Mid June morning - 1864.

The sun透ates through the clouds so solemnly, after these many days of darkness and glooms - I half believe it is a bright -some foretaste things in store for us this year - which perhaps will be in New York history, in the history of our Nation.

But hope is so near sounding out its deep, solemn notes across the clouds, like a benediction, finding only staff of pain and death.

Ah, it comes back to the heart with tender wing - but no olive leaf of peace.

To friends so far away - the love, the love! I reach out a hand, try to greet, hope can still reach, and my hand will cross the dark -gulf that covers us, clasp your hand or me with love, I can only feel in my heart with spiritual love, that little whom I have lost, dear Christ Commandments I bind.

But the chilling thought comes - is it perhaps I am forgetting by them whom I remember in that far-away land? As it seems to far away now, and still speaking! The Clouds set the darkness light;

settle down heavier and closer around us. The way grows narrower, and the close, star, in which we have watched, breaks not through the thickening darkness. Will I ever hear, for new and dear words of cheer in some remembrance on some time as of by sketch hands I know not where, they come at once - So I, my last copy in these coming days, I come at once, glad, as to at last, meeting those whose hearts are full of a lofty patriotism. That shrinks not to feeling and coming lands, men servants, no mail servants - by any fact have a Country once more.

ye who dwell in that old North-land - Can never
As it is known true—here little life and real

ities are worth without a Government to cling to

and if it seems to look up, and the sun star illumine

manner leaving alone you! the same force invigorating itself!

lest we imagine ourselves of aimless despair, and believe yet

that this strife between truth and reason must form indeli-

plicable for truth. Enslaved, freedom will arise from

the earth, with her stars, with her forts. Album's

Land, he so lifted up—purifying spirits, that we shall

be prepared to call it ours.

"The pale, pale face, my country, yet shall gleam with shining bloom."

"Harriet, I called this morning with one to buy his load of fodder. 'Well, better take it,' I

asked, the load of fodder or any thing else. I shall, even

being you.' 'Why so?' I asked. "Well, I'm ordered off to

Virginia. Perhaps I'll get me in this war. A last. I didn't want to

have any thing to do with it any how. I didn't vote for

President—both them are the ones who have to go a fighting

and—and I were so fat for me, stay and. I

thought I was sick enough, and I was worked hard enough.

I'm at home the balance of my life. Seeing a close right

last things fit me well, and I hope they're not getting

away from them. I can't wait to fight the election of the

thing always treated me, well enough. Now shall I eat

this fodder?"

Mrs. T lies out ten miles in the country, and has

brought us good things for man and beast, year after

year. His industry, integrity, and Contentment Command.
the respect of all who knew him. His good qualities, such character, no love to see them happy, and good fortune. Having something more than his financial position. I wish you well, dear, and may God bless you.

To see emotions of a pleasant and honest face coming towards the house, then this serene, gentle man, are the same. When his face, the evening, makes the arrival of Farmer T., a pleasant familiar in this quiet life of mine. But the face, the kind, this morning, though much different. After Mrs. T. left me, papa, he turned to Bessie to say, "I am going, and you. The old woman will be coming to town sometimes, and you will bring your butter eggs, when you can.

I felt really sad, when I saw him going away, driving his little horses. He seemed to have a special affection for setting up in that grand lumbering wagon, looking so master-like, as if he knew all life and, his loves, but it was his duty to go on killing, and try to live somebody through the chief's word about me.

Long I said and thought and wondered, as many others do, of course, why such things are permitted, why the innocent and upright must suffer, while the guilty rebels can stay at home in quiet safety. But it shall be, enough for us to know that the chief is the great father, whose compassion is infinite.

It was a trip to the hospital on the last; it has been some weeks since I was there. The Union Soldier is improving noticeably. His good friend, Samuel, who had been serving near here, is
Looked out to the window, where the cherry-blossom was in bloom, when I was here last, but it looks bed, now, without the cherry, or comfort, pollen, both as if waiting for another opportunity. I asked an attendant, where, that Dick was now who used to lie thus. "A lie, chief, yesterday, and, was buried." Some know it last. Thought - I and, his counting shears is at rest.

This has been an eventful day, but I am sitting on the veranda of the Sun down house, the cool is gone. It is winter wind, winter in name, though, the air is soft as an evening in May. The new flowers are blooming around me, only without beauty; they drop and fall in a gush, as the ages lie down to this. Alt, this leaf of Southern life is not natural, but it falls back so cold upon my heart.

I wait still for the mighty to come, and will away the story from, they cloth into which life comes, but ensouled, with another any embalming. I hope to live justly, free men, and women, and live as we have been living in this land of life. It is terrible to dwarf, the soul, that this body may exist.

There are those, others who are looking anxiously for the coming of the victors. Those who have their Country and their government with the loyalty of soul. Those who are suffering for the recognized comfort of life, and this notion of slavery who have patiently waited, thought long years for their deliverance to come. They should, after their burdens in will patiently, for almost every human heart cries - its utilization of freedom. In the commencement of this war, the fear was everywhere, that there would be "wings" or "innovations" without remainder. That
nothing of the kind. The negroes go, along with the same submission
that characterizes the race. As almost every available white man is
wanted to the fields, ladies are often left alone on large
plantations, with hundreds of slaves to care for. One old
slave told me his master's plantation was surrounded by high
cottons, and that we not a white man on one of them.
There are isolated cases of extermination and murder,
but they are no more frequent than in times of peace.

After Mr. Sibley's proclamation, great affectation
was felt as to the result among the negroes; for not the
most ignorant one could be found, least what heard of it, and understood its importance, but no change was
detected, though who can tell of the wild delight and joy that
thrilled their hearts, when they felt that their chains were
at last broken! What can tell how many voices did sound:
'Praise the Lord!' went up from Coloured homes, where clustering
forms were gathered around the lighted candle—other voices
wished to heaven charity, because they dared not be spoken.

If there should be regulations enforced, all of which are
submitted to quietly. If a negro boy found out after nine
o'clock, in the evening, even with a pass from his owner, that he
was to go to the "Calabos", they can have no orders following
—and long before their church was lost for a hospital,
not meeting was held, without a fear of petitioner's being
sentenced, with their backs in chains. Here men were seen
impatient, for there was no power, than to convince them that the
whole thing is wrong, and a consequence to their freedom, or
their chains. Gentiles they used to us.
I remarked to a Southern lady, that it was surprising that she, from whom so much trouble had been anticipated, had given the lead. She thought it was because a great faith in their final freedom had given them patience, and they were determined to wait for it, whatever this war would do for them. She said it would be the worst calamity that could befall the South, if such a thing were permitted, that they should lose their independence, for the slaves then being all before cut off, and no wish to look to would not any longer submit to their masters, and we should realize scenes never dreamed of before.

"I knew," she said, "if there were no other reasons for helping the Southern Confederacy would be a failure—this would be enough. Among the negroes has been center communication sometimes, and it serves them remarkably. This lady's writing man, a faithful and intelligent servant. Well, the same day—"Missus, they better keep their guns out of our folks hands cause they drinking, which way we goin to shoot?"

"A woman came to see me one day, and while talking told me a story: "My husband can't get attached any longer. He has already been published as a deserter, and two men are in jail for theft for my children, whose rent is twenty dollars a month, and I have been in poor health," Then she cried, sobbing again. "I wish they wouldn't come, nor get lost, for we are all married and having to eat."

This woman has five children, an eldest, a daughter about eighteen, has a bad cough, but walks two miles to town to obtain government clothing."

"Yes, dear. The states have not yet sent for the materials in
of the clothes. Kindly, she paid one dollar for pants, a dollar and a half for coats, and fifty cents for shirts. She has been saving 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 dimes, and will receive the money for her fancy, paying the small taxes to get them. She has enough to buy her a Calico. A Calico in the church costs two dollars a yard. Is it any marvel, then, that crime and prostitution are so common? This girl is intelligent and refined in her feelings, and is often seen when she tells me of the cruelty she receives from the men who deal with the work.

Many a woman walks eight or ten miles to get her shoes; they often have no shoes, or, only one half of cloth "pitched against the lintel" and rarely ever wear stockings — for this simple reason, they have none. The classes of these Countrywomen are sometimes made of flour seats; often with back, or gray, long gowns, called "dustman's" and three yards of white or long, long sleeves take their place.

Feb 14th, 1864

Sabbath. What rest this is in this world. Sabbath! Like a breaking lullaby, it falls upon the weary spirit that has settled with the world through deep trial and deep despair. It is a sign to dwellers in the wild, where a reflection of one word can affect a whole life. To live, they say, and sleep until the dawning hours of a Monday morning until awakened again.

I remained at home this morning — substituting the children's miniatures Sabbath School for the Sunday School for the Sabbath.
The letter I am like the woman who "first in all urban physicians, and was nothing bettered, but rather gone worse." I blame my wife more and more, embittered, by hearing from his pulpit, such idle assertions continually cast upon the government. Such prayers for it, destruction. Such assertions that our cause is just, and a just God will crown it with success.

Often claiming a gentleman and his wife called; they had adopted for calling to Clay. But Mr. s said he was in trouble, and wanted sympathy. He is past 40; this present Congress must, and says he has convinced himself a few men of any such are the found within the limits of the Confederacy. But on going to Vassar, he saw arrested, and incited of his inspection papers, and his statements, as to his age, they enrolled him on the Contra. He is a Democrat, but says he will die before he will ever fight for this cause. He obtained, a weather journal, while he will improve by living this summer land. And would it was Pantheon, instead of the fine suit, to which losing eyes were once turned, as if it were an Omen of blessings, and beauty. And to escape in the present - as we will with, broomstick as necessary. The former suit to Europe from the pleasant land their folly has turned into a cloud - they entered from the House, their own hands have kindled.

This friend asked to see a little Stovall, because he knew that, and when it was spread, before him, he did not speak for a minute or two. His wife rallied him, for his eyes turned up full, but he spoke it last "A God! when shall we see this other old flag, waving in triumph over their contented lands. A God! Every act of Christian oppression
persecuted here, might be published to the whole earth, but it never can be told. The powers of darkness reign, and every thing that can disgrace, offends, and Cause evil. The last remaining spark of freedom and manhood, is extinguished. I lost my own self respect by leaving this island as I did, in order to retain my heart of kindness. The last, one good, word, with a 'God bless you.' He goes American, 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 Times. 'What is this war for? Can it be that they are any citizens, who are trying to discourage patriots who would lay down life to save their country — any who seek to cripple our government at its earliest and its weakest place?

Sanctuary referees have treated us otherwise — but we cannot, and believe them powerless. Let all Irish homes-tattered come and face the tender inns of those above from which teeth, and a speedy cure, could be effected. The briefest

Sojourner at Andersonville could be sufficient.

March 18th 1864

Mrs B — spent the day with me. She was my fact for she has been unscrupulous in trying to make her evil from their country. Yes she will never ask her friends to be of unsound and to condescend her as long as their government, in order to obtain a passport, for she will be free when she leaves this land, and will not place herself under any restraint, which she would feel if
She wrote, by receiving a report, one of the conditions being
"to communicate any thing that may prove detrimental
to the Confederate States." Her husband has not been
heard from since he left. She knew nothing of his fate
whether he was to welcome her or the other cities, or
has been suddenly cut off by some murderous guerilla.

