ABBBIE M. BROOKS DIARY

1865

Tuesday, January 17, 1865.

I was considerably and I must say rather agreeably surprised to see a little pet dog which always accompanies the Woodruff children in front of the church this morning. When I entered 4 of the children were there. They seemed at being with us again and it was triumph enough for me to have them there. After what had been said about their father being disgusted &c.

Jealousy and Envy may bite their tongues off in spite, but I intend to walk in the path of duty and uprightness and let all the balance pass by me. While God is my friend they may assail but never injure permanently.

Saturday, January 21, 1865.

I dressed myself this morning for Nashville, and after waiting some time Mrs. Graves came along with a bony old horse for the purpose of taking me to town. We started and the horse finally stalled in a mud hole. I with some assistance alighted and walked a short distance over the worst of the road where we had stuck. We moved along with no more mishaps, crossed the River on the ferry and arrived safe with no bones broken upon the muddy streets of our once pleasant City. Took a music lesson of Miss Hunt and nearly walked myself down to do some shopping.

Sunday, January 22, 1865.

It has rained during the night and is now dark and rainy. I have very unwell all day hardly been able to sit up.

I am thankful that I have a good warm room to stay while so many poor creatures are without shelter and homeless.

I saw a refugee sitting by the road side last night as I was coming from town. His wife and two children were with them, four persons in all with a little smoke and nothing to cover them but the blue sky, and nothing to comfort them but the thought of warm weather. This world is full of misery and want.

Monday, January 23, 1865.

The ground is this morning covered with snow, the wind blows very bleak and cold from the North; the ground is frozen some, and snow freezing. How dreary everything looks covered with snow. I feel but little like teaching school today but am at my post as usual.

I have 19 scholars with a prospect of more when the weather is better. I have constant employment when teaching that entirely occupies my mind. I have no time to think of my troubles, or anything unpleasant, except my school troubles, when I have a stormy day with the children, which is very unfrequently.

Tuesday, January 24, 1865.

When I look back upon the scenes through which I have passed, accompanied with the fears doubts and difficulties that have presented themselves from the commencement of this war I am unable to describe the sensations which take possession of my mind.

The startled dreams of robbers and the reality of their appearing at midnight or daybreak, ordering something to eat and helping themselves bountifully to whatever they could find in the house or outside, is too apparent with me for a dream.
Wednesday, January 25, 1865.

The air is piercing and cold. The spring branches are frozen over with thin ice but the water has so much current it would be difficult to freeze it. With so much destruction and sorrow this temperature of atmosphere is terrible. There is one consolation with it, that while the North is humiliating and depressing the South, she is paying dearly for her revenge. The financial condition of the treasure together with the daily lavish expenditure of her funds, no nation however powerful could endure. She is already in a most enviable position which is certain to end in ruin.

Thursday, January 26, 1865.

The weather is severely cold. The branches are frozen over, and the ground has assumed the solidity of rock. It is very cold weather for teaching but the scholars all come regularly.

We had a bad fire this morning on account of the wood being miserable stuff. I am in a bad humor with Mr. Love for sending me such wood. It seems to me no person cares what the quality of anything they sell is if they can only get a big price for it. I am very weary today and feel as though I had no person to care for me, and cared for no one. It has frozen all day in the shade.

Friday, January 27, 1865.

Last night was very cold the coldest weather we have had this winter, it appears to me.

After school I prepared myself and rode over to Mr. Hall's. The roads are very rough, and it is terrible going for man and brute. Mr. Hall and all the family were well. Mrs. Neely and all the children seemed delighted to see me. Their negroes are nearly all gone, and they look poor enough.

They have a guard from Ohio who is a fair exponent of the principles which the Federal army entertains upon the negro question, "Free them without providing for them."

Saturday, January 28, 1865.

I had to return home this morning in order that Mr. Gee could have the horse. I went over to Mrs. Johnson's and found her sick. I gave her some of my medicine and spent the day in working questions, in my Mental Arithmetic, Doctor Hanna helping me and I'm in turn suggesting the rules for working fractions to him.

My only pastime is my books, that gives me any pleasure or comfort. The weather is terribly severe, the wind blows the cold in today which makes it feel more disagreeable than usual. I retired very late from my arithmetic.

Sunday, January 29, 1865.

This morning Sallie Gee and I started from home horseback to see Mr. Wilson, her uncle, who has been very sick with erysipelas fever. They seemed much pleased to see us, and had a nice palatable dinner - which was refreshing.

Mr. Wilson is troubled very much on account of propositions for retaliatory measures towards the Southern prisoners which will effect his only child and son that is in prison now in a Northern bastile, treated more like a felon than a prisoner of war, who has only raised his arm in self defence for his rights.
Abbie M. Brooks Diary-1865.

Monday, January 30, 1865.

The breezes of Heaven do not visit us so rudely this morning. The weather has materially moderated and it seems mild and pleasant. I have taught as usual, having but little trouble except a smoky stove which has annoyed me exceedingly. After school we practised some little pieces to sing Tuesday night.

I am disposed to be obliging; will play my best for them. I do not always like to be interrupted with a crowd but occasionally like a select few to come in and have a social chat with us.

Tuesday, January 31, 1865.

It looks cloudy and like rain; as our company comes tonight I really hope the weather will be propitious. I have invited two of the school boys, as they were Sallie's school mates. Herbert Love & Eddie Woodruff my two most manly boys in school and treat me very respectful. I love to teach scholars when they are obedient, diligent and try to improve; I would not change a school of pleasant scholars for any position which I know of in this world. The gratification of trying to do right and being useful in this world, is a pleasant reflection un-alloyed.

Wednesday, February 1, 1865.

We had some company last night as it was Sallie Gee's birthday. Mr. & Mrs. Wilson were invited. I played for them several pieces, and the children sang some. The refreshments were very nice, and the table looked beautiful. I was very weary but as the music made things so much more lively, I feel compensated in knowing I contributed to their enjoyment.

I have settled for the year in full: my board bill amounted to one hundred and thirty-two dollars. I have made nothing over my year's expenses. I have cut laid by one cent.

Thursday, February 2, 1865.

It has been suggested by some writer that when we write a page in our diary we should record the time of rising in the morning, the amount of exercise, and the bill of fare for the day.

I have always been impressed with the idea that solid and indigestible food has much to do with our feelings, our over-wrought imaginary wrongs, and depressed spirits when the demon of perdition seems stirred in our souls. We are devotional amiable and sweet tempered, if the atmosphere is pleasant, our food palatable, and our friends agreeable, everything moves with the uniformity our equal circulation and physical condition encourages, our purposes are then strong for good, and our rock firm and immovable.

Friday, February 3, 1865.

Last night I settled with Mrs. Gee in full for my board at the rate of $12 per month. I paid and have a receipt in full until tomorrow. Mrs. Scruggs has been wanting me to come and board with her and her son Dick who are the only members of the family. The only objection is that there are many meddlesome tongues, among the rest her relations, who would always be watching me and making remarks which are not uttered in the spirit of kindness. I have a room to myself and no person to interrupt me with their inquiries or curiosity.

Monday, February 6, 1865.

The North considers it an offense to resent the power of Abraham Lyncoln, and the South a merit commendable in all freemen. The day is not far distant when the
Southern armies will be disorganized and formed into bands which will descend upon the unlucky Yankees (that may be found feasting and revelling in confiscated houses and on land which never cost them a dime) when they least suspect that danger is near. That descent will be to seek revenge for their wrongs and privations. I fear this war will never end. The motto is "to destroy or be destroyed."

Tuesday, February 7, 1865.

This morning the ground is covered with snow to the depth of 3 inches. It came down in a noiseless manner gently; I little suspected the storm had visited us during the night or the elements were in commotion; the face of Nature looks cold and cheerless when covered from sight. Our national calamities seem to tax our powers to the utmost tension, and bad weather adds to our distress, killing what little vitality our bodies have left to subsist during the struggle. Many a poor Southern boy is now freezing in Northern prisons and starving upon half rations.

Wednesday, February 8, 1865.

A cold wind is blowing from the icy glaciers of the North which freezes the earth very rapidly. War is devastating and separating the hearts which were once united, while immorality sweeps over the land and religion burns dimly in the misty atmosphere, which has been corrupted by the clashing of arms and the contention of foes with their fiendish passions aroused to that state of desperation which is only satisfied with the blood of its victims with the sword of revenge planted in the heart of his victim. This country will be unable to recover for generations to come.

Thursday, February 9, 1865.

All that is talked of now is peace, a cessation of hostilities until everybody can get their breath good, is much to be desired. The secret is at last discovered after four years of fighting that a reconciliation can never be produced by fighting; that the conquered portions have a deep rooted suppressed hatred only waiting a favorable moment to strike for freedom and for vengeance against tyrannous usurpation and the galling chains of oppression. The oaths which silence the "vox populi" for the present cannot be always.

Friday, February 10, 1865.

My stoves smoke all the time in/school room. I am so wearied with them when night comes that I can hardly sit up. My school is not diminishing in numbers nor is my popularity visibly declining. Where one family takes a scholar away, two comes back from some other direction to fill their place. The weather has been very severe this week, but the children all come to school regularly and seem to be improving. I live from day to day, I am to tell what for, but I trust I shall enter a happier state of existence hereafter.

Saturday, February 11, 1865.

I have been at home busy all day fixing my clothes and things generally. I was disappointed in not going to Town, but as no opportunity presented itself I had to stay at home. I could not be contented to stay day, and a little while before sun set Miss Sallie McGavock and myself walked over to Mr. Taylor's. Old Mrs. Goodrich and Mrs. T. seemed very glad to see us. Mr. T. cracked his jokes as usual, but I think he is re-forming as he is reading the Testament, but not very attentively as he reads too rapidly.
Sunday, February 12, 1865.

After a pleasant night’s repose we walked home. I have been reading, writing and resting all day. Most of the people in this country make this a day of visiting, but I prefer the quietness of my own room before any of the visitations. I feel that it is the only day I have to gain strength for my other daily duties, that the Creator wisely ordained it to rest in and not to feast and frolic, that we are accountable for the manner in which we spend God’s holy day, the same as we would be for breaking his other commandments and rejecting his ordinances.

Monday, February 13, 1865.

Our national troubles is a source of discontent and annoyance to all enterprises or undertakings. We seem to have a president who does not retain wise counsellors as his advisers but only those who assent to his opinion, are allowed the privilege of revolving around his chair of state. If he has any talents, or virtue they have been eclipsed by his undignified joking manner toward his visitors. He “says his jokes for which the papers abuse him are his only safety valve” that his many cares would annoy him to death if it was not for this safety valve. Mrs. Goodrich was buried today.

Tuesday, February 14, 1865.

The President in his schemes to establish reforms in the South, has incautiously adopted plans and too peremptorily executed them. Never was a general so desirous of extending his conquests or a minister anxious to make a proselyte, than the abolition fanatics are to convince the world that their opinions are the only ones worth having. They propose the amelioration of a race of humanity without suggesting the means. Many of the poor negroes are turned out to starve that once had good homes and kind masters to care for them. The man should be imprisoned who would induce a negro to run away.

Wednesday, February 15, 1865.

The weather is cold and the ground freezes every night. The elements seem to be in bad order even. I know that I never saw so much cold weather in this country. The war goes on and I fear will continue until the country is ruined and the people are made pensioners and beggars. Peace commissioners go to meet Abraham Lincoln only to hear humiliating concessions to which if the South will accede and accept she can have the extreme happiness of submitting to his rule. Let the South be extinct before she should be disgraced.

Thursday, February 16, 1865.

I am at my post as usual with the stoves smoking terribly. No news which is encouraging is in circulation. The South beheld innovations upon her right to which she has remonstrated and refused submission, acts which were constantly being passed to (which) trespassed upon her liberties and privileges. She is now arrayed in military force and displayed unyielding devotion for the love of her national independence and liberty. The number of desertions is very great, but there are many true and noble hearts left, which will sacrifice their lives before their honor.

Friday, February 17, 1865.

I have been very unwell all this week, never was anybody more pleased to see Friday come, and bring with it a cessation of toil. I delight in being employed when I am well, but school has dragged very heavily upon my hands this week. The
stoves have smoked, but the weather has been mild most of the time, which is all I have to afford me any consolation whatever. The scholars have attended regularly all the week. Some of them are getting very mischievous and I shall be obliged to punish them.

Saturday, February 18, 1865.

The day is bright and beautiful. I have spent the day in fussing about generally. I have employed a man to clear the stove pipes at the church and have been up to see about it. The work has been done well and satisfactorily and a great trouble has been moved from my other annoyances. I have thought of nothing by day or night but my smoky stoves. I have only half taught during the last month. I could not have endured it one month longer in no way. My eyes were nearly smoked out of my head.

Sunday, February 19, 1865.

Sunday does not come too often to suit me. It is a bright beautiful day and I have spent it in reading. After dinner I went to see Mrs. Jamison but found her gone. Deacon Anderson very politely invited me in, but I declined as I did not come to visit him.

I came home refreshed after my exercise and tried to write but my ideas were so scattered I could not get them together sufficiently to write a single sentence. I am unfortunately not always in the vein for writing. I have often wished I had the gift of an "easy writer" but nature does not bestow all upon me.

Monday, February 20, 1865.

I resume my duties this morning with more alacrity than usual, as my stoves are cleaned out and I will have no trouble in making fires. I am annoyed enough with the children and their noise without having smoky stoves.

The weather is pleasant and I feel better today than last week. I have so much to do that I have no time to be sick, and adversity annoys me now more than in former days. I have endured so much in different ways that my powers of endurance are nearly exhausted.

God grant that I may have strength to overcome all troubles.

Tuesday, February 21, 1865.

The mornings are pleasant and the spring birds have commenced their pleasant notes of praise for the departure of King Winter and his chilly breath.

We should all rejoice for the return of a season which will give us fruit time and harvest, as there is nothing left for the brute or man to eat.

If the winter had been any longer every thing would have perished. The cows seem to rejoice that the tender grass is springing and linger late to pluck its tiny shoots.

Wednesday, February 22, 1865.

I was only reminded that this is the birthday of our National Benefactor by the firing of cannons which were so heavy they shook the windows perceptibly; one hundred guns were fired in rapid succession.

Never did our country witness a more inauspicious birthday since the Revolutionary struggle than the present. The sky darkens every day, the prospects for peace are no better than last year, the country devastated, the Federals have possession of more cities and where is the end.
Thursday, February 23, 1865.

It has rained this morning and at intervals during the day but all the children have come to school. The rain seems but a small obstacle to their coming. I am glad they are interested in their studies. I am kind to them and I do not see why they should dislike to come. I am very certain it would not be disagreeable to me to attend school under similar circumstances.

My school days were never very pleasant. I was never a favorite with any teacher but Sam Woods. He seemed to like me at times.

Friday, February 24, 1865.

It cleared up in the night which is a sign it will not stay long. I have a kind of dull head ache this morning, which is not pleasant company.

I have worked very hard this week, out of school in doing Mental Arithmetic questions. It is a very pleasant pass time and keeps my mind constantly employed. It is much better to wear out than rust and decay to no purpose, the world being no better for our having lived in it, having never benefitted a human being nor made any improvement nor addition to the talents God has given us.

Saturday, February 25, 1865.

I hired a buggy and horse yesterday for the purpose of going to Nashville. I awoke early and heard the rain pattering down very rapidly. I watched the clouds until dinner, working but very little, as I was so much disappointed. About 12 o'clock the sky commenced to break away and the clouds to move North. Mrs. McFersin & I prepared ourselves taking Lulie McFersin in the conveyance. Mrs. Mc was apprehensive at first in regard to the gentleness of our horse, but we soon arrived safe in Edgefield, when Mrs. Pitts' Jeremiah took me to Nashville, as a driver.

Sunday, February 26, 1865.

The day is warm and pleasant. I am trying to recuperate after my exercises of yesterday. I have written some and read from the History of Napoleon; when Empires crumbled like falling architecture, and to wear a crown was a curse instead of an honor, as the crowned heads were targets for vengeance wreak upon. I took a little walk this evening for the purpose of meeting Miss Sallie McGavock who had been to see Mrs. Jamison. I met Miss Maria Roberts and Mr. Calhoun in a buggy driving slow and courting.

Monday, February 27, 1865.

My duties commence again this morning with an additional pupil, Miss Bettie McGarity.

My school is gradually increasing with very good children. I hear of others coming after a while, but I do not know what they will conclude upon.

It is very hard work to teach school with so many different grades of scholars, from Natural Philosophy down to cat. There are very troublesome times and almost any employment in preferable to idleness, if it is not very profitable. I hardly pay my board and earn enough to clothe myself.

Tuesday, February 28, 1865.

I forgot to mention the murder of George Gee, a lad which had deserted from the Southern army and was in the employ of Henry Case, hauling whiskey from the Ridge. He was in company with two other men who had their money taken and most of their clothes by only two guerillas. There is evidently cowardice somewhere, when the youngest and most feeble only should be sacrificed. It was a shocking affair and all the result of whiskey traffic and a desire for gain. The robbers
destroyed the whiskey by bursting the barrel heads.

Wednesday, March 1, 1865.

A fearful and terribly devastating war is now being waged against the South with no prospect of peace or protection. Charleston, South Carolina has been captured by Sherman. The poor citizens must suffer terribly from his iron rule. It has been a doomed city since the firing upon Fort Sumpter. Columbia is reported burned because the citizens fired upon the soldiers from their houses. No mercy will be shown to those poor unfortunate Carolinians.

The exaltation will be fiendish and terrible in the extreme to witness, but God limits the wrath of man.

Thursday, March 2, 1865.

The rains commenced falling some time during the night. The sky was very dark this morning. I thought that I should have a day to rest in but the rain took a little rest, and the gray took me to school where all but two of the scholars were present.

It has rained nearly all day and I have taught about 7 hours to keep the children from running in the wet and rain. The negroes have made so much noise that I had to go down stairs and ask Mr. Gee to make them hush. The guard has more conversation with the negroes than anybody I ever saw.

Friday, March 3, 1865.

It is a very dark and rainy day. I never saw a more constant rain. The rain slackened a little this morning for me to ride to school.

There has not so much rain fallen in 3 years at any one time as for the past week. It reminds me of the Rebel retreat from Nashville, together with its occupation by the Yankees.

Those were dark days for us, and the star of our hope has been dimmed ever since. Its flashings and twinkling partially obscured from our vision, but may it rise and shine with double brilliancy is my sincere prayer.

Saturday, March 4, 1865.

The rain has ceased but the Earth is deluged. The Cumberland is out of her banks, her waters cover nearly the whole country in its vicinity. I have been ciphering as usual from my mental arithmetic. Went over to Mr. William Johnson's after dinner: Mrs. Johnson came home while Miss Sallie McGavock and I were there. She said a number of persons had been drowned in the back water from the Cumberland and some fine horses. The River has not been as high before since 1847. It is almost impossible to get into Nashville. Many bridges are washed away in different parts of the country.

Sunday, March 5, 1865.

There was a slight frost last night but the sun rose clear and beautiful. The negroes are very noisy, their loud talking and laughing grates inharmoniously upon my ears when I want to enjoy a quiet Sabbath. However I have been very busy reading from the Old Testament and account of Saul & David and in regard to the burning of Saul's body and those of his son's which were killed. It seemed a mark of distinction to be buried.

I feel very well today and I think the warm sunshine has penetrated the darkness of my heart.
Monday, March 6, 1865.

I have received an additional number of three scholars today. Jennie Conwell, a granddaughter of Bishop Soule's, Susie Maddin & Sallie. The children all seem to agree and improve. I am enjoying myself now as well as I ever expect to this side of Heaven. I feel for the soldier and the one who mourns but I cannot worry my life out of me on account of what I cannot help.

On my return from school I received the very unpleasant piece of information that Black Aunt Sallie had the small pox. I was in the cabin yesterday and took a good look at her.

Tuesday, March 7, 1865.

The day is bright and beautiful but the small pox haunts me like a nightmare. I have to assume a cheerful exterior to keep up the spirits of the family.

I went to my school this morning, and found the scholars all panic stricken on account of the small pox. I had 24 yesterday and 13 today. A marked decline. I never had a better school nor was the sunshine of my prosperity brighter. I trust it is not dimmed for any length of time. I trust this commotion will soon pass away and I shall be restored to school children again.

Wednesday, March 8, 1865.

The sky is very dark and the rain is pouring down in large quantities. I have been busy all day in practising and taking an inventory of my personal effects, as a kind of preparation to moving, soon as I can ascertain definitely whether I am going to take the small pox or make a fortunate escape.

I am really very unhappy to have my employment stop in the midst of my session, for an unprincipled Yankee coming in the family and bringing a disease of all others most to be dreaded. Mrs. Gee has has her clothes washed to be buried in and other preparations.

Thursday, March 9, 1865.

The sky and winds indicate variable weather. I waited until nearly dinner before I left home. I then proceeded through a beating shower to Mrs. Eubank's. If I had anticipated rain I should have watched before I left home, but I was very tired of staying at home. Mrs. E. seemed glad to see me and we talked old times over. No person would imagine from the exterior of her residence that the occupant had any redeemable qualities, but many draw erroneous conclusions from the exterior of a person's dress, and residence, outward appearances are not a criterion.

Saturday, March 11, 1865.

I started this morning for my "pest house" home at Mr. Gee's. The horse I rode was needed. I had a very pleasant cool ride. The ground had a little snow upon it, and was frozen hard. I have been very sleepy since I came home, and feel weary. I feel very little like doing anything in the way of work, but I try to be constantly employed that I may not bewail the "ghosts of my departed hours."

I fear the small pox is no better, and our home is like a deserted mansion. I have thought that we were unpleasantly situated before but this is terrible. The people go by the house swift as their horses can carry them.

Sunday, March 12, 1865.

I have had the head ache terribly nearly all day. I tried to sleep some in the morning and as the house was quiet succeeded very well. I am reading the "Life of P. Henry." I took a walk up to the church to have the blinds closed, which old
Bob had left open. Shortly after I returned home Black Aunt Sallie died. The negroes commended to cry and wail, no one dare go near her. I told Mr. Gee to make immediate preparations for burying her soon as possible. I went down in the lot and helped select a place to bury her where the water would not wash her grave, and in two hours her and all her bed clothes were buried in the ground.

Monday, March 13, 1865.

I was so much excited yesterday that I feel very little like doing anything. When I heard Aunt Sallie was dead I felt my very heart freeze in me. I intend going to Nashville and remaining some time. I am very unhappy here in this Small Pox hospital, each waiting for the disease to die out or a new case to present itself. My school is broken up, and I am unable to tell how I shall be able to get it together again. The people are all panic stricken and alarmed beyond measure, if a case comes in the country while they pass it every day in Nashville.

Tuesday, March 14, 1865.

I prepared myself this morning for Nashville where small pox is not so much of a novelty.

I arrived at the junction some time before the cars came and while sitting there the following thoughts suggested themselves to my mind. Where I would live. In a beautiful valley or on a pleasant hill side where the sweet songs of feathered warblers charming denizens of air should greet my ear and enliven my drooping spirits with their happy notes, where the murmuring fountains should chime sweetly their musical cadence in solitude inspiring my soul with veneration and adoration for the Giver of all things.

Wednesday, March 15, 1865.

I staid all night in Edgefield with my friend Mrs. Burns. I visited Mrs. Holcomb's school today and was much pleased with the exercises. Mrs. Holcomb said "she hoped my visit had been as profitable to me as it was pleasant to her."

I have been searching for something historical with reference to Archimedes. He was born at Syracuse, Sicily. King Hiero suspecting a golden crown had been fraudulently alloyed employed Archimedes to discover the fraud. While in bathing he made the valuable discovery. Rushing into the streets he cried Eureka! Eureka! I have found it! and thus associating indissolubly the exclamation with the discovery of truth.

Thursday, March 16, 1865.

We had a very severe storm last night, which has cooled the air extremely. The wind was so high and cold I did not consider it prudent to venture out in consequence of which I remained at Mr. Burns all day. I have been sewing some for Mrs. Burns in order to pass the time away. I try to make the best of everything but it is difficult to find any best to some things. God grant that the winged messengers of time as they fly swiftly may bear a good account to God of the improvement which I have made of my time.

The time given here to prepare for another world is short enough if all improved.

Friday, March 17, 1865.

I visited Mr. & Mrs. Cartwright's school this St. Patrick's day. The children were very disorderly, but some of them seemed to be learning while others were extremely idle. Children should try and improve their advantages in laying up
wisdom to enable them to be useful and happy in the future remembering that although their condition in life may be humble, they may be dignified and refined in their manners remembering that dignity and discretion are the distinguishing marks which characterize the true woman from the counterfeit coin of her sex and describe the line of distinction.

Saturday, March 18, 1865.

I am still at the Burns' - spent all the forenoon in sewing which is a pass time I do not much admire. Started for over the River after dinner, bought some books and little things preparatory to going home in the country. I was very tired from taking so much exercise. Mr. Wm. Robinson came over the River with me, as we came upon the little bridge that is built for the cows to pass over the White's Creek Pike, what should I see, six or eight Federal Officers, kissing some of the most common looking I ever saw. I started back which seemed to amuse them very much and after I had passed them, they bawled, "Now look."

Sunday, March 19, 1865.

The air is warm as the breath of spring, and the sun shines beautiful. I am in Edgefield and for this reason have the privilege of hearing Mr. Trimble preach. He made a beautiful prayer, before his sermon remembering the condition of our torn distracted distressed country, praying for peace and quietude. The same officers which I saw so busy kissing the evening before sat in front of me, they interrupted me so much with their presence that I could hardly listen to the sermon. I started for home on the 3 P.M. train. Stopped at the Woodruff's and went to Mrs. Scruggs.

Monday, March 20, 1865.

The weather continues very warm and vegetation is advancing very rapidly. I went to see Mrs. Jamison this morning to ascertain how the Small Pox was coming on at Mr. Gee's. A panic still prevails in regard to the disease. Mrs. Jamison is quite contented with her present residence and enjoys the quietude after such a diversified sea of commotion through which she has passed for several months moving only 4 times in one year. She has been told many things in regard to her husband which she had better never to have known. May it be my constant study to reconcile all those that are at variance.

Tuesday, March 21, 1865.

I am very discontented and unhappy when not employed. I have had my arrangements very much interrupted by the Small Pox. I try to bear adversity with fortitude but it is very hard work at times. This life is a scene of trial and temptation, to many sickness sorrow and sufferings in order that we may be prepared for scenes and changes that await us in life. How important it is that we should be fortified with the firm principles of truth and right which will save us from error, remembering the precepts of the Divine Giver "Be perfect, live in peace," and then shall the God of peace be with us now and forever.

Wednesday, March 22, 1865.

I staid all night with Mrs. Chadwell during absence after sweet potatoes. She was quite sick, but is better this morning. I went to Mr. Jounson's this morning for the purpose of doubling some yarn for Mrs. Chadwell, but more the purpose of going over to Mr. Gee's and packing up my things preparatory to moving. I went over after dinner and made myself very busy in collecting them together. I intended going to Mrs. Gee and telling her that I was going away, but in a moment or two after I
came in Dr. Jamison called wight from the cabin. He said he was going to rub me over with the Small Pox, and I left very sudden.

Thursday, March 23, 1865.

I have made a mistake of one day somewhere in my calculations. I have spent my time this week in so useless a manner that I do not know how I have been employed. I think often when lookin upon Ella Hunter with all her deceptive ways, how often we are deceived in looking upon a fair and beautiful face thinking so rare a casket must contain a precious gem to find it empty and deformed. She is undoubtedly the most simpering, unnatural creature I ever saw. She is extremely fond of admiration, which occasions many unkind remarks from those around.

