New Year’s morning—1864.

The sun breaks through the clouds so goldenly, after these many days of darkness and storms—I half believe it is a bright omen of good things in store for us this year—which perhaps will be a New Year indeed, in the history of our Nation. But Hope is so weary sending out its dove, which flits over the desolate wastes, finding only Strife & Pain & Death; it comes back to the heart with tired wing—but no olive leaf of Peace.

Ye friends so far away—the loved, the true! I send you a New Year’s greeting. Fain would I reach out my hands across the dark gulf that severs us, & clasp yours once more—but no! I can only fold to my heart with spiritual arms, those with whom I have had sweet communings & lived. But the chilling thought comes—perhaps I am forgotten by those whom I remember in that far-away land. O, it seems so far-away now, & still receding! The clouds & the Night settle down heavier and closer around us. The way grows narrower, and the day-star for which we have watched—breaks not yet through the thickening darkness. Still I am blest, for now and then words of cheer & loving remembrance are borne to me, as if by spirit hands. I know not how they come, or care—so I may but rejoice in their coming. Then I am made glad by so often meeting those whose hearts are full of a lofty patriotism, that shrinks not at giving up houses & lands, men servants & maid servants—if they may but have a Country once more.

Ye who dwell in that old North-land, can never know as it is known here—how little life and earthly possessions are worth, without a Government [sic] to cling to;—how dark it seems to look up, and see no illuminated banner waving above you! But we nerve ourselves against des-
pair, and believe yet, that this Strife between Truth & Treason must soon end--triumphantly for Truth. Trampled Freedom will arise from the dust, with her starry robes unspotted,--& Columbia's land be so lifted up--purified & peerless, that we shall be proud to call it ours.

"The pale, pale face, my Country, yet shall flush with ripening bloom".

Jan 20th

Farmer T--- called this morning--wanted me to buy his load of "fodder". "You'd better take it--I reckon its the last fodder or any thing else I shall ever bring you". "Why so"? I asked. "Well, I'm ordered off to Virginy. They've got me in this war at last. I didn't want to have any thing to do with it any how. I didn't vote for Seces-sion--but them are the ones who have to go & fight now--and those who were so fast for war, stay out. I thought I was old enough, and had worked hard enough to stay at home the balance of my life". Drawing a deep sigh--"but they've got me now, and I spose there's no getting away from them. I don't want to fight the Northern folks, they've always treated me well enough. Where shall I put this fodder"?

Mr. T--- lives out ten miles in the country, and has brought us good things for man & beast, year after year. His honesty, industry and contentment command the respect of all who know him. We grow to liking such characters; we love to see them happy and prosperous. So I am conscious of a pleasurable emotion, whenever I see that kind honest cheerful face coming towards the house; then the nice fresh butter, eggs &c that come when the face does,--makes the arrival of Farmer T---, a pleasant episode in this quiet life of mine. But the face looked sad
this morning—though meek & resigned. After Mr. T--- bid me good bye, he turned back to say—"I reckon my old woman will be coming to town sometimes, and she'll bring you butter & eggs when I am gone."

I felt really sad when I saw him going away—driving his old horses which he seemed to have a fresh admiration for—sitting up in that great lumbering wagon—looking so martyr-like, as if he clung to life and his loves, but it was his duty to go & get killed, and try to kill somebody—though he didn't know what for.

Long I sat and thought and wondered as many others do no doubt—why such things are permitted;—why the innocent and loyal must so suffer, while the guilty & rebellious can stay at home in quiet & safety. But it should be enough for us to know that He wills it—the great Father, whose compassion is so infinite.

I went to day to the hospital on the hill; it has been some weeks since I was there. The Union Soldier is improving rapidly. How glad he seemed, when he saw me coming near him! I looked over to the window where the Tennessee boy was lying, when I saw him last, but the little bed was vacant; the pillow clean, & comfort folded back as if waiting for another occupant. I asked an attendant where that sick one was who used to lie thus. "O he died yesterday, and was buried". Gone home at last—thought I—and his yearning heart is at rest.

This has been an uneventful day, but I am sitting on the veranda at the Sun-down hour, to tell how it 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 withered leaves; they drop now & then in a quiet way, as the aged lie down to die. Ah—this leaf of Southern life is not withered, but it falls back so cold upon my heart!
We wait still for the mighty to come and roll away the stone from the tomb into which Secession has consigned us—without any embalming. We hope to step forth free men & women, and live as we have never lived in this land before. It is terrible to dwarf the Soul, that the body may exist.

There are three classes who are looking anxiously for the coming of the victors. Those who love their Country and their Goverment [sic] with true loyalty of Soul—the poor who are suffering for the commonest comforts of life, and this nation of negroes who have patiently waited through long years for their deliverance to come. They stretch forth their hands in wild yearning for what every human heart craves—its birthright of freedom. In the commencement of the war, the fear was universal, that there would be "risings" & "insurrections" without num-
ber. But nothing of the kind. The negroes go along with the same sub-
mission that characterizes the race. As almost every available white
man is ordered to the field—ladies are often left alone on large plan-
tations, with hundreds of slaves to care for. One soldier told me his
mother's plantation was surrounded by six others—and there was not a
white man on one of them. There are isolated cases of insubordination
& murders, but they are no more frequent than in times of peace.

After Mr. Lindoln's proclamation, great apprehension was felt as
to the result among the negroes; for not the most ignorant one could
be found, but what knew of it, and understood its import. Yet no change
was visible; though who can tell of the wild joy that thrilled their
hearts, when they felt that their chains were at last broken; Who can
tell how many "Praise de Lord!—Praise de Lords"! went up from cabin
homes, where dusky forms were gathered around the lightwood blaze—or
were winged to heaven silently, because they dared not be spoken--& were accepted by Him who hears not words alone.

Very strict regulations are enforced, all of which are submitted to quietly. If negroes are found out after nine o'clock in the evening, even with passes from their owners, they are carried off to the "Caliboose". They can have no social "pleasuring"--and long before their church was taken for a hospital, no meetings were held without a force of policemen being present, with their clubs in readiness, These measures seem impolitic, for there is no surer way to convince them that the whole thing is wrong, and a consciousness of power is thus forced upon them--should they choose to use it.

I remarked to a Southern lady, that it was surprising that those from whom so much trouble had been anticipated, had given the least. She thought it was because a grand faith in their final freedom had given them patience, and they were determined to wait & see what this war would do for them. She said it would be the worst calamity that could befall the South, if such a thing was possible, that they should gain their independence; for the slaves then having all hope cut off, and no North to look to would not any longer submit to their masters, and we should witness scenes never dreamed of before. Mrs. ____ said if there were no other reasons for hoping the Southern Confederacy would be a failure--this would be enough. Arming the negroes has been under consideration sometimes--and it amuses them exceedingly. This lady's waiting man, a faithful and intelligent servant, said to her one day--"Missus, they better keep them guns out of our folks hands--cause they dun 'no which way we going to shoot"!

A woman came to see me to day, and bursting into tears said--"My
husband can't get detailed any longer. He has already been published as a deserter, and how am I to get bread for my children, when meal is twenty dollars a bushel, and I have such poor health"! Then she cried out again—"O, I wish these Yankees would ever get here, before we are all murdered and starve to death"! This woman has five children; the eldest, a daughter about sixteen, has a bad cough—but walks two miles to town to obtain Goverment [sic] sewing—pants, coats &c. She stops here frequently to rest, for 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 now saving her tickets, and not drawing the money for her sewing, fearing she would have 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 out the work.

Many a woman walks eight or ten miles to town to get sewing; they often have no shoes, or only those made of cloth "pitched within & without"—and rarely ever wear stockings—for the simple reason they have none. The dresses of these countrywomen are sometimes made of flour sacks dyed with bark; gingham "Sunbonnets" were long ago dispensed with, --and those made of straw or the long leaved pine take their place.

Feb 14th 1864

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

I remained at home this morning—substituting the children's minia-
ture Sabbath school for church services; for if I attend the latter, I
am like the woman who spent her all upon physicians, and was "nothing
bettered, but rather grew worse." I become only more & more embittered,
by hearing from the pulpit such vile aspersions continually cast upon
the Government [sic]—such prayers for its destruction—such assertions
that "our cause is just, and a just God will crown it with success."

After dinner, a gentleman and his wife called; they apologized for
calling to day, but Mr. B— said he was in trouble, and wanted sympa-
thy. He is past "45"—the present conscript mark, and says he has con-
sidered himself a free man, if such are to be found within the limits
of the Confederacy. But on going to Savannah, he was arrested and in
spite of his exemption papers, and his statements as to age, they en-
rolled him on the conscript list. He is a Southron, but says he will
die before he will ever fight for this cause. He obtained a week's fur-
lough, which he will improve by leaving this sunny land. One would
think it was Pandemonium instead of the fair South, to which longing
eyes were once turned, as if it were an Eden of blessedness and beauty.
Now, to escape is the question—as well with rebels as Unionists. The
former rush to Europe from the pleasant land their folly has turned into
a Sodom;—they hasten from the flames their own hands have kindled.

This friend asked to see a little starred treasure he knew I had,
and when it was spread before him, he did not speak, for a minute or
two. His wife rallied him, for his eyes brimed [sic] up full; but he spoke at last—O God! when shall we see this dear old flag waving in triumph over this wretched land! I wish every act of wickedness & oppression perpetrated here, might be published to the whole world; but it can never be told. The powers of darkness reign, and every thing that can degrade, oppress, and crush out the last remaining spark of freedom and manhood, is resorted to. I lost my own self respect, by bribing the officers as I did, in order to obtain my leave of absence. He bid me good bye with a "God bless you." He goes tomorrow & his wife and children will follow, as soon as he has had time to cross the lines.

Have just read an article from the New York News—"What is this war for"? Can it be that there are any in the North, who are trying to discourage patriots who would lay down life to save their country—any who seek to cripple the Government [sic] as it battles with its would-be destroyers? Southern Papers have boasted of these things—but we could not believe them possible. Let all such home-traitors come and taste the tender mercies of those whose favor they seek, and a speedy cure would be effected. The briefest sojourn at Andersonville would be sufficient.

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 so untruthful as to commend her as loyal to the Davis government [sic], 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 that she did, by receiving a
passport, one of the conditions being "not to communicate any thing that may prove detrimental to the Confederate States." Her 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 dispatched by some murderous guerrilla.

Mrs. B--- loves and hates, with all the ardor of her Southern nature. She loves her country and hates its enemies. "O" said she to day—"Mr. Lincoln is too good—too lenient. I wish he could be removed, and a perfect tiger be put in his place; for every one who ever voted for secession 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 now, dark as our prospects seem. Every man must volunteer, (he had his exemption papers secured) for if this thing fails, there are some men who will certainly have to hang. Jeff Davis, Howell Cobb, Bob Toombs and others. If the U. S. Goverment [sic] don't hang them, our own people will, for bringing upon us so much misery and destruction".

March 12th 1864

Rare sport is is now to go shopping. No purse is large enough to hold all the "needful" that is needed to make more than one purchase. From my account book, which I propose to keep for the amusement of future generations—I copy this entry.

1 pd pepper $ 10.
1 qur beef 73.
1 bottle bay rum 20.
2 ounces ginger 4.
1 broom 6.
1 ham 54.
1 bushel "cow peas" 18.
1 sack of flour 120.
4 pds butter 40.
3 gallons syrup 60.
1 whip 20.
1 buggy & harness 1500.
50 pds coffee 500.
Merino dress 400.
Calico dress 140.
Gaiters 110.

A green silk "love of a bonnet," with pansies & plumes $150.

When I was out 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. Willie who is now contemplating the pictures on the cover, says--"Why Miss Abby--that little girl with a basket of chips on her head, haint spilt them all out yit"! He remembers the picture, and his fancy, that the basket was full of chips instead of flowers;--owing no doubt to "early associations."

After dieting on "pure Southern literature" so long, these words from the breathing thinking world, seem doubly welcome. Here are Iceland travellers telling of the realm of frost & snow--where grandeur and beauty dwell. Who imagined any body was enjoying any thing
save feeding & fighting! Upon the Editor's Table, the feast of reason is still spread in largeness and benevolence of thought. And that old Easy Chair I rejoice to know is not upon its "last legs" yet, but goes trundling around, picking up genes and scattering them again. The Drawer too, is filled as in the peaceful joyous days. From the battle field, and camping ground, come sounds of mirth occasionally, and it is well--better, than to forever strain the heart, to hear only the wail of anguish.

But O Mr. Harper--if you had only harped more upon the fashions! for the fair ones in Secessiondon are longing to know of the latest styles for their "homespun" frocks. Though you could have no assurance that this particular number was destined to float down to Dixie by way of Havana Nassau and various other ports. This Magazine is rather of an ancient date--but just as good for us benighted heathen. My dear Harper--your more favored readers who live in a breathing atmosphere, cannot know what it is to pant in a huge tomb, shut out from all true life;--pant for the strong deep respiration which the air of freedom gives. They cannot know what it is, to only catch the far off murmurs of the great active living world, with no full, clear notes falling upon the soul.

We are glad to see you are battling for the right. No vacillations--no hidden disloyalty--but outspoken devotion to truth. Oh bid them hasten, who have promised to come! With one hand outstretched to beckon them on--with the other we point to those who
weary in their long waiting have died,* and are dying;--we point to these vermin-haunted prisons, where the brave are fearfully perish-ing--while looking for deliverance or exchange. Alas, the "exchange" for which they wait is only to give up a wretched existence 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 alone. Sounds of distant music from the band float hither. The Band! but it discourses not those grand old anthems of our Nation--where remembered strains still echo in the soul, though Memory is almost dead. Well, if Hope must die--let memory perish too. We tire of hearing forever--"Bonnie blue flag" and Dixie--and think it would be delightful to be awakened some of these bright spring mornings, by Hail Columbia!

My friend Frank called to day--perfectly cast down. She is heart broken, because her husband has left her with her four little ones to battle with this terrible life alone. He was obliged to leave, for he had continually to act falsehoods, in order to live at

*Two Southern men have died in this city recently, who thought and talked of nothing else, but the coming of the Union Army. It was said the Act of Secession literally broke the heart of one of them. He was a man of worth and intelligence--but said he did not wish to live--only to see the triumph of his Goverment [sic]. Another lawyer of eminence, died suddenly in 1861, while making a Union speech. His last words were for his country.
all; and even falsehood could not any longer keep him from the Front. Ladies whose husbands go North, are the subjects of bitter animadversions now—but they care very little for them. It is amusing to hear of the wondrous things that are to be done "after we gain our independence". Some propose to have "Every Yankee that remains here, chained with 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 H---. He tells me to leave this land, and not stay a moment for any pecuniary consideration—hinting that it may be long before our anticipations are realized. But he leaves the decision with me, as he can know nothing of the difficulties attending an exit from these boundaries. The few of whom I have taken counsel—say remain where I am by all means. It is easy always to follow advice which accords with our own inclinations. So long have these great hopes been linked with my life, that a life without them—or without seeing their realization—would seem zestless & void. It would not be 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 swept through the streets of Atlanta—"

"And banners waved like blessing hands."

Bands of music spoke out the wild joy which loyal hearts could not utter for very gladness. They came as conquerors this time, and not as captives."

Oh no! this is not enough. I must see the triumphant army as it marches proudly into the city, where it had been so often said—"The Hessians shall never come"!--must hear the notes of victory—
must clasp the hands of those who have waited together for the day of rejoicing. How would it grieve the heart of the traveller who had wandered far, and climbed footsore & weary the Alps' highest summit, to watch from thence the rising Sun,—and just as his glad eye caught the first golden gleamings in the eastern sky—if he then must turn from what his soul had fainted to behold—descend to the monotonous scenes below, and loose [sic] the joy of a life time!

[The following paragraph lightly scratched out in pencil.]

When with friends—when alone as now, or if I wake in the dark—grim prison-walls loom up before me; but no good can come of my going there. They tell me, by remaining here, I can better aid in obtaining H--'s release—by & by. So I shall wait for the close of the drama—wait where is my home, and where are my hopes.

Ridged up earth encircles our city, and the "workbreasts" as little Willie calls them, are very near my home. When I first saw the ditches deepening, and the red clay heaping up—a feeling of suffocation came over me. It seemed as if the earth was opening her mouth to swallow us up.

Years ago, I went wandering round among the old ruins of Ticonderoga—spell bound. Every broken down wall whispered a wonderful story, and every little hillock was some hero's [sic] grave to me. On those old embankments, grass was growing, and wild flowers blooming; the little rusty cannonball which I found partly unearther, seemed a priceless treasure. O with what a wild charm, was every foot of that battle-ground invested! But no wierd [sic] old woman in the little cabin where the romping girl sat down to rest—ever looked into her hand so wisely, and told her she would
sometime go way off to a beautiful land—but dark years would come. Her home would be surrounded by forts and fortifications—and perhaps cannons would thunder about her, and men fall thick as autumn leaves. Yet the soldiers assure me it will not be so. They say these ditches are no protection—a cat could jump across them. "A battle here? No madam. Give yourself no uneasiness. In case it was possible for the enemy to come down into Georgia so far, and Johnston falls back here—the boys all say they will fall back home, for we'll know then there's no use in fighting any longer. As to that, they say it would be a heap better to give up now, before we're all killed off. They are deserting every day any way".

Johnston is much beloved by his men; he cares for their comfort, and treats them kindly. Bragg was an object of hatred; he was unmerciful 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 leave of absence to go home and attend to a sick wife. She died, and he remained two or three days over his time to care for the motherless children, and started back to his command. He was met by a guard who came to arrest him as a deserter, and as such was taken to the camp; he related the circumstance which detained him—but it was of no avail—he was ordered to be shot at once. They began to bandage his eyes; he would [not] 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 fainted before, but he could not witness this scene unmoved—for the soldier 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 Commander. His soldiers used often to declare they would aim their bullets at him first--were they ever engaged in battle.

There is a Battery erected near by, manned by soldiers who are any thing but "protectors". They are engaged in extensive robberies every night; nothing is considered safe which can be carried away. Being no respecters of persons, they call upon all alike;--one night taking four thousand dollars worth of provisions from my neighbor's store room--the next entering a poor woman's house and robbing her of every article of clothing of which she had disrobed herself upon going to bed--and all of her children's garments also. Last night they called at "our house";--broke into the kitchen--carried off two tubs of linen--took every implement lying about the yard--and more than all, they stole my beautiful George--my Turkey gentleman the last of his tribe, I had permitted to live. Four years ago, he was dedicated for a feast day. He went to his slumber away up in a lofty oak, and we thought he was safe, but alas he is gone. He will never grace my table on feast days, or fast days;--will no more strut about with swelling pride, the lord of these premises. O, George McClellan--to think your life should be given at last to robber-rebels! It is to be hoped that the man whose name you bear, will never follow your "illustrious example."

Sabbath--after church. A good sermon this morning, but it was spoiled by the last word, which was Confederacy, instead of Heaven; once they were thought to be synonomous [sic] by some--but one would judge it was not so now, for the eagerness most men evince to escape
from the former. Not long ago, I listened to a really eloquent sermon, but the minister closed by pointing his hearers to Bragg, and not to Christ.

Cannot read or think to day. All begin to feel that we are on the eve of stirring events. These immense preparations which we hear are being made by "the enemy"—show that something will be done sometime. Strange rumors come to us. The voices of Spring whisper solemn things. There is a hush and quiet which portends a storm. Let it come!

I feel restless to day. Am tired of this monotonous life and scenery. Wish I could see those lofty mountains sweeping against the sky, that used to look so grand and holy when the Sabbath sunbeams fell upon them. We need something more than soft air and sweet flowers, to thrill the soul; we can float on these—but can be lifted up only in the presence of Mont Blancs and Niagaras.

March 20th 1864

Various have been my experiences to day. Long I lay upon my pillow this morning, listening to the howling of a cold March wind, which mingled with a few bird songs only, made not a very joyous matin. I arose depressed in spirit—turned from the morning repast, and shut myself away from all intruders. Ashamed to own it—but I had fainted by the way—had not endured to the end. So I took up my mother's Bible, which fell upon—and my eye caught this;—"And the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought, & make fat thy bones: and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not." Had a
voice from the blue skies above called my name, & addressed to me these beautiful words—they would not seem any more spoken to me—than when I read them on those leaves yellowed by time—in my mother's Bible. They were cooling streams in the desert, and my heart was already like a "watered garden", and I felt the little joy-flowers blossoming there.

After dinner came a poor woman—a soldier's wife to obtain sewing. In tears as usual—her husband gone—she sick—and the same cry—"How can I get bread for my children"! Soon after she left, two more came on the same errand. The husband of one killed in battle long ago, the other sick & wounded. They said their rich neighbors persuaded their husbands to volunteer in the first of the war, promising that their families should never suffer. But the promise was forgotten, & the little sewing they could get, hardly kept them alive. This class of women know nothing about work, save of the coarsest kind; they could make a flour sack, sweep a cabin, & bake a "hoecake", and this is about all—so it is less trouble to give to them, than to employ them. It always excites the ire of negroes to see charities bestowed upon "Ole poah white folks"—no matter how sick or helpless they may be. "Why don't they go to work"? "They are sick and cannot work". "What they been doing all the time fore they got sick? They're lazy and no-count. That's the reason they haven't got nothing to live on when they gets sick".

