Nil desperandum.
George S. Johnston was born on the 16th day of July 1842, in Wynter, near Columbus, Ga., and at the age of 2 years moved to live with his Brown ather, then living in Girard, Ala. His father enlisted in the United States service and went to Mexico-Cuba war, came home and died. After losing his grandfather, brother, father, and uncle, his mother, in company with his sister and grandmother, he removed to Selma, Ala., where he went to school and studied. This track he left Selma and went to Opelika, where the printing office was located. He then removed to Montgomery, where he lived at the time the present war was in progress.

To any one who should accidental get possession of this journal: Do you I would ask to "Pass my little imperfection by" and be as a friend: strictly confidential. If you do remember one.

To your best friends,

George Johnston.

Read the above very carefully.
Hope will depend your life. Love thy neighbor as thyself.

**HOPE**

Always for your doubts... Do unto others as ye would have them do unto you.

Blattner, David 3
Appley, Minnie 8
Belcher, Pat. 14
Coffman, Collie (Loula Sherrill)
Glenmore, Attie, B. Mitchell
Plan: Stevenson's - who came do you to Atlanta? I left you.
Brook - Steps at Hotel - goes to Yarn borough - Chicka belongs to Chick's Battery dead.
Clark, J. W. 2
Clark, W. 13
Crane, Jesse 24
Rachek, J. F. Singers, Medical Staff.

Buchel
Mine to the core of the heart, my beauty, mine. All mine, and for love—not duty.
Love gives willingly, fully, and free love; for love's sake let I love thee,
Duty, a servant keeps the keys.

But love, the master, goes in out of his goodly chambers, earth and sky, just as the pleader, just as the peer.

Love from the deep heart's crown, bright golden.
To the silent foot that scarce beholds, give a warm heart to a friend—a smile, like a generous lady, now and as always.

But in the sanctuary heart—that more one wing keeps motion of holiness—forever.
The crown in the star-airs may watch the door, the high-priest only enters in.

Mine, my own, without doubt or terror:
With all thy goodness, all thy errors,
Unto me, and to me alone, revealed—
Fond spring, shut up—a fountain sealed.

Many may praise thee—praise mine as thine,
Many may like thee—I'll like them too;
But thy heart, thy heart, pure faith, pure trust, just true,
Must be mine, mine only, forever, mine.

Some souls love all things but their love of beauty,
And by that love they are redeemed. O daily blest those days,
In such an easy task from the fond heart
To black affection out sounding.
They saw who tell us love can die. With life all other passions fly. All others are but vanity. In heaven ambition cannot dwell. For, as we are in the vault of hell,Earthly these passions of the earth. They finish where they have their birth,But love is indestructible.
Visiting Mr. 21
Vickery 6 W. 21
Pullig No. 21
1856

W. D. Hamilton

Nedro Horse 46
" 1 " Briggys
" 21 " HAB
" 24 " " 3 10 9 11
" 31 " " 2 4 10 0

The violet—loves a sunny bank,
The cornlip—loves the tear,
The scarlet—creep—loves the elm;
But I love—thine.

2 The sunshine kisses mountain and vale,
The stars—they kiss the sea,
The west—winds kiss the clover bloom;
But I kiss—thine.

3 The oriole—weed his motled mate,
The lily's bride, o' the bee,
Heaven's marriage—ring around the earth;
Shall I wed—thine?
1884 G. L. Hamilton 104

Dec 1 57 4/6 Shrdgy 387
24 Novr 575
24 Decr 1873 511
Dec 14 1863, after a severe engagement near the skirmish at Bean Station, it was so very cold that I scarcely could stand but succeeded in firing a few times when I was wounded. The ball passing through the right foot fracturing the miretal bone. I hobbled off of the field and had my wound dressed by a Surgeon in the 115th N.C. when I was carried to the base of a good southern man by the name of Johnson. I tried to claim him but succeeded not as far as good friendship. From his house I was sent to Rogersville twenty miles where I was put in a hospital in a few days I was sent by hospital on the Slate Line and at night was sent to Emory and Henry College and furloughed for forty days and started home, stayed all day in Petersburg Va and left for Meldon that night. In Petersburg I dressed this foot I was nearly gaged and feseted besides nothing transpired unusually along the route. Meldon I didn’t see as I passed through the night. Raleigh is a considerable lot Columbia is a beautiful city and I was well pleased. No travel took verse nor and more money found his waterboard, twenty miles from Hampton on the South Carolina side of Augusta where we had to make it same very mean killing.
Augusta is situated on the Georgia side of the mouth of the stream Savannah. On the South Carolina side is Hamburg an it passed through it was very near being submerged the river was rising very fast and a great many of the houses were washed away and I saw a poor checked "solitary and alone" sitting like a monarch on a dry goods box. The walks that I took before I came to this town Hamburg was very fatiqueing and more it not for the kind attention of some strangers it never could have made the trip. Dean for the first time a paper mill and a large beer factory the latter bring to me most intresting but I didn't get any beer so I like the fox, thought it was some one reached the banks of the river and was carried through. To the river I saw two poor devils take a "set-to" and one was knocked into the river and that quinted him for a while. Poor wretch why had better be in the army if they want to fight. The river was very high almost over the bridge and making out the crofts lies in the railroad bridge I met a lady she had my knapsack carried to the "Wagon Wheel" Home, my wound is very painful and
But I was coming home and that buoyed me up. I had over in Augusta all day and was pleased at night to be left for Atlanta where we arrived next morning at 5 o'clock in the night and then I went back to my evening at home. What a relief it was for me to again meet with the people I love best there. So I envied Jesus. And may I be sure that he may never be separated from them. My mouth bitter to serve as doing well, but it fruition out again and oh, what a day. What pain what arising. May I never pass through it again. My joy, though bring out, it reportable to Columbus for one extensive which was granted to me on

Sixty stage, I made to Montgomery where I met a great many friends and one especially who made me in the city, one of the moments I forgot that I was wounded. No one knew. Father give her care and I of prosperity. Two months and I again went home and after a while, I started to see my Aunt Julian Rojasmore in Bourbon County. When I left it was raining very hard and continued so the entire journey. After getting to Columbus, I laid over all night with Mr. Rojas who treated me very kindly. Next morning I started down the river on the steamer Jackson and was
pleased with my intentions to go to Cuba, but the clerk told me I had better get off at Nibbe's Landing which is nearer as no stage left Cuba on Saturday night. After walking about several miles I found myself at my cousin's Eliza Ropermore, who was in service, I was well treated and gladly received by his wife, Lucretia Mathilda. Her sisters, Harriet and Caroline, were splendid ornaments. Next morning I drove over to Austin's and no one knew me. It's hard to think twelve years has passed since I have been on this same ground. What a long number of years. Once fraught with bitter

left three other again in which the Silver Bow of promise was seen. No tidy. Uncle and cousins were all in good health and was very glad to see me, after I made myself known, Uncle Zack gave me a horse to ride but nothing unusual happened for the first few days except that some dogs got among the sheep, while Uncle Zack and myself were in the plantation, and succeeded in killing eleven. A few days I and cousin Eliza went to see a negro tried for attempting to commit rape upon a handsome young widow, Mrs. Albert. Vote was taken by the citizens whether he should be hung or severely punished. It was
decided that he should be severely whipped, his ear cut off and he be sent away from the community. The committee appointed proceeded to administer this whipping and succeeded in giving him five hundred lashes and took off his ear when he was pronounced badly whipped and his master, Mr. Peace, carried him home. From this scene we hurried down to Cooma Bettis where we took dinner and then went over to Cousin Mattie's. Next morning I and cousin John started for Clapton this country seat of Barrow Co. We went by Bandalow and stopped long enough for me to have my hair cut. We went on until 12 o'clock when we stopped to eat dinner and rest. Our horse showed some symptoms of being sick but we went on and at 5 o'clock entered Clapton, a beautiful little village, and showed signs of once being very prosperous. On first entering the town I was struck by the dilapidated appearance of everything. Wess had stagnated, business very quiet. Every thing we went through to my Cousin's Mrs. Wood's where I got acquainted with some of her lady friends. She didn't know me at first but as soon as I made myself known she was very glad to see me. Next morning I drove her out to
his mother-in-law, where I got acquainted with the entire family and in a few hours we returned home. After dinner I and John went up town. He made me acquainted with Mrs. Bannow, who carried us around to see the fair dances in town. I felt a great interest in them. My brother was killed in a forest fire of one at the Monsey (Potter?) Chigaramuga. But I did not dare to visit it for fear of tearing down grief. We went out West, Minnesota. She played on the piano for me and she is an excellent person.

After an hour of pleasant talk I took my departure. Saturday we went to a pic-nic and I told the above described going.t ladies. Nothing transpired to make us pleasurable until we came to within five miles of Fort Border when my cousin Horse became very sick and we had to stop. Capt. Swan, chief of the party, went forward to reconnoiter and I stood with the ladies and John with the horses. In about an hour or more the captain returned with the announcement that there was no picnic, but we could go over to Mr. Wilson's and have a "good time" as there was a party of ladies visiting him. My cousin procured a horse and we started. We got over safely and found a good many handsome faces. We made ourselves agreeable as possible.
with music, cards &c. A negro came in and made the announce that the horse was dead. Noble animals may you rest in peace with the prayer of all. My cousin after some exertions procured a mule and we started home feeling mortified and that the horse was dead, as many as a marriage bell. "We got into Clayton after dark and what a sweet compliment! I received from the lips of my lady for the dog's enjoyment! May she live forever and be as sweet as now is my sincere wish. Sunday morning we had an excellent sermon at the Methodist church from Mr. Whitson who preached from Psalm 19 verse 3, and my heart truly was there. Nothing occurred of interest during the day except I saw Miss Abie in the evening and went to church that night we set in the parlor till Monday morning very near it. Monday was dull. Tuesday night I made an impromptu call at Miss Smith's not home. Her sister made a visit agreeable but still there was an "aching void." Nothing doing during the day time except to play billiards which I tried and was badly beaten. Wednesday night we got some girls and went to Mrs. Scream's and a little social party. I carry a young lady but went home with another. As my cousin wish to go with Miss Smith..."
took his place with Miss McNeil
sent to us yesterday and to-day.
went home after telling everyone good-bye and leaving our hearts behind. We got to Enufoalo in the evening and I went before the board for an extension of my furlough but didn't get it. I always will remember Dr. Baker how close he was and how everybody says. We got home in a few hours and found all well but glowing for me how heard that Andresson's cousin James was wounded and lost his leg. God grant that he may live. I feel very gloomy myself for in a few days I must go to Columbus to the Hospital because of the capriciousness of those set over us. Nothing of interest has occurred since except yesterday when myself took a couple of horses and went over to see cousin Bettie's plantation. Found them "all a-setting" and after staying a while started back just as we got home we met the carriage coming from Enufoalo with cousin Bettie who in a few days will go to the army to see her husband.