We are love and hatred, with all the ardor of our Southern
nature. She loves her country and hates its enemies. "A" she
told me, "if Lincoln is to go, I will go with him. I will be
removed, and a perfect tiger be put in his place; for every
one else is voted for because of his guilt 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 nor, when we
persists to our own way, when we must withdraw our hold, his
opposition will be shown. Every man must voluntarily be held his
opposition shows its hand. If this thing fails, there are
democratic men who will certainly have to be guided. If one
radio, our people will, for bringing us to
so much misery and destruction.

March 12th, 1864

As far as it is need to go, shopping is done.
Is large enough to hold all the necessary. And is needed to
make more than one purchase. From my account book, which
I propose to keep for the amendment of future generations it makes
only this entry:

1 pitch VD. $1.00
1 pair Cuff. 73.
A. P. from which Charles Evans will get his previous salary.

Whitby, long and warm. I have met old friends, 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. Willis, who is now contemplating the picture on the cover, says, "Why, Miss Smith, little girl, with a basket full of flowers on her head, how shall I tell them all that girl?" He reminds the picture, with his glance, that the basket was full of flowers and that "somebody's child" is "early associations.

After eating our 'poor Pooleman's dinner', so long, their words from the breathing, thinking world, come welcome. Here are, Ireland, Travellers talking of the scene of a quiet, Enniscrone, where grandeur and beauty dwell, who imagined any body was enjoying any thing
Save feeling, fighting! Upon the Editor's Table, the heads of those in still decrease, in large and small, silence of thought. And that old, gray, hair gray to know is not unless it looks like gray, but soon buffeting around, seeking up paws and striking them again.

The drawer is filled as in the peaceful peaceful days. From the battle field, and campfire ground, come sounds of wrath occasionally, and it is well - better, than to former stone the heart, to hear only this well of anger.

But to Mr. Harper - if you have only brought more upon the fashions! for the fair ones in Greenwich are longing to know of the latest styles for their "pretty" papers. Though you could have no assurance that this particular Harper was destined to float down to them by any of Havana vats and rooms, etc., etc. This Magazine is written of an ancient state - but just as good for our enlightened thought. My dear, Harper - you are more familiar readers who live in a breathing atmosphere, cannot read what it is to paint in a breast tomb, shut out from all their life; paint for the young deep inspiration which the air of freedom gives. They cannot know what it is, to any outside the far off murmurs of the past active living would not now feel, clear notes falling upon the ear.

We are glad to see fine art basking for the right. - Ac-

callation - not hidden displayable - but self-pushing direction to truth. Oh, bill, these harpoons, who have promising coats! Into one hand surrender, to better that on - with the other, we point to those who are in their long wasting,
any one -- then listened by their hips, and, 600 so land you wouldn't let me take them fancy blue Cologne bottles! Nice anxiety about Cologne bottles. When the shells came flying in every direction, the battle went on just beyond our home. Made me laugh in spite of very thing!

A strange feeling came over me as I paced down the street, where I stood. So often scattered the peaceful summer evenings. But I looked in the sky, for I felt as if leaving those pleasant times forever. If such feelings -- such sendings -- scenes, were to be the entrance gate into the large life of liberty for which I stood. Higher and higher. With one foot full of thorns, driven that to pierce its heart, and out into the broad shining land of any country. I could go fearless, casting back no look of regret. Longing for what I left behind.

Was heard are the sounds of battle! We have heard them to day from the point across. We could hear, clouds of smoke ascending, where we know men were falling - dying. Our "gracious victors" is reported tonight, and there are great rejoicing. "We have taken thousands of prisoners -- any amount, with a captured red flag. Gen. McClellan is killed."

The last will be no pitiful news, for in every engagement, one or more Union officers are always reported killed. We heard a news that comes in our eyes, when we hear such -- a home is known. But others, who had written, as I
have died; and are dying; as proof of things worse than
the present, when the brave are patiently suffering; while looking
for Deliverance or Exchange. Has the 'exchange' for which they
waited, only to give up a worthless existence called Life, and
develed into the twitches, which the inhuman Keepers are
ambitious to have filled with a hundred a day.

Saturday evening— and along. Sounds of distant
music from the Band, float o'er the yard! But, if in-
come not! Other grand old anthems of our Nation—
whose mournful strains still echo in the ear, though
Memory is almost clear! Well, if the man who
lost Memory, please too. In ten of hearing former
'famous blue flag' and 'dixie'—and think it would
be delightful if we awakened some of these bright
spring mornings, with 'Hail Columbia'!

My poor Frank, called to duty—perfectly cast down.
She is heart broken, because her husband has left her with
her four boys and to battle with this terrible life along.
He was obliged to leave, for her, but Continually to ask
for returns, in order to live at all; and, even falsehood
cannot not any longer keep her from this heart. Sallie

* * This Southern man have died in this City recently, with thought
and talk of nothing else, but the coming of the Union Army. It was
said, the last of Russian bitterly broke the head of one of them, to save men
of worth and intelligence, but said he did not wish to live only to see the
Destruction of his Government. Another young of his company, Clark Cant-
ley, did not mind 'making a Union jack'. His last words were for his
Country.
whose husbands go North, are the subjects of bitter animadversions and - 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 independency." Some people to have every Yankee that remains here, chained with a noose, and compelled to work by his side. Nearly every paper advocates the propriety of never allowing a man of Southern birth to vote in the Country again!

Welcome letters again from H——. He tells me of some black land, and not being a moment for any perjury. Consideration hinting that it may be long before our expectations are realized. But he leaves the decision with me, as he can read nothing of the difficulties attending an exit from these boundaries. The fear of whom I have taken counsel — to remain where I am by all means. It is easy always to follow advice which accords with our inclinations. So long have their great hopes been frustrated, while my life, that a life without them - or without having their realization — would seem pointless and —. It would not be enough. To sit in a quiet room, a constant smile away, and read in some, many papers. "On the 1st of —, long lines of blue snug through the streets of Atlanta. "And. Consistently, like bleeding hands", handfuls of music spurt ed the air, for whete rugged 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, when it shall
been so often said—"The Victorians shall never come!"—
must hear the notes of victory—must clasp the hands of
those who have waited together for the day of triumph,
rejoicing. Had it not, the heart of the traveler
who had wandered far, and climbed forests so weary, the
Alps' highest summit, to watch from thence its rising sun,—
and just as his glad eye caught the first golden
premussions in the eastern sky—of he then must turn from
what his fates had foisted to himself—descend to the mountains
near scenes beloved, and lose the joy of a lifetime!

With friends—when alone as now, or if I wake
in the dead—prime prisoner walls come up before me, but not
just. Can one of my going that. To tell me, by remaining
here, I can better aid in obtaining it is alone—by day.
So I shall wait for the call of the drama—wait—there
is my home, and where are my hopes.

Ridged, vs earth indicates our city, and the
"warh breasts" as little, thick calls are very near my home.
When I first saw the act to which the play for—"a feeling of suffocation came over me. Of
stimulated as if the earth was opening or mouth to swallow
us up.

Years ago, I went wandering round among the old
ruins of תשדנגו—spell bounds. Every broken down
carets, whisper, a wonderful clay, and every little
hillside was once here's grave to me. On those old
embankments, grass was growing, and little flowers
blooming; the little witty Cannon ball which I formed
partly uncertain. Some a precious treasure. A little
What a wild, strange, was every foot of that little pond invested! But my weird old woman in the little cabin where the ramping girl sat down to rest — ever locked into her hand so wilily, 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 untilHamer about her, and cloud men fall thick as autumn leaves. And the soldiers arrive, one it will not be so. They say the customs are no protection — any could jump across them. Is better here? No matter. Live ye yourself no uneasiness. In case it was possible for the enemy to come down into George SD far, and Johnston falls back here, this boy all say they will fall back home, for well know then there be no more in fighting any longer. As to that, they say it would be a good thing to give up now, before we're all killed, etc. They are deserting every day, any way.

Johnston is much beloved by his men; he cared for their comfort, and treated them kindly. Be it was an object of hatred; he was unmoved, and cruel. His soldiers were often shot down by his orders, for the slightest offense. One was paid to rob for stealing a chicken. Another obtained license at a distance to go home and arrest the right wife. The wife, cruel, he remained two or three days over his limits of time for. The motherless children, and started back to his camp. He was met by a guard who came to assist him as a citizen, and as bush was taken to the camps; he related these circumstances which delighted him — but it was of no-
avail, he was ordered, &c. &c. &c. They began to bandage his eyes; he could not see. - Saying it would distress him, he was a man, and had not been to often on the battle field, &c. &c. &c. &c. So he faked his arms, his hands - was not done by his Commander. The man who related this, said he never feared before, but he could not believe this scene unwound - for the Soldier had been with him all through the war, and was always faithful and true. - 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, since they were engaged in battle.

There is austing cruelty now by, sneered by soldiers who are, any thing but "patriots." They are engaged in stealing clothing every night; nothing is considered safe, which can be carried away. Tori norespect of persons, they steal upon all alike; one night taking four thousand dollars worth of property from my neighbors store room - the next evening a poor woman and selling her of every article of clothing of which she had climbed herself, upon going Sleuth - and all of her Satchels. - To add the kitchen garments also. Said night they called at our houses, - Curried off two tins of linseed - took every implement lying about the join, and more than all, they stole my beautiful dress, - the only just since the last of his titles, &c. &c. - For years now, he was dedicated for a feast day, for until this October evening, kept in a left hand, and then, thought he was safe, but also by to come. He will remain, make any talk, on feast days, or feast days, with dancing, telling stories, telling more, more. - about the end of their premises. A. Smith. Mr. Tiltons, thank your left hand - be given at least 2.
ollier rebels! It is to be hoped, that this man whose name you hear, will never follow your illusory examples.

Sabbath—after Church. I join Sunset this morning, but it was spoiled by the last word, which was Confounding, instead of Heaven. Once they were thought to be synonymous by song, but one would judge it was not so now, for the congregations most men come to escape from the former.

Not long ago, I listened to a really eloquent sermon, and the minister closed by pointing his hearers to Repent, and not to Crexid.

Count each day as half to die. All begin to feel that we are on the edge of serious events. Here, immense preparations wisely we hear are being made by the Enemy. Shall we say Something will be done something? Change, seems certain. The roses of Spring whisper solemn things. This is a rush, and things which should be a storm, but it's coming!

I feel rotten to-day. Am tired of this monotonous life and death. With a sudden, quick, I see those lofty mountains stretching against the sky, that need to lack so grand and holy when the Sabbath Sunbeams fell upon them.

What need something more than soft air and sunset flames, to cheer the soul; we can float on these just as easily as only in the presence of Mount Mans and Niagara.

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March 20th, 1864

Serious have been my experiences today.