The next comer was a young girl who came to beg assistance in writing a letter to her Lieutenant lover at the Front, who had proved faithless, or was killed—she didn't know which. But she wanted a
letter written that would reach his heart, and remind him of broken vows—if he was alive—if not, it would do him no harm! So between us a most affecting letter was written which will of course bring the young man to his knees. Wandering lovers are so easily won back! But all the true ones will not come back now for—

"Ah me! how many a maiden
Will wake o' nights, to find
Her tree of life, love-laden
Swept bare in this wild wind!"

The last "call was "Ma says please send her some blackberry wine—the baby's got the cramps." The Night and the Storm have come now, and both are welcome—for quiet & solitude will come with them.

My "Home Guards"—David & Dan, are sleeping in an adjoining room—my old shaggy protector has stretched himself by the door, with head reposing on his paws—and Poppy is dreaming too. Before the mirror, where he stands for hours during the day, to admire himself—is perched no horrid black raven—but my dove Rosy, poised on one foot, with head folded beneath a white wing. How many whiter wings, and watching eyes that these mortal eyes see not, are hovering about me—I cannot know; but somehow a sense of security fills my heart, and this solitude and stillness seem not oppressive. Stillness within—which is unbroken even by cricket's chirp, or "Old Clock on the Stairs" ticking out—

"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

O Muffee, jump down! You have lain curled up in my lap like a great black catapillar long enough. I must brighten the fire;—don't like
these fitful flashes. There! now the flames are dancing. A dark mysterious furnace sending out its warmth for some unknown place—you don’t know where, is nothing compared to the old primitive fireplace, where you can throw on the "lightwood" and watch the sparks & the flames, which seem kindly & pleasant like sympathetic friends. With a cat & a dog—a child—a book—pencil and paper, and bright cheerful fire—who can be lonely? And yet—the cat & child fall to sleep for want of petting—the book is dropped—pencil lies on the paper unused—the fire dies down, because thought leads me out away from the present;—bidding me peer now into the future—then compelling me to wander far backward. There are dreams we keep on dreaming;—there are remembered looks—there are happy and sorrowful memories folded away in the heart’s deep places,—and sometimes we go softly there, as we would glide silently into the darkened room where our holy dead are lying. We gently lift the white veil that covers them—take away the withered flowers, and strewn fresh ones there—give another and another look—let the lifted veil fall back again, & go away.

March 22nd 1864

To day, I received a letter from my friend 'Mrs. B—-. She had succeeded in getting as far as Gadsen [sic] Ala. Her adventures are amusing; she paid eight hundred dollars for a conveyance to take her forty miles, and was perfectly jubilant with the expectation of soon crossing the lines. By dots and mysterious sentences, she tried to convey to me some news which she dared not write in full—but I could not comprehend their import.

The orchards that were aglow with peach blossoms a few days
since, are blackened and blighted now. The frost has cut off the sweet prophecies of delicious fruit which were hung out—a thousand of them—on every twig. A dreary prospect—is a long Southern summer without a single rosy-cheeked peach to cheer us. So it has been every year since the war began—and yet we are told "God is on our side".

Mrs. F—h spend the morning with me. She says the prisoners have been dying rapidly, since the U. S. Surgeons have left. The Confederate M. D. who has the care of them now, remarked to a person, who understood what he meant, & reported 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 medicine of their own surgeons—was not sick—but as soon as they left, the rebel Dr. brought him medicine and compelled him to take it two or three times a day—and he was sick now in earnest, and was growing worse. They all believe that slow poison is being administered to them—but say they would as soon die, as go to Andersonville.

Why they are not exchanged, seems incomprehensible to these poor suffering men—who feel that they are forgotten by a Goverment [sic] they risked their lives to save—and are now left to die a thousand deaths in these wretched Southern prisons.

The following announcement is made in one of the morning papers. "We have been permitted to examine a February number of Godey's Lady Book. It appears from the fashion plates, that the Yankee women still dress as gaudily as ever. We observed no new styles of mourning dress for the many thousand of their Yankee brothers who
are manuring Southern soil with their rotting carcasses. They wear hoops, very small collars and pretty high hats. As large numbers of their men have been killed, we "guess" the Yankee girls are preparing the way to dress as nearly like men as possible, just to keep up the idea that men are about"! Then advice is given to the Dixie girls to make their own fashions for all time to come--to show their independence--and manufacture their hoops out of grapevine if nothing better can be had, &c.

Another article on Gen Butler--who is certainly blessed with titles--which are Beast, Brute and Ghoul.

A rare bit of history was published in one of our city papers not long ago--relating to Mr. Lincoln's earlier life. The Editor in announcing it says--"We publish to day, the pedigree of the vile monster Lincoln. Its truthfulness may be relied upon. None will fail to read it."

"An object of so much abhorrence, as the man or animal now disgracing the Presidency of the North, must excite some curiosity as to his history--which when given, will convince us that he is a most fit and appropriate instrument for the administration of the besotted, vulgar & fiendish views of the Yankee bigots, whose suffrage made him their chief magistrate." Then follows a long account of the early & later life of the subject of calumny--whose true name is stated to be Abraham Hanks. "He has not one redeeming trait of character. His corruption seems to be radical, his faults inbred, his meanness and duplicity organic. His proclamation is a stupendous crime, a curse to his name, to which the infamy of a Nero or a Caligula will be light & harmless. To the North he bequeaths 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."

April 9th

We have been to the barracks to day. When we arrived at our place of rendezvous--Mrs. F---h's Poppy looked into Nelly's basket, which was filled with good things, and whispered to her--"O, Nelly--don't give them nice cakes to the Southern Condeffassy [sic] Soldiers--give them to the poor Yankees"! They made some kind of a compromise between them;--the Condeffassy boys were to have a few of the nice cakes--but the greater part were destined for the Soldiers who were not of the "Condeffassy" order. All but eight of the prisoners have been sent to Andersonville; six of them are very low, and not expected to live. The other two--Joe & Frank are nurses.

There are sixty deserters in the Confederate prison hospital, and Mrs. F---h carries them milk soup biscuits &c, at least every week, and sometimes oftener. She has a sincere compassion for them--then too, she can thus gain access to the few remaining prisoners, 

*These are but a few extracts from a long article, that would read strangely by the side of those eloquent eulogiums which were poured forth by a weeping Nation over the grave of its Martyr--and the answering notes of sympathy and sorrow that swept over the sea from all the crowned of Europe.
who seem dependent upon her for almost life itself.* No fitful impulsive charity is hers—gushing forth at first sight of suffering, then subsiding—but earnest continuing in well doing—consulting never self interest or ease. It is no holiday freak with her, as with the rest of us, who occasionally get our courage up enough to challenge watching eyes and bitter threats.

We first went to the Confederate hospital. Here pale shriveled 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 aint but a few days." Then each one had a doleful tale to tell to their patient listener—of all their aches & pains—of what they had, or hadn't had to eat. When the distributions were completed, and our baskets apparently almost empties—Mrs. F—h looked into hers, and carelessly said to the adjutant standing near—"We have a few biscuits left—guess we'll give them to the Yankees." He replied as carelessly—"You going in there? Well I'll go with you". Then Mollie had an attendant too—for wicked girl! she had allowed herself to be so fascinating, and such a good secessionist in order to get access to the prisoners—that a not very youthful—but simple good-hearted widower had lost his heart, and watched for her coming as eagerly as the rest of the captives. O these prison-romances! This is one, then Joe loves Jennie, a bright-eyed noble

*Two of them recovered—were sent to Andersonville—lived through those horrible scenes, & since peace has come, have written to their benefactor—telling her that under God, they owed their lives to her & little Nelly.
girl—who goes with Nellie to comfort the imprisoned—but she loves another one who has been exchanged long ago; proving it true that the "course of true love", is somewhat rough at least. In other prisons, I have heard of strange beautiful stories—of captives now & then catching glimpses of some sweet pitying face—of vows being exchanged in mysterious ways, and promises given of returns and welcomes after the war. After the war! no pen of mortal can write out the sorrowful changes—the breast-aches and heart-breaks—the bitterness and disappointments that will come then. But it will be recorded somewhere, and by One in whose sight, no human grief seems a little thing.

Mrs. F— whispered as we stepped into the door—You & Nelly go on—Mollie & I will take care of our guard". So she talked pleasantly with the adjutant about out bright prospects—recent defeats of the Federals, and Mollie interested the widower in her own peculiar way—while Nellie was slyly hiding things under pillows besides the "few biscuits"—and pockets were emptied of more contraband articles. Joe expected to be soon exchanged, and said he would take as many letters over the lines, as his friends wished to send. We need have no fears—they would be sewed 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 revelations to me. "Frank

*This prisoner was soon after sent to Andersonville, where he remained nearly a year; but the letters were safely kept through all that wretched life, and when he was exchanged—they reached their destinations, though somewhat worn.
there--went all round this city last night. One of the Confederate soldiers that was guarding--got him a rebel uniform--and took him round. He saw every ditch, every fortification and preperation [sic] 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 do so soon too. If we are exchanged as we expect to be--they will find out some things they don't know now--for if they had any idea how matters stand down here--I'm sure they wouldn't stay round Dalton much longer".

But we could make no excuse for remaining longer, so hurried away. As we were going out of the door, I looked back--and those weary wistful faces were turned towards us so clingingly;--the pleased happy looks were dying out, and the old sadness coming back. How 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 cheer of our own homes--when sometimes we remember these faces, so full of pain and loneliness and starvation.

March 24th 1864

The days go by with a strange quiet at home & the Front. Spring seems loth to adorn the land with sweet flowers when they are so soon perhaps, to be bathed in blood--to be trampled in the dust by the tread of fierce warriors rushing on to victory or defeat. Miniature leaves are just unfolding on the trees--which should long ago have hung out their green banners.

Now and then we are startled out of our stupor, by rumors that the long expected battle has begun, and wild hopes ray out from ev-
ery such rumor—for the fearful contest which we have watched from afar, has come so near us now. So near—that we almost put our ears to the Earth, and with finger upon the lips—listen breathlessly, that we may catch if possible—the sound of coming footsteps—footsteps of an "army with banners"—which when unfurled above us, will proclaim Liberty indeed.

Reading is mostly laid aside now, 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 up-shoot of seeds in the garden—the bursting of rose 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 time of the singing of birds has come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.

Oh this wild unrest that fills the heart in Springtime! What is it?—from whence doth it come? It sometimes seems as if a thousand birds were caged within, with choked voices, and could not sing;—a thousand flowers prisonèd in rough calyces, could not blossom outward. In this glorious time when all Nature is flowering & winged & voiceful—one longs for wings and voices too.

Am sitting by the window which I opened wide, and the sunshine flooded all my heart, as it did my room. Beautiful thoughts are whispered to me—but they are not mine, no more than are the bird songs which I hear, or the breath of flowers that is borne past on the sweet morning air. I cannot utter them—so they flutter and float about like foam upon the stream, which whirls in eddies awhile, then glides away—away.

Farmer T's wife just now drove up to the door. With a subdued
voice, she asked if I wanted any butter and eggs this morning—
then burst into tears. "I've lost my baby, and next oldest child
since I was here, and my husband is sick way off in Virginy—and
now they're going to take this boy away from me", turning to a
young lad sitting by her. What will become of me? I can't work
my farm myself". Pointing to a large house, not far away—"Why
don't Mr. Newman go to the war? he was mighty fierce for it, and a
great secessioner. I reckon you're powerful glad your husband aint
here to be dragged off and killed up all for nothing. But good bye!
I don't know as I can ever bring you any thing more. I shall be all
alone with my little girls after Jeems here goes off to war". Poor
woman! my heart ached for her—but I could only extend my hand, and
give her as tearful a good bye as she gave me.

So there is never a little moment of sunshine and beauty—but
this cruel war is forced upon our thoughts.

Arthur has been home for a few days assisting in the garden man-
agement—enlarging strawberry beds, and planting with "great expecta-
tions". Tom & Dan are turfing the yard, and seem ambitious to have a
green carpet spread out suddenly over it. Dan just looked up very
wisely & said—"Maybe we're fixing all this for nothing, for perhaps
they'll fight right here. What would you do then Miss Abby?—Whar'd
you stay at"? Tom did the answering—"Oh hush such talk! I spect to
wake up any of these mornins [sic], and see this yer town just filled
with Yankees. Jerry told me last night, that a black man told him,
that he heered two white men talking the other day—and they said all
them that didn't want to stay here after the Yankees come, had better
be gittin out o' this place mighty peart. One on 'em said he just
had saw a man that come through. He had been a spy-in like, and he told them, there was no end to them Yankees! The whole country round Chattanooga was just blue—and it was no use in trying to keep 'em back—for they'd got started, and would go whar they was a moun' to. Our folks has a heep of insurance any how—to say they're driv-ing them back—they always whips 'em—when they're coming this way all the time".

May 6th 1864

We have been raiding through the woods to day—a pleasant little party of the fair, the young, the brave—and some that were not fair nor young nor brave; some too were of Union and some dis-union proclivities. But May sunshine and May airs harmonized all these conflicting elements—and we "made believe" we were happy.

It seems strange—this persistent attempt to forget the strife and sorrow of War—and now when it is no near us—stranger still. This same spirit of determination to eke out pleasure whenever and wherever it can be found was exhibited in a tragi-comic scene at the depot the other day. Wounded soldiers were lying about on the hard floor, and rough boxes with somebody's loved in them—were scattered around. A merry negro came along, and seating himself upon one of these coffins—began to tune up his rather delapitated "fiddle;"—the live soldiers hearing it—begged for a "good lively chune"—and pushed their dead comrades here & there, to make room for their shuf-fling feet. The "light fantastic toe" was tipped, until the cars came along, which was to take them to the front—and death.

The woods are so beautiful now—in Nature's coronation time.
Honeysuckles are flaming among the rich leafage of the forests--some bright scarlet--some just blushing with pink--and others of deepest orange. The dogwoods in the denser woods look so white--as if covered with snow that had forgotten to melt. Woodbines climbed up so provocingly high with their red & yellow blossoms--we could not reach them, and the gorgeous trumpet flowers are more ambitious still. And such a profusion of yellow jessamines [sic]! --they are by far the sweetest flowers that adorn these Southern woods. They climb too--and hang high their golden bells which sing out hymns [sic] of perfumed praise. But Oh the Serpent-haunted marshes where these flowers live their beautiful life! So should our Souls blossom out in beauty and goodness--be our surroundings never so dark and unlovely.

Some of our party danced--some rowed on the pond--some wandered off to talk of their bright dreams--and a few others sat down on the soft carpet made by the dead foliage of the long leaved pine. They sat there and wreathed wild haw blossoms around their hats--though they talked not of love or flowers but of the battle which has begun. One had just told the news--"They are fighting terribly to day, & Johnston has taken ten thousand prisoners. He has driven Sherman beyon' Chattanooga, & there is great rejoicing in town over the news--for they say the Yankees will not dare to make another advance after such a defeat".

M--- 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! driven back! I wish I could die! I do not want to live if our Gov-ernment [sic] cannot. Think how England would triumph over us! think
of the rejoicing here"! and the fair girl threw from her the tear-
bedewed flowers she was twining together—as if they innocent things
—breathed with hate and treason instead of sweetest perfumes.

Seeing the rest of the party coming towards us—we wandered off
still farther—lest Mollie's tears might betray her. We 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

—"Stream with mosses
And sprout with mistletoe."
The mocking birds mocked—with their wild gushing songs—our hearts'
anguish—and this splendor of Spring in a Southern Clime was all un-
heeded—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 any thing but laugh
all her life. We have learned our lessons well,—can cry when we
would laugh—and laugh when we would cry.

9th

Sherman defeated, & Johnston pursuing! But I like such de-
feats & such pursuits as these prove to be. Yesterday Gen Thomas
took Tunnel Hill under his care, and Dalton is evacuated by the Con-
federates—that place which was so impregnable, "Nature had forti-
fied that position so perfectly, that no power on earth can drive our
army from that point". Now—"Johnston is only falling back to get a
better position; and when he does make a stand—dead Yankees will be
piled up higher than Stone Mountain. Gen. Johnston knows what he is about; he is following out a plan he had long ago—to draw Sherman down into Georgia—cut off his supplies, and bag the whole Vandal tribe”. And many rejoice over this bagging which is to be.

The battles are usually reported in this style. "The vandals were mowed down without number. No loss on our side. One man killed, and three slightly wounded. Retreats invariably—We fell back in good order. No straggling, and no loss of artillery". History will probably show the truthfulness of these so-called—"official reports."

15th

A solemn Sabbath this has been. Though sick in soul & body—I went to church. Devotion was not the impetus that sent me there—but a restlessness—a feeling that I could not bear this suspense alone. I must mingle with the multitude—and perhaps some friendly hand would clasp mine—some voice whisper—"Courage"! "Faith!"

I wondered too—what would be said in the pulpit to day; and if there would be thanksgivings for victories. Though our present pastor has never preached war—but the gospel; and has not as many ministers have done— instructed God how to deal with the "vile enemies who 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 that others had recently—we might be resigned! I thought of several who would not be very reconciled.

At the close of the sermon, a notice was read—requesting the people to send their carriages to the depot at four in the afternoon,
to take the wounded which would arrive, to the hospital. The minister then remarked, they could know by this, that a fearful conflict was going on. And with much excitement added—"What are the enemy fighting for now—if not to get possession of this city"? He 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 be present, and with united hearts present this petition to the Court of Heaven.

The thought that the conflict to which we had looked forward so long, and fearfully—had actually begun—and the consciousness of what hung upon its issue—stirred my soul as it was never stirred before. Words have no power to describe my emotions. I bit my lips to keep the color in them, and was afraid my next pew neighbors would hear my thoughts. I actually held my hands firm together, to keep them from flying up imploringly—for I trembled with fear, lest God would hear these prayers which were to be offered, and those who had prayed for the coming of this "enemy" as the saviors of their country—must again sink in despair. Oh how I longed to clasp the hand of the merciful One, and tell him why we asked that our Governmet might triumph. It was for this;—that Truth & Right & Liberty had long been in chains—bound by this soul-crushing despotism, beneath which so many were languishing.

When passing out of the church door—some one touched my arm. I turned & saw Mrs. M—–, who was waiting for me. She pressed my hand and whispered—looking at me so earnestly—"I know how you feel—but have faith. God will remember us"! Her large eyes glowed
with a light which warmed my heart—but I could not speak, and we parted.

A black pall, like the curtain of death, hangs over the sky—as if the Sun refused to look upon these terrific scenes. Birds flit silently from tree to tree, and the leaves hang listless, as though the very zephyrs held their breath to catch the tidings 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 so full of hopes and fears, she must see some one to whom she could speak as she felt. She thought if we were so alone—we had reason to thank God that our husbands were far removed from these scenes of war, and were not to be brought home mangled and dead, as she had seen some brought home to day.

Tom has returned from the depot;—said there were a great number of carriages there—but only a few wounded came down on the train. The reason of it was because the Federals had possession of the battle ground—and all the wounded were in their hands. Hope is again in the ascendant, but always, always mingled with pain—is the thought of triumph, when the price is remembered.

"Blood is flowing—men are dying; God have mercy on their Souls"!

18th

The news this morning is of an indefinite character. "Banks' surrender confirmed" in flaming capitals, heads the telegraphic column as usual. The defeat seems to be used as a sweetener for any unfavorable dispatches which have to be recorded. "Glorious news from Vir-
ginia! Grant's loss, twenty seven thousand including ten General officers. Yankees repulsed at Drury's Bluff, one thousand left dead on the field". "The Front" is coming this way rapidly; it being not quite as stationary as formerly; still the enemy are repulsed always. One correspondent says May 16th--Heavy fighting along our right to day. Johnston has fallen back to Calhoun. Our army is in splendid spirits, and all it wants to insure victory, is the word "Forward"! Unfortunately--the word seems to be "Backward"! "We have repulsed the enemy at every point, & the evacuation of the position held by us yesterday, was not compulsory. Our troops are perfectly confident of success, having every assurance that the great Cheiftain [sic] will yet drive the enemy from the field just left.

Several of the Missouri troops in the Yankee army deserted their ranks & came into our lines, declaring their determination to fight no longer with the Miscegenators.

Since the opening of the Battle at Resaca, it is believed that the Enemy's loss in killed & wounded, will exceed 8000. The Yankees had a jollification over their supposed triumph on Monday night. There was playing of brass bands & cheering to a romantic degree--which will be changed to a more doleful measure before General Johnston has disposed of them".

