Mid June morning - 1864.

The sun breaks through the clouds so reluctantly, after these many days of darkness and storms - I half believe it is a brightened view of good things in store for us this year - which perhaps will
be a Mid June miracle, in the history of our nation.

'Do pray in so weary Souls and to the close, which falls on this Accident which, filling only His pain & heart - it comes back to the heart with lived things - but no signs of Peace.

Of friends so far away - the loved - the loved! I cannot go to Mid June praying, Their would search out my bonds, across the dark yuf that causes us, a dark yuf over me:

I can only feel to my heart with spiritual sins, long with whom I have not, Ever Commissions of love,

But the chilling thought - perhaps I am forgotten by those whom I remember in that far away land. At it, seem so far
away now, still needing! The clouds in the darkness bright
its dawn heavier and closer around us. The way grows narrower, and the day dark for which we have watchful
beads not yet through, this thickening darkness. Still I am
not; for me and their words of cheer & loving remembrance a
name for me as of my dear hands. I know not(false)
moans. So I may be happy in their coming. Then I am
small soul, we so often meeting those whose hearts are fair
of a lofty patriotism. Just things not at giving of
houses & lands, men servants & maid servants of the may
't have a Country once more,

We who dwell in that old North land, Can win
Kind as it is known how little life and liberty possess are worth, without a Government to shield and defend it, seems to lose up, and be no star illumined banner waving above you. I am free to profess my freedom.

But we move ourselves against the fair, and believe that this strife between faith and reason must soon triumphantly for truth. Humbly as I seek all while with my stars, alas, unperceivable to Columbus's land, be as lifted up purified spirits, that we shall be proud to call it ours.

May pole, pole face, my County, ye shall flourish with flowering bloom.

James I. Dated this morning.

Me, I buy this load of fodder. "How is better later it. I reckon the last fodder or any thing else, I shall even bring me." Why so? I ask. "Well, one ordered off to Virginia. They got me in this war in last. I didn't want to have any thing to do with it any how. I didn't want for business - but then are two ones who have to go a fight round - and they who come so fast for war, they can't. I thought them all enough, and they worked hard enough to try at home the balance of my life. Leaving a deep right feeling things got me well, and I speak them to mind getting away from them. I don't want to fight the further just the thing is always treated me well enough. Where shall they find this fodder?"

Mr. I lies out ten miles in the country, and has brought us good things for man and beast, year after year. His honesty including and ContentmentCommand
the respect of all who knew him. We grow to liking such characters; we love to see them happy and prosperous. Getting something more than in their present position—laying up more, above, we are told, they surely must.

So I am conscious of a pleasant intimations, whenever I see that kind, honest, cheerful face coming towards the way than the mine; fresh butter, eggs or bread come when they face does, makes the arrival of Farmer T. a pleasant—privy in their quiet life of mine. But his face looked, last this morning—though week resigned. After me, I—luck him good day, he turned, back to say, "I wonder my old woman will be coming to town. Sometimes, and she is having some butter and eggs, when I am gone."

I felt really sad when I saw him going away—leaving his old horses which he seemed to have a great admiration for—setting up in that great lumbering wagon—looking so martyr-like, as if he were a life and his loves, and it was his duty to forget it all, and try to kill somebody, though he should know about it.

Long I sat and thought—and wondered, as many others did, not doubt—why such things are permitted; why the innocent and loyal must suffer, whilst the guilty rebels can stay at home in quiet safety! But it would be, I think for us to know that He willed it—this great Father, whose compassion is infinite.
looked out to the window, where the Tennessee boy was going and I saw him last, and the last of him was exactly like the yellow clover, so comforted the look, as if waiting for another acquaintance. I asked an attendant where that duty was and who was to help them. "A big chief yesterday, and been buried." Some hours at last, straight, and his journey's heart is at rest.

This has been an uneventful day, but I am sitting on the verandah at the rear door now to tell how it was passed. It is winter now—winter in name, though the air is soft as an evening in May. But no flowers are blooming around me—only wintry leaves. They close and form in a quiet way, as the eyes are clean to see. All this leaf of Southern life is not withered, but is falls back to earth upon my head.

I wish still for the mighty to come and roll away the snow from the tomb into which slavery has ensnared every living being. I hope to help great free men and women, and live as we have never lived in this land before. It is terrible to dwarf the soul, that this body may rise.

There are those classes who are looking anxiously for the coming of the victors. There also have been Country and Union, the latter with the loyalty of God, and the former are suffering for the common comfort of life, and this nation of negroes who have patient waited through long years for their deliverance to come. They stretch forth their hands in well pleading for what every human heart knows to be the birthright of freedom. In the commencement of this war, the fear was unnecessary, but they could be "kings" or "kneelers" without number.

But
Nothing of the kind. The negroes go along with the same submission that characterized the race. In almost every available white man is
related to the fields—ladies are, often, left alone on large
plantations, with hundreds of slaves to care for. One Bodine
told me his mother plantation was surrounded by rich
slaves—and thus are not a white man or one of them.

There are isolated cases of insurrection or insurrections,
but they are no more frequent than in times of peace.

After Mr. Lincoln’s proclamation, great improvement
was felt as to the result among the negroes; for not the
most ignorant one could be found, but what desired
of it, and understood its import. Not one change was
ruinous; though, who can tell of the wild burst of joy that
thrilled their hearts, when they felt that their chains were
at last broken! They can tell how many “Pray de Lord!
Pray de Lord,” went up from cabin homes, their clapping
hands were gathered around the lighted charge—on wings,
to heaven silently, because they could not be spoken
in words alone.

Tyranny regulations are enforced, all of which are
submitted to quietly. If a negro is found, out after nine
o’clock in the evening, even with a pass from his owner, they are
carried off to the “Cabolong.” They can have no society, “pleasuring
—are, long before then, church and taken for a hospital,
no meetings are held without a force of policeman along.
friends, with their clubs in readiness. These measures
improved, for there is no ease way to convince them that this
whole thing is wrong, and a consciousness is thus forced
upon them—shame they choose to use it.
I remarked to a Southern lady, that it was surprising that
the slaves whom so much trouble had been anticipated, had
given the least. She thought it was because a great
faith in their final freedom had given them patience,
and, they were determined to wait to see what this war
would do for them. She said it would be the war that
family that could buy all the slaves, if such a thing
was possible, that they should gain their independence;
for the slaves knew that all, before this war off, and no
thought to that would not any longer submit to their
masters, and we should continue slaves never dreamed
of before. Mrs. Mrs. said, if there were no other reason for
leaving the Southern Confederacy would be a greater. This
would be enough. Among the negroes has been under Conscription
sometimes and it amuses them exceedingly. This lady's
husband was a faithful and intelligent servant. Said to her
one day—"Missus, they better keep them pens out of our
folks hands, cause they Dining which way we going to shut?"
A woman came to see me about some troubled into
her said, "My husband can't get detached any longer. He has
already been published as a deserter, and been I to get
head for my children, when meat is twenty dollars a barrel,
and I have been poor health." Then she cried, and again—
"O, I wish they Yankees could not get lazy, before we are all
murdered, and stars to death!" This woman has five children,
the oldest, a daughter about sixteen, has a bad cough,
but walks two miles to town to obtain Government rations.
She bought blue grays to eat, but the material is
of the heaviest kind. She gets one dollar for pants, a dollar a half, for coats, and fifty cents for shirts. She has been sewing for months to get a pair of shoes, and came yesterday to show them to me--she was so delighted. She is not doing her tickets, and will receive the money for her sewing, paying the world, since she has to spend it until she has enough to buy her a Calico dress. Calico is ten and twelve dollars a yard. Is it any marvel that crime and prostitution are so common? This girl is intelligent and refined, in her feelings, and she often cries when she tells me of the insults she receives from the men who deal with the work.

Many a woman walks eight or ten miles to land to get doing; they often have no shoes, or only thin mules of clothes, "pitched without," and rarely ever wear stockings--for this simply reason, they have none. The clothes of this country women are sometimes made of flour sacks, cloth, calico, gingham, "permanente" and longago, chipmunk--and others made of strong or the long camel's hair, taken from place.

Feb 14th, 1864

Bolivian. What rest there is in this word. Bolivian! Like a hushing lullaby, it falls upon the weary spirit that has battled with the world through dark toilsome days. It is a "place to be still," the wild waves of imagination, of care and uncertainty which if we listen, they "say," and sleep until the stormy voices of a Monday-morning world awaken them again.

I remained at home this morning--substituting the children's missings, Bolivian school for church services; for if I attend
the latter, I saw like the woman who spent an all upon physicians, and was "nothing bettered, but rather made worse."
I became only more and more embittered, by hearing from the pulpit such idle assertions continually cast upon the government. Such prayers for its destruction. Such assertions that every cause was just, and a just God will crown it with success.
After dinner, a gentleman and his wife called: they apologized for coming to day, but Mr. B. said, he was in trouble, and wanted sympathy. He is part of the present Congress, and says he has considered himself a free man, if any such are to be found within the limits of the Confederacy. He said on going to Savannah, he was arrested and conscript of his exemption papers, and his statements as to his age, they enrolled him on the conscript list. He is a Southern, but says he will die before he will turn fight for this cause. He obtained a weekly furlough; which he will improve by tending his cotton land. One would, it was lamentable, instead of the fair fruits, to which longing eyes were once turned, as if it were an Eden of pleasure and beauty. And, to escape in this manner — as well with rebels as animals. The former used to exercise from the pleasant land. Their folly has turned into a pest, — they butchered from the flames. Their own hands have kindled.
This friend asked to see a little theater, but as he knew I had, and where it was spread before him, he did not speak for a minute or two. His wife called him. For his eyes became life still; but he spoke at last — "A fool! Where shall we see this dear old flag, waving in triumph over this wretched land? I wish every act of wickedness無論
protracted here might be published to the whole world; but it can be told. The power of darkness reigns, and every thing that can disgrace, officers, and, Canoe and the last remaining spark of freedom and manhood, is asserted to. I lost my own self respect, by taking the officers as I did, in order to obtain the laws of J. A. G. H. He left me good bye, with a "God bless you". He goes forward; his wife and children will follow as soon as he has left lines to cross the lines.

Have just read an article from the N. Y. Daily News. "What is this war for? Can it be that there are any among whom are trying to discourage patriots who would lay down life to save their Country? Any who seek to cripple any Government as it battles with its enemies? Southern papers have hinted of these things, but we cannot, not believe them presently. A all good home-owners come and taste the bitter medicine of those who face death, and a speedy cure will be effected. The briefest sojourn at Andersonville would be different.

March 1st, 1864

Mrs. B. spent the day with me. She was very sad, for she has been unsuccessful in trying to make her exit from this country. Says she will never ask her friends to be untruthful as to command her as legal, Colis Davis government, in order to obtain a passport, for she will be free when she leaves this land, and will not place herself under any restraint, which she would feel until
The draft by receiving a passpart, one of the conditions being
not to communicate any thing that may prove detrimental
to the Confederate States. My husband has not been
heard from since he left. She knows nothing of his fate—
whether he waits to welcome her on the other side, or
has been suddenly disposed of by some murderous guerrilla.

She is to love and hate, with all the ardor of her Southern
nature. She loves her country and hates its enemies. "O" said
she to my son. "Mr. Lincoln is too good, too kind. I wish he could
be removed, and a perfect tiger be put in his place; for any
one who dare to seek for honor, is guilty of murder, and
should be treated accordingly."