May 19th, Sunday morning wrote upon us a new handwriting so beautiful! A 9d rises in all his splendor and as I in the enthusiasm of the moment rushed to the window, to listen to the gay exciting of the feathered songster, I could not refrain from returning silent thanks to the One
Thor of such goodness. How is dif
ferent it to day from the other six the
days of toil and worldly strife! A holy
quiet fills the world; the air is heavy with
repose; the singing of birds, the crowing of
cocks, alone break the silence of the
pattake morning. The only labor performed
in the milkings of cows, the regulating of the
farm, the preparations for church, the
inhabitants of the county arise late
and luxuriate in the leisure which
they enjoy but once a week. Youth
and Maidsen saunter about the or-
chard and fields, on reach pleasant
volumes, sitting upon the sofr
grape under cool shadowy boughs
seek out retired places, where
they can pursue silent sport,
unseen by curious parents; old
men read ponderous Bibles in
drawers or under porches; and
the maids, with finer feet than
usual, provide the breakfast,
clear away the table, and pre-
pare the children for church
And Sunday has past and another week
whirled in. Miqer so improves it as to look
back upon it, when it is numbered with
the past, with pleasure. After a delightful
baste in the Lonices I myself and cousin
How went to see his Uncle John and
I got acquainted with several nice
ladies after we got home my
cousin left me to go to infaral
with his Distir who left us this
morning to go to Atlanta. It rained
a little last night but not enough
for we are needing rain very
bad. At 12 o'clock Monday night I was
"wrote up" and found the stage waiting
for me and after bidding all good
bye started to Silver Run, to take the
car, which point I reached, in company
with some very interesting ladies, early
in the morning. We passed on our route
Blennerhassett and Williamsburg, both nice
looking little villages. At Silver Run
a nice depot, me took the car and soon
"steaming to Columbus," which
place was made by 10 o'clock P.M. I
immediately went to see McDougall, the
surgeon in charge of Lee's Hospital and
told him that I wanted to report in the Hos-
pital, which I did in a hour. The
magnitude of interest, except, that Johnston
has fallen back, Tuesday, morning, if I am
in good luck this morning I will start home.
I wish for the "heavenly days of boyhood when
I think to do, twenty-two years ago,
I was some time schooly in his flight.
flies by and we look upon the past
as but a day of dreams. God grant that
this year may prove a bright one in
my history. I pray that one I see another
birth day, that peace, glorious, honorable
peace, may hovers over us and crashed
this cruel war and may we again return
to days of prosperity. I succeeded in getting
home and went before the board at-
Auburn and got a furlough for
Thirty days. It made me feel "mighty
good." My friends were glad to see me
and spent the evening very agreeable.
went to the cars and a great many agreed
faces and went home with a fascinating
girl, who pumped me day of everything I
have done in the last month. Thursday
I spent the morning very agreeable at
Mag. Williams listening to "Blind Tom" a
song, who performs so well on the
plane. He would play anything you asked him and made several imitations on different subjects which were highly amusing from present appearance I will spend the rest of the day—sleeping—but I hope not criminy. Try not to think of a man who knew the tranquility of Thursday evening (visited some ladies on a very agreeable entertainments and after tea I recollect nothing till Friday morning.) Friday morning I went out in the country and had an agreeable time, and came back in the evening. Time enough to call on some lady friends. Had an agreeable time went with them to prayer meeting at the Baptist Church. After tea I called on one of the same ones and spent an elegant evening not home in times to escape a good raining, went to bed and by the flash of lightning and the soothing patterning drops of rain Saturday found me on the train en route for Montgomery. Nothing occurred unusual on the route for I was very much asleep. I was leaving loved ones behind and knew not when I should return. God grant that I may have a prosperous journey and return safely to those I love best. Arrived at Montgomery at 3 when it commenced raining very hard. I succeeded in getting to the Hall safely and not met much. Found uncle, "all a sitting" Went to Armsby's folks and was well. He had a little baby that was found on the street some days ago and not by him adopted. Inspection home next morning quick. Thoroughly disagreeable with that town. Nothing on route much according. If it was Sunday, Monday, the dawn of
another week found me slightly indisposed. Nothing occurred unexcitingly, locally, except the usual routine of serving the public. From the army wars is calculated to “sicken the folks”. Sherman has gone back closer to Atlanta and the citizens are “sick”. Citizens here are dreading as said. But God forbid. Liberator is very still nothing transpires to break the still spell that hangs over it except the healing star of my destiny. I had fly for comfort, and could “bask in its sunshine” of her smiles forever. For the past few days I have been at work but have nothing to do but read. Sunday July 17 was a day of excitement for it was rumored that the Yankee raiders were advancing on the H.M.P.R. at Jackson. In the houses the day was busy. The mail for voted was “hastened”. Telegraphic communication was all at once quiet. I was told there was to be a meeting of the public to consider all preparations to be ready for “considering” at work. I went to Col. Cole, who immediately ordered all preparations to be made to meet them. I went to make “ready” the cars with government stores where the enemy left, and we put the stuff back in the houses. The day was busy at work for “considerations”. Monday evening I went again to the meeting and found the ever
my four miles from Opelika, tearing up the rail road, I succeeded in capturing two suspicious looking men and got home at daylight. After taking a “nap” on the streets I went home and went to sleep, about an hour after. Afterwards my grandmother notified me up with the announcement that the Yankees were coming. I got up and put out for town where everything was “biling over.” After getting around to see my best friends I point down town and was “grabbed” and in a few moments I was paroled by a few Yankee soldiers. Commanding officer the following were dirty muggers tricking soldiers from every State in the Union. They located the citizens well and give them plenty to eat. They visited all the houses and when they wanted anything to eat.

They got it. They burned the depot shed, express office, ticket office and baggage rooms. 19 & 2 cars loaded hides 1 of leather 1 of nails and tools and gave to the citizens 16 hogsheads of sugar, 6,000 lbs of meat, sold and flour and left in the evening A.M. Our cavalry was right behind them and some fighting took place. They tore up the railroad from Columbus to Miles above Opelika, each way and destroyed the telegraph lines and all government and railroad works on the line. Private property was respected and they behaved very politely and didn’t act like Yankees at all. From this place they put out as hard as they could for Columbia. As I captured them after they left and got a lot of ammunition. Since then excitement has raised again.
The account of reports of another said
but at present all is quiet. Yesterday,
I went to Salem to see my aunt. And
the excited but quieted her after staying
fall night came home next day found
"all serene." This balance of this week
was dull all the talk was "Yankees." On
Sunday I went to the E Church
Church and in the evening went to the
E Church and afterward to the E
Church and some young ladies
which I had a nice walk
with my "best friend" and after seeing
her home I did the same. After
Tea I walked on Mr. The other D
was agreeably entertained till
bedtime where I again retreated to
my hotel. Monday I went to duty with
Mr. Palmer P.O, of the Post, as issuing
officer of the commissary department.
I
found him to be a gentleman in very
respectable view for - The week has passed dull and more it not
for the sweet moments that I spend
with my friend. I'd go crazy. An order
has been issued to procure parties to go about
in town I had to show my "papers" and more
pronounced illegal. It was a furlough
from the Auburn Hospital. The Marshal
took it away from me and said I
should have one from the command
of the field in the army. It is those
unimaginative and ill-led officers
who are entirely ignorant of all of
battle since the authority by
sending crippled and sick men to
the front. I hope the war may end soon
that we all may be equal. Tuesday brought
upon us as a glorious hot day. Nothing
transpired thru the day universal
The mail proves heavy and I am at most dead. I must go to the front and am not for the many endorsements that I have behind I could go cheerfully for I know it is my duty. I hope and pray that the time may soon come when all can stay at home like freemens. Oh! it will grieve one to death to put poor best friends in danger. But our heart is too big for the destiny of many known but. Thank heaven my journey has been postponed and I'll be able to stay at home. I would like to have gone first-rate but oh! I have the best friends in the world who was deeply grieved and for her sake I'd lose my life and forego every journey. Sunday morning is here again. Glorious day of setting this race be fraught with happiness. I attended church with my best friends. preacher just started his sermon when some cavalry came along and we postponed services because all wished to see the soldiers. Glorious methodists. I went home with my excellent friend Mollie C. and had a first-rate dinner. Afterwards went home and took a "nap." Went to church with my good friend Emma and was disappointed. Did you even desire anything that you thought was certainly in your grasp and then found it was gone, did you ever wish to see a clear friend and knew where they could be found and then from some unforeseen circumstance they was absent. If you have them you have had a slight idea
of my feelings. Monday morning found me half sick, tired and more out for last night's journies. I am sleepless and why? Because my best friend was sick and I the cause of it! It filled me with anguish but they are all have troubles and why must be permitted to pass. These fields of pure happiness I went down to Auburn and reported to Dr. Bryant, as a patient for treatment, my wound being not yet healed. I was well pleased with everything except my face. But it is all right I suppose. Tuesday found me very gloomy for I am away from home and my star and oh! what feelings what gloom. I hope she is well. If I only knew that she was able to go down to Mother's. I'd be a little easy. I dreamed of her last night and oh! how beautiful, how sweet she looked, and what a sweet smile she gave me when I woke. To my amazement I was dreaming. This cruel fancy why torment a person. It has been raining all night and yesterday evening I hope I got permission to go home to-day for an right "home-sick". The Lord knows what I'll do when I have to go back to the army. Well I was right lucky the Dr. gave me 24 hrs leave ticket and I walked home and to my satisfaction I found the groom was convalescent. What a thrill of joy, what delight and pleasure did I receive the news. But I did not see her and I am doomed to go back without one smile or sweet word to comfort me, but I will see her ere the week is recorded.
within the past, I hope, I visited several of my friends, was agreeably entertained and go back "pining." Another day set in hot and sultry and finds me on the road to the Hospital at Rushville in the stead, interesting and to fill out the day I will describe the spot from where I am at present writing. Life in the chamber of an invalid who wants to listen to its details? They can interest me one - reason the invalid himself. Mainly in a daily routine of trifling acts and consequent reflections - a monotonous broken, however, at intervals, by short visits to the life-giving presence of the being I loved. At such moments I was no longer near my spirit escaped from its death-like torpor; and for the time I thought I saw in Elysium. But these scenes were but few while the intervals between them seemed year - long years - so long I fancied them doubled. But I am wandering from the Hospital scenes I were to describe. I will not go into a general description for space is precious and of course the future descendant will like a fancy description & to the best of my ability I'll give it as such. The room I occupy is very small, accommodates not more than one hundred and fifty but notwithstanding the obstruction of the mosquito bar, I could see that it was furnished with Taste and elegance. The furniture was light - mostly pine - and the floor was covered with a matting of tobacco, finely woven and stained into various colors by amber. The windows were garnished with curtains of silks damask and staining made out of wood, corresponding to the color of the wood-work. A table richly inlaid stood near one of
the windows, to hold grub, wine, with portfolios, pens, and ornamental in-
estands, stood in the corner. A handsome lot of bottles, and other trash adorned
the mantels, and in the fireplaces were small and elegant bricks, cast
after a fanciful device, and richly
chased, with gilt. Of course, there is no
fire this season of the year. Even the
heat caused by the mosquito bar would
have been annoying, but that the large
door on one side, and the window on
the other, both standing open, gave pas-
sage to the breeze that penetrated thro'
the netting of my couch. Along with
this breeze came the most delicious
fragrances—the essence of dead horse
the scene before my window is not one
of still life. Over the way I can see
the lofty spire of a noble old church
bidding us to think of Him who is above.
Although the foliage hindered me from a
full view of the street below, I see skims-
vals the people passing along. Now and
then a galloping past, or a soldier—I don't
know which. Now and then a carriage
roles by, and I catch a glimpse of ladies
in their gay summer dresses. I hear
their clear ringing laughter, as melodious
as the pissing sound. I know they
are on their way to some gay festival
scene, or mission of mercy. God bless
our noble women. The Travelers upon
the roads—the laborers in your distant fields—are all before my eyes, emblem of active
life. Mourn still are the magpie creatures
that live and move around my window
the mocking bird pipes from the top of
the tallest tree, and each other seem to vie with
him in the sweetness of their song. And then
my happiness be complete, Earth itself
has no fairer scene than this. A very love
morsel it appeared!

