

houses with beautiful gardens and trees. Church St. is very wide, and lined with fine old trees. We created a great sensation, had a large crowd around our wagon in a few minutes. Jack, however, made them keep a safe distance from the wagon. They reckoned we were circus people, and then gipseys, and finally got hold of Norman, who was on horseback, and pumped him for a short time. Just then the crowd was added to by the appearance of something which I could not make out, whether it was man or woman. The creature was clad in coat and trousers of fine black cloth, a grey blouse of white shirt front, with large diamond studs and pin, a wide brimmed felt hat, with the hair in long, fair ringlets, hanging down his or her back, the hands, small and delicate, covered with diamond rings. He, for so it proved, is a "Spanish Count," who has a talent for managing real estate, and had met my husband in Tallahassee. The girls and I had drawn the canvas cover close, so that we could see without being seen, and make observations. The country around the place is hilly, and well cultivated. We have lost sight of Spanish moss, and no palmettos or Spanish bayonets have we seen for some time, the country has altogether quite a Northern aspect. We Camped at ten, a. m., had breakfast, and prayers, rested ourselves and horses for three hours. The children and I had a nice bath, in a pretty brook, near the mill race. We drove through a rather hilly country, and nearly dark, found a suitable Camp ground, near a grove of trees, in a hollow; there is a grave yard, and an old meeting house, on the hill above, on the opposite side of the road. After pitching the tent, discovered May had left her side saddle, bridle and saddle cloth, on a stump near "Leesburg," fifteen miles back; its very annoying, and a great loss, for it's a very nice saddle. There is no use thinking of going back, for some one must have picked it up long before this time. All the family, including bird, dog and horses, are well, except James, who has caught a slight cold, the weather is rather cool, but pleasant. We see occasionally a lovely drooping tree, with branching leaves, like maiden hair fern. We have met this tree all through Georgia; the flowers are the same as those we have met all along. We saw to-day a spotted variety of Pitcher plant, dull white, with red spots, like fly marks, and some yellow flowers, growing on shrubs, with leaves like the locust. The weather rather cool, but very pleasant; had strawberries to-day. About three, p. m., we reached "Andersonville," famous for its prison during the civil war. It's a very small village, standing on a high hill, with a deep ravine on two sides, through which runs a dirty looking brook of muddy water. In this ravine they kept the Union prisoners all around, and on both sides. It is densely wooded with magnificent large trees, chiefly live oak and gum. A man told us sentries paced the high banks, and if any of the prisoners showed their heads above the bank, they were shot. On the hill above, hundreds of the poor fellows sleep their last sleep, in a very fine cemetery, with a lovely church inside the gates, and the Stars and Stripes floating over them.

Sunday, May 5. — We are Camped beside the brook which flows a hundred yards further down through the old prison. There is a delightful Sabbath stillness over everything. James has been in bed all day with a bad headache. I've been writing letters, one to Everard, and reading with children, verse about. There are some most lovely shrubs, with clusters of cup shaped flowers, of a pink and white color, very delicate looking, the leaves are of a shiny, waxy sort, and very dark green.