Saw a lady when we passed this morning, listening to the bearing of a cold north wind, which mingled with a few bird songs, made a not very joyous mantle. Some soldier, in spirit, turned from the morning report and stood, myself away from all intruders. Attracted to come it—but I had prayed by the way—but not inclined to think. As I think of my mother's words, I feel free—and my eye lights—they, the words, will retain the continuity, and satisfy the soul, in thought, to make just the bones and time shall be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters shall not fail. Had a voice in that blue skies above calmed, my nerves, accustomed to me, these beautiful words—they could not teach any more fiction to me—they were close, them on their leaves yellowed by lines—in my mother's words. They were casting shadows in the garden, and my heart was already like a watered garden, and a field of blossoming flowers.

After dinner, came a poor woman—battling long to obtain dinner. In turn as usual—her husband gone. The Sixth and the same cry—'Had we our God's hand for my children.' Complain she left, two more came on the same errand. The husband of one killed in battle long ago, the other Sixth so wounded. They send their little neighbors promised their husbands' return in the field, of the war, promising that their families would move down. But the farms were home again to the little family thing could not. Hardly to get them alone.

This class of women, having nothing except what some of the...
Conspiring with them could make a fine cake; buy a cabin bake or make a roe-cake, and this is about all. So it is less trouble to give them some to make them feel. It always excited the rage of negroes and characterized a section when their post-whites failed - we must; find them or help them, they may lie. "Whv don't they go to work? They are sick and cannot work." Though they been doing all this time, never they got sick? Why are they lying and no count? That's the way they have not got anything done on where they go to work.

The next, Conner was a young boy who came. They assisted in writing a letter to his lieutenant love. At the point, when good friends, known families, or was killed - the district-wide article. Next she wanted a letter written that would make him hear, and remind him of her love. If he was alive, if not, it could do him no harm! To between us a most effective letter was written which will be sure of sure... if we come home! This between us, - our hearts are so easily gone back! Yet all the time, one will still far - "Ah me! How many a maiden

...will wake by nights, to find
her tree of life, lost -otten,

Swiftly fare in this wild wind!

The last one was - "The boys please send her some blackberry wine; the baby's got the cramps." When the sight, and the storm have come now, and we are welcome - for sure. So to a section will come with them.

My "Dear Conner," David - slave, are the time in an adjoining town - my old slave's brother has taken, houses by this time, in the heart of the woods on his farm - and Peter is coming too. Before the fire, during the time, of this finished mirror, where he stands for hours, by holding himself - bonds, nan, nannick!
black seven - but my love rises, priséd on one foot, with head frigid beneath a white wing. Had many white wings, and watching eyes are burning about me - I cannot think, but something a sense of security fills my heart, and this solitude, and stillness seem not oppressive. Patterns within which is unbroken run by cricket chirps or "Old Clock on the Stairs" chime.

forever - never!

Never - forever!

A mustard jumps down! I am here alone, up in my loft like a great black and yellow bug, the moon brightens the fire - don't like theseÉtat fire flashes. There! and the flames are dancing. A dark, mysterious flame. Burning and its warmth from some unknown place - you don't know where, is melting compounded to the old primitive fireplace above. Coldness on the "lightning" and until the sparks of the flames, which can kindly - pleasant to like sympathetic friends. Write a letter - a child - a book - pencil and paper, and bright - lighted

this can be lovely? And yet - the child is still - full of sleep for want of getting - the book is closed - pencil lies on the paper unused - the fire dies down, because thought leads one and away from the present - bidding one hear and into the future - then compelling one to wander far behind. There are dreams which we keep on dreaming; these are remembrance books - these are happy and sorrowful memories folded away in the heart, dark place, and sometimes we go softly thus, as we would glide silently into the dark room where our soul dreams are lying. My left eye

veil that covers them - take away the literature here.
and these girls hear our turn—five another and another look—let this little vid fall back again, go away.

March 22d 1864

To day, I received a letter from my friend, Mrs. A. She is very much in getting as far as Scio, N.Y. Her adventures are amusing; she paid eight hundred dollars for a conveyance to take her forty miles, and was perfectly put out with the expectation of coming to the lines. By acts and omissions, in less than the time it would convey her home, she could not use it—such was her position, however, that she could not afford to lose them. Their import.

The atrocities that were agreed with peace became a few days since, are blackened and blighted now. The Jennet has cut off the head—prophylax of all the fear, which were hanging over, a democracy of them—on every tine. A dearer product is a long distance further without a single day's absence.

If it has been easy year since the war began—and yet we are told: "God is on our side."

Mrs. A—she brings the news with me. She says the prisoners have been dying rapidly, since the U.S. abstracts have left. The Confederacy in S.C. who has the care of them, remitted to a person, when reminded, about the news, reported to a friend of the prisoners—told the "managed with a view of the—" Yankees might faint, since he began to advance them. One of the prisoners told a lady that he had met a man—taking any money of them our Burgess—was not sick—just as soon as they left, this fellow Mr. bought him medicine and compelled him to take it. Two or three times ago.
and he was sick and in torment, and was growing worse. They all believing that said prison is being administered to them — but, say they would, as long to live, as go to Andersonville. They are not it changed, seems incomprehensible to that poor suffering men — who feel that they are forgotten by a government they risked their lives to save — and are now left to die a thousand deaths in their unwatched Southern prisons.

The following announcement is made in one of our morning papers, "We have been permitted to examine a number of Esley's Sick Book. As appears from the positive plate, that the Yankee women still dress as gaily as ever. We observed old new styles of mourning clothes for the many thousand of their Yankee brothers who are mourning Southern Sold with their lasting carcasses.

They were hoops, very small collars and quite wide hats. As large number of their men have been killed, "wince" 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! Their advice is given to the nice girls to make their own fashions for all time to come — to blend their independence and manufacturing their hoops and of preparing nothing better can be had, etc.

Another article on Sir Robert — who is certainly blessed with titles which are, Blair, Bury, and Shool.

A more bit of history was published in one of our city papers not long ago relating to Mr. Sinae's earlier life. The letter in announcing it says — "I publish these, the fact that the voice of the still monarch Lincoln. No truthfulness may be x"
upon. Some will fail to read it.

An object of so much abhorrence, as the man or animal
now degenerating the beauty of the noblest, must
spite some curiosity as to his history which when given, will
con-

ince us that he is a most fit and appropriate victim
ment for the administration of the death-

ful and

fectious views of the Cable, oligo, where, suffrages
made him their chief magistrate. Then follows a long
account of the early and later life of the Subject of Alberni
whose true name is stated the Abraham Hanks.

He was not one redeeming trait of character. His cor-

rection seems to be rational, his faults indelible, his
costumes and his intellect organic. His proclamation is a
stupendous crime. A curse this name, to which this
infamy of a Island or a Colony will be light-abhorrence.

To the last, he begat, in a load of crime that will
eague claim its reputation in the eyes of the Allied
world. Therefore the name of Sinclair will sound every
depth of degradation and infamy.

* There are but a few epitaphs from a long article, that

would read strangely to the title of the most elegant

eulogiums which were penned for the by a writing Nation

over the grave of its Martyr - and the answering notes of

sympathy and sorrow that swept over the sea from

all the crowns of Europe.
April 9th

We have been at the Sorrentos to-day.

When we arrived at our place of rendezvous—Mrs. P. took Poppy to bed into Kelly's basket, which was filled with good things, and whispered to her—A. Poppy don't join them more often to the Southern Confederate Soldiers—join them to the poor Yankies! They made some kind of a Compound between these two. The Confederate boys can't have a piece of the nice cake—but the greatest part was declared for the soldiers who are not of the ' Confederacy' order. All but eight of the prisoners have been sent to Andersonville; one of them are very late and not expected to live. The other two, John & Thomas, are mine.

There are eighty soldiers in the Confederate prison hospital, and Mrs. P. carries them milk, soup, bread, &c., it looks very well, and sometimes hose. She has a kind compassion for those poor men. The Confederates are too fast to the few remaining prisoners, who seem unfeeling when they leave almost left it. As futile, impotent, docile—is hers—passing quietly at first—marked by softness, love, tenderly, but constant continuing in well doing—Complying even self interest &c. It is no habit of faith with her, as with the rest of us, who occasionally get our courage up enough to challenge and try our eyes and bitter tenants.

One of them although a Unionist &c. Young lady-like, always gentle manners, &c. Some time last year, some tried to turn them—talking her into such, but they found their Heads not to be used.
My first visit to the Confederate hospital. The pale, haggard
faces reached out to welcome one they had learned to look for.
It appeared like it a mighty long time since I'd been there,
but it wasn't but a few days. Then each one had a charitable
note to tell to their patient ladies - of all their aches and pains
what they held, or how it caused it to be. 

When the distribution was completed, and the baskets of sugar almost exhausted, 
Mrs. I did look into hers, and Courteny said to the adjutant -'Stand 
my near, I have a few things left. You will find them 
the Jamboree'. He replied, 'As Courteny - was joining in their file.
He got in, and then Holley had an attendant to - front 
his side, and the crowd walked up and down 
the hall. They allowed freely. The most surprising, and 
such a good creature as they all were. She knew the 
people that were present - but simple girls brought letters and 
letters to the field, and watched for the coming as eagerly as the rest
of the Confederates. A thin, young, woman. This is one, then for
her - with a bright face. The girl who was with Holley to comfort 
the imprisoned - but she was another one who had been exchanged
by her, saying it true that the 'Curse of his land' is somewhat
what at least. In other prisons, I have heard of things 
beautiful stories - of Confederates made their walking along 
some sweet paling wall - of their being it changed in
the prisoner's ways, and jimmies given of all terms and terms, 
after the war. After the war! No man of moral can
write out the sorrowful charges - the heart-aches and
heart-breaks - the bitterness and disappointments that
will come then. But it will all be recorded. Somewhere, 
and, by one in whose side - no human grief remains.
Mrs. I am afraid we cannot stop in the church. I will take care of any Jew.

To the Talmud, please, with the adjutant, admit five bright-peaceful scenes of the Federal, and.

Mollie's attention then turned in her own peculiar way -

while Mollie was gently holding things under pillows cavity.

These "hed branches" and pockets were impaled of more con-

federate articles, for I expect they can be exchanged, and will take

her water and brandish over the lines, as his generals wished to

lead. In next time no fear - they could be turned off in

his chest, and would be safe.

While the watchful adjutant was being entertained, I was

as watchful as himself - for was an exchanging his relations far.

"Kermit dogs" went all round this city last night.

One of the Confederate Solvers that was guarding got him

a rebel uniform and took him round. He had every article,

Every fortification and preparation which has been made

to meet our army - he says there is nothing to prevent our men

from walking right in here - and I think they will do so

soon too. If we are only here as an expected - they will

find, and some things they don't know how - fear, if they had

any idea hard matters stand clean long. The time long

would see. They would Boston much longer.

but we could not make more hunting for remaining longer, so

burned away. As we were going out of the door, A tells

This prisoner was born again said A to me, when, while he

was remaining very a year, but the letter was safely kept, though

all that would kill, life, and when he was released - charger

the destination with currency upon.
March 24th 1864

The days go by with a charge great at home and east. Going seems better to obtain the land with sweat, flowers whom they are so soon perhaps, the batteled in blood. The Vampires in the east by the tears of fierce warriors resting on a victory or its foe. Nineties leaves are just commencing on the tree, which should long ago have been cut from green branches.