A gentleman of opposite sentiments from this lady, said to
me not long ago. "We must not give up and, back as our
ancestors, deem Enryme men sweat volunteers (be hold lets
repentance paper clerks) for if this thing fails, there are
some men who will certainly have to hang Jeff Davis, Howell
Abb. Eads Brown, and others. If the U.S. Government dont
hang them, our own people will, for bringing upon us
so much misery and destruction."

March 12 12 1864

Rare goods it is hard to get. Shopping, I find,
is worthy enough to hold all, the "needy." And it seems to
be making more than one purchase. From my account book, which
I prepare to keep for the amusement of future generations, I wonder
by this entry.

1 pair shavings $0.10
3 yr. beef 73.
1 bottle old rum 2.0
2 ounces ginger 4
1 brown 6
1 ham 5 4
1 bush "Cocopea" 18
1 sack of flour 12.0
4 pints butter 4.0
3 gallons syrup 6 0
1 wheat 2 8
1 hogs ham 15 0
5 pints Coffee 5 0
Marino, chives 4 0
Celio chives 14 8
garters 1 1 0

Ah! When I was at this morning, a Harper's Magazine was given me. It is long since you and I have met old friend but no signs of age, or change, are visible on your familiar face. The same bright, cheerful look as when you made your monthly visits to my pleasant home. Melissa who is now contemplating the picture on the cover says: "My Wife Abby—that little girl, with a basket of flowers on her head, kaunt Gill them all but Jill!" He remembers the picture, and his fancy, that the basket was full of chives instead of flowers; seeing the American "Early associations." After clerking on "free, Southern literature" so long, these words from the breathing thinking world, are doubly welcome. Here are Ireland, travelers telling of the realm of fruit & food, where grandeur and beauty dwell. Who imagines any body can enjoying any thing
Save feeling & fighting! From the Editor's table, the
feud of Wesson is still spread, in largeness and leni-
ence of thought. And, that old, Ever, Their reply
'to end is not upon its 'last leg' yet, but goes tumbling
around, picking up genes and so altering them again.
The Remain 19, 13 is filled, as in the peaceful yester days,
from the battle field, and Camping ground. Some Ports of
mint, occasionally, and it is well - better, than to forever
strain the heart, to hear only the wall of anguish.

But to Mr. Harper - if you had, only have felt, more
upon these fashions! for the face once in Zennarom ac-
knowlsec to know of the latest styles for their "homepun" goals.
Though you could have no assurance that this par-
ticular letter was destined to float down to others by way
of Parma Ksenan and various other ports. This Magazine
is written of an ancient state - just as good for us
beigneted beating. My dear Harper - you more favored
readers who live in a breathing atmosphere, cannot find what
it is to paint in a huge tomb, shut out from all this
life's - just for the strong deep aspiration whilst the air
of yesteryear gives. They cannot know what it is, to only catch
this far off murmurs of the great active living world, with
no full, clear notes falling upon the ear.

We are glad to see you are batting for the right. No
vaccination - no hidden disloyalty - but satisfaction devotion &
truth.
Oh, led, those beaten, who have promised to come!
With one hand an uprighted to be shown them on - with the
other we pront to those who weary in their long waiting.
have closed, and are dying; our friends & those remnant friends - prisoners, whose lives are peacefully passing, while looking for delivery or exchange. As the exchange for which they wait, is only to give up a worthless captive called life, and be tumbled into the trenches, which the inhuman keepers are ambitious to have filled with a hundred a day.


Saturday evening and along. Sounds of distant amuse from the band, float higher. The band! but it doesn't come with these grand old anthems of our nation whose remnant strains still echo in the ear, though memory is almost dead. Hail, if he must close Memory, punish too. No, no, of hearing former "rattlin' the flag" and spirit - and think it would be delightful. She awakened some of those bright spring mornings, Hail Columbia!

My friend, Frank, called to-day. Perfectly cast down. She is heart broken, having her husband, her left her with her four little ones to battle with this terrible life alone. He was obliged to leave her, her, but continually to act falsehoods, in order to live at all; and even falsehood could not any longer keep him from his heart. Sadness

* The Southern men have cried in this city recently, used things and talked of nothing else, but the coming of the Union Army. I was told the act of Passion literally broke the head of one of them. He was a man of wealth and intelligence, but tried to die not only to see the triumph of his Gouverment. Another  lawyer of eminence, Chief Justice, while making a Union speech! His last words were for his Country.
where husbands go North, are the subject of bitter animosities and—but they care very little for them. It is amusing to hear of the wonderful things that are to be done after we gain our independence. Some propose to have every gentleman that remains here channel into a negro, and compelled to work by his side. Nearly every paper advocates the propriety of never allowing a man of Northern birth to vote in the South again!

WELCOME LETTERS again from [-]. He tells me to leave this land, and not stay a moment for any provisional consideration, hinting that it may be long before our anticipations are realized. Next he leaves the decision with me, as he can know nothing of the difficulties attending an exit from these boundaries. The fear of whom I have taken counsel—say, remain when I am by all means. It is easy always to follow advice which accords with our own inclinations. So long have, our great hopes been burdened with my life, that a life without them—or without seeing their realization—would seem useless. I would not see enough, to sit in a quiet room, a thousand miles away and read in some, morning paper—"On the 1st of —, long lines of blue swift through the streets of Atlanta. And, can one wonder, like bleeding hands.

"Hands of many of the cities, and the wild, fare which legal black could not utter for very gladness. They came as congress this time, and not as captives."

Oh no! this is not enough. I must see the triumphant Army as it marches triumphantly into the city, where it—have
been so often said: "The Persians Shall Never Come!"—
must hear the notes of victory—must clasp the hands
of those who have waited together for the day of triumph
rejoicing. Had would it grieve the heart of the traveler
who had wandered far, and climbed, from the icy
Alps, highest summit, to watch from thrones the rising sun,—
and just as his glad eye caught the first golden
heavenings in the eastern sky—if he then must turn from
what his soul had painted to behold—closed to the monoto-
monotonous scene below, and, love, the joy of a life time!

With friends—when alone, or even, or if I wake
in the dark—grim prison-walls seem up before me, but no
peace come of my going there. The ill one, by remaining
here, I can better aid, in obtaining 10—10—10—by 10.
So I shall wait for the close of the drama—will—where
is my home, and there are my hopes.

Rided up earth encircles our city, and the
"workmen" as little Wells calls are very near my home.
When I first saw the city darkening, and the red clay
heaping up—a feeling of suffocation came over me. It
seemed as if the earth was opening her mouth to dwell
us up.

Yesteryear I went wandering round among the old
ruins of Concordia—spell bound. Every broken down
wall whispered, a wonderful story, and every little
hollow was some hero's grave. As I made
the old embankments, grass was growing, and wild flowers
blooming; the little rusty cannon ball, which I found
partly unearthed, seemed a priceless treasure. A little
What a wild charm, was every foot of that little green invested! But no wind, nor woman in the little cabin where the loving girl sat down to rest ever looked into her hand so kindly, and told her she would sometimes go way off to a beautiful land, but darkest years would then come. Her home would be surrounded by forts and fortifications and perhaps cannons would thunder about her, and shot men fall thick as autumn leaves. But the soldiers assuring her it, will not be so. They say they declare are no protection - a cat could jump across them. "I love you," she muttered. She surely no uneasiness. In case it was possible for the enemy to come down into Virginia so far, and Johnston falls back here - the boys all say they will fall back home, for well know there there's no use in fighting any longer. So to that, they say it would be a hundred times better to give up now, before we're all killed, etc. They are casting every day any way.

Frelon is much beloved by his men, he cared for them comfort, and treats them kindly. Gregg was an object of hate; he was unmanly and cruel. His soldiers were often shot down by his orders, for the slightest offense. One was put to death for stealing a chicken. Another obtained some of absence to go home and attend to a sick wife. The child, and he remained, two or three days over his time of care for the motherless children, and started back to his camp. He was met by a gang of men who came to arrest him as a clairvoyant, and as such was taken to the camp; he relates of a circumstance which obtained him - but it, was of no
avail he has ordered free shot at ones. They began to
bandage his eyes; he would allow it—saying it was not
necessary— he was a man, and had met death too often
on the battle field, to shrink from it now. So he folded his
arms across his breast— was shot down by his comrades. The man
who related this, said he never painted before, but because
not littler this scene unaided—for the Bollicio had been
with him all through the war—and was always faithful
and brave. Many similar instances are reported, which
show the cruelty of the former Commanders. His Bollicio's
used often to declare they would aim their bullets
at him first— even they ever engaged in battle.

There is a boarding received near by, named by Soldiers who
are anything but protectors. They are engaged in furnacing within
every night; nothing is considered safe which can be carried
away. During the operation of furnace, they call upon all alike;
one might taking four thousand dollars worth of provisions
from my neighbors story room the next day. Entering a poor
woman and taking her of any articles of clothing of which she had
accepted herself upon going elsewhere—and all of her Christmas
garments also. One might— they called it “our libraries” —Carried
off two tubs of linen— both every implement lying about the yard.
and more than all, they stole my beautiful Serge—my costly goods
more than all, they stole my beautiful Serge—my costly goods
man the last of these, I had permitted it. Four years ago
he was dedicated for a feast day. He went to his Silences away
life in a lofty seat—and we thought he was safe—but alas he
is gone. We will never spare any talks on feast days, or fairdays,
with excellence peace. With no more strict about this lord of those premises. A. Rouge
Mr. Cotham to think your life should be given at least to
rather rebels! It is to be hoped that the men whose name you hear, will never follow your "illustrious example."

Sabbath—after Church. A good sermon this morning, but it was spoiled by the last word, which was Confucius instead of Heaven. Since they were brought to Economics by song—bist one would judge it was not so bad, for the Egyptians meet men's minds to escape from the former.

Not long ago, I attended a really eloquent sermon, but the minister closed by pointing his hearers to regret, and not to Christ.

Can't read or think to day. All begins to feel that we are on the eve of stirring events. Here, immense preparations which we hear are being made by "the Enemy"—shred that something will be done. Something strange rumors come to us. The voices of spring whisper strange things. There is a breath and gust—which portends a storm. Set it down!

I feel, rather to day, too tired of this monstrous life, and, never. With I could see these lofty mountains surging against the sky, that used to look so grand, and holy when this Sabbath, Sunbeams fell upon them.

We need something more than soft air, and sweet flowers, to thrill the soul; we can float on those—but can be lifted up only in the presence of Mount; Velas and Niagara.
March 28th, 1864

Saviers have been my experience today. All I can report my feelings this morning, listening to the beating of a cold, March wind, which mingled with a few birds' song and made a not very joyous morn. There appeared in spirit, turned, from the morning report, and bright myself away from all intiation. Abashed to own it, but I had painted by the way—had not endured to the end. So I took up my mother's work, not truly fell sleep, and my eye, caught, they. And this Lord, shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought, and make fat the bones: and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not.”

Heard a voice from the blue skies above, called, my name, addressed to me. They beautiful words— they would not cease any more spoken to me. Then when I tell them on their leaves yellowed by June in my mother’s wilt, they were coating storms in the cloud, and, my hurt was already like a watered garden, and I felt the little joy, flowers blooming there.

After dinner, came a poor woman, and her wife, & thank heaven for it. In true as usual—a husband gone. The sixth and the same as. “How can I get bread for my children?” So, upon the left, two more come on the same errand. The husband of one, killed in battle long ago, the other sixth & wounded. They with their rich neighbors prevailed, their husbands to volunteer in the first of the war, promising that their families should never suffer. But the promises were soon forgotten.

