer. As yet we have only seen a few stragglers. Six galloped by as hard as they could ride on Monday afternoon.

Continued on page 50

NEW TITLES from America's Civil War Publisher



Captain James Wren's Diary
Editor In Chief
John Michael Priest
0-942597-20-6
Hardcover
\$24.95

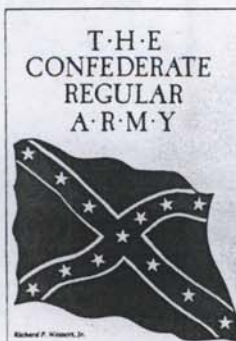
Union Army officer James Wren's always thoughtful, sometimes humorous, diary sheds new light on the major battles of New Bern, North Carolina; Second Manassas; and Antietam. Wren depicts the field and garrison life of a company officer and frankly discusses race relations among the enlisted soldiers and their attitudes toward their enemy and the local civilians. Edited by selected high school students under John Michael Priest, author of the highly-regarded *Antietam: The Soldiers' Battle*.



Window Of Time
by
Karen Weinberg
Ages 12 and up!
0-942597-18-4
Paperback
\$9.95

A historical fiction book depicting the adventures of two boys during the Civil War. The story illustrates the effect the war had on the families left behind when fathers had to join the fighting. Ben and Joseph, the main characters, also give the reader insight into the soldiers' lives as they observed troops en route to battle. Includes full-page illustrations by Annelie Woggon Ratcliffe.

"This book not only does a superb job of illuminating an undeservedly obscure corner of Civil War history but shows that much of what little we know is wrong. Heretofore every authority has believed that the Confederacy's regular army existed only on paper, with the few officers who held regular commissions serving alongside and indistinguishably from the officers of the Provisional Army. Mr. Weinert shows that this is not true..." Taken from the Foreword by Archer Jones



The Confederate Regular Army
by
Richard P. Weinert, Jr.
0-942597-21-4
Hardcover
\$24.95



Check your local bookstore or order direct from White Mane Publishing
P.O. BOX 152, DEPT. CWI • SHIPPENSBURG, PA 17257 • PHONE 717-532-2237 • FAX 717-532-7704
(Shipping/Handling \$2.00/book — PA Residents add 6% Sales Tax)

MY WAR

Continued from page 14

Three more one morning stopped at Carter's Green said Mammy Lydia. We have had sad accounts of the depredations where they have passed. Horses, chickens, fowls of all sort, grain of all kinds, and even the bacon were taken and stolen with impunity. I never heard of anything like the stampede of the servants. Nearly all are gone and being deceived, poor, deluded creatures. They think freedom is idleness and this philanthropic nation will send them to Cuba or Haiti and sell them there. Let them go. They will repent it bitterly. The free man I hire, John Cole, has been tampered with by some of the Federal soldiers, who have assured him Mr. C. will never come back and he deems me too destitute to pay him and so leaves and, unfortunately, knows too much to go to

his friends, the Yankees, and is lounging about the neighborhood. It is well I have gotten rid of him for a greater rogue does not exist. He will be punished yet. He has taken wheat and corn, turkeys and pigs off the Carter's Green farm. Louisa, my woman servant, too was too independent to work and so she has gone home to idle and, strange to say, her mistress receives her and keeps her. Mammy and Charlotte still remain.

The enemy's cannon have been unusually quiet. For two weeks we heard them constantly. Eva, alone of all, cares nothing for enemies or cannon. She is bright and happy.

JOURNAL COMMENCING APRIL 18, 1862

Saturday. I was made happy today by

the receipt of a letter from my dear Husband. It came by a private hand, the first I have received since our last parting on March 8th. How have I wished and hoped for this long coming letter. I have it by heart though there is but little in it excepting they are well and in good spirits. That is encouraging. My heart is filled with thanksgiving to Almighty God for this comfort.

Sunday, 19th. Raining fast. Our poor soldiers, where are they? Are they under shelters? With many prayers for their safety and welfare, I must leave them to the protection of our Heavenly Father. I almost feel ashamed to partake of the comforts with which I am surrounded. When I think of so many who are destitute of the necessities of life, would I could share with them all I have....

Tuesday....We heard this morning



Little is known of Carter's Green, Isabel and Josiah's home near Bull Run. Unlike the Carter home, the Stone House, pictured here, on Virginia's Manassas National Battlefield, remains a well-known historical site.



PHOTO BY SAM ABELL

Farmland throughout Northern Virginia became a battleground during the Civil War. But in her husband's absence, Isabel Carter managed to maintain her family's small farm and help feed Confederate soldiers.

by a chance passer-by that General Beauregard [Confederate General Pierre G.T. Beauregard] had won a glorious victory near Corinth in Northern Mississippi. Oh, may it be true. I shall pray fervently that our freedom may soon be established in the eyes of the whole world, our enemies completely conquered, and we a peaceful, happy people because of our trust in a Omniscient Being. This victory, I doubt not, is the reason of the Southern Army being in good spirits. The Yankees have been remarkably quiet the last eight or ten days after bragging long and falsely over their victory at Pittsburg Landing. It is sad, even after a triumph, to think of the terrible loss of life on both sides. Oh, War, War, how can men desire you and your thousand evils.

Mr. Whitlock came to see me about buying two of my horses. We bargained, and he is to have them. Mr. W. is a veritable Northerner. He wants to sympathize with the South, but his Yankee proclivities will come out. He deems us nearly back in the Union. The force of numbers is his creed. Right is ours. Mr. B. [Brawner] will get excited and argue with him with no success. Better let him alone. Time may change him. He believes every word his associates,

the Federal soldiers, tell him....

Saturday. Rather clear. This afternoon walked over home. Dear little home, how I love it and how sad it makes me to think of times gone by when I was so happy with my dear ones. Will we ever be at home again all together. God grant it. I will hope and pray, striving to wait patiently God's own time. God grant it. I will hope and pray, striving to wait patiently God's own time. Cherry, peach and plum trees all in full blossom — yard so green — all looks so beautiful. Birds, my little birds, singing so sweetly. I could have thrown myself down on the grass and cried aloud. My Husband. Oh!, my own dear one, come back! Come back!

Sunday, the 27th. A bright, beautiful Sabbath. Oh, for some place of worship. All churches are deserted and turned into barracks. This is one of the many pernicious effects of civil war. God be merciful to us. We must continue to pray and do our duty individually....

Monday. At early dawn we were awakened by Mrs. Brawner in much trouble. The horses had been stolen out of the stables. Their all is gone. Without horses we cannot make our corn or do anything to support life. John Cole is the thief. We traced them to Mrs. Tyler's field. Without doubt,

he is the rogue, for he alone knew of the horses. Mr. Brawner and Mr. Landers have started in pursuit. Oh, may they recover the horses and punish J. Cole. We shall be all anxiety until their return. Since, we have learned they (J. Cole and whoever was with him) stole all the fowls from Carter's Green's stables last night. What a state we have come to at the mercy of darkies and thieves. We ought to thank God they have gone off in such numbers or I fear they would have risen, being urged on by some low whites.

Tuesday. Mr. B.'s search for his horses was unsuccessful. He offered a reward of \$50 to several for the horses and the thief. He may get them.... I am glad to see by the Northern papers that they are fighting among themselves in Congress. Some cannot relish the idea of a big Negro coming in their midst as an equal. This war is becoming more and more a slave war. The papers won't say much of Beauregard's victory, though they can't deny it. As usual, they want to make it appear as if we had vastly the superior number. Our ideas of victory are very confused as all we can get is rumor and scanty rumor at that. Oh, could we hear from Yorktown where the 8th and 17th are. Dear Eva, when will she see her dear Papa. She takes his likeness and kisses

it and calls it her da.da. All the papa she knows is in that little case. My heart aches to hear from him, to see him once more. Be patient. The end will come in God's good time and then I'll hope to see my Husband.

Wednesday....The Federals have been to Snow Hill and taken all of Lewis's property, servants, waggons, etc. At Doctor Hamilton's they stole (Eva put her little hand on my writing and smeared it) the mattresses and bedstead and chairs. [At this point, the ink on the original manuscript is smeared.] Mr. Landers paid me for my calves today and says they may come next to Carter's Green. Well, let them come. It fills me with anxiety to hear of how the Yankees are going on in Salem....

Saturday. Yesterday evening we had a thunder and lightening storm with some hail. How is the power and mercy of God shown in a storm. After it, the air was so pure and sweet. Today is a beautiful, cool day and I feel much happier. I have prayed earnestly for strength to resist my unhappy anxious thoughts. "God reigneth." "He doeth all things well." In the afternoon we heard there had been a battle at Yorktown where our forces were victorious. We all think, but dare not speak, who are among the killed and wounded. God grant we may hear from them. Be merciful to us. Mr. B. heard of his colt which was lost when our Army moved. Sent Addison for it. He has been gone three days. We are anxious and uneasy for fear the Yankees have caught him.

Sunday, May 4th. A calm, sunshiny day. Addison has returned with the colt. The Federals are still going on terribly, whipping old men, and some ruffians even stripped a white woman and whipped her. The Misses Drummond they treated shamefully. Two Yankees went there. There were only two old maids between fifty and sixty years of age with two young servants. They behaved so dreadfully that they could hardly make their escape from these villians. I am glad to hear the Officers are endeavoring to catch and punish them. Hitherto we have been unmolested. I pray God to continue his loving kindness to us. I have been reading a sermon on the Good Shepherd. "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." With that precious promise I will leave the future to Him.

^{Buckland?}
I have just received a note from Doctor ~~L.~~ telling me there was a letter at Brickland for me. I have sent Charles for it and will wait with restless impatience for his coming.

Tuesday. What a day has this been. I have heard of the death of Robert Carter. Oh God, have mercy on his mother. So much sorrow upon sorrow but a short time since the death of Aunt Christian. Thanks to Almighty God, he professed his dependence on the atonement of His Saviour, said he had meditated much on the subject of his soul's salvation since the death of his sister, Christian, but being a remarkably quiet person said little or nothing.... All the ungrateful servants have left them, and close on this came the terrible murder of Robert E. Scott. Oh, what a blow to the community and his family. All their protectors are gone. He was shot by a dastardly fugative Yankee while endeavoring to capture him. Another poor man was also killed in the affray. My letter from Mr. C. was an old letter. Sick at heart, I know not what will be the next tidings. Dear Sister Mary and Fannie. They are so anxious about dear Taylor, who is sick in Richmond. Oh, these things cannot last. They must be a climax. We will all die of grief and distress....

