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ECLIPSES IN 1865.

In the year 1865 there will be four eclipses; two of the Sun, and two of the Moon.

FIRST.
A PARTIAL ECLIPSE OF THE MOON, night of April 10-11. Visible as follows:

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<th>ST. LOUIS.</th>
<th>SAN FRANCISCO</th>
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<td>Moon enters Penumbra</td>
<td>10 9 6 A.</td>
<td>10 8 1 A.</td>
<td>10 5 2 A.</td>
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<td>Moon enters Shadow...</td>
<td>10 10 49 A.</td>
<td>10 9 44 A.</td>
<td>10 7 35 A.</td>
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<td>Middle of Eclipse.....</td>
<td>10 11 42 A.</td>
<td>10 10 37 A.</td>
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<td>Moon leaves Shadow...</td>
<td>11 0 55 M.</td>
<td>11 11 30 A.</td>
<td>10 9 21 A.</td>
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<td>Moon leaves Penumbra</td>
<td>11 2 17 M.</td>
<td>11 1 12 M.</td>
<td>10 11 3 A.</td>
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SECOND.
A TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, April 25.—Visible to South America and Africa.

THIRD.

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<td>Moon leaves Shadow...</td>
<td>4 6 45 A.</td>
<td>0 0 0</td>
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<td>Moon leaves Penumbra</td>
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<td>4 6 53 A.</td>
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FOURTH.
AN ANNULAR ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, October 19.—Visible to North America and parts of Europe, Africa, and South America.

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<td>Eclipse ends</td>
<td>19 0 12 A.</td>
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JANUARY 1865

Moor’s Phases.
First Qrter, 4th. 10h. 46m. A.M.
Full Moon, 14th. 6h. 4m. A.M.
Last Qrter, 19th. 9h. 40m. A.M.
New Moon, 27th. 4h. 34m. M.

FEBRUARY 1865

Moor’s Phases.
First Qrter, 2d. 8h. 12m. A.M.
Full Moon, 10th. 11h. 31m. M.
Last Qrter, 18th. 4h. 42m. A.M.
New Moon, 26th. 3h. 7m. A.M.
## March 1865

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</table>
### July and August 1865

#### Moon's Phases

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sun</th>
<th>Moon</th>
<th>High Water</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
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<td>7 35s morn</td>
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<tr>
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<td>S</td>
<td>4 32r</td>
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</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sun</th>
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<th>High Water</th>
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<tbody>
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### September and October 1865

#### Moon's Phases

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<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>Fr</td>
<td>6 30s</td>
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</table>
A TABLE OF
STAMP DUTIES.
As Amended March 3, 1863.

AGREEMENT, CONTRACT, OR APPRAISMENT, not otherwise specified, each sheet... 5

BANK CHECK, DRAFT, or ORDER FOR MONEY, payable
at sight or on demand, over $20... 2

BILL OF SALE OF VESSEL, consideration not over $500... 25
Over $500 and not over $1,000... 50
For every additional $1,000, or part thereof, 50 cents
more.

BILL OF LADING, or Receipt for any goods for foreign ex-
port, (except to British North America, )... 10

BOND for the performance of the duties of office, or of
indemnity for the payment of money... 50

BONDS, other than in legal proceedings, if not otherwise
provided for... 25

CERTIFICATE OF STOCK, in incorporated company... 25

CERTIFICATE OF PROFITS, in incorporated company, if
for $10, and not over $50... 10
Exceeding $50... 25

CERTIFICATE OF DAMAGE, and all Certificates issued by
any port warden or marine surveyor... 25

CERTIFICATE OF DEPOSIT, $100 or less... 2
Over $100... 5
(Certificates of measurement or weight of animals, wood,
coal, or other articles, Certificate of Record of Deed, or
acknowledgment thereof, by attesting witness, require
no stamp.)

CERTIFICATE, of any other description... 5

CHARTER PARTY, of vessel or steamer not over 150 tons... 1 00
Over 150 tons and not over 300... 3 00
Over 300 tons and not over 600... 5 00
Over 600 tons... 10 00
## Stamp Duties

### Contract, Broker's note, or memorandum of sale of property, (except coin,) issued by Brokers
- Over $500 and not over $1,000: $1.00
- Over $1,000 and not over $2,500: $2.00
- Over $2,500 and not over $5,000: $5.00
- Over $5,000 and not over $10,000: $10.00
- Over $10,000 and not over $20,000: $20.00
- For every additional $10,000, or part thereof, $20 more.

### Deed, or Conveyance of Real Estate

<table>
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<th>Value Range</th>
<th>Duty</th>
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<td>Over 2,500 and not over 5,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>Over 5,000 and not over 10,000</td>
<td>$100.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Over 10,000 and not over 20,000</td>
<td>$200.00</td>
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</table>

### Entry of Goods, at any custom house for consumption or warehousing, of value not over $100
- Over $100 and not over $500: $50.00
- Over $500: $100.00

### Foreign Bill of Exchange, or Letters of Credit

<table>
<thead>
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<th>Value Range</th>
<th>Duty</th>
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<tbody>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Over $250 and not over $500</td>
<td>$5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Over $500 and not over 1,000</td>
<td>$15.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Over 1,000 and not over 1,500</td>
<td>$20.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Over 1,500 and not over 2,500</td>
<td>$30.00</td>
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<td>Over 2,500 and not over 3,500</td>
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<tr>
<td>Over 3,500 and not over 5,000</td>
<td>$70.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Over 5,000 and not over 7,500</td>
<td>$100.00</td>
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For every additional $2,500, or part thereof, 30 cents more.

### Insurance, (Marine, Inland, and Fire—)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Policy or renewal, (or assignment of same,) on which premium is $10 or less</th>
<th>Duty</th>
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<td>Over $10.00</td>
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### Insurance, (Life—)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Policy, (or assignment of same,) not over $1,000</th>
<th>Duty</th>
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</thead>
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<tr>
<td>Over $1,000 and not over $5,000</td>
<td>$25.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Over $5,000</td>
<td>$50.00</td>
</tr>
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</table>

### LEASE, (or assignment of same,) of real estate, not over 3 years
- Over 3 years: $1.00
- Over 3 years: $1.00

### Lottery Tickets

<table>
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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>$1 or less</td>
<td>$1.00</td>
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</table>

### Manifest, of vessel's cargo for foreign port, (except to British North America,) if registered tonnage is not over 300 tons
- Over 300 and not over 500: $1.00
- Over 500: $3.00
- Over 600: $5.00

### Mortgage, or Personal Bond for payment of any definite sum of money, upon every $200, or fractional part thereof.
- Over $200, or fractional part thereof: $10.00

### Passage Ticket, to foreign port, (except British North America,) costing $30, or less
- Over $30: $1.00

### Power of Attorney, to sell or transfer any scrip, or certificate of profits of any corporation or association, not exceeding $50
- Over $50: $10.00

### To sell or transfer any stock, bond, or scrip, or for the collection of interest or dividends thereon, (except as above,)...:
- To collect rents: $25.00
- To vote by proxy for officers of any corporation or society, (except religious, charitable, literary societies, or public cemeteries):
- To sell or rent real estate, or to perform any other act not herein mentioned: $1.00

### Probate of Will, or Letters of Administration, value of estate not over $2,500
- Over $2,500 and not over $5,000: $1.00
- Over $5,000 and not over $20,000: $2.00
- Over $20,000 and not over $50,000: $5.00
- Over $50,000 and not over $100,000: $10.00
- Over $100,000 and not over $150,000: $20.00

For every additional $50,000, or part thereof, $10 more.

### Protest, of note, check, draft, &c.
- $25.00

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**Note:** The duties listed are for the year ending 1860.
STAMP DUTIES.

Telegraphic Dispatch, when charge for first ten words is 20 cents or less 1
When over 20 cents 3
Warehouse Receipt, for property stored 25
Withdrawal from bonded warehouse 50
Writs, or other original process, for beginning suits, (except before a Justice of the Peace, or commenced by the United States or any State) 50

Proprietary, Medicines, Perfumery, &c., each package retailed at not over 25 cents, 1 cent; over 25 and not over 50 cents, 2 cents; over 50 and not over 75 cents, 3 cents; over 75 cents and not over $1.00, 4 cents. Every additional 50 cents, or part thereof, 2 cents more.

Playing Cards, price not over 18 cents each pack, 1 cent; over 18 and not over 25 cents, 2 cents; over 25 and not over 30 cents, 3 cents; over 30 and not over 35 cents, 4 cents; over 35 cents, 5 cents.

The indiscriminate use of all kinds of stamps (except postage or proprietary) is permitted, care being taken to affix a stamp or stamps of the proper amount.

Documents made in any foreign country, to be used in the United States, shall pay the same duty as when made here. The party to whom the same is issued, or by whom it is used, shall affix thereon the proper stamp, before using.

No deed, or mortgage of real estate, shall be required to pay a stamp duty of over $1,000 in any event.

Powers of Attorney, or other papers relating to applications for bounties, arrears of pay, or pensions, require no stamp; neither do warrants of attorney accompanying a bond or note when such bond or note shall be stamped; and whenever any bond or note shall be secured by mortgage, but one stamp duty is required, provided the stamp duty placed thereon is the highest rate required for said instrument, or either of them.

No document signed or issued prior to June 1st, 1863, without being stamped, shall be invalid for that reason; but it shall not be admitted or used in any court until it shall have been stamped, and the initials of the person using, and the date when it is used, placed thereon.

A TABLE OF STAMP DUTIES

ON

Demand and Time Notes,

INLAND BILLS OF EXCHANGE, ETC.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>AMOUNT</th>
<th>Demand or 30 Days</th>
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<th>90 Days</th>
<th>4 Months</th>
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RATES OF POSTAGE.

Letters to any part of the United States, 3 cents for each 1-2 ounce or part thereof.
Drop Letters, 2 cents.
Advertised Letters, 1 cent, in addition to the regular rates.

Valuable Letters may be registered on application at the office of mailing, and the payment of a registration fee not exceeding 20 cents.

Transient Newspapers, Periodicals, Pamphlets, Blanks, Proof Sheets, Book Manuscripts, and all mailable printed matter, (except circulars and books,) 2 cents for each and every 4 ounces. Double these rates are charged for Books.

Unsealed Circulars, (to one address) not exceeding 3 in number, 2 cents, and in the same proportion for a greater number.

Seeds, Cuttings, Roots, &c., 2 cents for each 4 ounces or less quantity.

All Packages of Mail Matter not charged with letter postage must be so arranged that the same can be conveniently examined by Postmasters; if not, letter postage will be charged.

No Package will be forwarded by mail which weighs over 4 pounds.

All Postage Matter, for delivery within the United States, must be Prepaid by stamps (except duly certified letters of soldiers and sailors); otherwise, double the above rates will be charged on delivery.

Weekly Newspapers (one copy only) sent to actual Subscribers within the County where printed and published, free.

Letters to Canada and other British North American Provinces, when not over 3000 miles, 10 cents for each 1-2 ounce. When over 3000 miles, 15 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to Great Britain or Ireland, 24 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to France, 15 cents for each 1-4 ounce. Prepayment optional.

Letters to other Foreign Countries vary in rate according to the route by which they are sent, and the proper information can be obtained of any Postmaster in the United States.
I was considerably surprised to see a little fat dog which always accompanied the Sunday children in front of the church this morning when I entered. 7 of the children were there. They seemed all being with us against and it was triumphant enough for me to have them there after what had been said about their mother being disgust the jealousy and envy may bite their tongues off for spite, but I intend to walk in the paths of duty and uprightness and let all the balance pass by me. While God is my friend they may curse but never permanently.
FRIDAY, JANUARY 20, 1865.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1865.

I dressed myself this morning for Nashville, and after waiting some time Miss Graves came along with a toy old horse for the purpose of taking me to town. We started, and the horse fell, finally stalled in a meadow hole. I with some assistance alighted and walked a short distance over the worst of the road. Where we turned right, 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 short 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 still dark and rainy. I have very unwillingly spent the day. I have barely been able to set 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. He was coming from Town. His wife and two children were with him. four persons in all with a little bundle and nothing to cover them but the blue sky, and nothing to comfort them but the thought of warmer weather. This world is full of misery from war.

MONDAY, JANUARY 23, 1865.

The ground is this morning covered with snow. The wind blows very briskly and cold from the North. The ground is frozen some, and now freezing. How dreary everything looks covered with snow! I feel but little like teaching school today, but am at my desk as usual. I have not felt well with a prospect of more when the weather is colder. I have constant employment when teaching, and entirely occupied my mind. I have no time to think of my troubles, or anything else. I do not except my dear little troubles, when I have a alarming story with the children, which can very infrequently.
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 have possessed my mind.

The changed scenes of battle and the reality of their approaching at midnight, or daybreak, ordering something to eat, and helping themselves to whatever they could find in the house or outside, is not apparent within me for a dream.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 25, 1865.

The air is freezing 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, the atmosphere is terrible. There is one consolation with it, that while the North is demoralizing and depressing the South, she is paying dearly for her revenge. The financial condition of her has sunk together with the daily rate of expenses, at a rate of her funds, no nation however powerful could endure. She is already placed 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 traveling, but the scholars all come regularly.

We had a street fire this morning on account of the wood being miserable stuff. I am in a bad humor with Dr. Lee for sending me such wood. It seems to me no person cares what the quality of anything which they sell. They can only get a big twist 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 protester all day in the shade.

FriDy, January 27, 1865.

Last night was very cold, the coldest weather we have had this winter. It appears to rise. After school I prepared myself and rode over to Mr. Hull's.

The roads are very rough, and it is terrible going for man and brute. Mr. Hull and all the family were well. Miss Neely and all the children seemed delighted to see me. Their negroes are nearly all gone, and they look very strange. They have a guard from this, who is a fair exponent of the principles which the Federal army entertain upon the negro question. "Free them without providing for them."
SUNDAY, JANUARY 29, 1865.

This morning Sallie Gee and I started from home back down 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 jellieable dinner, which was refreshing. Mr. Wilson is troubled very much on account of propositions for retaliating measures towards the Southern prisoners, which will effect his only child and son. That's in my view, now, as a Northern battle treated more like a felon than a prisoner of war, who has only sought his own and self-defense for his rights.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1865.

I had to return home this morning in order that Mr. Gee could have the house. I went over to Mrs. Johnson's and found her sick. I gave her some of my medicine and spent the day in worrying questions, in any Mental Trouble. Doctor Stambaugh helping me and I'm sure suggesting the rules for working together to him.

My only pleasure in my books, that gives me any pleasure or comfort, is the weather is terribly severe. The wind blows the cold air today which makes it feel more disagreeable than usual. I retired very late from my bed.
MONDAY, JANUARY 30, 1865.

The breeze of heaven do not visit us so mildly this morning. The weather has materially moderated and it seems mild and pleasant. I have bought as usual, harmony but little trouble, except a smoky stove which has annoyed me exceedingly. After school we practiced some little piece to sing, Thursday night.

I am disposed to be other means will play my best for them. I do not always like to be interested with a crowd but occasionally like a select few to come. and have a social chat with.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 31, 1865.

It looks cloudy and like rain as our company comes tonight. I really hope the weather will be propitious. Have invited two of the school boys, as they were Sally's nephews, Herbert, Love & Eddie Woodruff. My two must-manned boys in school and treat them very respectfully. I love to teach scholars when they are obedient, diligent, and try to improve. I would change the school of pleasant scholar for any position which I know of in this world. The gratification of trying to do right and bring usefulness in this world, is a pleasant reflection as allayed.
WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1865.

We had some company last night, as it was Hattie's birth day, 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 thousand and thirty-two dollars. I have made nothing over my year's expenses. I have not paid by one cent.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1865.

It has been suggested by some writers that when we write a page in our diary, we should record the time of living 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 substantial food has much to do with our feelings, our overwrought minds, and our depressed spirits. When the demon of perturbation seems to trouble our souls. We are devotional, amiable, and sweet-tempered, if the atmosphere is pleasant, if our food palatable, and our friends agreeable. Everything more with the uniformity of our daily circulation and physical condition encourages our purposes and these strong for good and our work firm and unshakable.
Friday, February 3, 1865.

Last night I visited 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. Dennehy has been wanting me to come and board with her and her son, Dick who are the only members of the family. My only objection is that there are many meddlesome tongues among the rest of her relations, who would always be watching me and making remarks which are not always on the subject of kindness. There are a number to myself and no person to interrupt me with their inquiries or curiosity.
The North consider it an offense to permit the power of Abraham
Lincoln, and the South, a menace comcomendable in all
greenery. The day is not far distant when the Southern armies
will be disorganized, and form
ed into bands which will
descend upon the unlucky
Yankees (that may be forbid
feeding and devouring on com-
ficated lives, and on lands
which never cost them a dime)
when they least expect danger
in near. That descent will be
for revenge for their wrongs
and injustices. 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 three inches. It came down in a incessant manner gently. It appears that the storm had continued up during the night, or the elements were in a commotion, the force of Nature works cold and cheerless weather covered from sight.

Our national calamity seems to lay our forest of devotion to their utmost limits, and best weather adds to our distress, adding that little mortality our bodies have left to endure during the struggle. Many in favor of the Southern lay in cold freezing in Northern Indiana, and starving upon half rations.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1865.

A cold wind is blowing from the ice glaciers of the North which freezes the earth very rapidly.

War is devastating and depopulating the lands which were once cultivable, while immorality prevails over the land, and religious services dimly seen in the sandy atmosphere which has been corrupted by the clashing of arms, and the contusion of feet with their fiery devils passion aroused to that state of desperation which is only satisfied with the blood of the victim with the sword of revenge planted on their hearts of this victim. This country will be unable to recover from the effects of this war for generations to come.
Thursday, February 9, 1865.

All that is talked of murder in peace, a cessation of the7 fighting until everybody can get their breath good, is much to be desired. The secret is at last discovered after four years 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 down and for vengeance against tyrannous usurpation and the galling chains of oppression. The wretches which rail at the "000 peepu," for the present, cannot last always.

Friday, February 10, 1865.

May please write all the time in the back room. Don't be worried with them when night comes. I shall be happy to think I can hardly set up. My school is not diminishing in numbers nor is my popularity visibly declining. The family takes a scholar away, we comes back from some other direction to fill their places.

The weather has been very nice this week, but the children all come to school regularly, and seem to be improving. I think from day to day I am to tell what it for. But I don't I shall enter a happier state of existence hereafter.
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1865.

Ihave been at home.

busy all day fitting 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 play day, and

a little while before sunset,

Miss Belle McIvor and

myself walked over to Mr. Fryer's

Old Mr. Goodrich and

Mrs. K. seemed very glad to

see us. Mr. K cooled his

fond of as usual, but I think

he is reforming as he is

reading the Testament.

but not very attentively as

he reads it rapidly.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1865.

After a pleasant night,

there we walked home. I have

been reading, writing, and resting

all day. Most of the people in

this County make this a day of

resting, but I prefer the quietness

of my own room before any of

the visits. 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 us, and

not to feast and festive. That

we are accountable for the

men on which we spend God's

blessing day. The same as we

would be for breaking his

other commandments, and

rejecting his ordinances.
MondEY, FEBRUARY 13, 1865.

Our national troubles are a source of discontent and an inconvenience to all enterprize or undertakings. We seem to have a president who does not retain wise counsellors or his advisers, but only those who consent to his opinions, and allow the privilege of revolving around his chair of state. If he has any talents, or virtues they have been eclipsed by his undignified joking manner towards his predecessors. He keeps his jokes for which the papers abuse him as his only safety valve that his many errors would annoy him to death if it was not for this safety valve. May God bless and save the Union today.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1865.

The President in his absence to establish a reform in the South, hisinan controversial act had plans and two Jeffersonians expected them; never was a general so determined of extending his enmity or as minister anxious to make a proselyte. Then the abolitionists find it not to convince the world that their opinions are the only ones worth hearing. They prepare the amelioration of a race of humanity without sacrificing the species. Many of the poor negroes were trained out to dare more that once lead good masters and hand masters to care for them. The men should be impressed who would evidence a desire to come.
WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1865.

The weather is cold and the ground freezes every night. The elements seem to be out of order even. I know not I never saw so much cold weather in this country. The war goes on and Peace will continue until the country is ruined, and the people are made miserable and beggars. Peace Commissioners go to meet Abraham Lincoln only to be humiliating concessions which if the South will not be able to accept she can't have the extreme happiness of pertaining to his rule. Let the South be extinct before she should be disgraced.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1865.

Down at my post as usual with the stoves burning terribly. No news which is encouraging at an enunciation. The South has beheld innovations upon her rights to which she has remonstrated and refused submission, and still they are constantly being pressed which deploring upon her liberty 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 desertion is very great, but there are among true and noble hearts left yet which will sacrifice their lives before their honor.
FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1865.

I have been very run-
well all this week, never was any-
body more pleased to see Friday.
I come, and bring with it a cre-
ation of toil. I brighten-
being employed when I am-
well, but when I have drap-
very heavily upon my hands
this week. The storms have
smushed, but the weather has
been mild, most of the time.
which in all there had to
afford me any circulations
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 thinking about generally.
I have employed a man to
clean the stove pipes at the
church, and have been up
To see about it. The work has
been done well and satisfac-
tory, and a great trouble has
been avoided 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
enforced it one month long
in no way. My eyes
were nearly blinded 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 Mr. Jamison but found her gone. 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 unfortunate by not always in the vein for writing. I have often wished I had the gift of a steady writer but nature does not bestow all upon one.

Monday, February 20, 1865.

I resume my duties this morning with more alacrity than usual, as my chores are cleaned out and I will have no trouble in making fires. I am annoyed enough with the children and their noisy without having a noisy alone. The weather is pleasant and I feel better today than last week. I have as 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 get over all troubles.
TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1865.

The morning are pleasant and the spring birds have commenced their pleasant notes of praise for the departure of being Winter and her chilling breath.

We should all rejoice for the return of a season which will give us fruit, time and harvest; so there is nothing left for the Winter or snow to eat. If the Winter had been any longer every thing would have perished! The corn seems to rejoice that the Winter grass is shriveling and longer days to pitch it into shorts.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1865.

I was only reminded that this was the birthday of our National Benefactor by the firing of cannon which were so heavy they shook the windows perceptibly! One hundred guns were fired in quick succession. Never did our country witness a more magnificent birthday day. Since the Revolution any struggle than the present? The sky darkened every year, the prospects for peace are no better than last year. The country devastated. The Federals have possession of more cities and towns.
THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1865.

It has rained this morning and off and on 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.

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 and it will not stay clear long. I have a kind of dull ache in my head. This morning which is not pleasant company.

I have worked very hard this week out of school and doing mental arithmetic questions. It is very pleasant work and keeps my mind constantly employed. It is much better to bear out than past and decay to no purpose. The world itself is better for one having lived in it. I have never benefitted a him not having nor made any improvement.

I heard God has given us
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1865.

I hired a buggy and horse yesterday for the purpose of going to Nashville. I arose early and heard the rain's patter down very rapidly. I watched the clock until dinner, working but very little, as I was so much disappointed. About 12 the sky commenced to break away, and the clouds went moist. North, Mrs. McFarren's & I prepared ourselves taking Little McFarren and the conveyance. Mrs. McFarren apprehensive at first, made over to the gentlemen of our house, but we soon arrived safe at Edgefield, when Mrs. Pitts presented herself to Nashville. For dinner.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1865.

The day was warm and pleasant. I am trying to recuperate after my exertions of yesterday. Have written a few short letters. Read The History of Napoleon: when Conspirators assembled like falling architecture, and to wear a crown was a curse, instead of an honor. As the crowned heads were targets for vengeance, to wreak upon. Took a little walk this evening for the purpose of meeting Miss Sally McFarren, who had been to see Mrs. Johnson. I met Miss Maria Webster and Mr. Talbott in a buggy driving alone and counting.
Monday, February 27, 1865.

My duties commence again this morning with an additional pupil, Miss Belle McGinty. My school is gradually increasing, with very good children. The rest of them 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 resolute from Natural Philosophy blown to eat. There are very troublesome times and almost any employment is preferable to idleness, if it is not very profitable. I have paid my board and earn enough to clothe myself.

Tuesday, February 28, 1865.

I forgot to mention the murder of George Ge, a lad, which had deserted from the Southern army and was in the employ of Henry Bee, hauling whiskey from the Bridge. He was no company with two other men who had their money taken, and most of their clothes by only two guerrillas. There is evidently cowardice somewhere within the younger and most of all others, only should be sacrificed. It was a shocking affair, and all the result of whiskey traffic and crime for gain. The robbers destroyed the whiskey by bursting the barrels...
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1, 1865.

A fearful and terrible devastating war is coming along 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 dreadful fate. A fire is burning in the city. Columbus is reported burned, because the citizens have fired upon the soldiers from their houses. Many will be driven from their homes. No mercy will be shown to those unfortunate individuals.

The expectations will be soared and terrible in the extreme, as witness, but God limits the wrath of man.

THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1865.

The rain commenced falling some time during the night. The sky was very dark this morning. I thought I should have a day to rest, 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 all day to keep the children from running on the wet ground. 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 negro than I ever heard.
FRIDAY, MARCH 3, 1865.

Very dark and rainy day. 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 anyone time as for the past week. It reminds me of the Rebel retreat from Nashville, together with its occupation by the Yankees.

These were dark days for us, and the air of our place been dimmed ever since. The flashings and twinkling partially obscured from our vision, but may it rise and shine with double brilliance in my sincere prayer.

SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1865.

The rain has ceased but the earth is deluged. The Cumberland is out of her bounds, her waters cover nearly the whole country in its vicinity. I have been observing as usual from my mental observatory. Went over to Mrs. Williams' Johnson's after dinner; Mr. Johnson came home while Miss Delia McFarland and I was there.

The record is number of persons had been drowned in the back water from the Cumberland and some of our horses. The River has not been so 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 sickly. Their loud talking and laughing greatly disturbed me upon my return when I went to enjoy a quiet Sabbath. However, I have been very busy reading from the Old Testament, an account of Ruth & David and in regard to the burning of Saul's body and those of his sons which were killed. It seemed a mark of deception for them to be burned. I feel very well today and think the warm sunshine has penetrated the darkness of my heart.

MONDAY, MARCH 6, 1865.

I have received an additional member of Three Fold and today Jennie Bonnell, a granddaughter of Bishop Andrew Jane MacDonald & Salley Greenham. The children all seem to approve and improve. I am engaging myself now, as well as your Majesty on the other side of heaven. I feel for the soldiers and the men who fought but I cannot worry my life out of one on account of what I cannot help. On my return from school I received the very unpleasant piece of information that Black Jack Sally's had the small pox. I was in the cabin yesterday and both in good health at this
TUESDAY, MARCH 7, 1865.