The little Seeing they could, not, barely kept them alive. This class of women knew nothing about work, done of this...
Dear Sir,

I am writing this letter to you with all due respect, to express my heartfelt gratitude for your kind words and support in my recent situation. Your assistance has been invaluable to me, and I cannot thank you enough for your generosity.

The reason why I am writing to you today is to request your help in obtaining a loan from the local bank. I am currently facing financial difficulties due to an unexpected medical emergency, and I need the funds to cover the medical expenses and other necessary costs.

I understand that you are a busy professional, but I hope you can spare some time to consider my request. I am willing to provide any necessary documentation or guarantees to secure the loan.

I promise to repay the loan as soon as I am able to, and I assure you that I will make every effort to maintain good credit standing in the future.

Thank you in advance for considering my request. I look forward to hearing from you soon.

Yours sincerely,
[Sender's Name]
black raven - but my love been., prevent in one foot, with head, folded between a white wing. Had many sedate wings, that their mortal eyes see not, and, watching eyes are beaming about me - I cannot find, but something a sense of security fills my heart, and this solitude and stillness seems not oppressive. Visions within - which is unbroken run by croakets' chiefs, or "Old Clock on the Stairs" ticking out - "Termin - now!"

"Never - forever!"

Oh, Muffin, jump down! One bone lain curled up in my life like a great black cat within long enough. I must brighten these fires - don't like these stifling flashes. Those! And the flames are dancing, A dash! mysterious ware. Ending amidst warmest from some unknown place - you climb. Kind when, in wailing compared to the old primitive fireplace, must you can throw on the "lighttime" and watch the sparks to the flames, which can kindly - pleasant to take sympathetic friends. Write a cat-a
dog – a child, - a book, - pencil and paper, and - bright cheerful fire - also can be kind? And yet – the cat + Child full
4 sleep for want of getting - the book is dropped - pencil lies on the paper uncared - the fire dies down, because thoughts leads me out away from the present - bidding me fear not into the future - then compelling me to wander far back. There are dreams we keep on dreaming - this are remembered toils - they are happy and sorrowful memories folded away in the heart's deep places, and sometimes are
4 softly close, as we would glide silently into the darkened room where our lost dead are lying. We lift veil slightly, veil that covers them - take away the clouded gloom...
And thus fresh themes one two — five another and another both — let this lifted voice fall back again to go away.

March 22d 1864

To day I received a letter from my friend Mrs. R. — She had succeeded in getting as far as Sackett's. Her adventures are amusing. She paid eight hundred dollars for a conveyance to take her forty miles, and was perfectly pleased with the performance of town driving the line. On acts and symptoms Ventures she tried to convey to some new article she closed not with — if full — but I could not comprehend their import.

The orchards that once abode with peaches become a few days since, are blanched and obliterated now. The front has cut off the last prophecies of delicious fruit which were being cut a thousand of them — on every day. A dream project is a long Southern summer without a single day's checkéd peace of chance. So it has been every year since the war began — and yet we are told 'God is on our side.'

Mrs. R. — spent the morning with me. She says the prisoners have been dying rapidly since the U. S. Surrender was left. The Confederate Major who has the care of them now, remarked to a person, who understood what he meant, this entitled to a friend of the prisoners — that he 'managed to get rid of the Yankees' mighty fast.' Since, he began to attend them. One of the prisoners told a lady that he had not been taking any medicines of their own cuisines — was not sick — but as soon as they left, the rebel Major brought him medicine and compelled him to take it two or three times a day.
and he was sick and in earnest, and was growing worse. They all believe that this poison is being administered to them - but say they would as soon die, as go to Andersonville. Why they are not if changed seemed incomprehensible to their poor suffering men who feel that they are forgotten by a Government they loathed. Their lives to save - and are now left to die a thousand deaths in those unhealthful prison

The following announcement is made in one of the morning papers. "We have been permitted to examine a February number of Seely's Daily Stock. It appears from the fashion plates, that the Yankee women still dress as cautably as ever. We observed old-new styles of mourning cloths for the many thousand of our Yankee brothers who are mourning Southerntrait with their rotting carcasses. They wear hoops, very small collars and pretty high hats. As large numbers of their men have been killed, we join our Yankee girls are preparing the way to dress as nearly like men as possible, just to keep up the idea that men are about." Their advice is given to the mind girls to make their own fashions for all time to come. To shun this independence and manufacturing their hoops out of preparing if nothing better can be had."

Another article on Sen. Butler - also is certainly blessed with letters which are Brat, Brat, and Brat. A rare bit of history was published in one of our city papers not long ago - relating to Mr. Slidell's earlier life. The editor in announcing it says - "He publish to clay, the pedigree of the vile monster Slidell. No truthfulness may be select
upon. None will fail to read it."

"An object of so much abhorrence as the man or animal, and degrading the existence of the North, must excite some curiosity as to his history—while when given, will convince us that he is a most fit and appropriate instrument for the administration of the brutal, cruel and inhumane views of the Yankee Ligits; whose Suffrage, made him their Chief magistrate. This forms a long account of the early and later life of the Subject of Cullum—whose, this name is stated to be Abraham Banks.

"He has not one redeeming trait of character. His corruption seems the radical, his faults indeed, his meanness and diabolical orgone. His proclamation is a stupendous crime, a curse to his name, to which the impiety of a Nero or a Caligula will be light and harmless. So the North he bestrides a load of crime that will weigh down its reputation in the eyes of the civilized world. Hereafter the name of Lincoln will sound every depth of degradation and infamy."

"Here are but a few extracts from a long article that world, read strangely by the side of the most eloquent eulogiums which were pressed forth by a weeping nation over the grave of its Martyr—and the answering notes of sympathy and sorrow that swelt over the sea from all the crowned of Europe."
April 9th

We have been to the barracks to day.

When we arrived at our place of rendezvous-Mrs. B.--her Poppy bestowed in Kelly's basket, which was filled with good things, and she said to him - "A. Kelly, don't give them nice cakes to the Southern Condeffacy soldiers-- give them to the poor Yankees"! They made some kind of a companion between them--the Condeffacy boys were to have a few of the nice cakes, but the greater part were declined for the soldiers who were out of the Condeffacy order. All but eight of the prisoners have been sent to Andersonville; six of them are very bad, and will not recover to live. The other two--Joe & Frank--are worse.

There are sixty-odd in the Condeffacy prison hospital, and Mrs. B.--she carries them milk, soup, bread, &c., at least twice weekly, and sometimes oftener. She has a sincere compassion for them than us. She can thus gain access to the few remaining prisoners, who seem dependent upon her for almost life itself. So faithful infatuated charity is hers--pushing for the first Eight of Suffering their education--but Earnest Continuing in well doing--Consoling never. Self interest is gone. It is no holiday feast with her, as with the rest of us, who occasionally get our courage up enough to challenge watching eyes and bitter threats.

Two of them, McCord--one sent to Andersonville--lived through those Horrible Scenes. Since peace has come, have written to their base factor - telling her that under God they avow their lives to her and little Kelly.
The first went to the Confederate hospital. Here pale, shrivelled hands reached out to welcome one they had learned to look for!

It appears like it's a mighty long time since you've been here, but it ain't but a few days. Then each one had a delightful talk to tell of their patient's health - of all their odors of flowers brought from the North, or hot chowder to eat. When the distributions were completed, and our baskets furnished almost emptied, Missie looked into hers, and Carlisle said to the adjudant: 'Stand by near - I've some a few biscuits left - please we will give them to the Yankees.' He replied, as Carlisle: 'Are you going in there?

We go with you.' Then Missie had an attendant to - from- with- file jill! She took them barefoot. It was so fascinating and such a good accomplishment in order to get across the streets.

But that is not very practical - but simply good humored women were laid their heart, and watched for us coming as rapidly as the rest of the Captives. A true prison-romance! This is one, then for love union, a bright eye, noble face, who goes with Missie to comfort the imprisoned - but the love another one, who has been imprisoned long ago; proving it true that the 'Cause of this love' is something new and at last. In other prisons, I have heard of stories of Captives more than catching glimpses of some sweet fading face - of ours being exchanged in expectations ways, and promises given of returns and welcome after the war. After the war! No more of mortal care, with all the cruelful changes, the heart-aches and heart-breaks - the bitterness and disappointments that will come then. But it will all be worth it. Something, I think, and, by one in whose sight no human grief seems to
Mrs. T. expressed as we came stopped into the
door—Joe & Billy go on—Molly's—I will take care of any guest.
So I talked pleasantly with the adjutant about our
bright prospects—recent defeats of the Federals, and
Molly's recent victory in her own peculiar way—
while Molly was busy hiding things under pillows besides
her "few biscuits" and grub was emptied of more contraband
articles. She expected to be come exchanged and said
she would as many letters over the lines as her friends wished to
send. He need have no fears—they would be saved up in
his clothes, and would be safe.

While the watchful adjutant was being entertained by one
as watchful as himself—Joe was making his calculations thus.
"Here's one—went all round this city last night.
One of the Confederate soldiers that was guarding him
in a rebel uniform—and took him round. He said every detile,
every fortification and preparation which has been made
to meet our army, he says there is nothing to prevent our men
from walking right in here—and I think they will cross
soon too. If we are exchanged as we expect they—will find
and some things they don't know now—for if they had
any idea had matters stand clear long. I'm sure every
would do. Stay round Chalton much longer."

And we could make no excuses for remaining longer, so
hurried away. As we were going out of the door, I looked

* This prisoner was soon after sent to Andersonville, where he
remained nearly a year; but the letters were safely kept through
all that cruel life, and when he was exchanged—departed
their destination, though somewhat worn.
book -- and those weary useful faces were turned towards us so cheerfully -- the pleasant happy looks were glowing and, and the old sadness coming back. And selfish it seems to leave people to bear their sorrows alone! And we half feel that it is selfish to be happy in the brightness and news of our own homes -- when sometimes we remember those faces, so full of pain and loneliness and starvation.

March 24th, 1864

The days go by with a strange quiet at times. The heart, going, goes back to the land with sweet flowers where they are so keenly hoped. The battle in blood -- the struggle in the heat of fierce warriors looking on to victory or defeat. Miniature leaves are just unrolling on the trees which should long ago have hung out their green banners.

And then we are startled out of our sleep, by rumors that the long expected hosts have begun, and wild horses run and from every road rumor -- for the fearful contest which we have watched from afar, has come so near we now. So near that we almost put our arms to the Earth, and under finger upon the life -- listen breathlessly, that we may catch if possible the sound of coming footsteps -- footsteps of an army with banners which when unfurled alone we will proclaim liberty inclusion.

Reading in said arms, mad, for if I take up a book -- nothing of its contents -- are remembered when it is laid down. So my time is taken up in watching the life, shooting of seeds in the garden -- the bursting of the buds, and
in sometimes obeying the voice of my "beloved" who bids me come away! for the winter is past, the flowers appear on the earth - the voice of the singing of birds is heard, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.

Oh, this wist, wist that gilds the heart in Springtime! What is it? - your chase clothed it - come! - Sometimes seems as if a thousand birds were caged within, with chaffed, voices, and could not sing; a thousand flowers pressed in crouched cages, could not blossom outward. In this glorious time when all nature is flowering, winged, colorful, one long for wings and voices too.