Friday, March 24, 1865.

I came home this morning from Mr. Chadwell's or rather to Mrs. Scruggs', as I am commencing to call it my home. Visiting around from one place to another does not agree with me. I get weary and worn down very soon and long for quiet and rest, my own bed and room, society is deprived of its charm and conversation to me becomes dull and irksome.

As the seasons follow each other imperceptibly verging from Spring to Summer and then Autumn, so does life progress from youth to middle and old age of which we are unaware until it has passed away.

Saturday, March 25, 1865.

Late in the day yesterday I employed Mr. Granaghan to move my things from Mr. Gee's. The morning was cool and very windy. I went over to the house after Mr. Granaghan had went. Mr. Gee came out and commenced storming because I had sent the team for my things before I had talked to his wife about moving. I mentioned it to her some six weeks ago when she flew all to pieces. I remarked to Mr. Gee that on account of the small pox panic I was afraid to go in the house on account of the other people. Mrs. Gee came out and added she wrote by saying she should not think Gallie another day if she could shuck any other day if she could make any other arrangement.

Sunday, March 26, 1865.

The contrast between my former home and my present is agreeable, the change being quite an improvement. My room is retired and quiet. I can read and think or study as I feel disposed without interruption from negroes and their noise. The white people made a great deal of fuss and a full chorus from white and black is deafening. Mr. and Mrs. Gee were both very mad but I have done nothing disgraceful or wrong, nor am I sorry for it that I have moved my boarding. I wish them no harm but their prospects for prosperity seem sadly dimmed and overshadowed. They are both old with crooked backs and tempers.

Monday, March 27, 1865.

I tried this morning to resuscitate my school. I had three scholars, staid until dinner time and went home quite annoyed with the effort. I have almost abandoned the idea of teaching here and trying a new place. The neighborhood is always bickering and quarrelling with each other, they cannot agree about anything and for this reason have no Sabbath School or preaching. They raise no money to pay the
preachers and no one can live and preach for nothing, these hard times when everybody only works for pay. The negroes have preaching every two weeks, as they preach for nothing.

Tuesday, March 28, 1865.

Wednesday, March 29, 1865.

Thursday, March 30, 1865.

Friday, March 31, 1865.

Saturday, April 1, 1865.

Sunday, April 2, 1865.
Monday, April 3, 1865.

I have made another effort to resume my daily duties and get my school together. I had eleven scholars which was doing better than a week ago. It requires much perseverance to struggle on through this life, the sunniest and happiest persons have sorrow.

I sometimes feel that the star of my existence is set in inextinguishable night, that no sunshine is bright enough to penetrate the gloom which broods over me, that darkness will cover me and mists forever enshroud me; but perhaps the last and bitterest vial of my troubles has been emptied and happiness is future.

Tuesday, April 4, 1865.

I was again at my post this morning with the same number of scholars. I sometimes become discouraged. I feel that my sufferings and trials have both purified and petrified me. I care very little for anybody or anything. I enjoy nothing, am neither sorry nor glad, but passive riding upon the billows of life calm as the surrounding circumstances will permit I brood over my sorrows in silence. I make no parade with them although they should canker and corrode the threads of my life asunder and relieve me from all the cares incident of this troubled world.

Wednesday, April 5, 1865.

My number is gradually increasing. Mr. Love's children came today which makes 13 in number. If the small pox had staid a little longer my school would have been entirely gone. It seems very difficult to resuscitate it as yet. Our national calamities are sufficient without any other concomitant evils.

Our country is fast sinking into all that is ignoble, infamous, and mean. The safeguards of our national purity seem unconscious of their dignity, and the watchword is on to ruin and desolation. Many seem rushing ahead with too much rapidity to consider before they leap.

Thursday, April 6, 1865.

I came home this morning from Mr. Chadwell's where I had been staying all night on account of her sickness. The storm during the night was very severe. More rain fell in a short time than since the year commenced. Small streams rush leaping and boiling along with the rapidity and importance of rapid rivers. It has rained all day with but little cessation.

There has been heavy fighting somewhere, if big rains are any sign. The battle has been progressing several days with heavy reverses to the South. There has been a great number of desertions from the Southern army which has weakened it much.

Friday, April 7, 1865.

It has not rained any this day which is something unusual. The sun has shone some also. I trust it may penetrate the gloom in all sad and sorrowful hearts. Our poor simple President Lincoln & Andy Johnson V.P. is curse enough for one nation, but when the time arrives that presidents are selected for their intrinsic merit and nobility of soul rather than the offices they will confer upon the party who
elects them, then may we hope for the suppression of political demagogism. Poor Andy, in the very flush of triumph, when he had plucked the fruit and sat down to eat it, the ashes sifted through his hands.

Saturday, April 8, 1865.

I went to Nashville this morning with Mr. Mulvoy in a carryall or express wagon. When within a mile of Nashville a strap belonging to the harness broke. I of course moved out with speed as the vehicle was stalled. Dr. Williams invited me to take a seat in his carryall which took me safely into Edgefield.

I made some few purchases and then went over the River to Nashville. There is much excitement in the City on account of a circus which performs some upon the streets. I bought some books and came home with Mr. Nelson. The wind blew very keen and cold, like November.

Sunday, April 9, 1865.

My exercise yesterday was too severe in consequence of which I have a terrible head ache. It has rained all day without stopping. I miss church privileges and religious society, but God grant that when this frail fleeting mortality shall drop the veil of earth from my eyes, my spiritual vision shall grow clearer and brighter, that when my breast has heaved its last sigh, and my heart its last groan, and the bitterest vial of my trouble is empties, that I may be received up into Heaven to enjoy the presence of God and his holy angels, where Sabbaths never end and trials never come.

Monday, April 10, 1865.

The ground is very wet this morning and for this reason some of my scholars did not come.

The sad news that Richmond has fallen into the hands of the enemy had hardly ceased to vibrate over the electrical conductor before the saddest of all news since the war commenced comes with shocking, sudden, certain import, that the invincible, unconquerable, gallant, brave, unyielding, veteran army has surrendered in Northern Virginia!

It evinced magnanimity in Gen. Lee not to sacrifice his men. The terms of capitulation were agreed upon yesterday.

Tuesday, April 11, 1865.

The sun looked from its hiding place very delicately today, but there has no rain fallen. The poor children which have been absent on account of small pox came in today and seemed pleased to get back again. I feel that all are cold and heartless in the world, that all I have to keep my affection alive or my disposition amiable and gentle is my little scholars; however much the rubbish of ungenerous deeds and thoughts may have accumulated upon my heart the impress of good has not been erased; that I can lift myself from the pit where misfortune has placed me if I am resolute and strong.

Wednesday, April 12, 1865.

It has thundered and lightend and stormd nearly all night. The rain has not ceased to fall during the day. All nature seems weeping for the stronghold of
the Confederacy. When will joy and sunshine smile upon our beautiful land once more and these deaden skies be raised from our oppressed and sorrow stricken land. It is now 9 P.M. and the rain is falling as though it had received a new impetus from some source. A second deluge seems inevitable, in a small way, and not all the world. I have no ark to get in.

Thursday, April 13, 1865.

The day has been bright and beautiful but rather cool for the advancement of vegetation. I had 18 scholars which seemed like old times in good earnest. I was amazed at a remark which J. McGinty made with reference to the rain. I said that the skies had been weeping ever since the fall of Richmond. "She said that she hoped the skies or nature would stop being so sympathetic and let her come to school some." I have some good and talented pupils of which I am **prima** very proud; next to their parents I am equally interested in their advancement and improvement.

Friday, April 14, 1865.

The morning is clear and cool, the air feels a little like frost, but it is growing warm and I think it will rain. School and all its duties went on very well today. All work and sunshine with no storms or squalls. The girls studying Botany together with myself took a walk in Mr. Johnson's lot after school where we found some wild flowers to amuse ourselves and contribute to our knowledge of plants. The inimitable works of the Creator are seen in all things, the delicate tints of the flowers which deck our fields and crown our land with beauty, proclaiming The Hand that made them is Divine.

Saturday, April 15, 1865.

The day has been bright and pleasant with the air coolish but no rain. I have not been well as usual. After dinner went up to Bishop Soule's to see Mrs. Corwell a little while. The startling news has been received that Abraham Lincoln died this morning by the hands of an assassin who shot him in the theatre. This act evinces the terrible condition in which our country is placed. The deed was done no doubt by a person who has suffered from injustice in some way, and the memory of his wrongs goaded him to desperation. "Princes may be controlled, when they pass the bounds of reason!!"

Sunday, April 16, 1865.

The day is bright and beautiful. I have spent most of it in writing to my father. I am thinking only of Lincoln's death. Yesterday they were in the midst of celebrating the surrender of Lee's army and when in the height of their mirth, there came a shock equal to Belchazar's impious heart when the hand writing appeared on the wall. The joy was turned into mourning, the merriment into sadness. A rash and heatless people is politically short lived! Where is the magnanimity which should characterize a great and mighty nation to be preparing celebrations at the public expense, to exult over a fallen life.
Monday, April 17, 1865.

My scholars are all here with the addition of a new one. I am not discouraged in regard to my school, but I feel that the South is the subjects of a relentless foe, from whose magnanimity or clemency they may expect but little. I fear plans and schemes replete with bitterness, tyranny and usurpation will be laid by that deep, dark scheming man Andy Johnson which will reduce all his foes to the condition of vassals to be governed by the right of conquest and not the laws of humanity.

Perhaps he may profit by the examples of his predecessor who has characterized his movement by constant acts of tyranny.

Tuesday, April 18, 1865.

The war is nominally over is the exclamation upon all sides. A hasty peace will be patched up with a tottering foundation and war will again deluge our land in blood.

If Andy would repeal all those obnoxious acts passed by Lincoln reversing the Abolition measures, granting to the South her inalienable rights, then would he be received as a benefactor. The disembemberment of the Southern army has not changed the materials of which it is composed, and the rebellion yet lives although its pulsations are feeble. The task masters had better be lenient in their moves.

Wednesday, April 19, 1865.

The condition of our country is all I have to trouble me now. I think the death of Lincoln at this time xxxxxxxxx a rettributive rebuke to those who were facilitating over the misfortunes of a people whose love of country amounted to enthusiasm personified, who scorned submission to a man who was not their choice and whose name since his election has been a synonym of usurpation, except a short time before his death a slight streak of magnanimity displayed itself after the surrender of Lee’s army, together with terms of capitulation stipulated by him.

Thursday, April 20, 1865.

Friday, April 21, 1865.

Saturday, April 22, 1865.

Sunday, April 23, 1865.

Monday, April 24, 1865.

Tuesday, April 25, 1865.

Wednesday, April 26, 1865.

Thursday, April 27, 1865.
Friday, April 28, 1865.

Saturday, April 29, 1865.

Sunday, April 30, 1865.

Monday, May 1, 1865.

The weather is unpleasantly cool for this season of the year. Fire feels very comfortable. I do know why but everything seems to have got wrong in school for a few days past. The children have been having little fusses among themselves. I am much annoyed when the scholars do wrong and delighted when they do right. I am earning nothing compensatively speaking and then I am never a moment hardly by myself. I do dislike so much to have some person trotting in my room every few moments, it annoys me very much.

Tuesday, May 2, 1865.

A part of the day the air has seemed a little warmer than yesterday. The children have done better than yesterday and I feel a very little encouraged. Some of my scholars have stopped school and others come irregularly. I will try and leave this place if I can in September. I sometimes feel as though I was buried or had better be dead than living among so many uncouth common kind of people. I went to see Mrs. Johnson after school where was much company. I feel awkward when I meet so many persons. I live so secluded.

Wednesday, May 3, 1865.

I am very much afflicted this week with all kinds of aches. I am hardly able to get about, and time hangs very heavily. I do not feel so bad in school as after it is dismissed and for this reason I love to be employed to while the time away, and soothe the dull cares.

Thursday, May 4, 1865.

Friday, May 5, 1865.

The weather is warmer than usual today. I have taught with over 20 scholars all the week and worked very hard. After school I started with one of the black boys for Mr. Adams' who lives upon Dr. Williams' place. They have been robbed of all their earthly possessions while living near Memphis and have barely escaped with their lives.

I had a very pleasant visit and as strawberries are ripening I had a good feast of ripe berries. I have ascertained that Mr. Adams is acquainted with several persons in Alabama that I am and to speak of them is very pleasant; but I fear their fate is sad.
Saturday, May 6, 1865.

I went into Nashville this morning in the barouche, rode over the River and did not weary myself out walking before I got in Town. I went first to Mr. Cartwright's for the purpose of having some questions wrought in Mental Arithmetic. I have so much to do that the working of a few questions assists me very much. I took a lesson in music, took my Summer bonnet to be repaired, and done considerable shopping, borrowed $15 of Mr. Lucas until my school money begins to come in once more. I had a very pleasant day although it was very warm. Came home with Mr. A. and staid all night.

Sunday, May 7, 1865.

I returned home this morning having had a very pleasant time. I stopped a few minutes to see Mrs. Love, who seems very feeble. I spent the remainder of the day in reading and resting. I am unable to meet the duties of the week if I do not have a good rest upon the Sabbath. I then feel refreshed when Monday morning comes and perform my duties cheerfully. If I could again listen to the preaching of the gospel upon the Sabbath I should be better pleased and feel more contented. I used to think very wearisome to attend church but I should now feel much gratified to have the pleasure of going.

Monday, May 8, 1865.

It is a dark rainy gloomy morning; has rained all night steady. The clouds seem entirely composed of vapor which spills out whenever a breath of wind passes over by or through the atmosphere.

Tuesday, May 9, 1865.

The day has been bright and beautiful. The air seems purer and sweeter than I ever saw before. The sunlight has seemed soft and pleasant, but not glaring. The beautiful green fields and lovely verdure which now decks all nature makes me feel as though I would not want a more beautiful home than this Earth if there was no rain and sorrow.

A large number of armed negroes passed down this morning armed and equipped but going to be mustered out from service. If these corrupted negroes are to be turned loose among us, I do not know what will follow, but evidently no great amount of good.

Wednesday, May 10, 1865.

The day is warm and pleasant indications of more rain are perceptible, but vegetation seems to increase and grow if there is much rain. The flowers are now blooming beautifully. I have a choice bouquet which my children gave me today, the delightful fragrance which it exhales cheers me in my lovely hours, and remind me of the works of Him who is perfect and made his works perfect also. I went to see Mrs. Carswell a few minutes this evening. She is annoyed because her father has just had a large mulberry cut down in front of the front door. We all have our troubles. I have commenced raising Friesland chickens.
Thursday, May 11, 1865.

It has been a very dark gloomy rainy day, some of the time it was difficult to see how to read, or study. The day never seems too rainy for some of the scholars to attend. There were 15 present, which was a good number for so wet a day. The rain ceased a little after dinner time and a little past 3 the clouds passed away and let the glories of a bright sunshine illumine the leaden sky and beautiful Earth, clothed with verdure and decked with flowers, whose beauty and coloring no art can imitate or equal.

Friday, May 12, 1865.

The ground was covered with a white frost this morning and the air is too chilly for vegetation to thrive in. The frost did not injure the fruit in the vicinity, only sweet potatoes seem to be bitten. The funeral of Mrs. Joseph Gee was preached today, but did not bury her because the coffin was too short and had to be taken back to Nashville and she will be buried in the morning.

The day has been bright and beautiful, but a cool air has blown all day, although the sun has shown very pleasantly. The seasons seem changing here but I am very certain it will be warm in July.

Saturday, May 13, 1865.

I have remained at home all day for the purpose of reading. I had some chickens hatched yesterday and have busied myself much of the time in taking care of them.

After dinner I went I went [sic.] to see Mrs. Maddin one of my patrons, who was born in Ireland and raised in Rhode Island. She talks like a real Yankee, seems glad that the negroes have run away and the people have to work like herself. Went to Mr. Thomas Johnson's after strawberries. I feel afraid of Mrs. Johnson who is a rough woman and has a heavy beard upon her upper lip and talks ver rough, but gave me some berries.

Sunday, May 14, 1865.

A bright pleasant day with a few clouds moving about. It was such an unusual event to have preaching in the church that it took me a long time to get ready this morning.

Mr. William Green preached from the text "I will not leave you comfortless." He spoke of our national troubles which he said "were controlled by the Almighty," and for some wise purpose our expectations were destroyed." The congregation was very small. I went to see Mrs. Jamison after dinner, had some strawberries to eat, and some beautiful flowers to bring home with me.

Monday, May 15, 1865.

The Confederate soldiers were passing yesterday which were paroled from Johnson's army. I feel sorry to see them coming home conqueror: but Man honorable peace is better than an uncertain war.

The North has lost so many men that they do not boast of their victories much. The South is not conquered yet, only overrun a little. The report is that Jeff Davis is caught; poor fellow, what will they do to him. I think very strange that he was so careless as to allow himself to be captured. I had 22 scholars
today and a terrible head ache all day long, and until in the night, when balmy sleep stole it away.

Tuesday, May 16, 1865.

The weather has been very warm today, but a delightful breeze has floated through the house, which has made it very pleasant.

I had a little unpleasant feeling with one of the children, the largest in the school, Jennie Carswell. She is always reciting her Latin lesson so slow I cannot hear what she is saying. I asked her the same question twice. When she very tartly remarked that "she had said it three times" I paid no attention apparently but when it came her turn to recite what she had written I told her that I wished to be treated respectfully when I asked her a question. She evidently did not intend disrespect, but peevishness.

Wednesday, May 17, 1865.

I am plodding on my weary way studying and teaching. I have no rare combination of intellectual talents which can strike an assembly with awe and amazement; or win showers of exclamations, or applause, from an admiring throng. I feel that I have one talent which must not be laid up in a napkin, but doubled if possible and made to subserve the purpose for which it was given to me, in glorifying the Giver. A refreshing shower visited us shortly after dinner, which benefited the dry earth very much. Jeff Davis is expected to pass by on the cars tomorrow. I think they will banish him. They dare not hang him.

Thursday, May 18, 1865.

The sky looked clear this morning and the sun shone bright for a few minutes and prepared to shed its humid drops upon our almost deluged Earth. I am trying to live for Heaven and God grant that when this frail fleeting shall drop from my eyes, that my spiritual vision shall grow clearer and brighter, that when my heart has heaved its last sigh, and my ghost its last groan: the last and bitterest vial of my troubles has been emptied, that I may be received into the mansions of bliss prepared for the righteous, where I shall praise the Supreme being forever.

9 P.M. - dark & raining.

Friday, May 19, 1865.

It has been a warm day but indications of rain are evident. I taught with more than usual alacrity, as visions of strawberries danced through my brain. After school I prepared myself for Mr. Adams' and waited until I thought that I should be disappointed but John came for me: before we had proceeded but a short distance the lightnings commenced flashing through the skies - forked and chains. I enjoyed it at first, but as it began to approach I became terrified. The rain commenced to patter in my face and wet my clothes. I was covered with a big shawl, and arrived before the hardest part of the shower, which poured down in perfect torrents.
Saturday, May 20, 1865.

The ground was so wet this morning that Miss Sallie McGavock and I could not go among the strawberries; but when we did go we enjoyed them, as they were delicious. A sick soldier was at the house when I returned, which I commenced doctoring and waiting upon, until I was weary. He was able to walk again before night and left. He had been in the Rebel army 3 years. Mr. Marque came up from Dr. Williams' and flourished about considerably. He says some very rude things which sound funny in him. I joked with him to see Miss Sallie laugh, as she looks and feels so sad. I began to feel sick before I retired to rest from over eating.

Sunday, May 21, 1865.

Miss Sallie and myself came home this morning each with a good supply of strawberries and the remembrance of a pleasant visit lingering with us. I had slept upon a bed made on the floor which made me feel anything but pleasant. I have been unable to sit up but very little all day. The rebel soldiers have been stopping all day. I could only look at them a little while and then be down. I feel very sad when I look at their poor care worn scarred persons, and think that it is all a failure that the military power of the country has been tested and its resources exhausted and all reduced to vassalage.

Monday, May 22, 1865.

I feel very little like going to my task this morning but I will have to take my place as usual. I have wearied through the duties of the day but have felt like a martyr upon the rack. Soon after my return from school the Rebel soldiers commenced coming in to rest. The front porch was soon full and all chatted briskly. I heard of Dr. McFerrin's arrival which very much pleased me. I started to go down and see him but did not feel able. After supper they insisted upon my playing for I consented very reluctantly as I was not able to play.

Tuesday, May 23, 1865.

The air is cool today and I feel some better. The rebels are still flocking by here. The school children entertain each other with an account of the soldiers which ate supper at their house and staid all. The rebellious spirit has not died in their hearts yet, nor can the hatred ever be extinguished, it is undying. The gaping wounds of their friends, who now return to them maimed for life, the outrageous conduct of rude soldiers which has only been winked at, and the cruelties which have been perpetrated in their midst have left indelible impressions upon their minds and hearts.

Wednesday, May 24, 1865.

The army of Johnson is still passing going to their homes. They say that they are coming back to live in Middle Tennessee if things do not go right when they get home; that the people here are good to them and they love to stay here, that the Georgians treated them mighty mean in some places, would give them nothing to eat and East Tennessee beat all. One man staid here all night from Georgia going home to Kentucky and cried because he had to take the oath, to go home and see his wife. He had staid two
two years in prison at Camp Chase to keep from taking the oath and now had to do it, at last.

Thursday, May 25, 1865.

The soldiers are all full of adventures, some of which are very cruel. Among them is a statement relative to the manner in which they treated the unfortunate prisoners which were taken at the Nashville fight. The prisoners arrived in the night and instead of being brought in: were kept standing in the snow all night. Many of the poor fellows feet were frozen and had to be cut off.

The South is not allowed to tell what they have passed through: how many of their men have been murdered, starved and frozen to death, how many atrocities have been perpetrated upon the defenceless left at home and their homes laid waste by the enemy.

Friday, May 26, 1865.

The last school day of the week always goes away very rapidly. The children all had very good pieces to speak and seemed to enjoy the exercise. They are thinking and talking about their picnic. I shall try my best to have everything go off well. I feel that I am among those who have no desire for my success, but I will rise above all their wicked wishes and efforts against my success. I try to do right and with God's help I will do only what is upright and honorable. I have the confidence and approbation of many good people, while others seem to envy my success, but they cannot crush me.

Saturday, May 27, 1865.

I prepared myself at an early hour for Nashville. I went in with some very poor people: but their condition did not annoy me, they are more generous than many in a better condition. I took dinner with Mrs. Cartwright. I took my music lesson of Miss Hunt, but was too much fatigued to improve any. I was so tired that I took passage over the River with Mr. Hunter. It is very humiliating to me that I have no way to go about but with every and anybody or stay at home always.

I feel at times as though I was upon a tread mill and must have some variety in the routine not connected with my daily duties. I am living in expectation of a better time.

Sunday, May 28, 1865.

I would like to have attended church today but was worn out and sick from yesterday's exertions. I tried to sleep but there was so much noise and I felt so worried that sleep departed from my eyes and slumber from my eyelids. I could not stay at home and went down to see Mrs. Wm. Johnson. I was in so much I had to walk about the yard, sit down and tried to eat, but commenced throwing up. After a little I felt better and had a pleasant visit with her. She is not learned but very sensible and honorable which are desirable traits of character for anyone to possess.

Monday, May 29, 1865.

Our country is in a terrible condition. The war against the
confederacy has ceased and now a war against individuals has commenced.

The voice of freedom which echoed from the colonists in stentorian tones has dwindled to a small voice which will be heard somewhere in the future if it is nearly silent now. There never was a greater manifestation of approaching despotism than at present; the establishment of an absolute monarchy appears to be the inevitable fate of our once happy country, if the officials in power are not requested to retire from their too responsible positions.

Tuesday, May 30, 1865.

There are two things which will greatly impair the reputation of a teacher in the estimation of the community, their patrons and pupils. The first is an immoral character, the second a perceptible deficiency in the branches of education. It should be the constant study of those who teach to have the fountain pure that it may send forth sweet water and unadulterated with the sins and wickedness which emanate from a corrupt heart. "Thou that sayest, Do not steal. Dost thou steal."

Wednesday, May 31, 1865.

Thursday, June 1, 1865.

The day has been very warm and pleasant. The flies have buzzed about in swarms. All things have progressed admirably. Dr. McFerrin called to see me after school this P.M. He is just from the Southern army and remained with them until it surrendered. Those which had endured to the end are the ones which will receive the praise. Mrs. McFerrin came up and staid a short time. She seems like a relation of mine. Governor Bronlon's (?) words to Dr. J. B. McFerrin, when he returned were "While the lamp holds out to burn, The vilest Rebel may return."

Friday, June 2, 1865.

I find it very difficult to teach a school with such different degrees of advancement in mental culture. What is new and interesting to some appears stale to others, while that subject which would interest the more advanced would be a myth to the beginner. The scholar is to be instructed not to do that which he knows to be wrong but only a teacher of unprecedented influence could cause them to turn from all their bad habits by merely telling. Argumentative, persuasive and coercive measures, all have some influence but little effect. "The gates of hell are open night and day! Smooth the descent, and easy is the way."

Saturday, June 3, 1865.

Sunday, June 4, 1865.

From the fatigue of visiting Nashville yesterday I am nearly sick. I tried to sleep during the forenoon but some one was trotting about the house constantly. When I walked out the air seemed so heated I was glad to come in my room again. I tried to write in the evening but my head was as barren of ideas as the desert of vegetation. For several days I have had a kind of stupid feeling or dulness which does not produce many large ideas or bright ones either. I think
it is occasioned by not feeling well. I wish that I always could wield the pen of a ready writer. I consider it a fortune alone.

Monday, June 5, 1865.

The weather is extremely warm and my duties seem very irksome. I have had some very unpleasant business on hand today. Emma Williams whipped Susie Maddin on the way home from school a few evenings since. I punished her but not half what she deserved. She has been guilty of other things but I could not prove only the whipping she gave Susie. There seems to be a feeling of insubordination in school on account of my leniency, but I will try to subdue it. I dislike to govern a school more than any other duty which I have to perform. I feel perfectly prostrated from my troubles today. If I had trouble every day I would have to stop teaching.

Tuesday, June 6, 1865.

Another hot day. The grass is withering and the leaves dying to many plants. Vegetation is suffering seriously. The perspiration stands upon my forehead in drops. Hardly a zephyr breeze has stirred today. I wish my school was out and I was free to rest. I walked down to Mrs. Johnson's after school and gathered strawberries. The drought has injured them very much. I am not weary like I was last night. My duties have not been so arduous as I have had no whipping. I am sufficiently wearied with my teaching and talking all day without extra duty; but there are some of the thorns in a teacher's experience.

Wednesday, June 7, 1865.

Another hot day has come and gone. The sun has beamed down fiercely. His rays are scorching vegetation very rapidly; and stealing my physical strength more than I can well endure. I am constantly employed and for this reason do not think about the heat as I would if I were idle. It is difficult to get the children to study much now and I wish they were free from my jurisdiction and I was in a better place, where I had some person to converse with that I loved, and never had to look upon this busybody pack again. Many of them I am well aware have no use for me, but all I ask is let me pass, and I will be contented.

Thursday, June 8, 1865.

The zephyr breezes have hid themselves, and the winds of heaven are hushed into quietness. The sky is slightly overcast with clouds at times, and the artillery of Heaven occasionally echoes through the distance.

