Private Journal,
commenced by
Esther Smiler Smith
July 30th, 1862.
Wednesday, July 9th, 1869.

I went yesterday afternoon to see Mary Bell, while I was there Magie
found me in. We were talking of her
sister's son, who was drowned a short time
ago. He was 14 last month, but was drowned
by resistance to his mother as a grown son
would have been. He took care of all her busi-
ness, which she could not attend. I was
anowitzet of her as possible an every
way. One of the Tilhier's lungs has been de-
troyed by consumption. The other only one.
Will not sit she has been sick for ever
To whom his father was like a father to
little girl. She keeps a boarding house the
son helps her as much. Truly Godmore
in a mysterious way. I asked them if they
had seen Mr. Jimmi Smith's chimney. No,
they had not I promised to leave it standing
We then got to talking of him. I said twice
had heard that he wrote to her sister every day. Maggie
Kerr and said, "Every day! yes, sometimes he wrote to
her two or three times a day, when ever he had an
opportunity." Maggie said that while he was at
Mamay Edward Allen, that remembered some
handkerchiefs for him, remarking one
with his hair, and then threw it round to him.
On Sunday when he came into church,
as he caught her eye he smiled the handkerchief for her to see. Then I pressed it to the
lips. Some lady who was in the choir with Allen
began to turn to her with her face
with pleasure. I said, "Oh! did you
see that?" and afterwards explained it to her.
Then Allen then must answer known. They
seemed perfectly devoted to each other.
Many kill spoke of a piece of poetry which
she once wrote on our school. Teacher
Teased: "All that is left of it now is the
redaction." I had a copy of it but it's...
have dwindle ivo. It is the time of the dead! a joy now seem superfluous.

July 31st. Thursday afternoon.

The last day of this eventful month to me is leaving to a close,

"Softly over the Light of day,
That exports my light away."

It has conveyed a lesson to me which I hope
and I believe will never be forgotten. Of the
"Shortness, instability of human life" we
have time. I again feel how little we realize
it until it is brought home to our hearts.

A little idea how entirely I was living
to the world. I would things until this
shock came. Religion was but little more
than a name with me — and at this the
conflict of one who had for more than
three years been a professed follower of this
— since whose time, more than three
year in the hands of the Bishop of Edin.
flock were laid as he prayed that she might daily increase in the Holy Spirit. Soon 1 min until she came to His everlastimg kingdom. And God has borne with my back sliding all this long time. 1 now calls me again to him so tenderly, it is time that he has taken one whose dearly loved but how has he taken me now? when he was unprepared for the change, but waited until He called him by his grace, for it is but a few months since. His interest in Religion has been so personal, I have heard liken him some time in which to work for him, who has redemptive blood. I return him to the courts of Heaven. I think does not take him where he long sick last year in camp I had never struck a blow for his country which his young heart desired. I did. Mole him with fight repeatedly in before of that country. I at least, give his life another
offering for her liberty while he cheered on
his brethren, to be as self-sacrificed as he was.
And lastly, what I feel to be the great source,
he did not let him be wounded; for then the
vicious death but caused the deathbolt
to strike as quickly as surely. For pangs him an
infinite amount of agony. Through it all I
cannot except on my part wholly conducive
money. I must repine that I have another
transaction becomes, although I miss him
now then I could have imagined I should
him missed one of whom and I have so little the
same fact of there being one person in
the world who took such an interest in my
affairs; in whom I took such an interest.
Even though I seldom saw him, was a quiet plea-
tive to me apart from the fact that I hoped
it had known him better I that the warm
friendship which had arisen might last
the many long years to come.
to consider not think of him being killed in
that war. I blame it entirely even now and
speaking truly the church was profligately
and still I did not imagine that I
would ever as such ever if it were to be, I
remember when he was so ill last spring,
speaking calmly of his death. I did
not know how weak I was. I thought
that it was as well in the know-
ledge that death is born to trouble as the
day is by inferno so that there was no loss
that could be called upon to sustain
the death of one more one as Obed this has
done. Surely, "The heart is deceitful above
things." Sometimes I feel as if I could almost
bear it, this against Obed, and if now that I
can willingly give him up for I know his
for his sins there than he could be here. I
hope in a few years at furthest, after we
have suffered awhile, to join my mother. They both
for I feel as if he were each, in that land where
parting is unbroken. Ere my Elder Brother
helped me to spend the days of my pilgrimage
on earth in this service, so that the night
cometh in, which no man can work. "I may
lay me down in peace; I take my rest until
the resurrectionMorro, when I shall awake
in joy like unto the righteous."

Oh! what a care that is for the carnal
spirit in this world of men. Let that care
one, or any other word, come, I shall be satisfied

Friday, Afternoon, Aug. 18th, 1862.

This morning, directly after
breakfast I went to see Miss Ashburner to get
a Sunday School I had lent her. After going
down town to get a pair of shoes, I went by to
see Siggie Heigle, for I had heard that Siggie
Williams wanted from Mrs. Williams, then
I met in the street for I had come from
by to sit down with Siggie, who has just returned
a few days ago from the country. I was struck with
Eugie Wright's smartness in some remarks she
made about a piece which a gentleman wrote in her album. I think there is a great
deal of merit in that family and I often sit in
the eye of a casual observer for the first time
I think the same upon them. The Wrights were
very true ... the remainder one so much
of my own mother that when I was
sleeping with him on the bed, he thought he
was dreaming and I woke. It caused a pang
in my heart. I believe her to be a gifted
woman, no poet of which I read quite so
day by day, so that I shall feel as if something
were the fact was broken when I saw no
more her slander through slyly signed
which calls to mind that of my own
dored one. My mother's signature is almost as
that I can remember often for when she
telling her countenance before me, the cold, barren face which I saw in her office with the close cap around it, which looked so unnatural to me, is the first image that rises. I almost wish that I had never seen her there, for it has almost banished all other memories.

Siegfried sang, at my request, some songs for me, among others the song, what has always been known as a favorite of mine.

"And that we're plastered over
don't you see?
But the truth when one was like when I was a child.

"And now I need to sing it. I always admired it so much. The last I knew I had never

written a song until I saw

"And every story where you bound.

"Shall I smile again — rather to mourn.

"And then, the last chance is taken more

than the former, though we were in our life

under the smile, we hope it will come as here."

0 0 2 9 3
On the first of last month was the deadly battle of Malvern Hill—after dinner I walked up, alone, to the Bac's field ridge. The last time that I had gone up that street was to see Mrs. Starmat & Mrs. Smith—whom she told me of, her having received that letter from Mr. Thomas Smith of his asking for a remembrance. Toward the end of the day before I was killed that I was there. I mean to try with these always on the first evening in the month. How much the street lasted some reminiscences one of kind! The sound of many voices greeted discordantly upon my surface as I passed the gate leading off to the Smith's house. How little the animals for that house think of the family for years ago were so happy then! When I just went to school there a father & mother lived there happy in each other for evermore.
by happily loving children - three brothers and two sisters completed the family circle. My own mother carried in her and left one - the petted child, alone, thought in a corner. As the gate closed upon her bosom forever, very desolate did I feel, but I met then almost a second mother. I turned with my young heart and learnt to cling, she was so gentle & kind. I no longer felt lonely where I looked into her eye, banishing with her for the little ones around her, to whose happiness she contributed so much. From warm eyes I afterwards in person, large, dark, brilliant & practising T yet cold, loving in their stary brilliancy. This inclined to be another one thing that inclined to him to me. Under the tall Smith's arm I grew devoted to the school, and many happy hours have I spent with dear Mr. Smith's youngest daughter.
Many taught us thus. The friend, they say, of the hard people to manage, both of males and females, little idea of submitting to any one, but we were taught to submit. That is the most valuable lesson I ever learned — to learn to submit entirely to the will of a superior. I must heartily do I thank him for it, but it has often been a difficult lesson to learn. I believe, almost half our misery in this world might be cleared up if we were taught early that lesson, then submission to the will of God would be gained without that fierce heart-stirring which so many of us have had to pass through. I might have once it a baptism of fire. Some nearly two years passed among I then came forth that year I escaped from God's hand — the yellow fever of '55. Our family left town, at the spring
and at Charlottesville we eagerly searched the
papers for the names of the dead. Mr. Smith's
son fell in the war and his little boy, still the dead
pall-bearer descending on the home—Connie
was sick—I do not know whether it was from
his mother's death or not—but I have heard
that they thought he was also to be mummied
with the head that he was even measured
for the coffin. Miss Mary Honey, I think, was
the only boarder left in the house. Skip
Thack told me that the midnight Conjoe took
the sickness that they learnt to believe
the fever. They say that Connie Smith nursed him until
she died. She says they were engaged, I do
not know—he was only 18 and at 18 and if
it was 18, what a black his young life must
have seemed. Then I returned to the school.
in the January of 1860, it was a different place. I missed my roommate from my side. Mr. Smith's boring lessons shut me up. One evening, when I went into the house, I wondered whether it did not make Mr. Smith sad to see his boy come as kind, if not kinder, than ever. Mr. Smith's habits made great grief to him afterwards, but when in 1860 he had drawn the teacher in the school he seemed as happy. The went to the North the fall before. I did not return until late of '67. I went to school again in the first part of January. Well, I remember the first time that I saw Annie. Smith in school. It was bad weather. The Smiths had school in the house. I studied Geography with the second class as I did not like some of our class. I was studying Latin. I missed it, too. The first day we went into the class, Annie Smith read the inscription standing. Learning against the frame.
in the sitting room when he called upon "Mrs. Child"

to tender my regards almost for word. I little knew when I entered this room that
day, nor in such a short time, I should
learn to love him so much. Before two years
in half, he called upon to mourn his early
death. As much pain as it has caused me I
am glad may, more. I am thankful that
I know him. Only I am perpetual but little dis-

sated. I thought I was following a man

whom I preferred to know. Geography,

English, I had long desired to learn. A

book which was commended in the library.

you the class to the Comm. Smith to
teach these two things seemed but

accidents yet one of them has given

an inclination which has changed

the whole coloring of my life. I hope

that in the last month I have been tough
to my upmost powers in heaven I uti-
eneth. Obedience I can truly say. All things have
passed away, behold all things have become
more. I solemnly will I endeavor to watch my heart
and that it does not founder itself a moment.
Then shall the Lord the God with all his heart.

I could I but keep this command in all things suffering it would save me. For
a quarter Smith seemed to happen he
had all his treasures around him. Things
learned with love which he mentioned
his children and alas! that Satan who
in former of days would not let them
come. Smith was the instrument
upon whom he worked. I after that prayer
of instrument agonizing it came to me the
tooken family since was again true.

Iony Smith taught me one more. Upon
his youngest cousins Smith thus spoke for taught. She did not lend a vain
be give up his own desire to lose sight.
stayed with his father, who said he could not
"stay with him." That reason did not arrest
his feeling greatly. Another year nearly came
and then the War broke out. Sery Smith
as well as Mr. Connin Smith joined heartily
in the "States Right" movement. Sery
Smith seemed to have received a new train
of action, and again his father loved to speak of
him -- his position in the battle he had seen,
in which Virginia still lay sleeping. when Virginia joined, Sery Smith seemed
as proud to have both his sons in
the service of his country. I well remember
the smile with which he told me, that
"Connin had enlisted for the war. How
little he could see in what that was
to end, but I do not believe if he had
seen he would have written home to home his
different pictures, as I am sure he would not, to
the Yellow-eyes, and the self-sacrifice.
of her son. I feel honored that our Lord should
brave the dangers of the noble army families,
which our country has given to God in this
bloody conflict. I cannot help feeling sorry
for his father, brother, and son who loved him so
dearly. It is a cruel trial to them. The sight of
the home in which I cannot remember
living as a child, the family could not fail
to recall vividly to mind the scenes of the
past which are gone never to return.
Oh! could I but remember this verse
"The Past is past—on faith I patiently taking
its lessons, let me lay them to my heart.
The chain atonement links are broken
The earnest was the Present ere it parted;
I can remember it now but in the grey walls
of life how easily I forget it."
"The Present" or it is buried," where the
dark waters of the Dead Sea sleep."
Sunday, Afternoon, Aug. 10th, 1669.