Sometime ago, a great deal was said about the reinlisting of soldiers, & reports were published every day, that all of this company & that regiment had reinlisted, and there was great enthusiasm among the troops. Private Soldiers say there was very little voluntary reinstating; sometimes only one in a whole regiment--when the roll was called--gave their names as volunteers. But at the point of the bay-
onet, or with conscription before them—they were compelled to "go in for the war". Desertions were far more frequent than reinlist-
ments.

19th 1864

Most cheering news came this morning, of the advance of Sherman's army towards Kingston, and the capture of Rome. But at noon our gladness was changed to mourning. I had been spending the morning with a friend; we were secretly rejoicing at the prospect of soon greeting the conquerors, & of being permitted perhaps to welcome back those whom 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 saying a few more last words—a gentleman passed by, & we asked if there was any news since morning. "Oh such good news ladies"! and his hands were up lifted for joy. "The Yankees are completely routed. They are retreating as fast as they can, & Johnston is chasing them; we has taken ten thousand prisoners. Then 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 color—white or red—though the heart stops beating, or flames up in scorching pain. A faintness came over me, and pressing the hand of my friend—I hurried home through the grove. The roses were thrown away; I didn't love them;—didn't love any thing I fear. Dan saw me coming & opened the gate. "Why Miss Abby—what's the matter? You don't look so peart as you did this morning. Been hearing something bad I reckon. But never you mind! I'll put old Zephyr into the rockaway after din-
ner & take you to town to some of your friends, and you'll hear some-thing different maybe." Accepting this proposal, I called on a lady. She met me smiling & joyful; "Have you heard the news"? Yes, I had heard--but there was nothing to be glad about. "Nothing? Why there is every thing? The Union boys are marching on as fast as they can. Sherman is falling back--but he is falling this way. Cheer up! God will not suffer us to be disappointed after all our prayers & tears & hopes".* Just as I was leaving--Miss R--- called in--her face aglow with joy. "Have you heard the good news! God bless the Yan-kee boys! They have started now in earnest."

While riding home, Dan said "Well I reckon you heard something better'n what you heard in the morning, by the way you alls talked & laughed. I knowed it would be so--I just knowed it. It stands to reason that our folks aint whipping as they say they be, when they're coming this way all the time".

Sweet May showers have fallen, and the blended fragrance of roses & honeysuckles--young leaves and the moist earth--is enchant- ing; it floats into the very soul, & gives an inner joy indescribably--but only for a moment: for we know to night, pale cold faces lie still and upturned, while this soft moonlight falls upon them. Mothers, and wives who know not their widowhood--were not near to lift the dear head from the hard earth, or kiss the icy lips which could not speak their

*During the long fearful seige [sic] that followed--this noble woman lost her health--her home--her property, and every thing save her devotion to God and her country.
last good bye. Eyes look upward which are not yet glazed with death --look upward, and the prayer of faith is whispered to a Savior not unloved in the strength of manhood. Others perhaps look upward too, with prayer--who never prayed before; but our Father is so full of compassion & tender mercy--he hears even at the eleventh hour.

21st

Dan came in this morning quite agitated. "There's Mas' George coming yonder--& I just expect he has come to take me away, because the Yankees are so near. Every body's running off their black'uns now". After the salutations of the day I asked the gentleman if he was going to take Dan away. "Not if he wishes to remain, & you wish to keep him. He has always been a good boy, & I shall allow him to do as he pleases. My only fear is, that he will be enticed away to follow the army when it comes here, as it most assuredly will, and I should never know what became of him. I asked which army he alluded to." "Why the Federal army of course". To my surprise, I found him to be a firm Union man--adhering to the Government [sic] of the United States with true loyalty. I asked how he had avoided conscription. He smiled & said he avoided it! if he was going to fight--he would fight for the Right. Once or twice I felt alarmed at what I had said--thinking what if all this was premeditated, and a "strategic move" to make me commit myself as has often been done. But I banished the suspicion, believing it better to trust & be deceived--than to doubt those who are true. We had a pleasant talk, and Mr ____ left me expressing an earnest wish that I might not have to wait much longer for my hopes to be realized. As he
stood talking with Dan, I could but congratulate myself upon seeing another man who could be put on the list of Southern Worthies. I heard him say—"Well Dan—you & I have played together when little boys, & have grown up together. But I'm going to leave you now; perhaps we may meet again when the war is over, and perhaps not. I hope you will be honest and industrious as you always have been. Do not wander off with the army, but stay where you can have a home". He shook hands with him & bid him good bye—& I thought his voice was a little unsteady. Dan came in half laughing, and half crying. "He didn't take me off with him did he! but I felt mighty bad to part for good with Mas' George, for him & me was raised together. I always knewed he was for the Yankees—though he didn't say much; but I never heard him say any thing for the Southern Confederacy".

Strange changes are taking place, and it is beautiful to note the contrast between things now & then. A gentleman was saying to me the other day, it was getting to be a fine thing to be a Union man. "Hats are lifted when I meet some who would not speak to me a year ago. It is now 'Why now do you do Mr. Roberts?—very glad to see you". Two ladies went to an acquaintance of mine, & asked her protection. One said, "I know you can protect me when the Yankees come; you have friends among them & I am coming right to your house to stay, & I shall be all right". The lady replied—"I thought you said they never would get here". Well I don't believe now they are coming—but if they should happen to come—I shall look to you for protection." Others have attempted to make friends with those they have abused & persecuted untiringly for being suspected of Union sentiments, & showing kindness to prisoners.
An old acquaintance called yesterday, to see how 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 regret exceedingly, any thing has occurred [sic] to interrupt [sic] our sociabilities; but I'm going to do away with all this—and we are coming to see you soon. It's all foolishness to have these old friendships broken up because there is a war". I acquiesced of course; but friendships renewed, which have been broken up by bitter ungenerous words—seem never satisfying—never any more real heart-friendships.

This afternoon Mrs. M--- came to sit awhile with me; said she did not know when she could come again, as soldiers were encamping round every where, and it was not pleasant for ladies to go out unattended. Said she still missed her hope & faith in secret. "Every little while I take out that wee picture of a flag you sent me, & pray that it may not be long before a real one may wave above us. But you must show me yours—I have never seen it". So I held up before her, the forbidden thing, and she exclaimed—"O, do let me take it in my own hands"! And never shall I forget that look, as she bowed her head, and kissed its beautiful folds—reverently, as if it were some precious friend lying dead before her. But a resurrection [sic] hope flowed in her tearful eyes as she folded it again and gave it back to me saying—I beg of you hide this, and keep it so safe. I tremble for you when I think you have this in your possession, for I have heard such bitter threats. But you will not always have to hide it. I know you will not. Now sing me the old Star Spangled Banner, & I will go. I told her Bob was so near the house, he could
hear--& while watching his horses, his ears would watch too. "You needn't be afraid of Bob; he is my telegraph. I get all my news from him. I do not wish my husband to know the interest I feel in the advance of the Federals--so Bob keeps me informed of the latest news from the front. Now sing away, and I'll sit by the window, where I can look down the walk & see if any one is coming". So I sang the dear old song, with my watcher at the window. She hardly waited for the last words, when she came quickly & folded me in her arms--her heart too full to speak. She hurried away, and I was alone. I wonder if these are little things to record; but they are my life. What other interests for us now? What else could absorb our thoughts, while waiting for life or death? How these memories--tragic & sweet--will come back to me, in the years that come!--for in all my girlhood gladness, there was no such deep fearful joy as now swells my heart.

Standing alone--peering into the near future, knowing not what lies in the darkness beyond--yet with these hopes & experiences, I can always say--

"I have a heart for any fate".

24th 1864

This has been a wild day of excitement. From early morning until now--engines have screamed--trains thundered along; wagons laden with governmet [sic] stores, refugees, negroes and household stuff, have rattled out of town. Every possible conveyance is bought, bor-
rowed, begged or stolen. Such packing up & leaving of those, who but a short time ago said with great boasting & assurance, that Johnston would never fall back here, & allow the Yankees to step a foot on
Georgia's soil—is perfectly marvellous to behold. One is amazed in witnessing these wonderful changes. Now there are fears & tremblings--& some who leave their pleasant homes--know not where to go: many who have been refugeeing all the way from Nashville--sojourn ing first at one place, then at another--are preparing for another flight. While some say they have "run from the Yankees long enough, and are going to stay here & abide their fate". It is painful to see poor families--who can barely live where they are--frightened at the reported doings of the terrible foe--fleeing with the rest--sometimes only taking half of their little all, in their fright. No home to go to--no money to procure one--but the Yankees are coming, & 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 devoted to the Union cause, after the arrival of the blue coats. A young lady in Nashville, whose father was compelled to take Federal officers to board--had a servant lay down a piece of carpet wherever they had walked. She would not set her foot where a vile Yankee had stepped! But alas, for the mutability of the fair one's heart! In three weeks she was married to one of the same "vile" creatures. In New Orleans, a fond maneuvering mother, who once actually chased a Union lady with an axe, because she knew of her sending food to the prisoners--brought round an alliance of her daughter with a Federal Q. M. Evidently thinking in these times, a Quartermaster was a good thing to have in the family.

In passing our church this morning, I noticed a lady coming down the steps with hym [sic] book, footstool & sundry other devotional at-
tachments. She saw me passing but turned her head the other way, although we were friends before the war began. She remembered some of her words it is to be presumed. I hope there was no unworthy triumphing in my heart, as they came back to me this morning. "Ask him that fleeth, & her that escapeth, What is done"? Ah! the boys in blue are coming.

I met a gentleman—a Southern Unionist staunch & true; he was walking with a Confederate officer—and bowed very slightly and sedately. After he passed, something, which often impels us to look back, made me turn my head; at that instant, his head turned too, & his face was covered with smiles. I knew then, his heart was as glad as mine—but our intuition, schooled as it has been these years—tells us where to laugh, & when not to.

These are days of strange & thrilling interest, solemn too as death. Such a wild up-heaving as is now going on around us; encampments & fortifications appearing everywhere. Tent-fires gleaming in the dark forests, near & far—bugles sounding, soldiers coming and going; every thing & every body in a delirium of fear & excitement.

To day, two dear friends and neighbors came to bid me good bye. We have long lived by each other; the first-ripe peaches—the first spring roses were always exchanged, and all these sweet neighborly kindnesses, which make life exceedingly pleasant. True they have differed with me in sentiment since the war—but kindly differed. With them, Secession had not swallowed up Christianity, nor dug a grave for every sweet affection & tender memory. So it was with real heart-pain that I parted with S--- and L---. They said as they
were leaving—"Perhaps we shall never meet again—here"—& the lips quivered. No—we probably never shall—& this thought gives added sorrow to such seperations [sic].

27th

For several mornings past, the servants have asked the first thing—"Did you hear them cannons last night and early this morning"? I always answer no, and tell them it is all their imagination. As usual they rushed in this morning greatly excited—"I reckon you heard them last night didn't you"? No—I went to bed for the purpose of sleeping, & it is all your fancy—hearing cannons. "No maam! If you will come out doors, you can hear 'em right now". To please them—I went. "There! just listen way yonder! didn't you hear that"? No—my obtuse ears could hear nothing. "Why Miss Abby! where's your years [sic]? Lordy! you heard then didn't you"? Yes—I heard. Far northward—over the river—beyond old Kenesaw [sic] and the hills of Altoona [sic]—I could catch the faintest echo of booming guns. When my ear had recognized the sound, it soon became a reality, which awakened the wildest joy I have ever known. O that music!—the first notes of our redemption anthem. Never fell upon my ear any thing half so sweet—so grand; nor on earth, will any sound so thrill my soul again.

28th

Mrs. Frank & I had arranged for a ride this morning. I called and found her in tears. She said there was not a moment of quiet in the streets all night long. Yesterday, the owner of her
servants had sent for them, & 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 had not been quiet 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 their rear again and cut off their supplies—the eternal quietus now—and Johnston was falling back to Atlanta.

In the dead of night, my friend was awakened by some one calling her. She arose instantly & went to the window: standing by the fence which was very near the house, was her next door neighbor in her night robes—making her seem like some weird spirit of sorrow, for she was wringing her hands & 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 you staying here alone with your four little children. I tell you there will be a battle here, and blood will flow in these streets"—then she could not proceed for weeping. So she talked and cried, while soldiers tramped by, and wagons rumbled along. Mrs. F— said her nerves were completely unstrung—she felt as if in a burning Sodom. 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 North—disposed of her wardrobe and furniture, and by paying three hundred dollars in gold to a man in the rebel Congress—has procured a passport to take her over the lines. Just upon the eve of leaving, she was informed by a gentleman, who though a secessionist, was a 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—when ever she should set out to make her exit from this land. He had means of knowing that there were some twenty or thirty names in the Provost Marshal's hands—of persons subject to arrest—Mrs. F--- & my own being among the honored ones. So with battles and bloodshed at our very doors—a siege—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 who would protect us, are powerless to do so.

Since I returned home, a lady, whose name is also among the doomed, called in great trepidation; said she came to tell me I must burn or bury every scrap of writing, that would excite suspicion. "For you know they say you have been corresponding with the enemy ever since they came to Chattanooga and giving them information—and if we are all arrested, your house will certainly be searched. I have burned my little paper flag, and every rag I had with red white & blue in it. I tell you I don't want to be arrested & sent farther off into the Confederacy, just as the Federals are coming. I have waited for them too long for that"—And the tears filled her eyes. It was a new idea—my keeping them informed! What next?

They have not heard the cannonading in town. 'Mrs. M--- a Southern lady—was delighted, when I told her the firing could be distinctly heard from this point; said she would walk 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 those warriors, enveloped in
the smoke and dust of battle—could see these small white hands inviting them hither, and hear her say—"Come boys!—come on—we're waiting for you!"

30th

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, & my loving household pets. But they are all asleep long ago. Never did thunder-voices sound so cheering. Each mighty peal that rolls through the skies, speaks like God. O, it is sweet to be reminded now—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.

Before the morning comes, I may be awakened from my lonely slumbers, by booming cannon and fiery shells; but these thunderings and lightnings tell me of a High Tower—a Fortress—a Rock of defense. Infinite is the love that gives itself such names, that we may more easily confide in His care. The sublime protection, and over-shadowing, suggested by them—never entered my soul before.

What a Niagara of emotion can surge through our being—and yet the eye remain calm—the lips silent. But I must not think to night;—must not call up memories of a peaceful land, where mountains lift up their blue peaks to bluer skies—where the robins used to sing in beechen trees, and brooks laughed & rippled along through lillied [sic] meadows. I wonder if the brooks & birds sing now as then;—if the fern spreads its feathery plumes in damp mossy dells, and the blue &
white violets are peeping up in the tall grass on the hill. I marvel if the memory of these pleasant scenes and friends—of one ever ready to cheer & sympathize,—is only a dream. Have I been always thus alone? Was there always war & terror & tumult about me? and never any sunshine & brightness and peace? Was there always somebody praying for vengeance?—and ladies saying as one said the other day—"I wish there was a sea of blood between the North & South—so broad and deep, it could never be crossed"! And another who lived not a hundred miles distant, who was making haste to refugee said—"I rather every one of my children (she was the mother of four) should be laid out on the cooling board, than to have the Yankees get my niggers".*

June 1st

One more day of peace; have not been out—only to a neighbors to bid her good bye—as I heard she was to leave town soon. But she says she shall remain where she is. Many tell me so—who are all the 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 & shall stay in this one—if permitted to so so.

One remark is frequently made now—"I believe our own soldiers do as bad as the Yankees, and I had as lief one would be here as the

It is a Southern custom, when a person dies, to place the body at once upon a board—which has the horribly suggestive name of cooling board.
other, as far as stealing & badness goes; but of course we don't want the Yankees to come". Not at all maam!

A little nearer each day, and each day the cannons are heard more distinctly. Sherman flanks and fortifies, and Johnston falls back—still in search of that right place. Every day's paper reiterates—"No cause for despondency. We know certain things which we could tell—but the time has not yet come. It will soon be seen that our General knows what he is about—and the hireling heathen polluting our soil with their presence—will see it too".

One editor said to a Union man—"Come! now is the time to die for our country. 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—we ought to show our manhood & die"! The next morning an eloquent article appeared—"Stand firm"! But while his readers were being inspired by so much patriotism—the brave Editor was on the train refugeeing from death & the trenches as fast as steam could carry him.

To night, the rain falls gently, unlike the storm of last evening—so to night a calm trust fills my heart, and the wild fears which oppressed me have all departed. Yet I am sad still, for there is sorrow & gloom every where around me. But a short distance from my home—the malitia [sic] are stationed; they are composed mostly of men past the conscript age—who had a right to expect exemption from camp life. Many of them too have opposed the war from the beginning—and have passed through the fires of treason unscathed in soul. One man said he could & would escape across the lines—but he had reason to believe his two sons would be hung in revenge—&
his house be burned over his defenseless family. So he stands guard in the ditches, through storm and sunshine, with hundreds of men like him—praying for deliverance.

When the malitia [sic] are ordered to the front—they are put where Uriah was. A Southern man in a neighboring town, whose loyalty was well known—was ordered off instantly to the Front. He bid his family farewell—and told them he should never see them again—but to be assured he should never fire one shot against the flag of his country, or the men defending it.

He was placed in the foremost ranks & was shot down the first day. His body was sent back to his family—so mangled it could barely be recognized. Noble man! and there be many—many who thus lie down in martyr graves.

There have been hurrying to & fro to day—people leaving town—Johnston's wagons & stores coming in. Rumors of fighting here & retreating there, and the ubiquitous Yankees every where;—just crossing some river on a new flank movement—and now way down on the Macon road—going to release the prisoners at Andersonville.

2d

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

Dan came to my window at midnight, & called out in a solemn voice—"Zephyr's dead Miss Abby". I bounded up—and Poppy hearing the wailing—arose too. Some crayon ought to have been near to sketch
the group as they stood in the morning moonlight, weeping over that noble beast. A famous horse he was; some called him Old Union--because of his strange propensity to turn up to some of the good people's houses. But O Zephyr! I have somewhat against you, for your last labor was for the Confederate goverment [sic]: yet it was not voluntary, and this "pressing into service"--caused your death. All your wonderful goodness and affection, and that marvellous intelligence--even though exhibited in perverseness sometimes--comes before me now, and tears flow again.

Evening

Our old friend is buried down there under the oak: beneath a rose bush close by, are the smaller graves of my Bobolinks and Canary family. So they go--my loves.

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"--& tell of this and that one, who helped bring it oh--& now would not fight for it. Howell Cobb made a speech to them the other day, and an officer referring to it said--"Such a man calling down God's blessing upon us, was nothing less than blasphemy. He is very lavish of his blessings, but he is sure to keep out of danger himself, and has safe places for his sons--but he must drag us from our homes to fight for his treason."
On every side, I am surrounded by "protectors". New companies arrived late this afternoon. They hitched their worn horses here & there among the trees; as they had no forage for them--our field of oats was very soon appropriated. It makes no difference--the fences are fast disappearing--let it all go.

6th.

It is quiet to night in the grove over the way. No bugle notes are heard--no fires gleaming among the trees, giving a feint of cheerfulness. Orders came this morning--"To the front"! and tents are rolled up--banners furled--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 who have brought this war upon our country, and forced us to leave our homes to murder & be murdered".

7th

The malitia [sic]--"Joe Brown's Pets"--"The New Issue"--were ordered away to day. Lt. W--- called this morning. His only brother is fighting on the other side; he gave me his name and command--saying perhaps I might meet him when the Fedérals came--& he might never see him again. He begged me to assure him his position was not voluntary--there was no choice in the matter. He looked sorrowful enough when he said bood bye.

So all is quiet on this side & that--where a few days since, soldiers were cutting down trees, and pitching their tents. But "The Front"! was sounded in their ears, and the camp-grounds are silent to night.
Sabbath.

This has been a quiet day of beauty & rest. Am sitting under this dear old tree—enjoying the too brief twilights in this pleasant clime—thinking. The sun went down amid rose and purple tinted clouds. Sometimes we have beautiful sunsets here. Oh, what a weight of care, doubt and fear rests upon my heart! yet I have tried to forget every possible ill, and trust.

It is comforting to know that all this sabbath-beauty of today, is only a promise of what unfolds in sweetest—grandest fruition in that Peaceful Land—where there has never been but one rebellion—and there will never be another.