The day is bright and beautiful but the small pox haunts me like a ghost and 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 doctor was all panic stricken on account of the small pox which 24 yesterday and 13 today. A marked decline. Nathan held a better school now was in the semblance of any prospect brighter. I trust it is but a dream for any length of time. I trust this circumstance will soon pass away and I shall be restored to other children again.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8, 1865.

The weather pretty dark and the rain is pouring down in large quantities. 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.

Dane really very very unhappy to leave my employment since the middle of my position for an unsupervised Yankee coming in the family and bringing a disease of all others must to be dreaded. Mrs Lee has bought her clothes other preparations washed to be handed on and...
THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1865.

The sky and winds indicated variable weather. I waited until nearly dinner before I left home. Then proceeded through a heavy shower to Mrs. Colburne. If I had anticipated rain, I should have waited before I left home, but I was very tired of staying at home. Mrs. C seemed glad to see me and we talked old times over.

No person could 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, often and appearances are not an indication of a great mind. Present circumstances under all circumstances may be an indication of a great mind. Present circumstances under all circumstances may not crush it, and perseverance buoy it above adversity, as Dr. Johnson says. He who having lost one part of his intelligence, should not throw the remainder away.
SUNDAY, MARCH 12, 1865.

There has been a head ache today nearly all day. Tried to sleep some in the morning and in the house was quiet succeeded very well. Read reading the Life of P. Henry.

I took a walk up to the church to have the blinds closed which old Bet had left open. Shortly after I returned home Black Jack—Sallie died. The negroes commenced to cry and well no one dare go near her.

Told Mr. Gee to make immediate preparations for burying her soon as possible. Went down in the car and helped select a place to bury her where the water would not wash her grave and the mourning 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 that Dallie was dead I felt my very heart freeze in me. Instead of going to Nashville and remaining some time, I am very unhappy here in this small Boy's hospital, each wanting for the chance to die out in a new care 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 care 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 as much as 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 the surface of ourShould greet my ear, and enliven my drooping spirits with their happy notes, where the murmuring fountains should shine sweetly their music in solitude warming my soul with reverence and adoration for the Giver of all things.
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15, 1865.

I stood all night in Edgefield with my friend Mr. Brown.Visited Mrs. Holcomb's school today and was much pleased with the Exercise. Mrs. Holcomb said the teacher 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, Italy, Sicily. Being old, suspecting a golden crown had been fraudulently alloyed, employed Archimedes to discover the fraud, while in bathing he made the valuable discovery, wringing into the streets, he cried Eureka! Eureka! I have found it! and thus associating indefinitely the exclamation with the discovery by truth.

THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1865.

We had a very severe storm last night, which has cost the city considerably. The wind was so high and cold I did not consider it prudent to venture out. As a consequence of which I remained at Mr. Brown's all day. I have been seeing some for Mrs. Brown in order to pass the time away. They to make the best of everything, but it is difficult to find any rest to some things. God grant that the winged messengers of time as they fly swiftly by 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.

visited Mr. & Mrs. Eastonight about 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 discretion and discretion are the distinguishing marks which characterize the true woman from the counterfeit one of her sex, and describe the line of distinction.

SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1865.

Jan. still at Mr. Barnes' spent all the forenoon in sewing which in 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. & Mrs. White came over the River with me, as we came upon the little bridge that is built for the road, to pass over the White Rock River, what should I see, not over eight Federal Officers, being none of the most common looking men. I started back which seemed to amuse them very much and after I had passed them, they wanted I just to look.
SUNDAY, MARCH 19, 1865.

The air is warm as the break of Spring, and the sun shines beautiful. I went to Edgefield and for this reason have the privilege of hearing Mr. Rumble preach. He made a beautiful prayer, before the sermon, reminding the congregation of our lost, abstracted, distressed country, praying for peace and guidance. The same officer which I saw busy thinking 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, shipped at Mr. Woodruff's, and went to Mrs. Derrick.

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 off, at Mr. Green's. A panic still prevails in regard to the disease. Mrs. Jamison is quite contented with her present residence and enjoys the quiet side after such a diversified area of commotion through which she has passed for several months. The moving only 4 times in one year she has been able to enjoy more things with regard to her husband which she had better never to have known. May it be any consistent study to reconcile all these 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 smell of the soap, and I try to bear adversity with fortitude, but it is very hard work. All things in life are a scene of trial and suffering in order that we may be prepared for a worse one and change the present for a better one. How important it is that we should be mindful of the principles of truth and right which will guide us from error, remembering the precepts of the Divine Guide, "Be perfect, holy in peace, love one another, and then shall the Lord be peace be with us, now and forever."

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22, 1865.

I spent all night with Mrs. Chadwell during absence of my wife. She was quite sick, but it is better this morning. Went to Mr. Gourley's this morning for the purpose of doubling some yarn for Mrs. Chadwell. But more than my purpose of going over to Mr. Gourley's, and packing up my things for preparation to moving. Went over after dinner and made myself very busy in collecting them together. I intended going to Mrs. Lee and telling her that I was going away, but on a moment or two after I came in, Dr. Garrison called right from the cabin. He said he was going to call me over with the small boy, and I left very...
THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1865.

I have made a mistake of one day somewhere in my calculations. I have spent my time this week in useless amusements. I do not know how I have been employed. I think often when looking upon Ella Hunter with all her decayed ways, how often we are deceived in looking upon a fair and beautiful face. Thinking as one in a basket must contain a precious gem, to find it empty and deformed. She is undoubtedly the most-sinister unnatural creature I ever saw. She is extremely fond of adoration, which occasions many mistaken remarks from me.

FRIDAY, MARCH 24, 1865.

I came home this morning from Mr. Chadwell on a walk to Mr. Scrogg's. It is commencing to call at my home, visiting around from one place to another, does not agree with me. I get weary and worn down every noon, and long for quiet and resting in my bed and room. Society is tiresome to me. It is charming and conversation to me becomes dull and absurd.

As the seasons follow each other imperceptibly, spring from spring, fall from fall, and winter to winter; so does life progress from youth to middle and old age, of which we are unaware until it has
Saturday, March 25, 1865.

Late in the day yesterday I employed Mr. Coonagh to come anything from Mr. Beck. The morning was cool and very windy. I went over to the house after Mr. Coonagh had gone. Mr. Gee came out and commenced planning because I had sent a team for any things before I had talked to his wife about moving. I mentioned it to her some six weeks ago when she threw all her pieces. I mentioned it to Mr. Gee that on account of the small fire pane I was afraid to go in the house on account of other people. Mr. Gee came out and told me to let him bring the plates and银ware. Sally another day she could make any other arrangements.

Sunday, March 26, 1865.

The contrast between any former home and my present is agreeable. The change being quite an improvement. My room is so quiet and quiet. I can read and think or study as I feel disposed without interruption from negroes and their wives. The white people must go great deal of fare and we all share in alike. I feel deafening. Mr. and Mrs. Gee were both very pleased but I have done nothing disgraceful or wrong nor am I going for it. That I have moved my traveling. I write them no letters, but their prospects for prosperity seem sadly dimmed and overshadowed. They are both old with crooked backs and a
MONDAY, MARCH 27, 1865.

Today this morning to attend school, three scholars declined until dinner time and went home, quite annoyed with the effort. Have almost abandoned the idea of teaching here and trying a new place.

The neighborhood is always thickening and quarreling with each other, they cannot agree about anything and for this reason there is no ball, school or preaching. They raise no money to pay the preacher, 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 or they preach for nothing.
Blank pages for March 29, 1865 to April 1, 1865 were not scanned.
I have made another effort to resume my daily duties and get my health together. I am at eleven o'clock which was doing better than a week ago. It requires much perseverance to struggle on through this life, the sickest and happiest persons have sorrow. Sometimes feel that the idea of my existence is felt as an unquenchable, might that as sunshine is bright enough to penetrate the gloom which broods over one, that darkness will cover me and settle forever enshroud me. But perhaps the long-and-dullest-wind of my troubles, depression, has been emphasized and multiplied in
TUESDAY, APRIL 4, 1865.

...again at my post.

This afternoon, with the same number of scholars. I sometimes become discouraged. I feel that my self-judgment & treat it as both justified 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 at the surrounding circumstances will permit I brood over my sorrow in silence. I make no parade with them, although they should ranker and control the threads of my life onward and achieve all the cases of this troublesome life.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 5, 1865.

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

Our country is fast sinking into all that is ignoble, infamous, and mean. The safeguards of our national glory, the conscience of their duty, and the watchword of on to mind and devotion. Many seem rushing ahead with too much rapidity, to consider before they...
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 in all the year commenced. Small streams such leaking and boiling along with the capsidity and imporlence of rapid streams. 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 reversals to the South. There has been a great number of deserters from the Southern army which has weakened them."

FRIDAY, APRIL 7, 1865.

It has not rained any this day which is something unusual. The sun has shone come also.

I trust it may penetrate the gloom on all sad and sorrowful hearts. Our poor people. President Lincoln & Andy Johnson. It is curst enough for one nation, but when the Time arrives that precedents are selected for their inestimable merit and nobility of soul rather than the offices they will confer upon the party who elect them, then may we hope for the suppression of political demagogues. Poor Andy, in the very flush of triumph when he read back the joint and sat down to eat it, the paper reflect through this hands...
SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1865.

I went to Nashville this morning with Mr. Melvyn in a carriage or express wagon.
When within a mile of Nashville, a trap belonging to the carrier broke. Of course moved out with speed as the vehicle was stalled.
So Williams invited me to take a seat in his carriage, which took me safely into Edgewater.
I made some few purchases and then went over the Ruins to Nashville.
There is much excitement in the City on account of a circus which performs some upon the streets. Bought some books and came home with Mr. Nelson. The wind blew very keen and cold. Like.

2 November.

SUNDAY, APRIL 9, 1865.

My exposure yesterday and his severe in consequence of which I have a terrible head ache. It has rained all day without stopping.
I miss clinical privileges and religious society, but God grant that when that great floating mortality shall drop the veil of earth from my eyes, my spiritual vision shall grow clearer and brighter, that when my breast has descend its last sigh, and my heart its last groan, and the bitterness and of my trouble is expiated, that I may be received up into Heaven to enjoy the presence of God and his holy angels, where Sabbath never end, and trials never come.
MONDAY, APRIL 10, 1865.

The ground is very wet this morning and for this reason some of my soldiers did not come. The bad 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, came with shocking suddenness, certain and final. That the invisible, inconceivable, gallant, brave, unyielding, veteran army had surrendered at Northern Virginia!

It convulsed magnanimity in Gen. Lee not to sacrifice his men. The terms of capitulation were agreed upon yesterday.
It has thundered and lightened and stormed nearly all night. The rain has not ceased to fall during the day. All nature seems weeping for the strong hold of the Confederacy. When will joy and sunshine smile upon our beautiful land once more, and these leader ships be raised from our oppressed and sorrow-stricken land? It is now 2 P.M. and the rain is falling as though it had received a new impetus from some source. A second deluge seems inevitable, ni in small way, and not all the world. There is no ark to get in.

The day has been bright and beautiful but rather cool for the advancement of vegetation. There is scarcely what seemed like old times in good earnest. I was amused at a remark which J. McEntire made with reference to the rain. I said that the sky had been weeping ever since the fall of Richmond. "She said that she hoped the sky 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 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 & something with me: storms of squalls. The girls studying Botany together with myself take a walk in the park. Do a lot after school where we found some wild flowers to amuse ourselves and contribute to our knowledge of plants. The admirable 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 it seems.

SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1865.

The day has been bright and pleasant, with the air critical but not severe. I have not been well as usual. After dinner went over to Bishop Dodge to see Mr. himself, a little while. The startling news has been received of that Abraham Lincoln died this morning, by the hands of an assassin who shot him in the theatre. This act enunciates the corrupt condition in which our country is placed. The deed was done in doubt by a person who died refus'd from injustice in some way and the memory of his wrong would stick him to desperation.

If 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 Lee's death. Yesterday they were in the midst of celebrating the surrender of Lee's army, and when in the morning of their news, there came a shock equal to Belcher's impromptu speech when the band music ceased on the wall. The joy was turned into mourning, the sentiment into sadness. Truth and heartless people in flagrante abortive. Where is the magnanimity which should characterize a great and mighty nation to be prepared for celebrations at the public expense to enshroud over a fallen foe.

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 subject of a relentless foe from whose magnanimity or clemency they may expect but little. Their plans and schemes will be to the uttermost in bitterness, tyranny, and usurpation, which will reduce all the fair to the condition of a slave by the might of conquest and will - the basis of human nature.

Perhaps he may profit by the example of his predecessor, who has characterized his counsels by constant acts of tyranny.
The war is nominally over in the exclamation (as for all sides. Almost peace will be patched up, with a tolerating foundation, and war will again deluge our land and novel.

If any would repeal all those odious acts passed by Lincoln, reversing those Northern measures granting to the South her material rights, then would he be regarded as a benefactor. The dismembrment of the Southern army has not changed the materials of which it is composed, and the rebellion yet lives although its pretensions are feebler.

The dark masters had better be lenient in their moves.

The condition of our country at all I have to trouble me now. I think the death of Lincoln at this time a retentive rebuke to those who were soliciting over the misfortunes of a people whose love of country amounted to enthusiasm, pervading, who seemed submission to a man who was not their choice, and whose name since his election has been a synonym of revolution, except a short time before his death a slight stream of magnanimity displayed itself after the surrender of Lee's army, together with terms of capitulation stipulated by him.
Blank pages for April 20, 1865 to April 29, 1865 were not scanned.
The weather is unpleasantly cool for this season of the year; the feel very comfortable. I do know why but—everything seems to have gone wrong in school for a few days past. The children have been having little feuds among themselves. I am much annoyed when the scholars do wrong and delighted when they do right. I am earning nothing comparatively speaking, and then I am never in a moment—for I do not like to think. To have some persons talking in my own every few moments. It annoys me, very much.
TUESDAY, MAY 2, 1865.

A part of the day the air has seemed a very little warmer than yesterday. The children have done better than yesterday and I feel a little encouraged. Some of my children 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 amusing common kind of people. I want to see Mrs. Johnson after school where there was much company. I feel awkward when I meet so many persons, 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 don't feel so bad in school at after it is dismissed, and for this reason I love to be employed, to while the time away, and to 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 Mr. Williams' place. They have been robbed of all their earthly possessions, while living near Memphis, and have barely crept here with their backs.

I had a very pleasant walk and ate strawberries and pinned them. I had a good feast of pie and bread.

I have acquaintance with several people in Alabama that I am, and to speak of them as very pleasant, but I fear their fate.
SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1865.

I went into Nashville this morning in the barouche, rode over the River, and did not walk myself out walking before I got into town. I went first to Mr. Hartwright's for the purpose of having some questions written, and Mental Arithmetic. I have so much to do, that the working of a few questions with me very much. I took a lesson in arithmetic, took my summer bonnet to be repaired, and dine considerable shopping. Borrowed $15 of Mr. B. 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 stayed all night.

SUNDAY, MAY 7, 1865.

I returned home this morning having had a very pleasant time. I spent a few moments to see Mrs. Love, who seems very well. I spent the remainder of the day in reading and writing. I am unable to meet the duties of the week if I do not have a good seat upon the Sabbath. Then I feel refreshed when Monday morning comes and perform my duties cheerfully. If I could again listen to the preaching of the gospel, I would feel upon the Sabbath I should be better pleased and feel more contented. I used to think very warranted to attend church, but I should now feel much grateful to have the pleasure of going.
Monday, May 8, 1865.

It is a dark rainy gloomy morning. 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 fresher and sweeter than I ever saw before. The sunrises have seemed soft and pleasant, but not glaring. The beautiful green fields and lovely verdure which now deck all nature makes me feel as though I would not want a more beautiful home than this Earth. If there were no war 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 completed negroes are to be turned loose amongst 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. The delight in fragrances which it exhales, calls me to my lonely house, and reminds me of the works of Him who is perfect and made this world perfect also. I went to see Mrs. Howell a few moments 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 poultry and 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 at the glories of a bright rainbow illumined the distant 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 so chilly for vegetation to thrive in. The frost did not injure the fruit on the vicinity, only sweet potatoes seem to be finished. The funeral of Mrs Joseph Scy was preached today, but did not bring her because the service 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 shone 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 resting. I had some chickens hatched yesterday and have buried myself much of the time in taking care of them.

After dinner I went to see Mrs Maddox, one of my patrons, who was born in Ireland and raised in Rhode Island. She talks like a real Yankee, seems glad that the cage have own away and the people have to work like hens. Went to Mrs Johnson, who is a rough woman, and has a heavy beard upon her, especially, and talks very 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 that morning.

Mr. William Green preached from the text, "I will not leave you comfortless." His message on national trouble 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. Garrison after dinner, had some strawberries to eat, and some beautiful flowers to bring home with me.

MONDAY, MAY 15, 1865.

The Confederate soldiers were returning yesterday which were parted from Johnson's army. I feel sorry to see them coming home so quickly; but, an honorable peace is better than an uncertain war.

The North has lost as many men that they do not dwell on their victories much. The South is not conquered yet, only overcome a little. The report is, that Jeff Davis is caught, few fellows, what will they do to him. I think very strange that he was so careless as to allow himself to be captured. Thaddeus so valiant today, and a terrible head ache all day long, and until mid-night, when looking asleep 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 school, Jennie Boswell. She is always reading her Latin lesson so loud I cannot hear what she is saying. I asked her the same question twice. When she very lazily 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, she asked me that I wished to be treated respectfully when asked a question. She evidently did not intend disrespect, but frivolousness.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 17, 1865.

Rain pattering on my weary way to study and teach. I have not seen combination of intellectual talents which can strike an assembly with awe and enlargement, or win showers of exclamations of applause, from an admiring throng. I feel that I have one talent which must not be laid up in a napkin, but should, if possible, and made to pursue the purpose for which it was given to me, in glorifying the Saviour. Refreshing shower arrived at shortly after dinner, which benefited the dry earth very much. Jeff Davis is expected to pass by on the same tomorrow. Think they will banish him. They dare not hang him.
THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1865.

The sky looked clear that morning and the sun shone bright for a few moments, and prepared to shed its benignant 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 chest is last groan, the last and bitterest trial of my trouble has been expired, that Dying be received into the mansion of bliss, prepared for the righteous, where I shall praise the Supreme being forever.

FRIDAY, MAY 19, 1865.

It has been a warm day but indication of rain are evident. Thought with more than unusual alacrity as visions of visions 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 lightning 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 on my face, and wet my clothes. I was covered with a big sheet and arrived before the hardest part of the shower, which poured down in perfect torrent.
The ground was so wet this morning that Miss Sallie McFarock and I could not go among the strawberries, but when we did go we enjoyed them, as they were delicious. Miss Sallie was at the house when I returned, which I commenced doctoring, and waiting upon until I was very weary. He was able to walk again before night, and left. He had been in the Rebel army 8 years. Mr. Langue came up from Dr. Williams and flourished about considerably. He gave one very rude thing which caused feeling in him. I asked with him to see Miss Sallie laugh, as she always looks and feels so sad. I began to feel sick before I retired to sleep from one eating.

Mist. Sallie and myself came home this morning full of a good supply of strawberries, and the remembrance of a pleasant visit lingering with me. I 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 left stopping all day. I could only look at them a little while and then to down. I feel very sad when I look at their poor, worn,ccast, person, and think that it is all a failure, that the military prowess of the country has been tested and its resources exhausted, and all reduced to servitude.
I feel very little like going to any
park this morning but I will have
to take my place as usual.
I have revisited through the
dehis of the day, but have felt
like a martyr upon the rack.
Soon after my return from
select the hall noether commenced
coming in to rest. The front
portico was soon full, and all
shut the door. I heard of
Dr. Mitchell’s arrival which
very much pleased me. I wanted
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.

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 murder
which the sappers at their house
and stand all. The rebellion
spiring their not dead in their
hearts, yet, nor can the hatred
ever be extinguished, it is un-
dying. The gaping wounds of
their friends, who now returns to them
mourned for life, the outrageous
conduct of military不但is which
has only been wicked at, and
the countries which have been
persecuted in their midst
have left indelible impressions
upon their minds and hearts.
The army of Johnson is still parading the country, 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 there are good to them, and they love to stay there. The Georgians treated them mightily, and in some places would give them nothing to eat, and East Tennessee least all.

One man stood 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 stood two years in prison at camp, had to keep from taking the oath, and now had to do it at last.

The soldiers are all full of adventure, 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 at night, and instead of being brought in, were kept standing in the snow all night. Many of the poor fellows felt the frost and had to be cut off.

The South is not allowed to tell what they have endured through it, how many of their men have been murdered, starved, and frozen to death. How many citizens have been perpetuated upon the defenseless left at home, and their homes taken over 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 exercises. They are thinking and talking about their pictures. 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 strive above all things, with God's help, to do only what is upright and honorable. I have the confidence and approbation of many good people, while others seem to care for my success, but they cannot crush one.

SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1865.

I prepared myself at an early hour for Nashville. I went with some very poor people, but their condition did not annoy me. They are more generous than many in a better condition. I met Mrs. Snell's with Mrs. Langdon. I took my music lesson of Miss Hunt. But was too much fatigued to improve. I was so tired that I took my package over the Ponce with Mr. Flumley. It is very unsatisfactory to me that I have no way to go about but with every one, and they at home always.

I feel at times as though I was refused a treat and must have some errands in the routine and connected with my daily duties. I am living in expectation of a better time.
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 plunged from my eyelids. I could not stay at home and went down to see Mrs. W. Johnson. I was as 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.

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 colonies and the American bones, 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 desolation than at present; the establishment of an absolute monarchy appears to be the inevitable fate of our once happy country. If the officials and power are not respected 15 minutes from their lose responsible position.
TUESDAY, MAY 30, 1863.

There are two things which will greatly impair the reputation of a teacher and the estimation of the community—fearlessness and jealousy. The first is an immoral character; the second, an insensible deficiency in the branches of education.

It should be the consistent study of those who desire to have the fountain pure that it may send forth pure water and be cultivated with the arms and been wicked—sins which emanate from a corrupt heart. "Thou shalt not steal. Dost Thou steal?"
Thursday, June 1, 1865.

The day has been very warm and pleasant. The flies have buzzed about me all day. All things have progressed admirably. Mr. McCombs 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 have endured to the end are the ones which will receive the prize. Mrs. McCombs came up and stood a short time. She seems like a relation of mine. Governor Brodston in words to Mr. McCombs, when he returned were: "While the lamp holds out to burn, the rebel army return."
From the fatigue of writing Nashville yesterday I am nearly dead. I tried to sleep during the forenoon but some one was whispering about the insure constantly. When I walked out the air seemed so heated I was glad to come in my own again. I tried to write in the afternoon but my head was as barren of ideas as the desert of vegetation.

For several days there has been a kind of stupid feeling on shore 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 write the first of a nearly wide. I consider it as fortunate alone.
MONDAY, JUNE 5, 1865.

The weather is excessively warm and my duties seem very arduous. I have had some very unpleasant business on hand today. Emma Williams whipped Suee Maitland 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 Suee.

There seems to be a feeling of indistinction in school on account of my absence. But I will try and subdue it. I'd like to go to school a school more than any other duty which I have to perform. I feel perfectly practiced from my troubles today. If I had troubles every day I would have no stop reading.

TUESDAY, JUNE 6, 1865.

Another hot day. The grass is withering and the heaver dying. As many plants. Vegetation is suffering severely. The perspiration flows like a river down my forehead. I was free to ride. I walked down to Miss Johnson's after school and gathered some strawberries. The drought has injured those very much. I am not weary like I was last night. My duties have not been so arduous as I have. I lack no whippering. I am sufficiently weeped with my writing and thinking is all done without exploring daily. But there are none of the horses in a teacher's experience
Another hot day has come and gone. The sun has burned down fiercely. The crops are reaching vegetative maturity rapidly, and at this very moment I am employed in feeding and gathering them. I can well endure the heat, as I would if I were idle. It is difficult for the children to study much now, and I wish they were freed from my supervision and I were in a better place, where I had some person to converse with that I loved, and never had to look upon this busy body处处
again. Many of them are well aware that I am not for one, but all, I ask it be set out, and I will be contented.

The gypsy bridges have hid themselves, and the winds of heaven are hurled into girders. The sky is slightly overcast with clouds at times, and the artillery of heaven occasionally echoes through the distance. On returning 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 grass. Doleful a promise from them that they would do better in future. After school in clouds common each moving in South West which soon overstretched the sky. The rain came down again in a most refreshing manner.
FRIDAY, JUNE 9, 1865.

The rain has created a slight breeze which seems very refreshing. The harmonized hissing seems to be the starting point for the refreshing breeze.

The expenses of the day have progressed unusually well. After breakfast, I dressed myself for the purpose of going to Nashville. I thought of going on the cart, but when I came out to start a neighbor came along and took a seat with him and went to see Mrs. J. White. The appearance for rain made me change my mind. Mrs. White had sold her sold home and now lives in the back place. I appreciate their friendship very much and shall always cherish their acquaintance with a pleasant memory.

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 arrive at Mr. J. Dennisville's drug store, where Mr. Bien came and gave me medicine which relieved me much. I managed to get to Mr. Cartwright's, where I rested a while, and then took my music lesson after going to Mr. White. I never remember to have felt any worse and tried to walk about, but all my purchases are lost and little money. I went to the camp accompanied by Mr. Eastman, with the anticipation of going home. They would stop no place but the junction and I think at Mr. Jennett's all right.
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 kept off on a lorry I was so delighted. I have no great fancy for the violin.

I attended church today and heard Dr. L. P. Green preach an excellent sermon on regard to the resurrection and death of Christ. His concluding remarks were very fine on regard to the faults of earthly things and the certainty of death and the blessings entitling 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 sometimes so much annoyed and worried that I must want to see them again. I have felt unpleasant most of the time since yesterday.

Mrs. Gray and I do not speak. They would not speak for the solicitude of their children and after I read that, both I could not live upon the mind. None of the family notice one, and I never look at them. I have not the responsibility, 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 cool motion today, which had made the weather less warm. I am frequently tempted to stop my work and rest, but it would be sacrificing duty to pleasure. I fear there are scholars who require my instruction and guidance. I was a child of strong impulses with a restless disposition; I had no one to check or to 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 hilly, 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 friend with a chicken out. I was very much annoyed andcombe. I tried to get her in, she would not come near me. I felt her, but she would climb and dart with all her might. I took a stick and condescended swimming after her in earnest. I threw my watch in the weeds. The shower of grain came up, and I had to come in the house. After the rain subsided I found my watch returned.
THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1865.