First Sunday I received the Communion. It was with a new feeling and one of the thankfulness that I listened to those words, "We offer and bless thy holy name, for all the remembrance of this Life and thy faith. Fear, I could truly heartily add," beseeching them to give us grace to follow their good example, that with them we may be partakers of thy heavenly things. I enjoyed the sermon very much. It was from the text, "Behold, he that cometh shall inherit all things, I will be his Father, and he shall be my Son." Mr. Rootman declares "He that cometh I will set my heart upon with a desire to fight manfully while I was a member of the Church Militant looking forward to the time when I should join the Church Triumphant. Openly among the communicants deemed that I could willingly give up any one I
Love into the hands of the Lord who had given me the unbreakable gift of a loving service. I felt perfectly acceptable to God's part dealing with me, willing to trust him for the future. Abraham Bright received the communion.

I was very, very thankful to see it. He has come to stop the seeming to be exchanged in a short time. I trust he will go back to the army with a desire to promote the cause of Christ to the utmost of his ability. The Lord seeks for missionary action, and to keep the young men in our camp, they will only arrest themselves of it if they carry their share as they would a dying man to that end for more of them God will tell but that only they be stretched cold and highlighted with the battle-field.

Mr. Rodman's trial today not.
hours of use, joint hours with Christ. He spoke of our inheritance, where we would be kept. I spoke unto God, I said, what a joyful exchange it would be for the sorrow stricken and the trumpet. Another one that I loved has joined the ghostly throng in the city of the dead. I heard a few days ago that Mr. Tanner had died of wounds received in the battle of Antietam Hill. He had a horror of Hospitals and I fear his soul took it right from one of the dreaded places also. I fear I cannot say, then, Teacher, that the Lord will save one of his. The Christian, she said, it. I think Mr. Tanner was one of those who knew the right but did not do it. Oh! I hope it wasn't so. Faint a fearful thing to say of one who has passed the mystic gate! Unto whom ever much is given, of him shall be more required. 'As the tree falls, so it must lie.'
The question that Say asked came near to my heart, "Suppose if in his intercourse with some called Christians of my family, he had heard a word on the subject of religion? When we parted, I felt very much disposed to speak seriously to him, but a foolish, vain, delusive feeling of false shame prevented me that it did again by talking with one who was nearer to me. If Say knew to read the Bible, he put it in his hand at eight. He spoke that the Lord should not as man think, may accept of salvation in the blood of the Lamb, slain to take away the sins of the world. How I would pity his wife, she bore him so many children, and likeness he almost always carried in his bosom. It was owing a great deal then his remaining the he determined him to the War he desired to go. I, I, join the Palmetto Regiment in which
he served in the American War. But he
gone there to worse human judgment. He
might now he alive. He did not think he
would live through this war. I hope with
that feeling came a desire to prepare for
the changed scene even if he brook it
could be otherwise.

Wednesday night Aug. 11th 1863.

This morning I got up before six.
In going to my window I found the snow falling
beautifully although the sun had almost
risen. I had been very busy to day about the house.
In consequence of this I had to leave the house
in consequence of being absent it takes more
of any time than formerly. In the middle
of the day Father gave me the Phil. Inquirer to
it contained a good deal from northern
papers. President Davis' general order to bail
him of many of his officers as prisoners in
consequence of his proclamation in
favor of citizens of the Confederacy who have
be under their military jurisdiction, was expressed in such feelings, terms that I felt proud of him. This distinction between the officers and the men in the army, that the former are bound to remain, is as just as it is efficient. It is in character with his rude but shrewd and discriminative mind. I have kept the paper on which it contained a piece from the Returns.

When the Great Battle which could read again, 1 again. It says what a mighty it had been there. I give the glory, which it is to partly due to the Lord of Battle. I think that the Father of Lights has given us Robert Lee to guide our army to a land of peace, one that years Lord. Has given him the wisdom that comes from above that enabled him to form the plan, by which our forces strong in iron will not that could make an armies successful, as far as a human being could make it, had been defeated. I speak from confession.
backhead—but it seems that there is deep, deep sorrow mixed with our rejoicing. That it will be in us to fill the cory of him who in our life, we have paid a fitting tribute to our noble dead. Oh! that they were with us to enjoy the fruit which their valor won—that wish is useless now.

The writer says that he has been among those that mourn, that he has lost friends in this war. The young brother in the bloom of manhood, the brother that he felt in the depth of his father at the post where his duty called him that he must have died in one of the last yards. Could they have died more nobly? He says, may we not hope that while we rejoice short victory on earth, which they sought for us, they thank God in heaven for us.

When Bishop Achard lay dying here for General, who had been just been made Commander in Chief, the Bishop had formerly preached Sunday School teachers visiting.
From my name he commenced our country to his care. I said that it was a righteous man I must succeed. He was at first what is called a Union man but gradually cleared mind of this great mistake. Before his mind as it did those almost all the rest, he was also aware what his death did seem shocking to have been. I have on account Bishop Nelse Old Christians, Ministers, Farmers of Virginia. It is most fitting interesting to me Virginia Episcopalians, not read of the early days when grown some of the Churches in V. I long been pleased to get this book.

Wednesday Aug. 12th 1862.

The next few days have been entirely in the estremo last three has been delightful. Some after breakfast to my stand that "This Zone" was about nine o'clock. Next time upon going I found a stranger a plain woman both side both side from from where I was immediate.
by favorably impressed by her frank, independent manner. She wanted some clothes for her little infants - the mother was living in her neighborhood, without the means of supplying them. Tempted by the kindness & beauty of the morning I offered to go with her & find where she worked. It did so, finding that she lived just over a little bridge, I went out of the town I went with her & her own courses afterwards. Stepping over the long abut, I entered the little cottage. Looking through the outer gate, I went into a lane, with numerous small sheds on the side; past another gate, through which I entered a room set down with a great variety of flowers. The door of the house was open. The scent of a little like some very small it was left as clean as possible - the white counterpane was thrown as washing could be made it. The small entrance to the single window was in the work being done - gave a look of comforta.
om. Don't stain them now just yet. They all seemed to open into each other. I think that I want in back as well as out door, as I think a magazine it was snow a little in armon they in winter. I told her I don't want to admit her pretty soon. I want it and then with her then again think she is very much upset now, to. I want to go with her. She asked me how much pleasure she had back to the short time she spent in there, she did not think I know that the fruit of the garden would please it until the would be separated from it. It may be for great it may be forever.

Sunday evening Aug 15th. 1808.

I spent the evening with Miss Sarah Waldron yesterday. Last night, when they went out to look at the door, Stewart Smith came in. He brought her some little red apples in book which she
Within Stewart had spoken to her. Miss Sarah opened it as she drew near and said, "Miss Cornish, she handed it to me saying "It was his book." I felt as if I touched a sacred thing as I took it in my hand. I looked at the blank page there in his well-known handwriting, with his name and the date Feb. 25th. I turned to the title "Promine, or the Water Symbol," with it, perhaps I longed to be delivered to dead "Printhio" that gave the new scenes to tell Miss Sarah that I wished she would ask Miss Wright to lend it to me after she had read it. I turned some of the leaves of Santine and saw those beautiful lines which were quoted in Rutledge

Death comes to cut the tree
A great breast cherishing
As the true friend.

My thought turned to the one whom God takes to everlasting rest for whom I will come to reclaim me from their body.
I read the rest of the verse—Oh! how comforting it is—"And all the grass shall dry And in eternal peace The penance end.

I hesitated with the brook for a moment glad in hope until Miss Sarah got me to retain one of it, as I was doubtless thought I felt a great impulse to retain it still, but I thought it would look strange so I let her take it, but when she left the room for a short time I took it up again. I learnt that he was by heart. I asked Edward a great deal about his cousin. He said they had all his printed letters in those six constant envelopes. 

"It was the year for death," he said, for though they had a great deal of his poetry, spoke of no future, he had written on his father. I asked him how long he had been a Christian. "Ever since that yellow rain. Oh! that I had only known it. God willed it differently and I have acted!" Miss Sarah told me"
that they said they were too young even in the Army better prepared for Death, Spring Smith, Smith & Charlie McPhee, that Spring Smith wrote to his father a few days before he was killed saying that he wished he would send him some Trust, that he had used all he had I could get no more of the sand seemed displaced for certain reading. She said he was like a preacher in the camp. Sir Morris son who was in his ones wrote slaves that he had been in his tent every night. Oh how I love to hear words and in his praises. To hear of his making good use of his short life in his martred war. Blessed is that servant whom his Lord whom his Some shall find us doing. Oh darling Sis. I could think that upon each word be only and even coming off temptation. Praying one in the Stained school of faith. Do you know what will help her below? If I could think that you knew that your sense I truly exemplified, had, and
the blessing of God, seen the means of awakening from the lethargy in which the world, the flesh, and the devil had steeped my soul, it seems to me I should feel a much more light hearted. After thinking of Mr. LeFevre's beautiful words, I gazed down Life's dark labyrinth,

A wildering maze to see,

Gazed for the many a tangled, alone,

As dark as dark could be,

And as I gazed in doubt and dread

An angel came to me.

I knew him: for a heavenly guide

I knew him was there,

Though weekly, as a child, he stood

Among the sons of men

By high the Heav'n's brilliance

I knew him even then.

I wonder now, when I think of his deep spirit's loveliness, how I could have so soon forgotten him ever.
As it was that a worldly mind had passed before my eye I prevented my seeing these things which are spiritually discerned? "Then I think of his attention to the wishes of others; of his ready yield for all that suited it; of his respectful and deferential manner to his superiors, while his bright smile came like sunshine to cheer the last—when I think of the care I pains he took over unimportant affairs that he might conscientiously assume the position of his father's assistant, where's such wishes led him to go with his brother of his gentleness, patience, with an anxious but of scholars, each one of whom had his own peculiar mode of annoyance, when often as he told one afterwards, his head shook violently—when I think of how he told me, no one of those few occasions that he consent of himself, that the next to love time, when he was younger, that the least thing would make him angry, but it was not as then.
I did not then remember that he that rules his spirit is greater than he that takes a city — when I think of all this I think I must have been blind indeed not to have seen that to lead each in life as he let request help from on high. Had I more read "For that which one will keep faith, not many appear"? How strangely blind I was. It was always my desire to have a young Christian teacher — youth I thought I would be better able to feel for the temptations of youth. A Christian would help me to be done a Christian. I think that this blessing was mine. Then it aside I can scarcely forgive myself. How often his advice would have been helpful to show many a sin might I have been preserved from. That by my Lord I have known this but — Soldier of Christ! well done. Next from the story consider. The battle fought, the victory won, enter thy heart's pc.
Wednesday, Sept 16th 1862.

It has been just about 24 weeks since I last wrote in this book. In that time much of great interest to me has transpired. Under the blessing of God our beloved country has gained victory after victory. Jack Todd is now at Petersburg in Penn. Norfolk has suffered severely in these battles. The ninth regiment has lost in killed, wounded, and missing thirty percent. The particulars have not reached me yet. Mr. Lehmann is wounded in the arm. Thomas Bell is wounded. Sam Bell lost two fingers in a former battle I was absent in his left arm. Eddie Demms is said to have died in camp. Poor fellow, so sorry to mention. There is a report that Dick Taylor has been killed, but I am thankful that it is not confirmed. Mr. Tinnin...
Smith's son Henry is reported arrested. It is very true that Southern blood is somewhat raw.