I have had no company to day—only Aunt Cherry who "called by to see how I was coming". "Here you is—all alone— you & your cats and dog; but them cats seem like folks any how. They've got so much sense like. I never seed cats that knowed so much, and they're always setting close by you. I 'specs you're mighty lonesome here all by yourself. Miss—does you reckon the Yankees'll ever git here"? O, I don't know. Do you wish them to come"? "Of course I does; though I don't 'spect to leave my folks. I wouldn't be so niggerified as that—after they've done raised me and took care my little children. But 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—'Chilen's remember what I tell you. You will be freed from bondage—when we are in our graves—and we die in this faith'. We've had this faith too, and it has kept all the black'uns quiet and peaceful, when every body was so 'fraid the niggers was going to rise. Rise! what'd we want to rise
for when the Good Lord was rising for us? Well bood bye! I hope you'll have a good time to pay for all the bad times you've had".-- And she waddled off down the walk--sing a "hime" 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 vigorous "pressing" of negroes has been going on: they take all the negro men to be found and send them off to build fortifications on the Chattahoochee [sic]. Those in my care begged me to hide them--saying--"We don't want to make no fortifications to keep away the Yankees ourselves. Let our folks build their own fortifications. The black'uns they have got, are dying up like any thing, for they works 'em so hard, and half starves 'em besides."

It is amusing to see Margy take them their food. She looks up & down the street, and on every side--then goes to the door of their prison & calls softly--"Boys--here's yer vittuls; come and git it quick. There aint arry officer about."

10th.

Fast Day again! Stores are closed and all business suspended. The mayor has appointed this as a day of fasting and prayer; the especial cause being the rather too rapid marching this way--of the "ruthless foe". We are to pray that they may be defeated, driven back and our righteous cause prevail. Were good old Elijah here, possibly he would say--"Your god is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth and must 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 Dan 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 has reliable information that Johnston had turned upon the Yankees, and they were retreating as fast as they could--& Tennessee would soon be ours. That Beauregard with twenty five thousand men would be here to day, to reinforce Johnston! I am in dispair [sic] and nearly crazed. Do come 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 if left. Still we keep on

"Straining our ears for the tidings of War, 

Holding our hearts like Beacons up higher, 

For those who are fighting afar."

July 4th.

There are memories of famous Fourths away back--when white dresses and blue ribbons flourished and fluttered;--when gay cavaliers with the most antic of horses, took each their elect lady to some wonderful "celebration": a long address full of new thoughts--a dinner in
an arbor—a flag waving from a tall pole & the firing of a cannon made a "glorious Fourth".

But this Fourth—heralded in by the thunder voices of two mighty armies contending for the mastery, eclipses all weaker memories. Bomb!—bomb! how grand this music! The glad news which came this morning too—makes it a "glorious Fourth" for us. Marietta was given up yesterday, and to day, the Flag of the free proudly floats from the heights of old Kenesaw [sic].

Four years ago, a friend said so sanguinely—"Next summer you can celebrate your independence beneath the Stars & Stripes in every Southern town. He was 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 was coming to breakfast as well as dinner. It was scarcely light when the servants came rushing in greatly excited—"I reckon you hear them cannons now. The way they are just roarin'"! Tom said "Miss Abby you'd better let me kill Gen. Grant, (the little fatted pig) for maybe they'll be here to dinner sure enough"!

Evening.

They did not come to dinner. Against my will, I went to a picnic. It was a small party—and any thing but a happy one. Some ladies were present, who had left their homes in northern Georgia—fleeing from the Federals. Their manners were haughty, and words bit-
ter. An officer remarked that Sherman promised to dine in town to
day. He would like to get up his bill of fare; the principle [sic]
dish would be a pint of pounded glass in a quart of whiskey. A
Union man said quietly—"Half that quantity would be sufficient".

Sometimes there was an attempt at gayety [sic], but the old joy-
ousness was gone. There was thoughtfulness or sadness in every face,
and to be on the way home, away from searching looks, was a sweet re-
lief. I feel quite assured this is the last picnic, I shall attend
in the Southern Confederacy.

5th.

Not a sound is heard this bright morning save the mocking
bird's song; booming cannons have long been our sunrise anthem, and
lull-a-by at night. But it is strangely quiet now;—so quiet, we
fear the latest rumor is true—The enemy is gloriously repulsed, with
tremendous loss. Our loss only one man killed, & two slightly wounded.
The truth is kept from us:

Johnston's army fell back to the river last night. "Joe" is
something of a nocturnal traveller. His headquarters are now this
side the river. It is reported that a force of the Union army are
near Fairburn, endeavoring to cut the LaGrange road. Where the main
army is, we have no way 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 & caught the flag, but soon shared the fate of his comrade. A
brave boy snatched the banner so dear to him from the dying man, who
yet held it erect—and he too was killed; the Stars & Stripes did not fall, until it fell with the seventh brave man, who laid down his life to save it from dishonor. And these are the "low hirelings who are only fighting for pay"! No love for country here? Ah—

"Our old Land leans beauteous above such darlings as they die,
And bosomed in her arms of love, her slain ones richly lie".

The young man relating this incident, is an officer in the Confederate army, but his heart & soul is on the other side. "Oh" said he—"when 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 & dust—or something else".

Is not our life twofold? sorrowful and lonely may be the waking hours, but when sleep cometh, blessed communion for which the soul has yearned—is sometimes given us. Who has never awaked in the morning, gladdened by the remembrance of 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 kisses, and all through the day, whispered words of tenderness and affection echo softly in our hearts. Who shall say there are not low whisperings which the soul alone can hear?

Then sometimes we wander in other lands; richest landscapes are spread out before us, and these bright dream-pictures we never forget. Grander mountains & lovelier scenes than ever my earthly eyes looked upon, have risen before in the visions of the night; and I bless God we can see & hear 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 recording, for it is continually before me in all its grand and beautiful distinctness.

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 shore was a high cliff covered with green moss and rarest flowers. I was standing in deep water which almost overflowed me--gazing entranced upon a vast army crossing the river two by two, keeping step & time. They were all "mighty men of war", and dressed in blue uniforms; the waters rippled and curled in eddying foam about their limbs, as they marched proudly on. Their banners were lifted 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 sunset hues; but through this heavenly tinting gleamed the Stars & Stripes, and I stood with clasped hands exclaiming--"O, how beautiful!'--how glorious!'!

On the cliff, half reclining among the flowers, and looking with 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 locks fell upon his shoulders--reminding me in my dream of Ossian'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 sharp rattle of musketry, which is now discernable [sic], and the thundering cannons, were still voicing the deadly strife of man. I felt that War--fearful & bloody, was each hour, coming nearer--nearer; but I felt too, that a Hand would lead me--an Arm bear me 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 right smart skirmish" somewhere--no one knows where. I was just told of Mrs. I's attempted exit from the city. She is a dear friend and my heart pities her. Her husband crossed the lines sometime ago, and the wife disposed of her home--condensed her wardrobe for herself, two children & a servant into one trunk--secured her passport, and went to the depot last night at eleven o'clock to take the cars. She was going North--by way of Meridian Miss. At the depot she was met by a detective, who said he was compelled to detain her until her baggage could be searched--but as it was late--he would escort her home & call the next morning. He did so, and expressed his surprise at finding nothing contraband. "Why madam I have had orders to watch for you at the depot, ever since you obtained your passport--and prevent your leaving town. My duty is to watch, and I have it to do. I can show you three houses from your window, where they are making Union flags this very moment."

*The question soon became so important--how to secure their own safety of these Jesuitical officials--that no arrests were made of the Union flag makers.
The friends of Mrs. I--- believing it would not be long before she could go North by a nearer & pleasanter route--advised her to remain where she is, for the present.

19th

For nearly two weeks Arthur has been home; his being in the conscript department has kept him out of active service and his encampment was so near, I have not felt wholly alone.

But the camp has just been removed a hundred miles away, & yesterday was A's last day of furlough. How have I hoped & prayed each night, that the morning would find us free! Last night the clash of arms sounded so near, it seemed as if the Union Army would surely march in before another sun would rise. They might come now, & meet with comparatively few obstructions;--but no, they will no doubt do as they always have done--wait until strong breastworks are erected, over which brave men must march on to death--before victory. The Confederate soldiers do not expect to make a stand here--say it is impossible if Sherman pushes them as he has been doing. So I have hoped each day & night until the last has come & Arthur has gone too.

There were but few words spoken, for each felt the seperation [sic] & the new dangers surrounding each. I hinted that if he should remain a day or two longer, he might be safe. He quietly said he should soon be safe, when he heard of my safety. I must trust in God--there was no one else to look to now 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 & reside with her; but this is my home, & I wish to protect it if possible. There may be no battle here—if not I am safe; if there is one, where is any safety? A gentleman who has removed from town—wishing to be somewhere else when the "Hessians" arrived—offered me his fine residence—whether wholly from benevolent motives—I do not know.

21st

Early this morning, the Hospital Division fell back in the grove. In a moment, the yard kitchen & porch swarmed with soldiers asking for this & that. "May I git an inyun out of the garden"? "Have you got arry biscuit you would let me have"? "Could I git a little milk"? "Will you loan me a kittle [sic] or pan"? Yes—yes—yes—to every one—thinking their wants would come to an end sometime, 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 procure 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, & seemed to deprecate the war; spoke of his own family with tears, and said he could pity others left unprotected. He thought I was wise in not "running from the Yankees", & said if all who refugeed had remained in their homes, they would have saved themselves immense losses & suffering.
We are getting accustomed to the continued roaring of cannons & rattle of musketry, surrounding us with the fiery guerdon [?] of War; but at noon, a horrid whizzing screaming thing, came flying through the air, and burst with a loud explosion above us. Rushing into the Col's room where he was reposing, and the servants following perfectly pale with affright, I cried out--"O 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 we left the soldier to his slumbers, which were not disturbed by any thing so slight as a few shells. But not long--for here came another & another screaming through the air, & the poor Col was again appealed to. "I beg of you madam, be calm, & put your trust in God. He alone can protect us". I tried to trust--but be calm--when these murderous things were flying over our very heads--how could I!

A shell fell, unexploded not far from the house, & every servant ran out to analyze it; but they were told they had best let it alone; perhaps they would become sufficiently acquainted with them! I had begun to think it very nice & consoling to have some one to bid me "be calm"--and who was not afraid of shells--when orders suddenly came to the Hospital Division to "fall back"! I can see there is no feeling of security in the positions held by these forces. They are on the move continually. Our kind hearted Col. bid me good bye saying he hoped I would escape unharmed, advised me to remain in my home, & remember where to put my trust.

After this Division had left--Dan went for Mrs. Frank. She sent word that she must see me once more in my home; she could not
rest in thinking of me here so alone. While we were talking—the shells came flying over the house so fearfully, & seemed to be falling in the city—that she became alarmed for the safety of her children, & said she must leave me. "But how can I! your friends are all wondering what you mean by staying where you are surrounded by so much danger". Dan had become so "demoralized" by these few shells, that he could not be induced to venture out in the open air—so a courier on Hood's staff, kindly offered his services as driver—laughing not a little at Dan's fears.

Gen. Johnston is removed from his command, and Hood succeeds him. Johnston would not "stand"—so his successor is expected to do wonderful things. When censured 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, & regret his removal.

Midnight.

Words cannot picture the scenes that surround me—scenes & sounds which my soul will hold in remembrance forever. Terrific cannonading on every side—continual firing of musketry—men screaming to each other—wagons rumbling by on every street or pouring into the yard—for the few remnants of fences—offers no obstructions new to cavalryman or wagoner,—and from the city comes up wild shouting, as if there was a general melee there.

I sit in my dismantled home tonight, feeling that our earthly loves, and all our pleasant things, are ours so slightly. Am in this little parlor where quiet happy hours have glided by, as I
thought & dreamed;—where in other sabbath twilights we used to sing the dear old sacred songs; where have been social joys & pleasant communings, and friend clasped the hand of friend in true companionship of soul. And to night? Ah—I stand alone on a now desolate island, where my heart had always a summer, & life seemed one radiant morning! Alone—and reaching out my hands in vain, as the red waves of War rush madly by—sweeping away our pleasant home.

Every thing is quiet within—but the spirit of confusion reigned here for a while: there is the carpet rolled up in one corner—piano wheeled out & standing askew—sofa in the middle of the room—Dan & Poppy dropped down on a mattress fast asleep, while Rollo & my two cat friends sit watching me as if afraid I should leave them. In another room—books tied up in sacks—dishes in bedquilts—and nobody knows what all scattered around. The barn is the refuge of Bess & Robert; they had a cozy home of their own, which their industry had filled with many comforts; but poor things! they have but little left, & are guarding that little now. Some soldiers entered their house the other night, pretending to search for runaway negroes; but very soon pistols were placed upon their throats, while some of the party searched. Every thing of value they had—silk dresses—jewellery watches & spoons were carried off. Because they were negroes, some cavalymen near by, were appealed to in vain. A kind officer is now staying with them—and 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—
scenes. One kind soldier-friend replied—"O that is nothing; that firing is a long way off from here. Don't give way to your feelings, madam. I can assure you, our army will never allow the Yankees to take Atlanta"! The dubiousness of this consolation almost made me smile, but I answered in a woeful tone, that they had taken many places of late, apparently as secure as this, & sometimes I thought this city would share the fate that others had. Bess & Robert had a relieved look on their tearful faces, as if delighted that I was safely out of that. They are always watching to see how I can extricate myself from any such difficulty and always reporting—"When you said so & so—that man watched you mighty hard—or "I was afraid you would say something you oughtn't to, but you come out all right."

At dusk, which is not "twilight" now—with this horrible pall of battle-smoke hanging over us—Tom came running in quite out of breath—"I tell you Miss Abby, we've got to git away from here now, for the men are falling back to the breastworks, & they're going to fight right away"! He had hardly spoken, when an army of black mouthed cannons came pouring into the grove & yard. An officer came up quickly & said—"They are falling back & will soon fight at the breastworks. It will not be safe for you to remain here madam". A dark night fell suddenly upon the earth, and how dark the night that shut down upon my heart! Not a star illumined it; hope, courage all gone—no husband or brother near, and an army of men around our home;—cannons belching forth a murderous fire not far away, & these silent ones in the yard, looked so black & vengeful, as if impatient of a moment's quiet.

Shall not say whether I "wept" or cried;—whether I stopped to
take from my pocket a handkerchief, or snatched up my muslin dress very now & then, as I went from room to room—not knowing what to do, or where to go; what to save—if any thing could be saved, or what to leave. But the soldiers did not wait for my thoughts, for they went into the parlor, and had the carpet rolled up—pictures packed & many other things, before I knew it. They belong to the Washington Artillery from New Orleans. Our little courier—Lt. S—told me as they came into the yard, I would find them kind & gentlemanly, and so I have. How pleasant to come in contact with refined & cultivated minds, even should we think them on the wrong side!

Some of them were standing in a group, looking on pityingly—as they saw how I 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 to leave one house standing, to pay for such suffering as this". My heart thanked them for their sympathy but I thought they little knew upon what a "traitor" they were bestowing it.

Precious is a friend in need. Mr. Y--- came from town to see if we were safe—just after the men fell back. He & Lt. S. set off at once to Hood's headquarters, to ascertain if there was a probability of a battle to night. They returned at ten'o'clock, & reported no fighting expected until morning.

Amid the dark memories of the day past, there is one pleasant one. A poor woman came to me in great distress, & wished to see me alone; we retired to a quiet room, & she turned the key herself, as if afraid the hangman was after her. "Have you got any blue ink? Here is William's furlough which is out to day; but if you could only
change this June into a July, he wont [sic] have to go back to the army, for I know the Yankees will be here in a week or they are ever coming. It almost kills William to think of going off & leaving me & the children now, with nothing to eat, & the soldiers all round us stealing what little we have". Fortunately I found a bit of indigo, and the expired June unfolded in the fairest July, which caused a whole summer of joy to glow in the poor woman's heart. Her William was waiting for her at the door, and when she showed him the glorious transformation--his face was transformed too.

Every now & then I hear an imploring scream from some hapless chicken which wanton soldiers are taking down from its "roof-tree". But dear Betty you are safe--you & your children tied up in a basket, waiting with the rest of us, for the morning exodus. "Betty" is an important member of our "interesting family" and to secure her safety, was about the first thought of the servants. She was an orphan chick, snow white with only one black feather which adorned her crest--and so petted, that when she grew up to henhood, she exhibited wonderful propensities, such as travelling up & down the piano keys, whenever she could steal into the parlor, and sometimes a "golden egg" would be left upon the music box she so much fancied. Of course her progeny are precocious and marvellously musical; they are Baalam & Balok, Huz & Buz his brother, and their manner was, to sit under the tree, by the door & crow in succession the live long day. When next they will crow, it is impossible to predict.

So here we are watching out this fearful night--waiting for a still more fearful morning. The lurid light from the fires dotting
the yard & grove--shines fitfully in the darkness, revealing groups of soldiers here & there--some asleep on the earth, & some leaning against the trees in a listless way--as if life had no longer any gladness for them.

Major W. told Mr. Y. quietly, that possibly I might not have to leave my home after all--for they were looking for orders every moment to fall back, and that was why they dared not take their wagons to remove us to town. They expected the city would soon be evacuated by the Confederate troops. The prospect for "refugeeing" is not very bright, the only horse power on the premises now, being the skeleton of an old blind animal, which Tom is the proud possessor of; he calls him by the euphonious name of Battonrooch. Every thing that hath breath in our family, is honored with a name.

22nd

We have found a refuge with kind Mrs. Frank and an earnest welcome. She gathered me in her arms when I arrived this morning, & said "Poor woman! have you escaped with your life; but cheer up. I have good news for you. Hood is going to evacuate the city to day; it was sacked last night--and such scenes were never heard of before. The soldiers expected to leave--& they broke open every store, & scattered provisions in the street; the poor people & negroes are gathering up the spoils". It was expected that Hood would leave to day, but the other has been countermanded--so report says.

Day had hardly dawned, when Robert & all the servants were tumbling things on the dray. The Washington Artillery were soon ordered
to another point; the officers came to bid me good bye, & expressed 
regret at not being able to render me assistance; said if they were 
to remain here, my home should be protected. I shall always remem-
ber their kindness & sympathy.

The moving was a slow process--only a small dray load at a time, 
& a mile to go; but we hurried off what we could by nine o'clock--
when minie [sic] balls came whizzing by so fast, & the shells scream-
ing over the house, I told the servants they need stay no longer. 
Besides old Battonrooch looked as if on his "last legs," or rather on 
his legs for the last time.

Stowing away most of the books in a large closet, & locking the 
door, I fancied they would be safe until the storm would subside, so 
I could get them away. The piano was left, as there was no earthly 
way of removing it; but fortunately Mr. Y. found some army negroes 
who were not afraid of shells, that brought it over this afternoon. 
But there were gallons of nice blackberry wine & jars of pickles--
destined for sick soldiers which were not gotten away; and alas, for 
Betty and her children! In the rush & hurry, the precious basket 
was forgotten, as was Gen. Grant & his kin, who shared the fate of 
all fat pigs I suppose--for when Mr. Y. went back this afternoon, 
not a live creature was to be seen, excepting Tiger who came up to 
him purring so imploringly--he put him in a sack & brought him to 
me. No cat was ever so welcomed.

When we set out this morning, I felt somewhat as if I was "ref-
ugeeing" myself. Mr. Y. Poppy & I, each with hands & arms loaded, 
and Rollo following on in the rear at a rather solemn pace, with his
immense tail which he usually kept swinging high, now drooping to
the ground. He seemed unable to comprehend the confusion around him.
Poppy had insisted upon taking a pair of cologne bottles which were
stored on my bureau—but I told her to never mind those, she had e-
ough to carry. "Well let me take that pretty green bonnet them"!—
But I hurried her out of the house; so all the way to town, the si-
ence was every now & then broken by—"Now Miss Abby, it's too bad
you wouldn't let me take them pretty blue cologne bottles"! This
anxiety about cologne bottles, when the shells were flying in every
direction, & the battle had begun just beyond our home—made me laugh
in spite of every thing.

A strong feeling came over me as I passed down the shaded walk,
where I had so often sauntered the peaceful summer evenings;—but I
looked not back for I felt as if leaving those pleasant scenes for-
ever. If such upheavings—such sunderings & losses, were to be the
entrance gate into the large life of liberty for which I had sighed—
if this dark narrow way full of thorns & briers that so pierce &
lacerate,—led out into the broad shining land of my Country—I would
go fearless, casting back no look of regret & longing for what I left
behind.

How fearful are the sounds of battle! We have heard them to day;
we could see clouds of smoke ascending—where we knew men were fall-
ing—dying. A "glorious victory" is reported to night, and there are
great rejoicings. "We have taken thousands of prisoners—any amount
of artillery, & captured six flags. Gen. McPherson is killed". The
last we do not yet believe, for in every engagement, one or more Union
officers are always reported killed. The heart-sickness that comes over us, when we hear such tidings--none can know, but those who wait, as
New Year's morning--1864.

The sun breaks through the clouds so goldenly, after these many days of darkness and storms--I half believe it is a bright omen of good things in store for us this year--which perhaps will be a New Year indeed, in the history of our Nation. But Hope is so weary sending out its dove, which flits over the desolate wastes, finding only Strife & Pain & Death; it comes back to the heart with tired wing--but no olive leaf of Peace.