Nor was it unoccupied by lovers; for two
pretty doves-birds emblematic of the ten-
der passion set beside by side upon the
bough of the oak, their azure throats swelling
at intervals with soft-answering notes. Oh,
how I envied those little creatures! How
I should have rejoiced in a destiny like
theirs! Thus mated and happy amongst
bright-flowers and sweet perfumes, loving
the live-long day-loving through all their
lives! They deemed me an intruder and
crose on whining wings at my approach.
Perchance they feared me. They had no
need; I had no intention of harming them.
For was it from my heart to spoil their
perfect bliss. I followed to watch these
pretty creatures—the types of gentleness
and loved flying one on the grass, and gazed upon them, tenderly kissing and caressing. I envied their delight. They did not fear one—else this flight would have been more distant. They only flitted to the next trees; and there again, seated side by side, resumed their love conversation, blend in mutual fondness, they had already forgotten my presence. My nerves, that for days has been dancing with more than ordinary excitement, were now quaking in nature, and I felt weary. There was a drowsiness in the air—a narcotic influence produced by the combined action of the sun's rays and the perfume of the woods. It acted upon my spirit; and I fell asleep. I slept about an hour, but it was a sleep of dreams, and during that short period I passed this may scenes. Many a visionary tableau appeared before the eye of my slumbering soul; and then melted away, there were more or less characters in each; but in all of them one was constant, well defined in form and features. It was Etta. I got back safely, in time, to hear the sonorous sounds of the bell announcing supper. We hardly got through before the heaviest gust of wind I ever experienced came up, accompanied with rain. The latter still continues yet excitement prevails in town because of an expected rumored raid by the Yanks. Hope it is false for if they come again we are ruined. If it will only quit raining and I can get a pass tomorrow, I would be happy for then I would see home certain and I pray to see
there well. The excitement in regard to the raising continued all night, but the boys are quiet this morning. The sun bursts forth in all his glory and seems determined, by his brightness, to eclipse all other things, in beauty and grandeur. Such a lovely day for my visit I hope I may prove successful in getting a pass. Contrary to orders I went home and had a most excellent dinner after which I visited my best friend and soon had the pleasure of meeting a friend I spent the evening agreeably and only wished that it was longer. But too much bliss becomes insupportable. Early next morning I started to Auburn just as the sun was rising and as he threw his rays across the green woods it made the dew glisten like jewels. The birds seem to welcome day with new delight and as I caught their sweet strains in my ears it made me happy. But one instance occurred on the road north recording a negro, who had a wagon, was going to North Carolina. He consented for 35$. They got in and he drove on till he got into the wagon train that I was in. The soldiers told the wagoner of his exorbitant price and made the soldiers get in and then ran over the negro’s cart and made a smash of it. His horse barely escaped with his life. A terrible but just punishment for his speculation. We arrived in Auburn in time for “Dunham’s Call.” Nothing to vary the way day scene occurred. And I passed on many and long Saturday, the last day of a long week to me, has come and I went—before the “board” for a furlough. I was received kindly and passed elegant and now I am discontented waiting for its final
down which will be at least a week. Now, man there are an insatiable beast. Never satisfied. Were you to secure the wealth of a world, you would explain it for more. And I am the same. for seven months in furlough and because I am in the Hospital one week, I am dissatisfied and mad because it will take another to seal my fate—meal or not. How happy I would be if I get only 30 days for that short period I would live in smiles and be in regions of pure bliss. But how simple. Why should I let simple castles be built in my brain. Why should I not consider the storms for time—what a life I have to battle this. I will quit it and at presentness be buried in the past. Another rain has come up and the earth looks green and the birds swing sweet anthems of praise. How refreshing every thing looks after a good rain—how sweet the woods smell how delicious the bright drops hangs upon the boughs glistening in the sun like diamonds yet in spite of all this pleasure I am discontented. My brain is weary and no matter where I go I am not satisfied. Why cannot I be contented, I see men around me enjoying themselves and are happy. Have they no friends, no home, no relatives, no loved one to study about or have they neutralized these desires for home. I wish I knew the secret of happiness for I would pursue it assidiously. It is near sunset, the fiery disc is going down behind the dark outline of forest that belts the western horizon. Promenading back and forward I was gazing upon the scene wrought up
in admiration of its glowing beauty. My reverie was interrupted. The sound of bells called me to the scene of action. Another night has passed. When I note to consciousness it was day. A bright sun was pouring his yellow light across the floor of my chamber, and from the diagonal slanting of the beam I could perceive that it was early in the morning. In my glowing description of this Hospital I forgot my couch and in the same language I must describe it. It is a low couch of elegant construction without curtains or imitation of rosewood richly carved with elegant devices and at the head I have these beautiful lines "George Johnston, Private, C. 60th Inf. Velorus Volunteers - Aug 2nd 1864. Instead of curtains a mosquito netting spreads its gauzy meshes above and around me. The snow-white color and fineness of the linen, the silken gloss of the counterpane, all of these things were soft yielding mattresses beneath invested to me the knowledge that I lay upon a luxurious bed. But for its extreme elegance and fineness I might not have noticed this; for I am in a sense of bodily pain, the bite of a bedbug. I hope this fancy description will aid the eye of the fastidious and the more curious can get a true description by applying to me. This last night was one of sweet dreams and oh! if such happiness could only be realized if I could only tread those flowery fields of delight forever would I be happy? And no such pleasure should only be visionary. But why is it that every dream and character should be so inconstantly found even amid all the confusion? For ever
now, there is an impression on my mind of having beheld amid this confusion of a face of extraordinary beauty—the face of a lovely girl! Something angelic it seemed; but whether it had been a real face that I had seen, or only the vision of a dream, I could not now tell. And yet its lineaments were still before me, so plainly visible to the eye of my mind, so clearly outlined, that, had I been an artist, I could have portrayed them! The face alone I could remember—nothing else. I remember it as the opium eater in his dream, or as one remembers a beautiful face seen during an hour of intoxication, when all else is forgotten! Strange to say, I could only associate it with dreams with one. Again at home—but for a few hours only, and wish they were years! I was fortunate enough to procure a conveyance and get along finely. I hope I may be lucky enough this evening to get back without tempting it. In the evening I picture the scene of pleasure—but stop! I will not air-castles. The evening was dull for my brightest anticipation was nervous in the bud. I hastened home, or rather to the hospital, at which point I arrived, after a dull ride with an 'old sore-head,' just as the sun was setting in a glory of dissipating clouds—purple, gold, pinks, blue, orange, and grey—and finally disappear, leaving a myriads of faint shooting rays, pointing upward like giant fingers, and then watched the 'Crescent in the sky' as she rose in all her tender beauty, Oh! glorious nature, who can help but love thee? After tea I sat close by two men who were relating their experiences on the sea and then I could not help but think...
of the great sea of life, with its restless tides, how it has fretted the sand beneath your feet, now advancing now retreating ever gaining upon you—give it up. Turn your back upon the deceitful glitter, do not heed its strange fascination—seek the higher ground—leave the mighty sea, it brings you no good. Here! What! Stretch out your creased arms to stem that tide? Around the safer and humbler hills which border these glorious waters, hide yourself among them; these waters are not for you—fold your arms, "stand and wait." Thus I revered till wearied and disgusted with life. I retired to a restless couch to sleep no, but to think of the dark future with its long train of incidents until covered with fatigue. I slept not; to rest but to toil about to jump from hideous monsters that visited me from the dream-land. My life is one of no trouble, but still I wander unhappy, miserable and discontented, overshadowed by a dark cloud from which occasionally the bright morn of happiness breaks forth and allows me to revel in pleasure for a few short moments and then I relapse into my former misery, for I am banished from paradise. And to make me feel more miserable it has commenced to rain—every day for nearly a week has the same thing been repeated—Not a luminous, winter drizzle, but a great splashing, soundless, unceasing pour. The grass in the misty light, long dark and briny, the little trees tremble, and dishes off the heavy drops; little streams form themselves at the side of the tracks and run along like tiny rivers. And this it rains. And it has quit raining for a while, but everything denotes a speedy reaction. I am unusually dull to-day. Party from a distressing
Appointment yesterday. The absence of my only friends and the rain all combine to make me miserable. I cannot associate with anyone to participate in their coarse jokes and gags, and I have no amusement but my “Diary” and “Prayer book,” and an occasional scramble into the woods seeking some shady nook in which to pass the hour, and seated on a log or on the smooth turf, I give myself up to thought and this time passes, near and long. Well, I have a grand time when my furlough comes—’tis approved. This evening I had the pleasure of grasping the hand of my good friend, Dr. White, if Dr. Bryant had been present to give me a pass I could have had a nice ride to Opelika, it has commenced to rain again and I suppose it will continue all night, but I will go up in the morning.

I hope, My friends has returned heavy laden with edibles and now we sit eagerly to get in our snug corners enjoying ourselves munching peaches, even the soft blush of a peach reminds one of something far more lovely. Twice balloned in that beautiful dawn of love when the maiden's cheek still blushes at the conscious sweetness of her own innocent thoughts. This morning I started home and stopped on the road at a nice old lawyer’s house, who filled up my haversack, or rather promised to. I arrived at home in time to get a good dinner, this which I went to see a friend who made me very happy for a few short moments. It rained very hard this evening. I found on my getting home last night, my uncle from Montgomery. I was glad to see him and he was and am sorry his stay is short as he leaves to day; a very pleasant time.
that morning with some nice young ladies, and the "fairest—maidens" etc., and "the finest friends" was also present and who could despise another awful rain accompanied with wind, which found me sitting cozily by a "dark-eyed beauty" listening to her melodious voice as it rang out in the true pleasure. These two days past I have been happy, forget that I was living. After the rain was over I started to Auburn, on foot and found plenty of wind, but everything seemed to rejoice in the rain falling. Nature looked lovely in her bright dyes of green and the chirping of the leaf-some little birds, hopping gracefully from spray to spray, and the impassioned song of the monstrous mocking

bird, as creeping though the air, sprawled forth his mysterious melos—full appeared in beautiful herself with nature's noble panorama.

I stopped at the house of the lady who had my haversack staid about two hours. She was agreeably entertained by her fair daughter, and left with a full haversack for home which point I made lile after dark had a sound night's rest and woke next morning to go to the same old dull routine of monotonous school life. "Yet evening I mustered courage enough to go visiting. Was treated kindly at some very near getting a huge wetting.

Rain has become so common that it has lost its beauty and I no longer enjoy sitting at the window, viewing it as it came flashing...
Another morning breaks upon us, a pitiless nature can make. I started for Opelika the roads are very muddy scarcely possible for best passengers. A great many wagons were passing all going the wrong way. I met a negro with a buggy who gave me a ride. When arrived at home found all were well. Morning exercises causes my head ache violently, but "there is a charm to dispel the gloom and cure the pain." I shall see it this evening.

When our highest anticipations are blasted then our hearts, rebounding with hope is paralyzed with despair. When our fondest and most idolized dream is wrecked in the bud, then in this frenzied evening a man's life is bitter. Thus it was with us. We who were rebounding with joy and we imagined in our hearts bright pictures of a pleasant interview with some splendid friends. I was disappointed, age, bitterly. For the words were madelight was absent and for a period, that seemed a century, they were banished from their presence. Oh! misfortune. Now out my devoted handmaid.