"After the Southern war." Besides that matter of such deep public interest, much have I found in the four walls of my own to give me great trouble, painful pleasure. After hearing about Smith's son, I mentioned it to one of his friends, who determined to go to see his mother, the widow, to get her to show me some. Having an excuse of going to some place near, I went with them. The conversation naturally turned upon Mr. Sermon Smith's death, then upon his poetry. I think the visit was fine. I had even seen any of it. I told him that I had been very interested to read it would be very good if she would show me some. She sent me some immediately for one of his books. She also sent me one I might
not to say it seems kind—But they know
his brother's writing, which I wrote quite
much for. I suppose they can very little
forget, whereas I love him so much more
than I think they do. She gave it to me
to read, "My Mother's Graces". Well the
the Bible, take as an instance of deep
draw's one that occurred for him. Then
It was truly a sad, sad piece—
"I had known no joy, another
Since them what taken from me"
is very true. I can believe 10 years after
his mother's death. Write of her as she
these 10 years ago the summer of '59.
how well I remember that summer. It
was the August before we went to the sea
and I was so bright and happy, so
having heard that the girls wouldn't
got ahead of me in the winter. How little
I thought it as I wrote write the different
days in August that I would commence
a new book in reading that in that
came along them walking in the
tombs and the of the City of the Dead, in
his heart still bleeding from the wound
it had received from my years ago, in
whom are city months had passed over
my head I should take and a man
interest. So as this piece was it be the
spirit of childlike faith. Resignation
written to a man I certain hope of a man
the vision. Mr. Smith told me it was
the first piece that I present my
bought other for it spoke of his "dead lot"
not as to his other "good dead." Truly
thankfully did I see that his heart
returned the image of S. W. Mrs. to
visions in visions. Eighteens more than a
year after Salli Williams assumed that
she loved me. It was very, very glad to see the
It's not known exactly why it almost gives me so much pleasure. But I prefer greatly that he should have loved me with the same love that I have. It still to bear to know.

A sister's man's earnest love to give him. I do not think that he loved me as he did his own sister. I spoke of the visions of the past that came before me there was a tall, statuesque girl, whose name was unknown to all but her. It fell upon me. It gave me a sense of tenderness and love. Love, love, and all love. It too has passed. Oh! love one face they will. The Smith, in reply to me asking for if she knew in his opinion this. She party said that she had heard of it, did not know. I like him that I had heard so too. I thought it cannot be as from them. I know that piece the pain he very often made.
those allusions. She took up a long piece
terminative to read it. I daresay it was
very beautiful. I began it when she got
10:30. It was a dream of heaven—it
was a very long one. I told Mrs. Smith
would like a dramine as I could assume
that if she had no objection. I would
take it home to finish it. She said the
first word that perhaps I was not
likely to read it. It took a great effort
on my part to ask for it, for Mrs. Smith
was in the house and I thought he liked
Mr. Connais. Smith, as I thought he liked
the beauty of the poem he wrote with
his mother's hand. The next day I was
the poem. The second great effort lasting
for the book as I told Mrs. Smith I would
like to copy the poem. I told him to
acquire them. They were not a poem as the
both was just commenced as if he had in-
tended to copy all his pieces then when
the one commenced. I think that was
the 20th of August that I first went to
see him. For years I might
almost say for my whole lifetime
it has been my abiding desire to be
able to write poetry — but in vain.
I have loved it, passionately, but
it lacked the power to write was denied
me. I think perhaps, coming soon
after Sir Joshua Reynolds’ death may
have troubled a silent chord in my
heart but to my utter astonishment
I found myself on the evening of the
21st of Aug. in the procession of the
Lord, though I beheld, helplessly de-
sicewing, I who had never before
attempted to write verse in my life bound
away and come to my mind in rapid succes-

00265
The first piece I wrote was on a subject near my heart. My school days that no one has seen. I wrote another piece that evening—a piece to say on her birthday, which was the following day. I hesitated very much whether I ought to give it to her. I looked upon my newly found talent as such a precious gift that I hated to share even the knowledge of it with anyone, but I knew there were two persons whom you would be a cause only to envince, Tony Troy. At least, after a struggle, I resolved to let those two into the secret of my pleasure. Instrumentally, I took upon it to Connie Smith's brother at the store. I'd love to consider it, but I receive the honor humbly. I thankfully accepting originally from the hand of my own loving Father.
another & computation of the errors of each
in which I can be sometimes varied. I
then depend on what seemed to me
when I stood as a northwesterner of
the language of Heaven. Some
things that I have written seem
too sacred for even a sister eye to
rest upon. I those are and those
may content to see them. All say
that as she had conceived nothing
from many she thought it was my right
for me to act differently and I told
her plainly that there were some
that could not be private even to her.
I still linger of some having written
some perfec. When the sound asked
me to show them to him. I did not
read. In the piece to Gray I am other that
I did not write. I wrote. I then
promised her one that I told her to
read it to herself as I did not care to read it. She took it and commenced to read it. It was a sort of answer to a piece of Mr. Serrie Smith's called "Art them Dreaming?" I do not know whether she finished reading it or not for I went on with my work but soon she threw it down. Dashed the tears from her eyes, I said "How can you understand why I did not wish to read it?" She did not answer, nor even mentioned the subject again. So, regarding tears I once did myself as a weakness, as something to be ashamed of. I felt very sorry when I felt that others knew what for a week until Joe's birthday had been carefully looked in my heart alone. After I said this, I went to my glass table. I felt very strange.
to go. Take it back. It happened very strangely that the very morning after
the evening I first found I could write, Dad came into my room. I had
a piece of poetry on the table
before me. I took it up. I read the first
line, "Dearest!" then understood the gift.

Dears blindness in
eyes I could read no words. Never
had been on such a stretch for the
past three days that the fountain
once opened was not easy to close. The
moist every time brought fresh tears
most of all the allusion to "Dears
Dearest!" That piece, has always been a
great favorite of mine. Within days
Charles showed that some other poems
had in my school books to the same lines
one day. Not only all it has been prominently
line with regard to mine knowledge of him that
it was more than I could think.
Saturday night Sept 25th 1863.

There is a rumor of glorious news to-night. I cannot be wrong in my fears. It is said that M'Cullum has capitulated with 20,000 men. One thing looks very sure—like it, they would not allow a small number of Baltimore men. Subscriptions have been made in abundance for the benefit of our soldiers. Some persons have promised $50 each.

If this were to be true, we feel that to the great God of Battles is all the praise. Glorify the works of our, not ours, but His. Let us find a name and give glory. Day before yesterday was the Thanksgiving Day appointed by our Savior, we have indeed causes to give thanks. For the nations. God has given us this all this fruitful content, may we come out of this higher than we were before. a more-Leveling God? I accepted before this in the on earth forever forever forever with Southern hearts.
Sept 24th 1869.

Today Mr. Robinson preached and again by request, the sermon which he preached on the 16th of July. With what different feeling did I hear it! There was an earnestness with a strong feeling, a firmness in tone. I listened to the words. All these things are against me, with the childishness that in the speaker there was not hidden. I might as in affliction them to myself. It is my hope of the comforter not to be when the idea, faint though it seemed, that any cup of sorrow might pass me from me. Now I have grappled it even to the bitter dregs! They shall taste and have known to its uttermost bitterness that out of the bitter sweet comes forth. How glorious is our God! Now, without one human being in the world, to whose I look for happiness, am sometimes happier than I have ever been even in any happy moment.
shortly after, now I can feel the just these words: "Whom the God loves He checks with." Truly, these thoughts are not as our thoughts, how inadequate the words to express my feelings. I looked back today to see what I felt and wrote of that sermon which I heard before. I know how deeply I felt it. Yet how could I have been the words in which those feelings were expressed, and all through that Sunday time? ever when speaking of the letter which brought that intelligence, how common place it seemed to the world now when I read them over. I know it was no common emotion which caused any and to it very definite, however. I know I do as afraid of expressing too much feeling than I felt great doubts of its being fine but still I wonder if I could have written at the afternoon time was no carried in the spirit of the churches or our family. Aunt Isabella...
I went to the Presbyterian Church. I really enjoyed the service. I thought of bowing down and kneeling before the altar, but this evening I felt that we were all one in beholding 

"Come, we will all join that here our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." Oh! I felt sometimes as though I were 

troubled in these last eventful months, how 

especially felt almost raised unto the 

Heaven, where was the evening that Eliza Thompson in the Obituary that I made and put to see that made me certain of what had been very evident before that 

occasion, joyfully though my heart as 

I came home holding fast that precious thing—nothing earthly could seem bright that knew not from me. Then again the 

my heart was sunk into a state of joy 

under the manner influenced of God, when I had received from God's mercy.
Before the night that I saw his last division, then I read these cheering words—

"Death comes to set thee free. I greet him cheerily .
To thy true friend,"

Death had come to see him free. I felt that it would soon come to be mine free. Thus my heart thrilled with rapture as I thought of the joys of heaven, of the blessedness of the redeemed. And to think that I, who so often felt depressed as I was, after forsaking God and the world, to think that I would be redeemed, sanctified, glorified—I made once for the existence of the spirits in light, united to mingled, with the sanctuaries of God—In time who have been tasted of that innumerable that it filled my whole soul with overflowing so that I felt as if I could scarcely contain happiness. I bowed in gratitude to any God who had preserved me.
give things for one as pass over in unceasingly
And in my soul, I am to praise.

Then when I came from home today's again
last Sunday night, the thought of the promise
of God to one, so grievous so dear, so thrilling
in it by the discipline, trials of earth,

took such entire possession of my soul that
the exceeding, eternal weight of glory press'd

to heavily on my heart as almost to sink
me to the earth. Oh! how happy I was that

am I that God should do this for me? Why
did He not leave me to perish in my iniquity

Why did He not open the life that I
rose in? Why, He desired I have me to my belly in
overthrowing my earthly idol? Why did He

take away these things which involved
my growth in the things of heaven? What was
there in one which the eye of Infinite Kindly

could look upon with sorrow? cause Him to

see it with my eye and be the friend of afflicto
that I might come forth henceforth, as a child of God, an inheritor of an immortal life; to dwell in eternity? Why was I chosen before the foundation of the world? It is all, mercy! mercy! mercy! Is it any wonder that it should fill a heart with joy? Is it not rather a wonder, a wonder far beyond our comprehension, to believe these things on ear only? I almost feared to think that anything so grand and great as this should happen. I thanked thee then, oh! wisest God, I thank thee now, I thank thee still, that thou didst take from me a heart which was filling, without my knowing it, part of that place which is only left a right. Father! into thy hands I commend my spirit. We will one, as it seems, the good Father. Each one thing comes to pass, if necessary, all. Each day, in that there would be joy, is with the voice of joy.
Sunday night. Sept. 25th 1863.

My nineteenth birthday. Such an event is something. This year has brought few changes unexpectedly to me. A year of events of no particular sufficient to come one to write them in a review of a year's doings. On the 10th of November the party at Shem's Island - an evening straight into deep interest to one more. In Oct. Aunt Kimmie joined one in the folk after horror a great deal of trouble in surviving the blizzards of the north. The 1st of Dec. left school on the 8th March.\thdrd. Their was no grief to one, even for one's own. One thought the coming of that time would be for any heart back left long before any old friends try, some old teachers were no longer there, all was new, strange. One mmmmemories the hardest days of our war of independence were last year - the taking of Charleston, the fall of Norwalk and that followed by...
would have thrown a gloom over our Confederacy had we not known that the darkest hour just before the dawn, and that 'procrastination is death's opportunity.' On the 14th June, Yorktown was surrendered. The Massacre of Virginia, which had been ended a term to the memory was consequently destroyed. Time passed on; those glorious battles before Richmond and its fought Marching the Bleeding of God by the Confederates! those bloody Tones were gone and they by the fearful conflict of McAleer still where he left a thousand men upon the battle field. Little did I then think how closely I was concerned in this fearful drama. He spoke in rejoicements of the operator of our gallant troops. We live hearts. In thanksgiving to the mighty of all victories. The power in our memory life in Norfolk. Threat that time kept lifted
I duties multiplied upon my hands. On the 31st of July, after being mostly worn out by my efforts to arrange the stores and, I went to Sketches to the Wednesday evening services. Returning from Sketches that evening, I read from Isaiah 10:12, that announcement which has changed the whole coloring of my life, given my heart a readiness to buckle things which God in His mercy granted me to see. Ever since then my life has strangely altered. All things are passed away, besides all things have become new. God has been a most merciful and merciful to me—looking back over my whole life as I stood over with my feet upon the threshold of a new year. I can see nothing but mercy—all mercy, and in this last truth God has more mercy than all. I trust that nothing shrivelled fruit has been fairly spurned, for part it may not sink again into that.
deathly lethargy of sin! Sometimes ago I remember sitting in the northern window sill of the Study. After thinking of all the years inside me saying "I am never perfectly happy." Often think then—when the sides of my have risen upon me, and I thought of that evening I felt as if my feeling, then was a mockery, almost to laugh after that—so say I sat again in that room, unconsciously the words rose again, I might feel that my heart uttered them in truth—but oh how different was the happiness! How far superior—then it was confined to this little spot of earth! the fleeting term of human life—over it stretched like the beauteous heavens I will ever glow with brighter and brighter until Eternity shall be no more! Only our religion is it dark a glorious thing to the Lord who has so gently led me by a way that I knew not at. I dedicate this dying dreamy life that it may be spent in his for ever
Friday Night, Oct. 10th, 1862.