I feel much worried on account of my hay race yesterday. I have been occupied or overwhelmed by trifles, and pressed her to my own disadvantage. Several of my potatoes are sick and complaining. The hot weather seems to force to evaporate six much salt produce and apparent depression upon all of us. Vegetation is advancing very rapidly. Apples are ripening and plump. Berries are mostly gone. I enjoy the vegetables very much this season because they are as well prepared.

I have frequent attacks of lassitude this season, at which times I am hardly able to move, my duties seem to perplex me.

FRIDAY, JUNE 16, 1865.

The division scene filled with heat. Vulcan must be some where running up the fires. I have consulted the children in regard to closing school next week, to which proposition the point to accede very readily.

I must also to having the picnics and celebrations. It is very pleasant to regard as my having a pic-nic or being here myself next September. I want a better situation, where I can make more money. After school, I went down to the colony and enjoyed myself eating berries and drinking good cool water besides chatting with Mr. Adams.
SUNDAY, JUNE 18, 1865.

I came home from Mr. Alonzo 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 at all some times. I have been thinking how the convenience of those street-stations pleased me, and their bread grew light when I gave them their breakfast and left them. They said I was the only one that had paid anything to them since they left Louisville, for they were three 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 well last night and when ever I was awake a mocking bird was singing nearby or though the dark light. I knew was shrinking this scene upon the heaven, but the hush around him unrest reflecting the sun shine of gladness still his heart.

This is the last week of my school when I shall again know what it is to meet from my books and cases. I shall try for a new relations to the best of my ability. I am tired of this winter and the surroundings. 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 animalcule nature seems for passing for repose from the human aspect down to the lowest insect that wing his way through the air. Many plants seem to fold their delicate petals as if for the purpose of reviving to meet the dews of day. Balsam sleep will soon close my eyes, and the sleep which knows no waking sin. This world will in a few more degrees or years seize me.
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21, 1865.

I am trying very hard to have my children speak and do well this last day. I have no distinctions except that which comes from superior merit.

The best one 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 truth, love, and beauty are unfolded to their young and tender minds. The sparkling eye, the flushing of the intellect, the vivacity of spirit, gradually advancing to the power of mind, and womanhood, opening for mature grace, and duties of life.

THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1865.

She is a young lady industrious, the more she improves her mind, the greater is her enjoyment and happiness. She has a mind to draw supplies from her own resources, and to instil her mind 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 unkind to others, or opposed to propriety and principle.

She never talks without considering offending either those who violate the rules of propriety, and decency by using unmeasured language.

Many of my children are very rude in their manner, and rough in their conversations, but they are corrected.
FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 1865.

The last day of school has at last come and a warm sunny 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 later. The children all looked nice and clean. They spoke very well and with little or no prompter.

I gave a number of presents. Patrick McGinty and Herbert Lowe received the highest rewards for good conduct. They have both been very good children. Some of the other children did not make it because they did not receive something nice. 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 not able to endure the fatigue of going to Nashville often. I have a pleasant room and my children are under tutor. The song of birds at early dawn is the first which accosts my ear. The have light happy hearts and know no grudge or wrong. I have thought of writing to you all day. I went to be good to him that with death comes that great reconciler of all things. I never will regret having treated him to tenderness or affection. But the memory of unkindness will eternally and corrode my life where he is gone. While the memory of kind words will leave a pleasant echo in my mind, which will only fade with my existence.
Sunday, June 25, 1865.

I am weary and tired, the weather is warm, and in general, my whole frame, I read until I am weary, but I cannot sleep much. I have restless days and nights every summer. I am accompanied with a nervous restless feeling of dissatisfaction, I cannot settle sufficiently to work, read or do one thing long at once. I have been reading from a book containing miscellaneous subjects which is designed for giving ladies but the stickiness and weary drudgery to me when I am teaching and do not require the topics to refresh myself, quite enough.

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 have come from which I can derive amusement and entertainment. It keeps above 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 horse at Feldedaub for me to ride over to Mrs. John Conteh's. She was not at home but the children entertained me well and took me to a package of white blackberries. The flavor is peculiar and superior to the black ones. I despise them much.
Tuesday, June 27, 1865.

Miss Embank and myself started this morning for the Phillips or Amy Sophy's. I had long been wanting to see Mrs. Clark and hear her talk about the close of the war. Miss Clark attributed all our misfortunes to Jeff Davis meddling and then the day is the densest plot of creative hankering going on at her home with all the furloughed soldiers, residents, furniture, etc. Perfect cascade with wife, children and all even grandmother at. Though it was all pleasant times. Opium was considered the reason of his misfortune in being taken. Had a very pleasant visit with Miss Clark. But she is benefiting one regard as the result of that war.

Wednesday, June 28, 1865.

I feel rather protected from my long ride yesterday, but it finishes me with a variety of unsaid monstrosity of my experience. I feel an absolvity of having passed through the deep invisible river of death, which regenerates, and has not weakened all my thoughts and motives for good, and destroyed me forever.

My kindred have banded me to God for mercy and shown me 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 you must lead with no one for company.
THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1865.

I am reading a work of fiction entitled "Aspin Bede." It presents the most perfect delineations of character I have ever read in any work. I cannot read much books and do anything else for this reason. I read them in rotation.

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

They live in my imagination some happy days when I was the centre of attraction for a pleasant circle of friends and acquaintance as they said "the life of the crowd." I had an invitation to a picnic today and placed upon the committee of arrangement.

FRIDAY, JUNE 30, 1865.

I arose this morning with the head ache. I tried to wear it off. I bathed my head and went to sleep and a while before noon a little wrote out house back my time was rather unmanageable this, but I managed to keep them from running away with me by holding the reins with all my strength. I went to see Mrs. Lore who was complaining very much. Poor woman the looks very feeble and would be such a loss to all her poor little children if she should die. Mrs. Lore with her 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 avarice together with an aversion to service for gain, may be led to perpetrate.

SUNDAY, JULY 2, 1865.

It is the Holy Sabbath. I went to church bells chiming their round melody into my ears. That sound these bells never heard. But best of all no single syllable, one rendering the greatness of the day besideless with sincerity and self-command. I pray it is pleasingly. They are all going home very fast and they to stay there. I am about 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 gentle breeze 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, have employed my time in preparing for a visit to Kentucky. I fee very little like going but I will have to go in order to please Mrs. Jennings. I would rather stay here. The neighborhood and visits about them go among strangers but perhaps a little change will be some as well as a visit here. I am trying to get the ice ready for the picture and to do all that can be done. This will benefit me in future years. But I must have a little recreation and then I will study The harder where this time come 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 hot and I enjoyed my ride much; crossed the river on a pontoon at the foot of Broad Street. Waited on Market rented. The stores were open which was a long time. At it was the 4th of July the stores did not open much nor soon. I never saw such an expressly warm day. It seemed to me that I should melt and die. I came home about 10 o'clock. nearly tired to death. But had to go after some vinegar down to Mrs. Taylor's, or my sickness would not have been ready.
WEDNESDAY, JULY 5, 1865.

I have to prepare for the picnic and the lucky day today. I have been busy doing all sorts of other things. I have had to employ my time.

The heat returns no happier from that which it knows to be even more intense, it is only real joy which quiet comfort and rest 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 demonstrations for the poor dearest fellows.

They deserve much praise for their perseverance and fidelity.

THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1865.

I dressed myself this morning for the picnic. Mrs. Connell came for me with a buggy. The music started up soon after we arrived, and dancing commenced. The heat was intense, and the shade not very dense, but all performed 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. We met at each table. The cake went away before I knew it, but some quickly once enjoyed it, no doubt. I think I enjoyed it very much. Now let's sit and swim at such places.
Friday, July 7, 1865.

This morning I prepared myself for Kentucky. Mrs. Demeny 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 Ten Donalson's plantation where were many contrabands at work, guarded by a negro with a gun sitting 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 quarrel where they would keep us. Mrs. Demeny took us in for the night.

Saturday, July 8, 1865.

I spent nearly the whole day at Mr. Her husband who was a physician is dead. The face in possibly saved which was done by a negro who put her in the fire. All that saved her life was the negro taking fire and had to let go of her. Miss tried to extinguish herself. When 90 people have trouble. She has a large family of children which are very respectful to her. The white family are great rebels as I am much a talker at six well enough. While after dinner Mr. Demeny came for me, horseback. The roads were very winding and narrow, crooked and rough. I felt as though I was going out of the settlements.
SUNDAY, JULY 9, 1863.

Weardt in terrible mights onpere.

The best thing was this small all referred to having a feast on me. I never saw such miracles of them in my life. I felt that my presence was more than I can bear. I wrote that I was away from here. I spent the day in reading and resting, but the house was full of company.

MonDAY, JULY 10, 1863.

We were invited to make a visit yesterday, and we started this morning for Mr. Freindlins. Had a nice dinner, and peave cakes with blackberry sorbet to eat between meals. It is to be received, remembering that the softest pleasures make the happiest, while the raging tempest only ruins the oak. It is this with weak minds, the slightest breath of passion ouoses them to madness, while the mature mind is only wrought when only deep and alluring subjects, fraught with passion are presented.

I am not with those who despise me with their brilliancy but distress one with their poverty, and frenzy, yes, almost punishing, want, locks them in.
TUESDAY, JULY 11, 1865.

These house people sit about and ask me questions with a kind of impudent familiarity which I mistake for entertainment.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 12, 1865.
Blank pages for July 13, 1865 to July 28, 1865 were not scanned.
SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1865.

The day was warm and the water extremely refreshing. I have served a little peaches for dinner, and walked about the garden looking at the water-melons, peach tree Mrs. Dr. Williams made a call which enabled me to form an acquaintance with Mr. General Donelson's daughter, who told her maid from her, situated in the woods. The centre stands have to move from General Donelson's place forthwith.

The negro who will take him next. Don't eat all together at once, for a free negro-"African."
Monday, July 31, 1865.

Who ever heard of making a visit soon Monday morning, I went to Mr. Williams' for the purpose of getting them to dinner for one, and Mr. Deming went to visit their neighbor, Mr. Williams' family, and very poor. I do not think what it is to become of them, she is very proud, and poverty distresses them morally, their extravagance and the rapacity that been the cause of their misfortunes, or 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. Teach their children and she even for me, I pity them, although they are troublesome.

Tuesday, August 1, 1865.

Mrs. Deming and I started this morning for Mrs. Joe Gee. We both rode one horse, and I rode behind. The family consists of four members, Mrs. Gee, her sister, her nephew and the boy. Mrs. Gee seems like a modest 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 melon to eat between courses. 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 sorry. Mrs. Johnson wanted to get her servant back home. After driving through the lowest part of Nashville, beyond the Pulaskin Spur, and past the Old Bremer's we found Fannie an an armchair. I told her to come out and see her mistress. She by the head, 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. Johnson's friend had her for her wife and. Then she said, "That she didn't want her."

Poor woman. I am glad she is tubbed.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1865.

I started at an earlily this morning for Dr. Johnson's place and arrived as in hynpht. His poor little wife has to nearly run herself to death to please him. He has to be fannest 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 there was plenty which I have enjoyed very much. It rained no rain but the weather is as very warm. I made but little progress and working. Had a pleasant day and returned to the thinking of my friends that fortune had favored me instead of
FRIDAY, AUGUST 4, 1865.

I went to Bishop Dodge’s this morning for the purpose of seeing Mr. Cornell. We spent the morning and afternoon until dinner, part of the repast which was very nice, was introduced to Bishop Kavanagh. I enjoyed his society very much. It seemed pleasant to hear a gentleman of talents and abilities converse, an event in the descent of my existence. I dearly love voiced in which my feelings and heart can find an echo. After having had agreeable associates for some time, it seems difficult for one to come back to the common kind of people which I have to submit myself.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1865.

The weather is very warm and oppressive. Mr. Scofield wanted to go up on the hills. Our horses were saddled and away we started on a slow walk. The ride was very warm, the sun leaned down his fiercest rays. We arrived a short time before dinner, but I walked a new descent and made to the sulphur spring. I descended the prairie 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 as streams, I stepped into see Mrs. Jones and rest awhile after which we made back.
SUNDAY, AUGUST 6, 1865.

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

MONDAY, AUGUST 7, 1865.

This morning returned from the hills glad to get home. I have been busy all morning making and writing. I wrote to Mr. Geo a note of which the following is a copy: Mr. Geo. Will you please to make out your account for the last months I boarded with you.

Do not mistake this message as a request for the renewal of friendship or hospitality. It is only designed as an expression for our honorable payment of all claims. Mr. Matt. Allen also called to inform me that he was doing nothing with the intention of trying to minimize my bill.

I have felt a little hurt but always try to forgive and

...
I rode down to the Mallie's Bend Sculptor Spring this morning with Mrs. Denny. I met with no particular adventure except in going and coming. I opened 12 gates, 8 young gentlemen at the spring waited upon us very politely. We called upon Mrs. Gannon when returning and found the Doctor much better and in a good humor. About an hour before sunset I went to see Mrs. Johnson and returned home without. Miss Sally McGrew was there, who told me that my message to Mrs. Lee had made her very mad. I do not know what other method to take for the adjustment of that little affair.

The day has been clear and beautiful. A delightful breeze has deprived the earth of its order to a considerable extent. I have been playing upon the piano and studying arithmetic. I was weary and tired of sitting about and my hands and walked down to Mrs. Johnson's to buy some butter for what my bad little chickens had destroyed. But from Mrs. Denny's garden, I found2 apples already for the purpose of wanting cheaper Mrs. Davis McHenry. There for that.

For Mr. McHenry came and told me that Elliott had sent back the old Medical College and tonight probably obtains certain arrangements as he cheated me; his brother...
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. Elliott for a situation.

Sir: I am informed that you propose (even if practicable) assuming your position as Principal of the Young Ladies School in Nashville. Should you require more assistance than you have already secured, I would like to be among the number of suppliants at the enterprise which you have undertaken. Please reply your Excellency.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 11, 1865.

The weather still continues warm with very slight signs of rain. I have very little energy left to work or study. Dear relation to try and lift myself from the pit which misfortune has placed me. If I succeed in getting an education 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 easiest teacher is the one for this place. The best is not the question. Some of my patrons only seem to appreciate the effort. I have made to improve the minds of their children. I would rather be appreciated.
SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1865.

There 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. A report I have not been called upon as yet; perhaps they will treat my application with contempt. Have heard or wrote to Mr. Kirk, I shall leave no means but to secure for myself an eligible situation. My health seems to be following those in position who are most in favor and treating with me, and renders me justly all others.

We have a land where peace has been so lately observed, where white wings, where plenty will soon surround every door, and I feel like making explicit expeditions.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 13, 1865.

The earth is dry and parched; the gentle dew that watered only come down once more. It is delightful and pleasant. The air would feel. Went with Mrs. Bumg. down to the Sulphur Spring this morning. Went to pleasure the and not for any own diversion. The water is not very promising, not promising with the White Creek Spring. I have drank very amount almost if it. Have spent the day in reading, writing, and slept in very little. Many of my expressions have since been read; one can do and seemed like a banishment to myself. But I have to live, to live inzy, and not to selfish and many others, have become.
MONDAY, AUGUST 14, 1865.

The heat has been excessive. Old Dot has made his warmest fire, and I rose a little earlier. This morning only had time to wash my arm and cage before I went to look at it. My joints continue to mend, and I have made up something out of a short 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 on their distance and more refreshing showers. Surely God is very good. I want to live and have him that I may.
Blank pages for August 16, 1865 to August 19, 1865 were not scanned.
SUNDAY, AUGUST 20, 1865.

I came home from Mrs. Love's this evening with the determination of confining my school in my home place rather than an inn.

Biyler was the name of a rock upon the Italian shore and Charybdis a whirlpool upon the Sicilian shore. Several were in danger of being stranded upon either. 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 on Tuesday, with 12 scholars. A very small beginning, but I am under the impression there will be others in season before the session advances. Very fair, Matt Allen is teaching a school in the neighborhood, but he had not taken any 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. The old scholar 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 relatives today. Everything went on very well, but I do not feel happy. I have money due me which I cannot collect. I remitted the money though I was constantly longing to hear from the last letter I wrote. Mr. Muldoon started to drink her and heat her to death.

This is what a shame.

I walked down with the children to see Mrs. Johnson. She is working away waiting upon a pack of beggars. Her husband always did for her and getting ready to go and see Blanch Johnson today.
Blank pages for August 24, 1865 and August 25, 1865 were not scanned.
SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1865.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 27, 1865.

I have spent a terrible night with the cat-calls, and it is no better this morning. I am so miserable I cannot sit on his pillow. I have done nothing all day but walk about and quarrel. The heat is very oppressive, and my pain distressing. I feel that the springtime of my happiness has departed forever. The summer drought has parched my hopes, and withered my expectations, withering remains but the autumnal decay, and the chill winter dark which will soon appear.

I cannot look upon afflictions as a blessing or disguise. I feel that all my blessings are disguised.
MONDAY, AUGUST 28, 1865.

I am at my post as teacher. The sun setting honorably with twelve Rebel and mother in convict, non-diminished. It is very near one to have as few but I am cheered with the thought. That perhaps the number will be increased there are golden spots in the memory of every true teacher, even green fields which time cannot efface, nor burning arms break chambers in the heart filled with the fragrance of usefulness instead of toilness and privation. Every disagreeable task has some pleasures, 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 had plundered for years. It seems prophetic to me now although all the time it was published I parted it for, with a smile. And Thomas will tear my bleeding feet. Thomas have already torn my bleeding feet. I am persecuted, called a Yankee. I feel as though a milestone of care was being about my neck, and that I should be drowned in a sea of troubles. I am resigned tobrave, strongly and I shuddered with mortify. The man who sits always on a few rows cannot reap a harvest. Blow deepnow plentiful and a bountiful reward still come.
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 30, 1865.

Never remember to have seen so long a spell of hot, dry weather. It is with the great internal effort I am enabled to get through with the duties of the day. It is mighty once more said. I have done an unpleasant task: killed an immense cricket! Supper as might came: the cricket commenced chirping; the remembrance was unpleasant yet unbearable. It awakened unpleasant memories. I sat and went to sleep thinking of my childhood, when pleasant to come home cool September, when the crickets were chirping on the hearth, and day.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1865.

The dog days rules. The flowers are colored with crimson and scarlet. The sun seems to linger in this blazing heavens. The earth is covered, blanketed and parched, the brooks which used to wind through the grassy lawns murmuring over their pebbly beds are now silent. The heated rocks and pebbles burn our feet while the familiar thirsty animals pant for the cool waters to quench their thirst. The leaves are dropping from the trees and the face of the Earth looks sad. It sprinkled a very little, the wind blew. There thundered and struck to rain, but no rain today. Oh Lord! look upon us, and be merciful.
As I was retiring last night, I heard the sound of rain, the drift trickled down with a musical cadence upon the ground. It is raining again this morning, how delightful! Our trees are nearly dismanlled of their harvest green, the grass has lost its verdure, and the cattle nearly perished with thirst.

The demon of discontent is dancing about one, it invades and deals both despair and destruction around and above my pathway, but I will try to rise out because there is nothing to fear, but resolved that I will face and conquer all dangers and surmount any difficulties which may present.

The sky looked very much like rain, but cloud my heart set upon an expedition over the River to see Mrs. Weaver. I rode to the junction horseback, and crossed on a canoe without any difficulty. Came to Mrs. Weaver'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 what was sent and visited all that evening. A little while before pur since I rode over to see Mrs. Stockwell. She seemed very well and my favorite Joel is growing very fast and going to school.
SUNDAY, SEPT. 3, 1865.

I am with Mrs. Stockwell to-day. The water-melons are ripe and very fine. I am enjoying them very much. My face burns and my ear aches, and I feel very sick and melons taste good.

About a dozen men came over to eat melons. They sat down and they eaten until it was done. Then they opened five dozen melons and filled them. After the men went to see Mrs. James. She has been sick and now has none eyes and all her children are at home from the war. I have been trying to rest, but can't. I ate too much melon and will now be sick.

MONDAY, SEPT. 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 off and I have had a very bad night. I pretend it to be sensible but this glutting does not; enrage much sense. Where I am sick I feel cool. I feel that I am not among friends and have no true heart to trust.

When the glow of friendship illuminates our pathway it makes us happy and a ray of sunshine over our shadows and lights the smile of love in our hearts. The world has grown so cruel and cold that friendship is but a name. I bear every body kindly but they are not all kind to one.
The weather continues warm and very sultry. There are constant
letters, many of which are generally at hand, to which might have been added
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 almost
opportunity to
occupy a higher position,
and now my humble position
seems a clog to my happiness.
It seems a Thirn on my neck,
as misfortune which binds me,
where I would like to leave.

I have past penance for
all my youthful folly, and
enforced my punishment with

I am free from care to a
considerable extent.
THURSDAY, SEPT. 7, 1863.

Experienced a little variety by way of a relief to-day. As the usual duties of the school were progressing, all at once there came a person, trembling and the doors shook as though some person of great strength was shaking at them with all his force. I was frightened but remained attentive. The children all rushed towards me as though I could save them. Suddenly pale which the children soon detected, I felt like to be collapsed, but I was

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

FRIDAY, SEPT. 8, 1863.

The day has been very warm, with a slight shower of rain. After school I rode over to see the Christiells, who have been very sick. She always has a kind word for one and seems glad to see me. She is the most constant and tender. I ever saw. She has spells of delirium, which are like opium, from the effects of which she has been flirted for several days.

If I was so much afflicted, I would want the lamp of life to be soon extinguished, and guiding angels to never shake the tree, but let it stand firm until I was safe in the bosom of my Heavenly Father, where richness never ends and none repay "I am sick."

SATURDAY, SEPT. 9, 1865.

I had a late start to Nashville this morning, but did not have to walk over the River, at the last with as much force as I used to on the north side, I found it very agreeable to ride. I bought some books for the house, and some other belongings, attended the cause of that inhuman war which we heard Thursday. New occasioned by the explosions of gun boats, all on board the men were killed, and the glass broken from the windows. For smile or two also died.

We only wish at such things must pass them by as nothing remembered and keeping with the times.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 10, 1865.

Attended church in Goodletsville, and heard a good sermon from Doctor Hanna, from the words, "Let not your hearts be troubled," A breach was about to be made on their circle, and their sensibilities soon to be lessened to the case.

We must believe in all the attributes which belong to God. He is from the beginning with us and wherever we may roam or rest, if God is our friend we are safe. The demand was the only gem which glittered upon the brow of our Savior, Heaven is sanctified by his presence and filled with his glory, while streams of melody from which my imagination cannot catch the slightest sound, fill our ears with sweet and joyous strains. Thank enjoyed the stay in the sacrament.
MONDAY, SEPT. 11, 1865.

I am again at my desk with an additional attendant. I am not discouraged; I am resting in order to gain strength for a better condition. My days seem to be imperceptibly passing away. I can not tell how many times I have written this morning about work, ate my breakfast, and went to school. I dined early and tried to practice, but it did not go well. After school I spent an hour working questions in the Book of Three. I was forced to make any mental or physical exertion. I am trying to read 'The Abbott' by Walter Scott, but cannot get very much interest. It is now 9 o'clock. Watch over me.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 12, 1865.

I am in a locality where a certain thing is always done, and a neighbor's reputation and at the same time many of them try to preserve the things of friendship, in the presence of others, and they are trying to模型.

I neither fear nor despise them and ask no favor 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 eternal sleep have fallen, and buried in obscurity far out of sight, and lead left no trace by which it might be recognized, or seen.
WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 13, 1865.

I feel like a restless soul chained in a cage of circumstances, beating my life out against the bars of a dark dungeon, where I cannot leave without making a leap into the dark, but I am trying with the aid of resignation and religion to meet my fate and content—the ground being rich by trial. Remember that these dull deep pains work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, that it is the refining fire which purifies us, and makes us better, happier, and better, when we enter another sphere where sickness, sorrow, and misery enter, and the glory of God fills our hearts with joy and peace.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 14, 1865.

My 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. Here my dear Southern home, where the sweetest odors blend, and the trembling arbute exhale their fragrance, then say, let us bid the world. I have seen many happy pleasant scenes. I traveled upon the shore like a ship at the mercy of the waves, cast hopelessly forth like out into the waves. I have enjoyed my craft greatly beyond any expectation. I have weathered the storms of war, and becalmed and come off conqueror.
FRIDAY, SEPT. 15, 1865.

It is the last day of school for this week. I feel that I have dragged out a weary and tedious length along with endless silence and nothing to write or meditate on to express any sentiments or stimulate me to efforts. I must search for something except the passing moment. I tried to go riding this evening after school, but everything was against me. I feel like I am under the treadmill, and would like to be free one day in the week if no more, and make a change in some way. It really one and affords a recreation different from the monotonous work I have every day. I am making a bare existence, which is better than nothing.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 16, 1865.

I went to Nashville this morning for the purpose of buying one or two things. Met my old friend Doctor Barnidge and his son Edmund. It seemed like old times to see them, as I came to his house when first I came to Tennessee. I saw Mr. Miller at the same time, who treated me to apples, peaches, and grapes. Besides being very glad to see me, he said I was looking much better than I was before. He said, "Whitmore had not improved in any sense since left my school." I am glad I do not have the same of him now. I bought some clothes besides some other things, and came home on the car, very tired, as I have walked a great deal, and the weather is inclement. But, for the season of the year, it
SUNDAY, SEPT. 17, 1865.

Another warm day as before one. Ran so warmly from the exertions of yesterday that I can not read or do anything, but I have a quiet modish little notebook to enter into, which ameliorates and amuses me to read. Am reading Milton’s Paradise Lost. The solemnity and beauty of that work are inexplicable, I know, 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 talents. The world knows which reason may be applied in perhaps many cases. Both would be a reasonable solution. Unappreciated talents are lost to frequent occurrence.

MONDAY, SEPT. 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. Have had more actual number of visitors today, but no increase in numbers. It is very dull today away with so few and those, but I feel better than nothing but not as well as I intended doing, that since the war has stopped every person is trying to venture elsewhere. It was triumphant enough for me when Matt Allen who is trying to break into my school by offering of positions could not work the question at all. One of my old pupils who attended his school wanted his notice, so he left and went to Mr. Anderson.
TUESDAY, SEPT. 19, 1865.