Thursday. Yesterday was a delightful day in the weather, not in my mind. We heard from Mrs. Whitlock and the Yankee soldiers have taken everything they have. Ten horses, waggon and cart, two steers, oats, meat, plough gear and everything they could lay their hands to. Poor things. I feel very sorry for them, and now the soldiers even talk of arresting him for attempting to cheat the Government out of Captain B.'s property. We hear some rumors of another victory in Tennessee by Beauregard....

Saturday, May 10th. Hurrah. Hurrah. Johnson [Confederate General Joseph E. Johnston] has driven the base Yankees back at Yorktown. We retired to Williamsburg to draw them on out of range of their men-of-war which it was feared they would bring to bear on our forces. Is there not hope now of a cessation of hostilities, if not peace. I cannot tell. I can only hope.... Mrs. Tyler gave me much comfort by her views on peace. She believes that the Millennium will come before '64. Oh, how blissful to think of dwelling on this world when that time comes,

all peace, love and friendship. As I thought much of the happiness of witnessing this event, the reflection if this would be so delightful on earth, what must Heaven. There we shall dwell forever with Christ free from all earthly thoughts, all cares, anxieties, pains and death to be felt and feared no more. Darling Eva has just jumped up out of her sleep and driven all serious reflection away. How Mr. Carter would love to see her running all about calling Pa distinctly, kissing his daguerreotype. I thank God daily, hourly for this last child. She is much comfort and company. Oh, may all these troubles be settled ere she knows sorrow. Oh, how I long and sighed for one word from Mr. C. I dare not hope to see him yet. Dear Husband, how sad will he be to hear of the death of those he loves. Poor fellow, would I could comfort him, poor one.

Sunday afternoon. This morning Mr. B. and I had a discussion on the duties of the Sabbath day. God grant I may have been enabled to speak rightly and wisely.... We have just learned that there has been another battle at Williamsburg where McClellan [Union Major General George B. McClellan] has been completely routed, though he has called for reinforcements. Beauregard is to join our Army and I think he will be again defeated. God grant it. In Washington they speak of the South's being free. Oh, though I can but feel pleasure at our success, on which so much depends, yet it makes me sick at heart to think of the sick, wounded and dying. God have mercy on them and send them comfort out of the riches of Thy Grace. And those who have lost their husbands, brothers and fathers or any other relation. Oh, Heavenly Father look in tender mercy and compassion on them. Soften their grief, enable them to bow meekly, not to break under Thy Holy Will. Oh, how can I tell who I or we have to mourn....

Monday Evening. As I gaze on the sweet face of my sleeping child, how I sigh and wish for her unconsciousness of all evil, both inwardly and outwardly. I have been disappointed. Was told I had a letter and found no letter from Mr. C., only a note from Cousin Robert Peyton [Carter]. Dear, dear Peyton, how attached I am to him. We hear that the Yankees are victorious, not the Southerners. I cannot, will not,

**ABRAHAM LINCOLN
BOOK SHOP**

U.S. MILITARY HISTORY

French & Indian War • Revolution • 1812
Mexican War • Civil War • Indian Wars

BOOKS • AUTOGRAPHS • PRINTS

Always Interested In Purchasing Book &
Autograph Collections—Large or Small

Send \$3.00 for Sample Catalog

357 West Chicago Ave., Chicago, IL 60610

(312) 944-3085 Fax (312) 944-5549

Daniel Weinberg, proprietor

"THE CONFLICT"
Ships Military Books
all over the world
Specializing in the
American Civil War
Want to find out why?
Ask us for our free 64 page catalog

"THE CONFLICT"

213 Steinwehr Avenue
Gettysburg, Pennsylvania 17325
(717) 334-8003

**THE CIVIL WAR
MEDALS OF HONOR**

ARMY Exact, full-size replicas.
Complete with ribbon
and attachment device.

NAVY

\$27.50 ea.
Postpaid

Catalog \$1.00 or FREE with order

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Der Dienst

P.O. Box 221-X, Lowell, Michigan 49331

SPECIAL Both for
\$45.00
Postpaid

BOOKS ON CASSETTES

- ☛ Unabridged Recordings
- ☛ Purchase & 30 Day Rentals
- ☛ Columnist George Will has stated, "I go through a book a week using time otherwise wasted in taxis, shaving or walking!"
- ☛ We specialize in Biography, History, Politics, Economics, Philosophy, Religion, Social Issues, and Timeless Literature.

CLASSICS ON TAPE
P.O. Box 969, Ashland, OR 97520

☛ For Free Catalog, Call

1 (800) 729-2665



believe it, yet it makes me unhappy. Oh, I would rather die than we should be whipped back into the Union. Never, no never. God will not punish us thus. Oh, where is my faith, my trust, in these unhappy times. Fain would I creep forth and lay on the ground with my Husband. Oh, my own precious Husband, where are you? I cannot enjoy the comforts around for those I love are suffering hardship, perhaps privations.

Tuesday, May 13th. God alone knows the misery I have endured this day. I have felt quite sick physically and I cannot get rid of the fearful idea that my husband is dead or dying. If I lie down to rest, I shut my eyes only to see that precious body silent and cold. I am almost unnerved. Oh, if this suspense lasts much longer, what am I to do. Die? No, live and endure this burden of war. Strive to be resigned. Live for the last blessings I have, Mother and child. How am I writing as if my own dear Husband were indeed gone. Oh no! This would be too much. God, Oh God, Almighty, spare him to me.

Wednesday. Yesterday evening as I was undressing Baby, I heard Mother call out to Mammy Lydia to go over home a Yankee had gone there. She hurried over and he had tied his horse and was trying to get in the house. He demanded the key. Mammy told him I had the keys and was over here. I went down to the fence and listened to him. He wanted horses, wished to know what was in the house — any silver. On being assured there was nothing but a little furniture, he asked for whiskey. This he did not get, so after asking more questions, he went off towards Mr. Lewis'. Got there, took his riding horse and one from Doctor Stuart. They are a party of thieves and house breakers and we are at their mercy, no justice. Officers and men all alike. Two of the same gang went to Piedmont, entered the house, broke open Mrs. N's wardrobe, stole some of my clothes which Jane had to wash, and it was with difficulty they saved the rest. Drank all the milk. The same company went to Sister Maria yesterday to take one third of her meat. They took one half, rummaged the house, stole her pocketbook. She appealed to the Captain. He would do nothing. Now what is to become of us all. Poor Sister Maria's servants all gone and to be thus unprotected from insult and

oppression.... Here I must stay until the Fall, and then if the war is not over and no chance of Mr. C.'s coming home, I must do something. God help me. Oh, Heavenly Father, strengthen me, enable me to put my entire trust in Thee. I am almost desperate with grief, anxiety and fear for the future....

Friday. We were repulsed at Williamsburg. Our Army retreated leaving their dead, dying and wounded. Brother Winston Carter is reported to be among the slain. Oh, my poor Husband! Thus to see his brother cut down in the pride of manhood and left with the enemy, his wife and six little children all alone exposed to wrong and oppression from the invading force. Brother Winston, shall I never see more. Have mercy on us, Oh God. How long, how long ere Thou will be gracious and give us peace. I fear I am growing callous to all suffering. My poor Fred, where is he? My precious Mother is filled with anxious fears for his safety. Oh, Heavenly Father, spare, Oh spare him.

Saturday, May 17th, 1862. Alas, I fear it is but too true. Brother Winston [Carter] has gone from this world. Several persons have sent me word concerning it. He was killed about two weeks ago. Poor Sister Maria [Carter]. How will she bear these sad tidings. God help her and her little ones. And my dear Husband, how art thou grieved and troubled now, and I can't be with thee to share thy sorrow and speak words of comfort. Oh, it is hard thus to grieve alone, not to bear troubles together.

I dreamed I was with Mr. Carter last night. I saw his deep trouble. I tried to comfort him. I cannot but feel as if he must come shortly. How can I realize that he won't come and can't possibly come. Oh, for patience. The enemy was driven back three times with great loss at Williamsburg and the Northern papers think it was anything but a victory. I hope the people of the North are opening their eyes to this terrible loss of life on both sides, but alas, if it comes when our dear ones are sacrificed, it will be too late for our happiness. Mother Carter, truly her days are full of sorrow. The young are taken, the aged left to bear more grief and trouble. It is the Lord. Let us not murmur at His Will....

Monday, May 19th. Mr. Dobson. the

tailor, stopped by. He told us much news. He had been to Washington. Some (news) to encourage us to hope for peace, other (news) to make us sad at the loss of valuable life. Colonel Welby Carter was killed. Poor Cousin Armstead [Carter], his only child, his pride. Dear Sister Mary and Sophia and all. How sad it will make them. Dear Stuart went to see Sister Maria and now she knows the sad tidings. Oh, if I could only go to her, I might be of some service in her distracted state, but I have no way and I fear the Federal soldiers, who are still committing many depredations and insulting unprotected females. Mrs. Gallaher came to tea. Poor woman, thinks she is ruined and broken up when she has no one she cares about in the Army. All that has happened only prevents her making money. She is in no danger of losing aught except her servants are gone....

Wednesday. An anxious, exciting day. Mr. G. Hutchinson came looking very sad and asked for Mr. Brawner — said he wished to see me particularly on his return to the house. Poor Mrs. B. came up to us weeping, thinking Mr. H. had bad news of John. We tried to soothe her and I ran about doing all I could, sent Charlotte in haste out in the field for Mr. H., who had gone there in search of Mr. B. He came and assured us he had no bad news for any of us. They had all heard dear Fred was killed mercifully. Mother nor I ever learned it, and he wished us to know that he had just heard direct from the 8th and Mr. Carter and Fred were both well — thanks for that. Mr. H. also told us to write and send him the letters and he would forward them after I had endeavored to comfort Mrs. B. as well as I could, though she is still very anxious as they can hear nothing of their son. I wrote a long letter to Mr. C. It was in vain to attempt to write as I felt I could not. Mrs. Whitlock and Kate Osborne came in the afternoon. It excites me fearfully to see them, they put such a bad construction on all things. When I am hopeful, they ruthlessly cast me down. I do not dislike them, indeed, I feel sorry for them in many things, yet I wish I had never seen them or had any dealings with them. Another thought worried one much. I know my Husband would not approve of them or their actions and would wish me to be at a distance with them. I dare not offend them at this time. We

are in their power too much, as they are hand and glove with the Yankees. I earnestly regret ever having any transactions with Mr. W., but what I did I did for the best and in ignorance of what I now know. Mr. Berkeley had no right to bring them here. They have ruined themselves and are doing the whole neighborhood harm....