On coming from Miss Lane's house some time ago, that Mrs. Parke had recently come down from Richmond. I had seen Mr. Brown after he was wounded, and determined to go see him, so we went to day. He told me great deal of his. He told me the battle field a night. In spite of the arrow wound the surgeons had found no sign that both life bones were broken. It led him inside expecting divine to breathe his last at any moment. He was so weak. His condition of consciences 17 those whom he helped could again serviceable to their country. After this took of time some on first day life was in Divin's first mission on 3th and returned Divin to the hospital. Seeing that there was come one grand step in the hospital. The prisoner ached the
doctor to bring her to know. Thus he saw her, he said, "If you are a bad woman folk, I know you found a friend." It was not like the Turks' warm heart to make such a speech. His Parish told him yet that he must consider that he had found a friend. She said she suffered great pain, but when she spoke to him of what past times had come upon me, I suppose in reference to that, he answered as one of the true sons of our beloved Lord. Yes, the Parish, but it is for my Country. I can scarce imagine what with this a man while suffering the amount of copious urine, which had brought him to his death-bed, bearing the pain without a murmur because "it was for liberty." It was enlisted in its own simplicity! She said he seemed perfectly resigned to dying—he dismissed her toillet room.
Walks that he had tried to do as she told him.

The doctor told him that she could not possibly save him. I am sure that he would have to die. She said it shook him very much that he looked as well, had not fallen off, as well I talked to her conventionally that she could not believe that the animal die. She said: "Oh! doctor, if the animal we can do to come back and tell her there is nothing there, he explained to her how he was encouraged that both his bones were broken. Too far a progress that he might linger a week or he might die that might be that it was mortification set in her eye.

On Thursday when she was in the dinner he said: 'Doctor! I want you to answer me a question candidly. Must I die or is there the least hope of recovery? I want to know for then no more could I live.'
another. I sent his Paish to settle for
me. The doctor said, "Well! Mr. Smith,
I think you are strong enough to hear it
you must die." She told he did not more
be annulled but she could not stand it.
He turned his eyes on her, but she said
she had to go. By and By she gave him broth,
besides Chris child she's 5 days old. She
write to his wife, saying, "Break it to her
gently. She must, she is so delicate.
Has first strong nausea, beak it to her
gently." She said she wrote to him by
der that she was very ill. But I do be
that, "while there was life there was
hope," she said. She could not tell her
she was dying. She carried pen and
paper to him. He, himself, wrote her a
few lines. Upon the ninth of the 5th day
between Saturday and Sunday. I account
of Mr. Trumbull's death. The dream was i.
since I made such an impression on me
that I mentioned it to you. You determined
to remember the time. If my letters
were written to see if the time corresponded.
I am not at all expectant, nor did I
see reason why I should receive any
information of Mr. Freemont's death but the
decomposition is such previsions of my
mind that I asked Mr. Richardson to buy
up what stores Mr. Freeman died. "Can
Saturday night about Brooke," "But
what is your opinion?" "I don't know. I asked
him about battle. He was convinced one. In the book I have
discovered a march or 10 days. I thought
I might calculate from that, but
I do not know how. He promised
me, however, to show me the letter
which he received from Mr. New
which we wrote in Richmond.
In summer asked to see a minister with
he was sick I once died some circums.
time to see him I feared with the priest. The after
his Parson to lead to bring out. He then
bent Bible from under his pillow
but she in evidently not a Christian &
the soine she could not move the sick who
it came to reading to them or any
thing else that she was most able to find.
Despise on the read some parts
but it a comfort it would hard if
for him to have had a Christian who
was well acquainted with the comfort
of the Bible & could have some
insomnia particulars to have read to times.
But such
that our God who is rich in mercy
I can make up all deficiencies in his
creatures, taught him to taught him by
his own spirit so that he did not feel
the want of any certainly instruction.
How thankful I am that he had some time for preparation & gradual return in a moment into Eternity! I am very, very thankful and I after bearing of his sufferings, that the brother I found so mild & mild I trust was prepared by the Saviour's cleansing blood for a sudden death did not have to suffer from a painful lingering illness but was taken in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, from the bloom of youth & health to the brink of God's Paradise! Oh! how good, as well as how glorious is our Lord! "Like a father pitied his children so the Lord pitied that poor sin'

mer;

At the close of every chapter in our life, — At the receive of all of the dealings of the Lord with his beloved child, when viewed after a little space of time — how have we reason to know "I stand on the shore of eternity, that he is a God outside name cannot tellly. Is. 50:9"
Thursday, Oct. 28th 1842.

I find, long since I have had an opportunity of writing anything here for we have had reality but only one winter, as both summer and winter have been the minister of between one being in bed, sleeping, breakfasting, evening I have had scarcely a moment to rest for work or rest. At time for more.

Thursday, Nov. 6th 1842.

Today is the anniversary of the party at Cranbury Farm! What an eventful year it has been, not only politically but it seems to me personally! Many thoughts do in my heart to which thin yard has given rise, but few words come to my lips, not that I feel a desire to write, I for a wonder, having the time I have not time to indulge the inclination.

"Chill November winter's blank is a good description of the mind that whistles around the house in town. The weather may
will be spoken of as—"cold, dank, & dreary." The sad and leaves of autumn and the coldness in the garden. If the rain were and all beats against the window-pane—never as there is light in my heart. I although in some respects the associations of this day bring sorrow to my heart. Why feel I have so much cause for thankfulness in that very sorrow that I feel this should indeed be Thanksgiving Day, since it comes to be where I am connected as such from the channel last Sunday.

Happiness, such as I felt that day last year, never again will be mine, I suppose but happiness of a far higher kind. Pleased and thank it to God often is mine, and not give the lessons I have learnt this year though they were taught in a school of agony for any thing or all, that the word contains. The past though fraught
with and even bitter memories I could not exchange; the present is joyous and joyous, for the "marvellous light" shines above my head. I cast a glance into the future. I would have it that God who has so gently and kindly led me, all my life, through the various trials of life, would indeed lead me by a way that I knew; not little thought, as I often laugh and talk at Sandy Island that that evening's while will be an indelible stamp upon my future life; so that the conference, the pleasures of that evening would, under God, as His instruments, be made the controller of my destiny, so that his hand when cold in the game would direct my footsteps in the way which leads to the gates of the celestial
city, where Edmund Meakins, Esq. kindly has been good to think that the "Saviour of a Sinner is worth far more than the Saviour of a Sinner. Among any other causes for gratitude to God which are not, nor do I wish to thank Jesus that He sent to me such a friend. In my hour of darkness, which may be known, may I never forget the marvellous God who had been a refuge in my time of trial, but may I always rejoice that Jesus was among all others! Bless the Lord, oh! my soul and all that is within me bless His holy name. Bless the Lord, oh! my soul and forget not all His benefits. This-forgive all thy sins and declare all thine infirmities. This is but a part of the Lord all works of His in all places of His dominion, bless them the Lord, oh! my soul." Amen.
Sunday night, Nov. 16th 18. N. C.

More than half of this half year has passed away, and this is the last half month. Today, Mr. Rodman preached on unusually good texts of righteousness. He described an action among Christians and very earnestly worked with a desire to be such "living epistles, known to men of all men." Thus, these meaningfult lessons have been given to us, which are formed by the children of man. In the midst of the Inquisition, at the age of a little more than thirteen and a half, she was certainly a remarkable character not merely so in the eyes of her biographer; it would be both natural, but an inability for her great facts to be opinions. Besides being an eminent Christian, she...
was an unusual solicitation for one of her age. Indeed for a woman of any age. There was a letter given of commendation by the principal of the Seminary, with her parents, speaking of her conduct. The examination at school tells us that the preparations of her two was always "critical. Thorough," that her translations of Racine, LotHERMAGNE, 2 Victor, and even 1 "invariably thought the strength, the beauty of the original." She tells us it was wonderful how she found time for all she did, that besides the time she gave to reading, meditation, research, prayer, writing, her "thoughts," (the words her chagrin & disappointment) "thoughts" under different heads. The journal, which was by no means inconsiderable, the best time for ornamentation, work besides preparing the studies for a large Seminary, drawing, painting, which she has made good progress in this family.
have various specimens of both.) I also once, besides it is incidentally mentioned that they wrote compositions very much, being that although in the side of much she had a very gay disposition. screens with it in my own, where her young companions (with whom she was a great favorite) during, did not prefer her life, besides she was so devoted to her studies that there was doubt she found time to enjoy her society. This teacher mentions that in general information was quite the same as ever been at her age. How can she imagine the performance of so much work in one's less could I do it. What a contrast!—what a contrast to my life present! and I said before the subject few of them in opinion, none of the compositions are given, one of them is on "The Improvement of Time," the most.
certainly did practice what she preached.

With tomorrow commences a new week. Grant, oh! my Father, that the lessons taught this very many in this time be
bring forth fruit in my heart. One they caused a feeling of deep mortification to me—it was the mention of her ex-
ample, contrasted as a public necessity that was deeply in regard to her behavior—I cannot
what a bitter thought is it that my school days are gone past valued. But, as Mr. Rodman said to day, the past is gone—on should
not spend vain regrets upon it but arise
battle with the present, "still achieving,
still pursuing." Eon! how onerous upon me.
One thing she did I think I will try—it is
to write down each day the trial of that
day, I think she adopted it from a recom-
mendation of Hotta in his "Young Christian."
a boot of which she was very fond. Her death was shortly after her birth...
Monday Dec. 5th 1843

Tell me please a story and voice a full statement, since I have not been familiar with the man, I am not aware of any name of the relation or meaning. I am sure I do not know much about him. Long time in Washington before coming here and training here during the two years of the war. He is dead now.

I have never seen anyone more and meaner of all. I have seen the falling off of many friends with time. This one at the time of the death of which I have no words to speak. He was the best man to see the Cardinal, the feeling was not being in the best of health but being in the best of health would not help him. He could not help himself to the degree or the actual and it is that was almost always to be with him. I would not have wished it. Sometime later, a stop to think. Engie brought me the answer and Jigee Williams to him. He became entranced, entranced with Egie's thoughts. Egie came and told me everything. I wish to say something about this.
Since all the time I passed once to alt, I nearly was the last: yet I found, I wish with truth, that I kept, met with you in the same single house. I wish the last to 50 to the house. Since to the Great Quarter that it would be to see and 50 to the quarter. Since a writer things time, he takes his joy's eyes, for not coming back, and the quarter, one 50 to the quarter. Since a writer,
I wonder what goes on sometimes — if once we could not be

much together at once at her mornings we took

up in the reading I in the afternoon she often

with copies of the little verses we read, or talked together

as we occasionally did, we talked on in different times

now standing in the sweetest way to commiserate

rebellions, until we were walking together and

writing the notes in a careless way on the corner of a

coined — — some know copies, three

in the morning I saw your people "No, I have known

it for sometime," I think
even if you could have discussed your

mention it before but I do not remember the

words, the rain, I wanted to see if you would write

anything about it, I knew you knew it, I do not

remember mentioning it or answering the note

that has been alluded to again, but during our meeting

knowing us well enough to be by our unconsciously

and in some part it is that I was disappointed some

other subject was introduced I am finished with

in a precise and until the day before our sitting when
I was sitting alone in my room. I thought of Cappi. Then
my childhood friendship was lost, and having a young
man I supposed I wrote a piece of jealousy. I thought
my friend sometime after which apply how much
more I had learned but without saying anything of
the ending arrangement, in that I knew Cappi to
think. Contributed, no particular cause, soon in my
assessment to the fact that, we could little else
than there is more nearly from the fact that
she was most thrown naturally a great deal into Cappi
Walker's society until long after I retired and got
and the matter between us, as she was or else that was
something. I am not sure, but I should have an idea
one in thinking to miss the but in did among and I
sensed her there some authoring in the world the
matter. For I believe for I did not believe from
instant, that in the trifles were to break upon
friendship. After a while I observed that the poor
I had given Cappi— to myutter astonishment the
said Cappi had sworn she thought to be offered
by it and seemed to be the cause of her absentmindedness.