Am sitting by the window which I opened wide, and the sunshine flooded all my heart, and filled my room.

Beautiful thoughts are whispered to me - but they are not coming, no more than are the bird songs which I hear, on the breath of flowers that is borne past on the sweet morning air. I cannot utter them - do they flutter and float about like foam upon the stream, which无声 in celery's-activity, those glides away - away.

Farmer \( N \) wife just was drove up to the door. With a subdued voice she asked, if I wanted any butter and eggs this morning - then bust into tears. I had my baby, and needed child. Since I was here, and my heart and is sick way off in Tiring - and now they're going to take this boy away from me." 

- "turning to a young lad sitting by her. That will become of me? I can't work my farm myself." Pointing to a large house, and far away: "Why don't Mr. Woman go to the war? he was mighty fond of it," and a great mention. Pretend you're powerful glad your husband
All
and her to be dropped off and killed, up for nothing.
But goodbye! I don't know as I can ever bring you any
thing more. I shall be all alone with my little girl after
she goes to the war. Poor woman! my heart ached
for her, but I could only touch my hand, and give
her as tearful a good-bye as the fave one.
So there is never a little moment of sunshine and
beauty—but this cruel war is placed upon our thought.

Arthur has been home for a few days
assisting in the pasture management, enlarging strawberry beds,
and planting with “great of rejoicings.” Tom and Ben are
turning the yard and seem ambitious to have a green
carpet spread out. Suddenly over it. Sam just looked
up very quickly, said “Maybe was paying all this for
nothing, for perhaps they’ll fight right here. What would
you do then Mr. Hill? Would you stay at? Tom did
the answering. “Oh, bush much talk! I’ll just get up
any of these mornings, and eat this yer corn just-fried
with bacon. Jess told me last night, that a black man
told him that he heard two white men talking the
other day—and they said all them that did not
want to stay here after the Can-nes come, had better
be getting out of this place mighty quick. One on
Em. said he just had said a man that come through
he had been a spy in balls, and he told him, there
was no end to them Can-nes! The whole county round
Cheetana was just this—and it was too long in
trying to keep Em. back—for they’d, just Started,
and would go where they was a moment. Our father
has a heap of insurance any how - to say they're dining
them back - they always whip 'em - when they're coming
this way all the time.
May 6th, 1864

We have been waiting through the
woods to-day - a pleasant little party of girls, boys, and
some who were not afraid nor young nor broad;
seem to come of Union and some Chicago families, 1813.
My own family and I were harmonized all their conflicting
elements - and in "made believe" we were happy.
A strange feeling - this present attempt to forget the strife and
scare of war. Now when it is so near we - stronger still.
The same spirit of determination to the end - pleasure further,
and otherwise it can be found, was continued. Realistic in
a tragic scene of the defeat the other day. bummed
soldiers were lying about on the hard floor, and
alight boxes with somebody's loved in them - were scattered around. Many
men came along, and sitting himself upon one of them coffee
began to turn his portioned "fiddle" - it's the soldiers
having it - they begged for a "good lively tune" and produced
their club. Solid soldiers conducters have a song, to make room for the
shuffling feet. The "light-fantastic " was offered until the
car came along, which was to take them to the Grant, etc.

The words are so beautiful made in nature's
Coronation time. Honey suckles are framing among the card
leaves of the feet. Some bright scarlet - some pink
clashing with pink - and others of clearest orange.
The dinords in the answer were both so alike - as of cornel
with sound that best forgets a man. Woodlins Climbed
up so strangely high with their red and yellow masses
we could not reach them, and the gorgee being ful-
flowers are more ambitious still. And each a profusion of golden jasmine— they are by far the sweetest flowers that adorn these Southern woods. They climb to and hang high their golden bells which ring out hymns of perfumed praises. But all the perfumed haunted marches where these flowers live are beautiful life. If I happened should our souls become out in beauty and picture in our surroundings dear to death and, uncleary.

Some of our party clamber—some raced on the sunsome wandered off to loftier of their bright dreams— and a few others sat down on the soft carpet made by the cloud foliage of the long grass fire. They sat there and breathed in bread with arms around their hats. And they talked not of love or flowers, but of the Yates' which was beside. One had just told the news: "They are fighting terrible to-day. Johnston has taken ten thousand prisoners. He has driven Sherman beyond Chattanooga so there is great rejoicing in town over the news. For they say the Rebels will not dare to make another advance. And such a terror, Mr. Turner turned her face to me with a most despairing look and said: "What is the use of hoping any longer? It is always so—defeated! Chained back! I wish I could die!"

I did not want to live if our government cannot. Think how England would triumph over us! Think of the uprising hail and the fair girls thrown from her. The man-belied flower she was baying to gather— as if they innocent things breathed and hat and treason instead of sweet perfume.

Going the rest of the party coming towards us we wandered off still further as distance two might be near the. To
went into the thicker forest, where green bay trees spread themselves; the holly with its coral berries gleamed in the sunshine - and there were oaks that —

"dream little mosses
And, spread with mistletoes."

The mocking birds mocked - with their cible, juncating song - our hearts anguish - and, this splendor of Spring in a Southern Clime was all unheeded - for there be grander emotions now to stir the soul - than these things can awaken.

But we were ordered to return — "going home!" And, Mollie joined the company as smiling as if she had never done anything but laugh all her life. We have learned our lessons well—can try when we could, laugh and laugh when we would.

9th

German defeated in Petersburg pursuing! Part of the rebel troops took prisoners as they flew to the rear. Luckily John Thomas with Samuel Hill under his care, and Clinton is evacuated by the Confederates - that place which was so hopeless.

Shafter had built a new fort, which was fortified in such a manner as to make it impossible for the enemy to capture. Johnston is only holding back to get a better position, when he shall move against the enemy. Poor Johnston's men have been in such a trying position. The enemy will be in their line a higher than Pike's Mountain. Poor Johnston knows what he is about; he is following a plan he hired long ago. He made Sherman cross into Virginia - cut off his supply line - buy the whole Vandall side. And many rejoice over this.
The battle was unusually reported in this style. The canons were
mourned down without number. 1,200 on our side. One man
killed, and three slightly wounded. Retreat immediately -
be sent back in full order. No shelling, and no use of
artillery. History will probably blind the truthfulness of those
so-called "official reports."

A dinner belt at this has been. Though

I do not want to shirk. Service was not the

impulse that sent me thither - but a sentiment - a feeling that

I could not bear this suspense alone. I must mingle with

the multitude and perhaps some friendly boon would chase

mine. Some wise venerable - "Change! Peace!"

I concluded to what would be said in the pulpit to-day; and

if there would be thanksgivings for victories. Though our

peaceful portion has never produced war - but the people and

has not so many ministers have done - instructed God hand

to deal with the "ide enemies also are fighting against us."

Victory was prayed for as usual, but a petition was added

that if it was God's will that our city should meet the fate

and others had recently - we might be resigned. I thought

of Carroll who would not be very reconcile.

At the close of the service, a notice was read - directing

the people to send their carriages to the depot at four in

the afternoon to take the wounded which would be sent

to the hospital. The minister then reminded them that

said by this, that a fearful conflict was going on.
And with much earnestness added, "Must any its brave
fighting for m’d — if not to get possession of this City?"
I then appointed a meeting at the Church. At four o'clock
when the carriages would come to the depot for the purpose
of praying that our enemies might be defeated, and
we gain the victory. All were urged to pray, and
with united hearts present this petition to the God of Heaven.

The thought that the conflict to decide we had
which seemed so long, and fearfully had actually begun,
and the consequences of which hang upon its issue — stirred my
heart as it was never stirred before. We have no power to decide
my emotions. I bit my lips to keep the tears in them, and
was aware, my most tried neighbors would hear my thoughts. I
actually held my bands firm together to keep them from flying
up insensibly. I trembled with fear, but God would hear
these prayers which were the effect, and those also had
prayed for the coming of this "enemy," as the enemies of their
country — must again sink in despair. Oh, how I longed to
clasp her hand of the treasured one, and tell him why we
called that our Government might triumph. It was for this:
that Truth and Right — which had long been in chains — bound
by this soul-crushing defeat, should, in which, so many were
longing.

At 4:00 When passing out of the Church door — some one touched my
arm. I turned, and said Mrs. M — who was waiting for me. She
put her head on my hand, and whispered, looking so earnestly, "I know
how you feel, but have faith. God will remember us!" Her
large eyes flushed with a light which warmed my heart, but
I could not speak, and we parted.
A blast fell, like the curtain of death, hangs over the sky, as if the Sun refused to look upon their tragic scene. Battleflags—silently, pale as the dead, are borne by many litters, as though the very gypsies hold their breath to catch the tellings from the battle field.

A friend has just left me. She said, although it was the Sabbath, she was compelled to come, for her heart was too full of hope and eager, she must see some one, whom she could speak as she fell. The thought of war we are so alone—we have never thought that our husbands were far removed from this scene of war, and are not the brought home mangled and dead, as the Red Men were brought home to Cody.

Tom has returned from the defeat; still there are a great number of carriages there but only a few came down on the track. The reason of it, and became the Indians lost possession of the battle ground, as all, they wounded men in their hands. Hope is gained ever and always, always, always mingled with pain is the thought of triumph, when the fate is remembered.

"Blood is flowing—men are dying; God be merciful on their souls!"

15th.

The news this morning is of an indecisive battle.

"Banks' surrender confirmed" as in January reports, though the telegraphic column as usual, this event seems to be used as a label for any unfavorable dispatch. Instead, twenty times thousand dollars news from Virginia! Banks loses four, including the one thousand naval officers. Parties rebelled at George's bluff this fall.
clear on the field”. “The Trust is coming this way rapidly; not quite as stationary as formerly. Still the enemy are expected always. Our correspondence says May 16th Heavy fighting along our right today. Johnston has fallen back to Colquitt. Our army is in splendid spirits, and all it wants to insure victory to the northward.” Unfortunately the word seems to be “westward”.

We have repulsed the enemy at every point, to the expectation of the position held by us yesterday, was not comforting. Our troops are perfectly confident of success, having every assurance that the great Christian will yet drive the enemy from this field, just left.

Some of the Miners’ troops in the Yankee army started their ranks a came into our lines, declaring their determination to fight no longer with the Miscreants.

Since the opening of the battle at Resaca it is believed that the enemy less in killed and wounded, will exceed 2000.

The Yankees had a jollification on their supposed triumph on Monday night, there was playing of brass bands & singing in a romantic degree which was changed to a more deliberate measure before General Johnston has dispose of them.

Some time ago, a great deal was said about the recruiting of soldiers, & reports were published every day, that all of this Company & that regiment had enlisted, and there was great enthusiasm among the troops. Private Soldiers says this was very little voluntary enlisting; sometimes only one in a whole regiment - when those names were called the roll was called - none their names as volunteers. But
at the point of the bayonet, or with Conscription
before them - they were compelled to "go in for the war,"
Baptists were far more frequent than Calvinists.