Ye friends so far away--the loved, the true! I send you a New Year's greeting. Pain would I reach out my hands across the dark gulf that severs us, & clasp yours once more--but no! I can only fold to my heart with spiritual arms, those with whom I have had sweet communings & lived. But the chilling thought comes--perhaps I am forgotten by those whom I remember in that far-away land. O, it seems so far-away now, & still receding! The clouds & the Night settle down heavier and closer around us. The way grows narrower, and the day-star for which we have watched--breaks not yet through the thickening darkness. Still I am blest, for now and then words of cheer & loving remembrance are borne to me, as if by spirit hands. I know not how they come, or care--so I may but rejoice in their coming. Then I am made glad by so often meeting those whose hearts are full of a lofty patriotism, that shrinks not at giving up houses & lands, men servants & maid servants--if they may but have a Country once more.

Ye who dwell in that old North-land, can never know as it is known here--how little life and earthly possessions are worth, without a Government [sic] to cling to;--how dark it seems to look up, and see no star-illumined banner waving above you! But we nerve ourselves against des-
pair, and believe yet, that this Strife between Truth & Treason must soon end--triumphantly for Truth. Trampled Freedom will arise from the dust, with her starry robes unspotted,--& Columbia's land be so lifted up--purified & peerless, that we shall be proud to call it ours.

"The pale, pale face, my Country, yet shall flush with ripening bloom".

Jan 20th

Farmer T--- called this morning--wanted me to buy his load of "fodder". "You'd better take it--I reckon its the last fodder or any thing else I shall ever bring you". "Why so"? I asked. "Well, I'm ordered off to Virginy. They've got me in this war at last. I didn't want to have any thing to do with it any how. I didn't vote for Seces-sion--but them are the ones who have to go & fight now--and those who were so fast for war, stay out. I thought I was old enough, and had worked hard enough to stay at home the balance of my life". Drawing a deep sigh--"but they've got me now, and I spose there's no getting away from them. I don't want to fight the Northern folks, they've always treated me well enough. Where shall I put this fodder"?

Mr. T--- lives out ten miles in the country, and has brought us good things for man & beast, year after year. His honesty, industry and contentment command the respect of all who know him. We grow to liking such characters; we love to see them happy and prosperous. So I am conscious of a pleasurable emotion, whenever I see that kind honest cheerful face coming towards the house; then the nice fresh butter, eggs &c that come when the face does,--makes the arrival of Farmer T---, a pleasant episode in this quiet life of mine. But the face looked sad
this morning—though meek & resigned. After Mr. T--- bid me good bye, he turned back to say—"I reckon my old woman will be coming to town sometimes, and she’ll bring you butter & eggs when I am gone."

I felt really sad when I saw him going away—driving his old horses which he seemed to have a fresh admiration for—sitting up in that great lumbering wagon—looking so martyr-like, as if he clung to life and his loves, but it was his duty to go & get killed, and try to kill somebody—though he didn’t know what for.

Long I sat and thought and wondered as many others do no doubt—why such things are permitted;—why the innocent and loyal must so suffer, while the guilty & rebellious can stay at home in quiet & safety. But it should be enough for us to know that He wills it—the great Father, whose compassion is so infinite.

I went to day to the hospital on the hill; it has been some weeks since I was there. The Union Soldier is improving rapidly. How glad he seemed, when he saw me coming near him! I looked over to the window where the Tennessee boy was lying, when I saw him last, but the little bed was vacant; the pillow clean, & comfort folded back as if waiting for another occupant. I asked an attendant where that sick one was who used to lie thus. "O he died yesterday, and was buried". Gone home at last—thought I—and his yearning heart is at rest.

This has been an uneventful day, but I am sitting on the veranda at the Sun-down hour, to tell how it 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 withered leaves; they drop now & then in a quiet way, as the aged lie down to die. Ah—this leaf of Southern life is not withered, but it falls back so cold upon my heart!
We wait still for the mighty to come and roll away the stone from the tomb into which Secession has consigned us—without any embalming. We hope to step forth free men & women, and live as we have never lived in this land before. It is terrible to dwarf the Soul, that the body may exist.

There are three classes who are looking anxiously for the coming of the victors. Those who love their Country and their Goverment [sic] with true loyalty of Soul—the poor who are suffering for the commonest comforts of life, and this nation of negroes who have patiently waited through long years for their deliverance to come. They stretch forth their hands in wild yearning for what every human heart craves—its birthright of freedom. In the commencement of the war, the fear was universal, that there would be "risings" & "insurrections" without number. But nothing of the kind. The negroes go along with the same submission that characterizes the race. As almost every available white man is ordered to the field—ladies are often left alone on large plantations, with hundreds of slaves to care for. One soldier told me his mother's plantation was surrounded by six others—and there was not a white man on one of them. There are isolated cases of insubordination & murders, but they are no more frequent than in times of peace.

After Mr. Lincoln's proclamation, great apprehension was felt as to the result among the negroes; for not the most ignorant one could be found, but what knew of it, and understood its import. Yet no change was visible; though who can tell of the wild joy that thrilled their hearts, when they felt that their chains were at last broken; Who can tell how many "Praise de Lord!—Praise de Lords"! went up from cabin homes, where dusky forms were gathered around the lightwood blaze—or
were winged to heaven silently, because they dared not be spoken--& were accepted by Him who hears not words alone.

Very strict regulations are enforced, all of which are submitted to quietly. If negroes are found out after nine o'clock in the evening, even with passes from their owners, they are carried off to the "Caliboose". They can have no social "pleasuring"--and long before their church was taken for a hospital, no meetings were held without a force of policemen being present, with their clubs in readiness. These measures seem impolitic, for there is no surer way to convince them that the whole thing is wrong, and a consciousness of power is thus forced upon them--should they choose to use it.

I remarked to a Southern lady, that it was surprising that those from whom so much trouble had been anticipated, had given the least. She thought it was because a grand faith in their final freedom had given them patience, and they were determined to wait & see what this war would do for them. She said it would be the worst calamity that could befall the South, if such a thing was possible, that they should gain their independence; for the slaves then having all hope cut off, and no North to look to would not any longer submit to their masters, and we should witness scenes never dreamed of before. Mrs. ____ said if there were no other reasons for hoping the Southern Confederacy would be a failure--this would be enough. Arming the negroes has been under consideration sometimes--and it amuses them exceedingly. This lady's waiting man, a faithful and intelligent servant, said to her one day--"Missus, they better keep them guns out of our folks hands--cause they dun 'no which way we going to shoot'!"

A woman came to see me to day, and bursting into tears said--"My
husband can't get detailed any longer. He has already been published
as a deserter, and how am I to get bread for my children, when meal is
twenty dollars a bushel, and I have such poor health"! Then she cried
out again--"O, I wish these Yankees would ever get here, before we are
all murdered and starve to death"! This woman has five children; the
eldest, a daughter about sixteen, has a bad cough--but walks two miles
to town to obtain Goverment [sic] sewing--pants, coats &c. She stops
here frequently to rest, for 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 now
saving her tickets, and not drawing the money for her sewing, fearing
she would have 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 re-
finied in her feelings, and she often cries when she tells me of the in-
sults she receives from the men who deal out the work.

Many a woman walks eight or ten miles to town to get sewing; they
often have no shoes, or only those made of cloth "pitched within & with-
out"--and rarely ever wear stockings--for the simple reason they have
none. The dresses of these countrywomen are sometimes made of flour
sacks dyed with bark; gingham "Sunbonnets" were long ago dispensed with,
--and those made of straw or the long leaved pine take their place.

Feb 14th 1864

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

I remained at home this morning--substituting the children's miniature Sabbath school for church services; for if I attend the latter, I am like the woman who spent her all upon physicians, and was "nothing bettered, but rather grew worse." I become only more & more embittered, by hearing from the pulpit such vile aspersions continually cast upon the Goverment [sic]--such prayers for its destruction--such assertions that "our cause is just, and a just God will crown it with success."

After dinner, a gentleman and his wife called; they apologized for calling to day, but Mr. B--- said he was in trouble, and wanted sympathy. He is past "45"--the present conscript mark, and says he has considered himself a free man, if such are to be found within the limits of the Confederacy. But on going to Savannah, he was arrested and in spite of his exemption papers, and his statements as to age, they enrolled him on the conscript list. He is a Southron, but says he will die before he will ever fight for this cause. He obtained a week's furlough, which he will improve by leaving this sunny land. One would think it was Pandemonium instead of the fair South, to which longing eyes were once turned, as if it were an Eden of blessedness and beauty. Now, to escape is the question--as well with rebels as Unionists. The former rush to Europe from the pleasant land their folly has turned into a Sodom;--they hasten from the flames their own hands have kindled.

This friend asked to see a little starred treasure he knew I had, and when it was spread before him, he did not speak, for a minute or
two. His wife rallied him, for his eyes brimed [sic] up full; but he spoke at last--Oh God! when shall we see this dear old flag waving in triumph over this wretched land! I wish every act of wickedness & oppression perpetrated here, might be published to the whole world; but it can never be told. The powers of darkness reign, and every thing that can degrade, oppress, and crush out the last remaining spark of freedom and manhood, is resorted to. I lost my own self respect, by bribing the officers as I did, in order to obtain my leave of absence. He bid me good bye with a "God bless you." He goes tomorrow & his wife and children will follow, as soon as he has had time to cross the lines.

Have just read an article from the New York News--"What is this war for"? Can it be that there are any in the North, who are trying to discourage patriots who would lay down life to save their country--any who seek to cripple the Government [sic] as it battles with its would-be destroyers? Southern Papers have boasted of these things--but we could not believe them possible. Let all such home-traitors come and taste the tender mercies of those whose favor they seek, and a speedy cure would be effected. The briefest sojourn at Andersonville would be sufficient.

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 so untruthful as to commend her as loyal to the Davis goverment [sic], 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 that she did, by receiving a
passport, one of the conditions being "not to communicate any thing that may prove detrimental to the Confederate States." Her 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 dispatched by some murderous guerrilla.

Mrs. B--- loves and hates, with all the ardor of her Southern nature. She loves her country and hates its enemies. "O" said she to day—"Mr. Lincoln is too good--too lenient. I wish he could be removed, and a perfect tiger be put in his place; for every one who ever voted for secession 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 now, dark as our prospects seem. Every man must volunteer, (he had his exemption papers secured) for if this thing fails, there are some men who will certainly have to hang. Jeff Davis, Howell Cobb, Bob Toombs and others. If the U. S. Goverment [sic] don't hang them, our own people will, for bringing upon us so much misery and destruction".

March 12th 1864

Rare sport is is now to go shopping. No purse is large enough to hold all the "needful" that is needed to make more than one purchase. From my account book, which I propose to keep for the amusement of future generations—I copy this entry.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Cost</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1 pd pepper</td>
<td>$10</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 qur beef</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 bottle bay rum</td>
<td>20</td>
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<tr>
<td>2 ounces ginger</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
1 broom 6.
1 ham 54.
1 bushel "cow peas" 18.
1 sack of flour 120.
4 lbs butter 40.
3 gallons syrup 60.
1 whip 20.
1 buggy & harness 1500.
50 lbs coffee 500.
Merino dress 400.
Calico dress 140.
Gaiters 110.

A green silk "love of a bonnet," with pansies & plumes $150.

When I was out 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. Willie who is now contemplating the pictures on the cover, says--"Why Miss Abby--that little girl with a basket of chips on her head, haint spilt them all out yit"! He remembers the picture, and his fancy, that the basket was full of chips instead of flowers;--owing no doubt to "early associations."

After dieting on "pure Southern literature" so long, these words from the breathing thinking world, seem doubly welcome. Here are Iceland travellers telling of the realm of frost & snow--where grandeur and beauty dwell. Who imagined any body was enjoying any thing
save feeding & fighting! Upon the Editor's Table, the feast of reason is still spread in largeness and benevolence of thought. And that old Easy Chair I rejoice to know is not upon its "last legs" yet, but goes trundling around, picking up genes and scattering them again. The Drawer too, is filled as in the peaceful joyous days. From the battle field, and camping ground, come sounds of mirth occasionally, and it is well--better, than to forever strain the heart, to hear only the wail of anguish.

But O Mr. Harper—if you had only harped more upon the fashions! for the fair ones in Secessiondom are longing to know of the latest styles for their "homespun" frocks. Though you could have no assurance that this particular number was destined to float down to Dixie by way of Havana Nassau and various other ports. This Magazine is rather of an ancient date—but just as good for us benighted heathen. My dear Harper—your more favored readers who live in a breathing atmosphere, cannot know what it is to pant in a huge tomb, shut out from all true life;—pant for the strong deep respiration which the air of freedom gives. They cannot know what it is, to only catch the far off murmurs of the great active living world, with no full, clear notes falling upon the soul.

We are glad to see you are battling for the right. No vacillations—no hidden disloyalty—but outspoken devotion to truth. Oh bid them hasten, who have promised to come! With one hand outstretched to beckon them on—with the other we point to those who
weary in their long waiting have died,* and are dying;—we point to these vermin-haunted prisons, where the brave are fearfully perishing—while looking for deliverance or exchange. Alas, the "exchange" for which they wait is only to give up a wretched existence 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 alone. Sounds of distant music from the band float hither. The Band! but it discourses not those grand old anthems of our Nation—where remembered strains still echo in the soul, though Memory is almost dead. Well, if Hope must die—let memory perish too. We tire of hearing forever—"Bonnie blue flag" and Dixie—and think it would be delightful to be awakened some of these bright spring mornings, by Hail Columbia!

My friend Frank called to day—perfectly cast down. She is heart broken, because her husband has left her with her four little ones to battle with this terrible life alone. He was obliged to leave, for he had continually to act falsehoods, in order to live at

*Two Southern men have died in this city recently, who thought and talked of nothing else, but the coming of the Union Army. It was said the Act of Secession literally broke the heart of one of them. He was a man of worth and intelligence—but said he did not wish to live—only to see the triumph of his Goverment [sic]. Another lawyer of eminence, died suddenly in 1861, while making a Union speech. His last words were for his country.
all; and even falsehood could not any longer keep him from the Front. Ladies whose husbands go North, are the subjects of bitter animadversions now—but they care very little for them. It is amusing to hear of the wondrous things that are to be done "after we gain our independence". Some propose to have "Every Yankee that remains here, chained with 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 H---. He tells me to leave this land, and not stay a moment for any pecuniary consideration—hinting that it may be long before our anticipations are realized. But he leaves the decision with me, as he can know nothing of the difficulties attending an exit from these boundaries. The few of whom I have taken counsel—say remain where I am by all means. It is easy always to follow advice which accords with our own inclinations. So long have these great hopes been linked with my life, that a life without them—or without seeing their realization—would seem restless & void. It would not be 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 swept through the streets of Atlanta—"

"And banners waved like blessing hands."

Bands of music spoke out the wild joy which loyal hearts could not utter for very gladness. They came as conquerors this time, and not as captives."

Oh no! this is not enough. I must see the triumphant army as it marches proudly into the city, where it had been so often said—"The Hessians shall never come"!—must hear the notes of victory—
must clasp the hands of those who have waited together for the day of rejoicing. How would it grieve the heart of the traveller who had wandered far, and climbed footsore & weary the Alps' highest summit, to watch from thence the rising Sun,—and just as his glad eye caught the first golden gleamings in the eastern sky—if he then must turn from what his soul had faintest to behold—descend to the monotonous scenes below, and loose [sic] the joy of a life time!

[The following paragraph lightly scratched out in pencil.]

When with friends—when alone as now, or if I wake in the dark—grim prison-walls loom up before me; but no good can come of my going there. They tell me, by remaining here, I can better aid in obtaining H----'s release—by & by. So I shall wait for the close of the drama—wait where is my home, and where are my hopes.

Rridged up earth encircles our city, and the "workbreasts" as little Willie calls them, are very near my home. When I first saw the ditches deepening, and the red clay heaping up—a feeling of suffocation came over me. It seemed as if the earth was opening her mouth to swallow us up.

Years ago, I went wandering round among the old ruins of Ti-
conderoga—spell bound. Every broken down wall whispered a won-
tiful story, and every little hillock was some hero's [sic] grave to me. On those old embankments, grass was growing, and wild flow-
ers blooming; the little rusty cannonball which I found partly un-
earther, seemed a priceless treasure. O with what a wild charm, was every foot of that battle-ground invested! But no wierd [sic] old woman in the little cabin where the romping girl sat down to rest—ever looked into her hand so wisely, and told her she would
sometime go way off to a beautiful land--but dark years would come. Her home would be surrounded by forts and fortifications--and perhaps cannons would thunder about her, and men fall thick as autumn leaves. Yet the soldiers assure me it will not be so. They say these ditches are no protection--a cat could jump across them. "A battle here? No madam. Give yourself no uneasiness. In case it was possible for the enemy to come down into Georgia so far, and Johnston falls back here--the boys all say they will fall back home, for we'll know then there's no use in fighting any longer. As to that, they say it would be a heap better to give up now, before we're all killed off. They are deserting every day any way".

Johnston is much beloved by his men; he cares for their comfort, and treats them kindly. Bragg was an object of hatred; he was unmerciful 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 leave of absence to go home and attend to a sick wife. She died, and he remained two or three days over his time to care for the motherless children, and started back to his command. He was met by a guard who came to arrest him as a deserter, and as such was taken to the camp: he related the circumstance which detained him--but it was of no avail--he was ordered to be shot at once. They began to bandage his eyes; he would [not] 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 fainted before, but he could not witness this scene unmoved--for the soldier 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 Commander. His soldiers used often to declare they would aim their bullets at him first—were they ever engaged in battle.

There is a Battery erected near by, manned by soldiers who are any thing but "protectors". They are engaged in extensive robberies every night; nothing is considered safe which can be carried away. Being no respecters of persons, they call upon all alike;—one night taking four thousand dollars worth of provisions from my neighbor's store room—the next entering a poor woman's house and robbing her of every article of clothing of which she had disrobed herself upon going to bed—and all of her children's garments also. Last night they called at "our house";—broke into the kitchen—carried off two tubs of linen—took every implement lying about the yard—and more than all, they stole my beautiful George—my Turkey gentleman the last of his tribe, I had permitted to live. Four years ago, he was dedicated for a feast day. He went to his slumber away up in a lofty oak, and we thought he was safe, but alas he is gone. He will never grace my table on feast days, or fast days;—will no more strut about with swelling pride, the lord of these premises. O, George McClellan—to think your life should be given at last to rober-rebels! It is to be hoped that the man whose name you bear, will never follow your "illustrious example."

Sabbath—after church. A good sermon this morning, but it was spoiled by the last word, which was Confederacy, instead of Heaven; once they were thought to be synonymous [sic] by some—but one would judge it was not so now, for the eagerness most men evince to escape
from the former. Not long ago, I listened to a really eloquent sermon, but the minister closed by pointing his hearers to Bragg, and not to Christ.

Cannot read or think to day. All begin to feel that we are on the eve of stirring events. These immense preparations which we hear are being made by "the enemy"—show that something will be done sometime. Strange rumors come to us. The voices of Spring whisper solemn things. There is a hush and quiet which portends a storm. Let it come!

I feel restless to day. Am tired of this monotonous life and scenery. Wish I could see those lofty mountains sweeping against the sky, that used to look so grand and holy when the Sabbath sunbeams fell upon them. We need something more than soft air and sweet flowers, to thrill the soul; we can float on these—-but can be lifted up only in the presence of Mont Blancs and Niagaras.

March 20th 1864

Various have been my experiences to day. Long I lay upon my pillow this morning, listening to the howling of a cold March wind, which mingled with a few bird songs only, made not a very joyous matin. I arose depressed in spirit—turned from the morning repast, and shut myself away from all intruders. Ashamed to own it—-but I had fainted by the way—had not endured to the end. So I took up my mother's Bible, which fell upon—-and my eye caught this;—"And the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought, & make fat thy bones: and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not." Had a
voice from the blue skies above called my name, & addressed to me these beautiful words—they would not seem any more spoken to me—than when I read them on those leaves yellowed by time—in my mother's Bible. They were cooling streams in the desert, and my heart was already like a "watered garden", and I felt the little joy-flowers blossoming there.

After dinner came a poor woman—a soldier's wife to obtain sewing. In tears as usual—her husband gone—she sick—and the same cry—"How can I get bread for my children"! Soon after she left, two more came on the same errand. The husband of one killed in battle long ago, the other sick & wounded. They said their rich neighbors persuaded their husbands to volunteer in the first of the war, promising that their families should never suffer. But the promise was forgotten, & the little sewing they could get, hardly kept them alive. This class of women know nothing about work, save of the coarsest kind; they could make a flour sack, sweep a cabin, & bake a "hoecake", and this is about all—so it is less trouble to give to them, than to employ them. It always excites the ire of negroes to see charities bestowed upon "Ole poah white folks"—no matter how sick or helpless they may be. "Why don't they go to work"? "They are sick and cannot work". "What they been doing all the time fore they got sick? They're lazy and no-count. That's the reason they haven't got nothing to live on when they gets sick".