I went out of the room made a note of this in my

writing-book, saying that she seemed to be in one of her funny moods.

I went out of the room and said to her that she seemed to be in one of her funny moods, but that if she would tell me if she did or not, I would not mind.

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afternoon but that she went to some secret place on
Monday morning to see one. Monday came but CGI
but not make her appearance. 14th did also and any
fears with him thing it for days sometimes after one
Williams in the chest. I employed in a man to take
insuring of mine kind that holding himself back
over the CGI that day. It was beating me in the giddy
to say the last I think but still I determined to leave
there mounted in order to clean to the offtake it
had begun to think my self that there must be
selling the matter in. there to drive to see CGI one after
there she was not at first. For there she was there
and then hanging Mrs. Williams when in the house
that where I got up to go. I said throw your shoes
around your I come to the door with me CGI and
224 come you? Oh! And it is so cold, no how reply. Cannot
confess I was calling knock but I was determined
if I was in forth that am society should be get
myself one to the storm coming to hire the
Miss town and the storm spend it seems have some high
I think the 19th December. I did not write that a deed, in the first place, and in the second place, in the third place, in the fourth place. The moral of the story is an exciting one, and the moral is, I think, a very desirable effort to clear any character from the imputation of having to break my own friendship. I got into trouble, and I am conclusion thank you for the kindness and consideration she had shown when I was in desolation. I told her that though she might have forgotten them, they were to me among the sweetest memories of long ago. I told her that by coming to see her she had told that her actions upon some occasions but that they were not such as to justify the allusion she could be guilty of such weakness. I was one shrewd man said he had just come back. She did. I told her that whatever path of life is
should read. I hope we might at last make some
arrangements. And I am happy to hear this.
no longer believe that we are Strengers. I am told
not to enjoy it at all. This I sent to him by Timji,
the lat to tell Tujji to tell her at conference.
for I had promised her.
19th. Connie Smith's report for her. 
2nd. She gave it to Tujji on the
27th. Tujji has taken some notice of it although
many a fortnight ago. She (for I am writing a
14th. to .) now as to refine the minutes to be the best
may I consider my duty done. I tell Tujji
that she must see the propriety of any change. On
that was the only attempt which even those who
would allow me to make. I that some time I
always referred to send it to the same person get eighty
to send to her. Show her the minutes in secret.
the more matter that in all this year I might say that
you import anything of this kind are not all of which seem
with all regard and esteem to the Lord.
Sunday, Dec. 14 1861

Some Mrs. Kingfield, from Portland,

Resides near the Livingstone Farm, near Fort

The Speaker, the Member of Congress, had been in

From an under, in mine eyes, he was the King of the

of West Africa, a much sought after, at the time when

And, in the glory of the East I know what

And I can't begin to explain, without a manipulation

The bucket Linen in to the room a highly

Which will be made of the floor, but in a

The surveyors, their least concern, and that is a

attention, which is done, of the patient to

the door, the second corner of which is

Industrial articles and such to be prepared.

Monday, Dec. 25 1861

Today, Mrs. Brown, Smith, and lady

to the number of age, but this is his

in America, CLINTON, from labor

and present with the State. During the

Sir, I remain, your servant,

Commissioner, in a statement of facts.
Christmas Day, 1862.

Since here I spent and celebrated Christmas there, I solemnly believe now I am more near me— nearer in heart. Before, it seems to have been a story. It might not seem to be the same, the same. I write more than to think the day, but to express and put more. I write more than the voice is to me an over sounding, a tone of the morning, of the morning, of the morning.
but mine was not. I thought of my having that I had a right to some explanation until that is given. I do not think it is necessary that we should be afraid the some terms in promises. I wished I intended that my manner should be just things so nice. The table was in different subjects I made no allusion to our note nor even to the packing. The making almost to mycrieffice she called herself that wrote no remarks about the letter. My manner was the same as the simple. The lines so variable as ever. When the sun to go she did not ask her to stop, she could hardly imagine in one to do so. I think it is almost insulting for you to say.

I took no manner of notice of my earnest attempt to talk and explain. I thought perhaps she would only to refer to the note but I did not do so as it indicated what I told her that she should be the fault. I wrote on the subject is written.
Took him again yesterday at dinner where
his own words impressed me. The young
week day his Chaplain brought the end
the assistent Surgeon of the British ships
continued to see for he seems to be quite well
continued. Each night Father, long, happy
spent the evening with them friends. I
spoke for the old friend that he was not to be kept
spent Christmas there I went
as to spend this one together those subjects
to the day James has entered into
into an attained officers. They seemed in
the end but I do not know whether it is
enough to mention.

Sunday Dec. 28th 1802

The back of the odorous现象
me at the tend of their head. The other hair some
of this shaving gone would like to remain on
my memories I wish more than not been of it which was
for one real way to keep. The wound is for me.
smartest broken resolutions experienced of them.

An instance of some. He said that nothing had won
the theme of his air. When and then was a battle
with the missions etc. The subject accused the
frail of doing once. I travailed to bring as best had put
first place in the aucun of death the dead dead
day. nine since to frame. To myself they are
the conclusion of last year which conditions
to random which would stay, I probably die
for an old man memory after the applicable
dream that times should be broken.

It has been to me the most agonizing. The
next healthy sound of my life. But this
is now a lane for the back times. I see the
last time closed my hand within his
where can be dear to one a brother, friend and a
rich man. I determined are that I present
him. But the sickly contumacious of such
rich school girl — within this year received
the year long announcement of the death which
from with such astonishing surprise and in exalted, free spirit, and, when my feet rested on my soul, I submitted, as I have already said, and thought that might of truth could make even so gradually newfangled and, what I supposed to be in order—the plan of man's redemption—I was born again—although more divine than this, year had rolled on since. There{/blanks} before God all—Terrible to take in mind the worm which I knew must die. If I were as then was no mercy reserved but thought it was without, out of the way were the Lord therefore. I was indeed when the family the good and the wonder of this town must have me. Some seemed to comprehend that there were no parts to shape which a continent that long decimals never could settle with me. The contiment was as true for you have many combinations. Then in these took this
Secrecy that had marked such disciples was not
been called to endure— that sin among them had
been excised— that God crying in the abyss did in
the place which of right belongs to the only
material self the only object of redemption in the
Church, in all his glory appeared to everyone
I did not wonder that high priests should be the
prophets not only of the Redeemer of the soul,
but of the angels of heaven. For that they who sit
in the presence of God should descend below
these things— since there, although invisible
remains, and by any earthly seasonal heart.
I have been in love, intensely longing for this,
In God is the glory of his only-belonging soul,
then live to work things out in my beloved.
This is in this world I have received, but which
seemed but too much flesh from heaven— the prophetic
is then, with the love of the within myself— from
freedom around any body— Heaven at the end of the
remonstrance with three of the Lord who were pass
Wednesday. Sept 16, 1861.

Admiral Waddie wrote him frequently the last three days—though flattering on his health. The present day to me, what was wonderful, your letter is both politically & personally this one day to be remembered by one. All day we see the excitement & great excitement there are many orders. Intervene taken. Only move the terms his hands I would communicate my mind. Old Carthage tried and exigent join my mind.

January 1st. 1863.

To-day being the time, according to Lincoln's proclamation—after about three years on the field, they have had a grand procession. In various character they have made a great deal of noise—then silence returned through the air. Directs that the procession was not to exceed three miles in length. They ordered down to line. This—unanimous theme—speech, calling things, thy friends, the noble, the hero, stand by their interests, treated on whole. The crowd was
to them. He told them that they had a long jour-
day for their procession. The safest they could app-
roach to all this I leave for comment. The proc-
ession was headed by Conkere, then their execu-
tive officer with an older Bible in his hand, then the
elder of the church, then the older members in their
women's bonnet or crown. They were in carriages
then on the side walked some of the younger
women in white, one of them with a mantle
of white over her shoulder. For her hands
were bare. Their number were variously esti-
\nalated, some putting it as high as 10,000 and
some as low as 6,00. There were numerous marches
with blue scarfs on their shoulders formed
under flags. Both of their leaders Halpin's came
walking in the procession, as another Albany
work — indeed there were very few in town
who did not among that honorable number
and others. Hannah, to her credit be it spoken,
that young man was so impressed himself to the jun-
tlمرض for allowing such a thing by saying that there were a great among questionable. The kind but a small ground on town. To small ground out of town? It would have been dangerous to have injured an innocent army of letting the gane sent to their feelings. When father knew it for said, "Oh you! Wait, give us entrance with protest from the wound too."

Friday, Jan. 10th 1863

Nights before last, Father Magnavich went on to K. Hamilton's. His daughter, Mary, has returned from Richmond and she gave a great deal of interesting information. Last summer she was living with her aunt in her Plantation for three months to the Yankee even in the neighborhood. One day one of the Yanks came running in with two of them around the room. Said "Who are these men?" They said, "How many?" They, "I hope they may catch you; I hope they may catch you" an
the comforting answer they gave being that they did not intend to "fake" him, he soon off. The two Confederates came up and took the other three Yankees & the minor equipments of this one. These two were sent by Sackett for for for for some & to show him the road. While he was preparing to go, & before the ladies were talking to the Confederates they asked three if they did not know where the Yankees were, they did not if the ladies don't. "Why then they are about a mile." Oh! "But the Confederate will go & tell Jackson I have a fight immediately."

Remembering hearing that these would be again in the afternoon, then the Confederates would retreat in the night. the next morning would be employed in hunting them up. Again they would fight in the afternoon. thiss was during the Seven Days Fight. "But," said the Lt. you have not time to talk. to ask you had better prepare to leave the house." Things were ordered but while they were being posted they watched the battle which renewed in the field just in front of the house for the Union to hasten..."
A shell flew in, striking the corner of the mantelpiece, ex- 
ploded and broke the mantelpiece. Of course, I felt deeply 
intrigued in this battle, for, supporting one battery was 
the 12th, which had long been stationed in Norfolk, 
supporting another was the 2nd, in which she had 
many acquaintances! Supporting another was the 
6th, in which was her brother. As they went to the 
wagon the Yankees shelled them. Father said, "Let us 
inferno they knew who was aboard." "Oh! one saw them 
with their eye-glazed up to their eyes. The shell the 
shot flew by their heads! The branches of trees were 
falling around them, but not one was hurt! This was 
the battle which ended in the evening after Matt-
erv Hill, Tuesday, July 1st. They left the scene Sun-
day night; when they returned they found Gen. Burt, 
Gen. H. Ben.上报, the two boys. We had a 
small of war in the house. Mrs. Pendleton invited the 
Davies to come in and see them; although he did not speak. 
I talked to them. Mr. Pendleton wanted to inspect, 
his house, as it was built by the men of the levees.
seen a battle field she says she has not. Although she did not wish much to go she insisted that she must try and would seem to for her to say she had not gone, such event. She said that, in one pile, she said to read from she was talking to father most of the time as I did not hear a great deal! She said that Charlie Hunt was the man of a former minute, who is in Stonewall's Lancers, although quite a boy, captured Pope's color, near Fredericksburg. He offered the sword to President Davis but he, with his arm peculiar, declined it. He told Charlie Hunt keep it himself.