17th 1864

Most cheering news came this morning,
of the advance of Sherman's army towards Kingston,
and the capture of Rome. But at none our happiness
was charged to mourning. I had been spending this
morning with a friend; we were secretly rejoicing at the
prospect of soon quitting this gloom. Perhaps to
welcome back those who stand on God's be前所
who the war had made exiles. We had been
wandering in the garden and my arms were literally
filled with May roses. As we stood by the gate, longing
for more lost tokens - a gentleman passed by, to our
question if there was any news since morning. "Oh, such
good news ladies!" and his hands were up uplifted for joy.
"The Yankees are completely routed. They are retreating
as fast as they can. Sherman is chasing them; he
has taken ten thousand prisoners. There has been
a fight in Virginia, and Grant has lost sixty thousand
men. This is all perfectly reliable; it came from
official sources." The face must keep its blaneness,
Color - white or red - though the heart-stops beating, or
flames up in seeking pain. A faintness came over me,
and pressing the hand of my friend, I hurried home through
the rain. The roads

I didn't love them; - did not love any thing I fear she saw me coming over the gate. Why Mrs. They asked what's the matter? I don't look so pleased as you were this morning. I've been something bad. I asked. But now you mind! I'll just stay up here until the clock goes off dinner and take you to town to some of your friends, and you'll hear something different maybe.

Accepting the proposal, I called on a lady. The next day, sad and joyful. "Have you heard the news? Yes, I heard, but I was nothing the place about. "Nothing? Why there is every thing! The linen boys are marching on as fast as they can. Sherman is falling back but he is falling this way. Our men! God will not suffer us the disappointed. after all our prayers and hopes. "Just as I was leaving. Mrs. K. called in her face aglow with joy. "Have you heard the good news? God bless the Yankee boys! they have started send in earnest.

While riding home, she said: "Will Jackson you have something better in what you heard in the morning, let the way you all talked and laughed. I knew it when he was so - I just knew it. It stands to reason that our folks are whispering as they say they be. when they're coming this way all the time."

Noat May showers have fallen, and the blended fragrance of roses - honeysuckles young leaves and the mist - earth is enchanting; it floats into the very soul.

It's during the long fearful siege that followed. It is noble woman does her heeds - her home - her property and every thing. Save her affection to God and her country.
gives an inner joy indescribable—but only for a moment: for we know to-night, pale cold faces lie still and uncombed, while this soft moonlight falls upon them. Mothers, and wives who know not their breadboard, weep not over it. Yet as they hear head from the hard earth, or kiss the icy lips which could not speak their last parting. Eyes both upward which are shut yet play with clouds both upward, and the prayer of faith is whispered to a Savior not returned. In the strength of reverence, others perhaps look upward, with a prayer who have prayed before; but our Father is so full of compassion a tender may. He hears even at the eleventh hour.

I came in this morning quitealiahal.

"There’s News!" people coming jolting. I just thought he was coming to take me away, because, you know, every body’s running off their hands now. After the battle of the army the next day, I asked the gentleman if he was going to clean away. But if he wishes to remain, I go wish to keep him. He has always been a good boy. I shall allow him to be as he pleases. My only fear is, that he will be enticed away to follow the army when it comes in, as it most certainly will, and I should never know what became of him. I asked which army he belonged to. "My the Federal Army of Cares," he said. To my surprise, I found him. He was a first Union man, adhering to the government of the United States with true loyalty. Pleased him he had no connection. He smiled and said, he awaited it. If he was going to fight—he would fight for the right.
Once on lines I felt alarmed at what I had said, thinking what if all this was pronounced, and a "strategic move" to make me commit myself as has often been done. But I launched the suspension, believing it better to trust the declared - than to doubt there are no two. We had pleasant talk, and Mr. left one with offering an earnest wish that I might not have to wait much longer for my hopes to be realized. As he stood talking with him, I could but congratulate myself upon seeing another man who could be put on the list of Southern Brothers.

I heard time say, "Tell him, sir, I have played together. When those boys, I have grown up together." But I am going to leave you now; perhaps we may meet again when the war is over, and, perhaps not. I hope you will be kind and indulgent as you always have been, do not wander off with the army, but stay where you can have a home. We shake hands with him; tied him good bye. I thought his nose was a little unsteady. He came in half laughing, and half crying, "He didn't take one off with him and he! But I felt mighty bad to part for good with Miss Gode, for him and me we raised together. I always knew he was for the Yankees. "He did n't say much, but I never heard him say anything for the Southern Confederacy."

Things change are taking place, and it is beautiful to note the contrast between things now and then. A gentleman was saying to me the other day, it was getting to be a fine thing like a Union man." Halo an lifted when I meet some
who would not speak to me a year ago. It is now. Why
how do you do Mrs. Roberts? Very glad to see you.

She ladies went to an acquaintance of mine. I asked her
protection. One said, I know you can protect me when the

Fielders come; you have friends among them. So I am
coming right to you have a play, and I shall be all right.

She lady replied, I thought you said, they Fielders

would not come yet here. Well I don't believe now they

are coming - but if they should happen to come, I shall

let you know for protection. Others have attempted to make

friends with them they have almost prevented entirely

for being suspect of Union Sentiments, to showing kindness to

preservers.

An old acquaintance called yesterday. He saw and I was

"getting along." He had often thought of me staying here alone

and was ashamed he had not called before! When leaving

he said, "I am very desiring any thing he seemed
to interrupt our old sociabilities, but I'm going to do
away with all this - and we are coming to see you

here. All the pestilence to have these old friendships

broken up because this is a war." He said, I expected

of course; but friendships renewed, which have been

broken up by better acquaintance and some men satisfying

now any more real heart friendships.

This afternoon, Mrs. M. came to eat awhile with
me; said she did not read when she could come again,
as soldiers were camping round every where, and it
was not pleasant for ladies to go out unattended. Said
The still murmur her hope & faith in secret, "Every little while I take out that little picture of a flag you sent me, & pray that it may not be long before a real one may come above us. But you must show me proof I have never seen it." So she stopped, held up before her, the forbidden thing, and she exclaimed, "O. God, let me take it in my own hands!" And, now shall I forget that look, as she lowered her head, and kissed its beautiful folds reverently, as if it were some precious friend lying dead before her. But a recreation hope gleamed in her tearful eyes as she folded it again and gave it back to me saying - "Only if you hide this, and keep it so safe. I tremble for you when I think you have this in your possession, I have heard such bitter threats. But you will not always have to hide it - I know you will not, and sing me the old Chir "Sparlai, Bannor, to I will go." I told her Bob was so near the house, he could hear, while watching his hens, his ears would catch to, if the wind was at an end of Bob, he is my telegraph. I get all my news from him. I do not wish my husband to know, the instinct I feel in the advance of the army - so Bob keeps me informed of the latest news from the front. Farewell, I am, and I'll sit by the window, when I can look down the walk. No one of any one is coming. So I sing the dear old song, with my watch at this window; the birds waited for the last words, when she came quickly, and folded me in her arms - her head to fell to speak. She hurried away, and I was alone. Number of little things I nearly
but they are my life. What other interests for us now? What else could absorb our thoughts, while waiting for life or death? Here these solemn memories, graphic & sweet, will come back to me, in the peace that came! for in all my girlhood gladness, there was no such deep, fervent joy as now swells my heart.

Standing alone, almost—pressing into the rear of the line; knowing not what lies in the darkness beyond—yet with these hopes & expectations, I can almost say—

"Here is a heart for any fate."

24th, 1864

This has been a bold day of excitement. Some early morning under mid-sky, men—women, men—women crowded along—men and women with, presents—horses, wagons, horses, people, in the morn, taken out of town. Every possible person is bought—bowed, big, or small. Each speaking of living of them, who had a short time ago said, with great boasting & assurance, that Johnston would never fall back here, & all the Yankees to step a foot on Persifor's soil—Sar. perfectly marvelous to behold. One is amazed in returning these wonderful changes. And there are fears & trembling—Some who leave, their pleasant homes. Kind not where to go: many who have been expecting all the way from Nashville—returning first at one place, then another are preparing for another flight while some say they have "seen from the Yankees long enough", and are going to stay here, abide their fate.

It is painful to see poor families, who can hardly live when they are frightened at the reported doings of the terrible
Joe - fleeing with the rest - sometimes only taking half of their little all in their flight to leave to no money to procure, one - a fort the Yankees are coming if they must go somewhere!

Some very prudent parents say they will remain to take care of their property, but shall send away their daughters. It is well no doubt, for the dear susceptible creatures soon become elated to the Union cause, after the arrival of the blue coat. I young lady in Nashville, whose father was compelled to take Federal officers to board - had been a servant lay down a piece of carpet, wherever they had walked. She would not sit her foot, where a vile Yankee had stepped! But alas, for the mutability of the fair enoshin!

In this wife she was married to one of the same "riled Yankees." In Red Artax, a quiet manningar mother, she one actually chased a Union lady with an ax, because the kind of her sending food to the prisoners - bought served an alliance of her daughter with a Federal P. M. Evidently in this time, a Roundmuster was a good thing to have in the family.

In passing our church this morning, I noticed a lady coming down the steps with hymn book, footstool, piano - slowly other spiritual attachments. She was one coming but turned her head the other way, although we were friends before this war began. She remembered some of her words it is probably too presumed. I hope there was no unworthy trembling in my heart, as they came back to me this morning. "Ask him that fleeth, - her that receiveth, What is done." And the boys
in blue are coming.

I met a gentleman about six o'clock on the 4th; he was walking with a Confederate officer and bowed very slightly and politely. After he passed something, which often impels us to look back, made me turn my head; at that instant, his head turned to, I saw his face was covered with smiles. I knew then, his heart was as glad as mine—his face did not betray emotion, yet it had been his years. He was when I laugh, or when not to.

These are days of strange thrilling interest, esteemed as death. Such a wild up-blowing as is now going on around us; incursions to fortifications appearing every where. Red flags pleading in the dark forest, near a far higher sounding armies coming to join; every thing and every body in a delirium of fear and excitement.

To-day, two dear friends and neighbors came to bid me good-bye. I have long lived by each other; the first, my father; the first to bring me into the world; always exchanged and all three, dear, dear, dear. Kindness, which a life rendering pleasant. But they differed with one in sentiment. Since the war, but kindly differed. With them, Decease had not awakened the Christian, nor clay a grave for the sweet affections. Tender memory. But the war with real heart-pain that I think good by parted with.

They said, as they were leaving, "Perhaps we shall never meet again—hell in the life instantly. As in probably never shall—this thought—gives added sorrow to such expectations."
For several mornings past, the servants have asked this first thing - "Did you hear th'en owls last night and early this morning?" I always answer no, and tell them it is all their imagination. So usual they asked in this morning pretty excited - "Did you hear them last night click at you?" So I went outside for the purpose of sleeping, and it is all your fancy hearing owls. "No man! If you will come out a little, you can hear them right now." I placed the window open, I went. "Then! just listen! I click at you, hear that?" - my auditory sense could hear nothing. "My dear Abby! what a year?" - hardly! I can hear them click at me." Yes, I heard a faint sound, over the river beyond old Vineyard and the hill of Altona. I could detect the faintest echo of coming guns. When my ear had recognized the sound, it soon became a reality, which awakened the littlest joy I have ever known. A that music! The first notes of our redemption antibiotic. Never fell upon my ear any thing half so sweet, so pure, so sweet, nor on earth, will any sound be half so sweet my soul again.
Mrs. Favers and I had arranged for a ride this morning. I called and found her in tears. She said this was not a moment of grief in the streets all night-long. Yesterday, the owner of her servants took them, and they were packing up to leave, crying all the while, begging her to keep them. This one and that one had been in the door bell, but not been seen a moment since daylight. Each person that came, had a different story to tell. The Yankees were retreating, the Yankees were coming. Johnston had got in other war again and cut off their supplies—the eternal guerilla war—and Johnston was falling back to Atlanta.

