just finished it when Mr. Peale came to bid us "Good bye", also Dr. Claiborne came for the same purpose. It is with a heavy heart that I bid my friends "Good bye" not knowing whether I shall ever see them again or not. Cora and Emma P., having finished and dispatched their cakes to Dr. C's room, came around about 9 o'clk, and spent the rest of the evening with us. It was late till tomorrow.

Tuesday, April 11th 1865.

All excitement still this morning, consequent upon the preparations for an evacuation. We are all perfectly miserable at the idea of being separated, for an indefinite period of time, from our dear brothers and friends, and our distress is not

by any means mitigated, by the consciousness that we will be unable to hear from them, except occasionally by chance. Marion and Bart are both packed and ready for their journey, we know not where, but the day has passed away without our accomplishing a thing except watching our soldiers as they passed by, and now and then seeing a friend and saying Adieu. How sad the word, and what volumes does it express! This afternoon about dinner time, the 1st La. Regiment, which has been stationed in Mobile for the past six or eight months, passed by on their way to the boat. seemingly in good spirits. Had a very polite nod from Mr. Morrell, whom, I hope I may have the pleasure of meet-

ing again, some of these days.
Went round to Kate's, for a
few minutes, where I met my
friend Mollie, and after our
visit, took a short walk down
Govt. street, finding every one
looking very sad and melan-
choly. Henry Pickens and
Capt. Harris, came in for a
few minutes to say "good bye"
and very soon afterwards Holtz-
claws brigade passed by, and
made me very sad, to think
that so many poor fellows
would never again return to
Mobile. We had quite a pleasant
and agreeable little surprise, how-
ever. As the brigade was passing,
we noticed a young man step
from the ranks and come
towards the gate, and who
proved to be no other person than
Capt. Wells Thomson, and old

friend of mine, whom I had not seen for some time. He was looking so well, and so much improved in appearance, that it was some minutes before I recognized him. I expressed my delight at seeing him, but it was only a pleasure for a moment, as he was in a hurry, and bidding us adieu, was soon off.

I also had a pleasant surprise in the receipt of a letter from Collie, from whom I had received no intelligence for some time, on account of the interruption in communication between here and Montgomery. Marion and his friend Mr Walker, who by the way, is a very estimable young man, left us about 3 oclock. I can not remember when

I have experienced such sad thoughts and feelings as take possession of me tonight. Bidding Marion "Good bye" was no easy task for me, and I will feel his absence keenly. but with hopeful hearts, and a firm trust in God, we may be spared to meet again, and I trust that our troubles will end speedily, or that we may all be united once more.

Wednesday April 12th. I awoke this morning with a most deserted and desolate. All our Horses got off some time during the night, and the city is entirely free of "gray coats" except some few scouts who will decamp upon the entrance of the enemy.

Our feelings can be better imagined than described, as we were momentarily expecting

the intelligence that the enemy were nearly to the city. Meanwhile, quite a commotion has sprung up, down the street, and the people threatened with a mob.

A quantity of Commissary stores having been left by our military authorities, and being turned over to the poor, each one of that class, helping herself freely, and endeavoring to carry off as much as possible. Each one tries to be first and consequently much scuffling and sidling ensues. which is soon quelled by the citizens, who appear with loaded guns & various weapons.

About 12 o'clock, the Mayor, accompanied by many gentlemen, went down that day to surrender the city to Gen. Granger, and from they were on their way to the city.

The Yankee troops did not come in until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when they were marched in, to the tune of "Yankee Doodle" - When I heard that, and the cheering of the men, I began to realize that had and was taking place, as before that, I had been so much excited that I hardly had time for thought. Soon after their entrance and in the midst of my distress at the occupation of the city, by such people, a letter was handed me, which proved to be from my most esteemed friend Dr P. which rather depressed than improved my spirits - It was a farewell letter, and as such, could not be but sad in nature. I was delighted to get it however, since I was deprived of an

opportunity of seeing him before he left. I hope that I will meet him again, and soon, and that we will ever be the good friends we parted. My feelings this afternoon and to-night have been anything but pleasant - I believe I was never so gloomy - but there will be a bright day for us yet.

Thursday. April 13th. The city is filled with the native Yankees who differ in the greatest degree from our gallant soldiers. The component, dirtiest-looking set I ever saw. Really I felt quite strange in my own city, seeing so many new and strange countenances. To do them justice, however, I must admit, though reluctant to do so, that they are

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