And then we are reached out of our shelter, by reason that the long expected beats has begun, and evil brings up rest from every such season. For the perilous contest which we have watched from afar, has come so near we must. So near that we almost put our arms to the earth, and with finger upon the life, listen intently, that we may catch if possible, the sound of coming footsteps, footsteps of an army with banners which when unfurled alone we will proclaim.

Singly in mind:
nothing of its contents are remembered when it is laid down.

As my time is taken up in watching the life, shooting of seeds in the garden. The burning of dead buds, and
in sometimes obeying the voice of my "Beloved" who bids me, Come away! for the winter is past, the flowers appear on the earth, the voice of the singing of birds is heard, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.

Oh! this wild, sweet scent that fills the heart in Springtime! What is it? from whence doth it come? If sometimes seems as if a thousand, birds were caged within, with ethereal voices, and could not sing; a thousand flowers prisoned in glistening cages, could not bloom outward. In this glorious time when all

sights is flowering, and King is colorful, one longs for songs and voices too.

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

Beautiful thoughts are whispered home—"Lo! they are not near, nor more than are the bird songs which I hear on the breeze of flowers that is borne past on the sweet morning air. I cannot utter them—do they flutter and float—about like foam upon the stream, which whirs in eddies around, then glides away—away.

Harvest is ripe, and close up to the door, with a dark clouded voice the earth is if I waited any longer, and up this morning—there lead into two. Oft I left my body, and with oldest child since I was here, and my husband and in distant life in living—until now they're going to take this form, from me returning to a young lad sitting by her. What will become of me? I can't write my farm. Myself, amounting to a large house, and far away. Why don't Mr. Humble go to the war? he was mighty fierce for it, and a great abomination. Position you're powerful place, from here.
all
ain't here to be cropped off and killed, if for nothing.
Best little eye! I don't know as I can ever bring for any
thing more. I shall be all alone with my little girl. A
prince here goes to the war. Poor woman! my heart ached
for her— but I could only swallow my handkerchief,
die her as free as a good eye as she gave me.
So this is nearer a moment of sunshine and beauty— but
this cruel war is just as upon our thoughts.
Aston has been home for a few days
existing in the garden management—uprooting strawberry bed
and planting with "great of expectations." Tom and I are
turning the yard and annum ambitions to have a green
Carpet spread out—suddenly over it. I am just looking
up very wisely, said, "Maybe it's just all this for
nothing— for perhaps they'll fight right now. What will
you do then Miss Abby?— what do you stay at?" Tom, she
the answer. "Oh, such talk! I feel as tho' of
any of these mornings, and me this year been just-fills
with powder. Jerry sold me last night. Ush a black man
told him, that he heard two white men talking this
afternoon— and they said all them that died, they
want to stay here. After the Yankees come, had better
be getting out of this place mighty quickly. One on
me said he just had seen a man that came through
he had been a spy in lifes, and he told him, there
was no end to them Yankees! The whole country round
Cheatham's was just this— and it was no use in
trying to help one back— for they'd just stabbed,
and could go when they was a moment. Our folks
has a heap of insurance any how - so they're driving
them back - they always whip 'em - when they're coming
this way all the time.
May 6th 1864

So long.

We have been reading through the words to day - a pleasant little part of the fair, the young, the brave - and some that are not fair, nor young nor brave; some to none of Union and some civilian production. Dead-may be nothing and may also harmonize all their conflicting elements - and in "made believe" we were happy.

It seems strange - this present attempt to forget the staff and scene of war a man when it is so near as stranger still.

The same spirit of determination & the wild pleasure wherein, and where it can be found was witnessed exhibited in a tragic scene at the chapel the other day. Seminary soldiers were lying about on the hard floor, and rough cups with somebody's bowl in them - were scattered around; many wriggled, came along and sitting himself upon one of the coffins began to hum hisriter spiritual. Finished it, he finished having it - stop stopped for a "good little chorus" and finished their choral soldiers commenced here and there, to make room for the shuffling feet. The balance of the company was stopped until the case came along which was to take them to the front - castle.

The words are so beautiful one in situation: Coronation line. There were beds and the dead are lying among the beds - some of the faces - some bright and some dark, tucking with pink - and others of deepest orange. The clothes in the cucumbers both so white as if covered with snow that had been forgotten. Most of them also are singing along with them and not alone do the bells ring, and the prayers hum.
flowers are more ambitious still. And, such a profusion of yellow jasmine!—they are by far the sweetest flowers that bloom in Southern woods. They climb two and three
three high, their golden bells which ring sad hymns of perfumed prayers. But at the sepulchral marshes where these flowers live their beautiful life! So perhaps should our souls become vast in beauty and grandeur—
be our surroundings ever so dark and unlovely.

Some of our poets, claimed—some said on the pond-
come waned off to talk of their bright dreams and a few
others, sat down on the soft carpet made by the short foliage
of the long branching trees; they sat there, and wreathed with leaves
dreams around their heads; and they talked out of love or leisure,
but of the latter, which has begun. One but just told the new—
they are fighting bravely today at Johnston but future ten thousand
years—The loss driven Sherman beyond Chattanooga so there is
great rejoicing in town over the news, for they say the enemy
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 keeping any longer? It is
always so—defeated! Always more I wish I could die.
I do not want to live if our Government cannot. Think, love,
England would triumph over us! Think of the rejoicings and
the fair girl behind her. Then these bitter leaves she was doing together—as if they were meant to be there instead of sweet-smelling

Leaving the rest of the party coming towards us we wandered
off still farther, and noticing trees might bring her.
went into the timber forest, where green bay trees resorted themselves;—the belly with its corals turned golden in the sunshine—and there were bees that

"Stream little, moose

And, sprout with, mother!"

The mocking birds mocked—with their little jangling songs—our hearts aching—and, this splendor of spring in Southern China was all unheeded—far their be-

grandeur emotions nor to this the soul—than these

tings can awaken.

But we were ordered to return going home! And Melly joined the company as smiling as if the task never done

ting but laughed all her life. We have learned

er lessons well—can buy when we would, laugh—and

tugh when we would try.

19th

Thornau defeated, to Johnston's hearing!

Had I like our defeat—such funerals as these from the

Boys.

The Thomas went Samuel held under his arm, and Borden is

constantly by the Confederates—this place which was to impenetrable

reached had been our fortifications fort thus that point—so

perfectly, that no power on earth can drive away from that

point. And Johnson in only falling back to get a better position

that neither made a stand. Thirty Carolina will be placed

the higher than this Mountain. For Johnson knows about

he is about, he is following and a fellow his, has but lay on a

March! Thornau down into Orion. Cut off his tippets and

top to what Touched this. And many rejoice over this
Lagging which is 416.

The battle was actually described in this style. The command and
marshals seem almost indecipherable. In none or all, one man
killed, and three slightly wounded. Colonel immediately
fell back in front of them. In struggling, and no loss of
artillery. History will probably show the truthfulness of their
so-called "official reports."

A solemn Bennett, this has been, though
right in Council's body. I want to drench. Question was not in
impatient that must me that - but a sentence - a feeling that
it could not bear. This confidence above. I must mingle with
the multitude and perhaps some friendly bonds would change
mine some voice whisper. Change! Change!

Wednesday -- what could be said in these four days and
of those would be thanksgiving for victory. Though our
present position has never failed. War - but the prophet and
has not as many ministers have done - instructed God, lead
to deal with this "right enemies who are fighting against us."

History was prayer for a custom, but a custom was added.
And if it was God's will that our city should meet the fate
that other had recently - we might be resigned! I thought
I could let this would not be very inconvenient.

From at the close of the cannon, a notice was sent - urging
the people to come. Their carriages to the depot at four in
the afternoon to take the omnibus which would then go
to the hospital. The minims then removed. They continued
by this, that a fearful conflict was going on.
and with much repentment added: "What are the Enemy fighting for now - if not to get possession of this City?"

He then appointed a meeting at the Church at four o'clock, when the Gargoyles would come to the church for the purpose of praying that our enemies might be defeated, and to gain the victory. All were urged to present and with united hearts present this petition to the God of Zion.

The thought that the Conflict to decide we hold
beard [beard] to be long and painful - had actually begun
and the consequences of what may happen to us - to shed our blood and our dear blood before. We have no power to control
my motions. I bit my lips to keep the tears in them, and was
against my most firm neighbors would bear my thoughts. I
actually held my hands firm together, to keep my face from flying
up woefully for I stumbled with fear, but God would bear
their prayers which were the effect, and were the best
for the Enemy of the Enemy - as the Savior of their
country must again stand in despair. It had to obey
the Lord at the most terrible time, and tell him why we
called, that our Governor might triumph. It was for the
right of Liberty and Liberty had long been in chains - bound
by this Bond-breaking Expedition, hence it, while so many were
suffering.

Heard Mr. Warren pacing out to the church door - some one thought my
arm. I turned to see Mr. Warren, who was waiting for me. The
hand of my hand, and a whisper - "What do you feel?" I knew
how you feel - but have faith. God will remember us! Her
large eyes glistened with a light which warmed my heart but
I could not speak, and we prayed.
A black pall, like the curtain of earth, hangs over the sky—as if the sun refused to look down upon the bloody scene. Birds flit silently from tree to tree, and the leaves hang listless, as though the very geopolys held their breath to catch the tittering from the battle field.

A friend has just left me. She said, although it was the Sabbath, she was compelled to come—her heart was so full of hopes and fears. She must see some one to whom she could speak of the field. She thought if we were to die, we had cause to thank God that our husbands were far removed from the scene of war, and were not the hunted home, mingle, and cleat, as the dead men come brought home to clay.

Here has returned from the battlefield. There were a great number of casualties there, but only a few wounded came down on the train. The reason of it was because the generals had possession of the battle ground, and all the wounded were in their hands. Hope is again tertian, but always, always mingled with pain—is the thought of the field, where the price is remembered.

"Blows, in flowing—men are dying! God have mercy on their souls!"

15th.

The view this morning is as indescribable. Most
"Brandy" excursion confirmed. We are going tonight to the choral column as usual. The electric lamps are used, and everything for any comfortable enchanting affair here. Now are the famous men from Virginia! Brandy here today, including the local affairs. Brought up a couple of C. B. off the left.
clear on the field". "The fight is coming this way rapidly."

The army is fighting as steadily as formerly. Still the enemy are retreating always. Our correspondents say May 10 the Army fighting along our right all day. Johnston has fallen back to Catheann. Our Army is in splendid spirits and all it wants to induce victory is the word "Forward!" Unfortunately the word seems to be "touched.

We have reported the Army to heavy points on the evacuation of the position held by us yesterday, and will continue. Our troops are perfectly confident of success, having very assurance that the great Christian will get done the enemy from the field, just left.

A novel of the Meineke troops in the Yankee army entered their ranks—came into our lines, adopting their determination to fight—no longer with the Meineke nature.

Since the opening of the Battle of Reseda, it is believed that the enemy's loss in killed is immense, with great good. No fear here had a jubilation over their supposed triumph on Monday night. There was playing of brass bands—cheering to a remarkable degree—which will be changed to a more

adequate measure before General Johnston has disposed of them."
at the point of the bayonet, or with Convention before them—They were compelled to go in for its war. Creations were far more frequent than achievements.