The air is cool and refreshing. I feel much better than when it was so warm. I broke the pan to my spectacles today which has very much interrupted my conversation. It takes every cent. I am about to live and there is no time. I pay so low for bread, and have very little to eat which I dislike. I never was with such poor folks before my own life. It is terrible, since to be poor, but I may live to be a beggar yet myself. I have a great horror of poverty and privation. I went to Church and Mrs. Williams to call some for one whom I see her plenty. I think that I am well relieved.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 20, 1865.

I am trying to be submissive to my fate. But it is with an unwilling reluctance. I was doomed to eternal perfecion unseated by heaven's fair light. Then might I have sorrows open the crowning corner of sorrow. The remembrance of yours forever departed! The atmosphere is trying to be warm again, but it has been accompanied with a slight chill. I have practiced about 4 hours today. I want to try and gain any knowledge of music, and teach it. It is more profitable, but not less worth. It is now after 2.

The crickets are chirping about the house, but going well. I am lonely and ought to know.
THURSDAY, SEPT. 21, 1865.

The coming end of life annoys and worries me, and there seems to be no room to cure or change my troubles. I think that I have never shrank from anything difficult or dangerous by which I could benefit in the future in distress, and no one seems ready to help me. Why should I owe to me and they will not pay? The reason is that I have no use for money and teach their children to be accommodating. I will move and let another take the trip which I have had for a while.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 22, 1865.

I walked down to Monk's house and borrowed her saddle this morning for the purpose of riding to the junction. I bought with more than usual delight with the prospect of a change in view. After a while I took A Black horse behind me and rode to the River, where I crossed over and rode behind the doctor up to Mr. Sleeper. She is a good woman, and I love her much. I always enjoy going to see her. She has been to her brother's home to which she was devoted, and her grief is very deep, and heart felt. She was a kind good man and a loss to society. Gave much property
SATURDAY, SEPT. 23, 1865.

I read all night with Mrs. Gleaves. Spent the forenoon in hemming and some sewing, and waiting. See that she has her trials. Her son George is ill tempered, to this mother and the children. After dinner Mrs. Gleaves and I rode over to Mr. Gateswell's. Her husband died this morning early, leaving her with six children, the youngest 4 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 was almost in tears to insect and watch me. That horrible curiosity nothing in this world can surmount. Went to Mrs. Gateswell's to spend the night.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 24, 1865.

The sun rose clear this morning but was soon obscured by clouds. Left for the River and company with an old neighbor of mine, Joel Stockwell. We stopped at Mrs. Gleaves, and bade her good bye, and when I saw an old bank near black gave upon the other, waiting for one. Came back feeling very much refreshed, spent the day in reading from "Melton's Paradise Lost." The nobility of his aerial transcendence makes me different and plunge my mind into a maze. Labyrinth of thought; there has been no cares and the weather continued very warm.
MONDAY, SEPT. 25, 1865.

The sky looked very perturbing that morning, but only a slight shower of rain fell. My school was thinly attended. One dozen scholars but a prospect of more at the other school that gone under. The teacher said, "He could not make chewing tobacco."

Sun has drawn her covering of gloom over her face, and her crinoline folds have reflected their rich and lurid 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 feelings.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 26, 1865.

The weather is very warm, and the perspiration rolls off from me in streams. I never suffered as much from heat as this summer. It seems to me that it is never going to end; vegetation is yet green, and fall age seems to have taken in new plant in growing. I have had a most pleasant walk down to see Mrs. Johnson. I have no thoughts, I cannot write. My conceptions are dull as a donkey's eye in comparison, my observations pass over me out walking, and my presence has left about time since, I was formerly called a genius but now one seems to think so now.
WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 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
at home where I could plant
trees and flowers, that
would welcome me with their
blossoms and flowers, where
habit and long associations
would weave bright fancies,
and pleasant memories would
drink with emotion of light.

I cannot exclude the thought
of being transplanted as fre-
guently. Latin-something
permanent - as the feeling
things of Earth can afford.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 28, 1865.

After school I rode down
to see Mrs. Adams. I close them
among my best of friends.

Friends are not on 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 petted, kept squirrels and
chickens. My pet squirrels seem
to know me and love me, my
chickens all gather around me
and follow me about the yard.

Their friendship is a rare time
for me. The love of animals is
never false. They express a love for
those who are kind to them,
and feed them, which never proves...

...
FRIDAY, SEPT. 29, 1865.

Irade drove this morning and was feeling very. had a pleasant ride, and one of my patrons came to pay me some money. I went to call up my chickens, where one of my first came hopping up with his leg broke. Took them up on my lap and cried. He looked as though he had come to tell me his leg was broken. 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 chickens. One of the negroes killed it and I picked the feathers off from it, after which Mr. Adams prepared it for market.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 30, 1865.

After a very restless night, before I rose 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 was commenced I looked about some and bought me a pair of overcoats. I had but little business to do, and was very weary before I started home. The sky cleared away and the sun shone; I got eighty cents for my chicken, which was better than nothing.
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1865.

Mrs. Demings being absent, I stood all night at Mr. Woodruff's; I came home and spent the day in reading until after dinner; then I went to see Blanch James, who is very sick. Her mother was nursing her, and giving her the most constant attention. I never saw a patient receive while Doctor James was lying up; I never drank wine, nor ever feel such unfeeling indifference excited in the world. Of the beastly drunk, and a child with the brain's fever. The air is very cool. This evening and the first part of the evening I am very weary with the fatigue of yesterday. The moon and stars are beautiful. Today evening

MONDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1865.

Jack Trust is asking for admittance. The air is very cool this morning. I have one additional scholar. I have been containing her to get some paper to Mrs. White. Missed and fretted about until I 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 hand leg, when it rained 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 and catching dogs thought he would try his skill. We gathered one by the ear, when we all got a run and ran after him, as he came done on either side. I sent my pump squires to Nashville. This evening
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1865.

I am in a locality where the in-habitants don't rank 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. Have been
out from home all day after
news. I went to Mr. Woodruff,
and engaged a barrel of flour
then went to my old home at
P- grier to see Mary Mcinty, who
is sick, and been in delicate
health for a long time. They
all seemed delighted to see
me. Betty McPherson has come
to see me also. She has given
me a letter that has been des-
patched. The moon lighted the way
from my walk. Thought it is not bad

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1865.

The sky lingers in the heavens
like a friend who hands and
illingly. She has been beauti-
fully all day and now pets glo-
跖vely. Jack Frost made a
short call this morning, powdering
the hencas and other objects in
his reach. The frost or reg-
eration was not perceptibly in-
jured. The air has felt hot all
day. I have been busy reading
during my leisure moments from
They are very entertaining. When
read the "ubrigits of great-
minds, I wonder when I will
be visited by some weighty-
ideas, yes! one bright original
thought.
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1865.

I am teaching on through an uneventful season of my experience. Eat, drink, sleep, and teach school. It is the same old routine, daily with variations, but I do not write to complain. I have very good health, and a nice of my limits. I have enough to eat of a poor quality, with a gruel I seem to stay on. I had my feelings hurt by asking Dick Spanagel if he could send after any thing to Mr. Lover. The horse more expenses. Then I thought it was possible for him to answer. As I had paid $12.50 in advance. One 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 carrying any thing well, my small school, school conditions might be much worse. I am away from temptation and trying to serve my God. I fear that I am not making any advancement in my divine life. May I not seek the extreme question, am not able to endure. It is a reason why I am going home to God. Heavenly Father, lift the clouds and darkness from my mind, and weep only joy and word. Amen.
I prepared myself for Nashville this morning, and went on show the accommodation train. Very pleasant arrangements. Mrs. Burtons was upon the train, and we entertained ourselves by talking. I went to see about my apartments; found the lowest cost of room dollars for them. They were as 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 even after crossing the river. I found Mrs. White's near Callie's, and Donaldson gave a friend a hundred dollar bill.

I went to the Fifth Street Methodist Church this morning. Before service I enjoyed seeing the people and those from different vehicles. The ladies dressed in their finest silks which looked as though they were made before the war and others more modest. It was conference the number of ministers and people present was not small.

Bishop Ravenel preached a fine sermon. On 61st street, 18th st, 8th street subject of his discourse, work and qualifications of the ministry. He should be a man, I believed, ye, the prince like shall keep knowledge. The discourse was very fine and affecting. He claimed 57 degrees, believe very long
MONDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1863.

I succeeded in getting home yesterday a little after ten o'clock with Mr. Kilgoe and his patroness. The air is cool this morning, but I am not about with an additional student, Mrs. Woodruff's niece. School duties seem to go along with little or no trouble, if there is monotony, there is also monotony. After school I walked over to Mr. Woodruff for the purpose of seeing one of my students, which I did.

I discovered some bricks at the stone. The L. & M. R. R. are putting one on a pedestal in front of the store, and improvement seems to be making rapid strides in that locality.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1863.

It has been another warm day today. Many of my schoolmates are sick in bed. The men are in attendance in all. I think some of them will need something simpler, or methodical, but they have not read much or done much. I think I shall have to without declining them. I walked down to Mrs. Williams yesterday evening after school to the store to visit a little. I had something new to her ideas that always held very firmly. Principal referred to do all her work and she had some. While they were with them they had good business, 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 dreary disagreeable life has arrived. This is my 7th session on 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 from children. I try to make myself interesting to them, but it is dull music to me.

It seems like doing nothing, yet time lost is one and gone forever. All the pleasure I have is in my room and feeding my pet chickens, which are not tame and gentle. They know the sound of my voice and come rushing to me whenever they hear it. I feed them and they look up affectionately.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1865.

The weather is warm today, yes pleasantly heated. At dinner time I went to see Mrs. Greenbury, about borrowing a horse. Mrs. L. brought a few dollars' bills, and my hand which was very susceptible. It was unexpected but it suited me. How to earn money myself and not have to ask any person for it. Then can be independent and not a depending upon any person's bounty. After school I went to see Mrs. Woodruff and found there were children which I had missed from school. John had a new pair of shoes, Charlie had cut down some on a sharp stick, and Tony had cut his foot with a piece of glass. It is now 9 o'clock and the snow is commencing to fall upon the leaves. The ground is very dry.
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1865.

It has been a real cold morning. It was very chilly this morning and it seems to be growing colder. It is in an awkward place.

The only way to keep warm, write in the room to teach and get work.

I went to Mr. Woodworth to see the pick and waited upon them as they kept on writing. They have very few nice things in the house such as silver spoons, or a plate of chineen, although they do very well.

She seems like a cool tempered creature and very dainty. She is about to be a bride. They are so close with everything they have.

They are very kind to please and for this reason I remain well not long. They seem to have no feeling for a stranger.
The wind blew cold this morning and I went home to get a change of clothes. After breakfast, I went up to post the church on orders for preaching, but Black Uncle Bob came to my aid.

At three O'clock I went to hear Mr. Sumners & Pitts preach.

The text was from the words: "Blessed is he that shall see 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. It made no number of persons. Mr. Adams done they praying. God spoke that we might always worship in the beauty of holiness. "It is now ten o'clock at night, and a profound stillness reigns anywhere..."

The air seemed chilly this morning but I am in my old place with 12 scholars. How worn I am with the heavy drudgery of a few scholars. I almost hate my task and everything connected with it, with devotion. The fortitude I try to endure all my troubles and triable. I feel that God is my friend I have tried to live near their in sin. The shadow of his wing, I would only remove.

I went to see Mrs. Woodruff after school found no servant to get supper, rolled up my sleeves and made or rather tried to make some ginger cakes, and biscuit I found myself in a very awkward state, but they all seemed satisfied with my efforts...
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1865.

What a dreary, mild existence it is to meet three meals a day the year round; it seems to me I would rather die than to be bound in that way. I am sure there is no virtue in it, more mental improvement, but some person has to do it.

I prepared breakfast for the family and then went to school. Rained enough to allow which I did it. I had only a few absences. I slept in after breakfast, for I was afraid I might feel one 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 finish one bright idea, or shall one either. I think that I have not liked working 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 rain has been dimly and mistily. After about 10 we went to Mr. Woodruff's. Mrs. Woodruff was very kind, and I helped her to prepare supper. I helped to set the dinner and commenced working. The bread was done, and the coffee was made. I worked vigorously until dinner was upon the table. I was much fatigued with my exertions, but could not lie down as I did not know where I should sleep. Mrs. Woodruff and I finally went back very fatigued. Mrs. Woodruff did this best about

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1865.

I arose this morning at first to say. To resume my duties as servant. I made toast of some cold beef, added more coffee. They all pronounced the cooking satisfactory, and decidedly improved. I did not change anything but was glad to have them pleased. Cooking is not my profession, consequently I was not expected to be a proficient in the art. Thought 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 must mention with affectionately as a daughter.
Saturday, October 21, 1863.

I took the Springfield train this morning for Nashville. The cars were crowded with country people going to town to buy necessaries and new clothes. I went to leave my watch, put an order which had been idle for some time. I bought a check for $165 which I enclosed to my father for safe keeping. I walked myself into a rich lady's place, which was very painful. I came to the object for the purpose of going home where I discovered Dr. Jameson lying on some chairs, drunk and asleep. When the train was ready to start I assisted him to get out the cars, because I felt sorry for his wife, who would be anxious about him.

Sunday, October 22, 1863.

I was very weary today from the operation of yesterday. I have been reading all day. After dinner my wife to see Mrs. Gardner. Mrs. Gardner was always at the Bend, finishing up furniture today. Poor woman did all her faults the housekeeper's. She tried to conceal his fault because they are too transparent and exposed. 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 very great to make Mrs. O. Think she was extremely exclusive. She no doubt keeps a good society, but commoner can't do well to corrupt any person, and a smile for all whom many in favor.
MONDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1865.

I sat up nearly all night with Mrs. Woodruff. Mrs. Allen took the fare part of the night. As I have no abode there for the woman I was glad to be exposed 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 most likely assist her...no sphere of action. Persons think cold and selfish, and has treated her neglect very cruel and whispering them in a most unfeel...manners, for trivial causes. She has a stiff finger occasioned by thumping one upon the head, and no she cannot open it. That seems to be a contribution.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1865.

There not been well all day. I have been vomiting considerably which was occasioned by eating considerable and then lying down to sleep. My life would be very better if I had to sit up a portion of every night. I would never enjoy any life. My thoughts and musings are my companions which although they do not conspire to my life, they are not to endure it. Offences are easily pardoned when there is love at the bottom. If I have done wrong my asking of the path of duty demands no full pardon, and not the cherishing of diminution 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 for observation or suspicion, and the sentiments of my mind upholding by passions or prejudices, and instill principles to those placed under my charge from which shall be sustained and guided to their future conduct through life.

Sin and Death were appointed to guard the gate of Hell.

Sin was the pilot who opened the door and permitted others to pass; however great the effort to vanquish him, no person has ever yet succeeded. Children require much training and instruction for this reason, but the manifestations of Satan are ever apparent, and visible.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1865.

Your frequent The oppressor.

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 peace, and furnish a refuge and outlet for committing all kinds of wickedness.

Because of sin, I esteemed untroubled, until I was daily barriering their prince for money and their souls for gold. Since which I've experienced enormous beatings and over-mistaken without a feeling of conscience or a hint of their feelings. The fate of those who fall on doubt be otherwise before long, if we not all repent and cast all unrighteousness.
Friday, October 27, 1865.

I have worried through another week with all its trials and separations. Try to live humble before God, and remember that the rewards of 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 troubles pass through the land, are over, and above all blessed forever, from Maine to the Father of Waters, how much greater should we try to please our Maker.

Saturday, October 28, 1865.

Past up all night with Mr. Wood and Miss Sampson, with Mr. Green. The night passed off rapidly for some reason. Mrs. W. was very ill. 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 weak and debilitated. Reunite home and found the Savage sick. I went up on her above and went to sleep. I slept a greater portion of the day in order to regain my weak body. I have done nothing all day but sleep. I prepared some bread for baking before I went to bed. A new business for one.
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1865.

I arose soon this morning to make light rolls for breakfast. They were only to amuse guests. The old aunt bore well. Read the chapter on reading from the Life of Patrick Henry. A man of giant mind and firm purpose in all his undertakings. His presence was a ray of sunshine to the appreciating mind. The sunshine of fame spread her golden and most exhilarating light upon the pathway of his life. Pleasant words will always weed out animosity and shortcomings and plant the seeds of love and friendship, which will keep but 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. Had no need whatever to greet my coming, and did few things. My school is in a condition it is too small, but I dislike to turn out of anything when about to undertake it. Those which patronize me are anxious for me to continue. I can not afford to decline and earn nothing for the remuneration of a few pounds. 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 finished when it is finished. I am going to be a writer of merit, to be classed among those who can compose and write sentences which startle and electrify the reader, as a production of merit, as a discovery of a new force in the pages of the world, but I fear if I try to win it will be on other wings which will let me down. There are such vast amounts of possibility in the world. Now, they cannot all become celebrities, or great writers. Some must be content with small things.

Wednesday, Nov. 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 hostility and statements not be cherished which shall rend and foster sins devastation and destruction again, may we not feel that we are selflessly and hopefully surged but rise from the ashes of our mourning, and work with renewed energy, remembering that if we all in the fever of discontent we shall never reap a harvest. May the cancer of discontent which has spread unprofitably over our pathway and despair not possess the hearts of all.
Blank pages for November 2, 1865 and November 3, 1865 were not scanned.
Saturday, November 4, 1865.

I started for Nashville this morning, upon the Springfield Accommodation. The train No. 3 was so full of the soldiers, I met Mr. William Shaw soon after my arrival, who informed me that he had some money for me. It was from Mr. Gray, Deacon discovered it was not enough, I went to the post office to help Mr. Price upon his claim, and went into Mr. MacChanism’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. I say she would rather die than to take quinine. Her hands are cold to her elbows, and she will not keep covered. "Keep her in burning up.

I have not been able to help 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 with my usual minutes, and an additional scholar from Arkansas. Many Summer there spent my lecture time in writing a note to Mr. Shaw. The following is the commencement.

Basic appears for fear that— we might possibly be laboring under misapprehensions with reference to the notice I had on wishing to see Mr. Gray’s account, I did address you for the purpose of correcting any erroneous views which might be entertained.

As Mr. Gray had acted so ungentlemanly (rascally) a man and 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. Went over this morning soon as I ate my breakfast, sent help to clean up the house. The sun was very clear, and the wind very cold. I worked industrious school time, making a decided improvement. After school I went over again to put up all night. 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 black glee, which distresses her much.
WEDNESDAY, NOV. 8, 1865.

I did not teach school to-day on account of Mr. Woodruff being buried. I dressed the younger children and comb'd their hair. For little things, the youngest, only two years old. They will miss a mother's care, if she lives. She was buried before twelve. The funeral sermon was preach'd. Before by Mr. Fountain. E. Pettee.

Felt more sick when I looked at the children.

I so miserably. Than at any other time. I remained at the people had left and helped Black Ben. just The house in order. Mrs. Pettee asked me to stay all night with her, which I did, but it was lonely.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1865.

My children are all here this morning, but Mr. Woodruff.

The family is so unwell, I cannot tell what they are going to do at present. The mothers welcome awaits their return, or great. Their little patterns felt. I feel sometimes at times I should not live a great while and want to let selection to buy one in. Beyond Nashville, where every person is greatly laid away, no more distant. Their soft refuse, no busy dust or mortally care enter's, nor does strife amongst. I want to be buried where others folks be care first, and minds with the sleeping dead, when God calls.
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1865.

I was working away at my desk, heavy task of teaching a few scholars for a very little money. It is touching enough to have any principal parents ask me to stay longer.

To make the matter worse, I heard plans so long they were in hopes I was going to stay next year. The community have 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. Soule's. I rode a poor old white horse which was a spectacle.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1865.

I went to Nashville this morning with my love in the buggy and opened up the mistake in not retaining all of my pay from Mr. Cody. I rode out another account and gave it to the constable. I stopped about considerate, bought one a piece cover and deposited thirty dollars in money which had been collected from Mr. Gray.

Our buggy broke down this morning and we came a portion of the way on a cow pail with Billy Woodruff. We drove home after we got in our buggy and behind a good horse. I finished my trip upon my old white!
Sunday, November 12, 1866.

The day is clear and pleasant. I have been sitting in the warm afternoon writing. How quiet everything seems, and the pole-leaves sway in the wind, 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 winds will blow, and the introduction is designed as a preparation. I walked over to Bishop Soule's this P.M. a little while before dinner, and conversed with some religious papers, published by the Methodist Church. South. They do not advocate a Union with the Church North.

Monday, November 13, 1866.

I am as yet at my post with one new solider. It 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 solicitors made a remark to one this morning which made me feel that I was alone. "Mr. Abol. I want you to do in this country as I can go to your burying." I know the remark that occasioned on account of the good feeling she had for me, but I cannot do just to please them. God grant that I may be prepared to meet death when it comes.
Tuesday, November 14, 1865.

It is a dark, dreary, rainy, gloomy, gloating day. The clouds have changed their color content much of the night. There has been little rain fallen since the start of the season. The spring have not filled the, and the small streams have but little. But they are not enough to make a running stream. The Cumberland is very low, and everybody seems impatiently waiting for a movement in the water. The transportation by rail road is so expensive, it keeps apples and potatoes very high.

Wednesday, Nov. 15, 1865.

The middle of the week; now fast time passes away. I am impatient to see what time will bring forth for me. I can hardly determine whether to finish on next year or go home. If I can't obtain a desirable situation I would prefer being next year. I have held a kind of contempt for situations in the town, but if they make me a good offer. It will all on all probability accept, I have made but little the last year and must improve or change my profession. It is only by practicing 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. Brandon said showery so I felt my way to school with out 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. Mathew Wagner. Her husband has left her on account of scandal. She has taken several steps 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 mist or cloud obscured the sunshine. The air is saluting as the breath of spring. It is not a chilly November this year, but a warm and pleasant month. The cricket singing as merry as in August. The air is delicious to be approached. It is as warm. The sun is out and a bed of golden clouds, and covered itself with crimson and other red garments of the most gorgeous colors.

I would not be surprised to see the same gathering down in the morning, it has a strange oppressive feeling now.
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1865.

I went back at eight, morning and I am going to Nashville to collect my money of Mr. Gog. Went down to the station and had a minor dispute with the keeper. After a short walk, I went with one of the Sheriff's officers to the Court House, for the purpose of attesting to my account. I had been waiting for Grey for over an hour and very anxious. I felt as though I had a sick heart and was ill. The fatigue and anxiety was great. The boys came, but the Sheriff bounded one twenty-five dollars and thirty cents which relieved my troubles considerably. I was glad when the time arrived to go home.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1865.

I became so worried yesterday with my design work that I have been unable to read or do my time in a useful manner. There was some very sorry company in the house which annoyed me exceedingly. There is only the Sabbath to look to now and when I am interrupted it is unpleasant. I walked down to see Mrs. Johnson. She has been extremely gouty. The sun has not sent a single beam from her after-gent's place during the day. I promised Mrs. J. complaints. She has had all the comforts of this world, but health is the great promoter of happiness.
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1865.

I resume my daily duties this morning with more than usual alacrity, as school term 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 term. I cannot be more successful. It is triumphant enough for me to teach two years and 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. But a few days shall pass and the heart is free and full of hope.
Blank pages for November 22, 1865 and November 23, 1865 were not scanned.
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1865.

I wanted to recede a little after school, but could not borrow a horse consequently. I had to stay at home.

The sky is delightful warm and pleasant. I submitted with more composure than usual at I know I can go tomorrow. I was at Bishop Doyle's this fall. 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 each

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1865.

I passed the forenoon mending about in my room, fitting a dress to be made over about 2:30 P.M. I started for the hills. I had a very long horse in consequence of which I rode not much rapidly. I halted at Mrs. Williams for the purpose of having some chisel done. It is a sensible cut to be poor and have such high notions of grandeur and pride.

I arrived in the hills at Mrs. Pendarvis a little before six. The children were above then 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 no time yesterday to see Mr. Erbanks that I decided to stay until after dinner. Mrs. E. told me that her daughter Mary of Mr. Wrights are going to marry. Mary is only 14 yrs. and 4 months. She was a nice young girl. If she had a father living it would be more objectionable. After dinner I started for home. I stopped at Dummer 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.

Dinner with a family of farmers this morning. They commenced dinner at 4 o'clock. Breakfast was ready at 3. I had no appetite for eating but the next ate as though they enjoyed it. The dishes were not made by Mrs. Hall. Denny went to Wells Mrs. Reed sold it to me and the boy to work in different directions. They have had over fifty men but I did not perform the labor. They have done more without them. Mr. Hall plows in the field all day. The farmers seem to have that little army for working. This is more than develops the resources of the country.
Tuesday, November 28, 1865.

I went to Mrs. Taylor's, and spent 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 on the branches and ponds. The weather is very mild for the season of the year, and we have no rain. The springs have no water in them, and the roads are dusty in summer. The water must be somewhere in the world, if it is not here. Everything seems desired since the war is stopped, and there must come might yet. I trust we will all be right when we die.

Wednesday, Nov. 29, 1865.

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

The golden day, the beautiful and rich coloring of the forest, the luxurious landscapes, and the unnumbered waterfalls all pass before me. In 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 deeds ever which will bear fruit in eternal life and save us in immortal harvest of happiness or misery.

An indulgence in venial thinking or sinning of any description will add a new thing to the condemnation which will go everlasting through all the ceaseless ages of eternity. If we grow in wickedness, punishment will increase. This heaping up wrath against the day of wrath.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1865.

The day is warm and beautiful. The air seems more like the height of Spring than December. It is Indian Summer, and truly very pleasant. I proceeded in borrowing a horse from Mrs. Hanagan, and after school rode down to Mr. Adams. One of the men dressed our large black chicken for market, and I took a fruit and made it a cake. I prepared these things to buy the children some candy. I have promised them to break in the form of a Christmas tree, although it will be in advance of Christmas. I design it as a surprising 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. I got my dinner and I went. We started from town a little before 12 o'clock. I wanted to see Nunn and McKee. We found them all well. The children came running to meet me soon as they saw me.

The children had come edward over the place in all directions. They all seem to have a warm concern in their bosoms, and a kind spot in their hearts for me. Mrs. Mc invited me to come and spend several days with them.aying that—'I would be welcome. I returned to Mr. Adams at time to go back home horseback and had the pleasure of Mr. Cogdell's society.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1865.

The sound from the mission is like rain. I prepared myself and went to church this morning. Mr. Bird McPherson preached. The sermon was not particularly interesting, but the subject was extremely interesting. The text was, 'God is love.' Bedlam was heard and dying cries to a sick and ruined world is a subject of most moment; to the Church although it is unhallowed by as many fallen sons and daughters of Adam's lost race.