After meeting with this disappointment I immediately returned to Auburn as Opelika possessed some charms for me. I was fortunate enough to meet a conveyance and by five was in bed, suffering severely from a severe headache. The whole place looked dreary and miserable. Nothing occurred on my trip, except that I saw, for the first time, a drunk man! I could help but pity him. No more, no sorrow, nothing interesting and to make things more miserable, it has been drizzling all night, and still continues.
My only amusement, 'Diary' fails to
drive away my melancholy and
I shut it up in despair and give
myself up to thought. Sometimes I again
started to Obelias, not to enjoy myself, but
to wander, yes, yes, that place what happily
came a person have in staying in
one place, sitting down quietly and let
the volume of thought roll before you like
on panama, recalling scenes enacted
so long past that they had been forgotten.
Things it is delightful to wander, I feel
as if I could travel for weeks and then
my restless spirit would cry go on, go
on. I got home, and found the same faces
and same scenes and had a nice
conversation with the "dark-eyed
belle of Geneva" and a nice bit of a
ramble and then retired, with a
heart bursting for more excite-
ment. The sun has set in all his glory
and I can help but think of that but a few
days past, I could have enjoyed its
beauty. My lonely scene now is a thunder
storm age, a terrible one where the
"strongest oak will be rended and
waves stranded." Further make re-
called with the past. What a week of blood
shed, death, and a thousand other excitiments
that causes us to look upon the past with
pain and pleasure. It has been an awful
week, partly to me, for I am alone, I can
visit home, but what happiness is there in
that, my friend, my happiness has disappeared
and more it not for too good friends.
Monday is a lovely day and I have not
improved at all bit. The same bustle and
activity is seen on the streets, people
charging men travelling all show that
we have no regard for the Sabbath, No
day ever opened with a fair morning. I started home at noon and on my way I studied "the sky." Not a cloud flickered the azure dome, and the sun coursed onwards through the blue sea until nearly 3, without turning to the earth in single shadow. Then, low in the west, appeared something obscure and hazy, blending the hill tops with the horizon. An hour later, and three or four small, fleecy islands were seen, clearly outlined in the aly ocean, and slowly as centing avuant couriers of a coming storm, following these were mountain peaks, snow capped and ragged, with desolate valleys between. Then, over all this, like a sudden shadow, fell a sudden shadow. The white tops of the cloudy hills lost their clear, gleaming outlines, and the slumbering stillness. The atmosphere was in motion, and a white cloud began to drive across the heavy, dark masses of clouds that lay far back against the sky, in mountain-like spaces. How grandly now began the onward march of the tempest, which had already invaded the sun's domain, and shrouded his face in the smoke of approaching battle. Dark and heavy, it lay long along more than half the visible horizon, while its crown invaded the zenith. Yet all was silence and portentions gloomy. Nature seemed to pause and hold her breath in deep anticipation. Then came a muffled, ring sound, as of far distant artillery, which died away into an oppressive stillness. Suddenly, from zenith to horizon, the cloud was cut by a keen, lightning-instant visible. Following this, a heavy thunder peal shook the solid earth and rattled in booming echoes along the hill sides and crowdly conversed. At last the storm came down on the mind.
String pinions, swooping freely to the earth, like sparkling, made one for awhile, think, that I will meet. A friendly voice spoke to me; I was not angered, as if I was in another land among fairies. I was always pointed in meeting my other friend, but, there one will meet. On my way back I stopped at the home over the ocean; sky, and without a single glance of a friend, to seek shelter from the storm, and was kindly received, and on my departure presented to a haversack of good things. God bless the ladies, and bring him glorious, and went upward in his drink up every bright clear drop that welcomed him with a flash of joy. The branches shone through the hives of bees, and the bees in the gentle breeze his presence has called. I spent the evening with the illness. I went for it to dally amid their foliage and sport, home to dream, get to sleep. I wish I could shake off with the flowers; and every green thing put on this charm that bounds me like a monster, but only a freshen beauty in delight at his relation, while front the shapes of the trees from tree to tree, next up the melody of birds, oh! delightful nature who can rival my charms. My visit was fraught with but little delight to me, for I saw but one friend, but oh! she is a good one, we had a enemy time, indeed, and her bright smiling face, and many
studying the faces of the new coming. The day passed and after tea and a friend took a stroll into the suburbs of the town and I thought we found a "little silvery brook," where we loved our limbs in its clear silvery waves. It was a lovely night. The moon was in all her regal glory and the stars seemed to out-vie each other in brilliancy. And to think that, perhaps, on some "battle field, they are gazing mournfully upon the dead and dying, and then again upon the home, where once all was happiness now "wearying" war mars, then ask a gracious curse intended by devils to obliterate mankind. On my arrival at Deepbrook another friend, who wished to spend some weeks and we went our. Could I but help think of my absent darling, where was she to-night, was she safe, was the thinking of me, Oh cruel fate why has it parted us, the very thought of it made everything look gloomy. We got back to home when we first stopped, and me this proceeded up to the corn, where we heard some good music and continuing our walk till finally we again started home and then parted, to sleep. It would make me happy to know that winter was well, if I could only hear one word well my joy would be unbounded. Morning came, a beautiful bright morning. Grand and glorious. The bright, the morning light. Where I beheld them. They were just shaking from their shoulders the shadows of night, as the regenerated souls arise from its night of error and peace seemed smitten from above. All I love the morning's fresh, young sun, its light and its dewdrops, and as I watch from my window the shadows softly part and fade away, the sun burst forth and kiss the tree-tops and light up the bright little valley, that smiles like a demesne in the face of nature, where bright mornings are beautiful. Then very brilliantly. Luminous ones. I thought this morning particularly so it seemed typical of the dawning of heaven.
the shadows of this mortal life pass away,
and the ball starlight melts into perfect day
To break the monotony of this still life I went
to Oke to hear, if I could, something from the army
I was fortunate enough to procure conveyance,
and the evening found me among my friends
After tea, I called on my best friend who had come
In the late, there was such a crowd, I did not see how I
Was forced to go back wishing I am sick and
Weary. No more of life, or of this beautiful world,
for I love them, and think that heaven cannot
Dearly be more beautiful, but I am now
Until death, I must rest a reason, and shall
Wake up to nothing of life, and never grow
Weary again. I only want to have a rest with
Her, for with her I could peacefully lie down
With the flowers and wait for the spring.
I left again for the 8th, which point I made in the
Evening and found all serene. I was so
unfortunate yesterday as to forget my passport
went home without it. On my arrival in the fair
City of Oke I was fortunate enough to see the
Surgeon in charge, Dr. Bryant—who politely
replied to me, the cause of my being lost
He spoke language as possible. I tried to per
Suade him that it was a military neces
Ssary. I at no event. On my arrival,
I was not molested, until after dinner when
The servant politely requested me to stop my
stairs. His request appeared so reasonable
that I did and found myself in a small
room about twenty feet square—one story
higher than the buildings. In the
different offices of 'Library, Bell Bay, Guard's
House, Observatory and a dozen others that I
for arrested. And to my surprise he informed
me that for the present I would have to
remain here till I recovered my mem
ory, and that I am incarcerated.
an important event in the life of a
jast young man! From my window
I have a fine view of Auburn and the
surrounding country and would be happy
to stay up here once I once to roam where
I please. But I shall endeavor to amuse
myself as I have a piece of bone and so I
will go to work and make me a bone
thing to commemorate the scene. The view
of the surrounding country has nothing which
would be likely to attract the notice. There
are no high mountains, nor flowering valleys,
nor deep rolling rivers, blending in space are
beauty between verdant banks and trees
and brooks and brooks. Nor was there any
intended view of any the coming landscape features
of hill and slope and field and woodland; for
the hills although not very high - yet rising at
no great distance from this point, the horizon

Continued in No 2

"Nil Desperandum!" The darkest cloud
May have a silver lining;
And round the deadlest plant that grows
Some pleasures may be training!
The day that dawned with shades so dark
May still be bright at even;
And should our life ever seem
There come the peace in Heaven.

"Nil desperandum!" The saddest night
Must ever long have an ending.
And over its gloomy pall we see
The morning's bright rays descending,
What though the sacred links of love
Must here on earth be severed!

"Nil desperandum." In endless pity
They shall be linked in Heaven
Never despair
an important event in the life of a
fast young man! From my windows
I have a fine view of Autumn and the
surrounding country, and would be glad
to stay up here — were I free to roam where
I please. But I shall endeavor to amuse
myself as I have a piece of bone and so I
will go to work and make me a breast
plate to commemorate the scene. The view
of the surrounding country has nothing which
would be likely to attract the notice. There
are no high mountains, nor blooming valley,
nor deep rolling rivers, blending in space and
beauty between verdant banks and the
hills and Border lands. Nor was there a very
extended view of any the commonplace scene
of hill and dale and field and woodland.
the hills although not very high — yet show
no great distance from this portion of

"Nil desperandum!" The darkest cloud
May have a silver lining, and round the deadest plant that grows
some blossoms may be thriving.
The sky that dares mid shadows dark
May still be bright at even; and
should our life and other seem:
There cometh peace in Heaven.

"Nil desperandum!" The saddest night
Must ere long have an ending,
And o'er its gloomy pall we see
The morn's bright rays descending.
What though the sacred links of love
Must here on earth be severed!
"Nil desperandum!" In endless ages
They shall be linked in Heaven

* never despair
Bean Station
Richland Valley
is a small trading place in Rutledge Co., and at the
crossing of four roads, one from Kentucky; one from Virginia; one
from Tennessee and one from North Carolina. The property
is owned by a man named Whiteside, a Radical Unionist.
We drove the enemy to Rutledge
smiles to here we were forced
to halt because we are very
exhausted.

EXPLANATION
Two Division Burnside Corps, heavily sup-
ported, against Two Divisions, McLearns
and Buckner; Longstreet Corps
A = Company of the 1st Regt., W. Stables
W = Whiteside's residence; H = Hotel; B = Blacksmith shop; C = Civil residence

The place where I was wounded.

December 12, 1863
Very truly yours,

Your cousin

J. Hoogewerff

Those that I love best

Effie Eddie

Lucina Fannie

Rosa Mollie

Emm A Sallie

Pauline Florence Cornelia

Geo. Johnson

Transcriber Eugene

Eugene

Corax

Wid desipandi

Menace
August 17th 1864 — continued from last.

Our end of the other district was from right to left, and an extended tract of woodland was the only object the eye met after glancing across the corn, and a few green fields. Piece by piece our left alone was then owing peculiarly attractive for it could range in that direction cross a pleasant undulating curve, well sprinkled with the active trees of our forest, above which rose the steeple of the Methodist church, and scattered amid which, at hot intervals, were the dwellings of citizens and other buildings that make up a village light again to read her mantle over the solar face.

And coming to the trouble of precious candles, I must stop describing...
August 17th 1863—continued from last page, cut off are other objects from right.

