

# «Дневник из Дикси» (‘Diary from Dixie’)

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Гражданская война глазами Мэри  
Чеснат

# Mary Boykin Miller Chesnut, 1823-1886



- Родилась 31 марта 1823 года в семье плантаторов Южной Каролины
- С 12 лет училась в школе Mme. Talvande's French School for Young Ladies, Чарльстон

# Mary Boykin Miller Chesnut, 1823-1886



- As her *Diary* constantly shows, **Mrs. Chesnut was a woman of society in the best sense.** She had love of companionship, native wit, an acute mind, knowledge of books, and a searching insight into the motives of men and women. She was also a notable housewife, much given to hospitality; and her heart was of the warmest and tenderest, as those who knew her well bore witness.

# Mary Boykin Miller Chesnut, 1823-1886



- Вышла замуж  
23 апреля 1840г  
(17 лет)
- М-р Джеймс Чеснат  
мл. старше жены  
на 8 лет  
(1815 – 1885 гг)

# James Chesnut, Jr.

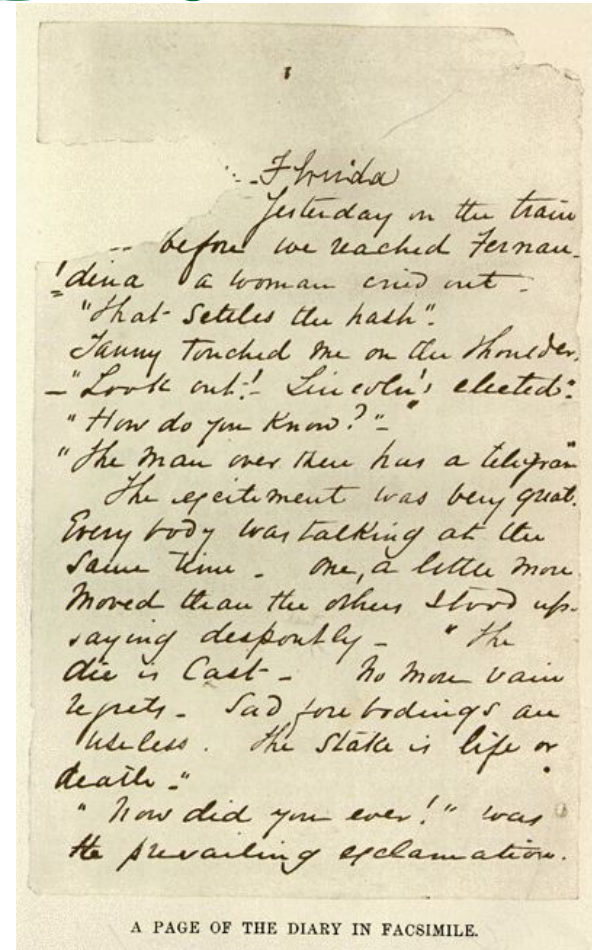
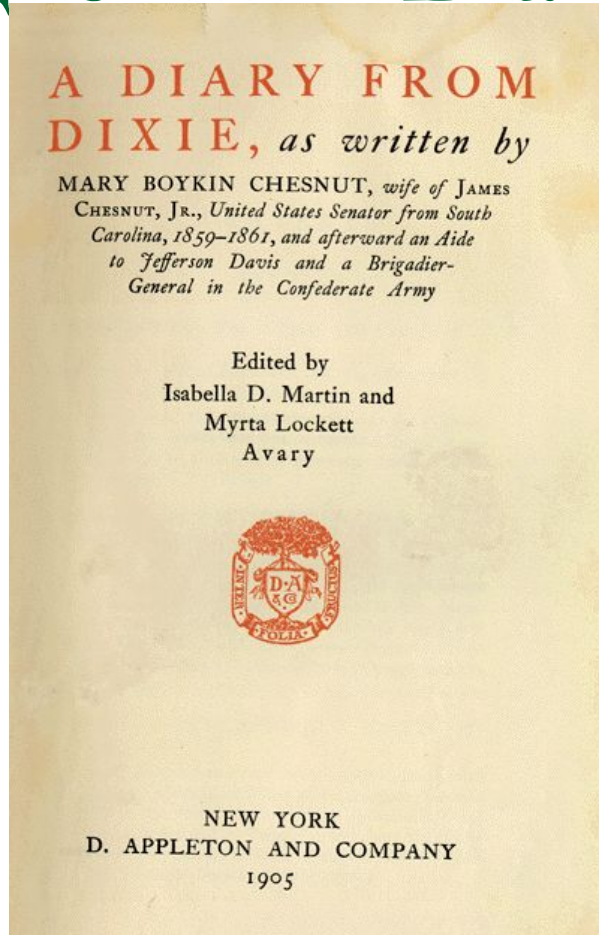
(January 18, 1815 – February 1, 1885)

