Battle of Chickamauga Written for G. W. Hall, of the 30th Tennessee Who Was Wounded in the Battle and now in Cannon Hospital, Lagrange Georgia August the 3rd 1864. By Peyton B. Byrne of Kentucky

ACROSTIC

GREAT WAS THE CARNAGE - LONG AND LOUD THE ROAR,
Earth shook beneath an awful frightful cloud!
On Chickamauga's bloody field of gore,
Replete with carnage - and a motley crowd.

GHOST LIKE AND GHASTLY - AS THE VANDALS LAY,
Engaged in prayer and Hades echoed a groan,
While charging columns swept along that day,
And left the wretches there in grief to moan.

SHOCK AFTER SHOCK - THAT RENT HILLS, ROCKS AND VALLES,
Huge mountains trembled - dismal was the sight,
Intrepid Bragg - charged on 'mid yells and cries,
Nonplus'd Rosecrans - and put his horses to flight.

GREAT REBEL FEAT, BRAVO! Thus his chiefs addressed it,
"To charge the Vandals scattered bleeding line"
On still the charging columns - bravely press'd,
Night closed the scene - with victory sublime.

HILLS, ROCKS AND VALLES - echoed the shout in apace,
At dead of night his Vandals led away,
Left there his dead - a melancholy mire!!
Lio! Food for Beasts - and Ravenous Birds of prey!!!

G. W. HALL.  P. B. Byrne.
ACROSTIC TO MISS MARY

My thoughts by day, and dreams at night,
All wander back to thee,
Refulgent with hopes for delight
Your memory clings to me.

The mint grows weary in its flight
Sublime—calm—and serene.
Now hope it greets me with delight.
Endearing pleasures seen.
Long may you live an angel bright,
Long may I live to dream.
To Miss Mollie

ACROSTIC. By Peyton R. Byrne

Majestic Virtue Reigns Supreme,
On her eternal Throne
Lives in the heart: Calm, and serene,
To! Countless millions mourn.

In dark despair. In endless night,
Eden was lost to view
Religion reared her domes in sight,
Jesus, he died for you.

Once more the promised land we view
Now hope, has banished night
Eden, has been Redeemed, for you
So Mollie, all is Right.
Battle of Shiloh

Houghton near the River of Tenessee on the 5th of April at the morning of 1st day

Attacked by northern forces near the River of Tenessee was near the church of Shiloh. Got commenced to fight.

And six on Sunday morning 13th then they made to fight.

They fell back to pick up landing and waiting south of their battery and called for help and called our last many a brave man. They lost thousands more. They fell in 1500 miles.

The soldiers by Sidney Taylor.

The victory we did gain.

Can in front of fatal day that morning endurance claim.

Gen. Beauregard's self Command and to proceed all right.

The five guns stood brave to stand in the thickest of the fight.
I captured General plungest
When I saw thousand men
I left that night within. Thin to
took the plains.
I took letters in number
And I write and write again
I shed to come behind
I received a letter from my
It came from commended the play
When I slept at any point.
I held the foe it lay
Then we fell back to our lines
In dead and at small
And sent our wounded near Timescamps

Through to for it came
They eat to feed the son the fine
I gave breastplate and shield
She for as they retire
Of anything is quite certain God
for many a day they'll rise
That went that out past the earth
Church of Shiloh.