The congregation was small as usual. There are but four minister or school, who seem to come a little. They go to church on Sunday. No minister was present. The preaching was smooth enough. The preaching was not as usual Christianity to suit them.
I am working away with my school now. I hope 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 feel to do towards many of my teachers. She treated me badly, and did not care whether I learned and loved them or not.
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<td>31</td>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### Difference of Time

The annexed table exhibits the Difference of Time between that of Boston, and the places therein named:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Slow of Boston</th>
<th>Fast of Boston</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>H</strong></td>
<td><strong>M</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Albany, N. Y.</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Augusta, Ga.</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baltimore, Md.</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buffalo, N. Y.</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cairo, Ill.</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chicago, Ill.</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charleston, S. C.</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cincinnati, O.</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cleveland, O.</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Detroit, Mich.</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Galveston, Tex.</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Indianapolis, Ind.</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Louisville, Ky.</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Memphis, Tenn.</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Milwaukee, Wis.</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Montreal, C. E.</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mobile, Ala.</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New York, N. Y.</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Orleans, La.</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Newport, R. I.</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Niagara Falls, N. Y.</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Norfolk, Va.</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Philadelphia, Pa.</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pikes Peak</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Providence, R. I.</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richmond, Va.</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>San Francisco, Cal.</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Savannah, Ga.</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Springfield, Mass.</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Louis, Mo.</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Paul, Min.</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tallahassee, Fla.</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Washington, D. C.</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Worcester, Mass.</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Difference of Time—New York

When it is 12 o’clock, noon, at New York City, it will be morning at all places west of New York, and afternoon at all places east, as shown in the following table:

#### West of New York

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>H</strong></th>
<th><strong>M</strong></th>
<th><strong>S</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Auburn, N. Y.</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Augusta, Ga.</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baltimore, Md.</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buffalo, N. Y.</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charleston, S. C.</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chicago, Ill.</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cincinnati, O.</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Columbus, O.</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dayton, O.</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Detroit, Mich.</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Geneva, N. Y.</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harrisburg, Pa.</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Honolulu, S. I.</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Indianapolis, Ind.</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jefferson, Mo.</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Key West, Fla.</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Knoxville, Tenn.</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Rock, Ark.</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Louisville, Ky.</td>
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<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Milledgeville, Ga.</td>
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<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Milwaukee, Wis.</td>
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<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mobile, Ala.</td>
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<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monterey, Cal.</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nashville, Tenn.</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Natchez, Miss.</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Newark, N. J.</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Bern, N. C.</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>47</td>
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<tr>
<td>New Orleans, La.</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>56</td>
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<tr>
<td>Norfolk, Va.</td>
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<td>50</td>
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<td>Petersburg, Va.</td>
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<td>Philadelphia, Pa.</td>
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<td>Pittsburg, Pa.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Raleigh, N. C.</td>
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<td>Sacramento, Cal.</td>
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<tr>
<td>St. Louis, Mo.</td>
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#### East of New York

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<tbody>
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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>Boston, Mass.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Constantinople</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dublin, Ireland</td>
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<tr>
<td>Edinburgh</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fredericton, N. B.</td>
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<td>41</td>
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<td>Hamburg, Ger.</td>
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<tr>
<td>London, Eng.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lowell, Mass.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Middletown, Ct.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Montreal, C. E.</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Haven, Ct.</td>
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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>Providence, R. I.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Quebec, C. E.</td>
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<td>Rome, Italy</td>
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<tr>
<td>St. Petersburg</td>
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<tr>
<td>Stockholm, Sw’n.</td>
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<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vienna, Austria</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>1</td>
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</table>
Rates of Postage.

Letters to any part of the United States, 3 cents for each 1-2 ounce or part thereof.

Drop Letters, 2 cents per each 1-2 ounce.

Advertised Letters, 1 cent, in addition to the regular rates.

Valuable Letters may be registered on application at the office of mailing, and the payment of a registration fee not exceeding 20 cents.

Transient Newspapers, Periodicals, Pamphlets, Blanks, Proof Sheets, Book Manuscripts, and all mailable printed matter, (except circulars and books,) 2 cents for each and every 4 ounces. Double these rates are charged for Books.

Unsealed Circulars, (to one address) not exceeding 3 in number, 2 cents, and in the same proportion for a greater number.

Seeds, Cuttings, Roots, &c., 2 cents for each 4 ounces or less quantity.

All Packages of Mail Matter not charged with letter postage must be so arranged that the same can be conveniently examined by Postmasters; if not, letter postage will be charged.

No Package will be forwarded by mail which weighs over 4 pounds.

All Postage Matter, for delivery within the United States, must be Prepaid by stamps, except duly certified letters of soldiers and sailors.

Weekly Newspapers (one copy only) sent to actual Subscribers within the County where printed and published, free.

Letters to Canada and other British North American Provinces, when not over 3000 miles, 6 cents for each 1-2 ounce, if prepaid; if not prepaid, 10 cents. When over 3000 miles, 10 cents. To Newfoundland, 10 cents; over 3000 miles, 15 cents. Prepayment required.

Letters to Great Britain or Ireland, 12 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to France, 15 cents for each 1-4 ounce. Prepayment optional.

Letters to other Foreign Countries vary in rate according to the route by which they are sent, and the proper information can be obtained of any Postmaster in the United States.

A Complete Table of Stamp Duties,

As Approved March 26, 1867.

Agreement, or Contract, not otherwise specified; any appraisement of value or damage, or for other purpose; for each agreement, or for each sheet of each agreement, &c., or renewal of same, $0. 05

Assignment.—See conveyance.

Bank Check, Draft, or Order for the payment of any sum of money drawn upon any bank, banker, or trust company, or for any sum exceeding $10, drawn upon any other person, companies, or corporations, at sight or on demand.............. .62

Bill of Exchange, (Inland,) Draft, or Order, for the payment of money, not at sight or on demand, or any Promissory Note, (except bank notes issued for circulation, and checks made and intended to be forthwith presented, and which shall be presented to a bank or banker for payment,) or any memorandum, check, receipt, or other written or printed evidence of money to be paid on demand, or at a time designated, for every $100 or part thereof:.............. .05

Bill of Exchange, (Foreign,) or Letters of Credit, drawn in but payable out of the United States:
If drawn singly or in duplicate, same as Inland bills of Exchange.
If drawn in sets of three or more, every bill of each set, for every $100, or the equivalent thereof, in any foreign currency in which the bill is expressed.................. .02

Bill of Lading, or Receipt, (other than charter party,) for any goods &c., exported to a foreign port...................... .10
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>UNITED STATES STAMP DUTIES.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Bill of Sale of Vessel, or any part thereof, consideration of value not over $500</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Every add'l $500, or part thereof, 50 cents more.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Bond of Indemnity, every $1,000, or part thereof.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Bond, for the execution of the duties of any office.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Bond, other than required in legal proceedings, or used in connection with mortgage deeds, and not otherwise charged.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Certificate of Stock, in incorporated company.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Certificate of Profits, or any certificate or memorandum showing an interest in the property or accumulations of any incorporated company, if for $10 and not over $50</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Over $50 and not over $1,000</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Every add'l $1,000, or part thereof, 25 cents more.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Certificate of Damage, or otherwise, and all other certificates or documents issued by any port warden, marine surveyor, or person acting as such.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Certificate of Deposit, $100 or less.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Over $100.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Certificates of measurement or weight of animals, wood, coal, or hay; certificate of the record of a deed or other instrument in writing, or of the acknowledgment or proof thereof, by attesting witnesses, require no stamp.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Certificate, of any other description.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Charter Party, (or renewal &amp;c. of same,) contract or agreement for charter of vessel or steamer of registered tonnage, not over 150 tons</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Over 150 and not over 300 tons.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Over 300 and not over 600 tons.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Over 600 tons.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Contract, or renewal, Broker's note, or memorandum of sale of merchandise, exchange, real estate, or other property issued by brokers, or persons acting as such, each.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Conveyance.—Deed or writing, whereby any lands, tenements, or other realty sold is granted, assigned, or transferred, for every $500, or part thereof.</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>UNITED STATES STAMP DUTIES.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Entry of Goods, &amp;c., at any custom house, for consumption or warehousing, of value not over $100</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Over $100 and not over $500</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Over $500.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Withdrawal from bonded warehouse.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Insurance (Life).—Policy, (or assignment, &amp;c. of same,) not over $1,000</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Over $1,000 and not over $5,000.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Over $5,000.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Insurance, (Marine, Inland, and Fire).—Each policy or renewal, (or assignment, &amp;c. of same,) on which premium is $10 or less</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Over $10 and not over $50.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Over $50.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Insurance against accidental injury to persons, exempt.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Lease, agreement, memorandum, or contract, for the hire, use, or rent of any land, tenement, or portion thereof, when rent or rental value is not over $300 per annum.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Every add'l $200, or part thereof, 50 cents more.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Lease, Assignment of.—A stamp duty equal to that imposed on the original instrument, increased by a stamp duty on the consideration or value of the assignment equal to that imposed upon the conveyance of land for similar consideration or value. (See Conveyance.)</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Manifest, for custom house entry or clearance of vessel's cargo for foreign port. (except to British North America,) tonnage not over 300 tons</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Over 300 and not over 600 tons.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Over 600 tons.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Mortgage, Trust Deed, or Personal Bond, for the payment of money, over $100 and not over $500</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Every add'l $500, or part thereof, 50 cents more.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Upon each assignment or transfer of a mortgage, a stamp duty equal to that upon a mortgage for the amount remaining unpaid.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Trust Deed conveying estate to uses, to be stamped as a conveyance.</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
UNITED STATES STAMP DUTIES.

Official Instruments, documents and papers issued by the officers of the United States government, or by the officers of any State, county or town, require no stamp. Affidavits in suits or legal proceedings, exempt.

Order for the payment of money.—See Bank Check.

Passage Ticket, to foreign port, (except British North America,) costing $35 or less. .......... 0.50

Over $35 and not over $50. .................... 1.00

Every addtl. $50, or part thereof, $1 more.

Power of Attorney, to sell or transfer any stock, bond, or scrip, or for the collection of any dividend, or interest thereon ............................................. 0.25

To vote by proxy for officers of any corporation or society, (except religious, charitable, literary societies, or public cemeteries, ............................................. 0.10

To sell or rent real estate ................. 1.00

To collect rents ............................................. 0.25

To perform any act not herein mentioned ..................................................... 0.50

Probate of Will, or Letters of Administration, value of estate not over $2,000. .................. 1.00

Every addtl. $1,000, or part thereof, 50 cents more. (Probate of will, letters testamentary or of administrator, or administrator’s or guardian’s bonds, when the value of the estate, real and personal, does not exceed $1,000, require no stamp.)

Promissory Note.—See Bill of Exchange, Inland.

Protest of note, bill of exchange, acceptance, check or draft, or any marine protest, whether protested by a notary public or by any other officer who may be authorized by law to make such protest, ............................................. 0.25

Receipts for any sum of money, or for the payment of any debt exceeding $20 in amount, not being for the satisfaction of any mortgage or judgment or decree of any court, or by indorsement on any stamped obligation in acknowledgment of its fulfillment ............................................. 0.02

Canned Meats, &c., for and upon every can, bottle or other single package, containing meats, fruits, vegetables, sauces, sirups, prepared mustard, jams or jellies, not exceeding 2 lbs. in weight. .......... 0.01

Every addtl. 1 pound or part thereof, 1 cent more.

UNITED STATES STAMP DUTIES.

Proprietary, Medicines, Perfumery, Cosmetics, Preparations, &c., each package retailed at not over 25 cents ............................................. 0.01

Over 25 cents and not over 50 cents .......... 0.02

Over 50 cents and not over 75 cents .......... 0.03

Over 75 cents and not over $1 ................. 0.04

Every addtl. 50 cents, or part thereof, 2 cents more.

Friction Matches, or lucifer matches, or other articles made in part of wood, and used for like purposes, each package of 100 matches or part thereof ............................................. 0.01

Packages of more than 100 matches, for each 100 or part thereof ............................................. 0.01

Cigar Lights, made in part of wood, wax, glass, paper, or other materials, in packages containing twenty-five lights or less, each package .......... 0.01

Every additional twenty-five lights or part thereof, 1 cent more.

Playing Cards, for and upon every pack, not exceeding fifty-two cards in number, irrespective of price or value ............................................. 0.05

The indiscriminate use of all kinds of stamps (except postage or proprietary) is permitted, care being taken to affix a stamp or stamps of the proper amount.

Documents made in any foreign country, to be used in the United States, shall pay the same duty as when made here.

Powers of Attorney, or other papers relating to applications for bounties, arrearages of pay, or pensions, require no stamp; neither do indorsement of negotiable instrument, nor any warrant of attorney accompanying a bond or note when such bond or note shall be stamped; and whenever any bond or note shall be secured by mortgage, but one stamp duty is required, provided the stamp duty placed thereon is the highest rate required for said instrument, or either of them.

The person using or affixing the stamp or stamps, shall write thereupon the initials of his name and the date upon which the same shall be attached or used, so that the same shall not be used again, under a penalty of $50; or they may be otherwise canceled as the Commissioner of Internal Revenue may prescribe.

Violations of these Stamp Duties will be punished as the law directs.
ECLIPSES IN THE YEAR 1870.

In the year 1870 there will be six Eclipses; four of the Sun, and two of the Moon.

I.—A Total Eclipse of the Moon, January 17th, visible more or less to the continents of the globe, except to South America. Partially visible to the following places at the times given:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PHASES</th>
<th>NEW YORK</th>
<th>BOSTON</th>
<th>CHICAGO</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Moon enters Penumbra</td>
<td>d h m</td>
<td>d h m</td>
<td>d h m</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17 7 0 M.</td>
<td>17 7 12 M.</td>
<td>17 6 6 M.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moon enters Shadow after setting</td>
<td>17 7 7 M.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

II.—A Partial Eclipse of the Sun, January 31st, visible to the South Polar Regions.

III.—A Partial Eclipse of the Sun, June 29th, visible to the South Pacific Ocean.

IV.—A Total Eclipse of the Moon, July 12th. The last contact with Penumbra will be visible, as the moon rises in the evening, to places of the United States as far west as the Mississippi River. This eclipse will be visible to the world generally, except to northwestern North America.

V.—A Partial Eclipse of the Sun, July 23rd. A very small and unimportant eclipse, visible to Kamtschatka.

VI.—A Total Eclipse of the Sun, December 22d, visible to Europe and the northern half of Africa.

MORNING AND EVENING STARS.

Venus will be Evening Star until February 23d, then Morning Star till December 8th, and Evening Star again the rest of the year.

Jupiter will be Evening Star until May 24th, then Morning Star till December 13th, and Evening Star again the rest of the year.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Boston</th>
<th>Moon's Phases</th>
<th>New York</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8th, 1h. 30m. P.M.</td>
<td>8th, 1h. 23m. P.M.</td>
<td>First Quarter</td>
<td>8th, 1h. 23m. P.M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15th, 10h. 45m. P.M.</td>
<td>15th, 10h. 32m. P.M.</td>
<td>Full Moon</td>
<td>15th, 10h. 32m. P.M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23rd, 2h. 30m. P.M.</td>
<td>22d, 1h. 50m. P.M.</td>
<td>Last Quarter</td>
<td>22d, 1h. 50m. P.M.</td>
</tr>
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</table>

**February 1870**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<th>New York</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6th, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
<td>6th, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
<td>Moon's Phases</td>
<td>6th, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7th, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
<td>7th, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
<td>Moon's Phases</td>
<td>7th, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8th, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
<td>8th, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
<td>Moon's Phases</td>
<td>8th, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9th, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
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<td>9th, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>10th, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
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<td>12th, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
<td>12th, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
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<td>12th, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
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<td>13th, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
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<td>14th, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
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<td>15th, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
<td>Moon's Phases</td>
<td>15th, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
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<tr>
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<td>16th, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
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<td>17th, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
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<td>18th, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
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<td>Moon's Phases</td>
<td>20th, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
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<td>21st, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
<td>21st, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
<td>Moon's Phases</td>
<td>21st, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>22nd, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
<td>22nd, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
<td>Moon's Phases</td>
<td>22nd, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
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<td>23rd, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
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<td>Moon's Phases</td>
<td>23rd, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24th, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
<td>24th, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
<td>Moon's Phases</td>
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</tbody>
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**March 1870**

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<tr>
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<th>Moon's Phases</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>21st, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
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<td>Moon's Phases</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>22nd, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
<td>22nd, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
<td>Moon's Phases</td>
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<tr>
<td>25th, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
<td>25th, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
<td>Moon's Phases</td>
<td>25th, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>26th, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
<td>26th, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
<td>Moon's Phases</td>
<td>26th, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>27th, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
<td>27th, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
<td>Moon's Phases</td>
<td>27th, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>28th, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
<td>28th, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
<td>Moon's Phases</td>
<td>28th, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29th, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
<td>29th, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
<td>Moon's Phases</td>
<td>29th, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>30th, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
<td>30th, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
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<td>30th, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>31st, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
<td>31st, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
<td>Moon's Phases</td>
<td>31st, 11h. 34m. P.M.</td>
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</tbody>
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**Boston**

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<tr>
<td>8th, 1h. 30m. P.M.</td>
<td>8th, 1h. 23m. P.M.</td>
<td>First Quarter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15th, 10h. 45m. P.M.</td>
<td>15th, 10h. 32m. P.M.</td>
<td>Full Moon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23rd, 2h. 30m. P.M.</td>
<td>22d, 1h. 50m. P.M.</td>
<td>Last Quarter</td>
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**New York**

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<td>22d, 1h. 50m. P.M.</td>
<td>Last Quarter</td>
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<td><strong>April</strong></td>
<td><strong>May</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Boston</strong></td>
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### June

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>R &amp; S</th>
<th>Moon's Phases</th>
<th>New York</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6th, 6h.32m. P.M.</td>
<td>9 37</td>
<td>FIRST QTR...</td>
<td>6th, 6h.20m. P.M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13th, 9h. 3m.A.M.</td>
<td>10 27</td>
<td>FULL MOON</td>
<td>13th, 8h.51m. A.M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20th, 4h.50m. P.M.</td>
<td>11 12</td>
<td>LAST QTR...</td>
<td>20th, 4h.33m. A.M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28th, 6h.43m. P.M.</td>
<td>11 51</td>
<td>NEW MOON</td>
<td>28th, 6h.37m. A.M.</td>
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#### 1870

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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#### 1870

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### July

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<tbody>
<tr>
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<td>FIRST QTR...</td>
<td>5th, 11h.34m. P.M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12th, 5h. 5m.P.M.</td>
<td>10 28</td>
<td>FULL MOON</td>
<td>12th, 5h.39m. P.M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>20th, 9h.33m.A.M.</td>
<td>11 1</td>
<td>LAST QTR...</td>
<td>20th, 9h.21m.A.M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>28th, 6h.34m.P.M.</td>
<td>11 32</td>
<td>NEW MOON</td>
<td>28th, 6h.22m.A.M.</td>
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#### 1870

<table>
<thead>
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### Boston

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<tbody>
<tr>
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<td>4th, 23m. P.M.</td>
<td>1st</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6th</td>
<td>9th, 39m. A.M.</td>
<td>FULL MOON</td>
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<tr>
<td>17th</td>
<td>1st, 20m. A.M.</td>
<td>LAST QUARTER</td>
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<tr>
<td>24th</td>
<td>10th, 31m. A.M.</td>
<td>NEW MOON</td>
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<tr>
<td>31st</td>
<td>3rd, 17m. A.M.</td>
<td>FIRST QUARTER</td>
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### November

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Moon's Phases</th>
<th>Boston</th>
<th>New York</th>
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<tr>
<td>8th</td>
<td>2nd, 36m. A.M.</td>
<td>FULL MOON</td>
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<tr>
<td>15th</td>
<td>4th, 15m. A.M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>22nd</td>
<td>8th, 37m. P.M.</td>
<td>NEW MOON</td>
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<tr>
<td>29th</td>
<td>5th, 49m. P.M.</td>
<td>FIRST QUARTER</td>
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### 1870

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Moon</th>
<th>High Tide</th>
<th>Sun</th>
<th>R &amp; S</th>
<th>Morn'g</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Boston</td>
<td>Morn'g</td>
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<td>R &amp; S</td>
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<tr>
<td>New York</td>
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| morn | 5 58 | 6 29 | r 6 | 33 | 1 | Tu | 1 | r 6 30 | 2 42 | 3 14 | morn |
| 0 43 | 6 58 | 7 28 | s 4 | 62 | 2 | We | 2 | s 4 56 | 3 48 | 4 11 | 0 46 |
| 1 47 | 7 53 | 8 19 | r 6 | 26 | 3 | Th | 3 | r 6 32 | 4 38 | 5 4 | 1 49 |
| 2 48 | 8 43 | 9 6 | s 5 | 50 | 4 | Fr | 4 | s 4 53 | 5 28 | 5 51 | 2 49 |
| 3 48 | 9 27 | 9 48 | r 6 | 23 | 5 | Sa | 5 | r 6 35 | 6 12 | 6 33 | 3 48 |
| 4 47 | 10 10 | 8 10 | s 4 | 48 | 6 | Su | 6 | s 4 51 | 6 55 | 7 13 | 4 46 |
| 5 46 | 10 48 | 7 6 | r 6 | 41 | 7 | Mo | 7 | r 6 37 | 7 33 | 7 52 | 5 44 |
| rises | 11 25 | 11 43 | s 4 | 45 | 8 | Tu | 8 | s 4 49 | 8 10 | 8 28 | rises |
| 5 48 | 0 | 1 43 | 9 | r 6 | 9 | We | 9 | r 6 40 | 8 46 | 9 5 | 5 52 |
| 6 24 | 0 20 | 0 39 | s 4 | 43 | 10 | Th | 10 | s 4 47 | 9 24 | 9 44 | 6 29 |
| 7 5 | 0 | 1 20 | r 6 | 41 | 11 | Fr | 11 | r 6 42 | 10 20 | 6 26 | 7 10 |
| 7 53 | 1 41 | 2 | s 4 | 41 | 12 | Sa | 12 | s 4 45 | 10 48 | 11 11 | 7 58 |
| 8 47 | 2 26 | 2 49 | r 6 | 43 | 13 | Su | 13 | s 4 44 | 11 34 | 11 58 | 8 52 |
| 9 47 | 3 13 | 3 87 | s 4 | 39 | 14 | Mo | 14 | s 4 43 | 0 22 | 9 52 |
| 10 51 | 4 3 | 4 | s 4 | 51 | 15 | Tu | 15 | s 4 41 | 1 15 | 1 15 | 10 55 |
| 11 59 | 4 59 | 5 29 | s 4 | 37 | 16 | We | 16 | s 4 41 | 1 44 | 2 14 | morn |
| morn | 5 59 | 6 29 | r 6 | 53 | 17 | Th | 17 | r 6 49 | 2 44 | 3 14 | 0 2 |
| 1 9 | 7 | 0 | 7 30 | s 4 | 36 | 18 | Fr | 18 | r 6 40 | 3 45 | 4 15 | 1 11 |
| 2 21 | 8 | 0 | 8 29 | r 6 | 56 | 19 | Sa | 19 | r 6 52 | 4 45 | 5 14 | 2 22 |
| 3 35 | 8 | 57 | 9 | s 4 | 34 | 20 | Su | 20 | r 6 39 | 5 42 | 6 9 | 3 34 |
| 4 51 | 9 | 51 | 10 | s 4 | 36 | 21 | Mo | 21 | r 6 54 | 6 36 | 7 3 | 4 49 |
| 6 9 | 10 45 | 11 11 | s 4 | 33 | 22 | Tu | 22 | s 4 38 | 7 30 | 7 56 | 6 6 |
| sets | 11 30 | 17 | r 7 | 23 | 23 | We | 23 | r 6 56 | 8 21 | 8 46 | sets |
| 6 13 | 0 1 | 2 | s 4 | 32 | 24 | Th | 24 | s 4 37 | 9 12 | 9 39 | 6 18 |
| 7 13 | 0 54 | 1 21 | r 7 | 25 | 25 | Fr | 25 | r 6 53 | 10 30 | 10 34 | 7 18 |
| 8 13 | 1 49 | 2 16 | s 4 | 31 | 26 | Sa | 26 | s 4 36 | 11 11 | 11 28 | 8 23 |
| 9 25 | 2 43 | 3 | s 7 | 5 | 27 | Su | 27 | r 7 7 | 0 11 | 54 | 9 29 |
| 10 32 | 3 35 | 4 2 | s 4 | 30 | 28 | Mo | 28 | s 4 35 | 0 20 | 0 47 | 10 35 |
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| morn | 5 25 | 5 52 | s 4 | 29 | 30 | We | 30 | s 4 34 | 2 10 | 2 37 | morn |
Sunday, January 2, 1870.

I feel as though the past year has been spent for but little purpose—signalized neither by acts of greatness nor goodness. Pacing along life's great stream as a kind of dummy. The snow which fell yesterday at uneven intervals has accumulated to the depth of three or four inches.

The sun shines bright and beautiful but out of doors movements are accompanied with difficulties.

Monday, January 3, 1870.

I returned to my home yesterday. Studied and read, with a sense of the portion of Scripture which treats of Christ's birth. The Festival at this season suggests the thought whether the Christmas which we celebrate was in reality the day in which our Savior was born or not. Good for some and wise reason has concealed the day from us, probably for fear of our celebrating the day more than the event—the great Epoch which it proclaims as having 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 mud, and I know Newalgia starts through my face at a fearful rate, although has to some extent subsided. The pain.

I cannot work much or read, but I have a warm fire to sit by which feels comfortable.

The minds of the suffering poor are troubling me. Ours their destitution, and want is great—source of discomfort to one...

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1870.

Went to Nashville this morning for the purpose of doing some shipping. The ground was frozen hard. The boys were crossing the bridge with skates in their arms for the purpose of moving them over the frozen surface of the Edgewood Road, and in the pond with flying movements.

Before I returned, but with his chattering rays, I Steele the frozen mud into an ice-work which my feet penetrated to its incalculable depths. The clay being quite an adhering substance...
Thursday, January 6, 1870.

The day has been very dark and rainy. The white carpet which the Earth received as its New Year gift has decayed itself with mud and its disfigurement has been marked and reflected in beds of clay. War is not so bad with

monstrous when erected with a splendid, painted and but now changed from -spouts to the subdued shade of angels nor...pensions. The conductor cannot change his spot, neither can our close aiming only through the influence of:

Friday, January 7, 1870.