Sunday. A calm, cloudless day calls to mind then lines of an old song. "A rivulet rolls. As calm and cloudless as the home of the soul." How we value past blessings. We know not their worth until we are deprived of them. How delightful I now think it would be to go once more to the House of God to worship there with dear friends. Oh, if my Heavenly Father ever permits me to enjoy the same blessings and privileges I did two years ago. I will not dare to repine or murmur at any trifling inconveniences as I fear I did then. Oh may these trials do me lasting good. By the Grace of God, make me patient, meek and gentle. Mr. B. thinks a day of peace is dawning. Oh, may it be so. It has been a long, weary night. Oh, how I wonder how I could have so easily parted from my Husband when he left more than three months ago. I was truly wretched, but I hid it from him. I could see he was miserable and, for his sake, I bore up. If I had known what I now do, the struggle would have been terrible. So merciful it is we see not into the future. One soothing thought in all my grief which I know is my duty to bear silently is this, "All is known to Thee, my Saviour and my Friend...."

Tuesday. Exciting rumors afloat. Southern troops are near. Has been a battle near Richmond in which we were victorious, etc. We know not the truth, but this we do know, something is going on from the stir amongst the Yankees. Two troopers passed by today, looked in, but went on doubtfully. Sister Maria came over to see us. As I saw her coming, I thought she had come in deep distress for love and sympathy, but no, she does not believe Brother W. [Winston] is dead. She will not believe, poor thing. I do not know how she can be so hard to comprehend the sad tidings. Dr. Linart told her he was wounded to prepare her for the worst, still she does not seem to be uneasy. The Appels have unfeelingly told her he was killed, and I cannot under-

FREE CATALOG!

- Civil War Books
- Soldiers' Letters
- Historical Autographs

BRIAN KATHENES

*Autographs
& Collectibles*

P.O. Box 77296, W. Trenton, NJ 08628
1-800-462-1979

NEW BERN CIVIL WAR MUSEUM

OPEN DAILY
10 AM - 5 PM
HUNDREDS OF
SWORDS & GUNS!

301 METCALF ST.
NEW BERN, N.C. 28560
(919) 633-2818



~ SEND \$1.00 FOR BROCHURE ~



F. BURGESS & CO. U.S. CAVALRY ITEMS

200 Pine Place, Dept. CT • Red Bank, NJ 07701
Photo illustrated catalog, \$3.

The finest and most complete line of handstitched military saddlery and horse equipment — for over 20 years.

Full line of headgear also.

CIVIL WAR ACTION!

Collect our cast metal miniature soldiers! All are handpainted in historically accurate colors. We have action, marching, and artillery sets, even Robert E. Lee! Also popular are our fox hunt, circus, and Christmas sets. Send \$3 for 16 p. full color catalog to:

WARWICK MINIATURES, LTD.
P. O. Box 1498-CWT
Portsmouth, N. H. 03801
(603) 431-7139





**SHOW 'EM
COLD STEEL!**

Now Avail. 24 pg. color
Illustrated CATALOG
of Museum Quality
Reproduction SWORDS,
BAYONETS &
FIGHTING KNIVES
from:

- Am. Civil War • Alamo
- Mex. War • Napoleonic • Br.
- Zulu/Colonial • WW I & II
- plus More

Order Now!
\$5 Refundable
with
First Order

COLLECTORS HERITAGE INC.
P.O. Box 355 Dept. C
Bernardsville, N.J. 07924
(908) 953-0938

McGowan Book Company



Southern Americana
Black Americana
American Revolution
Civil War

Fine & Rare Out-of-Print Books
Individual Items & Collections Purchased
Catalogues Issued

P.O. Box 222
Chapel Hill, NC 27514
(919) 968-1121
R. Douglas Sanders - Proprietor

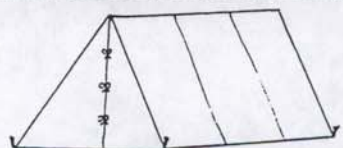
MILITARIA

We sell firearms, edged weapons, uniforms, headgear, accoutrements, war relics, photos, books, identified items. All periods C. 1775-1945, U.S. & foreign. Emphasis on Civil War/Indian War era. Choose from the largest selection and best material available; described and pictured in the finest catalogs published. 34+ pages mailed bi-monthly.

**Subscribe Now! — \$12.00/6 issues
EXCLUSIVELY MAIL-ORDER**

Dale C. Anderson Co., Dept. B
4 W. Confederate Avenue
Gettysburg, PA 17325

**THE WORLD'S PREMIER
MANUFACTURER OF
REPRODUCTION SHELTERS**



Best quality shelter tents, A-Frames, Sibleys, etc. SEND FOR OUR FREE BROCHURE TODAY!

Panther Lodges
P.O. Box 32-C
Normantown, WV 25267
(304) 462-7718

stand her. She will not be convinced. Many things that would have deranged me, she heeds not. God have mercy on her when the truth comes to her in all its terribleness. I felt as if I could scream as she spoke of "Winston," of "Pa's coming home." I was deadly sick and left the room for air. I gave her no ground to think I did not believe the sad tidings though I could not. I would not have told her the startling truth. We spoke of others who had been killed, of anxiety for those we had not heard from. She heard, but heeded not. She is absent. After she left, I threw myself on the bed and wept bitterly for her, for my dear Husband, for myself. Oh Father above, spare, Oh, spare my own dear Husband or take me too, but Oh, give me resignation to Thy Holy Will. I am wicked thus to repine. God will give me strength to bear all He sends if I ask in faith, nothing doubting.

Thursday. The dreadful Yankees visited us at last and there was nothing very terrible in them, but they stayed so short a time, they could not do much. It was just at dinner time yesterday. Three rode up. My dinner rose I was so sick. I flew upstairs, took Eva, secured some valuables, told Charlotte to keep out of sight, and then took my station to watch trembling for Mr. Brawler, but they got on very well together. They inquired for Southern Officers, had heard some were about. Mr. B. said, "none in this neighborhood he knew of, but if they would go after them, he would tell them where they could find some." They smiled. One rode all through the yard and stables looking for Southern Officers or horses. They asked many questions, but learned nothing, and in their turn would tell nothing. They went to our house, rode all about, then came back and went out in Mr. B.'s pasture. In following, saw the horses, wanted Mr. B.'s colt. He said if they took that, they would have to take him too. So they went away. I rather think they were of the better class of the Northern Army. This morning we heard drums in several directions and now we can hear cannon after cannon in quick succession towards Charlottesville. We cannot tell what is happening, but we hope the enemy are moving away from us so we may see no more of them.

Friday, May 30th. Had disagreeable

dreams last night about Mr. Carter which has affected my spirits. I am dull and gloomy. It rained this afternoon. The Yankees were not a little frightened by the supposed coming of Jackson [Confederate Major General Thomas J. "Stonewall" Jackson]. One company stacked their guns and burned them, threw clothes, etc., in the fire. There were terribly whipped at Front Royal, but they have been re-enforced and are now more numerous than ever. May they experience the same fate as their predecessors. We hear of a battle of Richmond in which the Confederates were victorious, taking 40,000 prisoners.

Saturday. Wet, damp morning. Mrs. Tyler from Aldie stopped by to see me on her way to the "Shelter." Talked a long time about the Yankees and the war. She has a brave daughter, Mary. Towards evening the rain set in, thundering accompanying it. Mr. George Legg, a relation of Mrs. B., came to tell them his little daughter was dead. She had been slightly sick, they thought, and died very suddenly. His wife is sick, has a baby of a few days old. Had no servants, no friend with her until the last day or two. Poor things, I feel much sorrow for them. One of the effects of this war. He was thrown out of employment. Chapman's Mill having been destroyed by the vandals. He was chief miller. Mr. C. was taken prisoner. Mrs. B. sent some bread to this family. I added some loaf sugar and tea, but a little.

Sunday. Thundered and rained all night. Strange weather, this. It is now thundering in the afternoon. Mrs. T. [Tyler] stopped on her way home. She brings several stirring rumors of our Independence being declared and reorganized by France and England, etc., that we were victorious in two pitched battles at Richmond and in Western Virginia. Fain would I believe them, but I dare not to be doubly disappointed when I should hear the contrary. Another thing she tells me, which I think is very true, or probably. Mr. Lewis has heard that Mr. Carter recovered Brother Winston's body and had it removed and buried. This I know he would strain every point to do and I pray he may have succeeded. Dear Husband, fondly do I sympathize with you in your grief. Already I have mourned dear Brother Winston with many bitter tears. I have had so many convincing proofs in my short life of



BLOCKADE RUNNER "BANSHEE"
Museum-quality, scratch-built model, mounted in brass & glass case, 1/8" scale. Case measures 32Lx14Hx8W. We also have "Will of the Wisp." Extraordinary values at \$5,000 for either, or \$9,500 for both. Color photos on request. Open Mon-Sat.

Harbor Island Ship Models
7232 Wrightsville Avenue • Wilmington, NC 28403
Telephone (919) 256-6025

CIVIL WAR NEWS
A newspaper for people with an active interest in the Civil War today, produced by a national staff.


- Reenactments • Preservation
- Book Reviews • Collecting
- Coming Events • Research
- News, Features & Photos

Call or write for free sample issue or start your subscription with VISA or MC. 9 issues per year

\$21 a year; \$32 overseas air

Box C, Arlington, MA 02174
(617) 646-2010 FAX (617) 643-1864

SEND \$3.75 FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOG. OUR TOP FLIGHT MILITARY REPRODUCTIONS COVER THE PERIOD OF 1845-1945 WITH THE FINEST SELECTION OF UNIFORMS & CAPS BEING SOLD IN AMERICA TODAY. WE INVITE YOU TO DO BUSINESS WITH US!



UNION ARMY FORAGE CAPS
EXACT REPLICAS IN EVERY DETAIL
\$55.00 p.p.

NEW COLUMBIA
EST. 1863

P.O. Box 524-CW, Charleston, IL 61920

DAVE ZULLO
Olde Soldier Books, Inc.
18779 B North Frederick Ave.
Gaithersburg, MD 20879
(301) 963-2929

★ BOOKS ★
★ DOCUMENTS ★
★ LETTERS ★
★ Prints ★
★ Autographs ★

Free Monthly Catalogs! Call today!

the efficiency of prayers that I wonder at myself for praying so little and with such coldness at times. I am unable to pour out my whole soul in prayer to Almighty God, can cry, Abba, Father, tell him all my griefs and troubles. Then again, I am weak and wavering. Satan seems to have peculiar power over me when I endeavor to pray, presents the most distracting thoughts and I rise unhappy and feel my prayer should be repented of. God forgive me, for Christ's sake. Bless and adore Thy Holy Name. We have a High Priest who is touched with a sense of our infirmities. To Him will I continually resort for help and succour. He will hear and help one. Oh, may I be enabled to "pray without ceasing." It strengthens me so much. Last night I prayed long and earnestly and I felt as if someone had taken all my troubles. Mr. B. has heard from his son. He is well.