- Младший сын плантатора Джеймса Чесната
- Получил образование в College of New Jersey (сейчас Университет Принстона)





# Дневник «Diary from Dixie»



# Дневник «Diary from Dixie»

- Темы дневника:
  - Война
  - Политика и ее деятели
  - Негры и мулаты
- *А также:*
  - Мода
  - Сплетни
  - Женщины и мужчины
  - Балы и развлечения

# Дневник «Diary from Dixie»

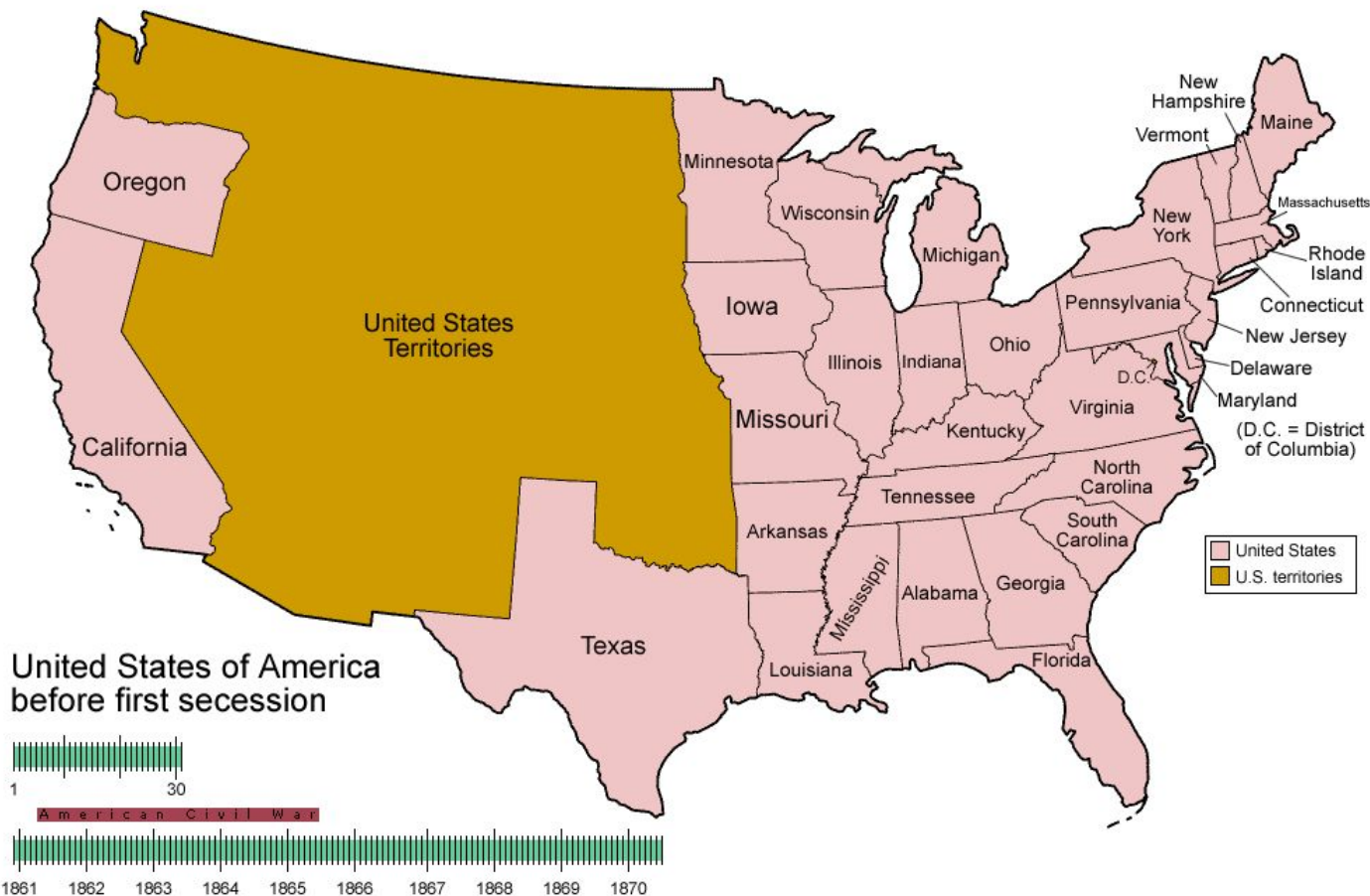
- До начала войны
- Политика
- Негры, метисы, мулаты и их роль в жизни южан