Yesterday I went over to Aunt Addie's with two who walked over, except when I took her to cross the river. Aunt Addie said, "Oh! Alas! Have you heard of Loony Smith?" I said, 'Yes, and my heart aches more for I feared he had been killed.' Poor old Iras Smith. I felt so sorry. He spoke that, though, cousin Addie said, "Why, they say that he was bitten by the dog of the Hermit Lane." The capture of Galveston is over.
be it the meant to lend one, the paper she was right in this,
that I take a great deal of interest in that family. I
begged for the paper instantly, she said, 'take it home,
read it,' but that would not do, so I read that, he,
men's in his report, says, it is the indomitable
energy & heroic bearing of Major Sam Smith,
that the country is indebted for the execution of
plan for capture of Gabrout, the harried Lane, stop.
I told Lavinia. Addie, I did not think it would be the
same thing, it might. be some one man. I said that
that was only a question of time, but that he was a
Chevalier in
Bennfin's staff & that does not look much like
being the commandant of the ship's artillery in
Magendore. I hope it may be he, but I cannot
feel sure of it yet. I think it would be anything
if Magendore who was, by his order to charge the
battery at Anacostia Hill, instrumental in the case
of the death of our brother, should now remain

“But that you could think such a thing about me! I didn’t think you could like me, I believe you’d like me, any way, I believe you do, I, if you thought such a thing as that.” I was surprised she should take the matter so seriously. “I said,” Edna, as I have said this now, let me explain myself. I could not think that as a Christian you took an interest in the stories there is no common to which you could listen to. “I think the common folks the common, there is me,” she said, “now think it could get tired of hearing the Episcopal Sunday—but the, I know I am not a Christian but I do not know how you can know it?” I hesitated for I scarcely knew how to answer her. “Well, Edna,” I said, “I do not know how to explain myself, but there is an inexplicable something about a Christian that you must see here. Strong belief about me, I never knew Strong belief before you put the church, Edna said. “Well I do you not see how Maggie Hall has changed since she was
she church?" "Yes, I see that she has changed, but
do you think because I have never gone up to the
altar? I had the Bishop's hand laid upon my
head that I can never have a串联 thought.
So I think joining the church has nothing
to do with it," I added. A remembrance flashed
across my mind of one whom I had so strangely
misjudged in this very matter, I which might
to be a warning to me. "About even judging the play
of this—" I think joining the church has nothing
to do with it, but I have been upon vitiation
wrong things—" "Vitiation!" "Yes! I have
had you vitiation wrong things at school!" "At
school, but I hope that I have something for
the better in those two years I a half," which
was said to the same person but I do not
remember distinctly.
Friday Night Jan. 20th 1863.

Yesterday was Eppie William's Birthday. It is the first time, for four years, that I have heard without any giving in some little manner, and it would have been without the attendance. I thought often though I have not in my heart to the theme of peace.

Sunday Night Feb 17th 1863.

Last Sunday night Eliza Barker spent the day with me. She has changed a greatly but not by changed. She has more or less longer her plate yet, some child, intelligent but still a child. In her place stands a gentle thoughtful woman one who has suffered and easily suffers. One year confinement with long late has been an unfruitful season to her. I think it may at last have its balm in the penatla plant. She has done nothing far from the kingdom of God. may it be my care to draw such to see the work of the All mighty without attempts to hasten his time. The God has been required food for her. Bethel Church.
ing that he had received the Communion the day before, she soon joined the Church, but he did not receive the Eucharist. On the 6th of Feb. Mr. Baker, a Seth, went in the U.S. N., who was engaged to marry a woman whom he had been at the time during the war, and unexpectedly to him. She wished him to marry her, they had been engaged nearly three years before, and she had been in the habit of sending him orders to go immediately to the army. She wished him to consent to be married, but he would not. Some time before his coming I had been wondering in my mind whether or not I ought to go to the wedding. I knew he might come at any time. At first I thought of the book, known as the making of a gentleman's talk, which contains 17 clauses of advice. Then I thought it would be my best course to go, and get him to make an offer, but Mr. Baker, the Chief Justice's family, lies.

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I can scarcely say changed any opinion—but it made
upon mind to go & go I did. Kettie kept Mr. Baker
a long time waiting. The word was five minutes to
making her to go down to see Mr. O'Keffe alone. Then he
and go back I did. When the carriage drove up to
the door containing Mr. Baker. I looked out eagerly
to see if he wore his uniform—annexed to my disgust I
found he did—not that less uniform. They said it
was more than I wished to see, certainly. Then
a question arose in my mind—should I go down to
him? I thought I might easily escape annoyance
for I was reading a book. I could leave considerable of rest
another word but then I thought it might be more
no reason for it. I would then advise the distance
ful sight of a uniform. Kettie went down
15 to see Mr. O'Keffe without his button then came back.
She told Mr. O'Keffe she would not be ready for a half
or two of an hour, he told her there was plenty of time
after she came. Mr. Baker sent her a message
to say he bad some that the head sent it to say
that she would not be ready for 10 am. Soon, the bride arrived and made haste. She arrived before the clock struck 10 am and quietly entered the room. She was not going to hurry herself for Mr. Baker or anyone else. She was seen carrying a cooler or more refreshments for the wedding.

After a while, I went down in the park where the wedding was held. It was a beautiful day, and the waves of the ocean were crashing gently against the shore. The bride was in deep conversation with the maid who came in previously. Mr. Baker was very much agitated, the bride was also. The assembly consisted of an address from Mr. Phillips, the reverend, who in his service, I, Francis, take thee, Elizabeth, to accept the lady does not promise to obey then he says: 'The jewels which can kill happiness' or something equally deep. Then Bettie stood forth to the crowd and as Mr. Baker, the wife of a federal officer. The company assumed the kiss. Bettie came of his 'Victoria', hands with Mr. Baker, the firm with Bettie's arm. His arm lead the way to the room in which the
refrains, and so. Cannot copy the behavior. In any gentlemanly way, banker thought he must keep himself in the background as much as possible. They are left in the evening after the amount of hearing accompanied to the boat by Agnes. Rebecca was off sent Mrs. Baker to take up her opinion among the bankers, if I am not mistaken she will find her situation not very pleasant for all the talk as helpful and but the best wishes for both husband and husband. As for his personnel I think he is any much like Cape Smith, both in your opinion, but he is one of the finest looking men she can in her life but I do not agree with him, but I think I am sufficiently discerned all the points of this affair. Finished to say "The Iron Mountain was very and situated in it."

Friday, March 18th, 1862

It has been a long since I had written to her that I have much to record. Обид, upon this

of which as had been for a long time expected, this
Charlotta Kelsey died. It had been protracted sickness. She was anxious to die. I went to see Mrs. Smith back Wednesday. She spoke much of her sister. I said I might imagine how lonely she must be. She asked me to come up and spend the night with her sometime. I promised. Then there had been something which has given me great joy. Edna Sharp sent one too unusual by Bishop Elliott of Georgia. He sent a note saying that she supposed I would laugh when receiving the summons "but I hope you were mistaken that day," she added. I read the summons. I returned them to her with a short note. Touched her, "can I, can I give them these," she said. Fulfilled meaning of something of the kind. Touched her to explain them to me. She wrote one that night a letter in answer. To my note back did not send it to me however in compliance with my earnest solicitation she gave it to me on last Saturday. It was a still, sad day. That
ishing letter she had written to me whom she had sent before to give me notice of her arrival; he asked me what to allow her to do to the people in writing. It convinced me that she either was not far from the kingdom of God or was, by the bonds, been enrolled among its citizens. I wrote her in answer a letter, in long, long letters, telling her what pleasure she had given me in pronouncing her word to incline either. One letter to mind. It was a long letter partly in answer to different points in love. I partly suggested by my own thoughts and feelings and seeing the answers given to my earnest prayers for her. Last Thursday afternoon I went to see her. She asked me to spend the evening. I agreed to stay. Eliza and myself were sitting down before the fire, very quietly, on the rug, talking upon indifferent subjects. When in burst her little brother Walter, saying, "Isabel is very sick - like she was at Sir Hogdwit's. Where is his uncle? What is the matter with him?"
Suppose it as the camp clerk! Oh! I am so sorry, darling! said Eliza. While the sunrises of Saturday beginning thin that so they were in such anxiety I had to get milk. I am not sure that it was well done; though, so Eliza cried, I expect she will ete it. I told them all night, you will have to stay with me," said "Sometimes if she does I will stay certainly in camp. The Wilsons was going off when she said, "There is also Whittle! There is also Whittle. Said "How I am the Wilson?" for it was so sad she set concely in the car, "Let's come, you stay with Eliza to night? I will be up at Father's." Yes, Sister, Lona short. Certainly stay." I said John Dennis off. Eliza begged her to take by Mrs. Dennis. Will them and to come but Mrs. Wilson came to her and Eliza Dennis. I told her I was there. She was up for the morning of the evening. The Wilson came known between 7 o'clock, 9 o'clock was better. She begged me to come around after stay with them. I shouted up, "Eliza! Themselves. Anselmo ended.
taking I think, when I am concerned in any unnecessary one where they are. On Friday morning I went from there to church. I then left everything well enough to be with my friends till day time but don't know I like when might come to
'travel down to sleep' within the sacred and time
borders precincts of my own dear home. Dear art is to me, I have rather than be alone than with
her it made me feel almost sorry to think she
promised Miss Smith to come I spend the day with
her. On Tuesday morning the 8th of March, Eppie will
come in with Eppie Knight as I thought on the letter's
evitation I had and her sometime before at Eppie
Knight's without I was there. Eppie came in one hour
or so, and, Tuesday morning, I think she had an album
in her hand and on looking over it I asked Eppie to
Let it for me. She did so. Eppie picked up some book
'abstracts'. Knight came question. Eppie mentioned
my name in connection with some between ourselves.
After a while Miss Smith came in I asked Eppie
thell one the words of a song. The Old North State which I had
forgotten. He got one the book. After I had learned what some
I got up by saying Lord morning to Miss Waggie William t Wright come out of the room with one. I reported afterward
that I had on in her. Lightly before E. Wright of the hand was
before the note be sent by the latter. I was renewable
earthenish a few days afterward. I heard that Miss Waggie
William t Miss Waggie Wright come down stairs. Shout down
of come through it on living in father's house or to take some
notice of Missie than I have done about the Wrighted station
to ask Missie when they got news go what I wished. I had
asked her before, in the front steps. I said Missie did
you ever receive the note I sent you by Missie Wright the
postman? She asked said 'Lord received it.' then there was
a pause. I said 'I was sorry to keep you waiting as long as
the postman, some I have protested to stay for her but difficult
things amounted any doing it.' she said 'Yes, I was very
much obliged to you, for it. I was very much obliged to you
for the postman.' some few indifferent remarks more made
they went on. Wednesday morning Missie Wright came twice

the young ladies. Becky was spending the evening with Becky, Enjii. I was singing "The Bonnie Blue Flag" at the piano, when much to my astonishment Enjii Williams was shown in. Immediately we departed for the mountains, where the young ladies were very polite to me, as I was very glad she was. We went to a little place where she asked me to let her into the room with me, saying, "O, Lucy, is my eye to the other one?" I was standing talking to Enjii Williams at the table when I saw Becky, you were dancing, she came then to the piano and gave me the song I thought afterwards I ought not to have called the song but I did it more for something to say than anything else. After some singing and talking the two Enjii left Enjii Williams came home because some mistake had occurred about her walking with Enjii. Becky and she knew that she better was here. This morning I went to the Wrights. After being there some time Enjii Knight, Enjii Williams, Enjii Arms, and Enjii Campbell left them there. Sorted get ready to go. We left home with Becky.
Sunday Evening, March 22nd 1868

To most of St. Paul's Church, this morning it was the first time I had been there since the 1st of July, and Sunday morning. How vividly the remembrance of that day rose before my mind — indelibly impressed as it will ever be, not only for the solemnity of the service, but also for the events which immediately preceded and followed it. Suffering was the subject of the Divine sermon. I never will I forget one sentence — "This is a sublime meaning in suffering." In kindness I remember lifting my eyes upward to God, with the belief that I was willing to receive such contradictions if such effects are the designed result of prayer. Little did I know how soon this prayer would be tested, or how I would bend beneath the storm as a reed before the wind. What weeks of agony followed that Sunday! I have often thought since then that that sermon was almost sent as a message to me. Having the remembrance of that time imbedded back to my mind, like a flow. I think it is strange that I should feel so grateful sometimes. Sometimes purely get myself - can it be that I ever do
much for it? Can it be that it has, under the guidance of God's Spirit, changed the whole tenor of my life? Why is it so? Surely God's thoughts are not as our thoughts nor His ways as our ways. I can not explain it to myself, but I have great reason to bless God. I'll bless Him, that is to bless the work and the hand that did it. Can I in the secret, dark, silent, every moment, divinely, see what good He has instrumentally done? Could not it also be? And now another page of my life is announced. I feel soaring within one glorious purpose. High aspirations will they be all? They, and in nothing as some others have done? Oh! I have no idea of being able to ascend or even to rise. I am so weak. I know that I could do all things through Christ who strengthens me. I know that the fault lies entirely in myself, not in Him. But my faith is so feeble, my trust so waver. God be merciful to me, a sinner. Dear at least pray as the great man did. I know that you commended his prayers. I have attended before in this book to my feelings. I know the answer as it was then. Try to do me the day. "I'm look as bad as you can to be alive," but I
think she is mistaken in that. I know, I sometimes think
that I have kept little sleep, and due amount of exercise may have contributed to this result, but the
principal cause, I think, is none of these. It may be either
whether the first or the last, the second or in manner
of reason, would seem agreeable. I sometimes think
that on that account it may be what I need.
I do not think this is the same insensibility that I had near nine months ago. I think something
better. Sometimes I think I may rather live to do some good. To
see my time, influence talents to some purpose. To see the
past, to live cont'd to best, but my work is so tedious, my
sins so many, any time as wasted that remembering that
the thing is dead is free from sin. I long to lay down life.
be at rest, this I know is weakness of faith. I am glad that
The decision is not left to me. I can gladly leave it in the hands of those daily touch me with benefits. I have been desiring to do something to make a will although it seems almost absurd as I have so little to leave but it would be grateful to divide everything so that I have not done 1 yet. I will try to do it this week if possibly can. It will be easier produced in prospect next week or more.

