

Thursday, May 9.—Left our Camp at six, a. m., and got into a fully hilly country. Some of the hills are frightful. We had to climb a great deal. The hills are covered with flint and bits of granite and gravel, the country rather pretty, very few flowers to be seen. We have been trying for miles to get the natives to sell us some corn for the horses. At last we managed to get some, and honey also. The country is now level and pretty, and I have seen mullen growing at intervals all along our journey. It is uncomfortably warm. The natives seem to think we are refugees flying from the yellow fever in Jacksonville. Our wagon has Florida and the maker's name on the side. We have Camped in a lovely pine grove, close to a small river called "Fishes Creek," a few miles from "Miledgeville." I have been in search of a colored lady to do our washing. She has promised faithfully to be on hand in the morning, "Isc cindy, madam," she tells me.

Friday, May 10.—We expect to start at midday. The natives are exceedingly curious; they come in relays, and sit on the bridge near, and watch us. We have been under supervision all day. I do not mind it a bit, at first it was exceedingly unpleasant, but one gets accustomed to anything in time. The people in town took J. for a horse trader, and are all after him to swap horses. It has been terribly hot. J. and Edwin have gone in town for some repairs. The girls, Norman and myself, and Jack, guard the Camp. About five, p. m., two very impudent looking darkeys rode up to us, on horse back, and seemed inclined to be troublesome. I felt very much alarmed, inwardly shaking, though with a bold front, while I was talking, Elsie ran off and unchained Jack, and came off with him, struggling to get at the men. I seized the chain to help her, and told them if they did not go at once, I should let him go. One look at Jack was enough, they lashed their horses and started off like lunatics. The woman, as usual, has humbugged us, and we have to stay all day, the "race" are alike everywhere, I believe. The horses are having a good rest. The mocking bird has been singing madly all day, and another bird came and made friends with him, with worms, several times during the day.

Saturday, May 11.—This is a lovely bright morning, promising to be very warm; it is so already, at five, a. m., and we are just starting. The mocking bird sang all night long, the moon shone brightly, and our surroundings are so lovely, it was hard to sleep, the air as soft and mild as a Canadian July night, and such numbers of mocking birds answering ours. A fortnight to-day since we left Highwood, it seems strange how few regrets I have in leaving a place which has been our home for four long, long years. Six, p. m., we have Camped in a quiet spot, near "Sparta," the roads have been good and the scenery pretty. "Miledgeville," like the usual Southern town, straggling and old fashioned, and quiet, lots of colored folk.

Sunday, May 12.—Another bright, quiet Sabbath, all by ourselves in the woods (piney), close to a brook. I forgot to mention yesterday that Miledgeville has street cars, drawn by a dummy engine. A few miles out of it we came upon an imposing white stone gateway, with a hedge of Spanish bayonets and yuccas, and all sorts of fragrant flowers; there was no trace of the mansion, it evidently having shared the fate of all the old time places of which we hear about before the war. About half a mile further on, we came upon another entrance, precisely like the first. For