## «Diary...» - До начала войны

- *«Yesterday on the train, just before we reached Fernandina, a woman called out: "That settles the hash." Tanny touched me on the shoulder and said: "Lincoln's elected." "How do you know?" "The man over there has a telegram."»*
- *The excitement was very great. Everybody was talking at the same time. One, a little more moved than the others, stood up and said despondently: "The die is cast; no more vain regrets; sad forebodings are useless; the stake is life or death."»*

# «Diary...» - До начала войны



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## «Diary...» - До начала войны

- *«Mrs. Charles Lowndes was sitting with us to-day, when Mrs. Kirkland brought in a copy of the Secession Ordinance. ... They say I had better take my last look at this beautiful place, Combahee. It is on the coast, open to gunboats.»*
- (февраль 1861)

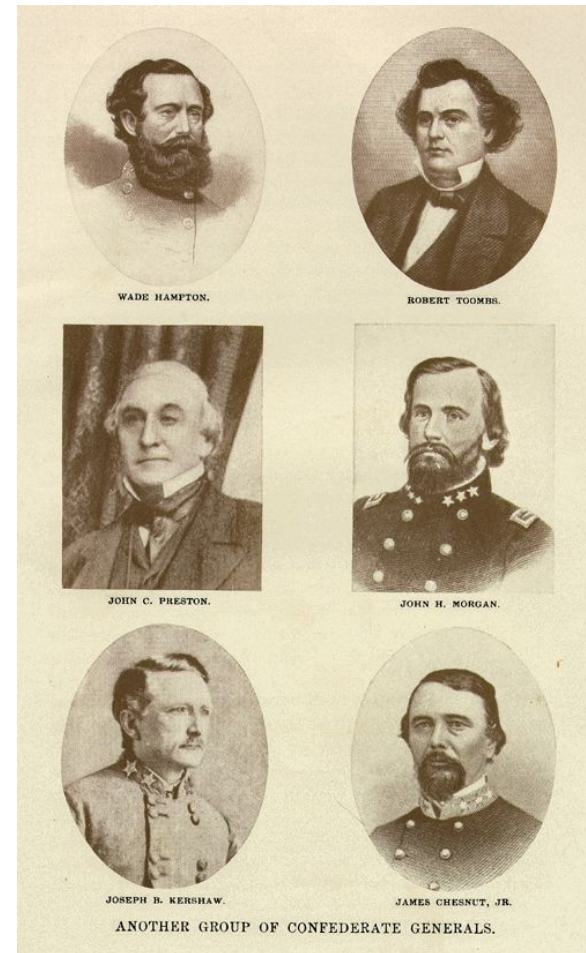
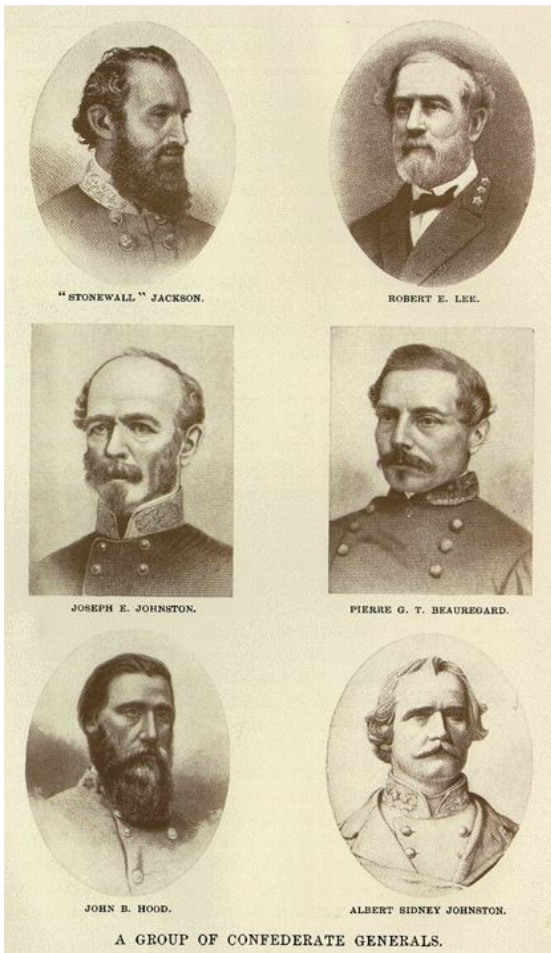
## «Diary...» - До начала войны

- *«My brother Stephen brought the officers of the "Montgomery Blues" to dinner. **"Very soiled Blues,"** they said, apologizing for their rough condition. Poor fellows! they had been a month before Fort Pickens and not allowed to attack it. ... "And now," say the Blues, **"we have worked like niggers, and when the fun and fighting begin, they send us home and put regulars there."** They have an immense amount of powder. The wheel of the car in which it was carried took fire. There was an escape for you! We are packing a hamper of eatables for them.»*
- (февраль 1861)