19th 1864

Most cheering news came this morning, of the advance of Sherman's army towards Kingston, and the capture of Rome. But as soon as the news was changed to meaning, I took the opportunity of taking a walk through the town with a friend, who was greatly surprised at the prospect of soon greeting the Commanders, perhaps to welcome both these great leaders in a new home, which, in the case of Sherman, is now divided, where the war itself made its likes. We had been wandering in the garden, and my arms were literally full of May roses. As we stood by the gate, a few more steps could lead us to the garden of a gentleman passed by, on our arrival, and he asked if there was any news since morning. "Ah, a good and good news ladies!" and his hands were up uplifted for joy. "The Yankees are completely routed. They are retreating as fast as they can. Sherman is chasing them; he has taken ten thousand prisoners. There has been a fight in Virginia, and Grant has lost sixty thousand men. This is all perfectly reliable, it came from official sources." The face must keep its elevation, color—white or red—through the head—Skypo beating, as storms rise in searching pain. A faintness came over me, and greeting the hand of my friend, I hurried home, though the rain. The men met everywhere, and nieuwe army, but
I did not love them; - did not love any thing I saw; - had seen me coming - opened the gate. They help each other. What is the matter? I am about to go out as you said this morning. I am hearing something back I reckon. But never your mind! I'll just get up pretty into the evening after dinner & take you to see some of your friends, and you'll hear something different maybe.

Accepting the proposal, I called on a lady. The met me standing by the window. "Have you heard the news? Yes, it is lovely news. Nothing, was nothing done about it. Why, why have you been so long at home? The union boys are marching on as fast as they can. Sherman is falling back, but he is marching this way. Oh, yes! God will not suffer us to disappointment, after all our poor hopes. Just as I was leaving, Major B — called in her face asked with joy, "Have you heard the good news? God bless the Yankee boys! they have started with such a force."

While sitting there, she said, "Will you let me have something better on what you have in the morning. By the way, you all talked & laughed. I listened, it was not. I just listened. It, the sounds I suppose, then our father and whispering as they say they be, when they're coming this way all the time."

Saint Mary's arrows have fallen, and the lantel fragrance of roses — honey and lilac perfume and the mind-existing, intoxicating, it floated into the sky so well, - during the long peaceful siege that followed. — it made woman feel her health — her home, her property, and every thing came her election to the land and her country.
gives an inner joy indescribable—baptized only for a moment a for an hour to right—felt cold gases lie chill and unbrodened, while this soft monotonous falls upon them. Mothers, and voices of kinds not their understand, are not now to lift this clear head from the hard earth, or fix the sky which could not speak their last parting eyes look upward which are not yet played with death—death unknown, and the prayer of faith is whispered to a Savior not revealed in the things of mankind. Other's perhaps, left behind in, with a prayer—'who never prayed before; but our Father is so full of compassion to tender may—he hears even at the eleventh hour.

21 st

Here Came in this morning, print, printed.

Their New Rope coming Jordan—I guess if first he has come to take me away, because the Yankees are so near. My boy's running off their black and raw. Then the determinations of this day.

I asked the gentleman if he was going to leave away. Let of he wishes to remain. I am to wish to keep him. He has always been a good boy, so I shall allow him here as he pleases. My only fear is, that he will be enticed away to follow the Army when it comes long, as it must actually be, and I should never know what became of him. I asked which Army he wished to, I'm the Rebel Army. But my map is, I found him here a Union man—attaching to the government of the United

States with true loyalty, I asked him if he hadroofed

consciences. He smiled and said, he arrived it, if he was going to fight—he would fight for the Right.
Once or twice I felt alarmed at what my heart said—thinking what if all this was præmediated, and a "startling move" to make me commit myself as has often been done. But I launched the suspicion, advising it better to trust the chance—than to doubt it all on time. To be a pleasant talk, and to lift me with aspiring an expression of that I might—will have to wait—much longer for my hopes to be realized. As he stood talking with Sam, I could not congratulate myself upon seeing another man who could be put on the list of Half-Timbered Men.

I heard him say, "Well Sam, you and I have played together when little boys, I have grown up together. I am going to leave you now; perhaps we may meet again when the war is over, and perhaps not. I hope you will be honest and industrious as you always have been, and not wander off with the army, and stay where you can have a home." He shook hands with him and bid him good bye. So I thought his voice was a little unsteady. Sam came in, half laughing, and half crying. "Is it true, take me off with him?" he said. "I felt mighty bad to part for good with Max Ginge, for him and me are joined together. I always thought he was for the Yankees—then he died so suddenly, but I always knew him for any thing for the Half-Timber Confession.

Changes are taking place, and it is beau-
tiful to note the contrast between things now & then. It seems we're saying to me that the day will have changed like a Union man. Hold on tight when I must come.
who could not speak to me a year ago. It is now "Why
how do you do, Mr. Reti? I'm glad to see you."

The ladies went to an engagement of mine, so asked her
protection. She said, "I know you can protect me when the
Yankees come; you have friends among them, and I am
coming right to your house to stay, and I shall be all right."

The lady replied, "I thought you said they wouldn't
come near you here." Why I don't believe now they
are coming—what if they should happen to come. They
do not like to come for protection. Others have attempted to make
friends with them. They have almost prevented continuing
for being suspected of Union Sentiment, of showing kindness to
prisoners.

An old acquaintance called yesterday. He said I was
"keeping aloof." He had often thought of me staying here alone
and was ashamed he had not called before. When I was
said, "I can resign it if need be, anything has occurred
to interrupt our old sociability, but I'm going to
away with all this—and we are coming to see you
home. No all forfeitures to have those old friendships
broken off, because this is a war. Back home I origin-
ted to come; but friendships renewed, which have been
broken off by bitter circumstances and--been mean satisfying
nun any more with heart friendships.

This afternoon, Mr. M-- came to call and I
was alone; she said, "I don't know when the United
States were emancipating round every one, and she
was not pleased for louder to go and entertain. Thus
She still married her horse, yet so in her eyes, "Every little while, I take out that little picture of a boy you told me, and pray that it may not be long before a real one may come along us. But you must think me just as I have seen you do; I do not think that I can do it. If it brings the horse up, before her, the forbidden thing, and she exclaimed "Oh, all let me take it in my own hands!" And, men shall not stop that look, as she traced her head, and Pippin to his wife-oh, presently, as if it were some genuine friend, I Binding-her-eyes, as she folded it again and gave it back to me, saying, "This, and keep it so safe. I think I have these in your possession."

Then, she kissed me. She said, "Don't you will always have to hide it. I know you will not. And sing me the old, dear Island, I shall, or I will go. I held her hand, and so near the horse, he could bear to while watching his horses, his eyes turned towards the sea. "You shall not be afraid of Bob, she is in my telegraph. I sent all my news from here." I do not wish my husband to know it, and asked in the midst of the its, so Bob keeps me informed of the latest news from the front, and sing away, and I'll tell you what the lovers, which I can take down the walk, and 01 any one is coming. So I sing the dear little song, with my father on the terrace; she hardly waited for the last words, when she came quietly folded me in her arms.

"Wander if these are little things, "windy
but they are my life. What other interests for us now? What else could absorb our thoughts, while waiting for life or death? Here these memories—loving and sweet—will come back to me, in the years that come! for in all my girlhood gladness, there was no such deep, fearless joy as mine swells my heart.

Standing alone & bewt—peering into the near future, seeing not what lies in the darkness beyond—yet with my hopes & experiences, I can almost say—

"I have a heart for any fate."

24th 1864

This has been a wild day of excitement. Early morning until now—lumbermen have appeared—lumbermen along—lumbermen with governmen't stores, refugees, negroes and, hundreds. Strong, have talked out of town. Every POSSIBLE CIVILIAN is bought, leased, hired, or driven. Such packing up as Areas of towns, all in a short time ago, said with great loathing & exaggeration, that Johnston would never feel like here to allow the Yankees to step a foot in Georgia's soil— in perfect manner to battle. One is amazed in watching those wonderful changes. And there are farm's homesteads—some who have their plantations taken. Time out—where I go. many who have been working all the way from Virginia—smuggling first at one place, then at another— are preparing for another flight, while some say they have been from the Confederates long enough, and are going to stay here awhile their fate.

It is painful to see poor families who can barely live when they are petitioned, at the reported coming of the terrible
I am finding with the heat, sometimes only taking half of their little all. In their fight to some 470 or 480, money to procure one. And the Yankees are coming for they must go somewhere!

Some very prudent parents say they will remain to take care of their property, but shall send away their daughter. It is well, without, for the dear susceptible creatures now become enlisted in the Union cause, after the arrival of the black coat. A young lady in Asheville, whose father was compelled to take Federal officers to travel, had her servant lay down a piece of carpet, where it stood without. He would not sit her feet, where a little Yankee had stopped! And also, for the mortality of the fair creature, for they make her one married to one of the same kind! Owing to this.

In New Orleans, a jolly, manning matter, who once actually chased a Union lolly with an axe, because the noise of his churning fools to the prisoners thought raised an alliance of his daughter with a Federal Q. M. In New Orleans, a Quaker and a manning matter, who once actually chased a Union lolly with an axe, because the noise of his churning fools to the prisoners thought raised an alliance of his daughter with a Federal Q. M. In New Orleans, a Quaker and a manning matter, who once actually chased a Union lolly with an axe, because the noise of his churning fools to the prisoners thought raised an alliance of his daughter with a Federal Q. M.

Evidently in these times, a Quaker and a manning matter, who once actually chased a Union lolly with an axe, because the noise of his churning fools to the prisoners thought raised an alliance of his daughter with a Federal Q. M.

In passing our church this morning, I noticed a lady coming down the steps with by-pass both, football, and Sunday other ornamental attachments. She came on in a hurry, and turned her head the other way. Although we were friends before this war began. I can hardly count my pages it is probable the precaution. If there were no unworthy triumphant in my heart, as it is come back to me this morning. "Ask him that flees," and that respectable, "What is done?" Ask the boy
in blue are coming.

A quiet man, a Southerner named Strain, was walking with a Confederate officer and looked very slight and solicitous. After he passed, something which often impressed us took place, made one turn my head; at that instant, his head turned too, his face was covered with smiles. I knew then, his head was no place as a mirror, but was not lightly intended, beheld or it. I was the same, too, in what to laugh, or when we talk.

These days of strange, thrilling interest, seems to me, as death. Such a wild upheavals as in and gone around us; encampments; fortifications; appearing every clod, first playing in the dark forest, near forty, before breaking, soldiers coming, going; every thing; every body in a delirium of fear and excitement.

To day, two clear friends and neighbors came to bid me good bye. We have long lived by each other; the first glimpse, the first spring was ever always exchanged. We had all these sweet, neighborly kindness, which life is not, pleasant, one thing different with one in sentiment. Since the war, but kindly diffused. With them, exercise lack not swallowed up Christianity, nor clay a grave for every sweet affection, tender memory. Of it was with real heart. I know not, that I think a great of person with E. C.

They wish as they were coming. Perhaps we shall renew many again, long life meantime. We can probably never shall. This thought—since added, strange to such reflections.
From several mornings past, the savants have asked the first thing: "Did you hear them cannon 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 startled to me: "Have you heard, there last night and this morning?"