The next comer was a young girl who came to beg assistance in writing a letter to her Lieutenant lover at the Front, who had proved faithless, or was killed—she didn't know which. But she wanted a
letter written that would reach his heart, and remind him of broken
vows—if he was alive—if not, it would do him no harm! So between
us a most affecting letter was written which will of course bring
the young man to his knees. Wandering lovers are so easily won
back! But all the true ones will not come back now for—

"Ah me! how many a maiden
Will wake o' nights, to find
Her tree of life, love-laden
Swept bare in this wild wind"!

The last "call" was "Ma says please send her some blackberry
wine—the baby's got the cramps." The Night and the Storm have come
now, and both are welcome—for quiet & solitude will come with them.

My "Home Guards"—David & Dan, are sleeping in an adjoining
room—my old shaggy protector has stretched himself by the door,
with head reposing on his paws—and Poppy is dreaming too. Before
the mirror, where he stands for hours during the day, to admire him-
self—is perched no horrid black raven—but my dove Rosy, poised on
one foot, with head folded beneath a white wing. How many whiter
wings, and watching eyes that these mortal eyes see not, are hover-
ing about me—I cannot know; but somehow a sense of security fills
my heart, and this solitude and stillness seem not oppressive. Still-
ness within—which is unbroken even by cricket's chirp, or "Old Clock
on the Stairs" ticking out—

"Forever—never!

Never—forever!"

O Muffee, jump down! You have lain curled up in my lap like a great
black catapillar long enough. I must brighten the fire;—don't like
these fitful flashes. There! now the flames are dancing. A dark mysterious furnace sending out its warmth for some unknown place—you don't know where, is nothing compared to the old primitive fireplace, where you can throw on the "lightwood" and watch the sparks & the flames, which seem kindly & pleasant like sympathetic friends. With a cat & a dog—a child—a book—pencil and paper, and bright cheerful fire—who can be lonely? And yet—the cat & child fall to sleep for want of petting—the book is dropped—pencil lies on the paper unused—the fire dies down, because thought leads me out away from the present;—bidding me peer now into the future—then compelling me to wander far backward. There are dreams we keep on dreaming;—there are remembered looks—there are happy and sorrowful memories folded away in the heart's deep places,—and sometimes we go softly there, as we would glide silently into the darkened room where our holy dead are lying. We gently lift the white veil that covers them—take away the withered flowers, and strew fresh ones there—give another and another look—let the lifted veil fall back again, & go away.

March 22nd 1864

To day, I received a letter from my friend Mrs. B---. She had succeeded in getting as far as Gadsen [sic] Ala. Her adventures are amusing; she paid eight hundred dollars for a conveyance to take her forty miles, and was perfectly jubilant with the expectation of soon crossing the lines. By dots and mysterious sentences, she tried to convey to me some news which she dared not write in full—but I could not comprehend their import.

The orchards that were aglow with peach blossoms a few days
since, are blackened and blighted now. The frost has cut off the sweet prophecies of delicious fruit which were hung out—a thousand of them—on every twig. A dreary prospect—is a long Southern summer without a single rosy-cheeked peach to cheer us. So it has been every year since the war began—and yet we are told "God is on our side".

Mrs. F—h spend the morning with me. She says the prisoners have been dying rapidly, since the U. S. Surgeons have left. The Confederate M. D. who has the care of them now, remarked to a person, who understood what he meant, & reported 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 medicine of their own surgeons—was not sick—but as soon as they left, the rebel Dr. brought him medicine and compelled him to take it two or three times a day—and he was sick now in earnest, and was growing worse. They all believe that slow poison is being administered to them—but say they would as soon die, as go to Andersonville.

Why they are not exchanged, seems incomprehensible to these poor suffering men—who feel that they are forgotten by a Goverment [sic] they risked their lives to save—and are now left to die a thousand deaths in these wretched Southern prisons.

The following announcement is made in one of the morning papers. "We have been permitted to examine a February number of Godfrey's Lady Book. It appears from the fashion plates, that the Yankee women still dress as gaudily as ever. We observed no new styles of mourning dress for the many thousand of their Yankee brothers who
are manuring Southern soil with their rotting carcasses. They wear hoops, very small collars and pretty high hats. As large numbers of their men have been killed, we "guess" the Yankee girls are preparing the way to dress as nearly like men as possible, just to keep up the idea that men are about"! Then advice is given to the Dixie girls to make their own fashions for all time to come—to show their independence—and manufacture their hoops out of grapevine if nothing better can be had, &c.

Another article on Gen Butler—who is certainly blessed with titles—which are Beast, Brute and Ghoul.

A rare bit of history was published in one of our city papers not long ago—relating to Mr. Lincoln's earlier life. The Editor in announcing it says—"We publish to day, the pedigree of the vile monster Lincoln. Its truthfulness may be relied upon. None will fail to read it."

"An object of so much abhorrence, as the man or animal now disgracing the Presidency of the North, must excite some curiosity as to his history—which when given, will convince us that he is a most fit and appropriate instrument for the administration of the besotted, vulgar & fiendish views of the Yankee bigots, whose suffrage made him their chief magistrate." Then follows a long account of the early & later life of the subject of calumny—whose true name is stated to be Abraham Hanks. "He has not one redeeming trait of character. His corruption seems to be radical, his faults inbred, his meanness and duplicity organic. His proclamation is a stupendous crime, a curse to his name, to which the infamy of a Nero or a Caligula will be light & harmless. To the North he bequeaths 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.*

April 9th

We have been to the barracks today. When we arrived at our place of rendezvous—Mrs. F—h's Poppy looked into Nelly's basket, which was filled with good things, and whispered to her—"O, Nelly—don't give them nice cakes to the Southern Condeffassy [sic] Soldiers—give them to the poor Yankees"! They made some kind of a compromise between them; the Condeffassy boys were to have a few of the nice cakes—but the greater part were destined for the Soldiers who were not of the "Condeffassy" order. All but eight of the prisoners have been sent to Andersonville; six of them are very low, and not expected to live. The other two—Joe & Frank are nurses.

There are sixty deserters in the Confederate prison hospital, and Mrs. F—h carries them milk soup biscuits &c, at least every week, and sometimes oftener. She has a sincere compassion for them—then too, she can thus gain access to the few remaining prisoners, 

*These are but a few extracts from a long article, that would read strangely by the side of those eloquent eulogiums which were poured forth by a weeping Nation over the grave of its Martyr—and the answering notes of sympathy and sorrow that swept over the sea from all the crowned of Europe.
who seem dependent upon her for almost life itself. No fitful impulsive charity is hers--gushing forth at first sight of suffering, then subsiding--but earnest continuing in well doing--consulting never self interest or ease. It is no holiday freak with her, as with the rest of us, who occasionally get our courage up enough to challenge watching eyes and bitter threats.

We 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 aint but a few days." Then each one had a doleful tale to tell to their patient listener--of all their aches & pains--of what they had, or hadn't had to eat. When the distributions were completed, and our baskets apparently almost empties--Mrs. F---h looked into hers, and carelessly said to the adjutant standing near--"We have a few biscuits left--guess we'll give them to the Yankees." He replied as carelessly--"You going in there? Well I'll go with you". Then Mollie had an attendant too--for wicked girl! she had allowed herself to be so fascinating, and such a good secessionist in order to get access to the prisoners--that a not very youthful--but simple good-hearted widower had lost his heart, and watched for her coming as eagerly as the rest of the captives. O these prison-romances! This is one, then Joe loves Jennie, a bright-eyed noble

*Two of them recovered--were sent to Andersonville--lived through those horrible scenes, & since peace has come, have written to their benefactor--telling her that under God, they owed their lives to her & little Nelly.
girl—who goes with Nellie to comfort the imprisoned—but she loves another one who has been exchanged long ago; proving it true that the "course of true love", is somewhat rough at least. In other prisons, I have heard of strange beautiful stories—of captives now & then catching glimpses of some sweet pitying face—of vows being exchanged in mysterious ways, and promises given of returns and welcomes after the war. After the war! no pen of mortal can write out the sorrowful changes—the breast-aches and heart-breaks—the bitterness and disappointments that will come then. But it will be recorded somewhere, and by One in whose sight, no human grief seems a little thing.

Mrs. T——whispered as we stepped into the door—You & Nelly go on—Mollie & I will take care of our guard". So she talked pleasantly with the adjutant about out bright prospects—recent defeats of the Federals, and Mollie interested the widower in her own peculiar way—while Nellie was slyly hiding things under pillows besides the "few biscuits"—and pockets were emptied of more contraband articles. Joe expected to be soon exchanged, and said he would take as many letters over the lines, as his friends wished to send. We need have no fears—they would be sewed 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 revelations to me. "Frank

*This prisoner was soon after sent to Andersonville, where he remained nearly a year; but the letters were safely kept through all that wretched life, and when he was exchanged—they reached their destinations, though somewhat worn.
there—went all round this city last night. One of the Confederate soldiers that was guarding—got him a rebel uniform—and took him round. He saw every ditch, every fortification and preperation [sic] 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 do so soon too. If we are exchanged as we expect to be—they will find out some things they don't know now—for if they had any idea how matters stand down here—I'm sure they wouldn't stay round Dalton much longer".

But we could make no excuse for remaining longer, so hurried away. As we were going out of the door, I looked back—and those weary wistful faces were turned towards us so clingingly;—the pleased happy looks were dying out, and the old sadness coming back. How 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 cheer of our own homes—when sometimes we remember these faces, so full of pain and loneliness and starvation.

March 24th 1864

The days go by with a strange quiet at home & the Front. Spring seems loth to adorn the land with sweet flowers when they are so soon perhaps, to be bathed in blood—to be trampled in the dust by the tread of fierce warriors rushing on to victory or defeat. Miniature leaves are just unfolding on the trees—which should long ago have hung out their green banners.

Now and then we are startled out of our stupor, by rumors that the long expected battle has begun, and wild hopes ray out from ev-
ery such rumor—for the fearful contest which we have watched from afar, has come so near us now. So near—that we almost put our ears to the Earth, and with finger upon the lips—listen breathlessly, that we may catch if possible—the sound of coming footsteps—footsteps of an "army with banners"—which when unfurled above us, will proclaim Liberty indeed.

Reading is mostly laid aside now, 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 up-shooting of seeds in the garden—the bursting of rose 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 time of the singing of birds has come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.

Oh this wild unrest that fills the heart in Springtime! What is it?—from whence doth it come? It sometimes seems as if a thousand birds were caged within, with choked voices, and could not sing;—a thousand flowers prisonèd in rough calyces, & could not blossom outward. In this glorious time when all Nature is flowering & winged & voiceful—one longs for wings and voices too.

Am sitting by the window which I opened wide, and the sunshine flooded all my heart, as it did my room. Beautiful thoughts are whispered to me—but they are not mine, no more than are the bird songs which I hear, or the breath of flowers that is borne past on the sweet morning air. I cannot utter them—so they flutter and float about like foam upon the stream, which whirls in eddies awhile, then glides away—away.

Farmer T's wife just now drove up to the door. With a subdued
voice, she asked if I wanted any butter and eggs this morning--
then burst into tears. "I've lost my baby, and next oldest child
since I was here, and my husband is sick way off in Virginny--and
now they're going to take this boy away from me",--turning to a
young lad sitting by her. What will become of me? I can't work
my farm myself". Pointing to a large house, not far away--"Why
don't Mr. Newman go to the war? he was mighty fierce for it, and a
great secessioner. I reckon you're powerful glad your husband aint
here to be dragged off and killed up all for nothing. But good bye!
I don't know as I can ever bring you any thing more. I shall be all
alone with my little girls after Jeems here goes off to war". Poor
woman! my heart ached for her--but I could only extend my hand, and
give her as tearful a good bye as she gave me.

So there is never a little moment of sunshine and beauty--but
this cruel war is forced upon our thoughts.

Arthur has been home for a few days assisting in the garden man-
agement--enlarging strawberry beds, and planting with "great expecta-
tions". Tom & Dan are turfing the yard, and seem ambitious to have a
green carpet spread out suddenly over it. Dan just looked up very
wisely & said--"Maybe we're fixing all this for nothing, for perhaps
they'll fight right here. What would you do then Miss Abby?--Whar'd
you stay at"? Tom did the answering--"Oh hush such talk! I spect to
wake up any of these mornins [sic], and see this yer town just filled
with Yankees. Jerry told me last night, that a black man told him,
that he heered two white men talking the other day--and they said all
them that didn't want to stay here after the Yankees come, had better
be gittin out o' this place mighty peart. One on 'em said he just
had saw a man that come through. He had been a spy-in like, and he
told them, there was no end to them Yankees! The whole country
round Chattanooga was just blue—and it was no use in trying to keep
'em back—for they'd got started, and would go whar they was a moun'
to. Our folks has a heep of insurance any how—to say they're driv-
ing them back—they always whips 'em—when they're coming this way
all the time".

May 6th 1864

We have been raiding through the woods to day—a pleasant
little party of the fair, the young, the brave—and some that were
not fair nor young nor brave; some too were of Union and some dis-
union proclivities. But May sunshine and May airs harmonized all
these conflicting elements—and we "made believe" we were happy.

It seems strange—this persistent attempt to forget the strife
and sorrow of War—& now when it is no near us—stranger still.
This same spirit of determination to eke out pleasure whenever and
wherever it can be found was exhibited in a tragi-comic scene at the
depot the other day. Wounded soldiers were lying about on the hard
floor, and rough boxes with somebody's loved in them—were scattered
around. A merry negro came along, and seating himself upon one of
these coffins—began to tune up his rather delapidated "fiddle;"--
the live soldiers hearing it—begged for a "good lively chune"—and
pushed their dead comrades here & there, to make room for their shuf-
fling feet. The "light fantastic toe" was tipped, until the cars
came along, which was to take them to the front—& death.

The woods are so beautiful now—in Nature's coronation time.
Honeysuckles are flaming among the rich leafage of the forests--some bright scarlet--some just blushing with pink--and others of deepest orange. The dogwoods in the denser woods look so white--as if covered with snow that had forgotten to melt. Woodbines climbed up so provocingly high with their red & yellow blossoms--we could not reach them, and the gorgeous trumpet flowers are more ambitious still. And such a profusion of yellow jessamines [sic]! --they are by far the sweetest flowers that adorn these Southern woods. They climb too--and hang high their golden bells which sing out hymns [sic] of perfumed praise. But Oh the Serpent-haunted marshes where these flowers live their beautiful life! So should our Souls blossom out in beauty and goodness--be our surroundings never so dark and unlovely.

Some of our party danced--some rowed on the pond--some wandered off to talk of their bright dreams--and a few others sat down on the soft carpet made by the dead foliage of the long leaved pine. They sat there and wreathed wild haw blossoms around their hats--though they talked not of love or flowers but of the battle which has begun. One had just told the news--"They are fighting terribly to day, & Johnston has taken ten thousand prisoners. He has driven Sherman beyond Chattanooga, & there is great rejoicing in town over the news--for they say the Yankees will not dare to make another advance after such a defeat".

M--- 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! driven back! I wish I could die! I do not want to live if our Government [sic] cannot. Think how England would triumph over us! think
of the rejoicing here"! and the fair girl threw from her the tear=
bedewed flowers she was twining together—as if they innocent things
—breathed with hate and treason instead of sweetest perfumes.

Seeing the rest of the party coming towards us—we wandered off
still farther—lest Mollie's tears might betray her. We 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

—"Stream with mosses
And sprout with mistletoe."
The mocking birds mocked—with their wild gushing songs—our hearts'
anguish—and this splendor of Spring in a Southern Clime was all un-
heeded—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 any thing but laugh
all her life. We have learned our lessons well,—can cry when we
would laugh—and laugh when we would cry.

9th

Sherman defeated, & Johnston pursuing! But I like such de-
feats & such pursuits as these prove to be. Yesterday Gen Thomas
took Tunnel Hill under his care, and Dalton is evacuated by the Con-
federates—that place which was so impregnable, "Nature had forti-
fied that position so perfectly, that no power on earth can drive our
army from that point". Now—"Johnston is only falling back to get a
better position; and when he does make a stand—dead Yankees will be
piled up higher than Stone Mountain. Gen. Johnston knows what he is about; he is following out a plan he had long ago—to draw Sherman down into Georgia—cut off his supplies, and bag the whole Vandal tribe*. And many rejoice over this bagging which is to be.

The battles are usually reported in this style. "The vandals were mowed down without number. No loss on our side. One man killed, and three slightly wounded. Retreats invariably—We fell back in good order. No straggling, and no loss of artillery". History will probably show the truthfulness of these so-called—"official reports."

15th

A solemn Sabbath this has been. Though sick in soul & body—I went to church. Devotion was not the impetus that sent me there—but a restlessness—a feeling that I could not bear this suspense alone. I must mingle with the multitude—and perhaps some friendly hand would clasp mine—some voice whisper—"Courage"! "Faith"!

I wondered too—what would be said in the pulpit to day; and if there would be thanksgivings for victories. Though our present pastor has never preached war—but the gospel; and has not as many ministers have done—instructed God how to deal with the "vile enemies who 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 that others had recently—we might be resigned! I thought of several who would not be very unreconciled.

At the close of the sermon, a notice was read—requesting the people to send their carriages to the depot at four in the afternoon,
to take the wounded which would arrive, to the hospital. The minister then remarked, they could know by this, that a fearful conflict was going on. And with much excitement added--"What are the enemy fighting for now--if not to get possession of this city"? He 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 be present, and with united hearts present this petition to the Court of Heaven.

The thought that the conflict to which we had looked forward so long, and fearfully--had actually begun--and the consciousness of what hung upon its issue--stirred my soul as it was never stirred before. Words have no power to describe my emotions. I bit my lips to keep the color in them, and was afraid my next pew neighbors would hear my thoughts. I actually held my hands firm together, to keep them from flying up imploringly--for I trembled with fear, lest God would hear these prayers which were to be offered, and those who had prayed for the coming of this "enemy" as the saviors of their country--must again sink in despair. Oh how I longed to clasp the hand of the merciful One, and tell him why we asked that our Government might triumph. It was for this;--that Truth & Right & Liberty had long been in chains--bound by this soul-crushing despotism, beneath which so many were languishing.

When passing out of the church door--some one touched my arm. I turned & saw Mrs. M---, who was waiting for me. She pressed my hand and whispered--looking at me so earnestly--"I know how you feel--but have faith. God will remember us"! Her large eyes glowed
with a light which warmed my heart—but I could not speak, and we parted.

A black pall, like the curtain of death, hangs over the sky—as if the Sun refused to look upon these terrific scenes. Birds flit silently from tree to tree, and the leaves hang listless, as though the very zephyrs held their breath to catch the tidings 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 so full of hopes and fears, she must see some one to whom she could speak as she felt. She thought if we were so alone—we had reason to thank God that our husbands were far removed from these scenes of war, and were not to be brought home mangled and dead, as she had seen some brought home to day.

Tom has returned from the depot;—said there were a great number of carriages there—but only a few wounded came down on the train. The reason of it was because the Federals had possession of the battle ground—& all the wounded were in their hands. Hope is again in the ascendant, but always, always mingled with pain—is the thought of triumph, when the price is remembered.

"Blood is flowing—men are dying; God have mercy on their Souls"!

18th

The news this morning is of an indefinite character. "Banks' surrender confirmed" in flaming capitals, heads the telegraphic column as usual. The defeat seems to be used as a sweetener for any unfavorable dispatches which have to be recorded. "Glorious news from Vir-
ginia! Grant's loss, twenty seven thousand including ten General officers. Yankees repulsed at Drury's Bluff, one thousand left dead on the field". "The Front" is coming this way rapidly; it being not quite as stationary as formerly; still the enemy are repulsed always. One correspondent says May 16th--Heavy fighting along our right to day. Johnston has fallen back to Calhoun. Our army is in splendid spirits, and all it wants to insure victory, is the word "Forward"! Unfortunately--the word seems to be "Backward"! "We have repulsed the enemy at every point, & the evacuation of the position held by us yesterday, was not compulsory. Our troops are perfectly confident of success, having every assurance that the great Cheiftain [sic] will yet drive the enemy from the field just left.

Several of the Missouri troops in the Yankee army deserted their ranks & came into our lines, declaring their determination to fight no longer with the Miscegenators.

Since the opening of the Battle at Resaca, it is believed that the Enemy's loss in killed & wounded, will exceed 8000. The Yankees had a jollification over their supposed triumph on Monday night. There was playing of brass bands & cheering to a romantic degree--which will be changed to a more doleful measure before General Johnston has disposed of them".

Sometime ago, a great deal was said about the reinstating of soldiers, & reports were published every day, that all of this company & that regiment had reinstated, and there was great enthusiasm among the troops. Private Soldiers say there was very little voluntary reinstating; sometimes only one in a whole regiment--when the roll was called--gave their names as volunteers. But at the point of the bay-
onet, or with conscription before them--they were compelled to "go in for the war". Desertions were far more frequent than reinlist-
ments.