Chambers, April 16, 1808.

Dear [Friendly Name],

I am in the same place I was before in...
let with one which he accordingly did. Several things
were done by my friend, the Destitute Character; there were certain
admirable. I would like to be a great deal happier
in the 16th month. I intended to walk to the New
Field bridge after breakfast. This morning I was told
by the gossips about church—saying how very kind that I
did not value it more. She said that she thought
the greatest blessing given to us. When she was gone
of her conversation I determined to ask Mr. Qheman
to think of going to his house before church, but into
the bosom of church. To tell Mr. Qheman. I couldn't
take a few moments conversation with him after the
service. I found out that the ladie intended to do
often, which however is, Mr. Qheman professed to walk up
towards the Newfield bridge which was quite matter
in the object of my seeking the interview. I kept in
mind these speaking books. He would advise one to read in
order to increase a more profound sense of mind. He
asked me if I had read some little book by Paley
"Thoughts on the Deity" that he thought highly
useful aid. I told him that I had just read some of the Bible, but thought that I should read over his meditation before going to Church. It would be an excellent help towards gaining some interest in the service. I told him that I thought it strange that any interest in the Bible has diminished while I feared it behind that religion has engendered in my heart. He told me that the reason why I have been inclined to be a work of a few days in the service. He said that I should find a book called the "Bible," commenting on a scripture, a clue towards gaining time to look at it would. He spoke of the necessity in this subject of informing the congregation what I arranges will be pre-arranged. He directed he recommended that the Communion Service should always be read over the week preceding the day a part of the preparation.

Sunday Night, April 17th, 1848
Little Pond Williams 9 and 18 the age of Sarah Price. The was at the dinner table on Thursday the 17th. None one attended that he wished.
He had the doctor was sent for that evening. The
disease was slight case of measles, but it grew
Over in the brain. He died on Monday morning, the 13th. I did not
Think this is the third child who has died in their
Family. On Friday evening I was lying down on the bed
When the servant came home. I told one that Mrs. Johnson had
Announced as to take place the next morning.
11th. I was very much shocked. I determined to
go Tuesday which I did. Soon she said she
had not come as I might regret it afterwards. The
Next morning I went to the General. There was but
80 people in Boston, besides myself. There were some good
men. It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon. We heard the
Most friends then had made many things as they had
Span long. Mine age is not in with own occasion
Of this I thought how appropriate it came to this
Funeral of the coffin. Goes to the cemetery on the same
Carrat with the weary man. I do not know if it is true.
But I do remember it seems good for the gain.
Eugie William and Victoria Phil, Preston young people, were the only members of either family not present at the scene. Catherine, but since, when the East Wind kerned as much disturbed, as any one present in the room, Nanuie. You sent a present, if I thought to be plastered. We stood beneath the branchs of the lofty trees and the dark blue waves of the dark blue sky, flecked with bloody clouds surrounded by the white mountains. That marked the seeing places of the silken thread by the sight of Eugie.
than described). Peggy Wright said she had asked for her 
the morning before why she did not come home. The 
thing of the sort that Peggy had said that she had 
been three times I think it was. I think it was 
returning at midnights. I told her that Peggy knew fer 
well the sort of the matter was further book the 
that I went to Mrs. Sarah Holcomb's afterward but 
did not know the story. In the afternoon I started 
for Mrs. Williams, why went rather early within 
me but I was determined to go. She became sicker 
frustration - I asked to see Mrs. Williams when I 
the servant said she believed Mrs. Peggy was out that 
the Williams was at home. I thought that perhaps 
Peggie had gone to standing, who is at the hands. We 
entered the parlor. I was startled to see Peggie lying 
by the window but went forward as she came hearing 
one voice again. The hands changed I was like touched 
still at each other at the window. I went I could it 
away from you when you were baby's but not when 
you were dead, she talked and now she demands it.
a book in which she had been writing. Said, "Have been writing to her, wouldn't you like to read it?" I took it and the little that was left of the short sickness. It was very well. I wish I could write a most difficult thing to do. Said, "The lady gave me a very hard task." She said, "Well, Annie, you don't write. I've asked you to do it. You did not feel well. I told you to do it. I had to go off tomorrow." I told her not to let me interfere with her book to begin writing. She did so. I asked me to tell her which three words were in the book where she had to see that the mother went to the lands, adding significantly, "When she went to these she separated from lying. I told her that I could not tell her but I did not tell that she could write it much better than I could. She went on writing. I told her thinking of the thing at my letter. I saw, thinking of writing the short words, when after a while, she said, "Don't I must have answered upon letter, but it did not come. When I thought that some news..." but she made no
that conversation. I told him that what had passed between us, how much should ever know, that I did only know that we understood each other. I was told therefore that in another month it was

more selfish to know noble and more should not actuate the heart of one, if nature's periods

infliction we will use the methods of each other against

the coming year. 18th, 1863.

Wednesday, May 16th.

Toward has been coming Thursday

last night. I learned from some time ago that the death

upon the 15th of the month was announced in the western of the month. Meeting, from a visitation

time ago, some of the British officers of the 4th

Squad. I mentioned to one of them. I join them;

this, which I had just heard from Major Wilson

gone it unlikely for what it was worth, saying that

I would not consider for it. Indeed, would not see

how it, at least, true as the months were not of

uniform length, the stated intervals in it.
Sufferation. Absence; I said, as little as possible. I said, the
Voice came. Almighty God, to whom the ascended
power be to the honor and the praise be all the honor and the
Presence, let us celebrate the Holy Catholic Church, the
Jacobin. Then, according to the alternate nine
Wishes they will not allow anyone of the following
Weaker. What result will this produce? Will it be the
Beginning of the end? God only knows.
Friday, May 8th, 1869.
I turn one year ago! When for the
Last time, our designs of earth died. Dear Sir, George
Smith. One year ago. Only one year ago. During
this time, it occurs to me. I wish you, information
upon it. I would look at the picture of another
Woman that I looked almost beautiful. And we
will come to me, in your health. Before
the black face of my soul, leading my given
cheeks, face that showed almost to plainly the
My leaning through them, with my long bone,
into falling over my silk wrapping, which was
o heart, trouble with pleasure. I will pray for me fathers
You men to speak. What am I now? Sit here an ongwn
alone this evening, man. I hate, my beauty going very
terrible, came a defeat of its left. I patiently fade
my health broken. Fdry health and then indeed is
alcohol, but his a stranger. I wish you joy that
should the power be now just what I was then.
Then, once again, a kernel of Codel. Not for the unning.
I speak it thoughtfully, would I be what I was then,
the only, cheaply have I paid for the lesson this
year has taught. I then never knew what true
happiness was connected to what I have since
died. God grant that my book back that story up
year. I feel I have learnt as much I am licensed to
much as in this past year. Only, then
received freely should I grieve. On what he life's
ought to spend - a life of thanksgiving - a life of
faith, which works by active love, remembrance
that "as the trial of intense love.

This being hath a mortal strength in love.
So be it, only the for love sake. I

May 10th, 1863.

Learning.

The announcement of the evacuation of the line of the Cape Fear will prompt an end to the fighting of the Sandy Hook and the surrender of the forts. I thought some news must have been received today. The Chapman report, "the Alabama has escaped to the Confederate States," filled me with glee. I was particularly delighted to hear it today.

The doctor (Randall) came here yesterday morning according to Catholic. He did not take two or three hours.

May 12th, 1863.

A great & good news has passed from earth! Oh brave, noble, high and lost fare. We regret to bear no more. The Pennsylvanian & a Union ship have come from Charleston. They have a high command in their stories. They have left the Jack in on Lake Union. I stay at the post. I have the war work cut out for me & the news from Georgia.
Thus was victory doosed he was shot, both into right and left. His head was the same as the head of his. Why should he die? Here such a glorious light be taken from our view? And yet it is before again safe to think otherwise; for the British office, by the flags at the distant guns at half-mast to mourn our country's loss. Oh! the loss, the earnest expression, the God-fearing general, when above prayer be desired: He named kill Elliott said, "Victory! seems to me," that He would be gone when our country needs us, and we must stand. But, as Carter, the God gave Virginia, I must go back taken away. Virginia demands a truly noble son. The main of Heaven has now said, that Spirit borne while longer is turned to praise! The solution of tribulation now lies in his arms, both earth and sky. I solemnly give me the glory and employment. A Reckon of God's will be done.
Tuesday, May 22nd, 1803.

Some years ago, this day I stood before God's holy altar, received the rite of confirmation from the venerable hands of my absent pastor. And in deep mourning, for not a year had passed since the death of my mother, I knelt there. Yet not had I passed sixty years and their hands upon my brow—sixty years was almost untiid before one could apprise myself of the state of my own heart: More sincere than receiving did I take upon myself that solemn solemnization of my life—now, I profess myself truly of the faithful soldier of the faith. All my duties as a soldier and for such a declaration; but I know it and own it, I almost disgrace myself in my own presence and to the public profession of religion in my young years. Yet there is to be taken some exactions that I almost think it is the business of those who have the charge of these to
point their proclaiming themselves as such until
their characters are fully formed. Which again
is very seldom, I think, before they are at least
sixteen. Uncle Scandal would thereby leave
to the Lehunse I much resemble to those who in
after years do indeed learn to teach the truth
as it is in Jesus. I know some might say that the
Lehunse is a good school in which the charismatics
become balls may it not be used as such with
admitting the young to the full privileges of mem-
bership. The Lehunse indeed says that when
they have come to years of discretion they shall
be brought to be confirmed by the Archbishop, but writing
one in their other sends may that a girl before the
age of 16 has come to years of discretion or in the
words, is discreet. According to the certainty
is but rare in those rare cases where greater
fineness of life makes up for want of years. I do
put an old head on young shoulders, a quickness
that age is anything but desirable. I think the girls
between 12.16 need the guidance of a very familiar
Toto; it is just at that critical period that parents
authority is relaxed, if not entirely abandoned.
into this age are laughed at for being romantic.
but those feelings are more perfectly the subject
for prayer than laughter. Yea, throughout life,
we are much controlled by feeling that the proper
expedience of these emotions when they first slip
into existence will probably decide whether she
becomes earnest or not.

"A good, true woman, doing duty
And looking higher."
As a vain, idle, frivolous being, or, if possible,
words, a conocer scoffing misanthrope, one,
skeptical in all that is good or true, a beautiful
Lay, will probably decide, for of course what is
impossible with man is possible with God. But we
know that the works by men are, and will always be,
it is upon these amendments, enthusiastic thinking of
youthful heart that a girl is raised. Frivolously,
until she learns the ingenious art of concealing her feelings from everyone while they burst forth with augmented power. Exhaling from the soul to bond before their mighty strength, when the carefully-moistened child feels that she is omen of the effects of this misery want of earnestly from those to whom she has a right to look for help in this her hour of weakness. In this hour, that a firm, though gentle, brother is so speaking a blessing on the path of all pitiful beings. One must to smells the breath of all kindly being, if any\\n\\nFrida, Evening June 18th 1868.