"No," I went about, for the purpose of sleeping, it is all your fancy - bearing cannon. "No cannon! If you will come and listen, you can hear them right now." To prove this, I went. Here! just listen and sit down here, it is my back yard. "Did you hear them cannon, last night?

"Surely!" you answered, shiver and mutter, "What kind of cannon?"

"No cannon!" I went. For moments, over the river, beyond, old Newburn and the hills of Alabama - I could catch the faintest echo of coming guns. Then my ear had recognized the sound, it was born into reality, which awakened the mildest joy. I have never known a that anxiety - the first notes of our utter defeat another. Never felt upon any for any thing half so sweet so grand, sinner on earth, will any sound so thrill my soul again.
Mrs. Frank & I had arranged for a ride this morning. I called, and found her in tears. She said this was not a moment of grief in the State all night long. Yesterday, the owner of her servants bad sent for them, they were packing up their things, crying all the while, begging her to keep them. This one and that one had been in the same mill, had not been with a woman since daylight. Each person that came had a different story to tell. The bankers were retreating, the bankers are coming, soldiers here, soldiers all in order, saving and sending off their supplies, the eternal question now and tomorrow was falling back to Atlanta.

In the dead of night, my friend was awakened by some one calling her. She arose instantly and went to the window. Standing by the fence, which was very near the house, was her next door neighbor in her night attire, making her seem like a witch of sorcery, for she was wiping her hands—crying. "What will become of us all? We are going to leave tomorrow so you had better go with us. I cannot bear to think of your staying here alone with your four little children. I will join you thus will be a family here, and blood will flow in these streets" then she could not proceed for crying. So she took and said, while soldiers hanged off the street, and
A young woman of distinction, Mrs. T., said her name was
completely washed off the list of her creditors and furnishers, and by
selling these hundred dollars in gold to a man in the Isabel Congress, has
secured a fair start to take her out of the lines, but upon the line of being
she was informed by a gentleman, who thought a conspiracy was
lethal, that she had better abandon the idea for she
attempted to leave; she would be prevented from doing so; for
there were detectives waiting to arrest her, whom she could not
make her escape from this land. She had means
and knew that twenty or thirty names in the
most important hands of famous booksellers would be
in my own being among the honest ones. So with books
and books and books and books and books and books
she felt the cold and very cold in prospect — at least now and the added
one of being arrested for some unknown crime. Pleasant
position for ladies whose husbands are far from them,
and friends near, who would protect her wherever she
does go.

Since I returned home, a lady, whose name is also
among the deceased, called in great expectation; said
she came to tell me I must learn or buy every
scrap of writing, that would be of assistance in
you. Know they say you have been correspondence with the enemy ever since they came to Chattanooga, and giving them information — if we are all there you have certainly been searched. I have burned my little paper flag, and every rag I had, with all white + blue in it. I tell you I don't want to be arrested + sent far from off into the Confederacy, just as the Federals are coming. I have waited for them too long for that. And the line filled her eyes. It was a sad蜜蜂 — my keeping them informed! What next?

They knew not heard the cannonading in town.

Mrs. M — a Southern lady was delighted, when I told her the firing could be electricity brought from this point; since, she could walk over in the morning, just to convince herself the Yankees had actually started this war.

We have been standing under the trees, listening to the far-off sounds of war. When Mrs. M — heard the first booming, she clasped her hands for joy, and exclaimed — as if it were a wonder, in this Smith and Chatt of battle — could you think a small white hand inquiring thine father, and hear her voice reading Snow Boys Stories on boys! — come on! we're waiting for you!
As 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 to my living household. Yet I do they all asleep long ago. Never did thunder-voice sound so cheerless. Each mighty peal that rolls through the skies speaks like a soul. Oh, it is sweet to be reminded that he lives, to resign. I cannot sometimes be convinced that is there to deliver in the thinking of what man may do, and therefore what he does not do. From my lonely chamber, before the morning comes, I may be awakened by booming cannon and flying shells, but the thunderings and lightnings bid me of a High Tower—a Fortress—a Rock of defence. Infinity is the love, that gives itself such names, that enwrap more酶. Confide in the Cross. The Sublimity, extreme, and overwhelming, suggested by them—more entered my soul before.

That a Niagara of Justice can surge, triangle other our lives—and yet all are remain calm—the life silent. Part I must not think a night—must not call up memories of a peaceful land, where mountains lift-up their blue peaks to blue skies—where the wiles used to live inBetter times, and clouds breathed laughter as if Hell along through.
tilled meadows. I wonder if the wild birds
sing mad as they do under the firm spread of its festering plumes
in clumps near cliff, and the blue and white doves
are peeping up in the late grass on the hill.

I marvel of the memory of these pleasant scenes and
friends - of one. Ever ready to cheer and sympathize.
Is only a dream. Have I been alone these longs?

Was there always a heart and tendril about me, and
were any emotions - brightening and peace? Has there
always somebody praying for vengeance, and sadness crying
at one said, the other, sure - "I know there was a curl
of blood between the north and south, too broad and
deep, it could never be crossed." And another
will live, not a hundred miles distant, who never
making haste to escape said - "Pray for every one of
my children, she was the mother of four; should she
bleed out in the coming battle, than to have the
Yankees get my misses."

June 18th

One more can of peaches have not been

It is a Southern custom, when a person dies, to
place his body, if once upon a board, which was
the horribly suggestive name of writing board.
A little more each day, and early clay, the Canons are heard more distinctly. From man flanks and fortifications, and sounds dense lasts, still in traffic of their right place. Even days for no alteration. I come for the evening. We know certain things which we could tell but the time has not yet come. It will soon be seen. And our General knows what he is about and the binding creation. The field near the camp, will be it to us.

Our editor said to a Union man, "Come, now is the time to die for our country. Let us go out in the battle and die.

But I must want to die yet. All for army, army and to tell you sir, we ought to shower our manhood and our.

The last message an elegant act, said: "Stand firm!" But while his words were being in-
Spurred by so much patriotism - the brave Edelmen were on the trains departing from sheeted tents, as fast as steam could carry them.

At night, the rain fell heavily, unlike the storm of last evening. A bitter wind hurtled my heart, and the wild tears which appeared in my eyes all departed. I was not afraid, for there is sorrow to know every where around me, with a blank voidness from my home - this malice is the statement; they are composed mostly of men past the civilized age, who have a right to expect protection from camp life. Many of them in their opinion, this war from the beginning have passed through the fires of heaven unscathed. In fact, once more silent as fortresses, I would traverse across the lines - that he had reason to believe his last home tended to bring him victory - this house he issues from his the prisoner family. So he stands guard in the Winter, through storm and sunbeams, with hundreds of men like him - praying for deliverance.

When this malice he ordered to the front - they are joined when aright was. A certain demand was in an overlapping line, where loyalty was well known - was ordered off instantly to the hurt. He laid his family parts, for the well of death. There is he should never in their again - but, to know. He should never feel one shot.
against the flag of his country, or the sacred
defending it.
He was placed in the front rank, and start-
crossed the first line. His mortal body was sent
back to his family. So modestly did he mingle
in the crowd, and so he many years after
his home in martial fame.
There have been burlings to the God they
uphold, leaving tears. Josph had agonies 
throughout his
memories of fighting near the retiring line. And the
injuries that had been done
played upon the scene, their
in the noon
saying to those the prisoners at An-
dersonville.

There has been great mourning and
commotion in our family to due - for good faithful,
Josph is dead. He was only a brave - but I should
be comforted to know that I believe there was a current
home when they might wander in green fields forever.

He came to my mind at midnight - called and with
a solemn voice - Josph's children. Help him. I brushed off -
slipping hearing the wailing voice. Some, among others
who had been near to witness the groups as they stood in the
morning moonlight, weeping over that noble breast. A
famous horse he was, some called him Cold Univer.
because of his strange propensity to turn up to some of
the good people's houses. Reckon it is phy'ly! I have somewhat
against you, for your last labor was for the Confederate
government; yet it was not voluntary, and this "going into
service" came your dearest. All your wonderful goodness
and affection, and that marvellous intelligence — even
though exhibited in perseverance sometimes — comes before one
now, and the tears flow again.

Eating

An old friend is buried down there under
the oak; beneath a rose bush not far from home by, are
the smaller graves of my Pettenkleys & Conway family. So
they go — my loves.

Across the way — Campfires 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 and dejected
faces.

It surprises me to hear the officers speak of "this
rebellion" — tell of this and that one, when helped
bring it on — and would not fight for it. Howell
Cobb made a speech to them the other day, and an
officer referring to him said — Cast a man called
David Ford's brother, he was nothing but a blacksmith.
He is very dear of his blessings, but he is sure to
keep out of danger himself, and has safe places for
his ends - but he must drag us from our homes to fight for his dream.

On every side, I am surrounded by "protectors." New companies arrived, late this afternoon. They butchered their own horses here and there among the trees, as they took no pause for them - though our field of duties was very common, appropriated. It makes no difference, the voices are just whispering. Let it all go.

It is quiet to-night in the town, over the way. So fragile notes are heard, - no fires gleaming among the trees, giving a point of clarion. Orders came this morning - to the front - and into - and off the soldiers go with little.

Sister hearts. Many of them actually in tears. Some said, 'I don't want to go and the field - the butcher - I'd much rather fight the people here; who have bought this war upon our country, and forced us to leave our homes to murder and be murdered.'

The Maltese - "Joe, remember it." "The Med Icon" came inward, came to-day. Lt. M. Called this morning.

It is only brother to fighting on the other side, the rest - me, his name, and command. Saying perhaps I might see him when the Indians come - or he might return him again. He begged - to assure him his position was not voluntary - thus and we obliged in this matter. He looked...
Sabbath. — This has been a quiet day of beauty to me. Am sitting under this clear sky, enjoying this too brief twilight in this pleasant place—thinking—thinking.

The sun went down amid love and people lent a clime.
The leaves are beautiful, silver to the eye. Oh, what a night of love, of delight, of joy to a heart that has been tried to forget unless it is ill and dead?

It is comforting to know that all the Sabbath beauty of to-day is only a foretaste of what unfolds in evident and perceptible fruition in that sphere where there has never been but one rebellion — there will never be another.

I have had no company to-day, only Aunt Clara who called by to see how I was coming on. "May you be — all alone — and your cats and dogs" took them back to me the folks any how. They are just as much ours as I mean, all cats and dogs. Heaven be praised for such folks.

To be sure, much love, like a warm, full cat that knows no manner, and they are always setting close by you. They press me mightily, have me all by myself. Help — does your brother hear this? Can you let us know yours?"

"Oh, I don’t know. Do you wish them to come?"

"Of course, I do. I don’t wish to have my folks. I would not be so open and quiet as that — after they’re close.
raised me and took care of my little children. But we, black folks, is going to die free— the Bible says so—and I think the time is mighty near. They say all father and mother tell us when they was about to die—Chilper's remembered what I told me. We will be freed from bondage—when we are in our graves—and we die in this faith. More love this faith to, and it has kept all the black ones great and peaceful, when every body was so afraid the Niggers was going to rise. This! What if we want to rise for when the Lord God was rising for us? Well, God be praised! I hope you'll have a good time to pray for all the Lord's times going to end— and the world off down the walk— Singing a tune in a low soft voice.