## «Diary...» - До начала войны

- *If I were at the North, I should expect them to belabor us, and should hold my tongue. **We separated North from South because of incompatibility of temper. We are divorced because we have hated each other so. If we could only separate, a "separation à l'agréable," as the French say it, and not have a horrid fight for divorce.***
- (март 1861)

# «Diary...» - Политика



## «Diary...» - ПОЛИТИКА

- *«We mean business this time, because of this convocation of the notables, this convention. In it are all our wisest and best. **They really have tried to send the ablest men, the good men and true. South Carolina was never more splendidly represented. Patriotism aside, it makes society delightful. One need not regret having left Washington.»***



«Mr. Toombs told us a story of General Scott and himself. He said he was dining in Washington with Scott, who seasoned every dish and every glass of wine with the eternal refrain, "Save the Union; the Union must be preserved." Toombs remarked that he knew why the Union was so dear to the General, and illustrated his point by a steamboat anecdote, an explosion, of course. While the passengers were struggling in the water a woman ran up and down the bank crying, "Oh, save the red-headed man!" The red-headed man was saved, and his preserver, after landing him noticed with surprise how little interest in him the woman who had made such moving appeals seemed to feel. He asked her "Why did you make that pathetic outcry?" She answered, "Oh, he owes me ten thousand dollars." "Now General," said Toombs, "the Union owes you seventeen thousand dollars a year!" I can imagine the scorn on old Scott's face.»