I returned from and found that the electric agency in the atmosphere had produced an uneasiness among the children, and they had been cutting all sorts of capers. I obtained a promise from them that they would do better in future.

After school a cloud commenced rising in South West which soon overspread the sky. The rain came down in a most refreshing manner.

Friday, June 9, 1865.

The rain has created a slight breeze which seems very pleasant, the famished herbage seems to be thankful for the refreshing shower.
The exercises of the day have progressed usually well. After school I dressed myself for the purpose of going to Nashville. I thought of going on the cars, but when I came out to start a neighbor came along and I took a seat with him and went to see Mrs. J. B. White. The appearances for rain made me change my mind. Mrs. White has sold her sold home [sic.] and now has the Cabal place. I appreciate their friendship ver much and shall always cherish their acquaintance with a pleasant remembrance.

Saturday, June 10, 1865.

I arose feeling sick this morning from indigestion. I could not eat and hardly walk about. I went to town with Mr. White in the barouche. I could hardly walk, but managed by a great exertion to arrived [sic.] at Felix Demoville's drug store when Mr. Berry came me [sic.] some medicine which relieved me much. I managed to get to Mr. Cartwright's where I rested a while; then took my music lesson after goin [sic.] to Miss Hunt's. I never remember to have felt any worse and tried to walk about. I made very few purchases as I had but little money. I went to the cars accompanied by Mr. Eastman, with the expectation of going home. They would stop no place but the Junction and I staid at Mr. Townsend's all night.

Sunday, June 11, 1865.

I came out from Nashville this morning with some acquaintances. They stopped at Woodruff's to take on some passengers when I leaped off in a hurry I was so delighted. I have no great fancy for the Junction.

I attended church today, and heard Dr. L. P. Green preach an excellent sermon in regard to the resurrection and death of Christ. His concluding remarks were very fine in regard to the frailty of earthly things and the certainty of death and the blessings awaiting the truly righteous. I spent after dinner in resting preparatory to the duties of Monday, which I fear will be very laborious this week, as it is very warm.

Monday, June 12, 1865.

The weather is very warm and the air sultry and my duties have seemed very laborious. The children have seemed very unruly today in particular at play time. I am some times so much annoyed and worried that I never want to see them again. I have felt unpleasant in my mind since yesterday. Mrs. Gray and I do not speak. They would not pay me for the schooling of their children and I sued them both. I could not live upon the wind. None of the family notice me, and I never look at them. I have not done wrong, and if they had treated me right, all would be harmony now. I dislike to meet any person upon unfriendly terms.

Tuesday, June 13, 1865.

There has been considerable air in motion today, which has made the weather less warm. I am frequently tempted to stop my school and rest, but it would be sacrificing duty to pleasure, I fear, as there are scholars who require my instructions and guidance. I was a child of strong impulses with a restless disposition. I had no one to properly check my turbulent inclinations and guide my erring steps, until I had made an unfortunate move which I cannot remove with tears of blood, and now I am only waiting for my mission to be fulfilled, that I may live in peace and be at rest.
Wednesday, June 14, 1865.

The day has been very warm and sultry. I am beginning to feel very much like resting. The school and scholars have no attraction for me. After I came from school I found my Friesland hen and chickens out. I was very much annoyed and commenced trying to get her in. She would not come near me. I fed her but she would cluck and trot with all her might. I took a stick and commenced running after her in earnest. I dropped my watch in the weeds. A big shower of rain came up and I had to come in the house. After the rain subsided I found my watch ruined nearly.

Thursday, June 15, 1865.

I feel worried on account of my hen race yesterday. I never was conquered or overcome by trifles, and pursued her to my own disadvantage. Several of my scholars are sick and complaining. The hot weather seems not to enervate us much but produce an apparent depression upon all of us. Vegetation is advancing very rapidly. Apples are ripening plums. Berries are mostly gone. I enjoy the vegetables very much this season because they are so well prepared.

I have frequent attacks of lassitude this season, at which time I am hardly able to move. My duties seem to prostrate me.

Friday, June 16, 1865.

The horizon seems filled with heat. Vulcan must be somewhere stirring up the fires. I have consulted the children in regard to closing school next week, to which proposition the [sic.] seem to accede very readily; and also to having the picnic in September. It is very uncertain in regard to my having a picnic or being here myself next September. I want a better situation where I can make more money. After school I went down to Mr. Adams' and enjoyed myself eating berries and drinking good ice water besides chatting with Mrs. Adams.

Saturday, June 17, 1865.

I arose this morning before 2 o'clock and prepared myself for Nashville. I enjoyed the ride very much, the cool air and appearance of day. The rush to crush [sic.] the river was very unpleasant to me. All had to take their turn, but no one seemed willing to wait. An old man who was going to market with a basket fell in and came near being drowned. I had a good view of all the people which came to market. I went to see about having my watch repaired which cost only $8.00. I found three poor rebels just out of prison, two of them without limbs and the other looked as though he was going to be buried. John Adams and I took the carryall and carried them to the Chattenooga depot. I got them some breakfast at the Sewanee House.

Sunday, June 18, 1865.

I came home from Mr. Adams' yesterday evening having made a short visit only. I have spent the day in reading some books which I bought for presents. I have felt very happy all day. I have had
nothing to trouble me as I do some times. I have been thinking how
the countenances of those poor soldiers' beamed smiles and their
hearts grew light when I gave them their breakfast and left them.
They said, "I was the only one that had said anything to them since
they left Louisville," that they were kind to them there. We had a
very refreshing shower about dinner time today, which was much needed.

Monday, June 19, 1865.

Mocking birds must have very light happy hearts. I felt very
unwell last night and whenever I was awake a mocking bird was singing
merrily as though the sunlight of heaven was shedding his beams upon
the scenes around him and reflecting the sunshine of gladness into
his heart.

This is the last week of my school when I shall again know what
it is to rest from my toils and cares. I shall try for a new situation
to the best of my ability. I am tired of this vicinity and the surround-
ings. I long for Sabbath and sanctuary privileges.

Tuesday, June 20, 1865.

The sun has just ceased to radiate and reflect light and heat
upon the surface of our dwelling place and gone from our gaze until
Aurora shall unlock the golden gates of the morning. All animated
nature seems preparing for repose from the human species down to the
lowest insect that wings his way through the air. Many plants seem to
fold their delicate petals as if for the purpose of reviving to meet
the king of day. Balmy sleep will soon close my eyes, and the sleep
which knows no waking in this world will in a few more days or years
seize me.

Wednesday, June 21, 1865.

I am trying very hard to have my children speak and do well
the last day. I have no distinction except that which comes from
superior merit. The best are to be the first, in my school. Teaching
is very laborious but there is much that is pleasant connected with it.
The improvement of the children and the gentle unfolding of their minds
as truths new and beautiful are unfolded to their young and tender minds.
The sparkling eyes, the flashing of the intellect, the vivacity of youth
gradually advancing to the vigor of manhood, xipaxing and womanhood,
ripening for mature years and duties of life.

Thursday, June 22, 1865.

The more a young lady studies, the more she improves her mind,
the greater is her enjoyment and happiness. She has a mine to draw
supplies from for her amusement and to radiate her most lonely hours
with bright and happy scenes from pages of written love. A lady of
refinement never gives the smile of approbation to anything which is
unchaste or impure or opposed to propriety and principle. She never
looks with unblushing effrontery upon those who violate the rules of
propriety and decency by using unrefined language. Many of my children are rude in their manners and rough in their conversation, but I try to correct them.

Friday, June 23, 1865.

The last day of school has at last come, and a warm sultry one it is I am very sure. The children commenced coming at an early hour and some of the parents. But most of them waited until it was late. The children all looked nice and clean. They spoke very well and with little or no prompting.

I gave a number of presents - Johnny McGinty and Herbert Love received the highest rewards for good conduct. They have both been very good children. Some of the other children did not like it because they did not receive something nicer. I gave them all a small present, but I will not buy nice gifts for bad children.

Saturday, June 24, 1865.

I have been at home all day. I am unable to endure the fatigue of going to Nashville often. I have a pleasant room and my slumbers are undisturbed. The song of the birds at every dawn is the first which reaches my ear. The [sic] have light happy hearts and know no guile or wrong. I have thought of writing pa all day. I want to be good to him that when death comes, that great reconciler of all things, I never will regret having treated him too tenderly or affectionately but the memory of unkindness will embitter and carrode my life when he is gone, while the memory of kind words will leave a pleasant echo in my mind which will only perish with my existence.

Sunday, June 25, 1865.

I am weary and tired, the weather is warm, and a general lassitude pervades my whole frame. I read until I am weary, but I cannot sleep much. I have wakeful days and nights every Summer is accompanied with a nervous restless feeling of dissatisfaction. I cannot settle sufficiently to work read or anything any one thing long at once. I have been reading from a book containing promiscuous subjects which is designed for young ladies. But the Sabbaths are weary days to me when I am teaching and do not require the time of refresh myself in. Church privileges are blessings.

Monday, June 26, 1865.

When I am not employed I feel an unpleasant languor which keeps me only thinking of myself. For this reason I desire some source from which I can derive amusement and entertainment; it keeps alive the latent energies of the mind and prevents that listlessness so much to be dreaded. After much exertion I succeeded in getting a horse and having it saddled for me to ride over to Mrs. John Eubank's. She was not at home but the children entertained me and took me to the patch of white black berries. The flavor is peculiar and superior to the black ones. I enjoyed them much.
Mrs. Eubank and myself started this morning for the Phillips'-en Any Springs. I had long been wanting to see Mrs. Clark and hear her talk about the close of the. [sic.] She attributes all our misfortunes to Jeff Davis' meddling and then "she says "The demented old creature travelling along at his leisure with a half dozen ambulances, servants, furniture, &c a perfect calvacade wife, children and all even a grandmother as though it was all peaceable times." Opium is considered the reason of his misfortune in being taken. I had a very pleasant visit with Mrs. Clark but she is terribly cowed in regard to the result of the war.

Wednesday, June 28, 1865.

I feel rather jaded from my long ride; but it furnished me with a variety in unvaried monotony of my existence.

I am sensible of having passed through the deep inexpressible sorrow which regenerates and has not weakened all my thoughts and motives for good, and destroyed me forever.

My kindred have handed me to God for mercy and shown none themselves. They seem to have lost all feeling for me and for each other. I know they are very unhappy. I often think what a lonely sorrowful life pa must lead with no one for company.

Thursday, June 29, 1865.

I am reading a work of fiction entitled "Adam Bede." It presents the most perfect delineation of character, which I have ever read in any work.

I cannot read such books and do anything else, for this reason I read them in vacation.

The present moments are often embittered by the past, and but rarely made pleasant.

I live over in imagination some happy days, when I was the centre of attraction for a pleasant circle of friends and acquaintances, as they said, "The life of the crowd."

I had an invitation to a picnic today and placed upon the committee of arrangements.

Friday, June 30, 1865.

I awoke this morning with the head ache. I tried to wear it off. I bathed my head, went to sleep and a while before sun set rode out horseback. My horse was rather unmanageable, but I managed to keep him from running away with me by holding the rein with all my strength. I went to see Mrs. Love who was complaining very much. Poor woman she looks very feeble and would be such a loss to all her poor little children if she should die. Mr. Love with his usual promptness paid me $20, which looks very small to me now as I am so much in debt for books.

Saturday, July 1, 1865.

I have been very busy reading and repairing my clothes. The
first week of my vacation has passed and I cannot perceive as I have 
made any advancement either in knowledge or anything useful. The 
murder of an innocent old man for money has recently been perpetrated 
near Florence, Alabama. We have an overwhelming number of facts like 
the murder of Mr. Wilson to prove the terrible depravity which men 
blinded by brutality and rapacity, together with an avaricious desire 
for gain, may be led to perpetrate.

Sunday, July 2, 1865.

It is the Holy Sabbath. No church bells chime their sounds 
in my ears. That sound these hills never heard. But best of all no 
rude soldiery are rendering the quietness of the day hideous with 
obscenity and merauding. If they pass it is peaceably. They are all 
going home very fast and I hope to stay there. I never want to see 
them again in their mightiness and meanness.

I have spent the day in reading "Philosophy of Rhetoric" from 
which I have derived many profound ideas. The air is pure and the 
zephyr breezes delightful. They have been washed by some delightful 
showers which have recently fallen. A quiet, pleasant, happy day.

Monday, July 3, 1865.

The weather is yet immoderately warm. I have employed my 
time in preparing for a visit to Kentucky. I feel very little like 
going but will have to go in order to please Mrs. Scruggs. I would 
rather stay in the neighborhood and visit about, than go among 
strangers but perhaps a little change will revive me after my Sum- 
mer's work. I am trying to get some pickles ready for the picnic and 
sewing, in fact doing everything but that which will benefit me in 
future years, but I must have a little recreation, and then I will study 
the harder when the time comes that I shall be settled down.

Tuesday, July 4, 1865.

I was awakened very early this morning for the purpose of 
going to Nashville. The air was very cool and I enjoyed my ride much; 
crossed the river on a pontoon at the foot of Broad Street. I waited 
in Market until the stores were open which was a long time. As it was 
the 4th of July the stores did not open much nor soon. I never saw 
such an excessively warm day, it seemed to me that I should melt and 
die. I came home about 1 o'clock nearly tired to death, but had to 
go after some vinegar down to Mr. Taylors, or my pickles would not 
have been ready.

Wednesday, July 5, 1865.

I have to prepare for the picnic and Kentucky both today. I 
have been busy sewing all day except what other things I have had to 
employ my time.

The heart receives no happiness from that which it knows to 
be evanescent, it is only real joys which give comfort and solace to
the lonely hours. I received a printed invitation to attend the picnic. I had nearly concluded not to attend: but as it is designed to welcome the returned Rebels I must be present. I am glad to see the demonstration for the poor scarred fellows. They deserve much praise for their perseverance and fidelity.

Thursday, July 6, 1865.

I dressed myself this morning for the picnic. Mrs. Conwell came for me with a buggy. The music struck up soon after we arrived, and dancing commenced. The heat was intense, and the shade not very dense, but all perspired very freely. The ladies were all dressed very fine, and danced graceful as fawns. There were some exceptions to gracefulness, but all seemed to enjoy themselves.

The dinner consisted mostly of meat with not much bread. The cake went away before I knew it, but some greedy ones enjoyed it, no doubt. I dislike to see persons act swinish at such places.

Friday, July 7, 1865.

This morning I prepared myself for Kentucky. Mrs. Scruggs and I walked over to the station or Billy Woodruff's store where we took the cars. They were very well filled with passengers. They moved very slow most of the way. We passed Geo. Donnaldson's plantation where were many contrabands at work, guarded by a nigger with a gun riding upon a mule. If that is freedom I should prefer the old fashioned bondage. We arrived at Smith's Grove 12½ precisely. No person had come for us, so we quartered where they would keep us. Mrs. Sweney took us in for the night.

Saturday, July 8, 1865.

I spent nearly the whole day at Mrs. S. Her husband who was a physician is dead. Her face is terribly scarred which was done by a negroe who put her in the fire. All that saved her life was the negro taking fire and had to let go of her mistress to extinguish herself. Wherever I go people have trouble. She has a large family of children which are very respectful to her. The whole family are good rebels, as I am such a talker it is well enough.

While after dinner Mrs. Scruggs came for me, horseback. The roads were very winding and narrow, crooked and rough. I felt as though I was going out of the settlement.

Sunday, July 9, 1865.

I had a terrible night's repose. The bed bugs great and small all settled to have a feast on me. I never saw such myriads of them in my life. I feel that my penance is more than I can bear. I wish that I was away from here. I spent the day in reading and resting, but the house was full of company; I took to my chamber which very recently resembled a garret more than a sleeping room. I have heard of poverty, but I never stayed where it abounded before, to such an extent.
I should pray to die if I had to stay here always. How miserable I would be in such a place.

Monday, July 10, 1865.

We were invited to make a visit yesterday and we started this morning for Mr. Franklin's. Had a nice dinner and sweet cakes with blackberry cordial to eat between meals. I try to be resigned, remembering that the softest zephyrs wake the aspen, while the raging tempest only stirs the oak. It is thus with weak minds, the slightest breath of passion rouses them to madness, while the mature mind is only wrought when deep and stirring subjects are presented. I am with those who dazzle me with their brilliancy, but distress me with their poverty and penury, yes! almost pinching want looks them in the face.

Tuesday, July 11, 1865.

These hoosier people sit about and ask me questions with a kind of impudent familiarity, which they mistake for entertainment.

Wednesday, July 12, 1865.

Thursday, July 13, 1865.

Friday, July 14, 1865.

Saturday, July 15, 1865.

Sunday, July 16, 1865.

Monday, July 17, 1865.

Tuesday, July 18, 1865.

Wednesday, July 19, 1865.

Thursday, July 20, 1865.

Friday, July 21, 1865.

Saturday, July 22, 1865.

Sunday, July 23, 1865.
Monday, July 24, 1865.

Tuesday, July 25, 1865.

Wednesday, July 26, 1865.

Thursday, July 27, 1865.

Friday, July 28, 1865.

Saturday, July 29, 1865.

The day is warm and ice water is extremely refreshing. I have sewed a little, pared peaches for dinner, or rather supper and walked about the garden looking at the water melons, peaches &c Mrs. Dr. Williams made a call which enabled me to form an acquaintance with her. General Donnelson's daughter was with her, just from Florida, situated in rebeldom. The contrabands have to move from General Donnelson's place forthwith. Pass the nigger on, who will take him next. Don't all speak at once for a free useless African.

Sunday, July 30, 1865.

I left Mr. Adams' soon after breakfast this morning, in company with Mr. & Mrs. Adams. We stopped at Mr. Nick Love's and found a quantity of company. I did not want to stay, but they insisted and I remained until after 3 o'clock. Mr. Love told me I was going to have competition in teaching, some way it interrupted me very much when I heard the news, and that he was going around to see those that had sent to me heretofore. I am independent and not obliged to stay here, which is a great consolation. I have said when Mr. Love withdrew his patronage I would leave, now I am going.

Monday, July 31, 1865.

Who ever heard of making a visit soon Monday morning. I went to Mr. Williams for the purpose of getting her to sew for me and Mrs. Scruggs went to visit a near neighbor. Mr. Williams' family are very poor. I do not know what is to become of them. She is very proud and poverty distresses them terribly, her extravagance and his laziness has been the cause of their misfortune, together with bad management. Some people were not born to be rich, and would only have their daily wants supplied if they could have more easily. I teach the children and she sews for me. I pity them, although they are troublesome.

Tuesday, August 1, 1865.

Mrs. Scruggs and I started this morning for Mrs. Joe Gee's. We both rode one horse, and I rode behind. The family consists of four members, Mrs. Gee, her sister, her nephew and Mr. Coyt. Mrs. Gee seems
like a most lady like person, she has more dignity than any lady in this neighborhood. The house is arranged in a very neat nice manner. We had a good dinner, with plenty of nice peaches and water melons to eat between times. A pleasant breeze has been blowing all day which has made it delightful. We returned about sun-down having had a pleasant visit.

Wednesday, August 2, 1865.

I have been to Nashville, and am very weary. Mrs. Scruggs wanted to get her servant Fannie home. After driving through the lowest part of Nashville beyond the sulphur spring and past the Old Brewery we found Fannie in a small cabin. I told her to come out and see her mistress. They both cried and Fannie said she wanted to go home with her. We took her in and drove around to where her step-grandfather was selling fruit. Mrs. S. ascertained that the old creature had her for his wife and then she said that she did not want her. Poor woman I am glad she is satisfied.

Thursday, August 3, 1865.

I started out at an early this morning for Dr. Jamison's. I found the Doctor sick and amiable as a hyena. His poor little wife has to nearly run herself to death to please him. He has to be fanned and have fresh water given to him every few minutes. She seems to bear it with the fortitude of a christian. The day has been very pleasant and peaches plenty which I have enjoyed very much. I tried to sew but the weather is so very warm I made but little progress in working. I had a pleasant day and returned home thinking that fortune had favored me in nor giving me a Dr. Jamison.

Friday, August 4, 1865.

I went to Bishop Soule's this morning for the purpose of seeing Mrs. Conwell. I kept staying and talking until dinner, partook of the repast which was very nice; was introduced to Bishop Kavanaugh. I enjoyed his society very much. It seemed pleasant to hear a gentleman of talents and ability converse, an oasis in the desert of my existence. I dearly love society in which my feelings and heart can find an echo.

After having had agreeable associates for some time, it seems difficult for me to come back to the commoner kind of people which I have to submit myself.

Saturday, August 5, 1865.

The weather is very warm and oppressive. Mrs. Scruggs wanted to go up in the hills. Our horses were saddled and away we started in a slow walk. The ride was very warm, the sun beamed down his fiercest rays. We arrived a short time before dinner but I took a new escort and rode to Mr. Philips' sulphur spring. I descended the ravine which was very steep, but the water was delightfully cool and the scenery romantic. I drank over a pint of water and then commenced ascending, the perspiration rolled off from me in streams. I stopped
in to see Mrs. Clark and rest awhile after which we rode back.

Sunday, August 6, 1865.

I am yet among the hills. Mr. J. Allen and his sister, Mrs. Scruggs and myself all started for White's Creek Spring. I wanted Mrs. Scruggs to have some of the water. I found the water disagreeably strong. I tried to drink it but it was worse than most medicine. There are several other springs, but the water tastes warm and extremely disagreeable. There appeared to be fine accommodations for visitors, and a number present, walking about, making little visits and trying to enjoy themselves in breathing the fresh air and drinking medicated waters. A company is digging for oil in the vicinity. The prospect looks dull.

Monday, August 7, 1865.

This morning I returned from the hills glad to get home. I have been busy in reading and writing. I wrote Mrs. Gee a note, of which the following is a copy. Mrs. Gee. Will you please to make out your account for the last month I boarded with you. Do not mistake this message as a signal for the renewal of friendship or hostility. It is only designed as an expression for an honorable adjustment of all claims. Mr. Matt Allen also called to inform me that he was doing nothing with the intention of trying to undermine my school. I have felt a little hostile but I always try to forgive. We are friends.

Tuesday, August 8, 1865.

I rode down to the Neallie's Bend sulphur Spring this morning with Mrs. Scruggs. I met with no particular adventure except in going and coming I opened 12 gates, a young gentleman at the Spring waited upon us very politely. We called upon Mrs. Jamison when returning and found the Doctor much better and in a good humor. A short time before sunset I went to see Mrs. Johnson and return some books. Miss Sallie McGavock was there, who told me that my message to Mrs. Gee had made her very mad. I do not know what other method to take for the adjustment of what little I owe her.

Wednesday, August 9, 1865.

The day has been clear and beautiful. A delightful breeze has deprived the sun's rays of their ardor to a considerable extent. I have been playing upon the piano and studying arithmetic. I was weary and tired of sitting about in my room and walked down to Mrs. Johnson's to beg some tomatoes for what my bad little chickens had destroyed, out from Mrs. Scruggs garden. I found Johnnie McGinty & Lullie McFerrin there for the purpose of waiting upon Mrs. Owen. Dr. J. R. McFerrin came and told me that Elliot had rented the Old Medical College and I might probably obtain a situation as teacher, in his Seminary.
Thursday, August 10, 1865.

I went to ride this morning about the neighborhood for the purpose of collecting a little. I fear I will not have pupils enough next session to justify me. I have made application to the Rev. C. D. Elliot for a situation.

Sir, I am informed that you propose (soon as practicable) resuming your position as Principal of a Young Ladies School in Nashville. Should you require more assistance than you have already secured, I would like to be among the number of auxiliaries in the enterprise which you have undertaken. Please reply your earliest leisure.

Friday, August 11, 1865.

The weather still continues warm with slight signs of rain. I have very little energy left to work or study. I am resolved to try and lift myself from the pit which misfortune has placed me. If I succeed in getting a situation in Nashville, it will be a most desirable promotion and if successful in teaching there will something of a reputation established for myself. I find that the cheapest teacher is the one for this place, the best is not the question. Some of my patrons only seem to appreciate the efforts I have made to improve the minds of their children. I would rather be appreciated.

Saturday, August 12, 1865.

I have been to Nashville for the purpose of attending to business of different kinds. The public school board has been examining teachers to take charge of the schools. I have not been called upon as yet: perhaps they will treat my application with contempt. I have had a note written to Spring Hill. I shall leave no measures untried to secure for myself an eligible situation. Mr. J. G. Pearl seems to be placing those in position who are most in favor and treating with neither candor nor justice all others. We have a land where peace has stretched out her white wings, where plenty will soon surround every door and I feel like making extra exertions.

Sunday, August 13, 1865.

The earth is dry and parched - if the gentle showers would only come down once more how delightful and pleasant the air would feel. I went with Mrs. Scruggs down to the Sulphur Spring this morning. I went to please her and not for my own diversion. The water is not very strong in comparison with the White's Creek Springs. I can drink any amount almost of it. I have spent the day in reading, writing and slept a very little. Many of my excursions have inconvenienced me much, and seem like a penance to myself, but I have to be obliging and not too selfish and many who live alone become.
Monday, August 14, 1865.

I am as yet unsettled in regard to where I shall teach. I want to move and do better if possible. It is undignified to allow trifles to agitate me. I have spent the day in reading and studying. I am reading "The Monastery" by Walter Scott. The characters portrayed are life like and natural, not overdrawn.

A cool breeze sprang up about 10 oclock A.M. and brought a cloud which distilled some moisture, but not enough to benefit the parched ground. The sable mantle of night is now thrown about me. I will resign myself to God, asking for his protection, sleep in peace and awake refreshed.

Tuesday, August 15, 1865.

The heat has been excessive. Old Sol has made his warmest fire. I arose a little earlier this morning, only had time to wash my squirrel cage before I went away. My pets consume too much of my time. I try to accomplish something out of school but it is a sorry effort. About 5 P.M. a heavy black cloud appeared, which discharged its contents, very freely, washing the air and bringing a very refreshing breeze with it, which was delightful after so much oppressive hot weather. The thunders are muttering in the distance and more refreshing showers. Surely God is very good. I want to live near him that I may be good also.

Wednesday, August 16, 1865.

Thursday, August 17, 1865.

Friday, August 18, 1865.

Saturday, August 19, 1865.

Sunday, August 20, 1865.

I came home from Mr. Love's this evening with the determination of commencing school in my same place rather than an uncertainty. Between Scylla and Charybdis, danger on both sides.

Scylla was the name of a rock upon the Italian shore and Charybdis a whirlpool upon the Sicilian shore. Vessels were in danger of being stranded upon either side. I have a few scholars which have promised to come and some of the most substantial people in the neighborhood have promised to send their children. The number will be small.

Monday, August 21, 1865.

I commenced my duties this morning as teacher, with 12 scholars. A very small beginning but I am under the impression there will
be other accessions before the session advances, very far. Matt Allen
is teaching a school in the neighborhood but he has not taken my
scholars, except two, which were boys and thought they were too large
to come where a lady taught, although she might be much in advance of
them or the man where they were attending school - as though men only
could teach boys. That is old notion handed down as a legacy to the
people in the vicinity.

Tuesday, August 22, 1865.

The weather is warm and I do not feel well. I have had 15
scholars today. Everything went on very well, but I do not feel
happy. I have money due me which I cannot collect. It seems as
though I was constantly losing. I had a large hog to die Saturday.
Mr. Mulvoy started to drive her and beat her to death. Poor thing
what a shame! I walked down with the children to see Mrs. Johnson.
She is working away waiting upon a pack of fox hunters which her
husband always keeps about him, and getting ready to go and see
Blanch Jamison who is very sick.