The long song
The old song
I left on my old mother and wife
I am going to soldiers I wound each story
And when I got well I sit down and cry
And to God and think of little me and my
And think of little marjory wish the best
Could play
wish it was a land and bad wing and
I would think of little marjory the night
On some little windlass. This kind of thing
On my song lines armed. The night is lifted
I held Kentuck
I held Kentuck eight hundred nine
I saw many there lines but I never saw one
I picked all round me and saw I was alone
I am a poor soldier and far from home
a fine hand
wish I were a penn man and could sit and
I'd write my love a letter that
I would send it by the soldiers
And think thing of little me where ever I go
B.C. Stamper Co. E 5 The Regt. My Army
September the 2nd 1864
They bled soldier boys being
When this cruel war is over,

Dearest one, do you remember when last we did meet?
When you told me how you loved me kneeling at my feet
Of how proud you stood before me in your suit of gray
When you bowed to me and country Screening to go as stray

Chorus
Weeping sad and skillet sighs and tears down again

When this cruel war is over Praying when to meet again

When the summer breeze is sighing mournfully a long
Of how autumn leaves are falling daily breathe the song
Of in dreams I see you lying on the battle plain
Lonely wounded even dying calling but in vain

Chorus

If amid the din of battle oddly you should fall
Far away from those who love you it would be for you call
The sound of home with their words of comfort who would be the your pain

At many cruel fancies even in my brain
Chorus

But your country called you loved one angels guide your way

Chorus
Sunday bell a N. W. O. A.

Hisp

Nannie Osby

in many journeyings in my resting on the land or on the seas in my solitude and sorrow you grieving and in joy I am thinking fondly thinking of you and me together.

in the days of degradation in the hour of joy and pride those wise and watchful ministers are ever by my side throughout the moral warfare let you still may champion and in the last stern conflict I shall still remember The ill shed a tear for there tears for The to night

Then every hope is lost and cast there is no rest from my sight I'll have no peace in the bowels of this earth when I am at and desolate when no one else could cheer I would lose the peace of my brain end in the way selecting went I would not perhaps hope of joys to connect though girlhood's become depart not knowing this in vain it'll or have you never dreamed how much he love those dark blue eyes that for me never beannel
Elias: I, too, agree that

Dear [Addressee]:

I was wondering if you could meet me for dinner tonight? I'd love to have a conversation about our recent correspondence. Let me know if this works for you.

Elias

William: I see. I wanted to discuss our upcoming project.

Elias: Of course. I'm always open to new ideas.

William: I think we should consider incorporating a new feature in the design.

Elias: That's an interesting suggestion. I'll look into it.

William: I'm excited to see where this project will take us.

Elias: Me too. Let's make sure we stay on track.

William: Absolutely.

Elias: It's been a pleasure working with you, William.

William: Likewise.
For the hasty green herald
as the may days are fading fast
from every men hurrying past
And if you ask them where they go
In certain sheets will plainly show you

And as they come snipped in their best
From north on south and east and west
The watchman watch in greatest care
To find the may deed in They're hair no circumstance

Ohio by this crowd they eagerly cry
While gazing on each passerby
And every train brings more and more
That gather on the conference floor

Oh stop they shout turn back turn back
Or you will be left to hold the back
But shedding not they hurried past
To let the new hall rolling fast

It is not fair the losses cry
To hang the grand old party's life
They answer back and do not care
For their new music in the air

in cin cin mate
you best not go... cowardly exile
But stick to the old parties, like
And take my word, when you get there.
They'll call you cranky with haystack hair.

It takes a crank to turn the stone
To sharpen nips just like your own.
We find that people are all wise
To start a party of new stripe.

And so their hammers come on high
Was printed plain with diamond edge
To make a start for ninety two
That's all we're going to do.

written by H. R. S. Littlepenny
Young people all attention give
And hear what I do say
I want your souls in Christ to live
In ever lasting days

Remember you are hastening on
to death's dark gloomy shade
your joys on earth will soon be done
your flesh indust be laid

death's iron gate you must pass through
can long my dear young friends
when then do you expect to go
where will your souls then land

pray meditate before to late
whilst in a gospel land
behold king jesus at the gate
most lovingly doth stand

Young men how can you turn face
From such a glorious friend
Will you perish that dangerous race
Oh don't you fear the end
Will you pursue that dangerous road
That leads to death in hell.
Will you refuse all peace with God
With devils for To dwell.