The ground froze sufficiently hard last night to bear a horse, but the sunbeams have melted all the dry lands and warmed the remaining white bits remaining white, which are causing them away into the country

And I have spent the day in reading and working still very discontented and unhappy. The streets are impossible, muddly, but I have to drive up to quiet places to stay and will wait until a little of the misfortune has subsided before I make any splendid pedestrian excursion.
Edgefield Town

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 vagaries of the climate here at the present adjunctional features are very cold and the nights no warmer. I am thinking of the suffering poor. As night comes on I shudder with cold. And Brooks.

The thermometer is down to fourteen below zero this morning. The coldest night of the season. Went to Nashville school but one and a half of the cold. The members were few. We read a good sermon by Mr. McHeddy from the words, 'Prove all things, hold fast that which is good.' The stress which the need of the subject was that we were not to examine for ourselves, but to credit an assurance because of some or any other person's hand. [illegible] A.M. Brooker
Monday, January 10, 1870.

After church yesterday I went to see Mrs. Blair, which has been very sick but now recovering. Also Mrs. Murray, another member whose mother had died during the week past.

I concluded my visit to Miss Wyman, a very poor woman who had joined our church. She has nothing in the world but it is to be hoped her treasures are in Heaven.

Pray for 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 hopefully I am. Mother Earth is in her most plastic form and no other to my place with much cordially. I have been trying less and some on a cold sun without but I feel that any time is passing very rapidly and I slowly wear. I went today to my poor mother again.

The Lord no longer to see dividing the members 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 ever since this morning. I have been very sick with disorder of stomach but seem considerably better. Mrs. Morse has been to see me and we have had a pleasant conversation on religious and Scriptural subjects. She was little considerate; they have for the comfort of these poor women must do. When Paul visited Illinois, he did not condescend his time in roaming idle abroad, admiring the Temples and architecture with which it was adorned. But, in regarding their monuments and temples, he felt more magnificent works of Hands on Principle than all the temples and their gods. He more magnified the works of Hands than all the Temples and their gods.

Went to prayer meeting.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 13, 1870.

Went to Nashville this morning. Weather very mild and streets muddy. A Convention is in session in the Court House for the purpose of redressing grievances in various towns. I am now looking at all these Yankee soldiers. They have their orders, these evils would be cleared.

To see these common men, wagons, driving about, reminds me of the man when there were men's faces as much to be dreaded as in their presence was as much to be dreaded. The smell of their weapons was most sickening, their cries a new distasteful sound.
Friday, January 14, 1870.

A very warm day with occasional streaks of sun shine. Spent the day in writing and the book end by my aunt. The bea -

Spencer. Received a letter from her yesterday containing the news of uncle Albert King's death. He dropped at dead in the street at a town in Wisconsin called Fox Lake. His left -

awife or children. He and his property will be given to his brothers and sisters. I will get one third of my mother's property about seventy dollars.

Saturday, January 15, 1870.

Edgefield Ferry.

We had a very heavy -

hard rain last night. The Cumberland seems as if it is a river. -

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. We Leden.

The sun shines 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. As I was putting on my bonnet, the rain commenced to fall, and I hastened to stay at home. It has been a northerly wind, blowing against the house and the much force.

The storm should be Thankful." Abér M. Bark.

Monday, January 17, 1870.

The elements commenced to combine and concentrate their forces last night at an early hour. Never have I witnessed a storm of such length and severity in my life. The amount of damage done is uncalculateable. Reports have been coming all day regarding its devastation and destruction. The sun rose bright and beautiful this morning, and 25 miles the moon came for the sea from an ocean of silver where she had dressed herself in orders of white to ride queen with her attendants.
Tuesday, January 18, 1870.

The ground freezes very hard last night. I went over to Mr. Keating's and spent the day. Mrs. Mozell usual was full of good remarks. She is now in Texas collecting money for the Home Missionary Society. When returning I stopped to see poor Mrs. Wiseman. They look miserable enough to make life seem a burden. Their rent is behind a month or two, and every night or two they lay their hand on Mr. Taylor's corner up there, cursing them about it. Poverty and dependence are two unendurable conditions in life.

Wednesday, January 19, 1870.

This morning I went to Nashville with Dr. D. Biggers, for the purpose of leaving some work done on his teeth. Had a discussion with Doctor Freeman about reading unfrared books and papers. He thinks we should read them in order to better defend the two tenets of the Christian religion. I do not think we should familiarize ourselves with works that are any the better acquainted with the obscurity of the mind be enabled more fully to admire the contrast. The more we are conversant with crime the less its shock, the less its shock. Keep my heart and mind pure is my constant prayer.
Thursday, January 20, 1870.

I went to Mrs. Biggs's this morning to get some knitting done. I worked but a short time on my dress when my head ache struck. All fortune movements I never remember to have suffered more within the same period of time. The pain was so intense that I could see flecks of light near before my eyes. Jesus waited upon me very kindly. Friends are a comfort in trouble. 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.

Edgefield, S.C.

The sun shines bright and beautiful. It seems like spring. There is not a new sown corn but my head ache yesterday made me feel very weak and delicate. I fell on my bright and fair in the world with no pains to work our flesh and bone, or richness to remember all that we were, mortal and frail. We would want to stay here always—never thinking that there was a country where he dwellers in this Maker's grace, rest from burdens, prepared for Those that love God and keep his commandments.
Saturday, January 22, 1870.

The day is warm and pleasant; evidently a warm storm is prospective. 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 editor's dress. Another dress has gone and the second of its kind are registered in Heaven. What service have I rendered to my God who has been so afflicted by presence of sin who pathway have I trod? flowers? have I done any thing for which I would ask for God's blessing?

Sunday, January 23, 1870.

A cloudy sky this morning but I tasted early and went to Sabbath School on time to keep from getting wet. Head only one of my little girls there. The rain commenced pouring down at nine o'clock and kept persons from coming out to church consequently the attendance was small. Mr. McCrady made some remarks upon the text. Having the form of godliness do we possess that godliness before which is hid? Would not our godliness be hid if we had.
The windows which contain
the melting 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 on branches, whereas
the eye can see
Mrs. Barker is in a terrible
consumption. "The water is
filling up the flower pot
and the flowers will be
ruined—The water is
filling up the cellar.
The earth was covered a bit,
the water will be worse
ruined."

The rain during warm and
pleasant today. The earth is
not muddy. It has rained so
much almost so hard that
the ground is washed and
tainted. With a walk out on
Church Street with Mrs. Barker.
After returning read from The
Ledger. "I think it very lights
from unusual jealousy reading
of Henry Ward Beecher."

I came down here—its
weekly column every week
with frequently a weak
expression. I often think
of any other name more appeal-
ed as this piece. They would
nearly 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 after the Church. Mr. White was all the one who seemed interested or engaged.

He prayed earnestly fervently. Daniel Long I pray for, Christian and I to prevail, and God's blessing to descend upon us.

Thursday, January 27, 1870.

The wind seemed keen and disagreeable this morning. Went to Nashville and bought a new Post-Office for a letter. Have read a few when I walked away with no tidings from the absent. I never expect neither regret nor astonishment when I do not get a letter. It is no fault of mine because 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 letter when—ever they call for it. We are called obnoxious spirits of various kinds.
Friday, January 28, 1870.

The return tolling of the First Presbyterian Church bell indicates that another ex-prisoner has passed from earth—Mr. John McKeel, one of the oldest and wealthiest citizens of Nashville in decease—attended the funeral exercises at the First Church.

Rev. Dr. Moore made a few remarks but preached no regular sermon.

Drove out to the Mt. Olive Cemetery and saw the body placed in a tomb—It seemed less affecting than to bury our friends in the cold earth.

Saturday, January 29, 1870.

A shadow seems on my soul which means my pleasures and aims—my enjoyments—I have been sick all day. I felt yesterday and to-day on my aires. The effect of which is not pleasant.

The sun shines brightly and the air is pleasant.

Old Mr. Moore found me a walk with his 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 morning weed was gone.
SUNDAY, JANUARY 30, 1870.

Edgefield

I attended Sabbath School this morning, after which Rev. Dr. Moors preached from the 1st Presbyterian Church in Nashville. He preached for us—He kept us from 5:15 A.M. to 7:30 A.M.

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

The world that there were three great afflictions in the world: sorrow, and death, sorrow was the curse of man ever. It crushed out the life of the young. Every heart knew the tears of sorrow. At 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. Wycam, I found her lying quaking violently away. She had been a great and constant sufferer, and she was going to be sent the blood of Christ is sufficient to wash away all the guilt of sin.

Deceived, Miss Musby to send her some sadines or nothing gave them sent to her. She and the whole family were poor people, but they knew souls to be saved or lost and nothing standing.
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 in taking refreshment. My mind is in trouble. A gentleman named Dodge has been visiting, left for a while. He said St. Louis the 8th day of January, saying children would return in about two weeks when he wanted 25 many one. I have been doubtful in regard to his benevolence for some time but I have to always be suspicious.

Wednesday, February 2, 1870.

I went to the Post Office this morning for the purpose of satisfying myself. I inquired as for letters for Mr. Dodge, and there was none. I asked where he had ordered his letters sent. A gentleman came by the name of Mr. Jones that he had written to him of day or two since and that their address was still Memphis. Instead of going to St. Louis, he had gone to Memphis. I went to see Mrs. Borden where she boarded. She says she talked very gracious, but did not act so.
Thursday, February 3, 1870.

As sufficient evidence has been dwelt on to satisfy me with reference to Mr. Dodge not all right — I wrote the gentleman a letter — and told him that he need not be laughed at in this place. At the words of my expecting him back that I was not taking for him — that I had not looked upon him as a high honest Christian gentleman and that he deceived me! That he would save himself from very unpleasant consequences by answering

Friday, February 4, 1870.

I went to Nashville this morning and put his letters on the Post Office. One for Mr. Dodge Memphis and another for Mrs. Doro McGregor Lebanon. I went to see Mr. J. B. White and told him my troubles and for my satisfaction, he replied that, "I thought I was too smart to be taken in by an stranger." Went to The Tabernacle and was the last in which Mr. Dodge was to embark. The clerk said the name of no such passenger was upon the book, while again, I thought —
Saturday, February 5, 1870.

I have remained at home this day, because my back hurt a little, and I desired to write. I wrote a letter to the Presbyterian Pastor in Memphis, warning him against counterfeiting in the Book of Psalms from Nashville who had given her one by copying. While here, I considered it my Christian duty to warn him that our starting church might be misinterpreted and become a sanctified one. That the day for entertaining angels and messengers 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. Holland class. Mr. Holland class kept them still by hearing them read. Mr. McNeil preached a good sermon in regard to the institution of religion and the church never failing, because God was the center. It is a great consolation to the Christian, believing that God never fails, and that he in his precious promises, and keep his precepts and commands, shall never be disarmed or deserted.
Monday, February 7, 1870.

Edgefield, Tenn.

It has been a very gloomy day—dark, rainy, and cold. I feel my heart warm, it is. I have left me now—I feel sad and lonely as though the world were full of deceivers, both false and fair—though the less I associate with it the finer and better my life will be. I have entirely abandoned the idea of ever doing any thing of which my mind may be perfectly or essentially justified. 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 situation. The receiving letters from the Dodge and now the question as to how I happened to do it? But how shall I extricate myself from all unpleasant reflections? I will try and select some other employment which will absorb my mind so entirely that all unhappy thoughts of the past will be forgotten. We are in other ways.
Wednesday, February 9, 1870.

Visited Mrs. McIntire today.
The ground froze a little
but pleasant. I attended
prayer meeting at night.
I fear I am verging into
a doubting disbelief kind
of tone. Preaching seems
like a "twice told tale".
God only can bring faiths
and hopes back to one who
has lost all faiths on men
and be of his friend
here. If it was not
for the hope of a bright-
ness ever, where the
arid heat cease from
troubling, and the weary
eye at rest, I should be most
unendurable.

Thursday, February 10, 1870.

I went to Nashville this
morning for the purpose
of having a tooth filled.
The operation was very
painless, but I passed through
it rather than to be defiled
of any fear thereof.
While memories from
the past rush through my
mind in wild confusion
I am unsettled what more
to make. My dreams
of employment break and
vanish like waves upon
this shore.
To be useful is to
be happy. I shall pray
for the path of duty to the
mende plante.
Friday, February 11, 1870.

I have been reading in Harper's Monthly to-day.

I have applied to the firm of Zeigler & McBurty to have an engraving of the "Right-Scanda in the Bible". I wrote to them that I wished to benefit the world by the circulation of pure literature. I also wrote to an agency to sell Christmas paintings, "Christ Blessing Little Children" and "Arising in Blessing". I fear that I have chosen a thorny path, but there may be some roses springing up to catch their fragrance and beauty around me.

Saturday, February 12, 1870.

Edgefield, Tenn.

I have been trying all day to find some ideas, but they are absent—and men's affairs is scenes of the past—and now one day is occupying architecture.

Today indulged in the pursuit of imagination flesh with the capricious sound of golden angel wings and feet-bringing with their downward flanks a wish in thirder's and aspirational demands yet I am not happy except God in my father and portion, my ability, and support.
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1870.

Edgefield Tenn.

Attended Sabbath School

This morning - and afterward church - It was

communion. Mr. McNally

preached from the Psalms

"A broken heart and a contrite heart. (God there will not despise)."

I feel that I

am an explication of

God's grace; and a mon-

ument of his mercy.

I feel that I have been

refreshed. That my сердца

do right - are stronger

May my soul ever be free

with that teach which comes from on high -

and that thirsting of my spirit - quenched from the wells

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1870.

I hurried over to Nashville

This morning, as far as I

could find there. I found

left my muff - but could

not find it - I left away

from the duties of yesterday.

My back pained me a lot

in church. That it seemed

to me. I should faint -

I did not enjoy the sermon

particularly well - but the

courses were very pleasant.

to me - The time will

soon come when Saltthal

to me will have an end.

Here below - God grant

that I may be prepared

to enjoy and eternal Saltthall

of rest above.
The clouds look thick this morning, as though 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. Blair is just as I pictured her when she was raised. She has lived all her life in one single Southern phrase—There is much a difference in persons about that.

Edgefield, Tenn. A light breeze this morning which the rain soon followed. I went to Dr. McFarland, but did not feel well, consequently my visit was not enjoyed as thoroughly. As I was returning received a letter from Mrs. McFarland near Lebanon. She is sicked because her sister has gone back to Texas and left here. Went to prayer meeting and listened to a disquisition upon our operations in this world and what they would be and the heart of our trials there and prayers there.
Thursday, February 17, 1870.

It has been a very dark, rainy disagreeable day. I went to set Moore. I could not sit at home—the day was so dark. Received a letter from Mr. Dudgeon. He mailed it. I answered it without delay. The concluding sentence: 'May all the happiness which your intelligent and superior culture can appreciate, and your comprehension under stretching grasp from the large fertile fields of science, life, love, contained in your productive mind be yours. The being an all-inclusive organism that in terrible close and cornet.
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 faculties of breakable humanity, and can live unsmirched and uncontaminated by external influences, I will receive a crown of glory for this demand.

The snow is falling a little. The air felt cold and cheerless.

Winter seems coming again as ground carded. Cold snowflakes will strike the gypsy breezes hide their heads.

Sunday, February 20, 1870.

Edgefield Tenn.

Edgefield Tenn.

The coldest morning we have had this winter. There snow fell down to 14.

I have been reading from Milton's Paradise Lost Book 18. The record of the devil entering into the serpent for the purpose of beguiling Eve.

"For only in destroying I find ease To my dejected thoughts;"" The same feeling in incept among the human race now to destroy.
Monday, February 21, 1870.

Nashville, Tenn.

The air is quite keen.

This morning we met the Thrombosis fell down to twelve degrees--night. This year, I went to Nashville this morning, much hank the scene. In one of my teeth, killed--Dr. Hoffman was very kind to me on 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--shudder and shiver about making up more 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, but think they have licensed liberty to any what they please about a woman that makes any excursions beyond the needle, with fingers weary and worn. Trouble has stirred my soul, to its very core--and now I feel that any employment which I could engage in and soliloquies would be a pleasant aspect from unpleasant thoughts, such disagreeable reflections of the past.
Wednesday, February 23, 1870.

I have consumed the entire day in reading 'Varina.' A book written by Mrs. Dix. This work being a Southerner. She seems to delight in making all her characters do some strange unnatural and evil—such very moral and unnatural things. Than any writer I have tried to search after—This book is filled with the perfidy of both men and women. There it would agreeable to witness every night. The grandest sin connected with snow. Very writing rich.
Blank pages for February 25, 1870 to March 4, 1870 were not scanned.
Saturday, March 5, 1870.

Sunday, March 6, 1870.

Dear at Mrs. White's. This morning held dress in Gallina. Returned church and Sabbath School. Feel sad at the thought of separation but going to leave home for a season in change and chance from. I think outdoor exercise would be beneficial to me and don't resolved to take an interest for Cromwell and Porter. I attended church at night but it was terrible and I believe very sad. I have lived in Nashville so long it seems like home.
Monday, March 7, 1870.

N. B. Tried judge because of spoil.

Thursday, 7th. I have no

writing subscribers for 2

weeks since President in

The Life of St. Paul. I have

attended eleven subscribers

which is doing very well.

The Recorder will amount

to over eleven dollars on the

bills. I have been among

only once eleven gentlemens.

one of them were education

in Lebanon Tennessee.

If they do not all do was it

for them to be very friend-

The day has been long and

tired. They have shown

The remembrance of promises is

one good. These shall be


Tuesday, March 8, 1870.

Between challenging

and attending. However

note all night in the Tyr

Pine very warm. The 6.17

N. R. R. is very tough

Now Girard and myself were

all the leaders on The night

train. North Georgia vis-

able the poor looking place.

I arrived in Atlanta about

2.15 clock R. M. called on

Dr. Wilson of the 1st. Presbytery

church with a letter of in-

troduction from one of

our ruling elders Mr. J. S. White

we gave the name of some board

title house keepers and The

second time I met found me

in home with Mrs. White.
Blank pages for March 9, 1870 and March 10, 1870 were not scanned.
Atlanta, Georgia.
The sky is dark and the
rain has been pouring down
all day. I tried to canvas
this morning, but the rain
damaged my spirits, and
ruined my clothes when I came
home. I did not sell any
pictures, but got acquainted
with some capitalists.

Wrote a letter to Homer...
SUNDAY, MARCH 13, 1870.

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 and to the rector. I went to the funeral of a dear old lady. The body was taken to the Catholic church and shown the priest praying in Latin for the dead. I went to the Methodist church at night and heard Rev. Dr. Harrison preach from the book of Esther. His oratory was beautiful.

MONDAY, MARCH 14, 1870.

Atlanta, Georgia.

I have formed the acquaintance of a dear old lady to whom Mrs. Payne on Marietta Street invited me to come and see her and stay a day or two. I spent the 14th at Middletown and Cincinnati, Ohio, for pictures. The day was bright and beautiful. I have had a very pleasant walk and seen numerous people. A very good prospect of remaining made stale for four or five pictures. My reception is rather fine. I don’t think I will stay here for a considerable time.
Tuesday, March 15, 1870.

Atlanta, Ga.

It commence at 8 am this morning. I was going about 8 or 9 am. Became a little choppy which had an alarming effect upon my spirits; after
I remained at home after dinner. Sometimes think I am home for a change, oh.

The spirit of man is from the Lord. I remember
that, and when I am in that old home place, they matter and hold
Their carnivals when I am going to sleep. But my
mind reveals to the scene
that are near, making
the present neither desire
like one delightful.

Wednesday, March 16, 1870.

I have been walking about all the week so far with no particular. I am thinking of Mrs. Dodge. Perhaps when
arranged here we will take a walk. I think I used to be well think like
thought, and imbibe it apparently all purely and
spiritual. Thought of his heart
only a forgotten pure thoughts
and all his sorrows. The inclining
for God's holy spirit
now could I have been
in a soul, I do wonder
which turned the current
of his affection. To whom
I would each gall looked
in the presence of the
resurrection and
epiphany.
Blank pages for March 17, 1870 and March 18, 1870 were not scanned.
Saturday, March 19, 1870.

I have not had time to
finish all my private re-
sources, but warmed
enough general demands.
I have received
no subscriptions. This week
for a full subscription, but some very
good promises. I have
 commenced trying to get
 Polyglott Bibles - and
Thank God all are successful.
I have sent for the "Bible
Looking Glass" and I will
try them awhile.

I have a terrible cold
and consequently eczema
at home after dinner.
I feel discouraged on
account of my bad work.

Sunday, March 20, 1870.

A pleasant day. Attended
Sabbath School. Taught a class.
Prayed - Heard Dr. Wilson
preach from the beautiful
corner. Their sermons are way
of pleasantness to me.

I heard Dr. Harrison read a chapter from
Ecles. 12: Chap. and first verses.
The sun is the mind. The
moon is the memory of
the mind. The stars are
our plans and estimates to
action. The sounds are the
memories of age. The
silver cord is the final
marrow.

We contain the ventricle of the
cardinal. The foundation of the
edifice is in our heart, the
breast, and the region of the
throat.
Monday, March 21, 1870.

The weather is warm. Took a long walk this morning and got a headache. Played a bit. It rained at night, and I could not go out about much. After dinner, I wrote a letter to my father at Mrs. Condor's. Yes, how I wish I had written to him. Would he be a friend to him and protect him through life? But his life is up to God and the future. The thought cheered me that a destiny love was mine — that any brightdest life is blessed with a happy ending.

Tuesday, March 22, 1870.

Atlanta, Ga.

Another pleasant day. Have had some visitors, but it is very little fun. I've not inclined to do anything all day. The cars were to be held today. The calm inlayon days in which I looked forward to unexpected pleasures. That only to be confounded and content. I do not feel like worshiping all the shrines of sorrow and account of my most fortuitous and echo joyous all the many escapes from a life of ordinariness and misfortune.
Wednesday, March 23, 1870.

Atlanta, Georgia.

I became very uneasy about waiting for my publications. I went down to the Express Office the afternoon when they had an order to send them without delay. After dinner I went down again and took my seat and held them. I should be obliged to stay until they sent my boy. They gave advice about and put my boy in the wagon. I took out three pictures and received the money for them. The first hour or so of my labors coming on.

Thursday, March 24, 1870.

Visited the State House this morning to obtain subscriptions. I went to the Revenue Collector and all around. The constables of the second district, signed for them. Then, Colonel T. Webster. I waited on the ladies named at the door of a house on Decatur Street, today. A lady, with a horse and dray, came to the door at the same instant. I bundle of bills was sent out and I thought it was a bundle beyond the bounds. I was in my own seat in the car. I soon heard all my car.
Friday, March 25, 1870

Barrel and corned but little today. It commenced to rain from this morning and has continued all day. A gentleman came after dinner and brought a bit of news which he did not disclose in conversation, during his leave.

I must send gentlemen and accompanied him this morning at an early hour. They were visiting a friend. She came here to marry a man living on another boarding of the house. Women running about to have from men is an evil thing.

Dr. Wilson performed the ceremony and in a very solemn and impressive

Saturday, March 26, 1870

Atlanta, Georgia.

The rain was followed by snow, and at 8 o'clock the weather was so bad I remained at home all day except going to the post-office and to my breadman. Among all the stars that twinkle in the galaxy, my star of hope has seemed dim for some time, but I feel that it was through the right way was coming to guide me at least a little while. My thoughts are always always resemble to when I think of leaving the world. I could not see the daily change of death and pass through without that comfort and deal how much happier would I be.
The morning was cloudy and grey with winter storms.

The streets were so muddy, I walked to the Methodist Church, entered, and heard the words, "Bury the truth until it's cold, I."

The canal boat was not found in the yellow-covered literature of the present day. I chance to see there represented on a map any existence except the.

The crazy writings, pages of their authors.

Friends Sabbath School at 3 P.M. Subject, from The Hebrews, 1: Chap 2. 1st verse at 8:30 a.m., went to the house. Lord willing, singing songs, thank the Lord.

Monday, March 28, 1870.

I have walked about 10 miles; nearly all of them null, but had fun. I have spent the last 13 with a Mr. Miller today.

Waves dancing very well in the distance.

Dear Mama,

Homeward on the 3:30 P.M. train, there was a very good companion. Everybody tried their hardest.

They could make.

I have witnessed events.

In the midst of a crowd, I have never seen anything about it.

"The Lord said, when he may not care, the kindly friends are in need here."

I have been talking about singing in Sunday School.

I will not talk about the Lord.
Tuesday, March 29, 1870.

Atlanta, Ga.

It has been a rough and stormy day. The rain has been unceasing all day. The wind has been strong and persistent. The sky has been dark and somber. The sun has not been seen since dawn.

Then, in the evening, a sudden change occurred. The rain stopped, the wind died down, and the sun appeared. It was a beautiful sight, and the people of Atlanta were grateful.

The streets were crowded with people, all enjoying the change in weather. The shops and businesses were open, and the air was filled with the sound of music and conversation.

Wednesday, March 30, 1870.

Atlanta, Ga.

The sky is clear and the sun is shining brightly. The air is fresh and invigorating. It is a perfect day for outdoor activities.

The streets are bustling with people, all enjoying the nice weather. The shops and businesses are open, and the air is filled with the sound of music and conversation.

The weather is expected to remain clear and sunny for the next few days, providing a perfect opportunity for outdoor activities.
Thursday, March 31, 1870.

The morning dawned bright, but the sky soon became cloudy, cold, as at the sea, chilly. Recent cold on Washington street, but my uncle no

Doctor introduced me to Gen. Gordon's meeting at the same time. He had a pleasant little speech of "The Southern Life Insurance Company" about buying because it will render his appearance.

If he were more beautiful, and his sentiment more sincere, I was among some friends and quarters in all the Pake,

Friday, April 1, 1870.

I have pressed through this day without a feeling of my presence or being foretold

The day has been cold and disagreeable. I have today commenced reading "Deads and Incident in the Life of St. Paul." I

Dr. Wilson recommended it to commence with an introduction.

Then went to Mrs. J. B. Davis's and dinner in the church. I obtained from me all

encouraging for a commencement. I want to eat full before I sit for

I that I am in the right.

that selling good books.
Saturday, April 2, 1870.

The day is raw and cold, I have walked about outside, but obtained no considerable relief. They all can make me a spectacle, I believe, and good conduct is a thing next to nothing.

Some think work eases some one's mind, and others more burden than they could wish, I feel happy and contented, as though in accident could happen to those who were guided by Divine Providence. Our pathway in life may be abandoned by deep darkness and grief, yet the dawn always returns.

Sunday, April 3, 1870.