Wednesday, August 23, 1865.

Thursday, August 24, 1865.

Friday, August 25, 1865.

Saturday, August 26, 1865.

Sunday, August 27, 1865.

I have spent a terrible night with the ear-ache, and it is
no better this morning. I am so miserable I cannot sit or lie still.
I have done nothing all day but walk about and grunt. The heat is
very oppressive, and my pain distressing in the extreme. I feel that
the springtime of my happiness has departed forever. The Summer drouth
has parched my hopes and withered my expectations, nothing remains
but the autumnal decay, and the chill wintry blast which will soon
appear.

I cannot look upon affliction as a blessing in disguise. I
feel that all my blessings are extinguished.

Monday, August 28, 1865.

I am at my post as teacher this sultry morning with twelve
scholars, neither increase nor diminish. It is very wearisome to
have so few that I am cheered with the thought that perhaps the number
will increase be increased.

There are golden spots in the memory of every true teacher,
evergreen fields which time cannot efface, nor burning suns parch -
chambers in the heart - filled with the fragrance of usefulness instead of idleness and frivolity. Every disagreeable task has some pleasure. I went to Nashville after school to see Mr. Pearl about a situation. I was too late for a position in the High School.

Tuesday, August 29, 1865.

In reading a reminiscence has been awakened in my mind today which has slumbered for years. It seems prophetic to me now, although at the time it was published I passed it by with a smile. "And thorns will tear thy bleeding feet." Thorns have already torn my bleeding feet. I am persecuted, called a Yankee, I feel as though a millstone of cares was hung about my neck, and that I should be drowned in a sea of troubles. I am resolved to tread bravely, firmly, and I trust to win nobly. The man who sits always in a furrow cannot reap a harvest. Plow deep, sow plentifully and a bountiful reward will come.

Wednesday, August 30, 1865.

I never remember to have seen so long a spell of hot, dry weather. It is the greatest effort I am able to get through with the duties of the day. It is night once more and I have done an unpleasant task: killed an immense cricket! Soon as night came, the cricket commenced chirping; the reminiscence was unpleasant yes unbearable. It awakened unpleasant memories. I read, and went to sleep thinking of my childhood, when pa used to come home cool Autumn when the crickets were chirping on the hearth, and say, "Oh how lonesome."

Thursday, August 31, 1865.

The dog star rules. The skies are colored with crimson and scarlet, the sun seems to linger in the blazing heavens, the earth is crisped, dried and parched, the brooks which used to wind through the grassy lawns murmuring over their pebbly beds, are now silent. The heated rocks and sand burn our feet, while the famished thirsty animals pant for the cool waters to quench their thirst.

The leaves are dropping from the trees, and the Earth looks sad. It sprinkled a very little, the wind blew it thundered and tried to rain, but no rain today. Oh Lord! look upon us and refresh us.

Friday, September 1, 1865.

As I was retiring last night, I heard the sound of rain, the drops trickled down with a musical cadence upon the ground. It is raining again this morning. How delightful! Our trees were nearly dismantled of their lustrous green, the grass had lost its verdure, and the cattle nearly perished with thirst.

The demon of discontent is dancing about me, it howls both despair and destruction around and above my pathway, but I will try to rise not because there is nothing to fear, but resolved that I will meet, face and conquer all dangers and surmount any difficulties which may present.
Saturday, September 2, 1865.

The sky looked very much like rain, but I had my heart set upon and expedition over the River to see Mrs. Gleaver. I rode to the Junction horseback and crossed in a canoe without any difficulty. I came to Mrs. Gleaver's first. She seems to be doing about as usual with all of her unmarried children at home. The rain commenced coming down about dinner, and never ceased until a short time before dark. I ate watermelon and visited all the evening. A little while before sun set I rode over to see Mrs. Stockwell. She seemed very well and my favorite, Joel, is growing very fast, and going to school.

Sunday, September 3, 1865.

I am with Mrs. Stockwell today. The watermelons are ripe and very fine. I am enjoying them very much. My face pains me, my ears aches, and I feel very bad, but melons taste good.

Shortly after dinner a dozen men came over to eat melons. It rained and they rested until it was done, when they opened fire upon 15 melons, and out flanked them. After the rain I went to see Mrs. Turner. She has been sick and now has sore eyes: all her children are at home from the wars.

I have been trying to rest but eaten too much melon and will now be sick.

Monday, September 4, 1865.

I have slept but very little during the night. I have been sitting up with my melons trying to digest them. They came up and I have had a very bad night. I pretend to be sensible but this gluttony does not evince much sense. When I am sick I feel sad. I feel that I am not among friends, and have no true heart to trust.

When the glow of friendship illumines our pathway it makes us happy casts a ray of sunshine over our shadows and lights the smile of love in our hearts.

The world has grown so cruel that friendship "is but a name." I treat everybody kindly but they are not all kind to me.

Tuesday, September 5, 1865.

The weather continues warm and very sultry. How many are constantly looking back to that which might have been had things been otherwise: but it is useless to spend our time in vain regrets, the past is gone, the present is here and the future is before me. I have allowed opportunities to slip through my hands for occupying a higher position, and now my humble position seems a clog to my happiness. It seems a thorn in my flesh, a misfortune which binds me where I would like to leave.

I have paid penance for all my youthful folly, and endured my banishment with patience.

Wednesday, September 6, 1865.

I am having the earache, from which I have not been at ease for
two weeks. My life is very unpleasant from the pain. The phantoms of ambitious hope and fear hover about me, but my pains puts them all to flight and misery is my only feeling. Those who are born rich with both parentage and prosperity to rely upon for a subterfuge need make no exertion to maintain themselves but those who have not have to keep constantly moving in order to exist. I love to exert myself and feel that I am employed in a useful and profitable manner. I am free from care to a considerable extent on account of only a few scholars.

Thursday, September 7, 1865.

I experienced a little variety by way of a relief today. As the usual duties of the school were progressing, all at once there came a jarring, trembling sound, the doors shook as though some person of great strength was shaking at them with all his force. I was frightened but remained silent. The scholars all rushed towards me, as though I would save them. I turned pale which the children soon detected. I dislike to be unnerved but I was.

Upon inquiring I find that the noise and shaking was very general supposed to have been produced by powder near Nashville.

Friday, September 8, 1865.

The day has been very warm with a slight shower of rain. After school I rode over to see Mrs. Chadwell, who has been very sick. She always has a kind word for me and seems glad to see. She is the most constant sufferer I ever saw! has spells of Asthma which are like spasms from the effect of which she is prostrated for several days.

If I was so much affected I would want the lamp of life to soon extinguished, and guiding angel to never shake nor slacken his beamy reins until I was safe in the bosom of my Heavenly Father, where sickness never enters and none says, "I am sick."

Saturday, September 9, 1865.

I had a late start to Nashville this morning, but did not have to walk over the River as the heat was so intense I found it very agreeable to ride. I bought some books for the scholars and done some other shopping, ascertained the cause of that unusual noise which we heard Thursday. It was occasioned by the explosion of 9 cars loaded with ammunition going South. The friction occasioned the ignition all on board the cars were killed, and the glass broken from the windows for a mile or two also dishes.

We only wink at such things and pass them by as nothing unusual, in keeping with the times.

Sunday, September 10, 1865.

I attended church in Goodlettsville and heard a good sermon from Doctor Hanna, from the words "Let not your hearts be troubled &c. A breach was about to be made in their circle, and their sensibilities soon to be lanced to the core.
We must believe in all the attributes which belong to God. His frown disquiets us and wherever we may roam or rest, if God is our friend we are safe. The dew drop was the only gem which glittered upon the brow of our Savior. Heaven is sanctified by his presence and filled with his glory, while strains of melody from which imagination cannot catch the slightest echo, fill our ears with rapturous strains. I have enjoyed the day, took sacrament.

Monday, September 11, 1865.

I am again at my post with an additional scholar. I am not discouraged. I am resting in order to gain strength for a better situation. My days seem to be imperceptibly passing away. I cannot tell how my time is passing. I arose this morning about six, ate my breakfast and went to school; dinner rested and tried to practice but it is too warm; after school I spent in working questions in the Rule of Three. Too warm to make any muscular or physical exertion. I am trying to read "The Abbott" by Walter Scott, but cannot get very much interested. It is now 9 o'clock. Watch over me Heavenly Father.

Tuesday, September 12, 1865.

I am in a locality where every tongue is arrayed against his neighbor's reputation and at the same time many of them tries to preserve the forms of friendship in the presence of those who they are trying to injure.

I neither fear nor respect them and ask no favors from them. "And what is friendship but a name." The name seems to have lost its sweetness and meaning. It sounds like an echo from the past, upon which cold clods have fallen and buried in obscurity far out of sight, and had left no traces by which it might be recognized or resuscitated.

Wednesday, September 13, 1865.

I feel like a restless soul chained in a cage of circumstances—beating my life out against the bars which hold me, where I cannot leave without making a leap in the dark, but I am trying with the aid of resignation and religion to meet my fate and contest the ground fairly inch by inch. Remembering that these "dull deep pains work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory: that it is the refining fever which purifies us, makes us holier, happier and better when we another sphere where sickness sorrow and never enters and the glory of God fills our hearts with joy and peace.

Thursday, September 14, 1865.

Mr. spirits have been chilled by neglect and all have seemed indifferent to my prosperity. I go plodding on my wearisome way with occasionally a faint ray from the throne of the Almighty. I love my dear Southern home, where the sweet scented violets bloom, and the trailing arbutus exhale their fragrances when icy fetters find the North. I have seen many happy pleasant since I stranded upon its shores like a ship at the mercy of the waves, cast hopelessly Jonah like, out into the waves. I have managed my craft greatly beyond my expectation. I have weathered the storms of war and bloodshed and come off conqueror.
Abbie M. Brooks Diary-1865.

Friday, September 15, 1865.

It is the last day of school for this week. I feel that I have dragged my wearisome length along in mute silence and nothing to excite my ambition, or stimulate me, to efforts of any magnitude or enterprises for anything except the passing moment. I tried to go visiting this evening after school, but everything was against me. I feel like I was upon a treadmill, and would like to be free one day in the week if no more and make a change in some way. It rests me and affords a recreation different from the monotony which I have everyday. I am making a bare subsistence, which is better than nothing.

Saturday, September 16, 1865.

I went to Nashville this morning for the purpose of buying me a stove. I met my old friend Doctor Bainbridge and his son Edmund. It seemed like old times to see him as I came to his house when first I came to Tennessee. I saw Mr. Smith at the same time, who treated me to apples, peaches and grapes besides being very glad to see me. He said Ida Winbourn had not improved any since she left my school. I am glad I do not have the care of her now. I bought my stove besides some other things, and came home on the cars, very tired, as I have walked a great deal, and the weather is intensely hot for this season of the year.

Sunday, September 17, 1865.

Another warm day is before me. I am so weary from the exertions of yesterday that I can not read or do anything; but I have a quiet room with nothing to trouble me, which enables me to rest. I am reading Milton's Paradise Lost. The sublimity and beauty of this work is incomparable: and to think of it being sold for ten pounds. He lived in an age when he was not appreciated, or they were jealous of his talent. I do not know which reason may be applied or perhaps some of both would be reasonable supposition. Unappreciated talent is not of infrequent occurrence.

Monday, September 18, 1865.

It has tried to rain but very little has fallen, however the air is much cooler, but the change is too sudden from excessive heat to cold. I have had my usual number of scholars today, but no increase in numbers. It is very dull today to drag away with so few scholars, but better than nothing but not so well as I intended doing. Since the war has stopped every person is trying to teach school. It was triumph enough for me when Matt Allen who is trying the break up my school by running opposition could not work the questions which one of my old scholars who attended his school wanted him to do. He left and went to Mr. Anderson.

Tuesday, September 19, 1865.

The air is yet cool and refreshing. I feel much better than when it was so warm. I broke the glass to my spectacles today which has very much interrupted my equanimity. It takes every cent I can make to live and then I only stay. I pay a low price for board, and have very little to eat which I relish. I never was with such poor folks before in my life. It is a terrible curse to be poor, but I may live to be a beggar yet myself. I have a great horror of poverty and misery. I went to employ Mrs. Williams to sew some for me. When I see her poverty I think that I am well situated.
Wednesday, September 20, 1865.

I am trying to be submissive to my fate, but it is with an untamed reluctance: if I was doomed to eternal perdition unvisited by "Heaven's fair light" then might I have sorrow, yes the crowning sorrow of sorrows, the remembrance of joys forever departed. The atmosphere is trying to be warm again, but it has been accompanied with a slight chill. I have practiced about 1 hour today. I want to try and regain my knowledge of music and teach it as it is more profitable, but not less work. It is now after 9. The crickets are chirping about the house, but none shall room with me. I am lonely enough now.

Thursday, September 21, 1865.

The corroding cares of life annoy and worry me, and there seems to be no balm to cure or charm my troubles and trials from any of their bitterness. I feel that I have never shrank from anything difficult or dangerous by which I could benefit a human being in distress, and no one seems ready to help me - My patrons owe me and they will not pay. The seem to think I have no use for money and teach their children to be accommodating. I will move and let another take the trials which I have had for awhile.

Friday, September 22, 1865.

I walked down to Wm. Johnson's and borrowed her saddle this morning for the purpose of riding to the Junction. I taught with more than usual alacrity with the prospect for a change in view. After school I took black Jim behind me and rode to the River, when I crossed over and rode behind Mr. Stockard up to Mr. Gleaves'. She is a good woman and I love her much. I always enjoy going to see her. She has recently lost her brother John to which she was devoted and her grief is very deep and heart felt. He was a kind good man and a loss to society. Leaves much property.

Saturday, September 23, 1865.

I stayed all night with Mrs. Gleaves. Spent the forenoon in hemming me some towels, and visiting. I see that she has her trials. Her son George is ill tempered to his mother and the children.

After dinner Mrs. Gleaves and I rode over to Mr. Cardwell's. Her husband died this morning early, leaving her with six children, the youngest 1 months old. They are very poor and not a foot of land in the world. The children and their mother were all crying bitterly. The oldest girl nearly dried her tears to inspect and watch me. That hoosier curiosity nothing in this world can suppress. I went to Mrs. Stockwell's to spend the night.

Sunday, September 24, 1865.

The sun rose clear this morning but was soon obscured by clouds. I left for the River in company with an old scholar of mine Joel Stockwell. We stopped at Mrs. Gleaves, and bade her good bye, and when I was on one bank I saw black Jim upon the other waiting for me. I came back feeling very much refreshed, spent the day in reading from "Milton's Paradise Lost." The sublimity of his aerial transitions makes me dizzy, and plunges my meditations in a mazy labyrinth of thought. There has been no rain and the weather continues very warm.
Monday, September 25, 1865.

The sky looked very portentous this morning but only a slight shower of rain fell. My school was thinly attended. One dozen scholars but a prospect of more as the other school has gone under. The teacher said "he could not make chewing tobacco."

Sun set has drawn a "coverlet of glory" over her face and its crimson folds have reflected their rich and lustrous light before sinking to repose.

The twilight hours seem to linger longer now than I ever noticed them before. The gorgeousness of sunset fills my mind with sublime feeling.

Tuesday, September 26, 1865.

The weather is very warm: and the perspiration rolls off from me in streams. I never suffered so much from heat as this Summer. It seems to me that it is never going to end: vegetation is yet green, and foliage seems to have taken a new start in growing. I have had a warm pleasant walk down to see Mrs. Johnson.

I have no thoughts I cannot write. My imagination is dull as a drizzly day in November, and descriptive powers are out walking, and my genius has left some time since, I was formerly called a genius but no one seems to think so now.

Wednesday, September 27, 1865.

The wind blows like rain - and the sun hides his face as though the curtain was closed and the next scene would be something else. I feel as though I wanted me a house where I could plant trees and flowers, that would welcome me with their foliage and flowers, where habit and long association would weave bright fancies, and pleasant memories would linger with emotions of delight.

I cannot endure the thought of being transplanted so frequently. I want something permanent as the fleeting things of Earth can afford.

Thursday, September 28, 1865.

After school I rode down to see Mrs. Adams. I class them among my best friends. Friends are not in every path: they are precious gems, which should be guarded with care. I feel that death and circumstances of various kinds have robbed me of my friends. I feel alone in the world. I have pets, yes, squirrels and chickens. My fox squirrels seem to know me and love me, my chickens all gather around me and follow me about the yard, their friendship is a pass time to me. The love of animals is never false. They cherish a love for those who are kind to them, and feed them, which never proves false.

Friday, September 29, 1865.

I rode home this morning and was feeling very, had a pleasant visit, and one of my patrons came to pay me some money. I went to call up my chickens, when one of my finest came hopping up with his leg broke. I took him up in my lap and cried. He looked as though he had come to tell me his leg was broken. I fed him well and put him in my room, went to school and taught my 16 scholars. After school I prepared myself and rode down to Mr. Adams' taking my chicken. One of the negroes killed it and I picked the feathers off from it, after which Mrs. Adams prepared it for market.
Saturday, September 30, 1865.

After a very restless nights repose I arose at 2 A.M. and prepared myself for Nashville, and went with Mr. Adams. The market house was well lighted with gas, and all the country people were unloading their wagons: arranging their produce in the most attractive manner possible. The rain commenced coming down, the wind blew cool and everything looked disagreeable. After business hours commenced I looked about some and bought me a pair of overshoes. I had but little business to do, and was very weary before I started home. The sky cleared away and the sun shone warm. I got sixty cents for my chicken, which was better than nothing.

Sunday, October 1, 1865.

Mrs. Scruggs being absent I staid all night at Mr. Woodruff's. I came home and spent the day in reading until after dinner when I went to see Blanch Janison who is very sick. Her mother was nursing her and giving her the most constant attention I ever saw a patient receive while Doctor Janison was lying up stairs drunk. Was there ever such unfeeling inhumanity evinced in the world. A father beastly drunk, and a child with the brain fever. The air is very cool this evening and I must retire early for I am very weary with the fatigue of yesterday. The moonbeams are beautiful now.

Monday, October 2, 1865.

Jack Frost is asking for admittance. The air is very keen this morning. I have one additional scholar. I have been contriving how to get some pigs to Mrs. White. I worried and fretted about until succeeded in starting them. Mr. Adams came for them a little past three. I gave the children recess. They got one tied with a rope around his hind leg when it ran against a horse attached to a load of hay, the horse and load started. I caught the horse and stopped, next the dog seeing them catching hogs thought he would try his skill. He gathered one by the ear, when we all got a rock and ran after him, no harm done on either side. I sent my poor squirrels to Nashville this evening.

Tuesday, October 3, 1865.

I am in a locality where the inhabitants have such empty heads that they travel from house to house and visit their neighbors in order to have them filled with the latest news which is floating. I have been out from home but not after news. I went to Mr. Woodruff's and engaged a barrel of flour then went to my old home at P. Gee's, to see Mary McClarity who is sick and been in delicate health for a long time. They all seemed delighted to see me. Betty McFenniss has sore eyes, but she hugged and kissed me as though I had been her sister. The Moon lighted me home from my walk. I brought a big load of fleas.

Wednesday, October 4, 1865.

The sky lingers in the heavens like a friend who parts unwillingly. He has shone beautifully all day and now sets gloriously. Jack Frost made a short call this morning, powdering the fences and other objects in his reach. The foliage or vegetation was not perceptibly injured. The air has felt cool all day. I have been sury reading during my leisure moments from "Rural Letters, by N. P. Willis. They are very entertaining. When I read the thoughts of great minds
I wonder when I will be visited by some wighty ideas, yes! one bright original thought.

Thursday, October 5, 1865.

I am teaching on through an uneventful period of my existence. I eat, drink, sleep and teach school. It is the same tread mill routine daily with variation: but I do wrong to complain. I have very good health, and a use of my limbs. I have enough to eat of a poor quality, with a quiet room to stay in. I had my feelings hurt by asking Dick Scruggs if he could not send after my stove to Mr. Love's. He made more excuses than I thought it was possible for him to imagine. As I had paid $12.50 in advance some distance, I thought they would be a little more obliging.

Friday, October 6, 1865.

I am not pleasantly situated. Every sound echoes discontent. I feel it when I retire and when I rise. I am not earning anything with my small school but my condition might be much worse. I am away from temptation and trying to serve my God. I fear that I am making no advancement in a divine life. May I not ask the solemn question. Am I not retrograding. It is a serious thing to die, but the good which die are only going home to God. Heavenly Father, Lift the clouds and darkness from my mind: may I see only Jesus and worship Him.

Saturday, October 7, 1865.

I prepared myself for Nashville this morning and went in upon the accommodation train. A very pleasant arrangement. Mrs. Burton was upon the train and we entertained ourselves by talking. I went to see about my squirrels: found the low bid of six dollars for them. They were so much trouble I concluded to accept the offer. I went to Mrs. White's after I had finished my running about in town. The sun shone very warm upon my back, but I obtained an opportunity to ride soon after crossing the River. I found Mrs. White & Miss Sallie well. Gen. Donaldson's son gave a five hundred dollar bill Confederate money. A keepsake.

Sunday, October 8, 1865.

I went to the Tulip Street Methodist Church this morning. Before service I enjoyed seeing the people unload from their different vehicles: the ladies dressed in their finest silks which looked as though they were made before the war and others more modern. As it was Conference the number of preachers and people present was not small. Bishop Kavanaugh preached a fine sermon Isa. 61 Chap. 1st, 2nd 3rd verses. Subject of his discourse. Work and Qualifications of the ministry. He should be a man of knowledge. "The priests lips shall keep knowledge." The discourse was very fine and affecting. He ordained 57 deacons. Service very long.
Monday, October 9, 1865.

I succeeded in getting home yesterday a little after sun down with Mr. Mulloy an Irish patron of mine. The air is cool this morning but I am in school with an additional scholar. Mrs. Woodruff's niece. School duties seem to go along with little or no trouble, if there is monotony there is also smoothness. After school I walked over to Mr. Woodruff's for the purpose of seeing one of my scholars which is sick.

Business seems brisk at the store. The L. & N. R.R. are putting in a switch in front of the store, and improvement seems to be making rapid strides in that locality.

Tuesday, October 10, 1865.

It has been another warm bright day. Many of my scholars are sick and the number in attendance is small. I think some of turning "quill driver" or rather steal my ideas. I hope I shall have some without stenciling them. I walked down to Mrs. William Johnson's this evening after school. She seems troubled and has to work hard, which is something new to her. She has always had very finely trained servants to do all her work and now she has none. While they were with her they had good homes and plenty, but now they have nothing. Poor deluded creatures they had better come home again.

Wednesday, October 11, 1865.

The middle of another week of my drowning disagreeable life has arrived. This is my 4th Session in one place, but it has become very dull to me of late. It wears me exceedingly. I am glad when I see their backs turned towards me going home: poor children, I try to make myself interesting to them but it is dull music to me. I seems like doing nothing, yes time lost to me and gone forever. All the pleasure I have is in my room and feeding my pet chickens, which are very tame and gentle. They know the sound of my voice and come rushing to me whenever they hear it. I feed them and they love me apparently very much.

Thursday, October 12, 1865.

The weather is warm today - yes unpleasantly heated. At dinner time I went to see Mrs. Granaghan about borrowing a horse. Mrs. G. put a five dollar bill in my hand which was very acceptable. It was unexpected but it revived me. I love to earn money myself and not have to ask any person for it. I then can be independent and not a fawning sycophant upon any person's bounty. After school I went to see Mrs. Woodruff and found three sick children which I had missed from school. John had erysipelas on his face. Charlie had sat down upon a sharp stick, and Toby had cut his foot with a piece of glass. It is now 9 o'clock and the rain is commencing to patter upon the leaves. The ground is very dry.
Friday, October 13, 1865.

It has been a real old fashioned rainy day. It has drizzled and rained hard. It is a soaking rain. I had only six scholars, went in the rain to teach and got very wet. I went to Mr. Woodruff's to see the sick and waited upon them to the best of my ability. They have very few nice things in the house such as silver spoons, or a piece of china, although they are very wealthy. She seems like an ill tempered creature and very stingy. It troubles me to be about where they are so close with everything they have. They are very hard to please and for this reason a servant will not live them long. They seem to have no feeling for a darkey.

Saturday, October 14, 1865.

I came home this morning for the purpose of going to Mr. Wilson's. After waiting a half hour to catch a horse and another hour to borrow a saddle I started. My animal did not have an easy gait but it was better than staying at home. They all appeared glad to see me. We had a nice dinner which I enjoyed very much. After dinner I braided a small foot mat with Jenny's help. Mr. Wilson said it was a frill for the bottom of a door and amused us very much with his jokes. Mrs. W. made me some ginger cakes. In the midst of it all in came Etta Hunter. She spoke to me and I replied. Mr. Bob Hunter came before dark and talked incessantly. He thinks himself a person of much importance.

Sunday, October 15, 1865.

The wind blows cool this morning and I came home tolerable early from Mr. Wilsons. I went up to put the church in order for preaching, but black Uncle Bob came to my aid. At three O'clock I went to hear Mr. Fontaine E. Pitts preach. His text was from the words - "Blessed is he whosover shall not be offended in me." There was but a small number present and the sermon was not very eloquent. It lacked energy as there was nothing to excite it in so small a number of persons. Mr. Adams done they praying. God grant that we may always worship Thee in the beauty of holiness. It is now ten o'clock at night and a profound stillness reigns supreme.

Monday, October 16, 1865.

The air seems chilly this morning but I am in my old place with only 12 scholars. How wearied I am with this humdrum of a few scholars. I almost hate my task and everything connected with it. With Christian like fortitude I try to endure all my troubles and trials. I feel that God is my friend. I have tried to live near Him under the shadow of His wing, I would only repose.

I went to see Mrs. Woodruff after school, found no servant to get supplies: rolled up my sleeves and made, or rather tried to make, some ginger cakes and biscuit. I found myself a very awkward cook, but they all seemed satisfied with my efforts. Remained all night.
Tuesday, October 17, 1865.

What a tread mill existence it is to cook three meals per day the year around: it seems to me I would rather die than to be bound in that way. I am sure there is no poetry in it, nor mental improvement, but some person has to cook. I prepared breakfast for the family and then went to school tired enough to rest which I did as I had only a few scholars. A slight inspiration seized me after supper and I spent the time in writing. My thoughts have been wandering for some time. I could not get them together sufficiently to find one bright idea or dull one either. I think that I have not tried writing which is the secret of my not succeeding.

Wednesday, October 18, 1865.

Thursday, October 19, 1865.

The wind has seemed cold and disagreeable today. The sun has shone dimly and in spots. After school I went to Mr. Woodruff's. Mrs. W. is no better and no servants to prepare supper. I rolled up my sleeves and commenced working: parched coffee, made cornbread, worked vigorously until the supper was upon the table. My coffee was not strong, but the balance done very well.

I was much fatigued with my exertions, but could not lie down as I did not know where I should sleep. Mrs. Eubank and I finally were tucked away upstairs. Mrs. E. says "Oh this bed sheet."

Friday, October 20, 1865.

I arose this morning at peep of day to resume my duties as servant. I made hash of some cold beef, added more coffee. They all pronounced the cooking satisfactory, and decidedly improved. I did not charge anything but was glad to have them pleased. Cooking is not my profession consequently I am not expected to be a proficient in the art. I taught school as usual, only it seemed unusually dull to me, although it has been a warm bright beautiful day. I have spent all my leisure time in writing a letter to my Father. I said nothing with reference to politics and wrote affectionately, as a daughter should.