Young lads To what will you do
If out of Christ you die.
From all of gods people you must go
To weep, lament and cry.

Where can the least relief can bring
To meditate your pain.
Nor you no more with christians sing
Nor never with them reign.

Come young,
Come young come old
I pray come new,
The fountain of living wise,
The spring of life that flows for you that flows from Jesus side.

Then we can drink with endless joy
An reign with Christ our King.
In his gladsome our souls employ.
Soul halle luge sing.
I some times think that souls are called
And taken home to God
To change the parents from their ways
And make them serve the Lord.

It's safe at rest with God to-day
That's one thing we can't doubt
A feasting on eternal love
With a soul good company.

Oh what a happy time it is to-day
With children that are gone
In peace with God for always stay
And sing a paeans song.

Oh what a happy time with us
If we in time prepare
When our flesh is laid in dust
We will meet our children there.

God's want is good for every man
You will find it on record
Of sinners will you come to day
Compressing to the Lord.

Oh sinners let us try to pray
And gain the great reward
That we may walk the narrow way
And meet in peace with God.
Young people all attention give
And hear what I do say
I want your souls in Christ to live
In ever lasting days

Remember you are hastening on
to death's dark gloomy shade
your joys and ears will soon be done
your flesh in dust be laid

Death's iron gates you must pass through
can long my dear young friends
where then do you expect to go
when will your souls then land

Pray meditate before to late
while in a gospel land
behold King Jesus at the gate
Most lovingly both stand

Young men how can you turn face
From such a glorious friend
will you perish that dangerous race
Oh don't you fear the end
Near Granger, Texas
February the 11th, 1874

Editor Sentinel

I am a third party man from the
Crown of my head to the sole of my foot,
And not only that but a abhorance
Of the use of intoxicating drinks. This
Poisonous stuff called alcohol done
Call it one day, they are in the United
States to day about 30,000,000 persons drinking
This poisonous stuff called alcohol, and
to this number are added yearly about
30,000 more drinkers of this poisonous stuff.
And The average deaths in the United
States is about six-tenths of them fill
A drunken grave, the use of whiskey
intemperance is one of the worst
Curses in our land to day. it
cuts down youth in its vigor and
it cuts down manhood in its
Strength, and it cuts down old
age in its weakness. But besides

it curses god it denies heaven it
degrades the citizens it dishonors the legislatures it dishonors the statesmen it dishonors the patriot it dishonors shame not honor misery not
happiness. it kills peace it ruins morals it blights confidence it
slays reputation it wipes out national honors and then curses
the world and laugh at its ruin
it is the devil's best friend
And god's worst enemy and still
The half is not told
if one they of publication
do so if not lay it in the waste
basket 1874.
The father's heart it beares
the dealing mother it extinguishes
natural affections it crosses
regal love it blows out friendship
it brings down mourning in sorrow to the grave it produces
dead at life weak ness not
strength it produces death not life
it causes you to fill a drunkard's
gerat that all of your posterity
after you are dead and you will half to
point to your grave with shame and
disgrace and be a snare and disgrace
for all of your posterity through
life. it makes orphans and it makes
children orphans and
parents child less and all of them
paupers and beggars it feeds
fects diseases it kills the dead to lay hold of you
it imprisone patients it fills our land
with idleness with misery and
with crime it fills your jails
it supplies your alarms how so
it demands your responses it supplies
your penitentiary with convicts it
furnishes victims for your
scaffold it is the life blood of the gambler
the elements of its strength is the prop of
the highway man and the support of
the midnight incendiary it comes to
masse. the lid it defeats the thief it
estimates the blasphemer it violates
obligations it reverence form it
honors infamy it hates love it
scorns at air turit slander inmo
cence it in every heart to whips and
abuse his innocent wife and his helpless
children and in many instances
because the child to turn its back
upon his father and leave all that is
near and dear to them and nine
ten of them comes to shame and
disgrace it burns up men it conv
sumes women it detests life.