Monday. Having heard all the Yankees had gone up the road, I ventured to go and spend the day with Sister Maria. She begins to be anxious and fearful of not seeing dear Brother Winston again. Would I could direct her to an Almighty and All-witting Comforter for support in this hour of sadness. I must say Lenora and Uncle Daniel succeeded very well in their dinner, but it is too trying on Sister Maria's health to have so much to do and Christian is so young and fretful after his Mother. I do hope Mr. Landers will succeed in getting her some servants. He has been very kind and I know will do all he can. I know of no one who is more useful and obliging to all than Mr. L. [Landers] I sewed for L.M. White. I was with her and brought two pair of pants home with me to make. She has not time to sew and I begged her not to attempt it while she had no servants....

Tuesday. Another thundergust last night. This morning we learned there was a regiment in Haymarket of Yankees. Poor us, we hoped they were gone and there they come back tenfold greater in numbers. It certainly is growing darker and darker. I hope it may be a forerunner of a bright, peaceful day.

Wednesday, June 4th.... In reading the "Outlines of The History of the Whole World," I see all nations pursue much the same course. War and Conquest or War and Defeat mark the

rise and fall of all governments. Oh, for a land where brother would be content to live with brother in Unity and Love, but that will never be while men are unregenerated. We must look to a Better Land for continual peace and happiness....

Thursday. An exciting day. Five Yankee soldiers went over home, broke open the house, went in and played destruction. Broke up some things, knocked down everything, emptied vinegar and oil over the floor, stole many little things out of my wardrobe and then left. Went up the road to commit further depredations. Nothing but housebreakers and robbers.... Now we are again thrown into commotion. Three Federal soldiers came here, inquired for their other comrades and went on to our house. We heard the report of a volley of pistol shots and we can think of nothing excepting the dogs or the fowls. God protect us. I do not feel afraid though I know not what may happen the next minute. I will trust in the Protection of God Almighty. I thank my Heavenly Father that we are not at home to be subjected to insult and oppression from these lawless soldiers. I will hope and do pray they may be kept from entering this house. We hear the whole Army is in Haymarket. They say they have whipped Jackson. More likely, he has whipped them and they are falling back.

Friday. No alarms today, but all silent and low spirited. Mr. B. received a Yankee paper which gave us the blues worse and worse.

Saturday. Hear sad accounts of the depredation of the Yankee soldiers stealing meat, breaking open houses, killing stock of all description. We cannot tell where it will end, can hear no news of our Army or our dear ones in it. God be with them. I dare not think much of them, of our situation, and of the fate of the South. All is dark, dark, dark. I strive to place my whole trust in God and with many prayers leave the future to Him. I drag on from day to day slowly and wearily. Oh Father, sanctify this affliction to me. When I look at Eva, who is beginning to need much care and thought as she now is needing a Mother's training and example. I feel Oh, how weak and incapable of the duty. How can I teach my child to be

SOUTHERN LEGENDS



Robert E. Stonewall J.E.B. Jeff John S. N. Bedford
LEE JACKSON STUART DAVIS MOSBY FORREST
 MULTI-COLOR DESIGNS SCREEN PRINTED ON
 PREMIUM 100% WHITE PRE-SHRUNK T-SHIRTS
 VISA-MasterCard ORDER TOLL FREE 1-800-677-8509
 ALL SHIRTS \$10.00 (plus \$2.50 shipping & handling)
SOUTHERN LEGENDS
 % Screen Print Image, 1212 Westover Hills Blvd.
 Richmond, VA 23225, 1-804-232-1215
 CHECKS - MONEY ORDER - VISA - M/C
 VA Residents ADD 4% Sales Tax, allow 2 weeks delivery
 MAIL ORDER ONLY

The Art and Frame Gallery

Specializing In Civil War Prints and Works By

DON TROIANI

Art and Frame Gallery
 482 Cambridge Street
 U.S. Route 1, Falmouth
 Fredericksburg, VA 22405
 703-371-5667

Also work by
 Kunster, Dale Gallon & Others

Catalog Available Upon Request.

**ANTIQUE FIREARMS
 EDGED WEAPONS**

For sale in our 200 page catalog. Each item is individually photo illustrated, accurately described and priced for the average collector. The book will be sent to you immediately via first class mail upon receipt of \$10.00.

Serving collectors for 40 years!
 the **MUSEUM OF HISTORICAL ARMS, INC.**
 P.O. Box 190898, Dept. CWT, Miami, FL 33119-0898

Civil War Times Illustrated

Subscriber Service Information

- MOVING?** Please give six weeks notice. If calling, give your new address, plus account number and old address from label. If writing, send address label and new address.
- TO SUBSCRIBE:** Allow six weeks for delivery of your first issue.

One year (6) issues, \$20.00,
 outside the U.S., add \$6.00

For questions regarding your subscription

**Call Toll Free
 1-800-435-9610**
 Illinois Subscribers Please Call
815-734-6309

**CIVIL WAR TIMES ILLUSTRATED
 SUBSCRIBER SERVICE CENTER**
 Box 1863, Mt. Morris, IL 61054

gentle, patient and obedient when I so sadly lack all of these virtues. Gracious Father, Thou hast promised to strengthen those who plead for help through Christ Jesus. To Thee I come for aid in bringing this immortal soul into the path of duty and for more grace to improve my wild nature....

Thursday. The last two days have been rainy and cold. I have felt dispirited and anxious. There has been another battle at Richmond. We know not who are amongst the missing. I wrote to Mr. C. today, Oh, may he get the letters and may I hear from him. I sold a heifer to Mr. Farley yesterday for twenty dollars. Oh, I wish I had never sold my two horses to Yankee Whitlock. I know Mr. C. won't like it, but when Mr. B. put him at Evergreen I deemed him reliable and true to the South. If I had kept them, they would have been stolen ere this.

Friday. As I sit by my open window on this warm, bright day and look out on the face of peaceful Nature, grain waving in the wind, tall trees with many little songsters in their branches, the chirp of chickens, turkey and ducks, I wonder if it can be we are really in the midst of war. When I look within and see the anxiety, the grief, the restlessness of my troubled heart, well and fully do I realize the sadness of these times. Alick (Alec) Beckam came from Warrenton. Brings sad accounts of how our Virginia troops suffered in this last battle near Richmond. We were victorious, however, driving the enemy six miles, as we have been in every engagement since the removal of the Potomac Army in W [Washington]. They get Southern papers and hear the truth. Jackson again has conquered a large army of Northerners. Ewell [Confederate Major General Richard S. Ewell] attacked them on the rear while Jackson engaged the van. Fremont was captured with a large amount of stores and prisoners. Ewell was wounded. These are rumors....

Wednesday. I cannot entirely conquer this spirit of melancholy. I feel as if life had lost all its interests and, but for my baby, willingly would I be at rest. God give me patience and fortitude. Mother received another letter from Aunt Ann, who insists upon our coming immediately to Baltimore. I shall never leave here while my

Husband is in the South if I can keep from starvation. For the past week I have been trying to teach Missie Brawner. She is deaf and speaks very imperfectly. This is a trial of patience. I hope I may be able to persevere as I feel sorry that so promising a girl should not be able even to read. Yesterday afternoon I went over to see the Leggs, who have moved into our house to endeavor to protect it from destruction by the Yankees. I felt reproached all the time I was there at my ungrateful, discontented heart. I never so fully appreciated the blessings and comforts with which I had been surrounded all my life until this present time. Mrs. Legg, a poor woman with a fretful babe of three weeks old, a sick child of seventeen months, and she herself weak and ailing. Can procure no servant to help her in these time of stampede amongst them. Besides all this, about ten days ago her little girl, Florence, died. She was not able to do much for her. With all this grief, trouble, and even want upon her, she seems to bear up wonderfully. I, who have always had a kind mother and many friends, no real wants, an affectionate husband and, though God saw fit to take my first two infants to Himself, yet I have Darling Eva, and as yet have had no hard labour to perform. How dare I, as I too often do, indulge in repining thoughts and expressions. I feel humbled to the Earth. May this be a lesson to me of God's long suffering towards one so guilty, and may I strive, by the help of the Spirit, to have always a thankful heart.

Thursday. Took some coffee and sugar to Mrs. Legg for which she seemed very grateful. Oh, how little of my substance do I give to others. Selfishness is the root of all evil as well as money. Our best actions are tinged with it. Oh, how this should keep us humble-minded. Sad and sick, came home with hope deferred. Came home, found Mr. Earley had come for his cow. He told me he had heard Mr. Carter was well....

Sunday. I received a letter from Mrs. Norris, who is in Richmond. She speaks of seeing Mr. Carter, who she says is deeply grieved at the Death of his two brothers, Winston and Robert. I know it. Oh, how it makes my heart sick and faint to think of my precious Husband in such trouble and I not with him. I am constantly thinking, oh,

can't I do something to comfort him. One thought quiets me. I can and will commend him to the Heavenly Comforter. Oh, Holy Spirit, dwell with him, enable him meekly to bow his head and say, "It is the Lord, let Him do whatsoever seems good in His sight." Mother received a letter from Fred. Thank God, he is well and 1st Lieutenant. Mr. Brawler, too, had a letter from his son and I, poor me, no letter from my precious Husband. Why does he not write. Mrs. Tyler heard from all her sons. They say Mr. Carter is well and talks of coming home. Oh, that he would. I dare not think of such happiness. I rode over to see dear Sister Maria this morning. Poor thing, hers is a sad lot. I gently told her of the news in Mr. Norris' letter and then gave it to her to read. She had given up all hope ere this. Someone had sent her Brother Winston's obituary notice.

—Copied From The Richmond Enquirer—

Lieutenant Winston L. Carter of the 17th Virginia Regiment. This officer fell in the battle of Williamsburg on the 5th ultimo (May 5th) and of all the noble men who have offered up their lives as a sacrifice on this country's altar since this struggle has been in progress, no one of them was animated by a more genuine courage or a purer patriotism. At the first call of his State, he entered her service and with patience and fidelity discharged his duties as an officer and soldier both in the State and Confederate service to the time of his death. Unpretending, gentle and manly in his manners, unselfish and generous in his feelings, noble and honorable in his impulses, he won the esteem and confidence of his fellow soldiers, both officers and privates. He was always cool and collected. Appeared to regard the safety of his men more than his own. He fell at his post urging on and encouraging his men and directing them how to fire with effect. He was pierced through the breast with a bullet and died instantly. His Commanding General happened to be in sight of him when he fell and has remarked that a more cool and gallant bearing in battle he never saw than was there exhibited by Lieutenant Carter. His fall has saddened the hearts of a large number of friends and has carried the most poignant anguish to the bosom of his

Civil War Songs

by the
97th Regimental String Band

Stars of National C. W. Reenactments, Stone Mt., Silver Dollar City and N&S II.
This 4 vol. audio cassette set is a feast for all Civil War enthusiasts...a cross section of popular songs of the North and South. Send \$8.95 each or \$32 for all four vols. to: 97th, 8045 Cottonwood Dr., Largo, FL 34643
Send SASE for list of song titles and new editions.