Saturday, October 21, 1865.

I took the Springfield accommodation this morning for Nashville. The cars were crowded with country people going to Town to buy necessities and new clothes. I went to have my watch put in order which has been idle for some time. I bought a check for $350, which I sent to my father for safe keeping. I walked myself into a sick head ache which was very painful. I came to the depot for the purpose of going home where I discovered Dr. Jamison lying on some chairs drunk and asleep. When the train was ready to start I assisted him to get on the cars because I felt sorry for his wife who would be anxious about him.
Sunday, October 22, 1865.

I was very weary today from the exercise of yesterday. I have been reading all day. After I rode up to see Mrs. Jamison. Her husband was down in the Bend, finishing his frolic of yesterday. Poor woman with all his faults she loves him still. She tries to conceal his faults but they are too transparent and apparent. She endeavors also to keep up appearances before those who are persons of wealth. Mrs. Overton was making her a call and her efforts were great to make Mrs. O. think she was extremely exclusive. She no doubt keeps good society, but common civility does not corrupt any person, and a smile for all wins many a favor.

Monday, October 23, 1865.

I sat up nearly all night with Mrs. Woodruff. Mrs. Allen took the fore part of the night. As I have no admiration for the woman I was glad to be excused from her society.

The Doctor stays with her all day and sets up a greater portion of the night. She has a large family of children which would miss her very much. Aside from that she has no sphere of action. Persons think cold and selfish, and has treated her negroes very cruelly, whipping them in a most unmerciful manner for trivial causes. She has a stiff finger occasioned by thumping one upon the head and no [sic.] she cannot open it. That seems to be a retribution.

Tuesday, October 24, 1865.

I have not been well all day. I have been vomiting considerable which was occasioned by eating considerable and then lying down to sleep. My life would be very bitter if I had to sit up a portion of every night. I would never enjoy my life. My books and my music are my companions which, although they do not enjoy life, teach me to endure it.

Offences are easily pardoned when there is love at the bottom. If I have done wrong my return to the path of duty demands a full pardon, and not the cherishing of dissensions which will darken our pathway to the tomb and banish us from the presence of our Creator.

Wednesday, October 25, 1865.

I endeavor to keep my conduct free observation [sic.] or suspicion and the sentiments of my mind unpolluted by passion or prejudice; and impart principles to those placed under my charge which shall be sentinels and guides to their future conduct through life.

Sin and Death were appointed to guard the gates of Hell. Sin was the porter who opened the door and permitted Satan to pass; however great the effort to banish him, no person has ever yet succeeded. Children require much teaching and instruction for this reason, but the manifestations of Satan are ever apparent and visible.
Thursday, October 26, 1865.

How frequent the expression: This war has transformed me into a demon. War does not create all the evils in the world, but merely throws off the restraints of society and furnishes a refuge and subterfuge for committing all kinds of wickedness. Persons of heretofore supposed undoubted integrity are seen daily bartering their principles for money and their souls for gold. Sins which looked enormous heretofore are now indulged without a pang of conscience or a sting of sin in their feelings. The fate of Sodom will no doubt be ours before long, if we not all repent and all unrighteousness.

Friday, October 27, 1865.

I have worried through another week with all its trials and vexations. I try to live humble before God, and remember that the rewards of righteousness the righteous are great in another world if they are small in this. When God shall come to judge the world Heaven will be deserted by the angels to confer crowns of glory upon the righteous and just made perfect. How great the preparation to meet our God, who is over and above all blessed forever. When earthly potentates pass through the land are escorted and banquetted from Maine to the Father of Waters, how much greater should we try to please our Maker.

Saturday, October 28, 1865.

I sat up all night with Mrs. Woodruff in company with Mrs. Grannaghan. The night passed off rapidly for some cause. Mrs. W. was very ill natured. She would only take her medicine from the hands of the doctor. I had to call him every three hours all night. She is getting very low and extremely cross and irritable. I came home and found Mrs. Scruggs sick. I waited upon her some and went to sleep. I slept a greater portion of the day in order to regain my rest, if possible. I have done nothing all day but sleep. I prepared some bread for baking before I went to bed. A new business for me.

Sunday, October 29, 1865.

I arose soon this morning to make light rolls for breakfast. They were only tolerable good. They did not bake well. I spent the day in reading from the Life of Patrick Henry. A man of giant mind and firm purposes in all his undertakings. His presence was a ray of sunshine to the appreciating mind. The sunshine of fame spread her richest and most lustrous light upon the pathway in his life.

Pleasant work will always weed out animosity and bickerings and plant the seeds of love and friendship which will keep out animosity and bitterness.
Monday, October 30, 1865.

I was up a greater part of the night with Mrs. Woodruff. She is evidently sinking by degrees. My daily duties have been very arduous and fatiguing because I was so weary and sleepy.

I had no new scholars to greet my coming and but few old ones. My school is a nuisance it is so small, but I dislike to back out of anything when I have undertaken it. Those which patronize me are anxious for me to continue. I can not afford to starve and earn anything nothing for the accommodation of a few persons. I will try to earn more or cease teaching.

Tuesday, October 31, 1865.

I have been trying to write all the week a piece for the Nashville Banner but I fear it will not be much when it is finished. I long to be a writer of merit to be classed among those who can compose and write sentences which will startle and electrify the reader as a production of merit, as a discovery of a new era in the pages of unread lore, but I fear if I try to soar it will be on other wings which will let me down.

There are such a vast amount of scribblers in the world now: they cannot all become celebrities or great writers, some must be content with small things.

Wednesday, November 1, 1865.

My effort for the Banner is nearly finished. The following is the concluding sentence. And now while the angel of peace is hovering over us with her white wings, may hostilities and resentments not be cherished which shall rankle and fester into devastation and destruction again: may we not feel that we are helplessly and hopelessly ruined, but rise from the ashes of our mourning and work with renewed energy, remembering that if we sit in the furrow of discontent we shall never reap a harvest.

May the raven of discontent never again croak unpropitiously over our pathway, and despair not possess the hearts of our country.

Thursday, November 2, 1865.

Friday, November 3, 1865.

Saturday, November 4, 1865.

I started for Nashville this morning upon the Springfield Accommodation train. Mr. Marque was on the cars full of his sport. I met Mr. William Shaw soon after my arrival who informed me that "he had some money for me." It was from Mr. Gray. I soon discovered it was not enough. I went to the Court House to help Mr. Rice upon his claim, and went into Mr. Meacham's Office, but on account of the crowd could not see the original account. It worried me very much
to be treated in such a manner, but I could not help it. I hurried back to the cars just in time to get on the train.

Sunday, November 5, 1865.

The first hard frost of the season. I sat up last night until nearly three this morning with Mrs. Woodruff. She is very low and refuses to take medicine. Says "she would rather die than to take quinine." Her hands are cold to her elbows and she will not keep covered. "says she is burning up.

I have sat up but little during the day, but slept most of the time. I have been sitting up so much lately that I can hardly get sleep enough. There was preaching in the Church, but I was asleep and knew nothing of it. Went to see Mrs. W. after dinner, but found her no better.

Monday, November 6, 1865.

I taught my usual number and an additional scholar from Arkansas, Mary Sumner. I have spent my leisure time in writing a note to Mr. Shaw. The following is the commencement.

Being anxious for fear that you might possibly be laboring under misapprehension with reference to the motive I had in wishing to see Mr. Gray's account, I address you for the purpose of correcting any erroneous views which might be entertained.

As Mr. Gray has acted in so ungentlemanly (rascally) a manner I did not intend he should depart until he had paid the "last farthing."

Tuesday, November 7, 1865.

A short time before I retired yesterday evening, the news came that Mrs. Woodruff was dead! Poor woman she is at rest. I went over this morning soon as I ate my breakfast and helped clean up the house. The air was very keen and the windows being up the house was very cold. I worked busily until school time, making a decided improvement. After school I went over again to sit up all night. As there were four others, I went to bed with Mrs. Woodruff's mother, who seems to like me very much. She did not see her daughter die, which distresses her much.

Wednesday, November 8, 1865.

I did not teach school today on account of Mrs. Woodruff being buried. I dressed the younger children and combed their hair. Poor little things, the youngest only two years old. They will miss a mother's caresses, if the live. [Sic.]

She was buried before twelve. The funeral sermon was preached before by Mr. Fountaine E. Pitts.

I felt more sad when I looked at the children, 9 in number, than at any other time. I remained after the people had left and helped black Ben put the house in order. Mrs. Patten asked me to stay all night with her, which I did, but it was lonely.
Thursday, November 9, 1865.

My scholars are all here this morning, but Mr. Woodruff's. The family is so unsettled they cannot tell what they are going to do at present. No mother's welcome awaits their return or greets their little pattering feet. I feel sometimes as though I should not live a great while and want a lot selected to bury me in beyond Nashville where every person is quietly laid away, no noise disturbs their soft repose, no busy din of worldly care enters, nor angry strife molest. I want to be buried where other folks are put and rise with the sleeping dead, when God calls.

Friday, November 10, 1865.

I am working away at my dull heavy task of teaching a few scholars. It is triumph enough to have my principal patrons ask me to stay longer.

...to make the remark that as "I had stayed so long they were in hopes I was going to stay next year." The community are too much divided in sentiment to support or maintain a public institution for any length of time. After school dismissed this P.M. I rode down to Mr. Love's. I rode a poor old white horse which was a spectacle.

Saturday, November 11, 1865.

I went to Nashville this morning with Mrs. Love in the buggy in order to rectify the mistake in not obtaining all of my pay from Mr. Gray. I made out another account and gave it to the constable. I shopped about considerable, bought me a piano cover, and deposited thirty-five dollars in money, which had been collected from Mr. Gray.

Our buggy broke down this morning and we came a portion of the way in a carryall, with Billy Woodruff. We soon drove home after we got in our buggy and behind a good horse. I finished my trip upon my old white.

Sunday, November 12, 1865.

The day is clear and pleasant. I have been sitting in the warm sunshine writing. How quiet everything seems, and the pale leaves strew the ground with their gay colors and the air is just a little keen now to let us know that we are coming to a season when the wintry blast will blow and the introduction is designed as a preparation. I walked over to Bishop Soule's this P.M. a little while before sunset and borrowed some late religious papers published by the Methodist Church South. They do not advocate a Union with the Church North.

Monday, November 13, 1865.

I am as yet at my post with one new scholar. I was not glad to see him as I want to get along with as little trouble as possible. He is Irish and I am not partial to their patronage.
One of my scholars made a remark to me this morning which made me feel queer. It was Allene Williams. She says, "Miss Abby I want you to die in this country so I can go to your burying." I know the remark was occasioned on account of the good feeling she had for me, but I cannot die just to please her. God grant that I may be prepared to meet death when it comes.

Tuesday, November 14, 1865.

It is a dark dreary rainy gloomy looking day. The clouds have discharged their vapor contents most of the night. There has very little rain fallen since the early part of the season. The springs have not filled up and the small branches have but little in them, not enough to make a running stream. The Cumberland is very low and everybody seems impatiently waiting for a movement in the waters. The transportation by Rail Road is so expensive it keeps apples and potatoes very high.

Wednesday, November 15, 1865.

The middle of the week: how fast time passes away. I am impatient to see what time will bring forth for me. I can hardly determine whether to teach on next year or go home. If I can obtain a desirable situation I would prefer teaching next year. I have always had a kind of contempt for a situation in the hills but if they make me a good offer I shall in all probability accept it. I have made but little the past year and must improve or change my profession. It is only by practising the most rigid economy that I can support myself and buy my clothes.

Thursday, November 16, 1865.

The most dense fog I ever saw covered the whole country this morning. I could see no object any distance from me. I managed however to find my way to school without any difficulty. The fog passed away about 12 o'clock and the sunshine from heaven overspread the land.

We have a new member in our family. Mrs. Mollie Wagner. Her husband has left her on account of scandal. She has taken several trips North and South with Federal Officers and the tongue of calumny has not rested lightly upon her reputation. A blighted plant.

Friday, November 17, 1865.

No mists or clouds obscures the sunshine. The air is balmy as the breath of Spring. It is not a chilly November this year, but a warm and pleasant month. The crickets sing as merry as in August. The air is inclined to be oppressive it is so warm. The sun sank to rest in a bed of golden clouds, and covered himself with crimson and ethereal garments of the most gorgeous hues.

I would not be surprised to see the rain pattering down in the morning, it has a vapory oppressive feeling again.
Saturday, November 18, 1865.

A rainy dark drizzly morning and I am going to Nashville to collect my money of Mr. Gray. I went down to the Station and had a muddy disagreeable walk. After I got in Town Mr. Shaw went with me to the Court House for the purpose of testifying to my account. I sat an hour waiting for Gray. I was wearied and uneasy. I felt as though I should faint with fatigue and anxiety. Mr. Gray never came but Mr. Shaw handed me twenty-five dollars and thirty cents which relieved my trouble considerable. I was glad when the time arrived to go home.

Sunday, November 19, 1865.

I became so worried yesterday with my day's work that I have been unable to read or employ my time in a useful manner. There was some very noisy company in the house which annoyed me exceedingly. I have only the Sabbath to rest in and when I am interrupted it is very unpleasant. I walked down to see Mrs. Johnson. The day has been extremely gloomy, the sun has not sent a single beam from his effulgent rays during the day. I found Mrs. J. complaining. She has all the comforts of this world but health is the great promoter of happiness.

Monday, November 20, 1865.

I assume my duties this morning with more than usual alacrity as school soon closes. I dislike extremely to enter upon an enterprise and then abandon it without a fair trial. I trust that I shall be more fortunate in securing a situation next time.

I cannot be more successful. It is triumph enough for me to teach two years in a place and then have the best patrons ask me to stay and teach longer! The children all seem to like me and I have become considerably attached to them, but a few I shall part from without a pang.

Tuesday, November 21, 1865.

Wednesday, November 22, 1865.

Thursday, November 23, 1865.

Friday, November 24, 1865.

I wanted to recreate a little after school but could not borrow a horse consequently I had to stay at home. The day is delightful warm and pleasant. I submitted with more composure than usual as I know I can go tomorrow. I was at Bishop Soule's this P.M. He is very feeble over eighty years of age,
waiting for the Lord to come and take him home. A person of more than ordinary mental capacity, a writer and scholar. His mantle has not yet descended upon any of children. They are of any denomination but evangelical.

Saturday, November 25, 1865.

I passed the forenoon in working about in my room ripping a dress to be made over. About 2 P.M. I started for the hills. I had a very slow horse in consequence of which I did not move rapidly. I halted at Mrs. Williams for the purpose of having some sewing done. It is a terrible curse to be poor and have such high notions of grandeur and pride.

I arrived in the hills at Mrs. Eubank's a little before sunset. The children were alone their mother having gone to Nashville. "They said that they were glad I had come as they were alone."

Sunday, November 26, 1865.

I am in the hills this morning. I had so little yesterday to see Mrs. Eubank that I concluded to stay until after dinner. Mrs. E. told me that her daughter Mary and Mr. Wright were going to marry. Mary is only 14 years and 4 months. She was a pupil of mine. If she had a father living it would be more objectionable. After dinner I started for home. I stopped into Sumner Hall's to stay a few minutes. Mrs. Hall persuaded me to stay all night. They all seemed glad to see me and I cherish a pleasant spot in my memory for them.

Monday, November 27, 1865.

I am with a family of early risers this morning. They commenced stirring at 4 o'clock, breakfast was ready at 5. I had no appetite for eating but the rest ate as though they enjoyed it. The dishes were soon washed by Mrs. Hall. Jenny went to milk, Mrs. Ragsdit to weaving and the boys to work in different directions. They once had over fifty negroes which did not perform the labor they have done now without them. Mr. Hall plows in the field all day. He formerly seemed to have but little energy for working. This war has developed the resources of the country.

Tuesday, November 28, 1865.

I went to Mrs. Taylor's and stayed all night with her. Mr. Taylor being absent. I had a very pleasant visit as usual. We were visited last night by a more severe frost than usual, considerable ice was formed in the branches and ponds. The weather is very mild for this season of the year and we have no rain. The springs have no water in them and the roads are dusty as Summer. The water must be somewhere in the world if it is not here. Everything seems reversed since the war stopped and has not come right yet. I trust we will all be right when we die.
Wednesday, November 29, 1865.

I have come to the practical lessons of life. The poetry of my youth has all vanished. Moon light and midnight are the same if I am well and there is no perceptible discord in the machinery of my employment.

The golden sun set, the beautiful and rich coloring of the forests, the luxuriant landscapes and the murmuring waterfall all pass before me as matters of fact. Everybody seems the same way, the world has grown cold and heartless, no person cares for anyone but themselves and the immortal part of man is a secondary consideration.

Thursday, November 30, 1865.

It is the last day of the month. The air is warm and pleasant. I am trying to live in a blameless and upright manner, remembering that the deeds done in this life are seeds sown which will bear fruit in eternal life and wave in an immortal harvest of happiness or misery.

An indulgence in wrong thinking or misdoing of any description will add a new sting to the conscience which will goad throughout the ceaseless ages of eternity. If we grow in wickedness punishment will increase thus heaping up wrath against the day of wrath.

Friday, December 1, 1865.

The day is warm and beautiful; the air seems more like the breath of Spring, than December. It is Indian Summer and truly very pleasant. I succeeded in borrowing a horse from Mrs. Granaghan, and after school rode down to Mr. Adams. One of the negroes dressed my large black chicken for market and I took a foot mat made from corn husks. I prepared these things to buy the children some candy. I have promised them a treat in the form of a Christmas tree although it will be in advance of Christmas. I design it as a parting gift to them for the last day of school.

Saturday, December 2, 1865.

I arose tolerable early this morning and was ready for Nashville before daylight. Johnny Adams and I went. We started from town a little before 12 o'clock. I wanted to see Mrs. McFerrin. We found them all well. The children came running to meet me as soon as they saw me. Miss Abby has come echoed over the place in all directions. They all seem to have a warm corner in their bosoms and a kind spot in their hearts for me. Mrs. Mc invited me to come and spend several days with them saying that I would be welcome. I returned to Mr. Adams in time to go back home horseback and had the pleasure of Mr. O'oyl's society.

Sunday, December 3, 1865.

The wind blows this morning like rain. I prepared myself and went to church this morning. Mr. Purdy McFerrin preached. The sermon was not particularly interesting but the subject was extremely interesting. The text was, "God is love." Redeeming grace and dying love to a sinful and ruined world is a subject of vast moment to the human although it is unheeded by so many fallen sons and daughters of Adam's lost race. The congregation was small as usual. There are but few in the neighborhood who seem to care whether they go to church or stay at home. No minister is smart enough to preach for them or has Christianity to suit them.
Monday, December 4, 1865.

I am working away with my school in hopes that I will be free from its cares, troubles and responsibilities. I never was so glad to see a session nearly finished as I am now. I am so weary with teaching that I cannot bear to see the scholars come into school, although they seem very much attached to me and greet my coming with a pleasant smile or exclamation.

They feel differently toward me from what I used to do towards many of my teachers who treated me badly, and did not care whether I learned and loved them or not.

The diary ends with the December 4th entry.
ABBI E. BROOKS DIARY

1870

Saturday, January 1, 1870.

The year 1869 has gone with its hopes, joys and sorrows.

Many who entered upon it with joyful anticipations of a long and uninterrupted life of happiness are now numbered with the pale "nations of the dead."

I am still spared for some unknown reason. God grant that it may be for the purpose of conferring comfort upon those who are needy, reflecting sunshine and gladness in the hearts of those by whom I am surrounded.

Sunday, January 2, 1870.

I feel as though the past years had been spent to but little purpose signalized neither by acts of greatness or goodness, passing along life's great dramas as a kind of dummy.

The snow which fell yesterday at uninterrupted intervals has accumulated to the [sic.] depth of three or four inches.

The sun shines bright and beautiful but out of door moments are accompanied with difficulties.

Monday, January 3, 1870.

I remained at home yesterday studying and reading Barne's Notes upon that portion of Scripture which treats of Christ's birth. The Holidays at this season suggest the thought whether the Christmas which we celebrate was in reality the day in which our Savior was born or not. God for some wise reason has concealed the time from us, probably for fear our celebrating the day more than the event - the great epoch which it produced in our history being of more importance than all the events since The Creation.

Tuesday, January 4, 1870.

The ground is commencing to freeze some but there is nothing particularly interesting about walking out in the mush and snow.

Neuralgia darts through my face at a fearful rate.

Coal [sic.] has to some extent guided the pain.

I cannot work much or read but I have a warm fire to sit by which feels comfortable.
The wants of the suffering poor are troubling me and their destitution and want is great source of discomfort to me.

Wednesday, January 5, 1870.

I went to Nashville this morning for the purpose of doing some shopping. The ground was frozen hard. The Boys were crossing the bridge with skates hung on their arms for the purpose of winging their way over the glacier surface of the Edgefield frog and duck ponds with flying movements. Before I returned Sol with his dissolving rays had softened the frozen mud into mortar which my feet penetrated to an indescribable depth - the clay being quite an adhesive substance.

Thursday, January 6, 1870.

The day has been very dark and rainy.

The white carpet which the Earth received as a New Year gift has discolored itself with mud and its dazzling whiteness has been trailed and soiled in beds of clay.

Was it not so with mankind when created with a spotless, sinless soul; but now changed from purity to the similitude of angels in perdition.

The leopard cannot change his spots "neither can man cease sinning only through the influences of restraining grace.

Friday, January 7, 1870.

The ground froze sufficiently hard last night to bear a horse but the sunshine has loosed all the icy bands and warmed the remaining snow into running streams which are coursing their way into the Cumberland. I have spent the day in reading and writing - feel very contented and happy. The streets are impassibly muddy, but I have a nice quiet place to stay and will wait until a little of the moisture has subsided before I make very extensive pedestrian excursions.

Saturday, January 8, 1870.

The winds of Heaven blow very briskly this morning. I visited Nashville for the purpose of doing some shopping. I returned very cold and weary. The ground is frozen hard and not inclined to thaw.

The variableness of the climate here is the most objectionable feature, one day so warm and the next so very cold.

I am thinking of the suffering poor tonight - how wretched and miserable they must be shivering with cold. A. M. Brooks
Sunday, January 9, 1870.

The thermometer is down to thirteen above zero this morning. The coldest night of the season. I went to Sabbath school but on account of the cold the numbers were few. We had a good sermon by Mr. McNeely from the words, "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good. The view which he took of the subject was that we were to examine for ourselves and not credit an assertion because him or any other person had made it." A.M. Brooks

Monday, January 10, 1870.

After church yesterday I went to see Mrs. Blair which has been very sick but now recovering - also Mrs. Murry, another member whose mother has died during the week past. I extended my visits to Mrs. Wyman, a very poor woman who has joined our church. She has nothing in this world but it is to be hoped her treasures are in Heaven.

I visit her often and do what I can for her, but no one else seems to have any interest in her. Lord remember the poor. A.M. Brooks

Tuesday, January 11, 1870.

The weather is cold but the ground is commencing to thaw very rapidly and mother Earth in its most plastic form adheres to my shoes with much tenacity. I have been trying to sew some on a new sun bonnet but I feel that my time is passing very rapidly and idly away. I went to visit my poor woman again. They had no lights to use during the night and who cares whether they have any or not - it is neither a matter of interest or concern to anybody. The path is not always seen by some.

Wednesday, January 12, 1870.

It has been raining some this morning. I have been very sick with disordered stomach but sewed considerable. Mrs. Moore has been to see me and we have had a pleasant conversation in regard to christian duties and how little consideration they have for the comfort of those by whom they are surrounded. When Paul visited Athens, he did not consume his time in roaming idly about admiring the statues and architecture with which it was adorned but, in regarding their darkened minds not perishable like marble - and their souls more magnificent in ruins than all the works of Phidias or Praxiteles. Went to prayer meeting.

Thursday, January 13, 1870.

Went to Nashville this morning - weather very moderate and streets muddy. A Convention is in session now at the Court House for the purpose of redressing grievances in various forms.

I am wearied looking at all these Yankee soldiers. How I wish their odious blue coats would leave. To see their commissary wagons driving about reminds me of the war when their presence was as much to be dreaded as a pestilence and the odor of their wagons was more sickening than a dose of ipecac. A. Brooks
Friday, January 11, 1870.

A rainy warm day with occasional streaks of sun shine. Spent the day in writing in this book and to my aunt Phebe Spencer. I received a letter from her yesterday containing the news of uncle Albert Kingsley's death. He dropped dead in the street at a town in Wisconsin called Fox Lake. He left no wife or children consequently his property will be given to his brothers and sisters. I will get one third of my mother's share about seventy dollars.

Saturday, January 15, 1870.

We had a very heavy, hard rain last night. The Cumberland seems to be rising rapidly.

I went to Nashville and had a terrible muddy walk - returned about dinner time - spent the afternoon in reading and writing a letter to Mrs. McGregor in Lebanon. The sun shone brightly most of the day and the air seems warm. The moon is shining bright and its gentle rays seem very soothing and pleasant.

Sunday, January 16, 1870.

I arose early this morning for the purpose of getting to Sabbath School soon. As I was putting my bonnet on, the rain commenced to fall and I had to stay at home. It has been to me a long dark rainy day. I have been reading in Milton's "Paradise Lost" and since dark wrote a letter to Cousin Annie Prentiss. The rain is beating against the house with much force.

Persons sheltered from the storm should be thankful. Abbie M. Brooks.

Monday, January 17, 1870.

The elements commenced to combine and concentrate their forces last night at sun set. Never have I witnessed a storm of such length and severity in my life. The amount of damage done is incalculable. Reports have been coming in all day in regard to its devastation and destruction. The sun rose bright and beautiful this morning and tonight the moon came forth as from an ocean of silver where she had dressed herself in robes of state to ride queen with her escorts.

Tuesday, January 18, 1870.

The ground froze very hard last night. I went over to Dr. McFerrin's and spent the day. Mrs. M. as usual and full of her queer remarks. Dr. Mc is now in Texas collecting money for the Home Missionary cause. When returning I stopped to see poor Mrs. Wyman. They look miserable enough to make life seem a burden. Their rent is behind a month or two and every night or two they say their landlord comes up there cussin them about it. Poverty and dependance are two undesirable conditions in life.

Wednesday, January 19, 1870.

This morning I went to Nashville with Susie Bigger for the purpose of having some work done on her teeth. Had a discussion with Doctor Freeman about reading
infidel books. He thinks, "that we should read them in order to better defend the doctrines of the Christian religion." I do not think we should familiarize ourselves with vice, that we may be better acquainted with its odiousness or be enabled more fully to admire the contrast. The more we are conversant with crime the less it shocks us.

Keep my heart and mind pure is my constant prayer.

Thursday, January 20, 1870.

I went to Mrs. Biggers this morning to get some stitching done. I worked but a short time on my dress when my head ache stopped all farther movements. I never remember to have suffered more within the same period of time. The pain was so intense that I could see flashes of light pass before my eyes. Susie waited upon me very kindly. Friends are a comfort in troubles.

May they always surround me while I live and when I die - "I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

Friday, January 21, 1870.

The sun shines bright and beautiful. It seems like Spring. I have tried to sew some but my head ache yesterday has made me feel very weak and delicate. If all was bright and fun in the world with no pains to rack our flesh and bones, or sickness to remind us that we were mortal and frail, we would want to stay here always - never thinking that there was a country where builder and Maker is God and mansions prepared for those that love God and keep his commands.

Saturday, January 22, 1870.