In the first an extended tract of

meadows was the only object. The

stage and after glancing across the

town, and a few green fields. except

towards our left alone was there any

thing peculiarly attractive for the

eye. It could range in that direction

decorated with a pleasant undulating

country well sprinkled with the

native trees of our forests, above which

tops grew the spire of the Methodist

church, and scattered amid which, at

short intervals, were the dwellings of

citizens and other buildings that

made up a village. Looking again, had

spread her mantles over the glowing face

but owing to the trouble of procuring

candles, I must stop apologizing.
Aug 15.

of the surrounding country. I shut my eyes and looked upon the pale moon as she rolled in her golden course towards the west. It was a lovely sight, so mellow, so quiet. And gazed upon the queen of thrones. I wondered whether by some strange coincidence it was not looking at it too, and perhaps thinking of the thoughts of my heart. But they found me. They came to a mind envious with calm courage, but almost with a longing for the stern encounter. The sun rose brilliantly with not a cloud to overshadow its brightness and as it took my usual morning walk, my heart leaped for joy at the beauty of nature and the world. This morning, I went to work early and instead of being very sad, I felt as if I were very happy. I kept upon my bed last night and slept until this morning. I felt better, and the cold is gone. I still am in the Office, but I have no engagements.
agreeable companion, never open his mouth nor make a limb except when something told to pass away time. I have concluded to make me a "towel of " wet and sane volno" made out of bone—not Yankee bone—but the bone of a martyr or some human torture about the design as I not much of a genius do I think simply make a cross and as a friend has kindly lent me the tools I will inscribe on the following design my heart is preyed to the cross; nor the dying words of a great man, and if I succeed I shall quit thinking and go in the kindly business. Heaven like this punishment for I am not confined at all only have to be here once in an hour to ring the bell. As the ponderous tongue resounds in unceasing beats it makes me think of Gray's elegy "slowly tolled the solemn bell" if they are kind enough to release me from any embarrassment I shall try my hand.
To sleep. It was only a slight shower and the moon rose gloriously and the stars peeped through the lattice and the agony of sleep and I gazed upon them in my admiration as they gazed tenderly upon the fair world. I have often wished to see the earth as the angels see it, to know the crimes, deceitfulness, woe, and a thousand other ills, but to look down upon it as a merry little twinkling planet, the home inhabited by beings like us or the stilly abode of spirits if departed ones. When others die I would like to be the first to see a new and despite the planetary systems which remained fixed, I was asked last night if I was sorry for what I did. My answer was no and still in the observatory, who could be sorry, I regret the necessity of overstepping the law, but nothing can prevent one from securing every opportunity to hear from home. I had a nice little meal last night.

and got thoroughly tired before I went to sleep, and when I retired, it was to sound sleep and pleasant dreams, such a delightful one, that I wish it was true, but I cannot see it as it is. "Bright angels sound their horns" the morning glanced in loveliness and nature put on her best robe to out vie the famous ones. The same face in unusual brilliancy and as he spreads his golden rays abroad he beams its proclamations "I am king, look not upon my face. After breakfast I again reported at the headquarters and the supposition with me is that I shall remain for a short time longer. But I have plenty to amuse me and time flies swiftly by. But, hark! what music is that that falls upon my ears like the melodious piping of a flaxen singer in his gayest caroling. What soft melodious voice is it that that thrills one with pleasure. God grant this to thrive as that form those features I knew.
The ladies are made an unusual heavy demonstration along our lines this morning and they swarm around our rooms like a perfect shower of sun flows. I had my usual walk last night and retired to rest about the usual hour, and awoke this morning to find it very cold. In fact, so cold that I had a fine comfortable, how I dread the coming of winter, with its barren grand looks when we shall lose sight of our beautiful trees, clothed in robe of green and sweet flowers. Would that I could live in an endless summer, for I look to this winter with more than unusual bitterness. For it will curtail the many pleasant hours that I have had at home, and perhaps the steam train of duty may banish me from their presence entirely. If it does it shall go mad. I look on to-morrow with a mingling of pleasure and pain, for...
unless present arrangements is annulled I shall here, the nearer relative I have as another will claim her and I must give my consent. How came I past with her who has been my companion through the years of dark troubles and the sickness of pleasure. Then, again, I shall see her who is to me one who will supply her place and I know I'll forget my sorrow. I have received the unpleasant announcement that I am no guard and must do my duty as a man. Nine o'clock come and I went on that post over it as a few moments I was relieved and put on another one when I was relieved and sent to hunt up a prisoner found him and put him on the retired list. Our fellow dignitaries spoke in the year for 24 hours and a year for to have this every day of solences for a week. This morning it commence to rain, and rained very hand, but I did not regret it for it made everything look very pleasant. The time is drawing night when I must get a pass to go up home and I dread meeting the 55 for I know he will refer to my conduct after days since and then perhaps get the lesson that he has reserved for me. But no true and brave soldier dreads the 'bristling point,' so I must pitch in heavy. Not seeing the 55 I put out as a 25, 40, furthough and went home which place I made about 9 o'clock in the night. Nothing happened particularly on the road except rains and mud I found all well and found to my delight that the coalition about to formed was postponed for a few days. Sunday was ushered in by darks and rainy clouds, but despite the ugly appearance of the Heavens I made haste to go where my happiness was contrasted with my surprise, my pain, my grief, my disappointment and on leaming that my fate was as any
August 24, 1864

A short time and found all quiet after the first time in life I drew tobacco a pound for a month fair article, etc. Home Sunday evening found the house filled with autumn fair daughter, but not being acquainted with and was only satisfied by saying I felt universally depressed all day and everything looked miserable and retired early. Monday came with its usual brightness and the day was very hot. I spent the morning indoors and in bed for I felt so badly that exercise was painful to me, and not till after dinner did I attempt to go out, and with a friend. Iuela, the railroad found out that it was in sight, and be finished when completed. Some come back greatly add to this. We saw about twenty Yankee prisoners, some marines, they looked well and were captured off Mobile, hunting egrets with their whole army was in the same fix after seeing all we could over there and Stanley...
Aug 23, 1864

ended our way to the cemetery... The sun now, I hope, this evening mayly
be a little of the dead, and spent some time up something exciting. For my dear one
ing a lack of balance around me is almost bunting to keep it a few
in such mental pain that I looked upon some months ago, I could pass unhappily
thing on the displeasure, so the common life is cheered and curios and
in my back in time to see the 'grand' 'grand' friends of to-day may be enemies to-
After long, I took a walk with some friends and conversed. Her curious: it is the first
friend, she persuaded me to go with him and surrender itself to its dreams of this
see some ladies, who received us kindly, etc. and for
illuminated with stars and garnished
a short hour entertained us very agreeably
with a musical conversation. They got home in a coalition between two persons as to
and tried to get to sleep but did not succeed
in the same sights continually for each
till the waves. Of the night; this has something
They presence I had a nice little visit
day and, yet, Almambas says the days are
shatter. Tuesday morning was where they belong. Then delivered the highest praise of praise
with all the glory of a lovely day and saw to my self with corps. The house was crowded
for a fast to know how pass the time pleasantly with the fair sex and, owing to the near
I have kept myself alone in devoted approach of our room to an obvious unthy
and feel so languid. That I seriously refused to enter. I had to stand outside.
Aug 24

to get a glimpse of them. I had a nice little walk after tea and strolled all over the town. Some people have been ushered into the past and a new one born, and time passes on. We are seeing days of glory now, no clouds to mar the beauty of the rising suns and he comes forth from his golden couch, proud and haughty and beaks upon the earth with a withering glance. I have had the blue cravat. Sherman completely hemmed in on every side, Memphis captured by Sherman, Nashville expected to fall, Taylor in six miles of New Orleans, Great riot in the city, four hundred killed, and 300 wounded. The days passed, and nothing to stir the air save reports to the effect that Morgan was gone up, and blood was flanked and fell from Atlanta. The most interesting topics for discussion were not believed, I've the evening after my walk, I went to town...
meeting and heard some good singing. But to person told about Abraham and three angels. It caused day feeling a great deal better than I did formerly. Night mist Abram now his wife could have been shown shadow on her beauty, and dusty prudence than of to meet them, the mantle closely folded over her breast, ladies were few in attendance but ladies as the golden king of day sends soldiers were plentiful. The Methodist host his thousand glistening lines down have a tolerable nice, church fixed up over earth, in morning freshness, clothes in good style and roomy, the preacher diamondly day short for each other middle wise of good argument in favor blade crowns it with a fence. The book of Christianity, and as I listen to this, in silvery line minds it crystal cone lecture, I could not help but feel deep in the heart of men slumbering the pangs of conscience in leading gratitude arracks and breathe forth a life that I do and I left the house more solemn than when I went in, and I went to the house, and but a short time elapsed before I was in bed, and soon asleep, and dreaming.

Aug 26

I rose early this morning while the "shrie pipping cock told the approach of day," feeling a great deal better than I did formerly. Night mist, Abram now his wife could have been shown shadow on her beauty, and dusty prudence than of to meet them, the mantle closely folded over her breast, ladies were few in attendance but ladies as the golden king of day sends soldiers were plentiful. The Methodist host his thousand glistening lines down have a tolerable nice, church fixed up over earth, in morning freshness, clothes in good style and roomy, the preacher diamondly day short for each other middle wise of good argument in favor blade crowns it with a fence. The book of Christianity, and as I listen to this, in silvery line minds it crystal cone lecture, I could not help but feel deep in the heart of men slumbering the pangs of conscience in leading gratitude arracks and breathe forth a life that I do and I left the house more solemn than when I went in, and I went to the house, and but a short time elapsed before I was in bed, and soon asleep, and dreaming. Nice pictures of that glorious Sunday and inquiries about Ope, but did...
not dare to mention, the welfare of my existence. It is very hot and it seems commenced raining just after I got back as if summer was putting forth the only a light shower enough to cool off the energies and she is surfeited by the rain earths SATURDAY is but one day

two. I took a stroll over to the railroad and to my joy found it completed. No more feel for this evening, I shall end ear

or a "wait for the wagon," nor ask a man to pleasures that cannot be described

places Miles let me ride. Many times but I reached D'Agant's house mort and nau

car the cars are still at and not at repelled, I meet, or rather start, to the

hore rolls around, we will betone. You, the

store. Open sea, the shell that contain my

jestly and we must care whether the

ask us to ride or not. We did, we got

back in time for tea and after that we

again rambleated, and found

nothing and retired early. Early first wrapped in the silence of delicious captive morning I arose, and took a wash and went with them to the hospital where

thought I heard no guns save that they had a friend. Afterward I made a

Baker's Brigade was expected to another grand assault on Eagan
Aug 28.

works and carried them, I again than 9 Sunday morning was ushered
inaugurated them at the Dentist's they were bright and beautiful and I went
up to the cars met with one friends
and after a long talk I went home
of it. Afterwards went back to the bank
and after lunch made our way to
the railroad and in a few moments
the railroad and in a few moments
I called on C and after a few minutes
we made off, and with a light heart.
I missed my way home and found all
of camp I left for church, found my
enemies my way home and found all
prayer books and made church
in the evening accompanied by
my good friends and went to Headquarters
and spent the evening at dinner, after listening attentively and went away
stroll and wound up at home, after the improvement. After dinner I called at
and sat and talked to them, and after an hour
about one hour feeling as happy as a
bird never feel as well, the world never looks so far, the people never meet her. After a while we visited the breast
and I know no man can be happier
and I know no man can be happier
and I know no man can be happier
and I know no man can be happier
August 29

went again to H.Q. where my friends, Misses Stoddard and Miss Giddens left for the country. I was sorry but she smile in joy and I should delight in her pleasures for she is my best friend. After they left me I went to church and then to see the accomplished Mrs. Green, who I understood was sick. I was glad it was false. Afterwards I went home and after tea I again went H.Q. where I remained in the sunshine of delight and then started home on the May was altered, found I was all right and then allowed to go on. The next morning and with a heavy heart for I was to go to Auburn, miss up town and carried some letters to Auburn. Soon after receiving them I heard the cars and went down and in a few moments I was dressing along to the House. After arriving at my boarding house found all serene and our room was visited by some ladies and had an agreeable conversation with them also with Miss P. and Mrs. B. and the morning passed pleasantly. The balance of the day was passed dull for I felt as though I was lost. I went to the cars, saw me one that I knew and came back about the evening in reading and after tea took a good walk. Found no adventure whatever and came back spent an hour or so in an agreeable conversation and then retired. Tuesday morning came bright and beautifully and I read some visited the trains met an old friend and came back in time to go on duty, assisting to arrest a Delaware soldier who had stolen some leather from a citizen. He did not confess but proof was overwhelming and
Aug 31