19th 1864

Most cheering news came this morning, of the advance of
Sherman's army towards Kingston, and the capture of Rome. But at
noon our gladness was changed to mourning. I had been spending the
morning with a friend; we were secretly rejoicing at the prospect
of soon greeting the conquerors, & of being permitted perhaps to
welcome back those whom the war had made exiles. We had been wan-
dering in the garden--and my arms were literally filled with May
roses. As we stood by the gate saying a few more last words--a gen-
tleman passed by, & we asked if there was any news since morning.
"Oh such good news ladies"! and his hands were up lifted for joy.
"The Yankees are completely routed. They are retreating as fast
as they can, & Johnston is chasing them; we has taken ten thousand
prisoners. Then 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 color--white or red--
though the heart stops beating, or flames up in scorching pain. A
faintness came over me, and pressing the hand of my friend--I hur-
rried home through the grove. The roses were thrown away; I didn't
love them;--didn't love any thing I fear. Dan saw me coming & opened
the gate. "Why Miss Abby--what's the matter? You don't look so
peart as you did, this morning. Been hearing something bad I reckon.
But never you mind! I'll put old Zephyr into the rockaway after din-
ner & take you to town to some of your friends, and you'll hear something different maybe." Accepting this proposal, I called on a lady. She met me smiling & joyful; "Have you heard the news"? Yes, I had heard--but there was nothing to be glad about. "Nothing? Why there is every thing? The Union boys are marching on as fast as they can. Sherman is falling back--but he is falling this way. Cheer up! God will not suffer us to be disappointed after all our prayers & tears & hopes".* Just as I was leaving--Miss R--- called in--her face aglow with joy. "Have you heard the good news! God bless the Yankee boys! They have started now in earnest."

While riding home, Dan said "Well I reckon you heard something better'n what you heard in the morning, by the way you alls talked & laughed. I knowed it would be so--I just knowed it. It stands to reason that our folks aint whipping as they say they be, when they're coming this way all the time".

Sweet May showers have fallen, and the blended fragrance of roses & honeysuckles--young leaves and the moist earth--is enchanting; it floats into the very soul, & gives an inner joy indescribably--but only for a moment: for we know to night, pale cold faces lie still and upturned, while this soft moonlight falls upon them. Mothers, and wives who know not their widowhood--were not near to lift the dear head from the hard earth, or kiss the icy lips which could not speak their

*During the long fearful seige [sic] that followed--this noble woman lost her health--her home--her property, and every thing save her devotion to God and her country.
last good bye. Eyes look upward which are not yet glazed with death --look upward, and the prayer of faith is whispered to a Savior not unloved in the strength of manhood. Others perhaps look upward too, with prayer--who never prayed before; but our Father is so full of compassion & tender mercy--he hears even at the eleventh hour.

21st

Dan came in this morning quite agitated. "There's Mas' George coming yonder--& I just expect he has come to take me away, because the Yankees are so near. Everybody's running off their black'uns now". After the salutations of the day I asked the gentleman if he was going to take Dan away. "Not if he wishes to remain, & you wish to keep him. He has always been a good boy, & I shall allow him to do as he pleases. My only fear is, that he will be enticed away to follow the army when it comes here, as it most assuredly will, and I should never know what became of him. I asked which army he alluded to. "Why the Federal army of course". To my surprise, I found him to be a firm Union man--adhering to the Government [sic] of the United States with true loyalty. I asked how he had avoided conscription. He smiled & said he avoided it! if he was going to fight--he would fight for the Right. Once or twice I felt alarmed at what I had said--thinking what if all this was premeditated, and a "strategic move" to make me commit myself as has often been done. But I banished the suspicion, believing it better to trust & be deceived--than to doubt those who are true. We had a pleasant talk, and Mr ____ left me expressing an earnest wish that I might not have to wait much longer for my hopes to be realized. As he
stood talking with Dan, I could but congratulate myself upon seeing another man who could be put on the list of Southern Worthies. I heard him say—"Well Dan—you & I have played together when little boys, & have grown up together. But I'm going to leave you now; perhaps we may meet again when the war is over, and perhaps not. I hope you will be honest and industrious as you always have been. Do not wander off with the army, but stay where you can have a home". He shook hands with him & bid him good bye—& I thought his voice was a little unsteady. Dan came in half laughing, and half crying. "He didn't take me off with him did he! but I felt mighty bad to part for good with Mas' George, for him & me was raised together. I always knowed he was for the Yankees—though he didn't say much; but I never heard him say any thing for the Southern Confederacy".

Strange changes are taking place, and it is beautiful to note the contrast between things now & then. A gentleman was saying to me the other day, it was getting to be a fine thing to be a Union man. "Hats are lifted when I meet some who would not speak to me a year ago. It is now 'Why now do you do Mr. Roberts?—very glad to see you". Two ladies went to an acquaintance of mine, & asked her protection. One said, "I know you can protect me when the Yankees come; you have friends among them & I am coming right to your house to stay, & I shall be all right". The lady replied—"I thought you said they never would get here". Well I don't believe now they are coming—but if they should happen to come—I shall look to you for protection." Others have attempted to make friends with those they have abused & persecuted untiringly for being suspected of Union sentiments, & showing kindness to prisoners.
An old acquaintance called yesterday, to see how 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 regret exceedingly, any thing has occurred [sic] to interrupt [sic] our sociabilities; but I'm going to do away with all this--and we are coming to see you soon. It's all foolishness to have these old friendships broken up because there is a war". I acquiesced of course; but friendships renewed, which have been broken up by bitter ungenerous words--seem never satisfying--never any more real heart-friendships.

This afternoon Mrs. M--- came to sit awhile with me; said she did not know when she could come again, as soldiers were encamping round every where, and it was not pleasant for ladies to go out unattended. Said she still missed her hope & faith in secret. "Every little while I take out that wee picture of a flag you sent me, & pray that it may not be long before a real one may wave above us. But you must show me yours--I have never seen it". So I held up before her, the forbidden thing, and she exclaimed--"O, do let me take it in my own hands"! And never shall I forget that look, as she bowed her head, and kissed its beautiful folds--reverently, as if it were some precious friend lying dead before her. But a resurrection [sic] hope flowed in her tearful eyes as she folded it again and gave it back to me saying--I beg of you hide this, and keep it so safe. I tremble for you when I think you have this in your possession, for I have heard such bitter threats. But you will not always have to hide it. I know you will not. Now sing me the old Star Spangled Banner, & I will go. I told her Bob was so near the house, he could
hear--& while watching his horses, his ears would watch too. "You needn't be afraid of Bob; he is my telegraph. I get all my news from him. I do not wish my husband to know the interest I feel in the advance of the Federals--so Bob keeps me informed of the latest news from the front. Now sing away, and I'll sit by the window, where I can look down the walk & see if any one is coming". So I sang the dear old song, with my watcher at the window. She hardly waited for the last words, when she came quickly & folded me in her arms--her heart too full to speak. She hurried away, and I was alone. I wonder if these are little things to record; but they are my life. What other interests for us now? What else could absorb our thoughts, while waiting for life or death? How these memories--tragic & sweet--will come back to me, in the years that come!--for in all my girlhood gladness, there was no such deep fearful joy as now swells my heart.

Standing alone--peering into the near future, knowing not what lies in the darkness beyond--yet with these hopes & experiences, I can always say--

"I have a heart for any fate".

24th 1864

This has been a wild day of excitement. From early morning until now--engines have screamed--trains thundered along; wagons laden with governor [sic] stores, refugees, negroes and household stuff, have rattled out of town. Every possible conveyance is bought, borrowed, begged or stolen. Such packing up & leaving of those, who but a short time ago said with great boasting & assurance, that Johnston would never fall back here, & allow the Yankees to step a foot on
Georgia's soil—is perfectly marvellous to behold. One is amazed in witnessing these wonderful changes. Now there are fears & tremblings--& some who leave their pleasant homes--know not where to go: many who have been refugeeing all the way from Nashville--sojourning first at one place, then at another--are preparing for another flight. While some say they have "run from the Yankees long enough, and are going to stay here & abide their fate". It is painful to see poor families--who can barely live where they are--frightened at the reported doings of the terrible foe--fleeing with the rest--sometimes only taking half of their little all, in their fright. No home to go to--no money to procure one--but the Yankees are coming, & 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 devoted to the Union cause, after the arrival of the blue coats. A young lady in Nashville, whose father was compelled to take Federal officers to board--had a servant lay down a piece of carpet wherever they had walked. She would not set her foot where a vile Yankee had stepped! But alas, for the mutability of the fair one's heart! In three weeks she was married to one of the same "vile" creatures. In New Orleans, a fond maneuvering mother, who once actually chased a Union lady with an axe, because she knew of her sending food to the prisoners--brought round an alliance of her daughter with a Federal Q. M. Evidently thinking in these times, a Quartermaster was a good thing to have in the family.

In passing our church this morning, I noticed a lady coming down the steps with hym [sic] book, footstool & sundry other devotional at-
tachments. She saw me passing but turned her head the other way, although we were friends before the war began. She remembered some of her words it is to be presumed. I hope there was no unworthy triumphing in my heart, as they came back to me this morning. "Ask him that fleeth, & her that escapeth, What is done"? Ah! the boys in blue are coming.

I met a gentleman--a Southern Unionist staunch & true; he was walking with a Confederate officer--and bowed very slightly and sedately. After he passed, something, which often impels us to look back, made me turn my head; at that instant, his head turned too, & his face was covered with smiles. I knew then, his heart was as glad as mine--but our intuition, schooled as it has been these years--tells us where to laugh, & when not to.

These are days of strange & thrilling interest, solemn too as death. Such a wild up-heaving as is now going on around us; encampments & fortifications appearing everywhere. Tent-fires gleaming in the dark forests, near & far--bugles sounding, soldiers coming and going; every thing & every body in a delirium of fear & excitement.

To day, two dear friends and neighbors came to bid me good bye. We have long lived by each other; the first-ripe peaches--the first spring roses were always exchanged, and all these sweet neighborly kindnesses, which make life exceedingly pleasant. True they have differed with me in sentiment since the war--but kindly differed. With them, Secession had not swallowed up Christianity, nor dug a grave for every sweet affection & tender memory. So it was with real heart-pain that I parted with S--- and L---. They said as they
were leaving—"Perhaps we shall never meet again--here"--& the lips quivered. No--we probably never shall--& this thought gives added sorrow to such seperations [sic].

27th

For several mornings past, the servants have asked the first thing--"Did you hear them cannons last night and early this morning"? I always answer no, and tell them it is all their imagination. As usual they rushed in this morning greatly excited--"I reckon you heard them last night didn't you"? No--I went to bed for the purpose of sleeping, & it is all your fancy--hearing cannons. "No maam! If you will come out doors, you can hear 'em right now". To please them--I went. "There! just listen way yonder! didn't you hear that"? No--my obtuse ears could hear nothing. "Why Miss Abby! where's your years [sic]? Lordy! you heard then didn't you"? Yes--I heard. Far northward--over the river--beyond old Kenesaw [sic] and the hills of Altoona [sic]--I could catch the faintest echo of booming guns. When my ear had recognized the sound, it soon became a reality, which awakened the wildest joy I have ever known. O that music!--the first notes of our redemption anthem. Never fell upon my ear any thing half so sweet--so grand; nor--on earth, will any sound so thrill my soul again.

28th

Mrs. Frank & I had arranged for a ride this morning. I called and found her in tears. She said there was not a moment of quiet in the streets all night long. Yesterday, the owner of her
servants had sent for them, & 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 had not been quiet 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 their rear again and cut off their supplies—the eternal quietus now—and Johnston was falling back to Atlanta.

In the dead of night, my friend was awakened by some one calling her. She arose instantly & went to the window: standing by the fence which was very near the house, was her next door neighbor in her night robes—making her seem like some weird spirit of sorrow, for she was wringing her hands & 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 you staying here alone with your four little children. I tell you there will be a battle here, and blood will flow in these streets"—then she could not proceed for weeping. So she talked and cried, while soldiers tramped by, and wagons rumbled along. Mrs. F--- said her nerves were completely unstrung—she felt as if in a burning Sodom. 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 North—disposed of her wardrobe and furniture, and by paying three hundred dollars in gold to a man in the rebel Congress—has procured a passport to take her over the lines. Just upon the eve of leaving, she was informed by a gentleman, who though a secessionist, was a 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—when ever she should set out to make her exit from this land. He had means of knowing that there were some twenty or thirty names in the Provost Marshal's hands—of persons subject to arrest—Mrs. F--- & my own being among the honored ones. So with battles and bloodshed at our very doors --a siege—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 who would protect us, are powerless to do so.

Since I returned home, a lady, whose name is also among the doomed, called in great trepidation; said she came to tell me I must burn or bury every scrap of writing, that would excite suspicion. "For you know they say you have been corresponding with the enemy ever since they came to Chattanooga and giving them information---& if we are all arrested, your house will certainly be searched. I have burned my little paper flag, and every rag I had with red white & blue in it. I tell you I don't want to be arrested & sent farther off into the Confederacy, just as the Federals are coming. I have waited for them too long for that"—And the tears filled her eyes. It was a new idea—my keeping them informed! What next?

They have not heard the cannonading in town. 'Mrs. M--- a Southern lady—was delighted, when I told her the firing could be distinctly heard from this point; said she would walk 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 those warriors, enveloped in
the smoke and dust of battle--could see these small white hands inviting them hither, and hear her say--"Come boys!--come on--we're waiting for you"!

30th

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, & my loving household pets. But they are all asleep long ago. Never did thunder-voices sound so cheering. Each mighty peal that rolls through the skies, speaks like God. O, it is sweet to be reminded now--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.

Before the morning comes, I may be awakened from my lonely slumbers, by booming cannon and fiery shells; but these thunderings and lightnings tell me of a High Tower--a Fortress--a Rock of defense. Infinite is the love that gives itself such names, that we may more easily confide in His care. The sublime protection, and over-shadowing, suggested by them--never entered my soul before.

What a Niagara of emotion can surge through our being--and yet the eye remain calm--the lips silent. But I must not think to night;--must not call up memories of a peaceful land, where mountains lift up their blue peaks to bluer skies--where the robins used to sing in beechen trees, and brooks laughed & rippled along through lillied [sic] meadows. I wonder if the brooks & birds sing now as then;--if the fern spreads its feathery plumes in damp mossy dells, and the blue &
white violets are peeping up in the tall grass on the hill. I marvel if the memory of these pleasant scenes and friends—of one ever ready to cheer & sympathize—is only a dream. Have I been always thus alone? Was there always war & terror & tumult about me? and never any sunshine & brightness and peace? Was there always somebody praying for vengeance?—and ladies saying as one said the other day—"I wish there was a sea of blood between the North & South—so broad and deep, it could never be crossed"! And another who lived not a hundred miles distant, who was making haste to refugee said—"I rather every one of my children (she was the mother of four) should be laid out on the cooling board, than to have the Yankees get my niggers".*

June 1st

One more day of peace; have not been out—only to a neighbors to bid her good bye—as I heard she was to leave town soon. But she says she shall remain where she is. Many tell me so—who are all the 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 & shall stay in this one—if permitted to so so.

One remark is frequently made now—"I believe our own soldiers do as bad as the Yankees, and I had as lief one would be here as the

It is a Southern custom, when a person dies, to place the body at once upon a board—which has the horribly suggestive name of cooling board.
other, as far as stealing & badness goes; but of course we don't want the Yankees to come". Not at all maam!

A little nearer each day, and each day the cannons are heard more distinctly. Sherman flanks and fortifies, and Johnston falls back—still in search of that right place. Every day's paper reiterates—"No cause for despondency. We know certain things which we could tell—but the time has not yet come. It will soon be seen that our General knows what he is about—and the hireling heathen polluting our soil with their presence—will see it too".

One editor said to a Union man—"Come! now is the time to die for our country. 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—we ought to show our manhood & die"! The next morning an eloquent article appeared—"Stand firm"! But while his readers were being inspired by so much patriotism—the brave Editor was on the train refugeeing from death & the trenches as fast as steam could carry him.

To night, the rain falls gently, unlike the storm of last evening—so to night a calm trust fills my heart, and the wild fears which oppressed me have all departed. Yet I am sad still, for there is sorrow & gloom every where around me. But a short distance from my home—the malitia [sic] are stationed; they are composed mostly of men past the conscript age—who had a right to expect exemption from camp life. Many of them too have opposed the war from the beginning—& have passed through the fires of treason unscathed in soul. One man said he could & would escape across the lines—but he had reason to believe his two sons would be hung in revenge—&
his house be burned over his defenseless family. So he stands guard in the ditches, through storm and sunshine, with hundreds of men like him--praying for deliverance.

When the malitia [sic] are ordered to the front--they are put where Uriah was. A Southern man in a neighboring town, whose loyalty was well known--was ordered off instantly to the Front. He bid his family farewell--& told them he should never see them again--but to be assured he should never fire one shot against the flag of his country, or the men defending it.

He was placed in the foremost ranks & was shot down the first day. His body was sent back to his family--so mangled it could barely be recognized. Noble man! and there be many--many who thus lie down in martyr graves.

There have been hurrying to & fro to day--people leaving town--Johnston's wagons & stores coming in. Rumors of fighting here & retreating there, and the ubiquitous Yankees every where;--just crossing some river on a new flank movement--and now way down on the Macon road--going to release the prisoners at Andersonville.

2d

There has been great mourning and lamentation in our family to day--for good faithful Zephyr is dead. He was only a horse--but I should be comforted could I believe there was a heaven for horses--where they might wander in green fields forever.

Dan came to my window at midnight, & called out in a solemn voice--"Zephyr's dead Miss Abby". I bounded up--& Poppy hearing the wailing--arose too. Some crayon ought to have been near to sketch
the group as they stood in the morning moonlight, weeping over that
noble beast. A famous horse he was; some called him Old Union—because
of his strange propensity to turn up to some of the good peo-
ple's houses. But O Zephyr! I have somewhat against you, for your
last labor was for the Confederate goverment [sic]: yet it was not
voluntary, and this "pressing into service"—caused your death. All
your wonderful goodness and affection, and that marvellous intelli-
gence—even though exhibited in perverseness sometimes—comes before
me now, and tears flow again.

Evening

Our old friend is buried down there under the oak: beneath
a rose bush close by, are the smaller graves of my Bobolinks and Can-
ary family. So they go—my loves.

Across the way—camp-fires are gleaming, and the lights flicker-
ing 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 & de-
jected faces.

It surprises me to hear the officers speak of "this rebellion"—
& tell of this and that one, who helped bring it on—& now would not
fight for it. Howell Cobb made a speech to them the other day, and
an officer referring to it said—"Such a man calling down God's bless-
ing upon us, was nothing less than blasphemy. He is very lavish of
his blessings, but he is sure to keep out of danger himself, and has
safe places for his sons—but he must drag us from our homes to fight
for his treason."
On every side, I am surrounded by "protectors". New companies arrived late this afternoon. They hitched their worn horses here & there among the trees; as they had no forage for them--our field of oats was very soon appropriated. It makes no difference--the fences are fast disappearing--let it all go.

6th.

It is quiet to night in the grove over the way. No bugle notes are heard--no fires gleaming among the trees, giving a feint of cheerfulness. Orders came this morning--"To the front"! and tents are rolled up--banners furled--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 who have brought this war upon our country, and forced us to leave our homes to murder & be murdered".

7th

The malitia [sic]--"Joe Brown's Pets"--"The New Issue"--were ordered away to day. Lt. W--- called this morning. His only brother is fighting on the other side; he gave me his name and com-mand--saying perhaps I might meet him when the Federals came--& he might never see him again. He begged me to assure him his position was not voluntary--there was no choice in the matter. He looked sorrowful enough when he said bood bye.

So all is quiet on this side & that--where a few days since, soldiers were cutting down trees, and pitching their tents. But "The Front"! was sounded in their ears, and the camp-grounds are silent to night.
Sabbath.

This has been a quiet day of beauty & rest. Am sitting under this dear old tree--enjoying the too brief twilights in this pleasant clime--thinking. The sun went down amid rose and purple tinted clouds. Sometimes we have beautiful sunsets here. Oh, what a weight of care, doubt and fear rests upon my heart! yet I have tried to forget every possible ill, and trust.

It is comforting to know that all this sabbath-beauty of to day, is only a promise of what unfolds in sweetest--grandest fruition in that Peaceful Land--where there has never been but one rebellion--& there will never be another.