A unique combination of entertainment and living history.



1861 - CIVIL WAR AMERICA - 1865

INTRODUCING CIVIL WAR AMERICA MAP PUZZLE

An educational, entertaining map puzzle of America, illustrating geography and history of 1861-1865. This beautiful one hundred piece 16" x 20" tray puzzle will be a delight for all ages.

\$12.95 + \$3.00 shipping & handling
(add \$1.00 S&H each for additional puzzles)

Send check or money order:

Puzzles N' Such, Inc.

P.O. Box 3118

Hutchinson, KS 67504-3118

(316) 663-4192

Orders shipped promptly

Satisfaction guaranteed

Dealer inquiries welcome



Echoes of the Blue & Gray

Civil War Veterans on Video Cassette VOLS. I, II, III

Belle Grove Publishing Co. is proud to offer a collection of recently discovered early 20th century newsreel films of the living veterans of the War Between the States. For the first time you can actually see and hear the surviving soldiers of both North and South tell their Civil War stories.

Please indicate carefully which tape(s) desired

- 29.95 VOLUME I ECHOES OF THE BLUE & GRAY
 29.95 VOLUME II ECHOES OF THE BLUE & GRAY
 21.95 VOLUME III TWILIGHT OF THE BLUE & GRAY (30 mins.)
 19.95 EARLY CIVIL WAR FILMS, VOL. I
 19.95 EARLY CIVIL WAR FILMS, VOL. II

FOR SHIPPING & HANDLING
— ADD \$3.00 for 1 cassette, and \$1.00
for each additional cassette.
NJ RESIDENTS ADD 7% SALES TAX

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

MAKE CHECK OR MONEY ORDER PAYABLE
TO:
BELLE GROVE PUBLISHING CO.
P.O. BOX 483 Dept. CWTI
KEARNY, NJ 07032

All tapes, unless indicated, are 55-60 minutes long, VHS
For additional information call: 1-800-441-8749

Turner Kirkland
DIXIE
GUN WORKS, INC.
Salutes:
Roy Rogers
America's
"Legendary King of
The Cowboys"

**BLACK POWDER
SHOOTING SUPPLIES & ANTIQUE GUN PARTS**

For generations Dixie Gun Works has been the favorite among gun enthusiasts nationwide, and as you can see, the Roy Rogers Family is no exception. This year Dixie is proud to feature Roy Rogers, "The Legendary King of the Cowboys" and his son Roy "Dusty" Rogers Jr. and grandson Dustin Roy Rogers on our New 1991 Catalog.

Send Today for our new 1991 Catalog which features 600 plus pages and more than 8000 items. We have the largest selections of blackpowder guns and accessories, replacement parts and rare antique gun parts in the world. The Dixie Catalog is the leading source of authentic hunting supplies, clothing, tools, camping equipment and firearms from Colonial America through the end of the 19th century.

DIXIE
GUN WORKS, INC.

CATALOG \$4.00
C.O.D. \$7.50
GUNPOWDER LANE • UNION CITY, TN. 38261 Dept 25/3

INFORMATION (901) 885-0700
ORDERS ONLY 1-800-238-6785
FAX (901) 885-0440

Confederate Civil War Cavalry Sergeant

**Limited Edition
of 24 Civil War Statues
(12 Confederate & 12 Yanks)
Weight: App. 11.5 lbs • Height: 20"**

**Bronze - \$200*
Hand Painted - \$295***

*plus \$15 shipping, handling, insurance
Visa, Mastercard, Check, Money Order
Allow 4-6 weeks delivery.

DEWITT CURRIE
7024 Montgomery Rd., Dept. A
Lake Wylie, SC 29710
(803) 831-2014

devoted family. But let them be comforted by the reflection that he fell in a noble and righteous cause and as a patriot and a Christian soldier would like to die. He was a native of Fauquier County, but resided in Prince William County, Virginia. His age was about thirty-eight. His body was borne by friends from the field and was buried at or near Williamsburg. "One who knew him well...."

Friday. Feel too sad and languid to enter ought in this diary. We hear rumors, but such as we can give no credence to. All vague and unsettled. I want to go to Glen Welby so much. Dear Sister Mary, how I want to see her and all of them. Oh, that I could but hear from them. I wonder why the Methodist clergyman, Mr. M., does not come down.

Tuesday, July 1st. Mr. W. came yesterday. My wish must have brought him. He told us all were well at dear Glen Welby and Meadow Grove. Dear Sister Mary, how I want to see her and all the girls. I am so low-spirited I think seeing them would do me good. Poor Mother Carter. She knows the sad tidings. God, in his tender mercy, must give her strength to bear it. Brother Richard was home for a day and a half. One hundred forty Yankees were after him, searching the Meadow Grove house from top to bottom.... We hear the Southern Army is near us, but we only see the Abolitionists. I have been reading an excellent life of Washington. We have had no hardships to compare with our fathers or the Revolution as I traced out the evil effects of party spirit — not the spirit of what is honorable and right in the sight of God. I much fear when we attain our Independence of the North at an enormous price, we will not keep it long if party politics are allowed to run riot as they have done. Oh Gracious Father, take us under Thy protection and guidance. Make us Thy people and no foe, foreign or domestic, can hurt us.

Thursday, July 3rd. Despairing still. Fain would I relieve my burdened heart by a good long cry, but for Mother and Eva's sake I must refrain. My heart is like lead in my bosom from hope deferred. My Husband, oh my precious Husband, why do I not hear from you? My dreams are sad, often tearful. My days are wearisome.

I am almost ready to sink, with no congenial friend near me except Mother, no cheering news from Richmond. Tomorrow is the 4th. What a change. Where is the Independence our progenitors fought so nobly for? All gone. Vanished like a myth. Oh, man, man, what an author of evil thou art. Once I looked on the 4th of July with much pleasure as a holiday. Now it is dark and drearish. It will be but another wearing, anxious day.

Saturday. We hear of another large battle at Richmond in which we are successful but with a great loss of life. This but increases my sadness. All day have I been crying. I can't control my feelings, weak and nervous.... Mr. H., the market man was here today. I sold him flour and exchanged \$10 Virginia note for seven dollars in gold.

Monday. Alick (Alec) Carter came down yesterday and I was so glad to see him. It was the first time he could venture to leave home as the Northern troops had been stationed very near them up to this time. Besides a letter from dear Fannie telling me about all our dear friends in that neighborhood, he had two letters from Mr. Carter to me, and though of an old date, words cannot tell the real pleasure I had in reading them, the first pleasure I have enjoyed for some time. His words of affection sent comfort to my restless, anxious mind. He has been sick, but was then better, indeed, he says well. Oh, Heavenly Father, protect him from all dangers both to body and soul and oh, bless us and permit us to meet once more ere long. I am so thankful that dear Brother Richard and he are together. We have again won a great victory at Richmond and captured six or seven of the Northern generals, one the second in command to McClellan, Major General McCall [Union Major General George A. McCall]. Will the North never open their eyes to see they can't conquer the South and why keep up this murderous warfare for nought but increased shame and dishonor. What a nation. Each day brings out some new atrocities. Oh, how grateful we should be that we have not been visited with such a vile brute as Butler [Union Major General Benjamin "Beast" Butler]. May he receive his just recompense. Today is excessively warm. The heat is oppressive. Harvest hands are nearly all given out. The poor soldiers, how do

they bear it. God have mercy on the sick and wounded. Today, the 7th of July, is dear Freddie's 26th birthday. I wonder if he thinks of it. Eva is cross and fretful from the heat and her teeth.

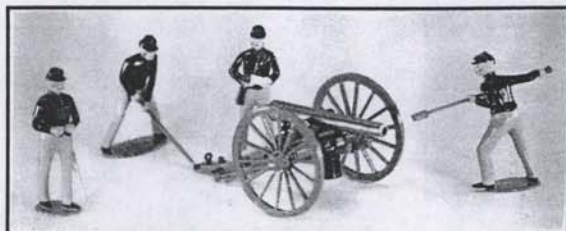
July 9th, Wednesday. The weather still excessively warm. Mr. B. has finished his harvest and now is trying to get my little wheat secured. Another misfortune. Mr. B.'s fine colt has been stolen. His last horse. I reckon mine will go next. This state of things is terrible. When will it stop. God only knows. It is rumored McClellan and his whole Army have been obliged to surrender. God grant it may be so and forever be His Holy Name praised for this great deliverance. Oh, may we not now hope for a cessation of hostilities.

Thursday. I have just read an account of the battle at "Gaines' Mill" near Richmond. Oh, how terrific it must have been. Such slaughter, such loss on both sides and fighting for seven days. There is hardly its equal in all History. Now many hearts, both North and South, are now filled with anguish. How many homes made desolate. Oh, the Administration of the North. What heavy sins rest on their doomed heads. We were victorious and though we cannot but feel sad at the immense suffering consequent to this event, yet as a Nation, we must rejoice. The rumor of McClellan's capture perhaps is false. There is much feeling and excitement in the North and, though I hardly dare hope for peace as yet, there will of necessity be a cessation of hostilities for some time, until the Federal Army is reinforced, which I think will be a difficult matter. Whether our Confederate troops will wait for another advance, I cannot tell, though I hope not. Now, now is the time to strike terror to the heart of the miserable, cruel, cunning, dishonorable foe. It has been raining all day and I am truly thankful for it as the heat has been very great for two or three days. Oh, Almighty Father, who art full of compassion and mercy, look down on our wounded, soothe our dying, comfort the bereaved, for Christ's sake....