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- *«Then Mr. Browne came in with his fine English accent, so pleasant to the ear. **He tells us that Washington society is not reconciled to the Yankee régime. Mrs. Lincoln means to economize. She at once informed the majordomo that they were poor and hoped to save twelve thousand dollars every year from their salary of twenty thousand. Mr. Browne said Mr. Buchanan's farewell was far more imposing than Lincoln's inauguration.»***

# «Diary...» - Негры, метисы и мулаты



- To these it was no matter of surprise to learn that at his death General Chesnut, statesman and soldier, was surrounded by faithful friends, born in slavery on his own plantation, and that the last prayer he ever heard came from the lips of a negro man, old Scipio, his father's body-servant; and that he was borne to his grave amid the tears and lamentations of those whom no Emancipation Proclamation could sever from him, and who cried aloud: 'O my master! my master! he was so good to me! He was all to us! We have lost our best friend!'

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# «Diary...» - Негры, метисы и мулаты

- *I have seen a **negro woman sold on the block at auction**. She overtopped the crowd. I was walking and felt faint, seasick. The creature looked so like my good little Nancy, a bright mulatto with a pleasant face. She was magnificently gotten up in silks and satins. She seemed delighted with it all, sometimes ogling the bidders, sometimes looking quiet, coy, and modest, but her mouth never relaxed from its expanded grin of excitement. I dare say the poor thing knew who would buy her. I sat down on a stool in a shop and disciplined my wild thoughts. I tried it Sterne fashion. You know how women sell themselves and are sold in marriage from queens downward, eh? You know what the Bible says about slavery and marriage; poor women! poor slaves! Sterne, with his starling - what did he know? He only thought, he did not feel.*

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## «Diary...» - Негры, метисы и мулаты

- ***Met a distinguished gentleman that I knew when he was in more affluent circumstances. I was willing enough to speak to him, but when he saw me advancing for that purpose, to avoid me, he suddenly dodged around a corner - William, Mrs. de Saussure's former coachman. I remember him on his box, driving a handsome pair of bays, dressed sumptuously in blue broadcloth and brass buttons; a stout, respectable, fine-looking, middle-aged mulatto. He was very high and mighty.***

# «Diary...» - Негры, метисы и мулаты

- *Night after night we used to meet him as fiddler-in-chief of all our parties. He sat in solemn dignity, making faces over his bow, and patting his foot with an emphasis that shook the floor. We gave him five dollars a night; that was his price. His mistress never refused to let him play for any party. He had stable-boys in abundance. He was far above any physical fear for his sleek and well-fed person. How majestically he scraped his foot as a sign that he was tuned up and ready to begin!*

## «Diary...» - Негры, метисы и мулаты

- *Now he is a shabby creature indeed. He must have felt his fallen fortunes when he met me - one who knew him in his prosperity. **He ran away, this stately yellow gentleman, from wife and children, home and comfort. My Molly asked him "Why? Miss Liza was good to you, I know." I wonder who owns him now; he looked forlorn.***



## «Diary...» - Негры, метисы и мулаты

- *To-day he said: "Your conversation reminds me of a flashy second-rate novel." "How?" "By the quantity of French you sprinkle over it. Do you wish to prevent us from understanding you?" "No," said Trescott, " **we are using French against Africa.** We know the black waiters are all ears now, and we want to keep what we have to say dark.*

# «Diary...» - Негры, метисы и мулаты

- *John Chesnut is a pretty soft-hearted slave-owner. He had two negroes arrested for selling whisky to his people on his plantation, and buying stolen corn from them. The culprits in jail sent for him. He found them (this snowy weather) lying in the cold on a bare floor, and he thought that punishment enough; they having had weeks of it. But they were not satisfied to be allowed to evade justice and slip away. They begged of him (and got) five dollars to buy shoes to run away in. I said: "Why, this is flat compounding a felony." And Johnny put his hands in the armholes of his waistcoat and stalked majestically before me, saying, "Woman, what do you know about law?"*

## «Diary...» - Негры, метисы и мулаты

- *"Now, Miss Mary, you see me married to Jeems Whitaker yourself. I was a good and faithful wife to him, and we were comfortable every way - good house, everything. He had no cause of complaint, but he has left me." "For heaven's sake! Why?" "Because I had twins. He says they are not his because nobody named Whitaker ever had twins."*