Attended school this morning, and joined Dr. Walker's Bible class. Lesson from the 1st chapter of John. In the beginning He was and is, etc.verse containing the words from which he preached at the morning discourse.

Felix preaching at the French church of Paul was dwelt upon, and the indifference manifested by Dousillet who was raised to power. "Men who are, perfectly characterized alike. Paul preached to him."

Although Felix was in danger of never seeing again, he was not satisfied. "Money more than life to me."

"Time, money, and space."
MONDAY, April 4, 1870.

After ascending a hill by a steep path and crossing a stream, I met two white horses, from the New Jersey Depot. I then met an old lady named Guinard. The impression of neediness. There were also some poor children. I talked to them and fed my hands on some bread they gave me. Mrs. Guinard said the felt before when seeing my hand. I went to the children and treated them kindly. Four of the Legislative members were waiting for the train. Both drank and one talked some. The other froze and칸.
Atlanta, Georgia.

Wednesday, April 6, 1870.

The day is pleasant; I feel ready and determined to go on with my work. I spent the day in canvassing for life at Dr. Paul's Medical School, Whitehall Street.

Sometimes gentlemen are very pleasant—they will pay their money in a civil manner and I most cordially wish them well. They do not mean it, as we are to feel your cause only一次 for a hearing. There is no reason to think a man will not do his business with more interest if he is satisfied with the way in which he is treated. The expenses are high, but in canvassing there are chances of the expenses while in the mean of a community.
Friday, April 8, 1870.

The morning sky beam were appearances of rain. There appeared to be rain yesterday. Saw a lady today with her baby only 6 weeks difference. She said I am a great deal of attention. She was very pretty. She was very healthy. After dinner the rain commenced to fall. The rain came down at a good rate. I have been conversing with the teacher. They are not much on the habit of reading newspapers and bills of exchange, but the value of books. In fact, consequently they pitch in reading in English Tide.

Saturday, April 9, 1870.

The sky is dark and rainy. The wind is light and fair. A small wave is coming everybody who makes pedestrian excursion effectively. I have written the day for Brooks to Philadelphia. Please see what the books I am taking to them. Please repeat the dey on conversing with an English and writing and reading not feeling well. When we come to buy a good book, they will probably be with me. Confidence that makes companion. That is not any style. The books were sent, the other good institutions. Barrier is both. The causes, most conducive to itself.
SUNDAY, APRIL 10, 1870.

The ground became very damp from the rain of yesterday. The Sabbath School lesson from the 14th verse of John 14.

The scene of Moses was a lesson which could not give life and peace. Our destination is heaven, not a rest in the shade of the Old Testament shadows. Christ declared God to us than our sins had been atoning times. The nature of God being a saviour he is invisible to only a spiritual eye. We are to the 14th verse, that the heart he directs the purpose of going with the camp to do good.

MONDAY, APRIL 11, 1870.

Government is beginning to take on undertakers. She was not at home. Doct. Gam. Scott has taken to the little effort. Some persons will work at gun 

instruments for nothing, to buy a kuruluş. Done where there is conduct in life would lead persons to believe there is something to trusting masa assigned and sealed seem to fall in through any attempt to reduce them. To take a good book was an impossible thing. Her marmer will call from them. Rather enough without any desire.
Tuesday, April 12, 1870.

The day has been warm and pleasant. I have obtained three subscribers and paid two half.

I am doing a small business but very laborious. I was much annoyed by a child asking me, which I answered by saying something I don't understand.

Wednesday, April 13, 1870.

I went out to Manchester with Mr. Turner. I felt very tired by the time I got there. Her husband was not able to sit up in the coach without help.

It seems sometimes when a dream is vivid and real, it is a sign of a life that has been enjoyed. I think the sunshine of my childhood years, and the understanding of my childhood years, are the closest things to my heart.

May thunder and lightning break and wash away the care of my thoughts, and may sunshine always comfort me in my troubles. With the corn field that will be ready enough.
THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1870.

I have been hearing West End news since I came and this morning decided to find it. I walked and walked until I came to the enclosure. As a matter of course I reported myself to the commandant of the fort. He did not seem to know whom to receive me, there was no letter of introduction (as I mentioned about home). I had been accustomed to some talking of civilization during the war. I met with no success among them and after having sold some subscriptions to my friends came home very soon.

FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1870.

Realizing upon the high school teachers at this morning and other less but interested with an effort to come to the teachers on charge. I have all through your system but on others with electric wires in consideration if your subscription cannot be satisfied at the cost would be considered paid for. The packet again arrived and bear on forcing that. The next person got my book and the man who gave us children to retag them out in second permission.
Saturday, April 16, 1870.

As usual this morning. The
weather was cool, with drizzle
and the rain soon commenced
to fall. I could not get about
and for that reason had a
good time reading. After
3 P.M. the sky became clear
and I walked about some.
I went to the City Hall
and after talking I sat
reading as though my life
depended upon it. I found
an interesting three card
suit of hearts, and as
much melancholy. And I
thought sometimes that
their death was the
work of some other world.
Monday, April 18, 1870.

The day has been cold, and unpleasant. I went to the post-office. There are no letters addressed to me. Mrs. Thruston waves. There are no social engagements to-day. I have already passed, no note-books among them. Than the one to which I have been admitted. I met my day down at home.

Tuesday, April 19, 1870.

The weather is most pleasing, very much to my relief. I went last night to hear an Evangelist preach. The sermon was delivered by Rev. Mr. Earle. He concluded his remarks and then proceeded to read some of the book of Proverbs that we have been reading. It is the promise that is the beginning of wisdom. It is coming. The apostle says, 'Blessed is the man, who knew not wickedness.' There is a wicked man. I boldly say, 'Blessed is the man, who knew not wickedness.' I have a Shark-like voice. When to my husband! A gentle voice. Please for God; only gentlemen? Many, I am - kind of speech, and the -
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20, 1870.

Dear Miss Cannon,

I am still contemplating for "Life of St. Paul."

Both objects are not built up on or upon as meditations of grace or one as a man of mercy.

These are no new themes, reception to be expected or received by them, no exhibitions to extend their friendships.

Petitioning encompassed, but their reputation is embalmed with the memory of courage to the wicked and selfish, undisturbed by adversity and punishment meted out to the innocent.

THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1870.

Their conscience is not tossed with a tempest, nor the light-weight dealers, whisper outside, sugar sanding chestnuts cholesterol vendor.
Blank pages for April 22, 1870 to April 29, 1870 were not scanned.
Saturday, April 30, 1870.

Sunday, May 1, 1870.

Attended Sunday School this morning. sermon on Miracles in Times of Galilee. Visited church at the Central Presbyterian. Dr. Wilson preached. The installation sermon of Mr. Lefkowitz. Kapt. Paul preached at Berea. The pastoral change was beautiful by Mr. Wood. The services were punctuated by a pleasant serenity. The day being cooler than usual. Mr. Wood preached again at night with the First Presbyterian Church.
MONDAY, MAY 2, 1870.

TUESDAY, MAY 3, 1870.

If anyone wishes to embark in the sea of difficulties with the facts and not-fancies which I can turn into them, steering them in the face.
Wednesday, May 4, 1870.

I was keeping a kind of your mother's old things by the time I was finished at the door of some houses here. I asked for your news though you were for a week and they wanted to buy some and it was difficult to tell whether they would purchase by appearance or weight. There's a store which sells through the mail like a round from the country. It is repulsive to keep on the range of despons纺织. What do you think? Yes, yes—yes.

I do not want to be a Stock agent but would like to have a little more affable reception.

Thursday, May 5, 1870.

The weather is very warm today, and I have spent some time in making a little preparation for tomorrow. I am unable to sell many goods to the two good people. Many persons as though they had to a great part the condition approved signed sealed and sealed. Then they were only waiting for the permission to mark them over the door.

Levi Left Hand Revenue Office. Then resting place. Where before once never entered. Then the subject from God's throne never enters once only. The shades of death is darkness.
Friday, May 6, 1870.

I went today with Mrs. Box's Presbyterian Sabbath School to Stone Mountain. I tried ascending it but could not endure the fatigue.

The day was very pleasant.

Saturday, May 7, 1870.

The day had been very pleasant.

In the evening, stopped at a house near St. Louis, Missouri, and overcoat clotech with the welcome presence of the family. Then we were delivering books all day, clothing only to high have any time for Church.

And although you may feel that the fires from the furnace of affliction are glowing, blighting, and destroying every hope and trust, you are still to persevere in your work, and trust in God for victory.
SUNDAY, MAY 8, 1870.

I have attended church and Sunday School this morning. Dr. Williams preached a fine sermon on the cross. Millions are lost by waiting until death comes to begin prayer. I slept all the afternoon.

MONDAY, MAY 9, 1870.

The dust-burying is terrible, but I have delivered books and conversed all day. Have met with very good success. Have been think all day what a good sermon we had. The thrill summons. The angel shall throw the soul into the sepulchre and we shall see the same bodies in which we升了 and suffered. Shall see. The joyful angel announces the shall wake in an earthquake beauty above. It will make no difference then whether we were in moments of joy or moments of sorrow. Our bodies be changed upon entering heaven.
Tuesday, May 10, 1870.

The air seemed catching this morning and the dust blew in every direction.

Wednesday, May 11, 1870.
Blank pages for May 12, 1870 and May 13, 1870 were not scanned.
SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1870.

SUNDAY, MAY 15, 1870.

Atlanta, Georgia.

The weather is warm.

This morning the sky bright and beautiful. Attended Sabbath School. Preached by Elder.

The Temple which was built first by Baruch Solomon. Then destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar. The Temple was built by Nebuchadnezzar and afterwards sanctified by Herod the Great until it exceeded the former in magnificence and splendor. Dr. Wilson preached upon the love, warmth, soundness of the church and the terrible condition of a formal Christian.
Blank pages for May 16, 1870 to May 23, 1870 were not scanned.
Tuesday, May 24, 1870.

The house seems to be in considerable discommotion today. One of the boarders came in my room and gave me a glass of lemonade. She handed it to me in a yellow globe who was sitting by me. Before she handed it to me, I put in my room. I left the room before the affair terminated and went out. I returned. Lora was saying nothing but then I started. Lora you have heard and read of the doctrine of Abolitionism but many have not.
Blank pages for May 26, 1870 to June 8, 1870 were not scanned.
The day has been eventful for me. I have obtained two redemptions to a story. Are there not, messengers of good and evil struggling with us; the good to exhibit our washed sinful clothes, and the evil to draw our souls down to the depths of perdition. God grant that my inclinations may be transformed, and that we might gain consistent from the rank of The others. That the spirit of the assured soul may refer to the Maker, and God.
Saturday, June 11, 1870.

We have been in Washington today, but the weather seemed to rain very much. I have been doing some woodwork and collecting today. Milling is not very rapid. I think we need more hands and money. Right.

All things of earth are passing away. I do not find possession of all the treasures Earth can hold great. Exalted: eating and drinking make us happy. But if we divide our resources, it will be in the end, except the light of God, alone.

Sunday, June 12, 1870.

It has been a rainy Sabbath. I could not be out in the wet, and remained at home to read. "Night Scenes in the Bible." God religions: works are inspiring and designed to move us above the earthly things. Things of earth are confused. He is on foot up five continents, and his gospel goes on shining.
Blank pages for June 13, 1870 to June 18, 1870 were not scanned.
Sunday, June 19, 1870.

Much rain has fallen during the past week, but the sky 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 this discourse was in regard to systematic benevolence.

Monday, June 20, 1870.
Blank pages for June 21, 1870 to June 24, 1870 were not scanned.
Saturday, June 25, 1870.

Sunday, June 26, 1870.

Mr. Chad Birket came this morning to read the morning lesson. The woman of Samaria listened from the words "I am the way." Sunday school met from 9 to 10 a.m. An age-old fiddler on some mouth-nose did much harm to listen into the heart of the people. We are told in the verses of Isaiah 35:3, "A voice was heard in the wilderness."
Blank pages for June 27, 1870 to July 2, 1870 were not scanned.
Sunday, July 3, 1870.

Attended the 1st Baptist Sabbath School this morning and afterwards the Weekly Methodist Chapel. Heard the Harness preachers from the circuit "Lord's Thursday." He gave an account of Carter's editorials which differed so in being this year to come back over fresh to desert. We all know how easy it is to speak words of beauty one day and to command. The next Peter the apostle implies what it is the man of God has of men 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 citizens has been limited mostly to negroes. A national salute was fired at the barracks. The whole have lost their interest one day of July celebrations since the war. They were no longer near and pulled with the work of business and other necessities made to make their feel more rebellions than independent.

A balloon was to have ascended but it burst in the effort. It was named 4th century.
Blank pages for July 5, 1870 to July 10, 1870 were not scanned.
Monday, July 11, 1870.

Atlanta Ga.,

The day is extremely warm and loudly oppressed. This is my birthday.

I am 30 years of age. I seem to have lived to but little purpose.

My body seems to be suffering from illness but I am unable to make any vigorous exertions.

The weather has proven dreary and enervated me sensibly.

The nights are cool; there are no clouds in the sky. The delightful breezes which we love are seen to come from the sea.

Tuesday, July 12, 1870.

Atlanta.

A feeling of sadness and fear color my mind. When

think of that worst of all

acts, the thought the valley

and thrones of death,

active only there can be happy. Then why not

summon that ever death's

bells and the grave?

But blessed be

our Lord, whose death

and glorious resurrection

calmst the chattering

deadly and quiet his

feels to others. —

"Peace be with you."

When serenity these words

can give comfort trouble

and troubles.
Wednesday, July 13, 1870.

Mr. Vallance left-might with
Mrs. Tennant on Whitehall
street. Her last visit was
on harrass in an end-ended
street—where no one can
read except through
footed chariots and
feet of faith. Then
some one called
all the oldest Fain
Atlantic
are ever married
of anything near any
Nashville during the
war—

Mr. Vallance went
I had some more to-day.
He was kind and not
agreeable as a man.
which well be. I was much

Thursday, July 14, 1870.

Mr. Bodle was drunk this
morning and ordered me to
come to the house. I was not
sure I did so. We went around the
East of the house back about above
time and I do to hope in the world to have a better
man to put one out.

Wet till time to go ahead.

He went the desert—study in
and he moved away. He
asked them where was their business?
I people not make excellent of their—no logik have any
business was ends one—gave them Mr. Bodle had sent for the
I first time. I decided on
the possible leader and they
enjoy not trouble me. But
also trouble and I

I came to my present and
am quite well.
Friday, July 15, 1870.

I went home. ang. slept. Mr. Butler would not come on vessel or orders allowed one to do it. Said nice for a dinner yesterday quitted to stay at about 12 nearly. Mrs. Davis. Mr. Butler came in the sound about 5 o'clock. My mouth so parched I could not speak. He got some water. I begged him to send to Miss Vick Wilson which he did. He said next let them he believed I was crazy and to be careful of me. Miss Vick came in and gave one some water.

Saturday, July 16, 1870.

Took letters this morning. Dr. Wilson and Mr. Doherty out. I went to get the mail. Tot went in the mail and eventually went before been set in the post office. Then came for me and I went home with her.
Blank pages for July 17, 1870 to July 20, 1870 were not scanned.
Thursday, July 21, 1870

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Friday, July 22, 1870

The gold rush on the line

which it should occur to dwell

the tales of many brave men

dying above the wild

greatness from their courage,

gold seeking currants might

be supposed to deal they belonged to

in exploring/ commenting on

no trace of official action

pressed on its mind. Complete

freedom. There appearance of

immediately the

feminility of suffering

tic to protect the people of

people suffering from the

lost to men. The women, one

of their pain by justice to

the right and the constant

dissipating from their control of

believe by a child of

great steps were taken in

teen Dramatic Trouble with

The rolling timber of in

good fortune and fine the

men. Curious observers would be

learn of Gentlemen and

and I think they are so

a question marked by the

typical worried house.

After all, I suppose it

suppose they have never

been determined by any

enlightened mind in the world.
Blank pages for July 23, 1870 to August 1, 1870 were not scanned.
Tuesday, August 2, 1870.

I left the me Yellow Springs the morning as I came to the beautiful town of Centre - where Domet is still fond of - of her children. Her heart - had 0 to see one back, the house was in a state of repair. There came to the dusty valley as though the quiet of nature could; bushy, a secured space and to the restless spirit —

Hope. Things for a friend which neither nor the novel could purchase - which neverUX remained, the scene and I am looking through all the various scenes of life troubled journeys.

Wednesday, August 3, 1870.

Centre, Illinois.

If our country could again recover from its woes, liberty be reestablished and the land blessed. There would be some hope of our redemption and a better prospect for our happiness on this world's part - or the world -

In all these trials and afflictions, we should pursue the path of the wise which is like an upright and shining light. Beholding by faith the great ones that have gone before, now walking the "pavements of heaven"
Reckoning to the children of Earth - with their coming forth to come up into the world and dwell with God where darkness never comes.
Blank pages for August 6, 1870 to August 11, 1870 were not scanned.
Friday, August 12, 1870

None of my surrounding
heart-calming
thoughts, like abundant
words, was
realised. I do not know
whether I shall ever be
enabled to call up any
contemplating thoughts and
make them vigorous in a
direction that will prove
reward, or produce any
motion above the idiotic
meaning of some hardly
When I was here 8
years ago I used to be
contemplative in a manner,
but now I am from-
cing, have it truly great.
Sunday, August 14, 1870.

Monday, August 15, 1870.

The literary for today is:

The passing of Wednesday brought me into two events, both in the melody of sounds or symbols of social intercourse. The drooping of flowers, the voices of the children, the bath of the workmen, and other sounds of air.

I have introduced my mind to the exercise of recollection. Helped me unfold and put these as though the God were deaf.

God does not answer in this way. He made with hands, and made the heart, in will and desire.
Tuesday, August 16, 1870

I am thinking to day about leaving for a more genial place. I will proceed to Huntsville and from that point ascertain the whereabouts of an agonizing spirit whom. Thought possessed no imaginary disagreeable qualities of that sort something for some to my thoughts I considered him truly useless and good only as a test of my own knowledge. I am not the only woman who has been disappointed. I will go now and try to explain further.

Wednesday, August 17, 1870

I have been busy today concerning my health to some degree and I have.

This is a dear note to me. I almost fell asleep. It is not. I seem to change with everything and feel as if all that I am is not real and in any kind of earth that any other man is an obedient servant for instance a light touch that I look and as a November the days are short and blustery for travel. But solitary and then one finds it necessary with one's own means and all others and made into whatever we can do with all grace I did not eat any.
Thursday, August 18, 1870

A long, dull, dark, lonely, dreary, melancholy evening.

Friday, August 19, 1870

The long, dull, dark, lonely, dreary, melancholy evening.

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The long, dull, dark, lonely, dreary, melancholy evening.
Huntsville, Ala.

With the car last night to
this town. I arrived at
1 A.M. Befriended at the Travel
House - but it is a very
place. I ate my breakfast
and settled my bill.
I then commenced
hunting for more eligible
quarters. I went
directed to Mrs. Lockett
where I commenced
searching. I have a room
for myself out and it pleased
me very well, and I am
complained with the care
and attention, with the
hotel keepers. I have a
the rest here. I have
travelling so far.
Blank pages for August 22, 1870 to August 25, 1870 were not scanned.
Friday, August 26, 1870.

I have been feeling very unwell all day. My dwelling place on this Earth has dimmed and darkened with illness and disease. My health, which was once bright with health and energy, is now withered away. I try to occupy myself with reading and writing, keeping a conscience void of offense which is essential to happiness in this life—but sometimes I find myself in low spirits.
Sunday, August 28, 1870

The bells are pealing out their jubilant echoes. The citizens that like many come and worship their God and listen to the admonitions of those whose duty it is to exhort for the good of souls, and lead prayers on behalf of those who are suffering in the death without the gate. Winged messengers - bearing life and peace. To their loved ones, guided to their hearts, I did not feel sufficiently well to attend church today. There was a death in the family; yesterday, the bells tolled nearly every hour, solemnly, mournful sound.
Blank pages for August 30, 1870 to September 2, 1870 were not scanned.
Saturday, September 3, 1870.

Edgefield, a Nashville, Tenn.

I attended our Sabbath School today. They do not see me like I have been there sometimes. The school seems small. Mr. K. Hall preached a very good sermon from the 2nd 10th. He expounded the condition of those who were children of God and that they gloried which awaited the redeemed that had not been delivered to the righteous which had gone before us. More would be written in the book of judgment at the end of the world. He had a headache and did not utter much.
Blank pages for September 5, 1870 and September 6, 1870 were not scanned.
Wednesday, September 7, 1870.

On the gloomy borders of the thicket, the dim form of the hunter, roamed over the unwholesome shores of the marsh. The sun was set, the stars were shining down upon the stem of the tree, and the water was reflecting the light of the moon. The dew was falling, and the coolness of the night was felt in every part of the scene.

Thursday, September 8, 1870.

That little sunbeam which came into your room this morning, and rested upon your cheek, while sleeping, brought me a look in love to the banners of the gospel of the Lord. The gospel is to establish the kingdom of God. In a barren country, with a marsh and lake, the sun is praised. The desert where waters flowed is now a desert, and all vegetation is withered. The Sun, which shines in the east, where the sun rises in the east, shall all be gathered into their reign. There the Sun of God shall descend upon the earth, and shall be glorified in the same.

The Son of Man shall come in his kingdom, and shall receive his people that believe in his name. The Gentile shall be gathered into his kingdom, and shall be saved. The Gentile shall be gathered into his kingdom, and shall be saved. The Gentile shall be gathered into his kingdom, and shall be saved. The Gentile shall be gathered into his kingdom, and shall be saved. The Gentile shall be gathered into his kingdom, and shall be saved.
Friday, September 9, 1870.

The word salutations will be given the letter of light in the Holy, holy, holy God. I desire to come and expect it to come. What is the essence of God? Ask the question of Heaven. He is the likeness of the Son of man, half across the River of death. Ask the minister of the altar when he feels the weight and guilt of sin departs. God is love.

This is language of harmony, the music, in the jewels of immortality. There remain other...
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1870

Heard Dr. Murray’s lecture on Sept. 11, 3rd class.

At the beginning of the class, Dr. Murray read an extract from the Bible, dealing with the life and work of Paul. He then proceeded to discuss the historical and spiritual aspects of Paul’s life and teachings.

The class was engaged in a thoughtful discussion. Dr. Murray emphasized the importance of understanding the context in which Paul lived and worked.

After the lecture, there was a short Q&A session where students asked questions and expressed their thoughts. Dr. Murray encouraged everyone to think deeply about the material covered and to write a brief reflection on what they had learned.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1870

No notes are available for today.
Blank pages for September 13, 1870 to September 16, 1870 were not scanned.
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1870.

Atlanta Ga.

Very sick of a sore throat and cold.

Bible class. Our lesson today was on the attributes of God. The definition given in the class was succinct and comprehensive.

God is a spirit infinite, eternal and unchangeable. All the attributes of God are characteristic and unchangeable. Those which can be imparted to the church members all seem to glad to see me and gave me a hearty welcome.
Monday, September 19, 1870

\[\text{Handwritten text not legible}\]

Tuesday, September 20, 1870

I have not found much good work today only rated one dollar and thirty cents. I'm very weary of my old friend according to me and the

\[\text{Handwritten text not legible}\]

some suit it is too high and I'm sure they do not want it, and I think the

\[\text{Handwritten text not legible}\]

I like to sell some things which if the price suit

\[\text{Handwritten text not legible}\]

Good luck to all I can understand.

\[\text{Handwritten text not legible}\]
Wednesday, September 21, 1870.

Born a Canadian, had been living with her non, Mrs. Best. Left Roll at 9 o'clock. Arrived in Alabama this afternoon at 12:30. Went to Mrs. Heath and took breakfast. Left them at 2 o'clock. Was at the State House in Tallahassee in place. Mrs. Best went to the meeting with the ladies and I will stay until morning. Mrs. Tall.
Friday, September 23, 1870.

The sun shines bright and pleasant. I attended a Sabbath School and read Scripture, sung and prayed. At night, in the attic, I listened to the sound of the storm. I feel a sense of peace and contentment. The deep woods and the stars are my friends. The stars shine brightly and are a source of comfort in the midst of the storm.

The wind is rising and the rain is pouring down. The ground is wet, and the trees are swaying in the wind. The raindrops fall softly and gently, creating a soothing sound. I feel a sense of peace and contentment, knowing that nature is responding to the storms of life.

The thunder rolls loudly in the distance, and the lightning strikes the trees, creating a sense of awe and wonder. The rain stops, and the sun shines brightly, illuminating the landscape with its warm rays. I feel a sense of hope and renewal, knowing that the storms of life will pass, and the sun will always shine again.

Saturday, September 24, 1870.

The salt breath is bright and pleasant. I attended a Sabbath School and read Scripture, sung and prayed. I feel a sense of peace and contentment, knowing that nature is responding to the storms of life.

The wind is rising and the rain is pouring down. The ground is wet, and the trees are swaying in the wind. The raindrops fall softly and gently, creating a soothing sound. I feel a sense of peace and contentment, knowing that nature is responding to the storms of life.

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SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1870.

The season continued.

There are as many trees

presently toward morning.

To the sound of church bells and

The scene with sounds of

Music.

attended the Concert Hall with Mr. and Mrs. Phillips.

Kneeling in reverence before the seat of our Lord, bright

His face and presence was

Left them, but the night is

This can be seen.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1870.

Sister Duke.

Have been very busy in the

Conservation of the "United

Church Barnard's end to

Three inches above, and the

This mean with withe wealts in

And all these weeks.

Church services were

To hear a marvellous one

post in the group, and at

the glorious of Heaven among

Prominent attendance.

To witness to presence of very

Atmosphere.

The music was lovely.

Indeed will be much

Do not admit I understand

and it moved me.

my mind, and I am to

wearable, to turn with

Dwell very hard

All I enjoy abominable.

Such which is

more than everyone can
Tuesday, September 27, 1870.

I commenced the planning of a new building for Mr. R. in a friendly and accommodating manner. We had a talk about the work and the plans. He seemed satisfied with the progress so far.

Wednesday, September 28, 1870.

This morning I received a letter from Mrs. Dodge, containing some news of interest. She mentioned she was planning to visit New York soon, and expressed her interest in seeing the city. She also asked about the weather and the current events.

She had mentioned her husband and their recent conversion to Methodism. She seemed quite content with her decision and was interested to know my thoughts on the matter. She also mentioned her plans to visit her sister in Maine, and asked if I would be interested in joining her.