In the dead of night, my friend was awakened by some one calling her. She arose instantly and went to the window. Standing by the fence, which was very near the house, was her next door neighbor in her night robe—making her scene like a weird spirit of sorrow, for she was bringing her hands to her face, crying, "What will become of us all? We are going to leave tomorrow. You had better go with us. I cannot bear to think of your staying here alone with your four little children. I tell you thus will be a battle here, and blood will flow in these streets. There she could not succeed in weeping. So she talked and cried, while soldiers camped..."
wagons rolled along. Mrs. P said her name was completely unknown. She felt as if in a burning flume. But alas! No delivering angels come to take us by the hand and lead us forth, into a land of peace.

This lady had made every arrangement to go South, disposed of her wardrobe and furniture, and by paying three hundred dollars in gold to a man in the Rebel Congress, had procured a pass to take her over the lines. Just upon the eve of leaving, she was informed by a gentleman, who thought a conscientious friend, that she had better abandon the idea—for if she attempted to leave, she would be prevented from doing so; for there were detectives waiting to arrest her—whom she should not wait to make her exit from this land. He had means of knowing that some twenty or thirty names in the Proctor Marshall's hands—of persons subject to arrest—Mrs. P—my own being among the honored ones. So with bitter and bloodshed at our very doors—a bug—death and every possible horror in prospect—we have now the added one of being arrested for some unknown crime. Pleasant position for ladies whose husbands are far from them, and friends here with whom protection are powerless to do so.

Since I returned home, a lady, whose name is also among the doomed, called in great expectation. Said she came to tell me I must burn or bury every scrap of writing, that under it city suspicion.
you know they say you have been corresponding with the enemy even since they came to Chattanooga.

and giving them information—if we are all arrested, your house certainly be searched. I have burned my little paper flag, and every ray I had with red, white, and blue in it. I tell you I don't want to be arrested and sent further off into the Confederacy, just as the Federals are coming.

I have waited for them too long for that. And the time filled her eyes. It was a mad idea—my keeping this information! What next?

They have not heard the commotion in turn.

Mrs. M— a Southern lady—was delighted, when I told her the firing could be distinctly heard from this point. Still she walked over in the morning, just to convince herself the Yankees had actually started this way.

We have been standing under the trees, listening to the far-off sounds of war. When Mrs. M— heard the first booming, she clapped her hands for joy, and beckoned—as if these warriors, enveloped in the smoke and dust of battle—could see her small white hands inviting them further, and knew her voice when she said—Come, on boys! Come on! we're waiting for you!
To-night the thunder is sounding in the heavens, as if God, with his artillery, was calling the nations to battle. The lightnings flash, and the rain is pouring in torrents. I am alone—only as kind servants are my company, and my loving household pets. But they are all asleep this night. A bird, a bird, thunder-roars sound & cheering. Each mighty peal that rolls through the skies, speaks like a soul. Oh, it is sweet & sweet remin'd that he lives & reigns. We forget sometimes the Arm that is strong to deliver—in thinking of what man may do, and of what he does not do. From my lonely studied, before the morning comes, I may be awakened by booming cannon and fiery shells; but these thunders and lightnings tell me of a High Tower—a Strength—a Rock of defense. Infinity is this love, that gives itself such names. That we may more easily confide in His care. The subliming protection, and ever-shafting, suggested by these words, entered my soul before.

What a Niagara of emotion can surge through one, being & yet cause my eye remain calm. The life silent. Yet I must not think to-night. Must not call up memories of a peaceful lane, where mountains lift up their blue peaks & clear skies, where the robins used to sing in broken trees, and and brooks laughed & rippled along their way.
lilled meadow. I wonder if the birds and flowers sing as they do. If the fern spreads its feathery plumes in clumps many cells, and the blue and white daisies are peeping up in the last grass on the hill. I marvel if the memory of these pleasant scenes and friends - of one ever ready to cheer and sympathize - is only a dream. Have I been always theirs alone? Was there always love and hilarity - tumult about me? and never any dwindling brightness and peace? Was there always some one praying for vengeance and calling saying as one said the other day - "I wish there was a sea of blood between the North and South, 80 broad, and deep, it could never be crossed." And another who lived not a hundred miles distant, who was making haste to escape said - "I rather every one of my children be hung than have the Yankees get my niggers."*

June 13th

One more day of peace, have not seen but only a neighbor died her foot long as I heard she.

*It is a Southern custom, when a person dies, to place the body at once upon a board - which has this horribly suggestive name of cooking board.
was to leave them soon. But she says she shall remain where she is. Many tell me so - who are this while secretly packing - making haste to flee. I am often asked - "Are you going to stay here when the Yankees come?" My answer is invariably - I have no other home to go to. I shall stay in this one. If permitted to do so.

One remark is frequently made and I tell all our soldiers do as bad as the Yankees and I live as long as one would like here as the other, as far as stealing & burning goes, but if you come here count with the Yankees to come. Not a hell meant!

A little more each day, and each day the cannon are heard more distinctly. Sherman flanks and fortifications, and Johnston falls back, still in search of that right place. Our daps paper resolutions - no cause for correspondence. Why burn certain things which we could tell - but this time has not yet come. It will soon be seen that our General knows what he is about - and the binding threaten, protecting our God with their presence, will see it to.

One editor said to a Union man - "Come! now is the time to die for our County. Let us go out in the trenches and die."

"No. I don't want to die yet. I'll go & carry away the dead."

"I tell you Sir, the ought to shed our mouths to die!" The next morning an eloquent article appeared - "Stand firm!" But while his readers were being in-
Spirited by so much patriotism - the brave Eleithen and on the train approaching from death, and from trenches as fast assteam could carry him.

To night, the rain falls gently, unlike the storm of last evening; 8D to night, a calm trust falls on my heart, and the little fear which oppressed me, have all departed. If I were far still, for there is sorrow and gloom everywhere around me, and a short distance from my home - this malady, this stationery; they are composed as many of men past the conception age, who had a right to expect exemption from camp life. Many of them too have offered their war from the beginning. Have passed through the fires of the arm unscathed in soul. One man Stood as could not until excuse across the lines - but he had reason to believe his life's end would be brung in revenge - to his house he burned, and his allegiance family. So he stands guard in the attitude, through storm and sunshine, with hundreds of men like him - praying for deliverance.

When this malady are ordered to the front- they are free, where liberty was. A cardinal rendered men in a neighboring town, whose loyalty was well known - was ordered off instantly to the front. He lied his family, good farewell - told them he should never see them again - but to know he should never fire one shot.
against the flag of his country, or its envoy defending it.

He was placed in the foremost ranks of our stout
colonel the first day. His monarchical lady was sent
back to his family. De morgulik it, Carrel, bravely, as we rejoiced
able man! and there be many—many able men
lie clowm in mitipo groves.

There have been buryings to racks
people leaving town—federates acting 1 stores coming in.
Firmers of fighting here a retreating there, and the
operations continued every day. Just crossing same river
in a rear flank movement and made any clean on
its moon now—going to abuse the prisoners A
andersonville.

2D

There has been great mourning and
condolence in our family to day for good, faithful
friend, is dead. He was only a horse—but I should,
be comforted to think. Carl I believe there was a heaven for
horses where they might wander in green fields forever.

Can come to my window one midnight in called, and
in a low voice—"De fohys dead, Trip her." I shouted up—

De fohys dead, the calling arose too. Some say ought to
have been near to sketch the groups as they stood in the
morning moonlight, weeping over that noble beast. A
famous horse he was; some called him Old Uncle...
because of his strange propensity to turn up to some of
the good people's houses. He's a Yankee! I have somewhat,
against you, for your last labor was for the Confederate,
government. Yet it was not voluntary, and this "joining into
service" caused your death. All your wonderful goodness
and affection, and that marvellous intelligence—such
thoughts exhibited in perseverance sometimes—comes before me
now, and the tears flow again.

Evening.

Our old friend is buried down there under
the oak; beneath a rose bush, not far from close by, are
the Smaller graves of my Robinsons & Currans family. So
they go my love.

Across the way—Camp fires are gleaming, and the
lights flickering through the trees, have a cheerful look.
But the hearts of the soldiers are not cheerful. They
have just left their homes, and as one after another
comes to the well for water—I see only sad & dejected faces.
It surprises me to hear the officers speak of "this
rebellion"—to tell of this and that one, who helped
bring it on—no word nor fight for it. Howell
Cobb made a speech to them this other day, and an
officer referring to it said, "Howell, a man calling
your name, God's blessing, was nothing less than black
brute. He is very lavish of his blessings, but he is sure to
keep out of danger himself, and has safe places for
his cons - but he must drop us from our homes to fight for his dream.

On my side, I am surrounded by protectors. New companies arrived late this afternoon. They hitched their worn horses here to drive among the trees; as they rode, no forage for them - keep our fields of oats and hay soon appropriated. It makes no difference - this fence is just cheap fencing - let it all go.

It is mid-day - night in the grave over this way. No bugle notes are heard - no fires flourishing among the trees, giving a faint of cheerfulness. Orders came this morning - to the front! - and tents are rolled up - farmers furl - and off the soldiers go with sick - sick hearts. Many of them actually in tears; some said, "I don't want to go and fight the Yankees. I'd much rather fight the people here who have brought this war upon our country, and forced us to leave our homes to murder and be murdered.

The Matie, "The Rangers" - "The Red Coats" were ordered away. Lt. N. Called this morning. His brother is fighting on the other side; he gave me his name and command saying perhaps I might meet him when the trials came. He might never see him again. He begged me to assure him his position was not voluntary - thus was no choice in the matter. He looked
Sorrowful enough when he said good bye.

To all is death; quiet on this side, that above. Few days since, soldiers were for cutting down trees, and pitching their tents. But "The Front" was sounded in their ears, and the campgrounds are silent to-night.

Sabbath. This has been a quiet day of beauty and rest. Am sitting under this clear old tree, enjoying its too brief twilight in this pleasant clime—thinking—thinking. The sun went down amid love and people. Little clouds. Sometimes we have beautiful sunsets here. Oh, what a night of care, doubt, and fear rests upon my heart! yet I have tried to forget every possible ill and threat. It is comforting to know that all the Sabbath—beauty of to-day—is only a foretaste of what unfolds in Sweetest—friend—|est fruition in that great day when there has never been but one rebellion that there will never be another. I have had no company to day, only Aunt Cherry called by to see how I was coming on. "Here you is—all alone—your cats and dog, but them cats seem like folks any how. They've got so much love like. I never see cats that know so much, and they're always setting close by you. I guess prison might—some one, has all by myself. Miss—does you think our boys in the Yankee'll ever got here? "O, I don't know. Do you wish them to come?" "Of course I do. Though I can't expect them, my folks, it would not be so miserable as that—after they're close.
raised, me and both care my baby children. Yet we, black folks is going to be free, - the Bible says so - and I think the time is mighty near. Why my old father and mother told us when they was about to die: 'Children remember what I tell you. One will be freed from bondage, when we are in our graves, and we die in this faith.' We've bowed this faith too, and it has kept all the black men quiet and peaceful, when every body was so afraid the Niggers was going to rise.高い! What if we want to rise for when the Lord, Lord, was riding for us? Well, Lord, like! I hope you'll have a good time to pray for all the body times pray. Lord. And the world will go down the walk. Singing a 'hymn' in a low soft voice.