The day is warm and pleasant as rain storm in prospect. I went to Nashville this morning for the purpose of selecting a brown silk hat. I saw some beautiful flowers but no nice hats. I came home early and finished my new calico dress. Another week has gone and the record of its deeds are registered in Heaven. What service have I rendered to my God? - who has been benefitted by presence - in whose pathway have I strewn flowers? Have I done anything for which I could ask or expect God's blessing?

Sunday, January 23, 1870.

A cloudy sky this morning but I started early and was at Sabbath School in time to keep from getting wet. Had only one of my little girls there. The rain commenced pouring down in time to keep persons from coming out to church - consequently the attendance was small. Mr. McNeely made some remarks upon the text - "Having the form of Godliness."

Do we possess that godliness before which wickedness shrinks and ungodliness hides its head.

It has rained hard all day.
Monday, January 21, 1870.

The windows which contain the watery element have been opened all day, and the clouds have distilled water in abundant quantities. The ground about the house is very low and the water stands in puddles and runs in branches wherever the eye can see.

Mrs. Barker is in a terrible commotion. The water is filling up her flower pit and her flowers will be ruined. The water is filling up the cellar. The coal was covered and the wood will be water soaked.

Tuesday, January 25, 1870.

The sun shines warm and pleasant today. The earth is not muddy - it has rained so much and so hard that the ground is washed and beaten. I took a walk out on Church Street with Mrs. Barker. After returning read from the Ledger. I think it very light, poor, unsatisfactory reading, if Henry Ward Beecher's name does grace its Weekly columns ever week with frequently a weak effusion. I often think if any other name was appended to his pieces they would hardly be noticed.

Wednesday, January 26, 1870.

I have remained at home all day for the purpose of reading and sewing. The weather is warm and pleasant, the birds whistle and sing about like harbingers of spring.

Attended prayer meeting at night. Mr. McNeely was not present. The brethren prayed.

A kind of apathy or deadness seems upon the Church. Mr. White was all the one who seemed interested or engaged. He prayed earnestly, fervently, and long - for Christian amity - to prevail and God's blessing to descend upon us.

Thursday, January 27, 1870.

The wind seems keen and disagreeable this morning. I went to Nashville and inquired at the new Post Office for a letter. How sad I felt when I walked away with no tidings from the absent. I never express neither regret nor astonishment when I do not get a letter. It is no fault of the Post Office officials because my friends have not written me a letter and I think it looks very foolish to see people express so much astonishment because they are not the recipients of a epistle whenever they call for it.

We are all doomed to disappointments of various kinds.

Friday, January 28, 1870.

The solemn tolling of the Presbyterian Church bell indicates that another sojourner has passed from earth. Mr. John M. Hill, one of the oldest and wealthiest citizens of Nashville is dead.

I attended the funeral exercises at the First Church. Rev. Dr. Moore made a few remarks but preached no regular sermon.
I rode out to the Mt. Olivet Cemetery and saw the body placed in the tomb. It seemed less unfeeling than to bury our friends in the dark, damp, cold earth.

Saturday, January 29, 1870.

A shadow seems on my very soul which ruins my pleasures and dims my enjoyments. I have been sick all day. I fell yesterday and struck on my spine the effect of which is not pleasant.

The sun shines bright and the air is pleasant.

Old Mrs. Moore paid me a visit with her pipe. The smoke was terrible. I almost fainted under its influence. I opened the window when the fresh breezes outside rushed in to my rescue enabling me to feel that the noxious weed was for ill powerless.

Sunday, January 30, 1870.

I attended Sabbath School this morning - after which Rev. Dr. Moore from the 1st Presbyterian Church in Nashville preached for us. His text was from 1st 5th Chap. 7 verse

"Casting all your care upon him for he careth for you."

He said that there were three great afflictions in the world, sin, sorrow and death. Sorrow was the dark shadow of sin. It crushed out the life of the young. Every heart had its secret of weeping - there was a skeleton in every house.

Monday, January 31, 1870.

The sky looks dark and stormy. I started at an early hour with some clothes for Mrs. Wyman. I found her life passing rapidly away. She has been a great and constant sufferer and I fear sooner too - but the blood of Christ is sufficient to wash away sins of the deepest dye. I ordered Mrs. Murry to send her some sardines or rather have them sent to her. She and the whole family are poor low people, but they have souls to be saved or lost notwithstanding.

Tuesday, February 1, 1870.

The weather is very pleasant -- but I am so afflicted with my back which I fell and hurt that I take no comfort or satisfaction. My mind is in trouble too. A gentleman named Dodge has been visiting, left for as he said St. Louis the 8th day of January saying that "he would return in about two weeks when he wanted to marry me. I have been doubtful in regard to his sincerity for some time - but I hate to always be suspecting.

Wednesday, February 2, 1870.

I went to the Post Office this morning for the purpose of satisfying myself.

I inquired for letters for Mr. Dodge and there was none. I asked where he had ordered his letters sent. A gentleman by the same name told me that he had written to him a day or two since and that his address was still Memphis.
Instead of going to St. Louis, he has gone to Memphis. I went to see Mrs. Boileau where he boarded. She says, He talked very pious, but did not act so."

Thursday, February 3, 1870.

As sufficient evidence has been divulged to satisfy me with reference to Mr. Dodge's being not all right, I wrote the gentleman a letter and told him that he need not be laughing in his sleeve at the idea of my expecting him back - that I was not looking for him - that I had looked upon him as a high toned christian gentleman and why had he deceived me - that he would save himself from very unpleasant consequences by immediately answering.

Friday, February 4, 1870.

I went to Nashville this morning and put two letters in the Post Office. One for Mr. Dodge - Memphis and another for Mrs. Donce McGregor, Lebanon. I went to see Mr. J. B. White and told him my troubles and for my satisfaction, He replied that "He thought I was too smart to be taken in by a stranger." I went to the Talisman, as was the boat in which Mr. Dodge was too [sic.] embark. "The clerk said the name of no such passenger was upon his book." Sold again, I thought.

Saturday, February 5, 1870.

I have remained at home this day because my back hurt me and to write. I wrote a letter to the Presbyterian Pastor in Memphis warning him against counternancing a Book Agent from Nashville who had spoken " in hypocrisy while here.

That I considered it my christian duty to warn him that our darling church might be uncorrupted and its members unsullied that the day for entertaining "angels unawares" in our country had gone by.

Sunday, February 6, 1870.

The sun shines pleasantly, the air has a keen edge. I attended Sabbath School and taught Mr. Hollin's class - kept them still by hearing them read. Mr. McNeilly preached a good sermon in regard to the institution of religion and the church never failing because God was its centre. It is a great consolation to the Christian believer that God never fails and those that trust his precious promises and keep his precepts and commands shall never be "dismayed or disappointed."

Monday, February 7, 1870.

It has been a very gloomy dark rainy day.

Edgefield, Tenn.

Hope keeps my heart warm, it is I have left me now. I feel sad and lonely as though the world was full of deceptions, both false and fair - that the less I associate with it the purer and better my life will be. I have entirely abandoned the idea of ever doing anything by which my name may be perpetuated or transmitted to posterity. The weather has been partly clear - only momentary.
Tuesday, February 8, 1870.

It is raining yet. I am brooding over my troubles. I feel that I have involved myself in a very unpleasant position by receiving visits from Mr. Dodge and now the question is now - How I happened to do it? - but how shall I extricate myself from all unpleasant reflections. I will try and select some active employment which will absorb my mind so entirely that all unhappy thoughts of the past will be crowded out to roam in oblivion.

Wednesday, February 9, 1870.

Visited Mrs. McFerrin today. The ground froze a little but pleasant. Attend prayer meeting at night. I fear I am verging into a doubting, disbeliefing kind of state. Preaching seems like a "twice told tale" God only can bring faith and hope back to me, who has lost all faith in man and hope of happiness here. If it was not for the hope of a bright hereafter, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest" I should be most miserable.

Thursday, February 10, 1870.

I went to Nashville this morning for the purpose of having a tooth filled. The operation was very severe but I passed through it rather than to be deprived of my jaw tooth.

While memories from the past rush through my mind in wild confusion I am unsettled what move to make. My dreams of employment break and vanish like waves upon the shore.

To be useful is to be happy. I shall pray for the path of duty to be made plain.

Friday, February 11, 1870.

I have been reading in Harper's Monthly today.

I have applied to the firm of Zeigler McCurdy & Co. for an agency to sell "Night Scenes in the Bible." I wrote to them that I wished to benefit the world by the circulation of pure literature. I also wrote for an agency to sell Chromo Paintings, "Christ Blessing little children" and "Asking a Blessing." I fear that I have chosen a thorny path - but there may be some roses springing up to shed their fragrance and beauty around me.

Saturday, February 12, 1870.

I have been trying all day to find some ideas, but they are absent and memory clings to scenes of the past like moss and ivy to decaying architecture.

I may indulge in the swift winged fancy of imagination fed with the capriciousness of zephyr breezes - fanned by gossamer wings and kept burning with the lambent flame which its thirstings and aspirations demand yet I am not happy except God is my friend and portion, my staff and support.
Sunday, February 13, 1870.  
Edgefield, Tenn.

Attended Sabbath School this morning and afterwards church. It was communion. Mr. McNeilly preached from the Psalms, "A broken and a contrite heart, O God thou wilt not despise." I feel that I am an explication of God's grace, and a monument of his mercy. I feel that I have been refreshed, that my resolves to do right are stronger. May my soul ever be fed with that bread which comes from on high and the thirstings of my spirit quenched from the wells of

Monday, February 14, 1870.

I hurried over to Nashville this morning to see if I could find where I had left my muff but could not find it. I feel weary from the duties of yesterday. My back pained me so in church that it seemed to me I would faint.

I did not enjoy the sermon particularly well but the exercises were very pleasant to me. The time will soon come when Sabbath to me will have an end here below. God grant that I may be prepared to enjoy and eternal Sabbath of rest above.

Tuesday, February 15, 1870.

The clouds look this morning as though the rain was going to continue all day - about 10 o'clock the sky looked clear and I went to see Mrs. Blair. She is an old Pennsylvanian and it seems to me when I am with her like visits I used to make when I was a child. Mrs. B. talks just as the people did where she was raised. She has not caught a single Southern phrase. There is such a difference in persons about that.

Wednesday, February 16, 1870.  
Edgefield, Tenn.

A light freeze this morning which the sun soon thawed.

I went to Dr. McFerrin's but did not feel well, consequently my visit was not enjoyed exceedingly well.

As I was returning received a letter from Mrs. McGregor near Lebanon. She is troubled because her sister has gone back to Texas and left her. Went to prayer meeting and listened to a dissertation upon our associations in this world and what they would be in heaven - our here and joys there.

Thursday, February 17, 1870.

It has been a very dark rainy disagreeable day. I went to see Moore. I could not stay at home the day was so dark. Received a letter from Mr. Dodge mailed in Memphis. I answered it without delay. The concluding sentence. May all the happiness which your intelligent and superior culture can appreciate, and your comprehensive understanding grasp from the large fertile fields of scientific lore contained in your productive cranium be yours. He being an illiterate man, this is a terrible close, and cruel.
Friday, February 18, 1870.

The ground is covered with a white cloth this morning - the wind sings a cold and mournful dirge. I retired last night as the clock was striking twelve. A mystified feeling came before me, and I feel that like all the rest of frail humanity I have been grasping at the shadows and not at real substance.

Yes! I have been duped and deceived, but my happiness has not been destroyed. Deceivers are in the world and humbuggery of all kinds is extant, and those who are not deceived are wise.

Saturday, February 19, 1870.

I went to Nashville this morning. The ground was thawed and muddy.

The person who can rise superior to all the frailties of perishable humanity and can live unsullied and uncontaminated by external influences will receive a crown of glory for his reward.

The snow is falling a little. the wind blows cold and keen. Winter seems commencing again in good earnest. Cold snow flakes will make the zephyr breezes hide their heads.

Sunday, February 20, 1870.

The coldest morning we have had this winter. Thermometers down to 17. I have the neuralgia in my face - have slept but little all night - consequently was not able to attend church.

I have been reading from Milton's Paradise Lost - Book IX. The record of the Devil entering into the Serpent for the purpose of beguiling Eve.

"For only in destroying I find ease
To my relentless thoughts;"

The same feeling is extant among the human race now - To destroy.

Monday, February 21, 1870.

The air is quite keen this morning, with the thermometer down to twelve. Coldest night this year.

I went to Nashville this morning and had the nerve in one of my teeth killed. Dr. Herman was very kind to me or I could never have endured the pain. It was terrible. I often wonder how much more I will have to suffer before I die. I am free from pain in my face tonight, but troubled in mind about making a move of some sort.

Tuesday, February 22, 1870.

Yesterday I sent a Postal Order for a book agency.
It has never been my desire to face the public, who think they have licensed liberty to say what they please about a woman that makes any exertion beyond the needle; "with fingers weary and worn." Trouble has stirred my soul to its very centre and now I feel that any active employment which I could engage in and relish would be a pleasant respite from unpleasant thoughts, and disagreeable reflections of the past.

Wednesday, February 23, 1870.

I have consumed the entire day in reading "Vashti." A book written by Miss Evans. This work being her Fourth.

She seems to delight in making all her characters do more strange unnatural acts - and say more overstrained unaccountable things than any writer I ever tried to read after.

This book is filled more of the perfidy of both men and women - than it would be agreeable to witness every day.

The ground is covered with snow. Very wintry out.

Thursday, February 24, 1870.  

Edgefield, Tenn.  

Friday, February 25, 1870.

Saturday, February 26, 1870.

Sunday, February 27, 1870.

Monday, February 28, 1870.

Tuesday, March 1, 1870.

Wednesday, March 2, 1870.

Thursday, March 3, 1870.

Friday, March 4, 1870.

Saturday, March 5, 1870.
Sunday, March 6, 1870.

I am at Mrs. White's this morning. A cold drizzly rain is falling. I attended church and Sabbath School. I feel sad at the thoughts of a separation - but I am going to travel some for I require a change in some form. I think out of door exercise would be beneficial to me and I have resolved to take an agency for Chromos and books. I attended church at night - but it was terrible muddy - I retired very sad. I have lived in Nashville so long it seems like home.

Monday, March 7, 1870.

N. B. This page belongs to April 1st.

I have spent the day in getting subscribers for "Scenes and Incidents in the Life of St. Paul." I have obtained eleven subscribers which is doing very well. The percentage will amount to over eleven dollars on the books. I have been among only nice clever gentlemen. Some of them were educated in Lebanon Tennessee.

If they do not all buy my books they talk very pleasantly. The day has been bright and beautiful. This has showed the rainbow of promise to me. I have felt hopeful.

Tuesday, March 8, 1870.

Between Chattanooga and Atlanta.

Having rode all night in the cars I am very weary. The C. & N. R. R. is very rough.

Mrs. Girard and myself were all the ladies on the night train. North Georgia is a terrible poor looking place. I arrived in Atlanta about 2 o'clock P.M. Called on Dr. Wilson of the 1st Presbyterian Church with a letter of introduction from one of our ruling elders, Mr. J. B. White. He gave the name of some boarding house keepers and the second time I tried found me a home with Mrs. Keith.

Wednesday, March 9, 1870.

Thursday, March 10, 1870.

Friday, March 11, 1870.

Saturday, March 12, 1870.

The sky is dark and the rain has been pouring down all day. I tried to canvas this morning, but the rain dampened my spirits and wet my clothes when I came home. I did not sell any pictures, but got acquainted with some of the citizens.
Wrote a letter to Howe &c under very disadvantageous circumstances - everybody in the house seemed to have business in here and I became very weary of their continual coming.

A. M. Brooks

Sunday, March 13, 1870.

Atlanta, Ga.

This is my first Sabbath in Atlanta and it has been a very pleasant one.

I attended Dr. Wilson's church and was introduced to several of the members - partook of the sacrament. Attended a funeral from my boarding house. The body was taken to the Catholic Church and shriven - the priest praying in Latin for the departed. Went to the Methodist Church at night and heard Rev. Dr. Harrison preach from the book of Esther. His imagery was beautiful.

Monday, March 14, 1870.

Atlanta, Georgia

I have formed the acquaintance of a dear old lady today Mrs. Payne on Marietta Street. She invited me to come and see her and stay a day or two.

I sent $12.50 to Middleton & Howe, Cincinnati Ohio for pictures. The day is bright and beautiful. I have had a very pleasant walk, besides meeting polite nice people.

A very good prospect of having made sale for four or five pictures - My vocation is rather precarious but I will try it awhile for a subsistence.

Tuesday, March 15, 1870.

Atlanta, Ga.

It commenced to rain this morning. I tried going about but became damp, which had a dampening effect upon my spirits, and I remained at home after dinner. I sometimes think of my home far away. Oh the ghostly train of memories that meet and follow me in that old house, how they mutter and hold their carnivals when I am trying to sleep - how my mind reverts to the scenes that are past - making the present neither desirable nor delightful.

Wednesday, March 16, 1870.

I have been walking about all the week, so far with no success. I am thinking of Mr. Dodge. Perhaps I have wronged him in writing roughly. When I used to be with him his thoughts and impulses were apparently all purity and goodness. I thought his heart only a casket for pure thoughts and his mind the dwelling for God's holy spirit.

How could I have been so deceived. I do wonder what turned the current of his affections to wormwood and gall, lashed by the fierce waves of deceptions and duplicity.

Thursday, March 17, 1870.

Friday, March 18, 1870.
Saturday, March 19, 1870.

A keen wind has been blowing all day, which no sunshine has warmed nor no genial beams penetrated. I have received no subscriptions this week for a picture but some very good promises. I have commenced trying to sell a Polyglott Bible - and think I shall be successful. I have sent for the "Bible Looking Glass" - and I will try them awhile.

I have a terrible cold and consequently remained at home after dinner. I feel discouraged on account of my hard week's work.

Sunday, March 20, 1870.

Atlanta

A pleasant day. Attended Sabbath School. Taught a class of boys. Heard Doctor Wilson preach from the beautiful words - "Her ways are ways of pleasantness &c. Heard Dr. Harrison at night from Eccl. 12 chap. and first 7 verses. The sun is the mind - The moon is the memory of the mind - The stars are our plans and motives to action. The clouds are the heralds of age - The silver cord is the spinal marrow - The golden bowl the brain - The fountain the ventricle of the heart - The termination of life - When the spirit in joy has made its way to its Father & its God."

Monday, March 21, 1870.

The weather is warm. I took a long walk this morning and got a subscription for 2 pictures. It rained after dinner and I could not go about much.

After supper I wrote a letter to my father & Mr. Dodge. Yes him whom I had hoped would be a friend to cherish and protect me through life, beguiling life of its cares and burdens - not burdening my shoulders with new troubles. The thought cheered me that a deathless love was mine - that my blighted life would finally be blessed with a happy terminus.

Tuesday, March 22, 1870.

A very pleasant day. I have walked some distance but to very little purpose. My pictures did not come today. The cars were behind time. The calm halcyon days in which I looked forward to expected happiness - that only cloudless skie's confidence and content can give - I do not feel like worshipping at the shrine of sorrow on account of my misfortune but echo joyous strains of ecstasy at my escape from a life of misery and misfortune.

Wednesday, March 23, 1870.

I became very weary with waiting for my packages. I went down to the Express Office in the morning when they promised to send them without delay. After dinner I went down again and took my seat and told them I should be obliged to stay until they sent out my box. They soon stirred about and put my box in the wagon. I took out the pictures and received the money for them. The first fruits of my labors coming in. I am unable to tell how I can bear all my crosses.
Thursday, March 24, 1870.

I visited the State House this morning to obtain subscriptions. I went to the Revenue Collector and all around. The Comptroller of accounts signed for three Clay, Calhoun & Webster - I visited or rather knocked on the door of a house on Decatur Street today. A big fat red faced old man with no coat or shoes on came to the door at the same instant a brindle bull dog rushed out and I thinking that I had struck beyond the soundings of respectability, ran away with accelerated rapidity.

Friday, March 25, 1870.

I walked around but little today. It commenced to rain soon this morning and has continued all day. A gentleman came after dinner and bought a picture which his little daughter wanted, living at Decatur.

A lady and gentleman arrived here this morning at an early hour. They were from Indiana. She came here to marry a man living or rather boarding in the house. Women running about to hunt for men is a new thing. Dr. Wilson performed the ceremony in a very solemn and impressive.

Saturday, March 26, 1870.

The rain has fallen all night and it still continues to rain. I remained at home all day except going to the Post Office and Mr.

Among the stars that twinkle in the galaxy: my star of life has seemed dim for some time, but I feel now as though a slight ray was coming to guide me at least a little while.

My thoughts are always saddened when I think of dying - Oh! if I could miss the dusky shadows of death and pass to Heaven without that terrible ordeal how much happier I would be.

Sunday, March 27, 1870.

The morning was clouds mingled with sunshine. The streets were so muddy I went to the Methodist Church. Dr. Harrison preached from the words "Buy the truth and sell it not." He said truth was not found in the yellow covered literature of the present day. The characters there represented never had any existence except in the crazy imagination of their authors.

Attended Sabbath School at 3 P.M. Subject from The Hebrews 7 chap.

I felt weary at night and staid at home. Loud talking and laughing rings through the house.

Monday, March 28, 1870.

I have walked about all day and sold two pictures. I have sent for 13 more pictures today. I am doing very well in that line. I came home with the sick head-ache for a companion. Everybody tried how much noise they could make.
I have witnessed much passive indifference today a kind of acquiescence in what I had to say without caring anything about it -

"The ills and woes he may not cure,  
He kindly trains us to endure."

I have been talking Christ asking a blessing today.

Tuesday, March 29, 1870.

Atlanta Georgia

It has been a bright beautiful day of uninterrupted sunshine. The air was balmy as the breath of Spring. I have been around with Stonewall Jackson, he seemed a welcome visitor to everybody where I went. I met only pleasant people - was on Peach tree and Ivy Streets all day. Sold one pair of pictures of Stonewall & Lee. Found a slight acquaintance with Mrs. Edwards from Lexington, Va. She says the students and friends of Jackson "keep his grave strown with fresh flowers."

Wednesday, March 30, 1870.

Atlanta Ga.

A dark, dreary, drizzly day. I remained at home during the forenoon engaged in repairing my stockings. I went out on Forsyth Street. The red clay was so tenacious I could not advance very rapidly. The side walks have had but little paving done upon them consequently are very muddy in wet weather. I called upon the "Life Insurance Company." One of the Officers wishes Lee & Jackson for the Office - it being a Southern institution. I trust they will buy a finely framed picture.

Thursday, March 31, 1870.

The morning dawned bright, but the sky soon became cloudy, cold, and the air chilly. I went out on Washington Street today, but met with no success. Dr. Johnson introduced me to Gen. Gordon making at the same time a polite pleasant little speech.

The "Southern Life Insurance Company" should buy, because it will render the appearance of their walls more beautiful and their business more successful.

I was among refined pleasant gentlemen all the P.M.

Friday, April 1, 1870.

I have passed through this day without fooling any person or being fooled by anyone. The day has been cold and disagreeable. I have today commenced selling "Scenes & Incidents in the Life of St. Paul."

Dr. Wilson recommended it to commence with as an introduction. I then went to Mr. L. B. Davis, an elder in the church. I obtained four in all, quite encouraging for a commencement. I want to get fifty before I stop. I feel that I am in the path of duty selling good books.
Saturday, April 2, 1870.

The day is raw and cold. I have walked about considerable but obtained six subscribers. They all can make more excuses than I have imagined could be studied out by anybody. Some had weak eyes, some no money and others more books than they could read. I feel happy and contented as though no accident could happen to those who were guided by Divine providence. Our pathway in life may seem shadowed by deep darkness and gloom, yet the dawning day always returns.

Sunday, April 3, 1870.

Attended Sabbath School this morning and joined Dr. Wilson's Bible Class. Lesson from the 1st Chap. of John. In the beginning &c. Acts 2h, 25 verse contained the words from which he preached the morning discourse. Felix trembling at the preaching of Paul was dwelt upon and the indifference manifested by Drusilla who was raised a Jewess. "There she sat, perfectly hardened while Paul preached to her."

Although Felix was a ruler in power being governor he was unhappy "Misery more often feeds on luxury than on crumbs and crusts.

Monday, April 4, 1870.

This page belongs to the 7th of March.

After arranging and completing my plans for a journey I took a nice hack drawn by two white horses for the Chattanooga Depot. I there met an old lady named Girard – the impersonation of neatness. There were also some 7 or 8 children. I talked to them and put my hands on some – stood them by me. Mrs. Girard said she felt reproved, when seeing my kind treatment to the children and her indifference. Two of the Legislative members were waiting for the train – both drunk and one taking care of the other. How are the lowly exalted.

Tuesday, April 5, 1870.

I have spent most of the day in delivering my Chromos. They all paid me very punctual with but one exception and that I will get tomorrow.

I am successful beyond my anticipation. I obtained three subscribers this P.M. without an effort.

My chief desire is to live for God, that when death that king of terrors shall come I may be prepared to meet and welcome him – as a potentate that shall free me from the shackles of death-life and take me to live with my God.

Cold day.

Wednesday, April 6, 1870.

The day is pleasant but I feel weary and ambitionless from my walk yesterday. I have spent the day in canvassing for Life of St. Paul mostly upon Whitehall Street. Some gentlemen are very pleasant – they will say "Good Morning" in
softest sweetest and most smiling manner, which although they do not mean it, assures you to press your cause into notice for a hearing. Then the excuses no one but a canvasser has any idea of the excuses which can be produced from the brains of a community.

Thursday, April 7, 1870.

I commenced among the ladies today. I only obtained two subscribers and the promise of two more. Mrs. Rogers sent me to her husband to have him subscribe. He was the crossest, crustiest, illest, deafest, most disagreeable old man I ever saw. "If she wants the book let her take it any time." I felt as though an electric shock was going over me, that I was in the wrong pew in fact that I had walked up the wrong passages in the wrong places.

Friday, April 8, 1870.

The morning sky has every appearance of rain. I have obtained three names today. I saw a lady today with two babies only 16 months difference in their ages. Their mother seemed cheerful well and happy. After dinner the rain commenced to patter and the wind blew at a furious rate. I have been canvassing since dinner with the tradesmen. They are not much in the habit of reading anything but bills of exchange and the value of bank notes, consequently religious reading is not their style.

Saturday, April 9, 1870.

The sky is dark, dreary. The rain falls fast and wetts sic. everybody who makes pedestrian excursions effectually. I have written today for books to Philadelphia and sent $60.00 to pay for them. I have not spent the day canvassing - but in writing and resting not feeling well. When I ask some to buy a good book they will reply with a confidence that defies competition "That is not my style," as though good books were not like other good institutions, barriers to both the causes and consequences of sin.

Sunday, April 10, 1870.

The ground seems very damp from the inundation of yesterday. Sabbath School lesson from the 1st chap. of John, 11 verse &c. The law of Moses was terrifying a law which would not give life and peace. Our dispensation is the substance of the Old Testament shadows - Christ declared God to us whom no had seen at any time. The nature of God being spiritual he is invisible to only spiritual eyes.

Went to the 1st Baptist Church at night - heard a discourse upon the subject of going without the camp to do good.

Monday, April 11, 1870.

Commenced business by going to an undertaker's. He was not at home. I sold Gen. Lee how-ever with but little effort. Some persons will look at you in perfect astonishment for asking them to buy a book. Some whose conduct in life would lead persons to believe their passport to perdition was signed and sealed - seem to feel as though any attempt to induce them to take a good book was an innovation upon the rights of another owner. Their masters will call
for them soon enough without any desire on their part.