# А также...



- Мода
- Сплетни
- Развлечения

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## А также... Мода

- *Mrs. Childs was here to-night (Mary Anderson, from Statesburg), with several children. She is lovely. **Her hair is piled up on the top of her head oddly. Fashions from France still creep into Texas across Mexican borders.** Mrs. Childs is fresh from Texas. Her husband is an artillery officer, or was. They will be glad to promote him here. Mrs. Childs had the sweetest Southern voice, absolute music. But then, she has all of the high spirit of those sweet-voiced Carolina women, too.*

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## А также... Мода

- *"Constitution" Browne says he is going to Washington for twenty-four hours. **I mean to send by him to Mary Garnett for a bonnet ribbon.** If they take him up as a traitor, he may cause a civil war. War is now our dread. Mr. Chesnut told him not to make himself a bone of contention.*

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## А также... Музыка

- *... She was playing "Yankee Doodle" on the piano before breakfast to soothe her wounded spirit, and the Judge came in and calmly requested her to "leave out the Yankee while she played the Doodle." The Yankee end of it did not suit our climate, he said; was totally out of place and had got out of its latitude.*



## А также... Балы

- *Mr. Hayne said his wife moaned over the hardness of the chaperones' seats at St. Andrew's Hall at a Cecilia Ball. She was hopelessly deposited on one for hours. "And the walls are harder, my dear. What are your feelings to those of the poor old fellows leaning there, with, their beautiful young wives waltzing as if they could never tire and in the arms of every man in the room. Watch their haggard, weary faces, the old boys, you know. At church I had to move my pew. The lovely Laura was too much for my boys. They all made eyes at her, and nudged each other and quarreled so, for she gave them glance for glance. Wink, blink, and snicker as they would, she liked it. I say, my dear, the old husbands have not exactly a bed of roses; their wives twirling in the arms of young men, they hugging the wall."*

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# А также... Прочие развлечения

- *Governor Manning came to breakfast at our table. The others had breakfasted hours before. I looked at him in amazement, as he was in full dress, ready for a ball, swallow-tail and all, and at that hour. "What is the matter with you?" "Nothing, I am not mad, most noble madam. I am only going to the photographer. My wife wants me taken thus." He insisted on my going, too, and we captured Mr. Chesnut and Governor Means. **The latter presented me with a book, a photo-book, in which I am to pillory all the celebrities.***

# Ох уж эти женщины!



- *Russell, the wandering English newspaper correspondent, was telling how very odd some of our plantation habits were. He was staying at the house of an ex-Cabinet Minister, and Madame would stand on the back piazza and send her voice three fields off, calling a servant. Now that is not a Southern peculiarity. **Our women are soft, and sweet, low-toned, indolent, graceful, quiescent. I dare say there are bawling, squalling, vulgar people everywhere.***

## А также... СПЛЕТНИ

- ***Harriet Lane has eleven suitors. One is described as likely to win, or he would be likely to win, except that he is too heavily weighted. He has been married before and goes about with children and two mothers. There are limits beyond which! Two mothers-in-law!***

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## А также... СПЛЕТНИ

- *Mrs. Reynolds stopped the carriage one day to tell me Kitty Boykin was to be married to Savage Heyward. **He has only ten children already. These people take the old Hebrew pride in the number of children they have.** This is the true colonizing spirit. There is no danger of crowding here and inhabitants are wanted. Old Colonel Chesnut said one day: "Wife, you must feel that you have not been useless in your day and generation. You have now twenty-seven great-grandchildren."*

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## А также... СПЛЕТНИ

- *Met the lovely Lucy Holcombe, now Mrs. Governor Pickens, last night at Isaac Hayne's. I saw Miles now begging in dumb show for three violets she had in her breastpin. **She is a consummate actress and he well up in the part of male flirt.** So it was well done.*