I have had no company to day--only Aunt Cherry who "called by to see how I was coming". "Here you is--all alone--you & your cats and dog; but them cats seem like folks any how. They've got so much sense like. I never seed cats that knowed so much, and they're always setting close by you. I 'specs you're mighty lonesome here all by yourself. Miss--does you reckon the Yankees'll ever git here"? O, I don't know. Do you wish them to come"? "Of course I does; though I don't 'spect to leave my folks. I wouldn't be so nigger-fied as that--after they've done raised me and took care my little children. But 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--'Chilen's remember what I tell you. You will be freed from bondage--when we are in our graves--and we die in this faith'. We've had this faith too, and it has kept all the black'uns quiet and peaceful, when every body was so 'fraid the niggers was going to rise. Rise! what'd we want to rise
for when the Good Lord was rising for us? Well bood bye! I hope you'll have a good time to pay for all the bad times you've had".--
And she waddled off down the walk--sing a "hime" 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 vigorous "pressing" of negroes has been going on: they take all the negro men to be found and send them off to build fortifications on the Chattahoochee [sic]. Those in my care begged me to hide them--saying--"We don't want to make no fortifications to keep away the Yankees ourselves. Let our folks build their own fortifications. The black'uns they have got, are dying up like any thing, for they works 'em so hard, and half starves 'em besides."

It is amusing to see Margy take them their food. She looks up & down the street, and on every side--then goes to the door of their prison & calls softly--"Boys--here's yer vittuls; come and git it quick. There aint arry officer about."

10th.

Fast Day again! Stores are closed and all business suspended. The mayor has appointed this as a day of fasting and prayer; the especial cause being the rather too rapid marching this way--of the "ruthless foe". We are to pray that they may be defeated, driven back and our righteous cause prevail. Were good old Elijah here, possibly he would say--"Your god is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth and must 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 Dan 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 has reliable information that Johnston had turned upon the Yankees, and they were retreating as fast as they could--& Tennessee would soon be ours. That Beauregard with twenty five thousand men would be here to day, to reinforce Johnston! I am in despair [sic] and nearly crazed. Do come 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 if left. Still we keep on

"Straining our ears for the tidings of War,

Holding our hearts like Beacons up higher,

For those who are fighting afar."

July 4th.

There are memories of famous Fourths away back--when white dresses and blue ribbons flourished and fluttered;--when gay cavaliers with the most antic of horses, took each their elect lady to some wonderful "celebration": a long address full of new thoughts--a dinner in
an arbor—a flag waving from a tall pole & the firing of a cannon
made a "glorious Fourth".

But **this** Fourth—heralded in by the thunder voices of two mighty
armies contending for the mastery, eclipses all weaker memories.
Bomb!—bomb! how grand this music! The glad news which came this
morning too—makes it a "glorious Fourth" for us. Marietta was giv-
en up yesterday, and to day, the Flag of the free proudly floats from
the heights of old Kenesaw [sic].

Four years ago, a friend said so sanguinely—"Next summer you
can celebrate your independence beneath the Stars & Stripes in every
Southern town. He was a more hopeful than truthful prophet. But we
thought to **day** would be ours;—yet we can wait a little longer—de-
**liverance 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 was coming to **breakfast** as well as dinner. It was scarce-
ly light when the servants came rushing in greatly excited—"I reckon
you hear them cannons **now.** The way they are just roarin'!"! Tom said
"Miss Abby you'd better let me kill Gen. Grant, (the little fatted
pig) for maybe they'll be here to dinner sure enough"!

**Evening.**

They did not come to dinner. Against my will, I went to a
picnic. It was a small party—and any thing but a happy one. Some
ladies were present, who had left their homes in northern Georgia—
fleeing from the Federals. Their manners were haughty, and words bit-
ter. An officer remarked that Sherman promised to dine in town today. He would like to get up his bill of fare; the principle [sic] dish would be a pint of pounded glass in a quart of whiskey. A Union man said quietly—"Half that quantity would be sufficient".

Sometimes there was an attempt at gayety [sic], but the old joyousness was gone. There was thoughtfulness or sadness in every face, and to be on the way home, away from searching looks, was a sweet relief. I feel quite assured this is the last picnic, I shall attend in the Southern Confederacy.

5th.

Not a sound is heard this bright morning save the mocking bird's song; booming cannons have long been our sunrise anthem, and lull-a-by at night. But it is strangely quiet now;—so quiet, we fear the latest rumor is true—The enemy is gloriously repulsed, with tremendous loss. Our loss only one man killed, & two slightly wounded. The truth is kept from us.

Johnston's army fell back to the river last night. "Joe" is something of a nocturnal traveller. His headquarters are now this side the river. It is reported that a force of the Union army are near Fairburn, endeavoring to cut the LaGrange road. Where the main army is, we have no way 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 & caught the flag, but soon shared the fate of his comrade. A brave boy snatched the banner so dear to him from the dying man, who
yet held it erect—and he too was killed; the Stars & Stripes did not fall, until it fell with the seventh brave man, who laid down his life to save it from dishonor. And these are the "low hirelings who are only fighting for pay"! No love for country here? Ah—

"Our old Land leans beauteous above such darlings as they die,
And bosomed in her arms of love, her slain ones richly lie".

The young man relating this incident, is an officer in the Confederate army, but his heart & soul is on the other side. "Oh" said he—"when 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 & dust—or something else".

Is not our life twofold? sorrowful and lonely may be the waking hours, but when sleep cometh, blessed communion for which the soul has yearned—is sometimes given us. Who has never awaked in the morning, gladdened by the remembrance of 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 kisses, and all through the day, whispered words of tenderness and affection echo softly in our hearts. Who shall say there are not low whisperings which the soul alone can hear?

Then sometimes we wander in other lands; richest landscapes are spread out before us, and these bright dream-pictures we never forget. Grander mountains & lovelier scenes than ever my earthly eyes looked upon, have risen before in the visions of the night; and I bless God we can see & hear 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 recording, for it is continually before me in all its grand and beautiful distinctness.

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 shore was a high cliff covered with green moss and rarest flowers. I was standing in deep water which almost overflowed gazing entranced upon a vast army crossing the river two by two, keeping step & time. They were all "mighty men of war", and dressed in blue uniforms; the waters rippled and curled in eddying foam about their limbs, as they marched proudly on. Their banners were lifted 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 sunset hues; but through this heavenly tinting gleamed the Stars & Stripes, and I stood with clasped hands exclaiming—"O, how beautiful!—how glorious"!

On the cliff, half reclining among the flowers, and looking with 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 locks fell upon his shoulders—reminding me in my dream of Ossian'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 sharp rattle of musketry, which is now discernable [sic], and the thundering cannons, were still voicing the deadly strife of man. I felt that War--fearful & bloody, was each hour, coming nearer--nearer; but I felt too, that a Hand would lead me--an Arm bear me 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 right smart skirmish" somewhere--no one knows where. I was just told of Mrs. I's attempted exit from the city. She is a dear friend and my heart pities her. Her husband crossed the lines sometime ago, and the wife disposed of her home--condensed her wardrobe for herself, two children & a servant into one trunk--secured her passport, and went to the depot last night at eleven o'clock to take the cars. She was going North--by way of Meridian Miss. At the depot she was met by a detective, who said he was compelled to detain her until her baggage could be searched--but as it was late--he would escort her home & call the next morning. He did so, and expressed his surprise at finding nothing contraband. "Why madam I have had orders to watch for you at the depot, ever since you obtained your passport--and prevent your leaving town. My duty is to watch, and I have it to do. I can show you three houses from your window, where they are making Union flags this very moment.*

*The question soon became so important--how to secure their own safety of these Jesuitical officials--that no arrests were made of the Union flag makers.
The friends of Mrs. I--- believing it would not be long before she could go North by a nearer & pleasanter route--advised her to remain where she is, for the present.

19th

For nearly two weeks Arthur has been home; his being in the conscript department has kept him out of active service and his encampment was so near, I have not felt wholly alone.

But the camp has just been removed a hundred miles away, & yesterday was A's last day of furlough. How have I hoped & prayed each night, that the morning would find us free! Last night the clash of arms sounded so near, it seemed as if the Union Army would surely march in before another sun would rise. They might come now, & meet with comparatively few obstructions;--but no, they will no doubt do as they always have done--wait until strong breastworks are erected, over which brave men must march on to death--before victory. The Confederate soldiers do not expect to make a stand here--say it is impossible if Sherman pushes them as he has been doing. So I have hoped each day & night until the last has come & Arthur has gone too.

There were but few words spoken, for each felt the separation [sic] & the new dangers surrounding each. I hinted that if he should remain a day or two longer, he might be safe. He quietly said he should soon be safe, when he heard of my safety. I must trust in God--there was no one else to look to now 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 & reside with her; but this is my home, & I wish to protect it if possible. There may be no battle here--if not I am safe; if there is one, where is any safety? A gentleman who has removed from town--wishing to be somewhere else when the "Hessians" arrived--offered me his fine residence--whether wholly from benevolent motives--I do not know.

21st

Early this morning, the Hospital Division fell back in the grove. In a moment, the yard kitchen & porch swarmed with soldiers asking for this & that. "May I git an inyun out of the garden"? "Have you got arry biscuit you would let me have"? "Could I git a little milk"? "Will you loan me a kittle [sic] or pan"? Yes--yes--yes--to every one--thinking their wants would come to an end sometime, 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 procure 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, & seemed to deprecate the war; spoke of his own family with tears, and said he could pity others left unprotected. He thought I was wise in not "running from the Yankees", & said if all who refuged had remained in their homes, they would have saved themselves immense losses & suffering.
We are getting accustomed to the continued roaring of cannons & rattle of musketry, surrounding us with the fiery guerdon (?) of War; but at noon, a horrid whizzing screaming thing, came flying through the air, and burst with a loud explosion above us. Rushing into the Col's room where he was reposing, and the servants following perfectly pale with affright, I cried out--"O 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 we left the soldier to his slumbers, which were not disturbed by any thing so slight as a few shells. But not long--for here came another & another screaming through the air, & the poor Col was again appealed to. "I beg of you madam, be calm, & put your trust in God. He alone can protect us". I tried to trust--but be calm--when these murderous things were flying over our very heads--how could I!

A shell fell, unexploded not far from the house, & every servant ran out to analyze it; but they were told they had best let it alone; perhaps they would become sufficiently acquainted with them! I had begun to think it very nice & consoling to have some one to bid me "be calm"--and who was not afraid of shells--when orders suddenly came to the Hospital Division to "fall back"! I can see there is no feeling of security in the positions held by these forces. They are on the move continually. Our kind hearted Col. bid me good bye saying he hoped I would escape unharmed, advised me to remain in my home, & remember where to put my trust.

After this Division had left--Dan went for Mrs. Frank. She sent word that she must see me once more in my home; she could not
rest in thinking of me here so alone. While we were talking—the shells came flying over the house so fearfully, & seemed to be falling in the city—that she became alarmed for the safety of her children, & said she must leave me. "But how can I! your friends are all wondering what you mean by staying where you are surrounded by so much danger". Dan had become so "demoralized" by these few shells, that he could not be induced to venture out in the open air—so a courier on Hood's staff, kindly offered his services as driver—laughing not a little at Dan's fears.

Gen. Johnston is removed from his command, and Hood succeeds him. Johnston would not "stand"—so his successor is expected to do wonderful things. When censured 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, & regret his removal.

Midnight.

Words cannot picture the scenes that surround me—scenes & sounds which my soul will hold in remembrance forever. Terrific cannonading on every side—continual firing of musketry—men screaming to each other—wagons rumbling by on every street or pouring into the yard—for the few remnants of fences—offers no obstructions new to cavalryman or wagoner,—and from the city comes up wild shouting, as if there was a general melee there.

I sit in my dismantled home tonight, feeling that our earthly loves, and all our pleasant things, are ours so slightly. Am in this little parlor where quiet happy hours have glided by, as I
thought & dreamed;--where in other sabbath twilights we used to sing
the dear old sacred songs; where have been social joys & pleasant
communings, and friend clasped the hand of friend in true companion-
ship of soul. And to night? Ah--I stand alone on a now desolate
island, where my heart had always a summer, & life seemed one ra-
diant morning! Alone--& reaching out my hands in vain, as the red
waves of War rush madly by--sweeping away our pleasant Home.

Every thing is quiet within--but the spirit of confusion reigned
here for a while: there is the carpet rolled up in one corner--piano
wheeled out & standing askew--sofa in the middle of the room--Dan &
Poppy dropped down on a mattress fast asleep, while Rollo & my two
cat friends sit watching me as if afraid I should leave them. In an-
other room--books tied up in sacks--dishes in bedquilts--& nobody
knows what all scattered around. The barn is the refuge of Bess &
Robert; they had a cozy home of their own, which their industry had
filled with many comforts; but poor things! they have but little
left, & are guarding that little now. Some soldiers entered their
house the other night, pretending to search for runaway negroes; but
very soon pistols were placed upon their throats, while some of the
party searched. Every thing of value they had--silk dresses--jewellery
watches & spoons were carried off. Because they were negroes, some
cavalrymen near by, were appealed to 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 en-
emy". Towards evening, I was standing in the yard, listening to the
firing, & expressing my fears of a still nearer approach of battle=
scenes. One kind soldier-friend replied—"O that is nothing; that firing is a long way off from here. Don't give way to your feelings madam. I can assure you, our army will never allow the Yankees to take Atlanta"! The dubiousness of this consolation almost made me smile, but I answered in a woeful tone, that they had taken many places of late, apparently as secure as this, & sometimes I thought this city would share the fate that others had. Bess & Robert had a relieved look on their tearful faces, as if delighted that I was safely out of that. They are always watching to see how I can extricate myself from any such difficulty and always reporting—"When you said so & so—that man watched you mighty hard—or "I was afraid you would say something you oughtn't to, but you come out all right."

At dusk, which is not "twilight" now—with this horrible pall of battle-smoke hanging over us—Tom came running in quite out of breath—"I tell you Miss Abby, we've got to git away from here now, for the men are falling back to the breastworks, & they're going to fight right away"! He had hardly spoken, when an army of black mouthed cannons came pouring into the grove & yard. An officer came up quickly & said—"They are falling back & will soon fight at the breastworks. It will not be safe for you to remain here madam". A dark night fell suddenly upon the earth, and how dark the night that shut down upon my heart! Not a star illumined it; hope, courage all gone—no husband or brother near, and an army of men around our home; --cannons belching forth a murderous fire not far away, & these silent ones in the yard, looked so black & vengeful, as if impatient of a moment's quiet.

Shall not say whether I "wept" or cried;—whether I stopped to
take from my pocket a handkerchief, or snatched up my muslin dress very now & then, as I went from room to room—not knowing what to do, or where to go; what to save—if any thing could be saved, or what to leave. But the soldiers did not wait for my thoughts, for they went into the parlor, and had the carpet rolled up—pictures packed & many other things, before I knew it. They belong to the Washington Artillery from New Orleans. Our little courier—Lt. S—told me as they came into the yard, I would find them kind & gentlemanly, and so I have. How pleasant to come in contact with refined & cultivated minds, even should we think them on the wrong side!

Some of them were standing in a group, looking on pityingly—as they saw how I 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 to leave one house standing, to pay for such suffering as this". My heart thanked them for their sympathy but I thought they little knew upon what a "traitor" they were bestowing it.

Precious is a friend in need. Mr. Y--- came from town to see if we were safe—just after the men fell back. He & Lt. S. set off at once to Hood's headquarters, to ascertain if there was a probability of a battle to night. They returned at ten o'clock, & reported no fighting expected until morning.

Amid the dark memories of the day past, there is one pleasant one. A poor woman came to me in great distress, & wished to see me alone; we retired to a quiet room, & she turned the key herself, as if afraid the hangman was after her. "Have you got any blue ink? Here is William's furlough which is out to day; but if you could only
change this June into a July, he wont [sic] have to go back to the army, for I know the Yankees will be here in a week or they are ever coming. It almost kills William to think of going off & leaving me & the children now, with nothing to eat, & the soldiers all round us stealing what little we have". Fortunately I found a bit of indigo, and the expired June unfolded in the fairest July, which caused a whole summer of joy to glow in the poor woman's heart. Her William was waiting for her at the door, and when she showed him the glorious transformation—his face was transformed too.

Every now & then I hear an imploring scream from some hapless chicken which wanton soldiers are taking down from its "roof-tree". But dear Betty you are safe—you & your children tied up in a basket, waiting with the rest of us, for the morning exodus. "Betty" is an important member of our "interesting family" and to secure her safety, was about the first thought of the servants. She was an orphan chick, snow white with only one black feather which adorned her crest—and so petted, that when she grew up to henhood, she exhibited wonderful propensities, such as travelling up & down the piano keys, whenever she could steal into the parlor, and sometimes a "golden egg" would be left upon the music box she so much fancied. Of course her progeny are precocious and marvellously musical; they are Baalam & Balok, Huz & Buz his brother, and their manner was, to sit under the tree, by the door & crow in succession the live long day. When next they will crow, it is impossible to predict.

So here we are watching out this fearful night—waiting for a still more fearful morning. The lurid light from the fires dotting
the yard & grove--shines fitfully in the darkness, revealing groups of soldiers here & there--some asleep on the earth, & some leaning against the trees in a listless way--as if life had no longer any gladness for them.

Major W. told Mr. Y. quietly, that possibly I might not have to leave my home after all--for they were looking for orders every moment to fall back, and that was why they dared not take their wagons to remove us to town. They expected the city would soon be evacuated by the Confederate troops. The prospect for "refugeeing" is not very bright, the only horse power on the premises now, being the skeleton of an old blind animal, which Tom is the proud possessor of; he calls him by the euphonius name of Battonrooch. Every thing that hath breath in our family, is honored with a name.

22nd

We have found a refuge with kind Mrs. Frank and an earnest welcome. She gathered me in her arms when I arrived this morning, & said "Poor woman! have you escaped with your life; but cheer up. I have good news for you. Hood is going to evacuate the city to day; it was sacked last night--and such scenes were never heard of before. The soldiers expected to leave--& they broke open every store, & scattered provisions in the street; the poor people & negroes are gathering up the spoils". It was expected that Hood would leave to day, but the other has been countermanded--so report says.

Day had hardly dawned, when Robert & all the servants were tumbling things on the dray. The Washington Artillery were soon ordered
to another point; the officers came to bid me good bye, & expressed regret at not being able to render me assistance; said if they were to remain here, my home should be protected. I shall always remember their kindness & sympathy.

The moving was a slow process--only a small dray load at a time, & a mile to go; but we hurried off what we could by nine o'clock--when minie [sic] balls came whizzing by so fast, & the shells screaming over the house, I told the servants they need stay no longer. Besides old Battonrooch looked as if on his "last legs," or rather on his legs for the last time.

Stowing away most of the books in a large closet, & locking the door, I fancied they would be safe until the storm would subside, so I could get them away. The piano was left, as there was no earthly way of removing it; but fortunately Mr. Y. found some army negroes who were not afraid of shells, that brought it over this afternoon. But there were gallons of nice blackberry wine & jars of pickles--destined for sick soldiers which were not gotten away; and alas, for Betty and her children! In the rush & hurry, the precious basket was forgotten, as was Gen. Grant & his kin, who shared the fate of all fat pigs I suppose--for when Mr. Y. went back this afternoon, not a live creature was to be seen, excepting Tiger who came up to him purring so imploringly--he put him in a sack & brought him to me. No cat was ever so welcomed.

When we set out this morning, I felt somewhat as if I was "refugeeing" myself. Mr. Y. Poppy & I, each with hands & arms loaded, and Rollo following on in the rear at a rather solemn pace, with his
immense tail which he usually kept swinging high, now drooping to
the ground. He seemed unable to comprehend the confusion around him.
Poppy had insisted upon taking a pair of cologne bottles which were
stored on my bureau—but I told her to never mind those, she had e-
nough to carry. "Well let me take that pretty green bonnet them"!—
But I hurried her out of the house; so all the way to town, the si-
ence was every now & then broken by—"Now Miss Abby, it's too bad
you wouldn't let me take them pretty blue cologne bottles"! This
anxiety about cologne bottles, when the shells were flying in every
direction, & the battle had begun just beyond our home—made me laugh
in spite of every thing.

A strong feeling came over me as I passed down the shaded walk,
where I had so often sauntered the peaceful summer evenings;—but I
looked not back for I felt as if leaving those pleasant scenes for-
ever. If such upheavings—such sunderings & losses, were to be the
entrance gate into the large life of liberty for which I had sighed—
if this dark narrow way full of thorns & briers that so pierce &
lacerate,—led out into the broad shining land of my Country—I would
go fearless, casting back no look of regret & longing for what I left
behind.

How fearful are the sounds of battle! We have heard them to day;
we could see clouds of smoke ascending—where we knew men were fall-
ing—dying. A "glorious victory" is reported to night, and there are
great rejoicings. "We have taken thousands of prisoners—any amount
of artillery, & captured six flags. Gen. McPherson is killed". The
last we do not yet believe, for in every engagement, one or more Union
officers are always reported killed. The heart-sickness that comes over us, when we hear such tidings—none can know, but those who wait, as