Some new phase of this war-life appears every day. For two days I have been jailer; the cotton house is the jail, where four negro men are hiding between cotton bales; they say the heat is intolerable. For some days past, a rigorous "pressing" of negroes has been going on; they take all the negro men and find out and send them off to build fortifications on the Chattahoochee. Then in my face begged me to hide them, saying: 'I'm don't want to make no fortification to keep away the Yankees ourselves. Let our folks build, their own fortifications. The black men they have got are dying like any thing, for they works in so hard, and half starves me.'
It is amusing to see Mary take them their food. She cooks up and down the street, and on every side — their poor, lowly, down of their feet — calls softly: "Boys, here's pie, potatoes, come, and get it quick. There isn't any officer about."

6 12.

Last day again! Stores are closed and all business suspended. The mayor has appointed this day as a day of fasting and prayer; the especial cause being the rather too rapid increasing this way of the "rusticæ feœ." We are to pray that they may be defeated, driven back and our righteous cause prevail. Here, good old Elijah, how, possibly, he would say: "Can God be moving, or is he in a journey, or prevented to sleep, or must he be awakened?"

The voices of prayer are heard in every church in the city. From over the hills, the cannons boom — boom, and in the skies above, there are mighty thunderings — the rumbling of God's chariot wheels.

Every morning man goes to town for the news, and brings me always a note from my dear F. To day she writes: "I have just seen a gentleman right from the front. He says the Yankees will get the worst whipping they ever had. Johnston is just falling back to give it to them. Then a neighbor has been in who took great delight in telling me she had reliable information that Johnston had turned upon the Yankees, and they were retreating as fast as they could. — Prince would soon be ours. That's dreary and ugly.
Twenty-five thousand men would be here today, to reinforce Johnston! I am in despair, and nearly crazy. I see soon and tell me something cheering.

So it is ever; if our hopes begin to revive, some terrible news will come to crush them. It seems as if this suspense and anxiety would take away our reason, if any is left.

Still we keep on

"Casting our ears for the tidings of war,
Holding our hearts like orphans up higher,
For those who are fighting afar."

July 4th,

There are memories of famous surrets away back
when white crests and blue ribbons flourished and fluttered,
when gay Cavaliers with the most antie of honor took their
eldest lady to some country seat "Culverina": a long address full of
and thoughts - a dinner thrown from an altar - a flag waving from a
tall pole, to the firing of a cannon made a "glorious salute."

Read this salute - heralded in by this beautiful arrival of two mighty
armies contending for the mastery, eclipses all, weaker memories.
Hooray! Loud! loud! grand! this music! The glory, which this tide
bome this morning to makes it - a "glorious salute," for us.

Mussetta was given up yesterday, and to day, the flag of the
gree, proudly floats from the heights of old Remount.

Four years ago, a friend said, "I hope kindness - Next Summer"
for. Can celebrate your independence beneath the Stars & Stripes in every bastard town. If we can a more hopeful than truthful prophet. But we thought to day would be ours yet we can wait a little longer - deliverance is so near.

It was rumored that Gen. Sherman said, he should take dinner in Atlanta the fourth of July; so when long before daylight, the most terrific cannonading was heard - apparently just over the river - we thought he had come to breakfast as well as dinner. It was scarcely light when the servants came cracking in greatly excited - 'I reckon you hear them cannons now. The way they are just roaring!' Tom said, 'Wife what you'd better let me kill Gen. Grant for lhotter fig 3 for maybe they'll be late to dinner. Sure enough!

Evening

They did not come to dinner. Against my will, I went to a pie nig. At was a small party, and any thing but a hopsie one. Some ladies were present, who had left their homes in northern Georgia, fleeing from the Confederals. Their manners were haughty, and words bitter.

An officer remarked that Sherman promised to dine in town to day. He wrote later to get up his bill of fare. The principal dish would be a pint of powdered glass in a yeast of whiskey. A Union man said, very quietly, 'Half that quantity would be sufficient.'

Sometimes there was an attempt at gayety, but the old joviality was gone. There was thoughtlessness or sadness in every face, and in this way home away from seeming lasts was a sweet
relief. I feel quite assured this is the last picnic I shall attend in the Southern Confederacy.

Not a sound is heard this bright morning, save the mocking birds' song; booming cannons have long been our Service anthem, and bell-a-bye at night. But it is strangely quiet and so quiet, we half fear the latest rumor is true. The enemy is gloriously repulsed, with tremendous loss. Our loss only one man killed, two slightly wounded. The battle is kept from us.

Johnston's Army fell back to the river last night. It is something of a nocturnal旅行er. Its headquarters are now this side the river. It is reported that a force of the Union army are near Fairburn, endeavoring to cut the Orange and... Tribune. The main army is, we have no means of knowing.

A young man was telling me to day of an incident he witnessed in some of the recent engagements. The Federals were charging a battery, and the color bearer was shot, before he fell, another soldier rushed up to catch the flag, but soon shouted the fate of his fallen comrade. A matron, brave boy, matched the Union banner so near to mine from the battlefield, dying man, who just held it erect and lie too was killed; the Stars & Stripes did not fall, until it fell with the Seventeenth Maine man, who laid down his life to save ill-fated citizen, and thus are the last feelings which are
only fighting for pay? For love for country? Ah—

our hard land teens beautiful above such darling as they,

And bosomed in her arms of love, her silence richly lie.

The young man relating this incident, is an
officer in the Confederate army, but his heart and soul is on the
other side. "Oh! said he—"I see that old flag, went down
at last by the side of those brave men. I almost forgot where
I was. I could not see—for the smoke and dust—or something else.

Is not our life twofold? Sorrowful and lonely
may be its waking hours, but when sleep comes, blessed companionship
for which the soul has yearned—is sometimes given us. Who has never awaked in the morning, glad-crowned by
the remembrance of pleasant loving words spoken to them in
dreams?—by the memory of some dear face which bent over
them in the stillness of night—a face perhaps that was
hidden away long ago. We feel the soft waves, and all
through the day, whispered words of kindness and affection,
which softly in our hearts. Who shall say that we are not long
whisperings which the soul alone can hear?

Then sometimes we wander in other lands; whatever landscapes
are spread out before us, and those bright dream-pictures
we never forget. Rancer mountains, volcano Scenes than ever
my earthly eyes looked upon, have never been before me in this
visions of this night; and I bless God, we can see them
even when we sleep.

Last night I laid a weary head upon my pillow, and
my heart was faint; but sleep came, and with it a dream which I cannot help recalling, for it is continually before me, in all its grand and beautiful distinctions.

There was a broad river; one of its banks was low and shaded with trees whose long branches dipped gracefully in the stream. The opposite bank was a high cliff covered with green moss and wild flowers. I was standing in deep water which almost overflowed me, gazing entranced upon a vast army crossing the river, land by land, keeping step and time. They were all "mighty men of war," and clad in blue uniforms; the waters leaped and curled in eddying foam about their limbs, as they marched proudly on. Their banners were uplifted high, and borne unfurled across the river; but such a light as they were bathed in, is impossible to describe, for there is nothing earthly to which I can liken it. They seemed spiritualized, glorified, as if they had been dipped in sunsets, but through this heavenly tinting gleamed the Stars and Stripes, and I stood with clasped hands exclaiming "A. has beautiful! has glorious!"

On the cliff, half reclining among the flowers, and looking into intense interest upon these modern warriors were the spirits in their immortal bodies of Washington and many other noble heroes of the first Revolution. They were smiling and waving their hands as if in blessing, upon that mighty host crossing the river.

An ancient sage, whose long white beard,locks fell upon his shoulders, reminded me in my dream of Orion's hoary forest.
Kings, floated to me on the waves, and said, "Child, do not fear!" then taking me in his arms, just as the waters were swelling in angry billows around - bore me safely to the other shore.

I awoke; the hoarse rattle of musketry, which is most disarmable, and the thundering cannons, were still roaring the deadly shriek of man. I felt - that War - fearful and bloody, was each hour, coming nearer - nearer, but I felt too, that a Hand would lead me - an Arm bear me of through the deep waters; they would not overflow me. And that Army marching in triumph, proudly lifting its banners high - Shall I not see it?
Nothing new this morning, only a slight Skirmish. Some where - no one knows where. I was just told of Mrs. S's arrival, but from the City. She is a close friend, and my heart goes out to her husband. Crashed the lines sometime ago, and the wife of one of her home - concluded he was dead for herself, two children - a servant. Into one trunk - returned her passport, and went to the depot last night - at eleven o'clock to take the train cars. She was going with her way of provision cars. At the depot, she was met by a detective, who told her he was compelled to detain her until her baggage could be searched - last as it was late. She wanted to go home - called the next morning, 7:30, and reported his surprise at finding nothing contraband. "My mother, I have had orders to watch for you. At the depot, you obtained your passport and presented your hearing."

"My duty is to watch, and I know it to do. I can send you three horses from your uncle, where they are making Union flags this very moment."

The friends of Mrs S believing it would not be long before she could go. To the day by a team of pleasant routes - advised her to remain where she is. For the present.

191b

For nearly two weeks Arthur has been home, lies in bed. His return to the convent department has kept him out of active service and his encampment was 50 miles. I have not felt wholly alone.
But the Camp has just been moved a hundred miles away, so yesterday was the last day of furlough. Here have I hoped to spend each night, that the morning would find us free! But night after night the sound of arms sounded so near, it seemed as if the Union Army under General Barksdale was near, it would be in a few weeks. Confederate soldiers did not stop to make a stand when they saw us, they must march on to death - before victory. The Confederate Soldiers did not stop to make a stand.- Every day it is impossible if Sherman pushes them as he has been doing. If I were left in each day's night, until the last hour come, and General has gone too. There was but need of separation. The need changes of each. I trusted that if he should remain a day or two longer, he might be safe. He urged, gave up, said he should soon be safe, - when the order of my safety. I must trust in God - that was no one else left to me for protection - and he hurried away.

All of my neighbors have gone - am alone on the hill. A friend has urged me to move to town - to live with her; but this is my home, to wish to protect - if possible. There may be no battle here. if not I am safe; if there is one, what is my safety? A gentleman who has removed from town - wishing to settle somewhere else when the "Wiscans" arrived, offered me his fine residence - excepting wholly from constant motions. I do not know.
Early this morning, the Hospital Bivouac fell back in the rear. In a moment, the yard, kitchen & parade swarmed with soldiers asking for this & that. "May I get an arm in your out of the garden?" "Have you got any bread from under let me have?" "Can I get a little milk?" "Will you leave me a bottle of or pan?" No, yes, yes - Is my own - thinking their wants would come to an end sometimes, but they only increased. The servants were overwhelmed with importuning soldiers, & it was long before breakfast could be served.

The Col. came to the door & asked if he could have a room, as he was an invalid. I asked in return, if he would protect us. "Certainly madam, as long as we remain here." So he seated himself under a tree, allowing no soldier to enter the house or garden. He was a kind, hearted Christian man, I deemed to appreciate the war; spoke of his own family, little boys, and said, he could pity others left unprotected. He thought I was in not "running from the Yankees." So said, if all, who up to your host remained in their homes, they would have Samuel, Benjamin, Isaac, John & suffering.

We were getting accustomed to the continued roaring of cannon & battle of musketry, surrounding us with the fury, smoke of war; but at noon, a terrible shrieking, screaming, flying through the air, & burst with a loud explosion close...

The Col.! What was that?" "It is a shell madam. I beg of you to be..."
Calm. I think there is no danger here—you are safer than you would be in town. The enemy are only trying the range of their guns.