Wednesday. I have been writing a letter to Mr. Carter every day so as to have a long letter ready to send by the first opportunity. Mr. Appel came today to see me on business. We arranged our affairs very pleasantly. No

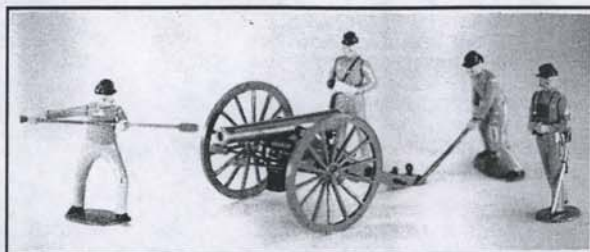
American Civil War Artillery

*Museum Quality Metal Toy Soldiers
1/32 Scale (54mm) Hand Painted
Exquisitely detailed American Civil War
figures by Imperial Productions*



**Set# IPA1-
Union Artillery
4 Artillerymen
& cannon
as illustrated
\$89.00**

**Set# IPA2
Confederate
Artillery
4 Artillerymen
& cannon as
illustrated-\$89.00**

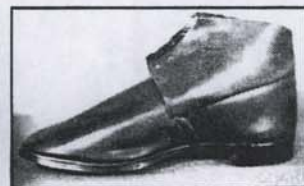


Excellent Gift Idea for the Civil War Collector. Figures are 2 1/4" tall with moveable arms. Each artillery piece is in 1/32 Scale & comes with removable ramrods. Now in stock & attractively packaged in designer gift box, ready for immediate delivery-only \$89.00 each set. Phone orders shipped same day-Call 502 897-0207. Add \$3.00 for U.P.S. insured delivery. Add \$6.00 for 150 page illustrated catalog. Send check, money order or VISA/MC/Amex/Discover card# & exp
Stone Castle Imports 804 N. Third St. P.O. Box 141 Bardstown, Ky. 40004

SMITHSONIAN

"A treasure for anyone
interested in uniforms. . .
Well worth
the investment"

Bill Emerson
"Military Collector & Historian"
Magazine



UNIFORMS OF THE CIVIL WAR ON VIDEO

VOLUME 1 "FEDERAL ENLISTED UNIFORMS"

This 83 minute video is a must for historians, living history enthusiasts, any Civil War buff. This documentary probes the supply and manufacturing system. See over fifty uniform components from the National Collection: coats, jackets, caps, footwear and more are seen in full color with close-ups describing stitching, materials, measurements, stamps, linings, virtually every detail is explained.

**ONLY \$39.95, plus \$3.00 shipping.
D.C. Residents Add 8% Sales Tax.**

**CREDIT CARD ORDERS:
CALL TOLL FREE
1-800-523-9501**

Send Checks Or Money Orders To:
ROBERTS VIDEO PUBLISHING, INC.
P.O. Box 763, Dept. CWT
Ben Franklin Station
Washington, D.C. 20044

PARENTS & HISTORIANS!

INCREASE YOUR KNOWLEDGE AND YOUR CHILDREN'S KNOWLEDGE OF AMERICAN HISTORY BY PURCHASING

1991 CIVIL WAR CALENDAR

- ★ HELP YOUR CHILDREN EARN HIGHER GRADES IN HISTORY
- ★ LEARN THE STORY BEHIND THE CAUSES OF THE CIVIL WAR
- ★ LEARN THE STRATEGY WITH THE AID OF BATTLE MAPS AND THE STORY BEHIND 11 IMPORTANT CIVIL WAR BATTLES FROM BULL RUN TO THE SURRENDER AT APPOMATTOX COURTHOUSE
- ★ PLAN YOUR IMPORTANT DATES

THIS ATTRACTIVE 3-COLOR CALENDAR IS NOW AVAILABLE FOR HOME AND OFFICE.

TO ORDER SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO METRO GRAPHICS IN THE AMOUNT OF \$11.95 + 1.50 FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (U.S. FUNDS ONLY) TO:

METRO GRAPHICS
CIVIL WAR CALENDAR (CT)
3655 HULMEVILLE ROAD
BOX 319
BENSALEM, PA 19020 U.S.A.

Reference Map Of the Battle Field of GETTYSBURG

This highly detailed, six-color topographic reference map of the BATTLE FIELD OF GETTYSBURG shows the battlefield as it was in 1863, superimposed upon the Gettysburg area as it appears today. With the map, you will be able to easily envision what the battlefield was actually like during the Civil War, in spite of the significant changes in development and roadways which have occurred since then. Shown on the map are buildings, roads, woods, streams, topography (contour interval 20 feet), and important landmarks.

This handsome and fascinating 20" by 25" map shows the Gettysburg area from Marsh Creek to the Cavalry field at a scale of 1 inch = 1800 feet, and is suitable for field work or framing.

Copies of the Map @ \$7.95 ea = _____

NJ Residents Please Add 7% Sales Tax = _____

For Postage and Handling, Please Add = \$2.00

TOTAL = _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Please make your check or money order out to I CORPS PUBLISHING CO. and send to:

I CORPS PUBLISHING CO.

P.O. Box 277

Maplewood, New Jersey 07040

T

news of cheering import. We received two late papers, but the North is more determined than ever. Calls long and loudly for more troops — if they won't volunteer, must be drafted. They are all totally blind — have given Lincoln unbounded power in every way. Oh, it is sad to think of more bloodshed, more misery and distress, this struggle for Independence to be protracted to an indefinite period. I have lost all hopes of seeing Mr. Carter. Can hardly hope to hear from him.

Sunday. Some days have elapsed since I last made any entries to my poor, heartsick journal. I could recount the mercies of God in having kept me and those of this household in safety and comfort in these terrible times of warfare. We cannot tell how long we, poor, helpless females may have a home to cover our heads. Many, many Secession (as the North call it) houses have been burned down and the families turned out without food or clothing to fare as they best might. It is sad, it is heart revolting, to think how far this unholy war has been carried. How long, Oh Lord, how long shall the people rage. Oh, stretch forth Thy right Arm of Power and save us. We hear Jackson has come back to this part of Virginia. Oh, if my dear Husband could but come for one hour to see Eva and I. I sent down to Alexandria this week and got a few more things. I think I must stop. I was trying to provide for the future but I may lose all I have if we are driven from our homes as the Confiscation Bill has passed in Washington though I hope Jackson will keep them in check and I will place my whole trust in a Higher Power knowing He alone can effectually protect us. Though Lincoln has called so loudly for volunteers they come but slowly and many have refused to enlist. Oh may all, all refuse to join in this wicked, usless, fratricidal warfare.

Thursday, July 24th. Day before yesterday, Eva, Charlotte and I walked over to see Mrs. Tyler. We found her very complaining and looking so weak and thin. Oh, that one of her sons could come home to stay with her. She ought never to have been left alone with the care of her grandchildren on her. I fear if this war does not terminate shortly, she will not live to meet her sons. Cousin Cary Lewis came over to see me while at the Shelton's.

We returned home yesterday afternoon. The little Graysons were very loathe to part with us, especially Eva, darling child. I fear she is too precious and old-fashioned to stay with me long. She plays and acts like a child of three years when she is but a babe of sixteen months. Dear Husband, how he would be delighted in her cute ways and sweet, loving manner. I think when he sees her it will heal all his sorrows. Two Federal deserters stayed with us last night and two more went up the road this morning. They say the whole Army would desert if they dared. Two more terrible proclamations by Butler and Pope [Union Major General John Pope], but I fear them not. I never before felt so little anxiety about the threats of the surrounding enemy. I can smile. I know that, rage and storm as they may, they can do us no harm without the permission of God and I will trust Him to overrule all things for our good....

Wednesday. Eva darling has been quite sick. Something of the summer complaint. Day before yesterday she was so faint and looked so bad that I was much frightened. Made me think of precious little Annabel. Her deathbed came back in full force. If I live to have many children, none will take the place of my angel child. I never can cease to feel her loss though thankful my Heavenly Father has safely housed her from storms of grief and sin. Today Eva is better though not well. The Federal General Pope of Warrenton is more rigorous than any other of our enemies. Has taken up twelve ladies, sent them to Washington for corresponding with friends in the Confederate Army. If he commences this game he will be busy. Mrs. Tyler and the children spent the day with us yesterday. Mrs. T. is very weak and infirm. I gave the little ones a tea party. All much pleased.

Friday. I received two letters and several papers from my own precious Husband. Dear Freddie has been wounded in the hand, not very dangerously though. He has been quite sick in the Hospital. Mr. C. says the young ladies are very attentive to him bringing flowers, nice things to eat and books in abundance. I am so thankful for it. May God's blessings rest on the head of the kind ones. Oh, that my darling brother was only a Christian. I will trust in earnest prayer to an

Almighty God who willeth not that any should perish. Mr. C. has been very sick with bilious fever for several weeks. Oh, dear Husband, to think of your being sick and I could not be with you. How often you may have needed many little attentions and none near to give them. I cannot tell how it has grieved me. It is sad enough to be parted in health, but to know he is sick and I could do much for him and not able to get to him, it is agony. Eva darling is much better and I am so rejoiced for I was much concerned about her. Mrs. W. brought her two nice pairs of shoes so she will be well shod at any rate.

Saturday. Yesterday I was sent for in haste by a neighbor to see a Southern deserter. When I first heard this person had come, one I had known well for a long time, it made me very nervous, as I feared he had some sad news, but he did not know as much as I did. Had evidently been hiding and dodging about for some time, poor contemptible fellow. I was provoked beyond measure that he should thus disgrace his mother, his family and his name. I always thought him a coward, but didn't think he would dare attempt desertion. When I saw how miserable he was for fear of the Yankees, I felt a little pity for him. Three large wagons passed by here yesterday deserting from the Yankees. That I can comprehend, but how a Virginian can leave the Southern Army at this time, I am at a loss to explain. I console myself with the thought we are better without such good-for-nothings, going to Maryland, too, to hide. We heard Jackson is coming to our rescue in this part of Virginia. Oh, may it be true.

Sunday. We hear nothing of Jackson yet. Oh, did I ever think I could desire the sound of cannon and all the horrors of a battle. Yes, it would deliver us from a foe worse than death...

Friday. Mrs. B. and I rode to Haymarket and thence to Mrs. Gaines. We heard many conflicting rumors that the Southern Army was coming and, as we returned, we saw about one dozen Yankees in Haymarket come up on the cars, for what intent or purpose, I cannot tell. I made a few purchases at Haymarket and Gainesville. Mrs. Whitlock brought me some things, very nice goods, yesterday.

Saturday. Weather still oppressively

THE ADVANCE



Coming Up In CWTI

Confederates Step Between Yankees And Vicksburg At Champion Hill

War On Canvas: The Art Of Julian Scott

The Mysterious Disappearance Of Boston Corbett: Whatever Happened To The Man Who Killed Lincoln's Assassin?