Tuesday, April 12, 1870.

The day has been warm and pleasant. I have obtained three subscribers and sold two pictures. I am doing a small business but very laborious. I was much annoyed by a child asking me what I wanted? but simply replied nothing. I was in the marble yard and saw a fine specimen of sculpturing from Italy to be mounted upon a pedestal and placed in the burying grounds at Marietta Georgia. I sometimes feel as though I should soon be among the things that were - yes, numbered with the past.

Wednesday, April 13, 1870.

I went out Marietta Street to Mrs. Payne's. I felt very badly and remained all day. Her husband is paralyzed not able to sit up or lie down without help.

It seems sometimes that a train of evils lasting as life has been following me blighting the sunshine of my happiness, and withering the dearest wishes of my heart.

May shouts of praise and triumph fill my soul with enraptured strains of joy, when my hour for dissolution shall arrive. This will be joy enough.

Thursday, April 14, 1870.

I have been hearing West End ever since I came, and this morning started to find it. I walked and walked until I came to the enclosure. As a matter of courtesy I reported to the commander of the post. He did not seem to know how to receive me. There was but little of the "a la militaire" about him. I had been accustomed to more display of civilities during the war. I met with no success among them walked for miles and obtained one subscription subscriber in my travels - came home very weary.

Friday, April 15, 1870.

I called upon the high school teachers this morning and obtained two subscribers with no effort from the teachers in charge. Some will speak words that vibrate through your system like a collision with electric wires - in consideration of your position you cannot retaliate, as that would be undignified - just pocket your insult and pass on praying that the next person you meet with may give you a different reception if not in heart in person.

Saturday, April 16, 1870.

As usual this morning the sky is overcast with clouds and the rain soon commenced to fall. I could not go out and for that reason had a good time resting. After 3 P.M. the sky became clear and I walked about some. I went to the City Hall and after talking and arguing as though my life depended upon it I succeeded in obtaining three subscribers. Two of them seemed to perform the task with as much reluctance and hesitancy as though they were signing their death warrant which soon close their mortal career.
Sunday, April 17, 1870.

Easter Morning. It is a terribly disagreeable morning. At day light it rained and snowed b turns. I prepared myself for Sabbath School and went. The attendance was small but Doctor Wilson heard the lesson which was with reference to Christ and his atonement for the sin of the world" - thus being an expiatory offering for the sins of our first parents - taking away the original sin from children not yet arrived to years of understanding knowing good from evil or right from wrong.

A freezing cold night.

Monday, April 18, 1870.

The day has been cold and unpleasant. I am satisfied there are no scenes disagreeable than those through which I have already passed, no ordeal more trying than the ones to which I have been submitted. I trust my day dawn is somewhere in the future if not in this world. Lord grant that it may on that "bright shining shore where there is evermore. If there are trials in this life there are also triumphs over vice which exceed all the victories over gory victims.

Tuesday, April 19, 1870.

The weather is moderating very much to my relief. I went last night to hear an Evangelist preacher preach - Mr. Earle. He concluded his remarks and then requested everyone in the house who had friends they wished to be prayed for to manifest it by rising. A very aged man rose and said - "I have a wicked son!" A lady said "Pray for my husband! A gentleman - Pray for my only daughter!"

Many wept and seemed much affected.

Wednesday, April 20, 1870.

I am still canvassing for "Life of St. Paul." Book agents are not looked upon as ministers of grace or messengers of mercy.

There are no rapturous receptions to be expected or received by them, no exhibitions of extended friendships or flattering encomiums, but their reputation is unsullied with the memory of wrongs to the widow and orphan, undisturbed by injustice and punishment meted out to the innocent - their conscience is not tossed with a tempest as the light weight dealers, whiskey diluters, sugar sanding chicken cholera venders.

Thursday, April 21, 1870.

Friday, April 22, 1870.
Saturday, April 23, 1870.

Sunday, April 24, 1870.

Monday, April 25, 1870.

Tuesday, April 26, 1870.

Wednesday, April 27, 1870.

Thursday, April 28, 1870.

Friday, April 29, 1870.

Saturday, April 30, 1870.

Sunday, May 1, 1870.

Attended Sunday School this morning - Lesson "Miracle in Cana of Galilee." Attended church at the Central Presbyterian - Dr. Wilson preached at the Central Presbyterian Church. The installation sermon of Mr. Leftwich. Text Paul preached at Berea. The Pastoral charge was beautiful by Mr. Wood from Decatur. The services were protracted to a painful length - the day being exceedingly warm. Heard Mr. Wood preach again at night at the First Presbyterian Church.

Monday, May 2, 1870.

Tuesday, May 3, 1870.

If any one wishes to embark into the sea of difficulties with the facts and not fancies which I can furnish them - staring them in the face.

Wednesday, May 4, 1870.

I am keeping a kind of journal on dottings by the way.

When you knock at the door of many houses, they will stare at you, as though it you were for sale and they wanted to buy and it was difficult to tell whether they would purchase by appearance or weight - then a voice which echoes through the halls like a sound from the repentant rebel on the verge of despair - What do you want? You say not audibly, I do: not want to be a book agent - but would like to have a little more affiable reception.
Thursday, May 5, 1870.

The weather is very warm today and I have spent some of my time in making a little preparation for tomorrow. I am unable to sell many good books to bad people. Many persons act as though they had their pass port to perdition approved signed & sealed - that they were only waiting for the ferryman to row them over the river Styx and land them safe in their resting place - where hope and mercy never enter - where the light from God's throne never comes - only the shadows of deepest darkness reigns.

Friday, May 6, 1870.

I went today with the First Presbyterian Sabbath School to Stone Mountain. I tried ascending it but could not endure the fatigue. I had a very pleasant time - ate dinner with Mrs. Powell, Doctor Wilson's daughter. Enjoyment is but fleeting and soon passes away. The closest relations we have in life may be marred and marked by sin. Parents may be cruel to children and children in turn may be ungrateful to their parents. Cold cruel emotions are liable at any moment to seize and possess the human heart.

Saturday, May 7, 1870.

The day has been disagreeable in the extreme. Clouds of dust covered every thing and covered clothes with its unwelcome drapery of particles. I have been delivering books all day, stopping only to prepare my bonnet for church.

And although you may feel that the fires from the furnace of affliction are burning blighting and destroying your best and brightest hopes - you are still to persevere in your thorny path until you accomplish the object of your pursuit.

Sunday, May 8, 1870.

I have attended church and Sabbath School today. Dr. Wilson preached from - The dying thief on the cross. "Millions are lost by waiting until death comes before they commence a preparation to die, the dying thief being the only instance of forgiveness at the last moment. Heard Dr. Wilson of Athens preach upon the 2nd coming of Christ. Death to a Christian is but the gentle breeze that shakes the ripe fruit from the trees when it is ripe - sunshine and severity will overshadow our pathway if we are good.

Monday, May 9, 1870.

The dust today is terrible but I have delivered books and canvassed all day.

Have met with very good success. I have been think[sic.] all day what a good sermon we had. The shrill summons of the angels shall throw life into the sepulchre and we shall rise - the same bodies in
which we sinned and suffered shall rise - the palms amaranths shall wave in unfading beauty above us - it will make no difference then whether we were a monarch or menial - whether our bones bleached upon the valleys or were buried under the sod.

Tuesday, May 10, 1870.

The air seems cool this morning and the dust blows in every direction.

Wednesday, May 11, 1870.

Thursday, May 12, 1870.

Friday, May 13, 1870.

Saturday, May 14, 1870.

Sunday, May 15, 1870.

The weather is warm this morning, the day bright and beautiful. Attended Sabbath School - subject The Temple which was built twice by Solomon - then destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar. 2nd Temple was built by Zerebbabel and afterwards beautified by Herod the Great until it exceeded the former in magnificence and splendor. Dr. Wilson preached upon the luke warmness of the church and the terrible condition of a formal christian.

Monday, May 16, 1870.

Tuesday, May 17, 1870.

Wednesday, May 18, 1870.

Thursday, May 19, 1870.

Friday, May 20, 1870.

Saturday, May 21, 1870.

Sunday, May 22, 1870.
Monday, May 23, 1870.

Tuesday, May 24, 1870.

The house seems to be in considerable commotion today. One of the boarders came in my room and gave me a glass of lemonade. She next handed it to a yaller gal who was sitting by me before she handed it to Lou & Fannie Keith. I left the room before the affair terminated and when I returned Lou was saying anything but her prayer. I remarked Ladies you have heard and read of the doctrine of Abolitionism, but never saw an exemplification before.

Wednesday, May 25, 1870.

This morning I awoke in my new home with Mrs. Butler who wanted me to come and live with her as one of the family. She being in delicate health I felt sorry for her.

I have a room to myself with an uninterrupted season of quiet. I obtained one subscriber for my book today but I am ver weary of being an agent. It is not an agreeable vocation to say the least of it. Time seems dull and people are lazy about subscribing.

Thursday, May 26, 1870.

Friday, May 27, 1870.

Saturday, May 28, 1870.

Sunday, May 29, 1870.

Monday, May 30, 1870.

Tuesday, May 31, 1870.

Wednesday, June 1, 1870.

Thursday, June 2, 1870.

Friday, June 3, 1870.

Saturday, June 4, 1870.

Sunday, June 5, 1870.
Monday, June 6, 1870.

Tuesday, June 7, 1870.

Wednesday, June 8, 1870.

Thursday, June 9, 1870.

Friday, June 10, 1870.

The day has been cool enough for fire. I have obtained two subscribers today. Are there not messengers of good and evil struggling with us, the good to control our wicked sinful desires and the evil to draw our soul down to the depth of perdition. God grant that my inclinations may be heavenward and that a bright shining angel from the ranks of the shining hosts may bear my spirit safe to its Maker and God.

Saturday, June 11, 1870.

We have had a refreshing shower which the earth seemed to need very much.

I have been delivering books and collecting today. Collecting is not very rapid work. Times seem hard and money tight.

All things of earth perish and pass away. Solomon in possession of all the treasures which Earth could give, exclaimed Vanity of vanities all is vanity. But a belief in divine revelation is all we need except the light of God's glory.

Sunday, June 12, 1870.

It has been a rainy Sabbath. I would not venture out in the wet and remained at home to read "Night Scenes in the Bible." Good religious works are inspiring and designed to raise us above the trifling things of earth and the sorrows which like a pent up fire consumes our spirit and eats away our vitality.

Monday, June 13, 1870.

Tuesday, June 14, 1870.

Wednesday, June 15, 1870.

Thursday, June 16, 1870.
Friday, June 17, 1870.

Saturday, June 18, 1870.

Sunday, June 19, 1870.

Much rain has fallen during the past week but the day is bright and beautiful. Attended Sabbath School & Church. Lesson at Sabbath School from John's Gospel. Text - "Let all things be done decently and in order." The drift of his discourse was in regard to systematic benevolence that success

Monday, June 20, 1870.

Tuesday, June 21, 1870.

Wednesday, June 22, 1870. -- Page torn out of book.

Thursday, June 23, 1870. -- Page torn out of book.

Friday, June 24, 1870.

Saturday, June 25, 1870.

Sunday, June 26, 1870.

Attended Bible Class this morning. Lesson "The woman of Samaria." Sermon from the words "I am the way."

"Pardon does not flow from priestly fingers as some imagine. When we leave God and cease to look into the glass of the gospel we are lost." The weather is extremely warm. Attended the Bible Society annual meeting in the 1st Baptist Church. The exercises were protracted but not very interesting to me.

Monday, June 27, 1870.

Tuesday, June 28, 1870.

Wednesday, June 29, 1870.

Thursday, June 30, 1870.

Friday, July 1, 1870.
Saturday, July 2, 1870.

Sunday, July 3, 1870.

Attended the 1st Baptist Sabbath School this morning and afterwards the Wesley Methodist Chapel. Heard Dr. Harrison preach from the words "Lovest thou me." He gave a description of Peter's Character - his boldness in being the first to come back and first to desert. We all know how easy it is to speak words of bravery one day and do cowardly things the next. Peter's impetuosity in cutting off the ear. Oh I had hoped to see all these Roman eagles folding their wings and going into the sea.

Monday, July 4, 1870.

The day has been very warm. The observation of the occasion has been limited mostly to negroes. A national salute was fired at the barracks. The South has lost their interest in the 4th of July Celebration since the war. They are no longer free but galled with the yoke of tyranny and oppression which makes them feel more rebellious than independent.

A balloon was to have ascended but it bursted in the effort. It was named Hercules 3.

Tuesday, July 5, 1870.

Wednesday, July 6, 1870.

Thursday, July 7, 1870.

Friday, July 8, 1870.

Saturday, July 9, 1870.

Sunday, July 10, 1870.

Monday, July 11, 1870.

The day is exceedingly warm and terribly oppressive. This is my birthday. I am 40 years of age. I fear I have lived to but little purpose.

My body seems feeble my is vigorous - but I am unable to make any exertions.

The weather has prostrated and enervated me terribly. The nights are cool here which is an admirable arrangement to give rest and repose. The delightful breezes which visit us here are said to come from the sea.

Atlanta Ga.
Tuesday, July 12, 1870.

A feeling of faintness and fear comes over me when I think of that world attainable through the valley and shadow of death," where only those can be happy who rise triumphant over death hell and the grave.

But blessed be our Lord whose death and glorious resurrection calms the christians doubts and quiets his fears to repose - "Peace be with you."

What serenity these words can give amid troubles and trials.

Wednesday, July 13, 1870.

I staid last night with Mrs. Terhune on Whitehall Street. How terribly warm a house in a crowded street - where no air can reach except through foetid sewers and pools of filth. There are as many disagreeable odors in Atlanta as ever greeted our olfactory nerves in Nashville during the war.

Mr. Butler and I had some words today. He was drunk and disagreeable as a man could well be. I was much disgusted.

Thursday, July 14, 1870.

Mr. Butler was drunk this morning and ordered me to leave the house. I was sick and told so. He went away and I lay down on the bed. He came back about dinner time and told me to leave or he would have a policeman to put me out. I told him to go ahead. He sent the servant and in came two armed men who entered my room. I asked them what was their business? I was not aware gentlemen of their profession had any business with me. They said "Mr. Butler had sent for them."

I told them I was a respectable lady and they could not trouble me that Mr. Butler was drunk and I was sick.

He came in my room and commenced abusing me. I told him to bring some more Police. He started then himself when the bailiff came with a warrant for forcible detainer" (over)

Friday, July 15, 1870.

(continued.)

I sent him away empty.

Mr. Butler would give me no water or rather allow no one to do it. I had mine from yesterday dinner until today at about 12 - nearly 24 hours. Mr. Butler came in the room about ten o'clock - my mouth so parched I could not speak. He got me some water. I told him to send for Miss Vick Wilson which he did. He met her and told her he believed I was crazy and to be careful of me." Miss Vick came in
and gave me some water, sat by me. I kept trying to get better until evening just before sun set when she came for me and I went home with her.

Saturday, July 16, 1870.

I awoke at the residence of Dr. Wilson this morning, which contrasted very pleasantly with the home of the drunkard where I had been. Miss Vick is so very kind to me, and I am so feeble. I could not realize my condition while I was in so much trouble but I feel that God takes care of me wherever I am. My prayer is that I may know more of his attributes, live near to him and render worship to his great name which will be acceptable and keep me near him. - The weather is very warm.

Sunday, July 17, 1870.

Monday, July 18, 1870.

Tuesday, July 19, 1870.

Wednesday, July 20, 1870.

Thursday, July 21, 1870.

Friday, July 22, 1870.

It is really worth the time which it could occupy to watch the colored members promenading about the State Road works - from their consequent swaggering air it might be supposed that they belonged to the unsatisfied portion of the investigating committee whose vigilance could detect on fraud in its most mystic forms.

Their appearance is unmistakably African - their umbrellas of sufficient size to protect the more delicate substance from sol's rays, the vigorous use of their fans exhaustive in the extreme and the constant dripping from their brows absorbed by a clothe of unmistakable color - held in their hands - together with the walking sticks of a grotesque pattern - inspire the most casual observer with a feeling of contempt and rebellion - that we are in a manner ruled by the typical wooly haired sons of Ham - whose superiority has never been acknowledged by any enlightened race in the world.

Saturday, July 23, 1870.

Sunday, July 24, 1870.
Monday, July 25, 1870.

Tuesday, July 26, 1870.

Wednesday, July 27, 1870.

Thursday, July 28, 1870.

Friday, July 29, 1870.

Saturday, July 30, 1870.

Sunday, July 31, 1870.

Monday, August 1, 1870.

Tuesday, August 2, 1870.

I left Rome this morning and came to the beautiful Town of Centre where I met my old friend Col. Cooper. He seemed glad to see me but the house was in a state of repairs.

I have come to the cozy valley as though the quiet of nature could hush my wearied frame and soothe my restless spirit.

How I wish for a friend which neither nor honor could purchase which would remain the same and unchanging through all the varied scenes of life troubled journey.

Wednesday, August 3, 1870. Centre Alabama

If our country could again recover from this war liberty be unfettered and unrestricted, there would be some hope of our redemption and a better prospect for our happiness in this world if not in the world to come. In all these trials and afflictions we should pursue the path of the past which is like a bright and shining light—blessing by faith the loved ones that have gone before—now walking the battlements of heaven,

Thursday, August 4, 1870.

beckoning to the children of Earth with their waving palms to come up hither, and dwell with God where darkness never comes.

Friday, August 5, 1870.
Saturday, August 6, 1870.

Sunday, August 7, 1870.

Monday, August 8, 1870.

Tuesday, August 9, 1870.

Wednesday, August 10, 1870.

Thursday, August 11, 1870.

Friday, August 12, 1870.  Centre
None of my surrounding have the least stimulus towards producing active thought. My mind seems dormant or rather paralyzed. I do not know whether I shall ever be enabled to call up my wandering thoughts and train them again in a direction that will win reward, or produce an idea above the idiotic reasonings of some lunatic.

When I was here 8 years ago I used to be contented in a manner but now I am from a city. I love its busy great heart and life.

Saturday, August 13, 1870.  Centre
I have no one which I can consult or advise with here. Mrs. Cooper is all the time pulling grass in the garden, cutting peaches or chopping weeds.

The hard usage and rough treatment to which she has subjected herself has crushed all the romance from her soul and poetry from her composition. I am going to make and ascertain if possible where Mr. Dodge has gone. His presence seemed an echo of myself - how I missed him when he left me. I was alone, how sad all the associations about my home seemed.

Sunday, August 14, 1870.  Centre, Cherokee Co. Alabama
Attended Sabbath School this morning in Centre. They sang our dear, sweet Sabbath School songs in a distressing manner. The teachers appeared to be asleep when time for recitation came. Such stupid doings makes one sick. A poor preacher discoursed upon the resurrection. He pitched about and hollowed as though his God was deaf.

God does not dwell in temples made with hands but an humble heart he will not despise.
Monday, August 15, 1870.

Centre

My prospect for leaving these parts Wednesday buoyed me up. I have enjoyed some freshness of air but no melody of sounds or sympathy of social intercourse.

The knocking of hammers the sawing of planks the whistling of workmen and other sounds of similar harmonious measures have greeted my ears since I came and made me miserable.

I never shall visit there any more while I live is a settled and certain fact.

Tuesday, August 16, 1870.

Centre

I am thinking today about leaving for a more genial place. I will proceed to Huntsville and from that point ascertain the whereabouts of an acquaintance whom I thought possessed no imaginary disagreeable qualities: that was something foreign to my thoughts. I considered him truthfulness and goodness combined, but I am not the only woman who has been disappointed. I will go now until I get an explanation.

Wednesday, August 17, 1870.

Centre

I have been busy today arranging my trunk to leave. How glad I am. This is a dismal old place to me. I almost feel afraid to eat. Mrs. C. seems so stingy with everything and food is cooked over so many times that my stomach does not relish anything, for instance light bread that looked sad as a November sky in its lightest day - was soaked for toast, not eaten and then made into pudding with no sugar scarcely - not eaten - and made into batter cakes with all-spice. I did not eat any. The different cooking had not improved them any.

Thursday, August 18, 1870.

Coosa River

I took the Etowa Steamer last night at sun set. It has hissed and fussed along all night. I have slept but little.

The banks of the Coosa is crowded with dense foliage and trees of different kinds - the most flexible and graceful of which is the willow - her pensile and graceful waves tossing and coquetting with the zephyrs which play upon the silvery waves. It's placid surface is never ploughed into restless insecurity by the storms which toss the briny deep and wreck the storm tossed mariner - who was dreaming only of long voyages in his sea built craft.

Friday, August 19, 1870.

Chattanooga

I rode last night on the cars from Rome. I was so happy at the prospect of getting away I enjoyed the ride although disagreeable.
The silent sentinels of night came forth in their beauty brightness which many have tried to describe but none have imagined or conceived of their great granduers beauty or splendor. I remained all day in this miserable place - filthy beyond description and wicked beyond redemption.

Saturday, August 20, 1870.

Huntsville, Ala.

I took the cars last night for this Town. I arrived at 1 P.M. stopped at the Venable House but it is a terrible place. I ate my breakfast and settled my bill. I then commenced hunting for more eligible quarters. I was directed to Mrs. Cowles where I commenced boarding. I have a room to myself - cool and pleasant. I am wearied and fatigued with travelling but feel as though I could rest here. I dislike travelling so much.

Sunday, August 21, 1870.

Huntsville, Ala.

I attended the Sabbath School connected with Dr. Barr'es church this morning. The numbers present were small. It seemed but little like home to me. I attended the Cumberland Church services heard Mr. Dewitt preach. The day is excessively warm.

God grant that I may have strength to rise above the angry destructive waves of misfortune which engulf and destroy so many of the children of adversity.

Monday, August 22, 1870.

Tuesday, August 23, 1870.

Wednesday, August 24, 1870.

Thursday, August 25, 1870.

Friday, August 26, 1870.

Huntsville, Ala.

I have been feeling very unwell today. My dwelling place on this Earth seems darkened with disease and dimmed with shadows - and my pathway strewn with sighs and tears - if a friend strews my pathway with flowers they soon blight wither and decay.

I try to occupy both my body and my mind keeping a conscience void of offence which are essential requisites for happiness in this life - but something will crowd in between occasionally.

Saturday, August 27, 1870.
Sunday, August 28, 1870.  

Huntsville, Ala.  

The bells are peeling out their Sabbath echoes - the citizens that like may come and worship their God and listen to the admonitions of those whose duty it is to watch for the good of souls - and hear prayers in behalf of those who are rushing on to death without the white winged messengers - having spoken peace to their souls or pardon to their heart. I did not feel sufficiently well to attend church today. There was a death in the vicinity yesterday. The bell has been tolling nearly ever since dinner. Mournful sound.

Monday, August 29, 1870.

Tuesday, August 30, 1870.

Wednesday, August 31, 1870.

Thursday, September 1, 1870.

Friday, September 2, 1870.

Saturday, September 3, 1870.

Sunday, September 4, 1870.  

I attended our Sabbath School today. They do not seem like I have seen them sometimes. The school seems small. Mr. McNeilly preached a very good sermon upon the condition of those who were children of God and that the glories which awaited the redeemed had not been revealed to the righteous which had gone before nor would be until the final judgment at the end of the world. I have the head ache and did not attend night service.

Monday, September 5, 1870.

Tuesday, September 6, 1870.

Wednesday, September 7, 1870.

Munsey 5th page. *

Christ was the victim of base born menials,

Conclusion -

"O'er the gloomy hills of darkness" Dr. Summers caught the inspiration and uttered one of the most eloquent prayers I ever heard from mortal lips.

* This begins with entry on Sunday, Sept. 11th.
Thursday, September 8, 1870.

Munsey.

That little sunbeam which came into your room this morning and kissed your cheek while sleeping whispered God is love.

The business of the gospel of the gospel [sic] is to establish the law of God. In a barren country where many valleys be along with which its parched face is dimpled -- where Turks play a caricature upon all nations -- there Sinai alone and above in its solitude where only the nimble footed goat leaps in search for food. There the legislation God descended and with his trumpet summoned humanity to receive the law. If man had not had a mediative Moses to receive his law what would have been the condition of the human race. The description of Gethsemane was unparalleled.

Friday, September 9, 1870.

The words which will burn in letters of light is Holy, Holy, Lord God which was and is to come.

What is the essence of God? Ask the saints of Heaven. Ask the Christian as he is half across the River of death. Ask the mourner at the altar when he feels the weight and quiet of sin departing.

God is love.

It is the language of Spring as she flings with her jeweled hands ten thousand odors.

Saturday, September 10, 1870.

Dr. Munsey continued.

John was one of the best Rabbinical supporters of religion. The book of Romans has been the battle field of all denominations. It is second only to John. Paul bases his foundation universal as God himself.

A thought of what is God could only be entertained by another God and there is but one God. The thought would consume us. Moses could not behold him. God hid him in the cleft of the rock. The glory of God trailed behind him mixed with the clouds and mist. The face of Moses took fire and Aaron fled from him.

Sunday, September 11, 1890.

Heard Dr. Munsey this day.

Text Rom. 3rd 31 verse - At an early hour crowds commenced to assemble both old and young. The morn was bright and clear. A zephyr breeze stirred by soft winds swept through the house. All were in anxious expectation. He came and commenced. It is
singular that some texts of scripture open their arms and take us in while John (and) others we have to blow our horns and intrench about for weeks, like the city of Jericho and then if God did not help us we could see the walls fall nor enter into the comprehension. Paul was famous for hurling out bomb proof texts.

If you want a systematic system to save the world you have the writings and teachings of Paul. If you wish a spiritual plan replete with antithesis you have John.

Monday, September 12, 1870.

Tuesday, September 13, 1870.

Wednesday, September 14, 1870.

Thursday, September 15, 1870.

Friday, September 16, 1870.

Saturday, September 17, 1870.

Sunday, September 18, 1870.

I am back once more to my old church and Bible Class. Our lesson today was What is God? and his attributes.

The definition given in our Catechism is both concise and comprehensive. God is a spirit infinite eternal & unchangeable & the attributes of God are two - characteristic as unimpartable and those which can be imparted. The church members all seemed glad to see me and gave me a hearty welcome.

Monday, September 19, 1870.

Two letters started this morning one for Cleveland and one for Cincinnati for some more information. I have commenced business again selling maps. I do not admire the profession much but will have to sell out.

I received a note from Mr. Dodge this morning thinking I was in Nashville. I answered it and if he replies I shall soon ascertain if he is the nominal or real husband of the Mrs. Dodge I saw in Murfreesboro. "He wrote that he had been trying to get back to Nashville for the last 4 months." Mystery is in my mind yet.
Tuesday, September 20, 1870.

Atlanta

I have not had much good luck today only sold one, Clip & File. I am weary of my old patent arrangement and there is no money in it. Some say it is too high and some they do not want it and others they have no use for it. I like to sell something which I like myself and can commend to others.

Good books is all I can understand in the way of merchandise. I can recommend in all respects from experience and comprehension.

Wednesday, September 21, 1870.
(21 has been marked out and 14th written in ink).

Atlanta, Georgia

Commenced boarding with Mrs. Watts this P.M. at 3 o'clock. Arrived in Atlanta this morning at 7-30. I went to Mrs. Keith's and took breakfast but found her boarding house full of boarders. I had to look some time before I succeeded in finding a place. Mrs. W. seems to be a very nice clever lady and I will stay any way until after the State Fair.

Thursday, September 22, 1870.

