Facing the Conquerors

July 6, 1863

You think you see a Johnny Reb or is it a Yankee spy? Neither. Wars for generals and boys. No good workman flourishes when men are bercerk to destroy. I left Ohio and home to build. I built sound and stout on these hills, including this house your horse is pissing on. See the Green home—down by the English church in the hillslope, the church Mary and the girls attend—three stories high and me and my men placed every brick to a straight edge.

Keep your silver; I want nothing to do with your contraband. I didn't come South to receive stolen goods, but to build sturdy beauty—like a good workman.

I saw those Minnesota boys hoist their colors over the courthouse. I neither cheered nor cried, just glad it's over. Now I can get back to brick. Ain't a house escaped shelling.

This damn war nearly wrecked me. I came along fine until the war came—building reputation for building strong and good. I had calls for my hand as far east as Jackson, south as Natchez and west as Hard Times. The war bugled an end to all that. Damned Davis, damned Lincoln, damned Pemberton, Grant, and all who monger in war, not brick.

Sure I made a buck or two, own this block this house is on and intend to own more, if this country gets back to sense. I didn't come South for nothing. I came to make my way with my hand.