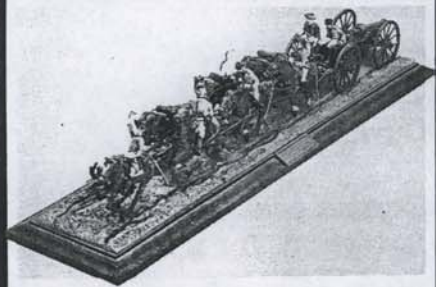
THE SOURCE Advertiser Index

CIVIL WAR TIMES ILLUSTRATED

Tell me more. Please send me the information on the advertisers circled below. I enclose \$1.00 handling charge plus the amount requested for the priced items.

Circle Advertiser	Page #	Price	Circle Advertiser	Page #	Price
ACCESSORIES/CLOTHING			MISCELLANEOUS		
1. The Conflict, clothing	54	Free	27. Avalon Hill Games	16	Free
2. Panther Primitives	56	Free	28. Puzzles & Such	61	Free
3. New Columbia	58	\$3.75	29. Sons of Confederate Veterans	68	Free
ANTIQUES/REPRODUCTIONS			30. The Calvert School	16	Free
4. F. Burgess & Co.	55	\$3.00	31. Metrographics	64	Free
5. Museum of Hist. Arms, Sample Catalog	60	\$5.00	32. Slide-A-Fact	68	Free
6. New Bern Civil War Museum	55	\$1.00	TRAVEL		
7. Collector's Heritage	56	\$3.00	33. OMNI Hotel, Charleston, SC	4	Free
ART/PRINTS			34. State of North Carolina	67	Free
8. Historical Art Prints	2	Free	35. Newfoundland Tourism	26	Free
9. The Art & Frame Gallery	60	Free	36. Delta Queen Steamboat Company	19	Free
BOOKS/DOCUMENTS			VIDEO/AUDIO TAPES		
10. The Conflict, books	54	Free	37. Belle Grove Publishing	61	Free
11. Cutter & Locke Inc.	58	Free	38. Classic Images	69	Free
12. McGowan Books, 3 catalogs	56	\$3.00	39. Classics on Tape	54	Free
13. Olde Soldier Books	58	Free	40. Fusion Industries	15	Free
14. Abraham Lincoln Bookshop	54	\$3.00	41. Roberts Communications	63	Free
15. White Mane Publishing Co.	14	Free	I am enclosing: Total for priced items \$ _____		
16. David Sander & Co.	66	\$1.00	+ Handling charge \$ 1.00		
17. Brian Kathenes	55	Free	Total Amount enclosed \$ _____		
18. Chester County Historical Society	69	Free	Please send check or money order to the address below. Make check payable to CIVIL WAR TIMES ILLUSTRATED. No stamps or foreign currency. International orders accepted only if accompanied by U.S. funds. Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery.		
COLLECTIBLES			Name _____		
19. Der Dienst	54	\$1.00	Address _____		
20. Warwick Miniatures Limited	55	\$3.00	City _____ State _____ Zip _____		
21. Bussler Miniatures, flier only	66	Free	Send CIVIL WAR TIMES ILLUSTRATED		
22. Ames Sword Co.	24	Free	to: Reader Service Department		
23. Landmark Investment Corp.	8	Free	P.O. Box 5284, Pittsfield, MA 01203-5284		
24. International Coins & Currency	67	Free	This coupon expires August 26, 1991		
25. Stone Castle Imports	63	\$1.00	April 1991		
26. Heritage Rare Coin Galleries	75	Free			

BUSSLER MINIATURES



Available again the 1954 Busslerama #2, Civil War Artillery Team charging into action.

This set has been re-issued for collectors and dioramists. The men and horses are 54 mm scale, which can be ordered in either Union or Confederate. This model is available as an unpainted (knockdown) casting kit.

This team comes in 2 basic models: Model A - with horses that can be attached to individual bases. Model B - comes with an overall, interlocking roadbed that mounts to a fine wooden (unfinished) display base.

Also available is our complete line of action figures in 54 mm. Send \$2.00 for either our illustrated catalog of Civil War figures, or our Artillery Team insert.

BUSSLER MINIATURES, INC.
Box 440, Quincy, MA 02269

Here is the almost forgotten 19th Century



*written in its own words
delineated in its own pictures*

exactly as it was seen and illustrated by the first journalistic eye-witnesses to our contemporary world!

Science, Invention, Current events, Civil War, American History, Art, Economics, Recreation, Social thought, Government, Medicine, Labor, Fashion, City life, Industry, Agriculture, Black history, Woman's rights, Music, Travel, much more.

Now available in beautifully reprinted complete articles from *Harper's, Scribner's & Century* Magazines 1840-1890.

We call them **AuthentoGrams™** and each one costs a mere \$4.95 postpaid.

A new **Booklet Library™** resource for students, teachers, hobbyists. Show off to your History professor! Include authentic quotes in your Doctoral thesis! Amaze yourself and your friends!

Send \$1.00 refundable with first order for our historical **AuthentoGram™** Catalog.

Yesterday In Pictures, Inc.
Box 239, Beverly Shores, IN 46301

warm. If we suffer so much with the heat, how must the poor sick and wounded soldier sink under it. God grant them strength to bear it and put into the heart of those near him, kindness and attention. My poor dear Brother. Oh, that we could hear from him. I wrote a long letter to Mr. C. of ten pages, but I do not think it has gone yet. We hear some cheering rumors, but have been disappointed so often that we dare believe nothing good. Eva is much troubled with the heat.

Sunday, August 10th. Somewhat cooler. Bright, sunshiny day, but no longer a day devoted to the service of God. Here, in this house, it is a dull, gloomy day. How different when we were all at home together, Husband dear and all. Then we rejoiced in a quiet Sabbath. God grant us a return of the old time.

Tuesday. Another reign of terror. The Federal soldiers are again scouring the country to plunder and force citizens to take the oath. Thirty men went to Piedmont and drove off all the horses, cows, and were coming today for the furniture. We hear this morning of several bands going to different places. As yet, they have not reached us. Oh God, continue Thy loving kindness to us and protect us from these, our enemies. We sit all day in dread. Each breath within me is a prayer for safety.

Saturday, August 16th. I have been quite sick for the past five days, am now better. Another battle was fought last Saturday at Cedar Run, Culpepper County, between the forces of Jackson, Ewell and Hill [Confederate Major General Ambrose P. Hill], and those of Pope, Banks [Union Major General Nathaniel Prentiss Banks] and Gery [Union Brigadier General John W. Geary]. The Southern forces were successful, killing and wounding many Federals, but this small battle is but the forerunner of another general engagement. Both sides have received heavy reinforcements and we think, from the report of cannon, they have commenced today. Much is expected from this quarter. If the Federalists are again badly whipped, it is thought the war will be over. I hoped so much for the success at Richmond and was so disappointed that the North would not consent to our Independence and seemed so determined on its own de-

struction in attempting that of the South and I cannot feel hopeful of the speedy termination of the War...

Thursday. This week has passed very quickly, I cannot realize that this is Thursday. Let me look back. Monday, I sewed all day making undergarments. Tuesday, Eva and I rode to Snow Hill, a pleasant visit to kind friends. Eva was very good and sweet. Wednesday, sewed until four o'clock in the afternoon, walked over to Piedmont to countermand a commission given to Mr. Appel. Returned directly, and as Mr. B. and all seemed sad and dull, I determined to do my best to enliven them and make them feel more hopeful. Though I have but few outward events to encourage me, yet I never before felt such implicit trust and confidence in the Power and Willingness of God to protect us. It is as if a voice from Heaven had said, "Fear not, I am with thee, man cannot harm you." I persist in saying the Northerners will not come to this place to plunder and carry off Mr. B., as they have some in the neighborhood. Last night, as I was stepping into bed, I heard a man inquire for Mr. Carter and Mrs. Wilson. I dressed in haste and went down. It was G.N. and his cousin. The North was too warm for them, this enlisting all, and they were fleeing to Dixie. They were only here about five minutes. I told them they could not stay here, poor fellows. All night I dreamed and thought of them for fear they should be pursued. Today Mrs. Appel came over and with sewing, reading, etc., the day is now drawing to a close. Supper is ready.

Friday, August 22nd. The Merciful Father, in pity and compassion, look down on us, on our Army and that of the Enemy, and have Mercy. Grant, oh grant us a cessation of this bloody war. Stretch forth thine Almighty Arm and check the raging battle. Oh, give us peace once more for Christ's sake, who is the Prince of Peace. All day have we listened to the constant roar of cannon towards Warrenton. We know a heavy battle is raging, but we cannot tell who is victorious and thus must we patiently wait for hours, nay days, with sad, anxious hearts ere we can hear the result. Whether we are to be free or still trodden underfoot by our ruthless foe. Last evening we heard Southern troops were within seven miles of Warrenton.

Saturday. We have heard glorious news. The Yankees have been driven back towards Warrenton Junction, five thousand of Stuart's [Confederate Major General J.E.B. Stuart] Cavalry passed through Warrenton yesterday. I can hardly credit that our Army is really coming back. I almost despaired from hope deferred. Oh, if I could but hear from my precious Husband, where he is, and if I may hope to see him. I shall pray for such a happiness.

Sunday morning. General Stuart's cavalry went to Catlett's Station, destroyed all the Federal's commissary stores and other property, took three hundred prisoners and \$25,000 in specie, came near capturing old Pope. He is slippery as an eel. This morning we hear Jackson is in Warrenton. We are all hopeful and happy, quite different from last week. The gentlemen have all gone off to hear the news.

Wednesday night. Such a day of happy excitement. I have seen more men today than I have seen at any one time since the Southern Army left and what is the cause? Its RETURN! Yes, strange as it may seem. Jackson and Ewell are at Manassas with an army of 80,000 men. The Yankees at that place have fled, some being killed and six hundred taken prisoner. It is a mystery how the Army got there. No one knew of its coming until it was right on them. We cannot comprehend it, but Jackson is a wonderful man. All the commissary stores at Manassas fell into our hands. Can I realize Our Army left Manassas, went to Richmond, whipped the grand Army of McClellan, returned, took Manassas without any loss but one man. God's Power is certainly in these events. Forever be His Name adored for His goodness and loving kindness to us and ours. We are saved from the power of the enemy.

Thursday. Such changes in life. Yesterday we deemed ourselves safe free. Today we tremble with fear of the Yankees. They have gotten this side of Haymarket between us and our Army and are taking up citizens for sympathizing with the Southern soldiers and I fear have gotten many of our stragglers who, foot-sore and weary, had lagged behind. In the midst of my fears, I was made happy for a time by seeing dear Brother Richard.