He was retired. After dinner I was well, and a friend came in. I was visited by my friends in the country and soon precipitated into an interesting conversation, from which I was drawn back about dark and retired early as 12. For I had a long walk and talked with a good companion. Morning came out with a burst of glorious sunshine and reported at 7:45, found all absent but a glowering, grey, autumnal morning from there, and made a strategic move that is disagreeable to my6911 sentiment and found that they were all in has been basking in the sunshine of the country. For once I found nothing else a glorious summer, I was delighted to meet with some beauties from Ope, and after a walk around the went up town, made the acquaintance house we went to the train, and at t12 there I saw a host of old friends and sent to my transfer from Auburn, and each inducements as were offered as then went home to bed. In my sleep I was happy for Innes in dreams. With me, should one forget my duty as a constant term and I left for Ope, there store I love best I another early enough after seeing my lady friends home I went morning to take a walk and read some and after breakfast I went up town and waited for the
Sept 7th

Train, when we are disappointed time seems so long when we are in pleasure it flies like lightning. The train finally came, and after a bit on started to Abraham found one of my Reg. on board and had a nice talk advised me to keep out of the way as long as I could. Good advice. Found all serene at the Reg. It is killing for me to leave for Ope. Some ladies visited the High and I was introduced and had a gay time and something to eat.

After dinner went to the train, saw someone and came back to find the same old dull note with nothing to interest. I heard my tongue chipped and it hope never to hear “you’re tongue tied” from no one. It hurt or master stings severely, I have been on the run all day to think I should go to Ope and finds my fence, my prime minister, and my good friends all gone. If that isn’t provoking

Sept 2.

What is? Night came with its mantle of darkness, and as the bells rang out, merely I rendez my way to the M Church to prayer meeting. Was interested and came home. My thoughts paint me so much that I could not eat.

I had lasted so long that I was almost hungry, so after many strategic movements I succeeded in getting something to eat and then went to sleep.

My light came and wrote it the morning of bell. I jumped up thinking it was the Yanks when I got to the door I saw the red glare of a fire and made to it and found it was an unfortunate belonging to Mr. — supposed to be the toast of an incendiary. The fire were gave except the home, clear at the fire an old negro man, whose age was one hundred and twenty-five years six hundred and
A very quiet night at the Weldon Railway. We are under marching orders. A patrol of the enemy marched just below us and instantly killed one of the men. He fell, and his fate to be a warning. Marching orders countermanded, and we are fixing up for inspection tomorrow. Wish I had a gun cleaning machine. Some shelling occurred this evening, and it commenced to rain. We planted 16 guns in our front, and last night I found one of our picket posts before we went out—the enemy charged the right of our line and captured our outer works, but our boys retook them, but there was a heavy fire of artillery. We musketry all night, and I shall never forget the 27th. It rained most all night, and I stood in the mud under heavy fire, and nothing but a Merciful God protected me and to Him I return praise. My whole company was unjured. We have victory now, and in the 28th it is very quiet, thus far the enemy...
supposed to be massing in our sector. On the night of our brigade with infantry the enemy opened a furious fire on our right and our brigade north of battle. The night passed away quietly and we were prepared for an attack. Men counted off and disposed of hand grenades. At six o'clock in the morning the smoke of various explosions illuminated our position. I was awakened by the sound of an explosion and a sharp rattle of musketry. A shell came near my face and a bullet struck me in the foot. It pierced my boot. Three o'clock. October 12th. Bombarding still, our heartbreakingly. After dinner everything was quiet. Not even two rounds. A little rain at dusk. I had a narrow escape. A enemy bullet came by my face not a half an inch. I was at ease. October 13th. Cold. Hard fighting. We were extreme left. The day was pretty much like the previous ones. On picket for mine clearing. Not captured. We had a brigade inspection. No night and nothing green. October 14th. A lovely morning. I got twenty-four hours furlough. For cleaning guns they supplied us with nice, some shelling. The day was stiller than usual. October 15th. Another lovely day. What means this stillness? All quiet than the day started to build a bombproof. The Yankees shelled us out and cam again.
beautiful night. "Do love ones far away think of him who is about "painful thoughts tortured me today. I cried, "O God, what is to be?" Came in at daylight. Sunday, 16th spent the morning in sleep, the rest in reading. "Work this week, my Heavenly Father, a sweet one to one free from hate." Sunday's night passed quietly and the 17th came in the same manner. We moved our position about one hundred yards some shelling on our right. All quiet this morning. During the night they shelled us heavily. Dept. 18, I went to town with Lieutenant had a pleasant time. Saw the Fair Grounds, Army Hospital, tobacco warehouses. The town and the cemetery. The latter is an old revolutionary relic, in it is an old clock and some of the tombstones are of old style, one a captain killed in 1812. It is broken up by the enemy's shells. I saw a head with 2 bullets in it. The town
Even as the wounded bird will seek
Midst the world it favourite bower to die,
My lady, so I would hear thee speak,
And yield my burning sigh.

Proud, gifted, noble, honest, kind-
An angel on earth to you are
Roaming from horror to horror
Seeking as love, and there
At length the one you made my flower,
Nothing else in this world do I need
Save this love of one so great and sweet

Dearest one on earth to me.
Unknown to your beauty seems to them.
Cull the sweetest flowers from nature's field.
The beating breast
Wings would yield the young girl to the girl.
Our heaven angels would thee praise.
Even through eternity's endless day.
PETERSBURG
1564-5

25-lb. flour
1 bat laces
10 sugar
1 land

175

76-07-3

100
370
370

40
55
65
145
175

9991-01
Should I be killed in battle or die in hospital, be kind enough to inform my dear soldier friend to inform Mrs. Mary L. McGibbon, OPelika, Ala., that my remains may be found and if you saw me fall on the battlefield, tell her how. I behaved myself in the presence of the enemy.

George Johnston Co F 10th Ala
Gracie's Brigade
January 13

16th

Do

Soup & bone 10 o. 10
Steak 50
Roast 100
steak 100
chickens 100
Irish potatoes 75
twist 50
doz eggs 30
50 = 5.32
Stolen m. Noble
Gold Match
No. 9395 - branded
C. H. House
Dec. 28, 1880
Aug. 3, 1885. A day of real
Happiness.
Aug. 25th at daylight our
kitchen was caught on
fire. No damage noticeable.
I went out.
29th. Our old cat had
five beautiful kittens
which I named Lee Longstreet,
Jackson, Johnston, & Gracie.
Extracted a piece of bone from
my leg about 6 inches long. Very
glad.
Girl Charlotte
Light Corn
Clark Taylor

Mr. Foster
Loss 4 13 $
3 830 Bills also money
Blue silk from
Steel rings

Boy George Young
Weight 20
Black

M. Shilman

Rescued from John Bros.
103 Beekman St.
New York

Boy George
Black, Height 175-
23 years
Charles Martinian

Boy Randel
Black, Bushy Head
Weight 135-
about 20

New Sandy

Rented house from Thomas
April 10th, 1866
Sept. 19th Comenced Town

with Mr. Daniels

474.66 Sf Cooper London

Detached Sever 13. Feb

Wm. Wilson 2.00

Wm. Lilly

Monday

J. Stuart 1.00

R. Brown 1.00

2.00

Handwritten

Wm. gr

$4 = 144 = $16.28 21 - 60c

Thos. Joseph 1.10

Comenced at "and" at the Mail Sept. 19th at 6a.

50, hard work
Commenced bookkeeping Sept 19
From Grandma for Drug 2 5
Odd change from Sitter 1 0
From Grandma 5 0
Week's work 2 8 2
Week ends Sept 22 3 6 2

Sept 22 4th With a heavy heart bid good-bye and started at 2 for the Army. At the cause a friends introduced one to a Va family who accepted my protection. At dark we arrived at Columbus and took the car immediately for Macon. The car was very crowded and we had a disagreeable night ride.

Sept 19 At Macon by daylight and changed cans for Augusta. At Millan we took dinner and changed cans the road here for one branch for Augusta the other Savannah. About 4 we entered Augusta and lay over till morning. Sept 30 At 7 we took the
car for Columbia. A pleasant seat, clean car and the passengers were all in good humor. At Branchville we got dinner. On the road, at White Pond, I saw a man meet his wife. He had lost his arm and the grief was painful. God shield me from such misfortune. At dusk we arrived at Columbia and left almost immediately. I am well pleased with old South Carolina. Next morning found us at Charlotte. Oct 1st, arrived at Greensboro and had to lie over till 3. next morning. Raining hard and hard work to find a hotel. Two of the ladies stopped at a

hotel. I of the ladies stopped at the hotel. P.S. The hotel was not very good.

Oct 2nd. A very stormy, rainy, cold and dark day. Felt about until 9 and then started for Danville Va. The most miserable travelling that I ever done at Danville we had to lie over till next morning. Still raining, plenty of work to get lodging. Stopped at the "Two Stall House." Visited Mr. Dun P.S. churchman. At night we went to H.E. church, heard a good sermon from 1 Sam 5:9. Oct 3rd. We left for Burtville at 8. We left a negro behind but he came
up. No hotels no nothing. From various. Good luck to a friend who was clerk at the Hospital. He got me rooms for party and we had a good night's rest. A lady who was with us going to Richmond to see her sick husband here met his corpse. Terrible. Oct 4th. Saw my ladies on the Lynchburg train and with sadness I took them adieu. How pleasant was their society. Keeping me from thinking of home. I had learned to love them after their train had left. I went up to the house and wrote home. It got ready to leave but the Lynchburg freight train ran off and the South side train didn't leave till 7. At 12 I arrived at Petersburg and went to "Janett's" hotel. A distant sound of musket told me plain enough that there was a war in the family. Oct 5th. Took a stroll around town to see the sights. Found Bolingbrook badly battered by shells. Oct 9th. I found my Brigade and reported for duty. Everyone seemed so glad to see me that I feel very happy. Having letters for some Opelika boys I started up the lines. For Mahone's Division. Went to 11th St. and spent an hour agreeably. Coming
back I passed the 14 th Plar from the ghostly spectacle. Night was very quiet, scarcely any firing on the line. Oct 7 th, the excitement same old thing—bombing and sharpshooting. I had a view of the enemy's works through bin Beamegard's glass and was startled to find such works of such magnitude. At night in dreams I revisited home so pleasant to be disappointed.

Oct 8 th. Paused quietly at night I was put on skirmish line I was very cold and to ride every ev'ning to keep warm. Oct 9 th. We were in line of fight by 4 as we expected our right Brigade to be attacked. Very
cold and the ground was covered with frost Oct 10th.