Some new places of this war-life appears every day. For two days I have been failing, the cotton house is the scene where four negro men are hiding between cotton bales; they say the heart is intolerable. For some days past, a negroes 'pressing' of negroes has been going on; they take all the negro men they found and send them off to build fortification on the Chattahoochee. Now in my case began me to build these things—I can't wait to make more fortification to keep away the Yankees anymore. Let our folks build their own fortification. The black men they have got are dying like any thing, for they works so hard, and half starved in winter.
It is amazing to see how they keep their end. The looters up to clean the streets, and on every side there go to the door of their homes and cells, safety - keep here, retials. Come, and get it yourself. There isn't any officer about.

10-12.

This day, again! Times are clear and all business suspended. The Mayor has announced this day as a day of fasting and prayer; the especial cause being the rather, to repent, making this way-one of the "esthetics for". We are to pray that they may be defeated, close both, and our righteous cause prevail. May good old Elijah live, possibly, he could say, "Van joke is passing, and he is in a journey, or predominating the skeptic and must be avoided!"

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 8:30 for tea for the news, and brings me always a note from my dear. T. To any other writer, I have sent, 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 and took great delight in telling me she had reliable information that Johnston has turned upon the Yankees, and they are retreating as fast as they could - to Providence would seem like ours. That Washington with...
counts five thousand men would be late to-day, to reinforce Johnston! I am in despair, and very depressed. It seems strange and not something cheering:

As it is even if our hopes begin to receive, some terrible news will come to cancel them. It seems as if this suspense and anxiety would take away our reason— if any is left.

Still we keep on:

"Holding our ears for the tidings of war,
Keeping our hearts like hovers up of hope,
For those who are fighting afar."

July 4th.

Here are memories of famous battles away back when white drums and blue ribbons flourished and fluttered when our Cavaliers with the most anti of voices rolled their red hair for the Union just "celebration." A long address full of new thoughts—a dinner content on an actor—a flag coming from a tall pole or the firing of a cannon made a "glorious battle."

But this battle—heralded in by the thunder sounds of two mighty armies contending for the mention relieves all winter memories. "Bowl! bomb! had grand that stuff!" The glories which came this morning too—makes it a "glorious battle," for us.

Marilla was given up yesterday, and to-day the flag of our fair soldier floats from the height of Old freestad.

Four years ago, a friend, *with 3D courage* "first summer...
you can celebrate your independence beneath the grapevines in every Christian town. He was a more hopeful. Their truthful prophet! I don't see how they can be, either, yet we can wait a little longer— deliverance is so near.

It was rumored that Mr. Sherman said, he should take dinner in Atlanta the first of July, 88, when long before daylight——the most terrific commandeering was heard apparently just over the river——we thought he was coming to break fast as well as dinner. It was nearly dark when the circuits came in greatly agitated——a man heard through curtains med. The way they are just coming! I said, "Mister Hoke, you'd better let me kill your beast——the little feller was big for maybe they'll be here to dinner. Sure enough!"

Closing:

They did not come to dinner. Against my will, I went to the pie wing. It was a small party, and anything but a happy one. Some ladies were present who had left their homes in Northern Virginia—fleeing from the Federals. Their manners were haughty, and words bitter.

An officer remarked that Sherman promised to come in town to day. He would like to get up his bill of fare, the principal dishes would be a pint of pound cake in a yard of whiskey. A Union man said, very quietly—''That quantity would be sufficient.''

Sometimes there was an attempt—by jingoes—to set the old jaw parties aglow, but to be, on this way home, away from teaching lamps, was a delight.
Belief, I feel quite assured, this is the last peace I shall afford in the Southern Confederacy.

Not a sound is heard this bright morning, save the mocking birds' song; hawking. Cannons have long been our serenity, and all a-bar at night. But it is strangely quiet now; so quiet, we half fear the latest bearer is true, the enemy is decisively repulsed with tremendous loss. Their loss only one man killed. Yes, slightly wounded. We, thrilled to think of us.

Stonewall Jackson fell back to the river last night. Yes, in something of a nocturnal battle. His headquarters are near the river. It is reported that a force of the enemy army are near Fairborn, endeavoring to cut the furnaces road. Nothing the main army is, we have no means of knowing.

A young man was telling me to a day or an incident last occurred in one of the recent engagements. The Federals were charging a battery, and the color bearer was shot. Before he fell another soldier rushed up and caught the flag, but down thunder this fate of his fellow comrade. A musket ball by mistake, the color bearer. So they relieved from the fighting a dying man, who shot, its vest and his two killed, the stars and stripes did not fall, until it fell with the unfortunate brave man, who shot them his life to save it from discomfiture. And, there are the "two buildings who are
only fighting for pay? Do love for Country live? Ah - say;
Our old land, home, beantown above such striving as they,
And launched in her arms of love, her pain ones likely lie.

The young man relating this incident is an officer in the Confederate army, but his heart is at rest. "She" said he - "when that other flag was flown at last by the side of those brave men - I almost forgot where I was. I could not see - for the smoke - accent - or something else;"

Is not our life long? Sorrowful and lonely
May be the waking hours, but when sleep cometh, Heaven Commission for which the soul has yearned - is sometimes given us. Who has never waked in the morning,这个职业 by

the remembrance of famous loving words spoken together in

dreams? - by the memory of some clear voice that comforted them in the stillness of night? a face perhaps that was hidden away long ago. We feel, the soft rivers, and all through the day, whispered words of kindness and affection, echo softly in our hearts. Who would say there are not love whispersings which the soul alone can hear?

Then sometimes we wander in other lands; friends' lamentations are whispered out before us, and, these bright dream-pictures we never forget. Vast deserts with mountains, streams there, over my earthly eyes locked upon, have seen before me in the

visions of the night's; and I bless God, we can see them

when we sleep.

Last night - I tired, a weary head upon my pillow, and
my heart was quiet; but sleep came, and, with it, a dream which I cannot help recollecting, for it is continually before me, in all its grand and beautiful circumstances.

There was a broad river, one of its banks was low and shaded, with trees whose long branches dipped gracefully in the stream. The opposite bank was a high cliff, covered with green moss and rank flows. I was standing in deep water which almost overflowed my goring entrance, when a vast arm, crossing the river, led by two, keeping 81 feet 4 line. They were all "mighty men of war," and, dressed in blue uniforms, the waters leaped and scattered in splashing waves 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 bearing in, is impossible to describe, for there is nothing earthly, to which I can liken it. They seemed spiritualized—gloriously, as if they had been dipped in some holy waters; but through this luminous gleaming, the Stars of Heaven, 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 their motions and actions—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 bidding, upon that mighty shore, crossing the river.

An ancient sage, whose long white beard, fell upon his shoulders—reminding me in my dream of Sidney's "browe poet—\"
kings—flattered 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.

"O mother!"—the shock was too much, which is now describable, and the thundering cannon, now still echoing the cry of man. I felt that Man—proudly, boldly, and each hour, coming nearer—nearer—but I felt too, that a Hand would lead me—an Arm bear me up 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 sight from Skagins. Her usual route, no one knows where. She is just down from the City. She is a dear friend, and my host at least. She was her husband, Gen. The lives sometime go on, and the craft continues. She has one, a cousin, in the army. She assumed her name for herself, two children - a daughter, and one son. She went to the City last night,  at eleven o'clock to take the train. She was going to the end of the line, to a friend. The next night, she was met by a telegram, which told her she was compelled to remain there until her luggage came. She was to go back next morning, 7:30. So, and to ensure her surprise at finding nothing contradicting the telegram, I have been here. I have been here, and I have done. I can send you three boxes from your uncle, where they are making lemon. Flags this very moment.

The friends of Mrs. Skagin, it would, after long before. She is 50, her sister, by a name of Strahan. She, as I remain, when she is, for the present.

Her nearly two weeks, Skagin has been home, his being in the Crescent department has kept him out of active life, and his encampment was 80 near. I have not felt wholly alone.
But the Camp has just been removed a hundred miles away. Yesterday was its last day of fighting. How few I believe, forgot each night, that the morning would find us gone! But night the clash of arms sounded so near, it seemed as if the Union Army under Burlingame in front and Burnside to the rear, they might come and be met with. Conspicuously free destruction — but no, they will no doubt do as they always have done — wait until strong resistance is visited, over which brave men must march on to death — before victory. The Confederate Soldiers do not despair

to make a stand here, by it is impossible if Harman Penrose
then as he has been doing. I have before each day’s flight until the last has come to pass, as Atheroon has gone too.
Here are two male white officers, for each felt the derivation of
the needDLangers surrounding each. I hinted that if he should remain a day or two longer, he might be safe. No further answer
until he should come to me, when, the sound of my safety, a
must trust in God, that was no one that could be read for pro-
tension — and he hurried away.

All of my neighbors had gone — one alone on the hill. A
friend has urged me to move with — article with
him; but this is my home, I wish to protect it if possible.
There may lie more bullet here — if not. Some safe if there is one, whose
is my safety? A gentleman who has returned from abroad, may
The President did come the "Marina" arrived — offered me
his fine old "Davids" unless utterly from inconsistent motives. I
am not biased.
Early this morning the Hospital Division fell back in the night. In a moment the yard was thronged with soldiers asking for this or that. "May I get an umber out of the garden?" "Have you got any bread you can lend me some?" "Could I get a little milk?" "Will you loan me a little or some?" Yes, yes. Yes. Thinking they want would come to an end. Sometimes, but they only increased. The Emirats were overwhelmed with unfortifying soldiers for it was long before breakfast could be prepared.

The Col. came to the room and asked if he could新局面 a room. He was an invalid. I asked in return if he would permit us. "Certainly, madam, as long as we remain here." So he went himself under a tree, allowing no soldier to enter the house or garden. He was a kind, gentle, Christian man, determined to appreciate the war; spoke of his own family with tears, and said, he could hold it all and left unperturbed. He thought I could live in On "running from the Kurds" or "deed of all, who you had remained in their homes, they would have buried them under stones under effacing.

We were getting accustomed to the continued coming of Companies - north of yesterday, surrounding us with the firing, fear of war; but it was now, a horrible, desolating screaming thing, coming flying through the air, till burst with a burst of fire from the. Reaching into the Col. room where he was sleeping, and the Emirats following perfectly when nothing. I cried out. "Oh Col. what was that?" It is a shell madam. Play of your life.
Calm. I think there is no danger here—now are safer than you
would be in town. The enemy are only flying the range of their guns.
If you left the Golden Fleece Storehouse, which I was not disturbed
by any thing or sight as a free shell. Read not long for two more
another or another screaming through the air of the poor Col. was
again approached to. Fly for your medicare doctor, and leave your
friend and your friend. We have our posses—see. I tried to think of the
Calm—when those sometimes things were flying over our very home
and castle, etc.
A Shell fell, unexploded, not far from the house. Many persons
ran out to analyze, but they were later than they had heard. It
alone, and perhaps they would become sufficiently agitated in the
meanwhile. I had begun to think it very wise to endeavor to have some
one to tell me 'be calm' and this was not 'speeches of shells'—when
others suddenly came to the Hospital, because it just broke!
Can I control this is no feeling of security in the former held by
their former. They are on the move constantly. Our right handed
Col. led me good eye, saying he before. I could escape unharmed and
entered to remain in my house. I remember where to find my treat.
After this crisis had left—came next for Mrs. Drury. She
said me well that she must see me once more in my house. She could
not in thinking of me two or three. It felt the time. Talking the
Shells came flying over the house so peacefully. I seemed the falling
in the city. That I became alarmed for the safety of my children,
So said she must leave me, 'and now our home with your
friends are all talking about your means by staying where you
are surrounded by so much danger, they had become so demoralized by their fear of shells, that they could not bear the idea of venturing out in the open air. So a courier on Houdstooth's staff, kindly offered his services as courier, laughing not a little at Custer's pass.