So are left, thesoldiers still shudder, and the are not chearted by any thing so slight as a few shells. Not long for there came another—another screaming through the air, and the poor Col. was again appealed to, "Be calm—be calm, I pray your best—be calm. We alone can protect us." I tried to trust—let the calm—when the munitions things were flying over our very heads and cried, I!

A shell fell, and I screamed, not far from the house. Every servant came out to inquire. They were told, they had best let it alone! and perhaps they would become sufficiently acquainted with them! I had begun to think it very nice to consider to have some one to bid, me "be calm"—and would not afraid of shells—when another suddenly came to the Hospital division to "fall back!"

I could see, there is no feeling of security—in the positions held by those forces. They are on the more continually. Our kind hearted Col. bid me good bye, saying he hoped I would go where embarras me. Advised to remain in my home, I remained unable to find my trust.

After this dinner had left home and for Mrs. Franklin. She said I must know that the must save me once more in my home, she could and not in thinking of me live so alone. While we were talking the shells came flying over the house. So fearfully, I seemed blue falling in the sky, that the became alarmed for the safety of her children.

I said, she must leave me. And how can I! Some poor woman, your friends are all wondering what you mean by staying where you
are surrounded by so much danger; our heads become so "demoralized" by these new shells, that we could not be induced to venture out in the open air - so a courier on Hood's staff kindly offered his services as usher, laughing not a little at Travis' fears.

Gen. Johnston is removed from his command, and Hovey succeeds him. Johnston will not "stand" - so his successor is expected to do wonderful things. Then ensued for continually falling back, Johnston replied, "We can rebuild cities when demolished, but if this army is once destroyed, we can never raise another." His men love and honor him, I deeply regret his removal.

Midnight.

Powers cannot picture the scenes that surrounded me - scenes which are etched my soul, will hold in remembrance forever. Terrible conflagration on every side - continual pouring of muskets - men screaming to each other - waggons rumbling by on every street, or pouring into the yard - for the few armaments of forces offers no obstruction now to cavalryman or wagons, and from the city, comes up wild shouting, as if there were a general melee there.

I sit in my dismantled home tonight, feeling that our earthly loves and all our pleasant things, are ashes so slighted. Am in this little posture where quiet happy hours have glided by, as I thought and dreamed, - alone, in this Sabbath twilight, we well to sing the hymn all, Samuel.
where have been social joys & pleasant communings, and
friend. Cluster, the bough of friend, in true companionship
of Earl. And to night! Ah - I stand alone on a deserted
island, where my heart howl always a summer, "I life seemed
one radiant morning! Alone, reaching out my hands in
rain, as the reed waves of war rush noyly by - sweeping
away our pleasant home.

Every thing is quiet-certain - but the spirit of confusion reigns
here, for a while; this is the Count rolled up in one corner - piano
wheel, and I standing aquire - sofa in the middle of the room.

Drum & Rejoice clapped, clung on a mattress for relief, while
Rollo & my two cats, friends all, watching me as if a spirit I
should leave them. In another room - both tied up in
sacks - clothes in bed yells - nobody knows what, are
scattered around. The barn is the refuge of Ross & Robert;
they had a cozy home of their own, which their incen-
by books filled with many comforts, but poor things! They
have but little left, and are grieving that little mind. Some
soldiers enticed other home. The other night, pretending to
search for runaway negroes, but my soon pistols were placed
upon their threats, while some of the party searched. Every
thing of value, they had - silk clothes - jewelry - watches - spoons
were carried off. Because they were negroes, some colored-men
soldiers near by, were appreled for in vain. A kind
officer is now staying with them. They will be protected.

All day the firing increased, becoming fiercer
each hour. Still the Soldiers said, "There is no danger - we are
Driving back the enemy. Towards evening, I was standing in the yard, listening to the firing, expressing my fears of a still nearer approach of battle-sounds. One kind Soldier-friend replied: "A\nthat is nothing; that firing is a long way off from here. Don't give\nyour fancy feelings occasion. I can assure you, our Army will\nnever allow the Yankees to take Atlanta." The devilishness of\nthis consolation almost stole me smile, but I answered in a\nworser tone, that they had taken so many places of late, apparently\nas easily as this, and sometimes I thought their City would share\nthe fate that others had. Poor Robert had no returned, both\nin their transport faces, as if delighted when I spoke. I think he was\nsafely out of it. They are always watching to see, had I can express\nmyself, from any such difficulty, and always exclaiming, "Then\nyou said so and so. That man watched you mighty hard-on." I\nwas afraid you would say something you ought not to, till you come\nout all right."

At dusk, which is not "twilight" mind, with this horrible pall of battle-smoke hanging over us - Some came running in quite\nout of breath, "Tell you Miss Abby, we've got to git away quick\nfree and fast, for the men are falling back to the breastworks. So\nthey're going to fight right away." He had hardly spoken, when\nan army of black muskets. Cannons came pouring into the\ngrass a yard. An officer came up quickly and said, "They are\nfalling back - will soon fight at the breastworks. It will not\nbe safe for you to remain here mocan." A clark might tell\nsuddenly upon the castle, and had clark the night-clay.
Short clowm upon my heart. Not a star illumined it: hope, courage, all gone—no husband, no better man, and an army of men about our home. Cannons belching forth a murderous fire not far away, a lone silent one in the jail, looked so black and vengeful, as if impatient of a moment’s quiet.

Shall I say, whether I slept or cried?—whether I stopped to take from my pocket a handkerchief, or snatched up my muslin dress every time I turned, as I went from room to room, not knowing what to do, or where to go, what to show—yet it seemed, if any thing could be shown, or what Orleans, the soldiers did not want for my thoughts, for they looked into the prisoners and took the carpet rolled up—pictures, portraits, or many other things, before I knew it. They belong to the Washington Artillery from New Orleans, our little Generals. I felt as though they came into the yard, I would find them kind and gentlemanly, and so I saw. Had a pleasant time in contact with refined, cultivated minds, even should one think them on the wrong side!

Some of them were standing in a group, looking at fitfully, as they said one thing about the war and the few outside had felt, when the “Situation” was realized, and I heard one to say in a low voice—“I tell you boys, if our army ever sets foot on northern soil, we ought never leave one stone, standing, to pay for such suffering as this.” My heart tingled there for their sympathy. But I thought they little knew what a “battle” they were fighting in.

Purcell is a friend in need. Mr. S. came from town to see if we were safe, just after the men fell back. Mr. S. & Mr. L. sent off a note to North’s headquarters, to ascertain if there was a probability of a battle tonight. They returned at ten o'clock, so—
Some time later, I heard an imploring scream from some body, like chicken which wanted soldiers to take care from its "nest-tree." But clear, Betty, you are safe, you and your children tied up in a basket, waiting with the rest of us, for this morning's orders. "Betty" is an important member of our "interesting family," and to ensure her safety, was about the first thought of the servants. She was an orange chicken, brownish with only one black feather which adorned her crest, and so peculiar, that when she flew up to hang on, she et-
habitual wonderful prophecies - such as travelling up and down the piano keys, whenever she could deal into the pad, and sometimes a golden egg would be left upon the music box so much fancied. Of course her progeny are precious and marvelously musical; they are Bassam & Ralala. Hugh & Roy his brother, and their mother has 4 additional children. By the grace of God in succession she lives long, long. When next they will come, it is impossible to predict.

So here we are awaiting and this fearful night - waiting for a still more perfect morning. The curios light from the fires lighting the palace's grove, shines fitfully in the darkness, revealing groups of soldiers here and there - some asleep on the earth, some crouching against - the trees in a listless way - as if life had no longer any gloominess for them.

Major R. told Mr. B. privately that possibly I might not have to leave my home after all - for they were looking for other even moment to fall back, and that was why they should not take their weapons to remove us to town. They expected the city would soon be evacuated off by the Confederate troops. The prospect for "resigning" is not very bright, for the only horse power on the premises now being an old blind animal, which Pater is the proud possessor of, he calls him by the expressive name of Bantamroostie. Every thing that breathes in our family is honored with a name.
We have found a refuge with Mrs. Funk and an earnest welcome. She put her arms around me when I arrived this morning. "Don't worry, my dear, poor woman! how can you expect with your life? Let cheer up. There good news for you. Hood is going to evacuate the city today; it was sacked last night, and such scenes were never heard of before. The soldiers expected to leave the city as soon as they had that done. Soldiers are gathering in the streets; the poor people are gathering up the supplies. It was expected that Hood would leave to-day, but the order has been countersigned—so says.

They had barely announced, when Robert and all the servants were tumbling things on the floor. The Washington artillery was soon ordered away to another point, the officers came to bid me good-bye. I appealed once at not being able to leave for assistance, and, if they came to receive here, my house should be protected. They said I should always remember their kindness and sympathy.

The moving was a slow process, only a small step forward at a time, but we hurried on. I could hear the noise of the artillery and the shells whizzing through the air.

I told the servants they need not stay no longer. Besides, the Battles were too close as to not be "last legs," or rather on his legs for the last time.

Leaving away most of the books in a large chest, I
looking the door, I fancied they would be safe until the storm would subside, so I could get them away. The pump was left, as there was no earthly fear of removing it; but fortunately Mr. G. found some army negroes who were not afraid of shells, that brought it over this afternoon. No doubt there were gallons of nice blackberry wine & jars of pickles destined for Sicka & Betih which were not gotten away; and alas, for Betty and her children! In the chase & hurry, the precious packets were forgotten, as was Pen. Grant & his kin, who were shared the fate of all fat pigs I suppose— for when Mr. G. went back this afternoon, not a live creature was to be seen, excepting Tiger who came up to him barking so imploving. He put him in a sack & brought him home. No cat was even so well come.

When we set out this morning, I felt somewhat as I was refuggeing myself, Mr. G., Poppy & I, each with bonds & arms loaded, and Betty following on in the rear at a cautious solemn pace, with his immense ball which he usually kept swinging high, and drooping to the ground. He seemed enabled to come prehend the confidence around him. Poppy held in dicted upon taking a pair of cologne bottles which were on my breast— but I did not like her to wear mine, thou. She had enough to carry. "Will let me take that pretty green comb, then!" But I hurried her away to the end of the house, so all the way to town, the silence ceas.
There was a tear broken by "And Miss Molly, it's true
and yet she would not let me take them pretty blue
Cologne bottles!" He's anxious about Cologne bottles,
when the shells were flying in every direction,
the battle lines began to be demarcated, our home-made
have laughter in spite of every thing.
A strange feeling came over me as I paced down
the shaded walk, when I look so often sunbath'd in
the peaceful, summer evenings; but I looked and looked
for I felt as if leaving those pleasant scenes
forever. If such ephebings such comforts
were, were it the entrance gate into the large life
of liberty for which I hope & seek, if this city is
hoped was ever full of thorns & briars that so purify
a man, lead out into the large shining land of
my Country, I would go fearlessly, casting look not
death of regret & longing for what I left behind.
And feared are the sounds of battle! We have
heard them to day for the first time; we could see, clouds
of smoke ascending, where we knew men were falling - dying.
A "glorious victory" is reported tonight, and there are great
rejoicings. We have taken thousands of prisoners - any amount
of artillery, a captured Six flags, Gen. McClellan is killed.
The last we do not yet believe, for in every engagement
one or more Union officers are always reported killed.
The heart sickens that comes near us, when we hear such
news - none can endure, but others. We wait, as we