Towards night we had a mortar shelling on our right came down the line and I was以人为 a 'hurricane' Beautiful but not appreciated.

Good soil and dirty soldiers has filled the trenches with lice and I pulled a few from my linen Oct 11th a lovely day so very quiet. Three boys came from home today. At about 3:00 a terrible artillery duel took place. They fired all round and I got slightly shook. About a furious infantry fire was opened on the right by the Brigade.

After a while artillery "went in" and we had a nice little battle for about an hour. Gracious God spared me from participating and I feel so mortified to think I am not thankful enough to Him.

At 3 I retired to my downy couch of rickets and got up at 3 in line till 3 and went to wrap Oct 12th. Shelling was resumed and one fell in my rickets covering me with dirt. A little rain at dark a bullet struck my ear glanced by my face and buried itself in my rickets. Oct 13th. Very cold. A heavy engagement is progressing on our left - it night on packet for
missing roll call. Oct 14: A lovely morning, glorious sun rise and shelling, Confound the Yankees, so much ammunition waste & so much ammunition started to build me a bomb proof, but being exposed I got shelled out. At dark went on picket. Beautiful night. Do the loved ones think of them who is absent. Oct 16: A lovely Sunday. Oh Heavenly Father help me live this week free from sin. Oct 17: Moved about 100 yards to the right. Some shelling during the night. They gave us a terrible shelling Oct 18: Visited Petersburg, went to the fair ground hospital, Army hospitals, Tobacco factory's and the old landford cementery. It is an old revolutionary relic and contains many specimens of antiquity amongst others a monument to the memory of Petersburg soldiers who fell at Fort Meigs Canada in 1812. The tomb stones in many instances were badly shattered by shell, and the head board had two bullet holes in it. Visited Division headquarters and saw James Covington and Boeing. Some shelling at night Oct 19: Some shelling in the evening. Two Yankees deserted and came into our lines, and reported that 2 corps were massed in our front. Oct 20: In line of battle
Oh how pleasant to be a soldier! Some shelling during the morning. In the evening I stole out to the cemetery and saw many interesting old tombs dating as far back as 1703. A terrible shelling is going on and they fall around us thick and fast. My trust is in God and I do not fear them. It lasted about 4 hours. 21st. The morning came in "calm and serene." An attack is still expected. Two boys fell out about rations and endurance to be peace makers. I got the news of the skirmish. We picked terrible shouting in Yankeedom. I suppose someone is speaking praising old Lincoln's virtues. If I had him I would compliment him. The night passed off quietly with a little rain. 22nd. Was a cold, dreary, dismal day. Snow Gracie and staff passed up the lines another shelling. 23rd. Under arms, oh how cold! Both sides seem to regard the bastart heavy firing on Jimriver. Our boat serenade. They are needing extra ammunition along the line and I feel so queer. At night I went to prayer meeting and came back spiritually refreshed. 24th. Too cold to get up and so I lay in bed writing in my diary. In the evening...
visited the "coral" where Grant attempted to blow up our lines but some clay to make trophies. Some shelling. Under marching orders 2.5. Tremendous shelling all day. 26th. Pleasant day. We were honored by Gen. Gracie Hill and Wilcox visiting our line. We had to go after wood for officers' home. In the evening I visited a mortar battery and at night went to prayer meeting in Co. H. A deserter came in reported the Yankees firing up "four days vatious and 60 rounds a cartridge". Had been issued 27th "20 calls cleared for action." A flock of wild geese caused a heavy firing on both sides. Heavy fight at the Weldon R.R. A poor fellow was shot just below us by a Yankee. Inspection tomorrow with I had a gun cleaning machine. Some rain and shelling. We planted chausceau de frig in our front. torpedoed the line and are ready for the Yankees. At dusk the front of our night Brigade was captured but the noble Virginians made it hot for the Yankee. Don't want to picket. Will I ever forget it. It was raining pitch, tortoises, and a heavy fight. March-ups all day. The Yankees got whipped out of their boots. I am very grateful for coming out.
The night line of the Yanks was evacuated and they fired. We made it a degree too hot. Southen bullets in typical Yankee any time. In line of battle, gun preparations in being made for battle. Hand grenades and cartridges are issued. One shelling a Yankee house. Between the lines am done caused some movement. We had Brigade inspection and I got 24 hour furlough for having a clean gun. Some shelling. Went to prayer meeting after supper. During the night

At dark went to prayer meeting. At 3 a.m. we were called "to arms" because of an alarm on our right which resulting in capturing 300 prisoners.

At 3 a.m. beautiful moonlight. Inspected and mustered for pay. One of our company was shot in the mouth, losing 5 teeth.

At night, we marched to move in our front and were shelled from our lines. Nov 6. Some shelling. C. Pendleton passed down our line. At night, we went to prayer meeting. Nov 7, a nasty, cold day. I got
the next march took our camp in the rear of my body. According to orders from headquarters one of the batteries of the regiment in the army about noon commenced shelling the enemy's line capturing 85 men. Wallace's South Carolina Brigade was repulsed with a loss of 95. The 6th was ushered in by a brisk shelling which lasted till after sunrise. I got a job and went to the rear. I got some clean clothes and a bath. Went to church. Heard a good sermon on the barren fig tree afterwards. To the farm house. Met some friends and took a stroll around town. In the evening I went to church again.
The cold and rain on "Thanksgiving" made the trenches wet and muddy. We got a bad shelling from North Carolinians killed by a shell exploding under them. One had his brains out, another his bowels, both badly burned. A shell pierced a bombproof in boat killing 1 man mounding 8. Tried to set up a fight on the right but failed. Now election in the U.S. for President, I am to support and the cold gave me fits but they are good enough for summer. Visited Lt. Col. Hugel. 59th, they had a pleasant time once it was not so muddy. Nov 9 saw a man shot.
desertion, he was an old man and begged pitifully for his life. He to no good. More shelling. Moved about the length of a Regiment to the right and died I ever. The shells come like mosquitoes in a swamp. Nothing to do but stand at the end of a man.

Nov 10 Visited some friends on the night, on my way up, saw several wounded. After some exertions I found the boys Nov 11. Worked on the breast works. Some hugging and chopping in Yankee lines. Plenty of sharpshooting.

Nov Cold as blazes. More shelling reviewed by Sendee met an old friend in my camp. Nov 13 Went to town got a change of lines. On picket at night and next day got a friend to take my place and went in and took a map. Yankees shot into my foot several times. See quiet save the burning of Capt. Clarke's chimney which brought a good many bullets amongst us. I went to sleep and dreamt of mother. Nov 14 was very cold. Some shelling worked on my gun and bomb-proof. I deserted came in and reported. Lincoln elected Hancock's corps on our front will be paid off.
The morning of Nov 18th slept till called out by the orderly to report to Maj Cook who wanted his chimney fixed. Went to an old house to get an iron bar. The house looked like a pistol it had so many bullet holes in it. At night we had a curious atmospheric change. The moon was shining brightly and it was very pleasant when all of a moment everything darkened, from the north there came up a clean fog-like whiteness accompanied by a piercing blast which lasted half an hour then resumed its former pleasantness. Nov 16th Day of last I went to town, visited Franklands tobacoo factory afterwards to church, then to Brigade bakery and then started to camp, passing water works and ice ponds. In the evening I went to brigade head qtrs. got some plank met the provost guard and dropped my plank "just across," inspected by provost inspector for dashing everybody looked very well, On picket Yankees all drunk and the boys are watching out heaving along the lines. Nov 18th cleaned my gun heavy shelling more rain Nov 19th. Got some new clothing felt proud the night was colder
Nov 20. Looked up some friends and got


Reminded me of communication is cut-off with home. Poor me. Nov 26. Cold.


24 hours, Shelling through the day. At night on picket-shoot and talked with Yankee's for missing. In our front plenty of shelling. 30th hot as August. Went to town and saw Mr. Gibson. Who gave me some good books. Saw an ostrich egg. Negroes troops in our front. 1 st Corp. got 2nd on our right. Worked at night in front. Dec. 1 st up at 4 in line of fight. Waiting for the "niggers". We'll conquer.
or matter in our town. Went to town, went to Mahomet. 3 miles passed the biggest dam that I ever saw, it was 5 miles of our works found my friends all well and came back to town. Took supper with a friend Dec 2. On picked he been firing than usual. Ben Gracie, a captain, privates were standing on the breast works when a shell struck near killing him all. How heavy our loss. Merciful Father, I pray thee comfort his afflicted. Brigade’s wife and child. Such a noble man. Yesterday his one heir was born and he came out this morning as happy as a father could be and now he has sunk to sleep by all his county wishes bless. Rumored orders to move. At 12 at night I walked till day on the works Dec 3 some shelling boys fired a corn stalkrike in the breast works. A heavy shelling I saw an awful sight, that should teach us the uncertainty of life. A private in Co D was shot in the bowels and as the litter bear carried he was constantly praying aloud heavy shelling Dec 4 went to church heard a good sermon, partook of sacrament and came back happy, one of our shell falling in Yankee town failed to explode they sent it back with a note in the fuse hole.
a letter from my good old friend
Madame. It's old but good. With
old Sherman would get out of the
way I want to hear from home
Lee's veterans would move
him. Positive orders to move
on a moments notice and
make a bustle. Dec 8. 3 days
rations on hand. Heavy
guns, fire on the Jimmy
Old Butler hunting, Ducks.

We moved and I opened the
"Emmehst Tavern." Went on
picket. Duty very heavy. Very
cold. I got out of my hole and
started to the main line
and ran over a dead
man took his head for a
shell but was not taken once.

Dec. 9 Very cold, ordered back to old position. Rumors of a retreat from Petersburg in everybody's mouth and everything looks gloomy. God help us. It snows for the first time. Ceased and started again. Heaven was on fire and had to take to mark time double quick to keep from freezing. Mrs. Nelson died early this morning. She was a noble lady.