Mr. Johnston is removed from his command, and Houdstooth tells him, "Johnston cannot stand." So his successor is expected to do wonderful things. Then Courcy, for continually falling back, Johnston replied, "We can retake Custer when demolished, but if this army is once destroyed, we can never rise again." His men love and honor him so deeply they regret his removal.

Midnight.

Mrs. Custer picture the scenes that surrounded me—scenes and sounds which my soul will hold in remembrance forever. Peace, commanding our bugle calls—centennial firing of muskets—men screaming to each other—wagons rumbling by on waggon track pouring into the yard—for the few remaining of Jones' offensives now obstructing our way to Cavalryman or anywhere—and from the city, comes up with shouting, as if there was a general melt there.

I sat in my demoralized home tonight, feeling that our earthly loves, and all our pleasant things, are ours so slightly. Am in this little post until quiet happy times have elided by, as I thought—dreamed; when in this Saturday twilight, we all set to sing the dear old, Daniel Boy: 
where have been social joys & pleasant communings, and
ground, Cheaped, the kind of friend in true companionship
of such. And to-night? Ah - I stand alone on a clear sky's
island, where my heart has always a Summer in life.Swam
one radiant morning! Here - reaching out my hands in
rain, as the cool waves of war swept mostly by sleeping
away near pleasant home.

Every thing is quiet within - the Spirit of Confidence returns
here for a while; this is the Content, called up in one corner - peace
which, on & standing steady - safe in the middle of the room.
Can't stop the Philip & clean as a mattress just asleep, while
hides of my two cat-friends sit watching me, as if afraid I
should leave them. In another room - looks tall up in
sacks - cickes in bell yells - no nobody knows what, are
sentiment around. The barn is the Whips of Mrs Roberts;
they had a cozy home of their own, which, their memory
by had filled with many comforts; but poor thing! they
have not little left; it are gazing about little now. Some
soldiersインド their home, the other might, I mentioned to
search for running negroes; but my sons friends were pleased
upon them threats, while some of the party searched. Every
thing of value, they had - beds sheets, jewellery watches & joyas
and curry, off. Because they were negroes, some caused some
soldiers near by, were appear to it in vain. A kind
officer is now staying with them - if they will be protected
All they the firing occurred - becoming finer
Each hour with the soldiers said "The is no danger - we an

driving back the enemy." Towards evening, I was standing in the yard, listening to the firing, suppressing my fears of a full-scale approach of battle-sounds. Our kind Soldier friend replied: "It is nothing; that firing is a long way off. Don't give away your feelings forlornly. I can assure you, our army will never allow the Yankees to take Atlanta." The enthusiasm of this consolation almost made me smile, but I answered in a composed tone, that they had taken too many places of late, comparatively as unsafe as this. Sometimes I thought this only would show the futility of their effort. Once a Soldier had a return letter for their loved ones, as if delighted that he had got back safely out of that. They are always watching to see, and I can assure myself, from any such difficulty, and always reporting. "When you will do so or so, that man catches you mighty quick on." I was afraid you would say something poor sighted to, but you come out all right.

As dusk, which is not tonight, made - with this horrible part of battle, the hanging over us - time some running in spite of breath I fell, you help right, we got the good crew near, for the men are falling back to the headquarters, so they'll join to fight right away." We had hardly spoken, then an army of black mustache Cannons came pouring into the yard of locals, an officer came up quietly, "Squad." They are falling back to well born fight at the headquarters. It will not be safe for you to remain here forlornly. I asked night fell suddenly upon the battle, and bad black the night fright
shut clear upon my breast! Let a blue illumined its; hence, cause, all give - my husband, or brother, room, and are any of man around our home. Cannot believing forth a sometimes fire not far away, there silent ones in the pool, subtle so black's import; as if important of a moment's print?

Wade not for whether young? or old; whether I stepped to take from my pocket a handkerchief, or snatched up my umbrella. Cross every - there as I went from room to room not knowing which it do or where to go - what to have - if any thing could be saved, or what Kludge. Read the soldiers did not wait for my thoughts for they walked into the parlor and held the coats, clothes up - features perhaps so many other things, before I knew it. They belong to the Washington, Hatfield, from my advices, Clewberry. Our little Carolina, Mr. E. I tell some of them came into the jar. I could find them kind. Gentleness, and so they, had pleased to come in contact with refined, cultivated minds; even should one think them on the fancy kind!

Some of them were standing in a group, listless as perfectly - as they stood - one, gray about direction with the great hands. I felt when the "fireman" was realized, and I knew one to stay in a little vice I tell you. I, if our army men. Into just in northern side, be height more. Shame one, hence, standing. It pay for such suffering as this. My heart, thankles there for their sympathy.

And I thought them little more, what a "twister" they, terrifying etc. 

McKinley is against, in such. Mr. B. Camp from here there.

If we were, if - just after the man fell back. For at & & off of one. To Horrie's headquarters. To ascertain if there was a probability of a battle complete. They returned at the clock, & re-
parted no fighting expected until morning.

And the Clark memoirs of the day part, there is one pleasant one. A poor woman came time in great clothing, rushed for me alone, as soon as we entered the joint room, she hurried the key from the desk drawer. The kangaroo was after her. Have you got any blue with? Here is William's jacket, which is odd to the best if one could only change this June into a July, we won't have to go back to the army, for I know the Panthres will be here in a matter of that time coming. It almost kills the Clark's to think of going off, leaving now the children starved, little nothing to eat, the soldiers all around, no thinking what little we have. Fortunately I found a bit of meat, and the offiners give me a shelter in the joint room, which can't a whole summer of joy to place in the four running yard for William was waiting for her at the door, and when she shouted him the pleasant formalism his face was transformed to.

Easy mind — then I hear an imploring scream from some fellow's chicken which one poor soldier was taking from the "guzap," and clear away. Betty gave an order. Poor child there tied up in a basket, waiting with the rest of us for the morning shadows. Betty is an important member of our "in- hunting family," and to ensure her safety was about the first thought of the wretches. She was an offision chicky, small while with only one black feather which belonged her crest and so perfect, that when she grew up to hundred, she et-
habitual wonderful prophecies such as travelling up
down the piano Keys, whereas she could make into the piano
and sometimes a golden ring would be left upon the music
of the so much fancied. Of course her prophecies are precious
and marvelously musical; they are 80 alone to Maud, not
or her brother, and their manner was to extol the skill
of the door so cued in succession the line long day. How
much they will hand, it is impossible to predict.

So here we are awaiting with this perfect sight—waiting for a
still more perfect morning. The lower light from the fires
lighting the place, so glows, shines partly in the darkness, re-
vealing groups of soldiers here and there—some asleep on the
earth, some leaning on pines—the trees in a littleness un-
as if life had no longer any substance for them.

Maurer III. Told Mr. G. quietly, that possibly I might not
have leave my house after all—for they were lacking for
other line movement to fell back, and that was why they
could not take their wagons to remove east to town. They hoped
the city would soon be evacuated off by the Confederate troops.

The prospect for "supposing" is not very bright. The only
horses power on the premises was being an old blind
animal, which Davis is the proud forever of, she calls
him by the affectionate name of Bathurst. Every thing that
breath breathes in our family, is honored with a name.
We have found a refuge with kind Mrs. Zack, and an earnest welcome. The furniture was in her arms when I arrived this morning; "said poor woman, have you experienced with your life? and cheer up. I have good news for you. Here is joy to evacuate the city to day; it was decided last night, and such scenes were never heard of before. The soldiers expected them, so they took the precaution to seclude the scenery in the street, that poor people's nerves are gathering up the spirits. It was expected that now would leave to-day, but the order has been countermanded - so report says.

They had barely cleansed, when Robert told, the committee was looking things on the way. The Washington attitude was soon ordered away to another point; the affairs came to hold me good bye. 40 persons went at nothing able to endure ourKindness, so I shall always remember their kindness - sympathize.

The moving was a glad pleasure; only a small day took at a time, 40 miles to go, but we hurried off what we could, by nine o'clock. When mine balls came, I found the joy. So fast, to the shells screaming over the head, I told the servants they must stay no longer. Minutes old-Davis can be heard as if on leg's flight, or motion on two legs for the last time.

Standing among the boats on a large dock,
looking the cloths, I fancied they would be safe, until the storm and the side, so I could get them down. The piano was left, so there was no difficulty. I soon found them, but fortunately, Mr. I. found them. He moved some armymen, not afraid of shells, that brought it over this afternoon. They were gardens of Mrs. Hackberry's, and jugs of pickles obtained for South End, which was not gotten away, and alas, for 90 days and her children! For the sake of hurry, the groceries box was forgotten, as wasFun. Grant, his dog, the same share the fate of all cats. I suppose for where Mr. I. went last this afternoon, not a tiger exists was to be seen, excepting Tiger, who came up to him, bearing his employer, the first time in a sack, and barked in base. No cat was seen so welcomed. While we sat out this morning, I felt somewhat as if was "frogging" myself. Mr. R. Poppy, so I, stood with hands and arms tucked, and auto following me in the rear. A column goes, with his immense head, while he usually kept swinging high, and almost bearing on him, overenabled to come, but found the congestion around him. Poppy had its instinct upon taking a pair of corkscrew bottles standing on my table—but I told him to come minute, there we had enough. I desist. All left me notice that it's really green, but the trees were getting them. But I believe the answer so all looking for this hour, so all the way to town, the silence was
Every sound then broken by loud rifle shots, its two fork, join would not let me take them, pretty blue, cologne bottles! Two anxiety about cologne bottles, when the Shells were flying in every direction, the battle line began just beyond, our home made me laugh, in spite of every thing.

A strong feeling came over me as I passed down the Gravel walk, where I had so often Sammied, the peaceful Summer evenings. But I allowed myself to feel as if leaving those pleasant scenes forever. If such pleasures as such evenings ever to be the entrance gate into the large life of liberty, for which I had expected, of which Clarke married very full of charms, and seems so proud to bravely, led out into the broad shining land of any Country, I would go fearless, casting back no taste of regret longing for what I left behind. Hard for you all the sounds of battle! We have known them today for the past twenty days. We heard the clatter of battle, the sound of battle, when we lived near over falling, falling. A calm voice is reported to night, and there are great rejoicing. "No hour, taken thousands of prayers any amount of artillery, or Colburn Red flags, Ben. McClellan is killed."

The last we do not feel down, for in every engagement, one or more Union officers are always reported killed. The head-draugthus that comes on us, when we hear that it's not one can read, but there who waits as a