She then proceeded to describe her plans for the next few weeks, including a visit to Boston and a week's stay in New York. She mentioned she was planning to attend the annual meeting of theMethodist Church and was interested in hearing my thoughts on the proceedings.

She also mentioned her daughter's plans to visit her soon, and asked if I would be interested in meeting her. She seemed quite eager to have me there and promised to send her a letter of introduction.

I replied that I would be interested in her daughter's company and looked forward to meeting her. She seemed quite pleased with my response and promised to keep me informed of her plans.

Overall, she seemed quite pleased with her decision and was eager to share her experiences with me. She seemed quite content with her decision and was interested in hearing my thoughts on the matter.

I replied that I would be interested in her daughter's company and looked forward to meeting her. She seemed quite pleased with my response and promised to keep me informed of her plans.

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Overall, she seemed quite pleased with her decision and was eager to share her experiences with me. She seemed quite content with her decision and was interested in hearing my thoughts on the matter.
Thursday, September 29, 1870

The light of this marbled column fairly white, darkness clouded. I have consumed a portion of my time according to the ladies. Poor employment. I must
confess I have been in my notice, but there has been little
left in leisure, except I am still bound over in small business.

Friday, September 30, 1870

The sun shone very warm and fierce, I started both cheeks
today one for the to the local
plains and one for dollars and espectence to New York
for pretenders. Business seems very dull. The Boston
subscription bill passing yesterday, has astonished many before
me as well as a
certain Device. Only the death of the opium in England
Thi3 week, and the growth
of drinking in conclusion the latter more forcibly upon their
neighbors at face. Some citizens
and the ladies were more yelling than sensible, some being
invited for years to come.
Saturday, October 1, 1870

I commenced about 7 a.m. to sew, but it commenced to rain and I went to the State School for a short time after which I went to the swimming and obtained some uncertain subscriptions for my book. The rain commenced to fall about dinner time again and I was unable to return during the P.M. sewing. After my dinner, inside of cold I have felt on the machine which makes the work way too many times. I have made but little this week. Preparing for another place.

Sunday, October 2, 1870

I was very late. There were not many from the church in the church. In order to alter the altar, but they kept asking the minister before the service, I left the study reading first in the church. Then after a cessation of five or three hours, the minister commenced preaching down again, the awning looked for the brave as rendering place. The streets were treasured clean and at 7:30 P.M. went to church with Rev. W. H. who preached from the word, Paul and Plunder at the door, and Plunder, The sermon was plain and practical.
Blank pages for October 3, 1870 to October 6, 1870 were not scanned.
Friday, October 7, 1870.

Saturday, October 8, 1870.

Fear came at home this morning. Plan washing for Easter last evening. Dried in both flax materials. Need 10 cents. Monney

There is much and under

better than any other and

pleasanter. The & the

point love of God with

the present remains or

broken however claim

the light which have been

reflected at times have

appeared, the life giving

influence are untoasted

at God in the centered and

his influence given. The

annoying force
Sunday, October 9, 1870.

Atlanta

The air is cool and chilly this morning. Winter is coming back. Atlanta Sub-Tal School and common school beginning the infant class. Hand Doctor preach a sermon upon the reigns of the times. Matt 16:16-18. The sun is one half of the globe was turned by mighty convulsion. One day the Pele is declared infallible. The next Napoleon declares war. In 80 minutes always he is en prison. "Peroed." Roosevelt has assembled four nations like chefs before the wind.集中. So numerous at midnight from the subject God has made of one hand all nations.

Monday, October 10, 1870.

Atlanta

It has looked like rain much all day. There are still some minds of the times engaged in sending letters to me. Have a number of letters to deliver. This week cannot I cannot come around from them.

They don't come around much around. It has just come down. Into the papers. I am thinking with my eyes well. I hope it will end soon. I am unsure when. It came delightful the deal.
Tuesday, October 11, 1870.

Wednesday, October 12, 1870.

It has been a bright pleasant day. I commenced business by selling Mr. Witten's pictures of "Christ Blessing Little Children" at sixteen.

I have been all day among the men at the State Street delivering books, and doing selling pictures. I sold the pictures to please them. They will not buy any more. I believe books, and I asked me if bringing them some pictures I send they are not to buy. They said no, I never did throw away any money. I will continue.
Thursday, October 13, 1870

Atlanta

The pleasant intelligence has been received today that the greatest man dying in the United States is dead. Gen. Lee is no more. The hero of the kinder battle is gone. The nation mourns a friend in his death.

The work which it has been his office to perform during the last twenty-five years has been to speak and his mortal frame placed under the stream. When the great and good die, the country has lost a treasure.

Friday, October 14, 1870

I have been doing a great deal of walking this week, disposing of my books. The days are bright and beautiful. I have been away almost in the remote portion of the Empire, Planning Mills, where I sold nearly three dollars worth of pictures and delivered one book to Mr. Black.

When coming home I sat in a yard in which was the greatest quantity of corporate flowers. I went in and asked the lady for one, and she presented me with one. I proceeded to one flower for another.
Saturday, October 15, 1870

Albonda

I have suspended business today in commemoration of Gen. B. E. Lee's death. At 11 A.M. the bells at commence at tolling. All the fire companies turned out in full array.

The great Black Masses:

"Old Fellow's Good Templars" Legislative Members, Athene.


The Masons' dinners were played at the profession moved on. It reached from the State House to the bit. The city smiled's in length. Went to the City Hall and could not get near until came home.

Sunday, October 16, 1870

A beautiful and appropriate service was prepared to pay The Mournful of Cylinders. The announcement was made.

Samuel's death. Better than one's death. It is a soothing sight to see the flowers. Their beauty of nature grant to the breeze of earth and be buried under the green. We steer to the end. But the pain is gradually to expire in the centre of God's Presence. Folder - The garish gems through the window of death. Behold me dead, an everlasting glory to remain. I shall obey. The response is from me. Whenever that will allow comes day and night with incense and praise. We can imagine our beloved person in his heavenly seat.

The 1st present, strangely e.

Conclusion. May we all meet.
Blank pages for October 17, 1870 to October 20, 1870 were not scanned.
Friday, October 21, 1870

I was so very ill this morning that I remained at home all day from the Fair. I still had several pictures, during the forenoon. I have had a severe cough and the winds yesterday did not improve my cough. I wore early this morning and assisted in heaving the ship. Phillips brought that I might have a chance. We have had several night-tight arguments on the subject of baptism. I never have seen any of the Baptist articles. We had much conversation and Christians was more blameless than of other denominations. They place too much stress on salvation and too little upon the teaching of the Holy Ghost.

Saturday, October 22, 1870

I attended the Fair this day. The morning exercises were not much interesting. At 11 o'clock, the contests for Frozen Playing were held. After exercises and security documentos, the premiums were awarded. One person of the Puritans 14 required the players with a great deal of self-possession. The Knights rode at three o'clock. They entered the song headed by a man dressed as a Irishman. He was thrown from his horse and died. The second trial was made a few minutes. The Essex brought into Atlantic two men of the other Knights.
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1870

Albany

The day is bright and beautiful.

Monday, October 24, 1870

Went to the "Fair Grounds."

The "American" Grandstand.

The weather terrific.

The changes on the grandstand.

The grandstand was not quite

The city was a scene of

The people were all in

The changed well.

Miss Rippon happened to be thinking

As usual.

Then there was the acting.

The actor was playing.

The more I like Mr. Logan

He was the most remarkable man.

With one arm outstretched.

The most remarkable man.

The more I like Mr. Logan

The most remarkable man.

The more I like Mr. Logan

He was the most remarkable man.

With one arm outstretched.

The most remarkable man.

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The most remarkable man.

The more I like Mr. Logan

He was the most remarkable man.

With one arm outstretched.

The most remarkable man.
Tuesday, October 25, 1870

I did not attend the Fair today but spent the time in delivering books collected or money for my books but sold some pictures.

I enjoyed myself very well while I was here and to expect flowers and enjoy nothing.
Thursday, October 27, 1870

I did not attend the Fair to-day. There was no exhibition, but an home once - I likes living in town. I would rather live in a room let by twelve in a day than to live in the country where all the appliances of art and nature are scattered, in a structure of partial destruction where the music of times should woe me from my morning slumbers, but more frequently the gabbling of geese, the grunting of hogs, the crowing of chickens, the squealing of hungry swine, or the bawling of Babal's Treaty through the forest.
Saturday, October 29, 1870

Attended

The given is an thing I shall not have to be busy. I am not used to go very late. I cannot well which is going to the | I went to Dr. Murray's office and rented some rooms for him to come. I was 

Sunday, October 30, 1870

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

Attended Family Church and heard T. B. Read's "W. R. Bellmore. He is an engineer of great 

...I am a little more or less, but not exactly... This subject... the great alone and... The throne, O God, is forever and ever, a scepter of righteousness..."
Monday, October 31, 1870

On account of not getting any sleep last night, I could not sleep this morning. I went to see Mr. F. about taking his book and having my back out. I have no notion but to get a doctor and let it not fester. My pictures are all right. I bought to put back upon what little I have made. I have been in all that could be called me. I am much fatigued. The weather is very warm and the streets are pretty dry. Prepared to leave for the night train when I shall next want to be left.

Tuesday, November 1, 1870

I prepared to leave this morning for the cars, and arrived on time to see Thomas more of my family. I have been this week in my time kept profit me only a little. Church and Sunday school until it was time for the night train when I shall exit.
Wednesday, November 2, 1870.

I arrived this morning at Madison Hotel. Travelling does not agree with me, but I hope to be better by tomorrow. I commenced looking for cheaper quarters. I hunted some time until I found a little success but finally succeeded at the Hotel. Miss Thorne was not at the Hotel. She is many miles from the city. She was very much pleased by finding a room for herself and her daughter. She was not averse to the idea of a cheap room.

Thursday, November 3, 1870.

Last night I and my sister and my brother-in-law went to the hotel. We met my cousins and some other friends. The weather was very pleasant. We walked in the streets. We had a good time together. These are all the events of the day.
Friday, November 4, 1870

I have been selling butter &

loaf sugar, with only 1
da day's notice.

The arrival of a stranger here
is an epoch in the history
of the town, and, before
24 hours, everybody is en-
dorning of events, guessing
whence these eunuchs or
a-unclewomen, where they
came from, where they were
born, if married, or single,
parents living or not;

dge, length of stay, business
and what is their opinion
of things in general, and
the price of lemons, in
particular.

I must
remain as the unembellished
witness of sights reminds me
of a late voyage.

Saturday, November 5, 1870

I have read a portion of the
forenoon but the sound
of cannon near me.

I spent after dinner in
writing each after supper
or reading, "Life of Lady
Blennington." The town is
ever dull and lonely.

I do not admire the solitude
much nor the monotony of the
evening but the sight
where human existence
flowers and roars through
life's scales, cheers for me.

Moving bury humanity
given in amplitudes of
our expositions and ful-
ness o'er deeds and
matters of greater magnitude.
Sunday, November 6, 1870

The morning was dark and cloudy, very unpromising for large numbers of people to attend church. I went to Seth's Church. 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 does not provide a complete transcription of the entire page. It appears to describe an incident involving a small attendance at a church service, with a note about the minister's preaching and the small congregation present.

Monday, November 7, 1870

I have been quite successful today. Let me send one note. We bought both, two pictures and two frames. I have made just fifty dollars today. I wish I could do well every day. I am willing to work hard for it. I have sold some more now and see some coming in. I am getting very weary. The day had been pleasant, and a little cold. This afternoon beautiful flowers and some blooms. The most fragrant ones which never were. Beautiful child's blessings.
I have wandered 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 thumping about all day, and that time when my cheeks would gleam as if doing will from the effect of my tears.

I have received three subscriptions today for my book. The atmosphere is like the breath of spring. The sweet wildlows are in bloom and I have a sense of joy and peace in my room, together with a sense of various hues, which are "Merry gentles" of May ever expelled.

How delightful it is every thing in the vegetable kingdom, without the seeping lodges of sin upon it, but like all of earths beauties and beautifiers in motion with the breath of spring.
Thursday, November 10, 1872

The air has been very cool and did agreeable in portion of the day, but the autumn air is delightful.

I try to enjoy all the blessings of this place, although my existence has been chequered, and my life filled with sadness and sorrowful secrets. I feel now as though I knew such intimate and loving angel within me. No letter bearing sunshine, contentment and plenty on my pathway.

Friday, November 11, 1872

Very bright and pleasant day. I am looking forward to a pleasant and happy winter. Whatever arrangements are made to the contrary, it seems for me. I feel that at times, their cause living in a world of fiction will be defended and that the sun alone produces light. My faith in my pathway has a touch of less brilliant but bright and brightening a kind of eclipse which hasn’t only a shadowed victory of the day can ever go to a broken heart. Read an invitation out to read...
A charming day. The Reclit of the Episcopal Church in Madison, who gave all the ladies a cordial invitation to attend the memorial services connected with his church today. I went and was much wearied with the long services. The preacher here is a renegade Methodist preacher. The relic of an plain old Methodist preacher wearing a white gown is a species of presumption. 

Battledsted church this morning with Mr. Florence. Mr. Florence preached on great sermon upon the harmony of the Saints upon Earth, which recalled me to happy abode among the Saints in Heaven. He received two members, his son and his wife. The man was advanced in life. His face looked withered, 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.
TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1870

My time has been considerably occupied today preparing to leaving. I visited Mrs. Martin one of my first friends much to my relief. I shall order some more without a call for them. I visited Decie Mrs. Hume and Good Bye as I expect to leave the city regretting the loss of you connected with my departure.

Poetry

May sorrow never cloud thy way
And joy be ever yours.

May peace attend thy happy bright-day
Unknown to mortal woe.

Amanda E. Hume

Poor woman, how life left
Even suicide safe from you.
Wednesday, November 16, 1879

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

August

I have been trying to sell birches today, but met very disadvantageous circumstances. My health was not good. Though it would never rain outside, I have walked about some, but only on one dock and one picture of General Lee. The wind has been very cold 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

I visited the State Ship on the Georgia Road. The Superintendent seemed very polite, and told me I could go through the ship. 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 stroke of good luck. I called on some of the ladies during the evening but with no success. One old man later died to bring him a picture. I sent and he would buy it.

Saturday, November 19, 1870

I have been walking around considerable today. Have sold two and one picture with a prospect of another sale. My four files will amount to fourteen dollars. As my desire to try and make some money I am certain I shall try to make a good use of it. The air still sports cold and wet winds keep the dust and brings it in close. Two families in my city and several I am thinking about. The orange grove of Tom's died.
Sunday, November 20, 1879

The day is bright, and pleasant. I attended the Church this morning. It is situated in a most beautiful grove of trees in the centre of a range of hills. I went to Sabbath School at 3 P.M. No one had anything to say to me, and I listened and thought consequently. Attended the First Baptist Church at night. Dr. Dippon preached on very good discourse and the reference to persons in having good foundations, to rest upon, and minds filled with good principles.

Monday, November 21, 1879

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

I met one ability or rather one who has done this which has figured conspicuously. Madame Octavia Le Val. I saw a portrait of Mrs. Walton. The scene is enlivened by old creatures, where Robinson showed me her husband's. She said that one was lively which she married when she was young, the other was weak, and she married him when older.
Tuesday, November 22, 1876

Augusta

The forenoon was a calm one on the ground of a croquet court. The winds blew steadily and in a steady gust. It was, but so we could. When the golden sun dressed forth with its cheering beams I have received one order for an eight dollar bank and one for a ten dollar picture.

Profit, 

I will leave to be contented with what. I may be as much or little.

I am asked in the Georgia Wood Department where the trees are made into the most success. The men pleased forever and I kept them.

Wednesday, November 23, 1876

Augusta

I had a terrible night. My last bed had all my mattress taken from under the feather bed. I drove some burning over I got up and made the bed over three times but all was to little night.

I have walked all day and to let nothing. Some I place where I walk. The ladies

The day has been very pleasant with a cool wind blowing. I have seen an army fire line miner to day seemed to be much trade.
Thursday, November 24, 1870

Auguste

The day is cloudy and disagreeable as I could be imagined. I have walked about all day and made no sale. 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 smiled and it came to the fire—and with pleasantness. But, how bright, how cordial of kindness, they all put on all the touchy ground of indifference, which I've met in the posting and passing through this world.

Friday, November 25, 1870

Auguste

The day has been pleasant. I have made no sale, and my heart is sad. There is no light to illuminate my path away with the lustre of bright mesh. If I have borne the worm, I feel like a home wanderer in search of a setting spot, a place of contentment, cleanse its homes, and be happy. A nest in a sacred security—where the biding designed of it may should never, by the destruction of reputation oraille—disgraced slander should ring this chapter to out one of my antecedents.
Saturday, November 26, 1870

Augusta

I have made several unsuccessful attempts to my book 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 God's truth. Charles remarked:

By this time that bullet from the eye of a devoured snake at the risk of Jesus' name, from your sins and be saved. In Dagon is an atom of fine intellect and intellect. I love to hear him.

Sunday, November 27, 1870

Augusta

I did not attend church this morning due to account.

quick headache. But visited the cemetery. Attended the "Baptist. "Heard on elegant sermon. "Let them that is with us." It makes my heart -

over and said to see how one guilty person can console another. "The face of the Saviour never lighted up such glory as when He had cast off the darkness of pain ten dollars, not in verse but in the presence of these Jews, not a person entered their steel hearts.

Persuasion takes a tendle and our moment being...
Monday, November 28, 1870

The day is very pleasant, and I have been getting blood and feel very well. The golden sunshine fades before me, and as the Christmas longhorns cross my falsehood. I imagine visions from The Spirit kind calling me, and gentle hands beckoning me to come home.

Yet to go must rest, where Thy cloud below glistens and my hair bends, but the vision in evening will be beautiful. Thy spirit will from the north guide my feet and my eyes will guide me to the haven of
Blank pages for November 30, 1870 to December 1, 1870 were not scanned.
Friday, December 2, 1870.

Saturday, December 3, 1870.

Augusta

I have met a very
friend and agreeable
design with friends, deliver-
ing books to the George's
work shop. The men
are enough, but they
are not in the same spirit.

The Superintendent
told me I would have
to go out of the shop.
The men could not spend
their time in looking to me,
I had scarcely been in
there a minute — the
man was an Englishman
with the same tyrannical
sceptic disposition which
an Englishman possesses. Then
I said, 'Well, kick and ride
the poor factory girls.'
A very lovely warm day.

Arrived at the Presbyterian Church & met Dr. Harrison from Balma School.

Everyone seemed charmed with the discourse, but as I had heard it discussed as much more elaborate by Dr. Munson, the speaker of another ordination

At 3 P.M. I heard Old Dr. Price an old veteran in the cause, who has been preaching over 60 years. I heard Old Price say:

"Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be..."

The object of the perfect principle of practical goodness, is to make our friends...
Tuesday, December 6, 1870

Savannah

I have promenaded over Savannah to look for a place to stop until I am very weary. Pat lent me a horse and I found a very pretty place. I was so weary that I did not commence business till next day. The man refused to have a horse - which I did not enjoy much - as he was at the railroad station. They are sharp here. That is one thing I have never seen before. They have been kept on short rations for some time.
Thursday, December 8, 1870

November

I have been on Bay Street all day walking about. I have sold four pictures of Gen. Lee and one copy of "Our Father's House." My fruit stall yesterday and to-day 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 hoard of Irish Stewards. The Irish Steward says "Oh the Ladies on board can ride horseback out of the sailors." The air seems to have become very healthy. It was disagreeable yesterday. I went into one of the thermometers, wrote the receipt at $1.00 and enclosed them. I don't know what to do today. I was in another store place for sales. There are rainy and fall days. I have fished all the professional days of last week and a half. The shake, the-Mon. The shaking I precistinate.
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1870.

The day has been dark and disagreeable, accompanied with a drizzling rain. There
was a slight wind blowing from the s. I seem to be almost weather
sick. I have sold 2 pictures of one book for the account of $13.40 I am
very weary and tired; I have met with no sick
ventures except a lemon bottle burst, and the
contents flew upon my clothes, and in any pate
I met an old lady 65 years of age who says she is 70
I asked melancholy and gloomy drudgery outside of the Church;
there is no prospect of ever
that class of Christians

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1870.

Mr. Pool preached a very ex-
cellent sermon from Rom.
13-17. "Beloved of God,
called to be saints! The
word of God children who
were sanctified and set-
apart-never apostatized."

Attended The Independent
Presbyterian Sabbath School.
I was introduced to the Head
Principal and a very
nice, widow lady called
Mrs. Wilbur, with whom I
had a chat upon church
members dancing playing
cards as not avoiding
the appearance of evil.
Blank pages for December 12, 1870 to December 31, 1870 were not scanned.

Baptist Board of Publication.
Philadelphia.

Pennsylvania.
Philadelphia.
Philadelphia.
Philadelphia.

North American Picture to
No. 84 - Nassau, New York.
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Gary Bees Baltimore Periodical, Maryland 188 Baltimore Ave.

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Published by the "New York Photographic Engravings of Lee: General Lee in full length".

George W. Mathews
No. 165, Beekman Street
New York City

Thomas J. Helle, No. 85, Bowery Street
New York City
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I wandered, land where perennial spring time puts forth its best blooms and boughs and death never comes to destroy the loneliness.

When landing in
Osprey, green common cold awaiting me there and a frighten what-ery strange plague of human-like what sickness took tablet, what-o' while what a controlling of antipodes what a variety of chemicals
Blank pages were not scanned.
LEXINGTON, VA., October 12.—General Robert E. Lee, the Christian gentleman and hero of a hundred battles, breathed his last at thirty minutes past nine o'clock this morning, of congestion of the brain, aged 63 years 8 months and 23 days.
ABBE 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.
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 respectfully. 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 unalloyed.

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 perplexion 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 reveling 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 reforming 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 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. McPershine & I prepared ourselves taking Lulie McPershine 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. Pitt's 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 Wallie 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.
Abbie M. Brooks Diary-1865.

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 had 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 commenced 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 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 by 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 suffering 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. Johnson'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 he said by saying she should not send Nallie another day if she could find 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, said until dinner time and went home quite annoyed with the effort. I have almost abaneldon 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 near my stove.

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 performing 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 emptied, 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 stormed 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 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. Conwell 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 Belshazzar'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 dismemberment 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 is a retributive 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 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 conquered: but "an 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 slowly 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 benefitted 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 chest 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 skyes - forked and chains. I enjoyed it at first, but as it began to approach I became terrified. The rain commenced to patten 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 treadmill 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. Wn. Johnson. I was in so much I had to walk about the yard, sat 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 have 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. E. 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 drouth 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 very 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 arrive [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 they 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 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 Chattanooga 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 surroundings. 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. Balm my 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, xipating 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 indure 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.
Tuesday, June 27, 1865.

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, & a perfect caravade 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 arose 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 here. 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 Summer'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 scurred 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 will 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 wrought with passion are presented. I am not 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.
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 & Lulie 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. Ellicott 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 untired 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 inconvenience 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 o'clock 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. Mulvov 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 with the greatest effort I am enabled 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 livered green, the grass had lost its verdure, and the cattle nearly perished with thirst.

The demon of discontent is dancing about me, it hovers and 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 water melon 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 water melons are ripe and very fine. I am enjoying them very much. My face pains me, my ear 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 Saviour. 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.
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 tread mill, 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 a 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 practised about 1/2 hours 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 staid 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 portentious 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 Blanche Jamison who is very sick. Her mother was nursing her and giving her the most constant attention I ever saw a patient receive while Doctor Jamison 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 McLarney who is sick and been in delicate health for a long time. They all seemed delighted to see me. Betty McNemiss 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 mighty 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 treadmill 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 wearies 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. Fountaine E. Pitts preach. His text was from the words - "Blessed is he whosoever 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 round: 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 wobbled 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 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 $65, 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 rightness 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 correct-
ing 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. Wood-
ruff'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 molests. 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 but 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 considerably. 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. Ragsdill 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'Fly'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.
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 statuary 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 Praxillies. 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 orar 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 Phoebe Spencer. I received a letter from her yester-
day 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 on my bonnet, 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 land
lord comes up there cussin them about it. Poverty and dependance are two un-
derirable 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 fine 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 beauti-
ful 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 pres-
ence - 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 com-
cmenced pouring down in time to keep persons from coming out to church - conse-
quently 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 sinner 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 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. Edgefield, Tenn.

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.

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 Chattenooga 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.

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.

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 $112.45 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.

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 perfromed 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.

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.

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 21, 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 10 months difference in their ages. Their mother seemed cheerful 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 every one 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 affable 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. Wills 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 direc-
tion.

Wednesday, May 11, 1870.

Thursday, May 12, 1870.

Friday, May 13, 1870.

Saturday, May 14, 1870.

Sunday, May 15, 1870.

Atlanta Georgia

The weather is warm this morning, the day bright and beautiful. Attend-
ed Sabbath School - subject The Temple which was built twice by Solo-
mon - then destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar. 2nd Temple was built by
Zerebbabel and afterwards beautified by Herod the Great until it
exceeded the former in magnificance 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 very 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.
Page 27
Abbie M. Brooks Diary-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.
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 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 prominading about the State Road works - from their consequential 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 cloth 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.
Abbie M. Brooks Diary-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 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 - beholding 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.
Abbie M. Brooks Diary-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.

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.

I have no one which I can consult or advize 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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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. McNeillly 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, 1870.

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 & 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.

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).

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).

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 impius 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 bergergs 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 iceberg 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 unmeasured manner. He blames me with trying to injure him in Nashville. He has done it himself by his own wicked lying. His land-lady in Nashville said he 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.

Atlanta

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 can form no 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.

Atlanta

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 Proclamation 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.

Atlanta

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.

Atlanta

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.
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 centre 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 xxxix 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.
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 man 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 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 shade 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
about in such a manner.

The weather is intensely warm - the dust is deeper than pleasant and when the wind blows it moves in clouds of all shapes - except those which are pleasant.

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 drank 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 brilliancy 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. Madison, Ga.

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.

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.

Madison

Monday, November 14, 1870.

Tuesday, November 15, 1870.

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.

Augusta

Wednesday, November 16, 1870.

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.

Augusta

Thursday November 17, 1870.

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.

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.

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 beings it in close proximity to my clothes and person. I am thinking about the orange groves of Florida.

Sunday, November 20, 1870.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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. Augusta

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. Augusta

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 come 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. Augusta

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. Augusta

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 every 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 charper 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.

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.

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 apostasized." Attended the Independent Presbyterian Sabbath School was introduced to the Superintendt 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."
Gratitude to Mr. Walker's Compliments
To Miss Harris. Brookes and would
be pleased to accompany them to church to
night.
Nov. 6, 1785.