Dec. 10 Our guns opened on the 10 am a shot about day without a reply. Fight expected cleaning up for inspection. Got 24 hours again. Took charge of a guard in covered way Dec. 11 Cold. Five months of the siege has passed and Richmond is ours. Hurray for Grant. Dec. 12 went out sharp shooting for 4 hours. Bully sport killing Yankees. Awful cold and mindless wish I could hear from home. But I will strive and endure it. Perhaps I will meet loved ones again and smiles will wash out the past. I who have been noted for my indifference now grieve for absent pleasures. Will I ever get over my home sickness. Dec. 13 Cold. 4th Corps is in our front. They are very lame. Spent the day in writing. Dec. 14 Went to town. Twelve months ago I was wounded. In town I saw a bridge built in 1854. Saw the Petersburg Express...
my dirty clothes and took a
christmas peep at things from
reservoir hill, far off on the hill
to my left, the silent city of the
dead. At the foot of the hill a
brook dances gaily over the
washed rocks and its banks
lined with snow glittered like
diamonds in the morning sun
around me is the ruins of old
Blanford as off among those
trees I hear the rifle and cannon
on my rear is Petersburg quiet
and calm. The sweet notes of
church bells got a change of
clothing and went to Grace St.
church It was beautifully
decorated. Took sacrament

At the same altar knelt Gen.
Lee Sharpshooting was brisk
during the night Some rain
Dec 26 Very foggy and smoky

The Yankees are firing a salute
cause unknown Rumors of
snowing soon I evacuated my
bomb-proof because of high
water Rapid shelling visited
the battery in our rear some
time in operations. One fell
in the battery Dec 28 heavy shelling

Rain in suspicious movement
of the enemy cause a vigorous
firing Dec 29 Vigorous shelling
Dec 31st the last day of the year
weak and month and I wish
It was the end of the war.
and stood over eight hours. The rain it was the heaviest and cleanest. As I got to bed I
restored of the season on this. I heard a man scream and
in several places once more was
away and over 50 men was
killed by bombs. I was enjoying
in on them. No connection be-
tween the two lines without ex-
posing yourself to a heavy fire. I abandoned my gun and
and now in a tent. I cleared off about 9 and the moon shone beautifully. I shall
drying their clothes usual is
and made bed. Matters worse one can't get nothing
to eat. Heavy shelling. The sound of distant church
bells fall upon my ear. Great

At one of Co. A he was just over
the mortars and I got him in
safety; he was wounded in
his article. I was made happy
today by receiving a letter from
my darling sister. All quiet but
they told 12:15. I trudged up
to pay some ladies through the
lines. Talked to "Yanks" who invited me over. To Tea,
I may go. The night was beautiful
15 °, lovely day. Went after mort.
and got exposed and the
"Yanks" gave me a salute.
"miss is good at a mile." One of my men slightly wounded 14th plenty of food carried around for officers 15th I got 24 hours across the Poquonoh to bridge and pitched out for Battle's Brigade. They were on picket but came in as I got there visited the 3rd and 2nd the 6th 16th the 21st. Left the boys with regret. Went to Army Guard House saw a poor fellow who sent for me and them for the ditches. Rations short and the boys are growing a little now 12 deserters came in. 17th Army inspection set. 24th Heavy firing on the right 18th Yankees tried to give us a sternade but were HELLED em out. Awful provisions no use to grumble 19th Heavy shelling 1 man wounded on duty from 6 10 21st a regular week cold the storm raged fiercely all day 22nd All quiet 23rd on picket Heavy firing commenced to rain again and everything is so muddy that you can't get a place to sleep above. Banks charged Longstreet's lines twice and was repulsed. Shelling all night till some shelling one of my company wounded. 24th Very cold Removed armistice for 60 days 26 Very cold No rations cost us a spine 26 On detail to cool ice, cold comfort.
slept all night. 80th. Flag of truce in Wise's Brigade for the commissioner got some wood and coal and came back worked on my tent. Some shelling in high spirits, expecting peace hurraying from both sides. 31st. Truce up. 2:00 a.m. officers very gaily dressed. Col. Wait passed over with dispatches and then returned. Saw Gen. Pemberton and Wise. Met some beautiful Va. ladies at 5 P.M. Sam. The delegates pass thru the lines and great excitement. God grant them lives and peace. Cut a tree down between the lines. How the Yankees grabbed held up a torch for me to cut by. 4th of Feb. Another lovely day Feb 8th. Another lovely day Feb 10th. Went to Battle's Brigade. Walked all over town hunting my mailman. 1st clean clothes. Swift creek froze up. Met 2 friends and went to Division paymaster and all left. 12th. Windy night with the 6th Ala. 12th. Wild and then for home got a horse to ride running away from me and gave me a thrashing that
Last my shoulder very bad; stroll at Brigade headquarters and then to company drew a hat from gun shelling Feb 13th slept till 5 am.

On very square saw a fellow shot Feb 19th. Painful rumor of dead least Feb 12th. Very windy. Read my Bible, as I couldn't go to church. May God protect loved ones this week. Awful cold, food froze cooking. Feb 18th heavy shelling. Brigade paid off for 3 mos. When drew rice, peas, sugar, coffee and 3 months pay. 13th. Raining considerably noise amongst the Indians. 16th. A big cumbineade enveloped our lines, giving us fits. A little rain. Heavy firing in those in comfort thinking of us. Our rations are pink bran meal, 1/4 lb meat or 2 oz sugar or coffee. In the evening I visited Brigade Headquarters but dripping wet. 18th. Sunshine bright. Feb 19th. Went to...
21st, Involve shelling, looking out for a fight. Visited the line to the left as far as military dam, which was broke. Church bells were ringing eerily. Are loved ones praying for me? I saw the "Block" and got a suit of clothes. Provost guard couldn't read my pay. In ammunition detail. drew 230 rounds for our camp. Good a good great letter from a dear friend.heavy sharpshooting and rain drew whiskey. On double duty for missing roll call March 1st. Went to town, visited tract society and Mr. Gibson got a bundle of tract. 37 Yankees came in little rain March 4th. Abram's inauguration little shelling 5th. Went to church, sent season 6th. March 5 years of service expires and it seems U.S. was on Coast

Shornhill line is held strongly.

Should be killed immediately.

Nicholas 3rd. 8th. 28th. 29th.

Shornhill line is held strongly.

8th. 28th. 29th. 30th. 31st.

8th. 28th. 29th. 30th. 31st.

8th. 28th. 29th. 30th. 31st.

8th. 28th. 29th. 30th. 31st.
23d. Started to Danville, lay over at "Clover Hill." 3 1/2d. Brain tumours killing me. In hospital, "trunked and labelled." Great excitement in regard to Richmond's evacuation. Jeff Davis & Co. in town. 5th. Got a good case of gangrene. 8th. 60 days furlough and started for Greensboro, N.C., where I reported to hospital 10 1/2. In a few sufferings death. Mrs. Moore treats me very kindly. My next man had an artery to slough out. 15th. He was baptized this morning. Rain 15th. Gangrene well. 8 wounds & inches around 19th. Moved to another tent. Still suffering.

26th. Started to Charlotte, N.C.


some books lost handed by Major Wallott. How it grieved me to have to submit. My wound is very painful and I can't walk a step. God's will must be done. Prayed in the evening by Mr. Douglass. May 7 - Exhortation and prayer by Mr. Douglass. My leg is the sore of my leg must come out May 8th. May 9, had a nice dinner and went to town. 8th. Got the next to come. Painful to my wound. My "Chum," B. T. Marsh, Col. 12th N. C. left me for Newberry, S.C., on canteen. Poor me I can't go home! Sent a letter May 11th. Wound very painful. Heavy rain. Asked to operate on leg but refused. Weather very cool. 18th. O.K. Fred and a bad wound! By lovely Sabbath Church bells ringing out directly. 16th. 16th I sawhorne surgeons examined my leg. Decided on amputation. My God help me with patience. Wound broke out in new place. 17th. Getting thin. Restful night. Refused to operate because of weakness. 28th. Tried to walk a little got to the door. I got one conveyance to Newberry 0.14 by paying $1.00. In town I gave a box of candles. 6 miles from here. Chester we camped at a church built in 1830. 21st. Early start poor crops plenty of good. 25th. Had to dinner. Very hot at noon. Crossed
Broad river in front boat did not arrive late and stopped at a farm house. Heavy rain and wind. 22nd. At 7 we entered the town. Drove to college hospital refused admittance and went to court house. 23rd had dinner with the Ring. Met quite a lot of the boys. 27th visited printing office. Saw a street fight no damage. 28th. Sunday. 29th started to Abbeville. Had a little shower. Boyford a deserter in cars tried to charm him with our conversation. Put him off at a station, citizens put him in another car. Changed cars at Cokesbury. Arrived at Abbeville 9. Hospital kept up by nicely ladies plenty to eat and good beds. 30th. Pulled 31st. Process by Reverend visited Episcopal church splendid building and a beautiful garden. The nearest Baptist church is 25 miles. 6 1/2 went to church heard a sermon at St. John. Started at night in a wagon for Wash-ington. Ga., made about 7 miles and camped. 7 1/2. Passed through place and graveyard of John C Calhoun. Crossed Savannah river on pontoon. Plenty of plums, Wagoners
got scared into 10 miles of town by Yankees, Ben Tyler killed here. Large amount of rolling stock destroyed. My room had several cannon holes thru it. One shot through bed.

Commenced housekeeping Sept 19

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Drayage from RR</td>
<td>2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marketing</td>
<td>1.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deb from</td>
<td>3.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sundries</td>
<td>3.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coffee Pot</td>
<td>9.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Negroe live</td>
<td>8.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drayage</td>
<td>1.45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marketing</td>
<td>75.15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Broom, Fly Whip 75.15</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25 lbs. Flour, 10 lbs land, 8 lbs. Sugar</td>
<td>8.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Gallon Molasses</td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Lady's hat</td>
<td>15.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 pair shoes</td>
<td>3.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>371.0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

8/20/1865  Headache terrible and Johnny wanna go sick.

Up town visited a friend and then Yankee surgeon entertained by Chaplain till dinner. Wounded examined and started home round 11 a.m. Bleed profusely 13/4. At friend in the morning visited by surgeon. Some rain May 9th.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Quantity</th>
<th>Cost</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Rented house April 10th, 1866</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whitewashing</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19 rays age &amp; wood</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 washboards &amp; soap</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>8</td>
<td>5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>7</td>
<td>2.50</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Mr. Adams Barney, R. J. & Barney
Barney, R. Roberts, W. Wynn, W.
Smith, J. A., Smith, W. B.
Inscriptions:

Union

Matthews dues 1 50
Roseau dues 1 50
Hilliard dues 2 00
Tunyear Card 2 00

Tunyear due 4 11
Tunyear card & dues 2 00

Hilliard dues 3 25

Jacobs

Tunyear

Braggley raising 2 00

Yeager

Larrier

Beers

B. Jell

Total 10 per ch. $6
2 Hilliard dyes 1.00
J. Floyd Card 1.00

The standard of feminine beauty varies: without further notice, we know that the skin hands feet should be black. In no standard do we forbid dark eyes, dark hair, brownishcomplexioned lids.

10. The color of complexion are for the time of the year in the life nail check up of this you must not allow any
so the body should be long the hands along the hair.

11. Herein nicest beauty in Hear
short is a fairy's short with short hair.
12. Remember this rule as these race the shoulders of hard, its eyes.
13. A man not to any man's taste

24. Woman's small nim mouth ankles round. In this I see infinite harmony

30 points of beauty: thirty points of perfection each judge understands. Demanding
Thirty points of perfection each judge understands; by
The standard of feminine beauty, we mean
The face while in repose, the eye, nose, mouth,
Hair, the hands should be thence, figures should be
Three crs. 4 sclerae, 1 iris, 1 pupil. 
3. Short; fair short, fair, short should short, short
Size, and remember this rule at once: 
Embrace the shoulders, foreheads the age.
3. Narrow, a maximum and minimum to every man's context circumference, small in mouth and chest,
Round, in third, see infinite charm:
Rounded fulness apparent as light, lines: 
Round, fair, flat, short, short, short, short, short.
small. Your 30 essentiels are told—
small head now down confessing me
Now she dare she combine attractions
like these
Will not seek the center of Venus to please.

While he Who has met and a union so
Has had better luck than has fallen
to my share

Away with thoughts of sadness, love!
I will be gay to-night!
I would an idle indulge the hope

Tommorow's new delight
Oh! once again our favorite song,
Together let us sing;
And thus forget the weary strain

Tommorow even will bring
Alas! this pain we will have to end
So long, I me must part.
She who is has passed from my heart.
And even as my own sad farewell
For months perchance for years
I cannot form in flight some gleam
Of lit - us union to soreat

\[ \frac{12}{2} \times 250 = 300 \]
\[ \frac{27}{6} = 4.5 \]
\[ \frac{25}{3} = 8.33 \]
\[ \frac{2}{81} = 0.09 \]