Friday, September 23, 1870.

The news of wars and rumors is constantly coming across the deep waters. France and Prussia are no longer friends. The fierce passions of both nations are rocked into tempestuous convulsions. In this war we see the terrible fruits of disobedience and the demon of discord murdering and destroying all the holier and better instincts of a once peaceful and happy people.

That all those wounded dying soldiers which lie upon the field will not wear the golden crown of heaven is the lamentable part of the struggle.

Saturday, September 24, 1870.
(Saturday has been marked out and Sunday written in ink. This entry is continued on the page for Sunday, Sept. 25th).

Atlanta, Ga.

The Sabbath is bright and pleasant. Attended Sabbath School and taught a class, was selected as one of the teachers of the infant class. Dr. Wilson preached his 51st anniversary sermon today. Text from Philippians 3:18 verse. "For many walk, of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ."

He said that the enjoyment of Christians did not consist in horse races and that species of amusement.
He then spoke of delaying repentance. To wait until the death bed comes and then prepare for death was hanging and hopes of heaven over hell suspended by a hair - that in all his experience he had never known sick bed promises to be kept when they recovered.

Sunday, September 25, 1870.

Sermon continued -

The reason why there are so many xerox hoary headed sinners is because they neglect the means of grace when young and the promise is offered to them. Christians should abandon all formality and coldness there are no church ice bergs in Heaven. To hear a man with one foot in the grave and the glories of Heaven awaiting proclaim repentance to sinners to sinners [sic] is very solemn and impressive.

Attended the Central Church with Mr. & Mrs. Phillips. Heard a sermon upon the sale of Esau's birth right. The comparison between him and sinners who sold their birth rights to a home in Heaven for less than Esau.

Monday, September 26, 1870.

I have been very busy today canvassing in the State Shop. Received orders for three books, and the same number of maps. The men look right rough a majority of them, but they all treat me with much respect and civility.

I do not admire the profession much, but it occupies my mind which a considerable item with me. I work very hard and am very weary at night, but I enjoy an undisturbed repose which is more than every one can say.

Tuesday, September 27, 1870.

I canvassed the Phoenix Planing Mills today. I got one subscriber for "Our Father's House" and one for a map. Mr. Robinson the Mill Proprietor looked coldly and more savagely at me. I tried to find a friendly familiar place to approach him - but the fortress of his amiability was impregnable and the store house of his smiles was locked. I passed from his presence feeling as though an ice-berg had blown its freezing breath upon my frail mortality and it was freezing my life blood out.

Wednesday, September 28, 1870.

This morning I received a letter from Mr. Dodge. I answered it. His mind is very much exercised upon the remark I made in regard to his living with a woman to whom he was not married. I replied that a woman to whom he was married so long knew so little in regard to his whereabouts. She told me her husband had never canvassed in Memphis or Huntsville and he has been in those places for the past
six months - passing himself for a widower all the time - and now living with a Catholic which religion he has denounced in the most bitter and unequal manner. He blames me with trying to injure him in Nashville. He has done it himself by his own wicked lying. His land-lady said she talked very pious but did not act that way. I begged of him to make a clean breast of it and tell me the truth. That the widower Dodge without teeth and him with the beautiful teeth which the dentist made were the same person.

Thursday, September 29, 1870.

The light of day has been almost excluded by darkness & clouds. I have consumed a portion of my time in writing to Mr. Dodge. Poor employment I must confess. He is far beneath my notice but I have been fooled in him and to what extent I am unable to determine. I cannot estimate how dark the deeds he has perpetrated but I have learned the folly of receiving into my confidence a stranger.

The most constant rainy day I ever experienced. The water has come down in streams.

Friday, September 30, 1870.

The sun shines very warm and fierce. I started two checks today one for books to Philadelphia and one of six dollars and fifty cents to New York for pictures. Business seems very dull. The Prolongation Bill passing yesterday has saddened many hopeful hearts and made them feel more keenly that the heel of the oppressor is resting upon their necks, and the grasp of tyranny is clenching its hold more firmly upon their rights as free born citizens, and the chains more galling than servitude are being riveted for years to come.

Saturday, October 1, 1870.

I promenaded about some this forenoon, but it commenced to rain and I went in the State Depot for a short time after which I went to the Foundry and obtained two uncertain subscribers for my book. The rain commenced to fall about dinner time again and I remained at home during the P.M. sewing upon my dress, made of calico. I have help on the machine which makes the work light on my fingers. I have made but little this week. I must try another place.

Sunday, October 2, 1870.

A more rainy day I have not seen for Sunday since last Summer. I watched the clouds but they kept on distilling their vapory contents. I spent the day in reading. Just at sun down after a cessation of two or three hours the water came pouring down again. The moon looked forth from her resting place the streets were washed clean and at 7½ P.M. I went to church with Col. Phillips. Heard a sermon on the words "Behold I stand at the door and knock." The sermon was plain and practical.
Abbie M. Brooks Diary-1870.

Monday, October 3, 1870.

Tuesday, October 4, 1870.

Wednesday, October 5, 1870.

Thursday, October 6, 1870.

Friday, October 7, 1870.

Saturday, October 8, 1870.

Atlanta
I remained at home this morning not canvassing for books but sewing. I delivered a book for which I received the money. I love to think and study better than any other employment. The history which connects the past love of God with the present remains unbroken - however dim the light which has been reflected at times has appeared. The life giving influences are unchanged as God is the center and his power the moving force.

Sunday, October 9, 1870.

Atlanta
The air is cool and chilly this morning. Winter is coming back. Attended Sabbath School and commenced teaching the infant class. Heard Doctor preach a sermon upon the "signs of the times," Matt. 16th-3. He said one half of the globe was stirred my mighty convulsions. One day the Pope is "declared infallible, the next Napoleon declares war. In 30 more days he is a prisoner. Protestant Prussia has scattered her embattled nations like chaff before the wind." Heard Dr. Harrison at night from the subject "God has made of one blood all nations."

Monday, October 10, 1870.

Atlanta
It has looked like rain very much all day. I have been at home most of the time engaged in folding papers for Col. Phillips a Democrat member from Eckols County. I have a number of books to deliver this week and I cannot hear a word from them. If they do not come soon they will avail me nothing. It has just struck two. The rain is drizzling. I am thinking how many years will it before it will drop upon my grave when I am beneath the mmixx sod.

Tuesday, October 11, 1870.

Wednesday, October 12, 1870.

Atlanta
It has been a bright pleasant day. I commenced business by selling Mr. Withers a picture of "Christ Blessing Little Children" oil chromo.
Abbie M. Brooks Diary-1870.

I have been all day among the men in the State Shop delivering books and selling pictures. I sold the prints to please them. They will not buy many religious books and asked me to bring them some pictures and they would buy. The patronized me very liberally. Time passes away but my mind is not improving.

Thursday, October 13, 1870.

The painful intelligence has been received today that the greatest men living in the United States is dead. Gen. Lee is no more.

The hero of a hundred battles is gone. The nation mourns a friend in his death.

The work which it has been his office to perform during the last ten years has been too great and his mortal frame sank under the strain. When the great and good die the country has lost a treasure and a father. "Man is frail and fleeting."

Friday, October 14, 1870.

I have been doing a good business this week - disposing of my books. The days are bright and beautiful. I have been away almost in the suburban portion of "The Empire Planing Mills" where I sold nearly three dollars worth of pictures and delivered one book to Mr. Ashley. When coming home I saw a yard in which was the greatest quantity of coxcomb flowers. I went in and asked the lady for one when a dog took me by the ankle and she screamed at me "I breaks my flowers for nobody."

Saturday, October 15, 1870.

I have suspended business today in commemoration of Gen. R. E. Lee's death. At 10 A.M. the bells all commenced tolling. All the Fire companies turned out in full dress. The Grand Master Masons "Odd Fellows, Good Templers" Legislative Members - Black & White - The Lawyers - Typographical Society - Appropriate dirges were played as the procession moved on. It reached from the State House to the City Hall - a mile in length. I went to the City Hall but could get no seat and came home.

Sunday, October 16, 1870.

A beautiful and appropriate sermon was preached today by the President of Oglethorpe University. Eccl. 7:1 verse "The day of death better than one's birth." It is a solemn thing to die to have your eyes closed to the glorious sun shine of nature, your ear shut to the music of Earth, and be buried under the green sod. We dread to die but the pains are graduated to exegencies. The lustre of God's presence takes the Christian through the Valley of Death. Believers at death pass into everlasting glory. No pain shall wrap the resplendent forms in Heaven. God's altar burns day and night with incense and praise. We can imagine our beloved hero from his heavenly seat
bending over his countrymen in their present struggle for liberty. Conclusion May we all meet him in Heaven with our robes made white.

Monday, October 17, 1870.

Tuesday, October 18, 1870.

Wednesday, October 19, 1870.

Thursday, October 20, 1870.

Friday, October 21, 1870.

I was so weary with yesterday that I remained at home all day from the Fair - but sold several pictures, during the forenoon. I have taken a severe cold and the wind yesterday did not improve my cough. I arose early this morning and assisted in packing Col. Phillips' trunk that he might leave for home. We have had several right tight arguments on the subject of baptism. I never have seen any of the Baptist whose walk and conversation as Christians was more blameless that of other denominations. They place too much stress upon water and too little upon baptism of the Holy Ghost.

Saturday, October 22, 1870.

I attended the Fair today. The morning exercises were not much interesting. At 1 P.M. the contestants for piano playing presented themselves. After various and sundry drumming the premium was awarded to a young Miss of some 14 summers who played with a great deal of self possession. The Knights rode at three o'clock. They entered the ring headed by a man dressed as "Wild Irishman." He was thrown from his horse and killed the second trial in riding a race. He was brought into Atlanta in an Express followed by the other Knights.

Sunday, October 23, 1870.

The day is bright and beautiful. Attended Sabbath School and taught the infant class heard Dr. Wills preach from the words contained in Eccl. 9-10 "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." He opened his discourse by deprecating idleness. That our first parents were not permitted to rest under the umbrageous shades in idleness. Scholars must trim the midnight lamp and court the converse of the mighty dead. The philanthropist on his mission of mercy may dry up the fountain of tears of thousands.

The winged messengers of Jehovah are visiting every part of the Earth. The great men like Milton have written words that will survive the waste of worlds. Harlan Page the poor mechanic through whose influence one hundred were converted. If the starry heavens were melted down and made into diamonds, it would be a poor reward when compared with the one he now has.
Monday, October 24, 1870.

Went to the "Fair Grounds" this morning. Saw nothing particularly attractive more than usual - heard the playing and singing for the prize. A professor came from LaGrange and brought his two pupils. They played well but neither of them took the prize but one took the second.

Mrs. Sisson appeared to be thinking more about putting on airs than how she sang. She kept twisting as though she was trying to draw up sounds. Miss Logan screamed and beat the piano in a distressing manner for which she no doubt thought she deserved a premium.

Tuesday, October 25, 1870.

I did not attend the Fair today but spent the time in delivering books - collected no money for my books, but sold some pictures.

I enjoy myself very well while many persons seem to exist forever and enjoy nothing.

Wednesday, October 26, 1870.

Thursday, October 27, 1870.

I did not attend the Fair today. There was no exhibition but a horse race. I like living in town. I would rather live in a room ten by twelve in a City than to live in the country where all the appliances of art had reared a structure of palatial proportion - where the music of birds should rouse me from my morning slumbers, but more frequently the gabbling of geese, the quacking of ducks, the crowing of chickens, the squealing of hungry swine or the braying of Baalam's riding horses.

Friday, October 28, 1870.

I had a terrible dream last night. I dreamed of seeing the graves of my dead kindred open. I have had a presentiment all day of bad news, but have heard nothing as yet. I have been collecting a little money.

It is pleasant for me to live among strangers where no sad memory lingers, where no harrowing associations brings up memories from the past with their visages to haunt harrass and destroy my happiness here and hereafter.

Saturday, October 29, 1870.

The streets are terribly dusty. I have been trying to get read[sic] to go away but I cannot collect what is owing to me. I went to Dr. Massey's Office and waited an hour for him to come and pay me for a book. I felt mad and degraded at the very idea of sitting
Sunday, October 30, 1870.

I attended Sabbath School this morning and taught my infant class. I am becoming very much attached to the little things.

Attended Trinity Church and heard the "Boy Preacher" W. R. Holland. He is truly a man of most remarkable mind and intellect. His subject was the great atonement - Heb. 1st-8 verse. But unto the Son he saith - Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever: a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of thy kingdom." The Creative Providential and Spiritual power of God.

Monday, October 31, 1870.

On account of not getting my pay Saturday I could not leave this morning. I went to see Mr. Holmes about taking his book and he backed out. I have no recourse, but go along and let it all pass. My pictures is all that I have to fall back upon. What little I have made from them is all that has saved me. I am very much fatigued. The weather is very warm and the streets are terribly dusty. Prepared for moving after 10 P.M.

Tuesday, November 1, 1870.

I prepared too slow this morning for the cars, and arrived in time to see them move off gracefully. I hardly knew what to do but took my pictures and sold five which occupied my time but profited me only a little. I work and waited patiently until it was time for the night train when I did not wait to be left again. I left in time to take a seat - my ride was sufficiently agreeable and I arrived safely in Madison at 10 P.M.

Wednesday, November 2, 1870.

I awoke this morning in Madison. Hotel stopping does not answer my purse very well, consequently I commenced looking for cheaper quarters. I hunted some time with but little success, but finally succeeded at Dr. Andrews and room with a dear old lady, Mrs. Flournoy, who like many others in this frail world peopled by perishing humanity, has drunk from the cup of affliction and found its waters mingled with gall. She had a son shot by a begro June 1869.
Thursday, November 3, 1870.

"And all the air a solemn stillness hold." What a change between Madison and Atlanta. There is no busy bustling business, jostling, elbowing here. The transition seems like a place of living breathing, to the repose of the departed. Everybody moves with a slow pace as though dispatch was the last thing to be taken in consideration. If a person here was to be seen walking with the rapidity with which they walk in Atlanta, there would be many anxious inquiries and much solicitude as to the cause of his accelerated velocity.

Friday, November 4, 1870.

I have been selling books today - sold only two. The debut of a stranger here is an epoch in the history of the town, and before 24 hours, everybody by a series [sic.] of cross questioning has either surmised or ascertained where they came from, where they were born - if married or single, parents living or not, age, length of stay, business and what is their opinion of things in general, and the price of cotton in particular. I must retire as the undisturbed stillness of night reminds me of a late hour.

Saturday, November 5, 1870.

I canvassed a portion of the forenoon but the rain came on and I came home. I spent after dinner in resting and after Supper in reading "Life of lady Blessington." The town is very dull and lonely.

I do not admire the solitude and monotony of the country, but the tide where humanity human existence flows and rushes through life has charms for me.

Moving busy humanity gives an impetus to our exertions impels us on to deeds and acts of greater magnitude.

Sunday, November 6, 1870.

The morning is dark and cloudy very unpropitious for lazy people to attend church. I went to Sabbath School but the attendance was very small, only six children and seven grown persons. The minister was there and preached to the smallest congregation imaginable.

The text was from Peter - "If the righteous scarcely are saved, where shall the ungodly & the sinner appear." His closing appeal to the unconverted was good, but as there were no sinners present it was rather inappropriate.

Monday, November 7, 1870.

I have been quite successful today - sold one fine bound book, two pictures and two frames. I have made just six dollars today. I wish I could do so well every day. I am willing to work if paid for it -
but when I get no reward nor see none coming I soon get very weary. The day has been pleasant only a little cool this morning. Beautiful flowers are in bloom - roses of the most exquisite hues which I ever saw. Beautiful chrysanthemums.

Tuesday, November 8, 1870.

I have meandered about today to little purpose. The time has passed away and that is all.

It is rather impossible for me to write anything pretty or interesting between the tramping about all day, and the time when my cheek would gladly press its downy pillow, but if I allow days to pass without writing a sentence, the effort to go back and retrace the past becomes very irksome - beside many events that have transpired leave no impress.

Wednesday, November 9, 1870.

I have received three subscriptions today for my book. The atmosphere is like the breath of Spring. The sweet violets are in bloom and I have a nosegay of them in my room, together with roses of various hues which no "Merry month of May" ever excelled.

How delightful is everything in the vegetable kingdom, without the serpent's trail of sin upon it, but like all of earth's beauties and treasures marked with the breath of decay.

Thursday, November 10, 1870.

The air has been very cool and disagreeable a portion of the day - but the warm sunshine is delightful.

I try to enjoy all the blessings God has placed here, although my existence has been chequered - and my life filled with sad and sorrowful secrets. I feel now as though a kind and attentive angel was near me scattering sunshine contentment and plenty in my pathway.

Friday, November 11, 1870.

A very bright and pleasant day. I am looking forward to a pleasant and happy winter whatever arrangements are made to the contrary for me. I feel that at times that I am living in a world peopled with departed joys, that the sunshine which gilded my pathway has a lustre of less brillianceth and brightness a kind of eclipse which gives only a shadowed light of the gay, and gorgeous past. Had an invitation out to tea.

Saturday, November 12, 1870.

A charming day. The Rector of the Episcopal Church is stopping here, he gave all the ladies a cordial invitation to attend the sacramental services connected with his church today. I went and
was much wearied with the long services but endured them with but little veneration. The pastor here is a renegade Methodist Preacher. The idea of a plain old Methodist preacher wearing a white gown is a species of presumption.

Sunday, November 13, 1870. Madison

I attended church this morning with Mrs. Flournoy. Mr. Florence preached a good sermon upon the harmony of the Saints upon Earth - which resulted in a blissful abode among the saints in Heaven. He received two members, a man and his wife. The man was advanced in life. His face looked hard, but I imagine his lot in life has been harder - if his heart is only right in the sight of God, his crown of glory will be bright as that of an angel.

Monday, November 14, 1870.

Tuesday, November 15, 1870. Madison

My time has been considerably occupied today preparatory to leaving. I sold Mrs. Martin one of my fine Bibles much to my relief. I shall order no more without a call for them. I bade Dear Mrs. Flournoy "Good Bye" which was the only regret connected with my departure.

Poetry

May sorrow never crowd thy way
And joy be ever yours
May peace attend thy life's bright day
Unknown to mortal woes
Amanda C. Flournoy

Poor woman her life not been made up of joys.

Wednesday, November 16, 1870. Augusta

I arrived this morning in the city of Augusta Georgia. The air seems very cool and keen. I am trying to get where the winds are less severe. I walked about the City considerable this morning before I found a boarding House. I finally settled with Mrs. Curtis corner of Campbell & Broad Streets.

I have a very disagreeable dark little room. It has only a small sky light to admit the light of heaven. It reminds me more of a penitentiary more than anything else.

Thursday November 17, 1870. Augusta

I have been trying to sell books today under very disadvantageous circumstances - my head has ached as though it would never subside. I have walked about some, but sold only one book and one picture of General Lee. The wind has been very cool and disagreeable. I
visited the Cotton Mills where they make cloth. They all seemed to be very busy and the constant clicking of looms was very disagreeable. I could not endure it long.

Friday, November 18, 1870.
Augusta

I visited the State Shop - or rather the Georgia Road Shop. The Superintendent seemed very polite and told me I could go through the Shop. I found the men all very pleasant some of them told me "they could not read" but it was a story. I obtained six subscribers for my book, which was a streak of good luck. I called on some of the ladies during the evening but sold nothing. One old man told me to bring him a Picture of Lee and he would buy it.

Saturday, November 19, 1870.
Augusta

I have been walking around considerable today. Have sold two books and one picture with a prospect of another sale. My profits will amount to fourteen dollars. It is my desire to try and make some money. I am certain I shall try to make a good use of it. The air still keeps cool - a cool wind stirs the dust and brings it in close proximity to my clothes and person. I am thinking about the orange groves of Florida.

Sunday, November 20, 1870.
Augusta

The day is bright and pleasant. I attended the P. Church this morning. It is situated in a most beautiful grove of trees in the centre of a large lot. I went to Sabbath School at 3 P.M. No one had anything to say to me, and I said nothing consequently. Attended the 1st Baptist Church at night. Dr. Dixon preached a very good discourse with reference to persons in having good foundations to rest upon, and minds filled good principles.

Monday, November 21, 1870.
Augusta

I have been among the Sand Hills today. I am very weary with walking and slipping about in the sand.

I met one celebrity or rather one who has some kin which has figured conspicuously - "Madame Octavia Le Vert's" aunt. I saw a portrait of Mrs. Walton. The vain unhappy old creature - Mrs. Robinson showed me her two husbands. She said that one was lively which she married when she was young. The other was steady and she married him when older.

Tuesday, November 22, 1870.
Augusta

The forenoon was as capricious as the moods of a coquette. The winds blew violently and the rain fell rapidly and in copious quantities, but soon subsided when the golden sun peeped forth with his cheering beams. I have received one order for a six dollar book
and one for a ten dollar picture - Profits 7.50. I will have to be contented with what I make - be it much or little. I canvassed in the Georgia Wood Department where the cars are made, but with no success. The men plead poverty and I left them.

Wednesday, November 23, 1870. Augusta

I had a terrible night's rest. My land lady had my mattress taken from under the feather bed. I done some turning over I got up and made the bed over three times, but I passed a terrible night.

I have walked all day and sold nothing. Some places where I went the ladies' were busy and could not see me and others they had a picture of Lee while some were too poor to buy they said - The day has been very pleasant with a cool wind blowing. I have seen many fine houses today, but nobody that seemed to me much happy.

Thursday, November 24, 1870. Augusta

The day is cloudy and disagreeable as could be imagined. I have walked about all day and made no sales. Many places where I called, the ladies were not at home to me, begging to be excused as they were engaged.

One or two places I went the ladies invited me to come to the fire and spoke pleasantly. Ah! how brightly a word of kindness stands out in all the back ground of indifference which we meet in the jostling and jolting through this world.

Friday, November 25, 1870. Augusta

The day has been pleasant. I have made no sale, and my heart is sad. There is no light here to illumine my pathway with lustre or brightness. If I have lustre it is dormant or unappreciated. I feel like a lone wanderer in search of a resting spot where contentment claims its home, and happiness rests in sacred security - where the biting tongues of envy should never try to destroy my reputation, or swift tongued slander should try to rob me of my virtues and return vices.

Saturday, November 26, 1870. Augusta

I have made several unsuccessful attempts to my books today. I will be obliged to abandon business here.

Sermon continued -

The Jews who brought the woman to Christ wished to be thought pillars in the temple of rectitude.

Closing remarks
By the love that looks from the eyes of a crucified rejected risen Jesus return from your sins and be saved.

Dr. Dixon is a man of fine talents and intellect. I love to hear him preach.

Sunday, November 27, 1870.

I did not attend church this morning on account of sick head ache, but visited the cemetery. Attended the 1st Baptist, heard an elegant sermon - "Let him that is without sin." It makes my heart sore and sad to see how one guilty person can condemn another!! The face of the Savior never lightened into such glory as when it looked upon the darkness of penitent sin. Not a tear stained the gray eyes of those Jews, not a pang entered their steel hearts. Conscience takes a candle into our inmost being.

Monday, November 28, 1870.

The day is very pleasant but I have been spitting blood and feel very sad.

The golden sunshine pales before me and as its shadows lengthen across my pathway, I imagine voices from the spirit land calling me, and gentle hands beckoning me to home home.

Yes! to go and rest where the dark destroying angel garners his harvest but his power is vanquished at its portals. My spirit will then be with my God, angels of hope and mercy will guide me to the haven of peace.

Tuesday, November 29, 1870.

The day is bright and very warm. Thermometer up to sixty in the shade.

Wednesday, November 30, 1870.

Thursday, December 1, 1870.

Friday, December 2, 1870.

Saturday, December 3, 1870.

I have had a very hard disagreeable days work to do, delivering books at the Georgia work shop. The men are rough but they pay me when they are paid. The Superintendent told me I would have to go out of the shop" the men could not spend their time in talking to tme." I had hardly been in there a minute. He was an Englishman with the same tyrannical unfeeling disposition which in England permits them to over work, kick and strike poor factory girls.
Sunday, December 4, 1870.

A very lovely warm day. Attended the Presbyterian Church and heard Dr. Harrison from Psalms 8 chap. 3. 4. 5th verse. Everyone seemed charmed with the discourse, but as I had heard it discussed so much more ably by Dr. Munsey, his flights of oratory seemed tame. At 3 P.M. I heard Old Dr. L. Pierce an old veteran in the cause, who has been preaching over 65 years. A beautiful sermon. "Let the words of my mouth and the meditations" &c. He spoke of the perfect principles of practical godliness. Fear my friends that your religion does not damn your soul instead of saving it.

Monday, December 5, 1870.

I have bade Augusta farewell this morning. I took the cars for Savannah at 9 A.M. There were but few passengers on the train, but the cars were more palatial on the Central R. R. than any I ever saw before. Matting upon the floor and nice foot mats in ever seat, spittoons for gentlemen. A waiting maid who is called a "stewardess" to wait upon the ladies and keep things in order in the "Ladies' Car." I arrived a little after dark in Savannah and stopped with Mrs. Miller.

Tuesday, December 6, 1870.

I have promenaded over Savannah looking for a place to stop until I am very weary. I at last came to Mrs. Charleston where I found a stopping place.

I was so weary that I did not commence business but rested myself. The mosquitoes sung to me a dirge which I did not enjoy much, as it was interspersed with numerous bites. They bite charter here than I ever saw them. I think they have been kept on short rations for some time.

Wednesday, December 7, 1870.

I am well impressed with splendors and elegance of Savannah. I called on Mr. Sneeds Editor of the Republican, who said "He would take pleasure in assisting me," by placing a notice in his paper." I had a pleasant interview with one of the firm who was a well informed gentleman.

I wish I could meet that style of men often. I have no opportunity of improving from conversation with intelligent people because I have no acquaintances.

Thursday, December 8, 1870.

I have been on Bay Street all day walking about. I have sold five pictures of Gen. Lee and one copy of "Our Father's House." My profits yesterday and today amount to $28.50. I trust my streak of good luck may continue. I want money and I need money very much. I went on board a New York Steamer today. They are built very strong designed for service. They brought on board a horse. The Irish stewardess says "Oh the ladies on board can ride horseback."
Friday, December 9, 1870.  
Savannah

The air seems keen this morning. Yesterday it was disagreeably warm. I walked over much territory today with little success. I went into one end of the Town nearly where respectability ended. About 2 o'clock I struck a little luck, and my profits today are $12.50. I was in rather a poor place for sales. There are lean and fat days in all professions, days of fasting and days of feasting. May the feasting predominate.

Saturday, December 10, 1870.  
Savannah

The day has been dark and disagreeable, accompanied with a drizzling rain. I have walked about extensively. I seem to be almost weather proof. I have sold 2 pictures & one book profits amounting to $13.40. I am very weary and tired. I have met with no adventures except a beer bottle burst and the contents flew upon my clothes, and in my face. I met an old lady 65 years who says she is a monolist believing in Christian duties outside of the Church. There is no promise for that xxx class of Christians.

Sunday, December 11, 1870.  
Rainy ugly day.  
Savannah, Ga.

Attended the 1st Presbyterian Church and heard Mr. Porter preach a very excellent sermon from Rom. 1 chap-7 verse "Beloved of God called to be saints." He said God's children who were sanctified and set apart never apostatized." Attended the Independent Presbyterian Sabbath School was introduced to the Superintendent and a very nice widow lady called Mrs. Wilbur, with whom I had a chat upon church members dancing, playing cars & "as not avoiding the appearance of evil."