CELEBRATE THE 500TH ANNIVERSARY 1492-1992



Own America's First Commemorative Type Coin —
THE 1893 "COLUMBUS" SILVER HALF DOLLAR

Minted almost 100 years ago to honor the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America, this vintage silver coin bears the first commemorative designs ever to appear on official U.S. coins. The Columbus bust and Santa Maria/Old & New Worlds reverse were never repeated.

A sleeping classic — an heirloom to cherish. A total of just 2.5 million were originally struck (compared to 657 million Morgan silver dollars). Only a fraction survive in the Very Fine quality we offer. Each coin is 31mm in diameter, contains 12.5 grams of .900 silver and comes with

a Certificate of Authenticity and protective case. While current supplies last, prices are as follows: \$29 each; 5 for \$139 (save \$6); 10 for \$275 (save \$15); 20 for \$539 (save \$41). Order #7705. To order by credit card, call toll-free 1-800-451-4463. Or send your check or money order to: International Coins & Currency, Inc., 11 E. State St., Box 218, Dept. 1898, Montpelier, VT 05601. As our way of saying thank you, we only charge \$1 for postage. Money-back guarantee—30-day home examination.

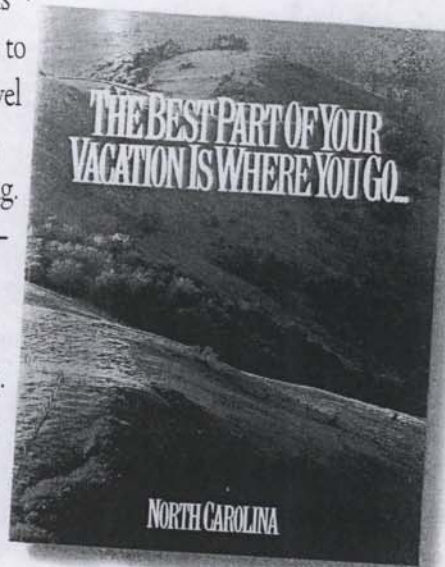
Serving collectors for 16 years.

OUR PROMISE, IN WRITING.

Just call or fill in the blanks below, and we'll put our promises to you in writing—all in our free travel guide. We'll promise folk festivals, fiddling, and down-home cooking. We'll even promise you the moon—whether it's over cozy mountain inns or starlit beaches.

So send for your book soon. We're sure you'll find we're every bit as good as our words.

NORTH CAROLINA
The Promised Land.



Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Mail to: Visit North Carolina, Dept. 568, Raleigh, NC 27699-0001. Or call 1-800-VISIT NC (oper. 568).



Sons of Confederate Veterans

The Sons of Confederate Veterans was created in 1896 for the purpose of preserving and defending the history and principles of the Old South. It still serves today as a means for a gentleman to honor his Southern ancestry with memorial, historical, and educational activities.

Why not join in preserving and defending the memory, songs, and symbols of those who fought for Southern independence?

If you are a male descendant of an ancestor who fought for the Confederacy, claim your Heritage NOW with pride. Contact the undersigned for membership information.

write

Commander, SCV
9441 River Rd.
Petersburg, VA 23803
1-800-359-9000 (Ext. 509)

101 CIVIL WAR BATTLES — AT YOUR FINGERTIPS!



DID YOU KNOW that Lee commanded the Confederate forces that defeated Grant in the battle of "Strawberry Plains," fought August 13-20, 1864—that the Union Forces suffered 2899 casualties and the Confederates, only 1000? This interesting and often obscure data, plus the same type of facts about 100 other Civil War battles, are yours, instantly, on the amazing new "Slide-A-Fact" Civil War Chart. Arranged chronologically, you merely slide the date of battle to the window position to read the name of engagement, names of commanders, victor and number of casualties on opposing sides. Virtually a history of the Civil War in a most condensed and easy to use form, the colorfully printed "Slide-A-Fact" measures just 4" by 10". It's easily carried in the pocket or purse. Also lists many other Civil War facts for quick reference. Wonderful for students, teachers, Civil War, scholars. Each Civil War "Slide-A-Fact" chart, \$8.95 plus \$2.00 postage/handling.

Please add applicable sales tax.

SLIDE-A-FACT
P.O. Box 66085, Dept., CWT
St. Petersburg Beach, FL 33736-6085



PHOTO BY DAVID MUEENCH

The Stone Bridge on the field of the First Battle of Manassas, Virginia.

He stopped by this morning for a few minutes and again this evening. Mr. C. is well and near. I may hope to see him in a week or so if we are successful in driving the enemy from this part of Virginia. We hear Longstreet is at Thoroughfare today. Heavy cannonading there this evening. We fear a battle. Brother Richard has gone that way. Oh, God have mercy on us and rid us of our enemies. We hear by rumor that Jackson has been to Fairfax Courthouse, had a skirmish, took all there and returned to Manassas. I wouldn't wonder if he ventured to go to Baltimore, but he is too rapid to be placed in the front. The rest can't keep up with him. With many prayers and much anxiety I shall pass this night.

Friday. What a terrible day has this day been. I cannot think of the fearful carnage that has been and is still going on since eight o'clock this morning to the present hour, seven in the evening, has the battle raged terrible. One continuous roar of cannon and small arms. We have listened with hearts high, beating first with hope and then sinking with fear and sadness at the loss of life and immense suffering incurred this day. This suspense is agony. We cannot tell how the battle will end, either in victory or death. We hear General Ewell has been severely wounded, lost his leg. This is sad tidings. Oh Heavenly Father, hear the many prayers which are ascending from thousands of burdened hearts, spare, oh spare, our soldiers. Grant us victory and peace for Christ's sake. One bright ray of hope illumined this dark day. I hear that I may hope to see

my own precious Husband tomorrow.

Sunday, August 31st. Yesterday, Saturday, was a day of varied feelings. In the morning we were much terrified by the near approach of the battle. At one time we thought we should have to leave home for fear the battle would be around us. We were getting ready to start when Mr. Carter came and assured us there was no danger. I was very, very thankful to see him after so long an absence. Indeed, but for the terrible battle that was raging and our anxiety about the issue, I might have been truly happy at having my dear Husband with me. Persons, citizens and soldiers, were coming and going all day, all anxious and excited. The cannonade continues all through the night. We drove the enemy back last night, but with great loss on our side. The battle is not over yet for they are going at it again today. Artillery and small arms are again in full play. Oh, the sound is terrible to me. To think of so many precious lives being lost. To think of human beings thus destroying each other. I never wish to hear another cannon as long as I live. Mr. Carter left this morning to rejoin the Commissary waggons. He is acting Quartermaster in the absence of Doctor Grayson, who is sick in Richmond, and this, together with his own duties, keeps him very busy. He is not well either. Looks very thin. I can truly say my life now is one of constant prayer. I have so much to plead for. Country, Husband, Brother, and friends all in imminent danger.

Tuesday. The last two days I have been quite sick and nervous from ex-

citement and anxiety. The enemy was badly beaten back on Friday and Saturday, but have assembled in force towards Washington. We are expecting another large battle every day. Yesterday they, the Federals, were just carrying off their wounded under a flag of truce. We have had several wounded soldiers here and many well ones to feed. Dear Edward Carter is now with me. He is sick and waiting to go home. Richard McShirry came in today. We were much surprised to see him. He is from Baltimore, came over a month ago. Large numbers of Marylanders have come over lately. Dick is a private in the 1st Virginia Cavalry. He looks well and is a fine boy. Dear Mr. C. came back last evening, left this morning for either Maryland, Pennsylvania or Washington, they cannot tell. We may expect stirring news this month....

Saturday. We have been much occupied with feeding the poor soldiers. Walker's whole Division passed here on Friday. Waggon's by the hundreds following after. I suppose we have fed four or five hundred men in the last ten days. Mr. Carter came home late Wednesday night and left early Thursday morning for Leesburg. The Army has crossed the Rubicon, gone into Maryland and Pennsylvania. Mr. C. is on this side still with the Commissary stores. Mr. B. took in a wounded soldier to nurse, Captain I. Bradows, shot in the leg. He is coming on remarkably well. Anxious to get to his wife and family who are in Charlottesville. Our wounded soldier, Fred, came home Thursday evening. We much rejoiced to see him. His hand is still very painful. The sight of the poor soldiers tired and hungry makes my heart sick. Oh, that I could feed them all. For the past three or four nights, we have been surrounded by campfires in every direction. Cornfields and poultry have suffered much. Nearly all my chickens and ducks have gone, but I do not begrudge them.

Tuesday Night. Our Army is in Baltimore. This is the news brought by some of our cavalry. Mr. C. has gone into Maryland too. I cannot hear from him. The 10th Virginia Cavalry camps in Carter's Green field tonight. Plenty of soldiers all around the house. ■

INVENTORY REDUCTION SALE

Special Sale Ends March 15, 1991

THE CIVIL WAR ON VIDEOTAPE

1/3 OFF



30 Minute Tapes Only
(Normally priced at \$29.95)

\$19⁹⁵*
EACH
*Plus \$3.00 shipping

- ★ 1st MANASSAS ★ SHILOH
- ★ CHANCELLORSVILLE ★ VICKSBURG ★ FRANKLIN

60 Minute Tapes Only
(Normally priced at \$39.95)

\$26⁹⁵*
EACH
*Plus \$3.00 shipping

- ★ ANTIETAM ★ GETTYSBURG
- ★ SPOTSYLVANIA ★ ATLANTA

Classic Images
PRODUCTIONS INC.

1 • 800 • 888 • 5359
VISA/MASTERCARD

Dept. CWTI • Box 2399 • Columbia, MD 21045

CHESTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

announces the publication of

"If Thee Must Fight" A Civil War History of Chester County, Pennsylvania

by Douglas R. Harper

Doug Harper has written a thorough account of one Pennsylvania community's role in the Civil War. It is a book that traces the military careers of local notables such as Galusha Pennypacker, the hero of Fort Fisher, as well as how the war affected those left behind. It is also a book that explores how Quaker farmers and lawyers took up arms in the fight for the Union and against slavery. Distinguished Civil War historians have been generous in their praise for "If Thee Must Fight":

"This book is a superb amalgam of local history and Civil War regimental history, without the antiquarianism typical of these genres. It bristles with information and interpretations that open windows on issues of great national significance in the Civil War era. Of special merit is the account of black soldiers and of the impact of the war on their families back home in Chester County. An important addition to the shelf of Civil War books".

— James M. McPherson - Pulitzer Prize winning author of *Battle Cry of Freedom*

"If Thee Must Fight" (408 pp., 54 illustrations) is available by mail from Chester County Historical Society, 225 North High St., West Chester, PA 19380.

Cost: \$35.00, 6% sales tax (PA residents only), plus \$3.00 shipping.

For additional information call (215) 692-4800