## А также... СПЛЕТНИ

- *Yesterday Mrs. Wigfall and I made a few visits. **At the first house they wanted Mrs. Wigfall to settle a dispute. "Was she, indeed, fifty-five?" Fancy her face, more than ten years bestowed upon her so freely.** Then Mrs. Gibbes asked me if I had ever been in Charleston before. Says Charlotte Wigfall (to pay me for my snigger when that false fifty was flung in her teeth), "and she thinks this is her native heath and her name is McGregor." She said it all came upon us for breaking the Sabbath, for indeed it was Sunday.*

# О чем еще говорят?

- Смерти
- Рождения и дети
- Новости с фронта
- Призывы к победе



# Смерти

- ***Drove to-day with a lady who fervently wished her husband would go down to Pensacola and be shot. I was dumb with amazement, of course. Telling my story to one who knew the parties, was informed, "Don't you know he beats her?" So I have seen a man "who lifts his hand against a woman in aught save kindness."***

- *Louisa Hamilton came here now. This is a sort of news center. To divert Louisa from the glories of "the Battery," of which she raves, **we asked if the baby could talk yet. "No, not exactly, but he imitates the big gun when he hears that. He claps his hands and cries 'Boom, boom.'**" Her mind is distinctly occupied by three things: Lieutenant Hamilton, whom she calls "Randolph," the baby, and the big gun, and it refuses to hold more.*

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## Еще немного о войне

- *Mrs. Frank Hampton knows already what civil war means. **Her brother was in the New York Seventh Regiment, so roughly received in Baltimore. Frank will be in the opposite camp.***

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- *Willie Preston fired the shot which broke Anderson's flag-staff. **Mrs. Hampton from Columbia telegraphed him, "Well done, Willie!" She is his grandmother, the wife, or widow, of General Hampton, of the Revolution, and the mildest, sweetest, gentlest of old ladies.** This shows how the war spirit is waking us all up.*

- *When we had calmed down, Colonel Chesnut, who had taken it all quietly enough, if anything more unruffled than usual in his serenity, told us how the surrender came about. Wigfall was with them on Morris Island when they saw the fire in the fort; **he jumped in a little boat, and with his handkerchief as a white flag, rowed over.** Wigfall went in through a porthole. When Colonel Chesnut arrived shortly after, and was received at the regular entrance, Colonel Anderson told him he had need to pick his way warily, for the place was all mined.*

- *Met John Darby at Atlanta and told him he was Surgeon of the Hampton Legion, which delighted him. He had had adventures. With only a few moments on the platform to interchange confidences, he said he had remained a little too long in the Medical College in Philadelphia, where he was some kind of a professor, and they had been within an ace of hanging him as a Southern spy. "Rope was ready," he sniggered. At Atlanta when he unguardedly said he was fresh from Philadelphia, he barely escaped lynching, being taken for a Northern spy. "Lively life I am having among you, on both sides," he said, hurrying away. And I moaned, "Here was John Darby like to have been killed by both sides, and no time to tell me the curious coincidences." What marvelous experiences a little war begins to produce.*



# И несколько иллюстраций



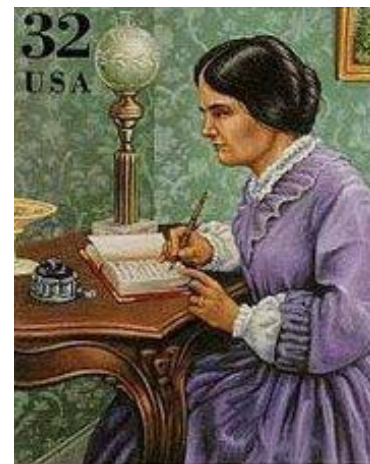
THE OLD BAPTIST CHURCH IN COLUMBIA, S. C.  
Here First Met the South Carolina Secession Convention.



VIEW OF CHARLESTON DURING THE WAR.  
From an Old Print.



FORT SUMTER UNDER BOMBARDMENT.  
From an Old Print.



Спасибо за внимание!