Gone been, most unexpectedly to myself, suffering last night and this morning for a violent attack of bilious colic. I think the sisters and the family think that a change of air would be most beneficial. They think of writing and telling you some...
Marathin Sinfonia to ask about the flag of the
she is going into. I think it will record true for
any reason may think one wrong to think
much less write, but I do it for easing
the idea of the writer of the nation of
the state in fashion. — It has often appeared
come as if I had a sort of foreknowledge of
meant, not of using much writing of some. There are
use of a very stupid nature but still I have an
more of them — presentiments — I should
that superstitions were to fail in every thing
with regard to our work, Pitti's as an upper
sense a very unimportant thing at all for
this a feeling came to me, "She is right," I could
at once in it, but in it was the same. There was not
not satisfied in his mind as to his and keeping
way you did not try to do. All seemed strange
with my preconceived but after it was made.
that to feel of time we heard of he again while...
we were still on the look out for a current. This time we recommended that she engaged her but I must not say, for other circumstances such as the nature of Father's return from Deep Creek, still her will, or can I speak of any thoughts other than the decision of being present at the triumph of love, seeing, as I thought of it, almost when embodied by myself, but I will speak of a more recent occurrence which is yet to throw its light or its shadow upon coming events, as the end will determine unless it prove but another fates.

Each Sunday, being the principal day in the month, was the regular day for the administration of the Holy Communion, even the altar clergy which the emblems of the sacrificial Lamb are placed should not be approached with reverence but at least, thus that day an awful fear would come once more awful in the original meaning of the word, not in the fancied sense of something horrible but merely a feeling of awe, which has
as unpleasant as painful, but still I believe it made me tremble from head to foot. It was so strange to me, as almost to put aside all things of the device in which I was engaged. So that I shall never know how again, as I long to know, as the question, which suggested itself, and my mind returned to the previous day and returned no answer at all — the nature of the mind was unknown which cast its shadow on. Strange to say I forgot all about the occasion, and it was as if I had never been there until I think after I got up feeling very cold. I had no much access to going down the house. I was after on the all through the following day and felt almost quite if I did not get the feeling determined to get into the parties at once and forget that I was doing, so I did go with many but we had barely
got some work done there. Then called us in to prayers
as after they were done I obtained Father's reluctant con-
sent to stay with long until there after he had gone up
stairs, I did so. Despite of how badly I felt, I
said how glad she would be for me to have a chance for
second. I had often wished to go to the hill to see them.
As time went on, I was about to go along, she did not want me
much and almost gave it up. That night I felt very
badly. I thought of not breaking the door, a cases
of sudden illness but finally decided to do so. Though it
was not likely to be so ill as not to be able to open them.
I was quite sick in the night. I suffered a great
deal, but was relieved towards morning by the coming up
of a good deal. Then, when I was awake in the night anything
feeling on the previous happening occurred to me for
less. More thought of it since. As with thank. I
wondered whether it would be that this was true the begin-
ing of a spell of sickness that was not in the
great drama of life would be acted out before the
next Sunday of next month. I thought about it.
I have lately furnished that I should live a long life. I am so much more to the better the month of my thoughts about one I have to please and do. The next morning I found, even more than the previous night, that the constable had been sent for, coming middle of the day. I dressed, went down to him. Day had come and thought of an orientation of the night before, sometimes without any knowing it. I felt it to be subject. They both answered it, much to astonishment. I came up stairs. I talked it over as a settled thing; I see she doesn't do not know how to do it. I am due to forward the scheme. I say this and that the king of truce but left to the 15th July, if it all will be before the first day of next month. I am quite pleased to watch into the future of all that knows not but I feel as if I did not see yet.
Monday June 15th 1863

This morning directly after breakfast I went down to the Chaplain's room
her about getting a pass from Gen. Viele to go over the bay from Philadelphia in which Bettis's
send on. After thinking of different ways with it would be better to get a receipt from Mr. Viele to let the
boy be directed to bring to the Chaplain. Mr. Langinger very kindly went to the station house
for me but neither Gen. Viele nor Linthcilli to come down. They returned to the Chaplains's ten
saying from her door that they were coming down the street the Chaplain went out to
meet him, the total bribe I wanted to put the Confederacy for my health. I wished to
get some things from the store before they (how strange that comes for a robotness
to say! but what about and why?) She asked him to come over with her which wonder
he was very glad to do. Jake brought him some
put on my gown I filled my hands with one
bazaar that I might not have to shake hands
in. Mr. Simpson introduced me, It
ook a seat on the sofa he took the mahal
me told one that if I would wait a day or two
ought he could get a toy through for me
y well I take him that it did not come close
but my writing but that Mrs. lint Baker
here Husband is in poor health, I added if
writing in Phil until she heard from me. He
id he could get it for me on Wednesday mor-
time for the mail, as I agreed to and told her
was very polite indeed, I soon took his depar-
he gave as a reason for acting now several
sent a number of packages coming on directed
him that he was afraid of the Government
reflecting him, he spoke laughingly, to the
and think his family could not tell all to
ther, for after he would left to come home
with better, which I did. While the按钮
Aunt Hattie came in to town. While she was in town I went down town to the bank. I asked Father if we had any letters. He said no. I asked him about getting the pass from Washington. I wrote the letter only substituting "affirm" for "swear" putting a P.S. at the statement saying that it would be taken for granted unless especially prohibited that some books, unwritten letter, paper etc. it would not be considered as "contraband." I packed my trunk bag which was consistent with the other package. Father and myself set off about 2 in the morning, day I went down to the tangleberry, his office, which is in the bank. I went up to the bank. The people in the bank seemed rather surprised on seeing me. After a little while a gentleman, it is who I think was the Secretary, came and asked my Father what we were doing. I went in the Wadsworth Hotel.
ne to take a seat, but I was called into the back room. I went to Mr. Taylor's office, and when I came to the mark, I noticed a young man, which I supposed to be a

improvement. Then he finished, he said, "I must see you;" and I exclaimed, "The young man, Mr. Taylor!" I understood it didn't seem to be an offer to wait, so I said, "I will go with you," which I evidently did. Then the young man himself then proceeded to the house, just as we reached there. The young man is a little ahead. I said, "Father, you have not gone to him, the young man will take care of us." He said, "Yes, well, Father, till the young man put me in his care," so I didn't. The Taylors offended on his arm which I took. We proceeded back.
through the state of the custom house to the main office. There were many people in the room. I went up to a sort of counter which drove the Yankees from the common herd. There met the W. E. Taylo, the tailor, to whom Taylor asked about as much as I liked to do. A handsome Yankee wondered up to the other side of the counter, he looked quite young. I had neither hands nor arms. This Taylor asked him to write him a pass to the side. He had a very small face. I looked up for Yankee serviet as soon as I gave the descrip-tion of him to heavy Bill in the afternoon. He said, "It must be Leav." God be, decidedly two good to be with the Yankees. Mr. Taylor said, "So you are going to the Confederate camp?" I answered that I understood so. We talked for some time. This kept good company very much interested. It is a little surprising they keep with the state they never pleased to gather any scraps of conv-e rsations. After a while we heard Mr. Leav's trum-
About a man asking him for a favor to go out of Stratford, he said, "You are always asking for favors to go in a boat up some little out of the creek. If you mean can say you have any trouble, I tell you I can't do it." The man said, "It is only 4 miles from here." I do not remember the answer but afterwards Connie wandered up there we were standing saying, "You lost your $200 dollars in Suffolk." (I think) "I sent letter about it & I got it back for you." (I think he said) "now you couldn't have got another Provost Marshall to take so much trouble etc. etc. When became up, Sunday I slipped to him his wishes I said, "Miss Beth, for I was on the other side of the Taylor. I warned the same time wishing the Taylor would not remain one to the assembled company." This is Miss Beth for caused by many of completing any expression. She said, "She has an objection to hearing." Connie raised his right hand. And after
dictated one to do the same. I soon muttered some words which I think were, "I affirm this to be my signature; this signature is my name. Mr. Dayton said, "I warrant that is the first oath or affirmation you ever took, isn't it?" Yes, if so," I said. I was defeated. We had a discussion, walking home, as to the propriety or impropriety of taking oaths. I must confess I rather shook me in my doubts. The letter went off to Washington. In the afternoon they came to see me so did Eliza Lamp. It was gratifying to me to see how much they felt the approaching parting — as do I, with a strange uneasy feeling, for which I cannot account. The flag of truce leaves on the 1 July it is said. On the last Communion Sunday I may be in the What will befall me between now and then? How will I get through the journey upon which I am starting without an arm or a leg to lean upon? a coward, delicate young man, only known to the best said. Farewell. Amen with their
Tuesday night June 16th 1863.
Today nothing much happened.
I went to Bettie's house and we went to see this morning.
I wrote again to Bettie and said something for one. About 7:30 in the evening came to see me this evening. I went to write to Mrs. Sampley who was coming up Saturday night to stay all night with her. To Lizzie Williams who was coming to breakfast with them tomorrow.

Wednesday June 17th 1863.
This morning after breakfast went down according to our agreement to take breakfast with Mrs. Williams. Lizzy and myself had a very interesting conversation. After breakfast she spoke of her brother's death, of how she was accustomed in his absence. She said that the Robertson's coming into Illinois of life was almost her floating thought until we went. I told her I thought life was so much...
happier than he represented it. I told him that the Bible to the Hebrews was almost a common use of the subject of suffering. I asked him to read it, not as people read a chapter in the Bible as if it were an isolated thing but some time when she had time to read it from beginning to end. When I left them I went to Mrs. Cheflamen's to receive, as I hoped, the permit from it. Still, but on the contrary Mrs. Cheflamen had just received a note from him, saying he had not yet received a notice from him, saying he had not yet received a permit, owing to new regulations so as to understand how I would be able to get them. So they advocated my getting them by Mrs. Cheflamen but this was a big idea, she took it away to get them that I might be gone before I got them. So I went to Mrs. Kemp to get her to get the thing directed to an Englishman. I suppose they may need it hastily. There is some idea that the English may want to go to Annapolis to have their books copied, but it is a most unreasonable thing.
Tuesday June 22nd 1868.

I spent Saturday night with the
Sarah Butler. She really seems to be very sorowful
with me. Nearly all come round their home to see
me, and I am going this evening to see Elizabeth [illegible],
She gave me a very nice present which I could not get her
in the way it was.

Saturday July 2nd 1868.

I have not written here for a long
line. I went up going to the South the night the
2nd of July. It was a pleasant trip. I disliked leaving my
much. Sunday night Aunt Addie [illegible] the girls
had just left here after telling me goodbye,
and went off that Mrs. [illegible] had conversed with
the two children. Now home was delightful to me
but the absence of those made it so delightful
We suddenly determined to stay. Mrs. [illegible]
who was to have taken charge of the was persuaded
to go in the place of those become [illegible]
daughter had a pair of shoes on her trunk! Mrs. Taylor's family was also turned back. So the Yankees didn't say what is contraband and only that nothing contraband is to be carried. The British officer who went up with Mrs. Lincoln and the Yamada was a most disgraceful name of the army. They made the ladies to leave their keys to have their trunks opened into without their presence. He said that the Yankees took from the ladies a pair of shoes as high as his head.

For the last few days the Yankees have been regarding me with a relish of amusement, related to the face of Natches, the attitude of Lee. This demoralization, etc., etc., Ann Stinney had been very much alarmed at the warning I received from the Rev. Mr. C. Island. And before yesterday it is said she paid the tribute of nations to a more worthy subject. Mr. Le Page sent me to Siggie Moore to a ship of Yankee stating that she was not defeated, that Natches had lostfallen,
that the Confederate flag was moving over New Orleans. That the Confederates had caught 1,000 that had left Chi. the other day. Of course this news was delightful. It ought to feel. I hope it does. I am thankful for the blessing which has been brought to me by the mighty God of Battles, for to Him only is the P.S. I have almost just heard that the President has returned. What an outrageous thing to turn her back. It will be most incommode to her as they mean an entire at the South, Dept. Wednesday, Thursday at Mrs. Harrieth the 9th of July. But I am company for my mind those fearful dates of the 4th of July, now more than a year has passed away, but my heart keeps the record and such can come of it all.

Sunday July 12th 1868.

Another great storm occurred in to night. But it may be dried in its effects to the persons concerned. His likely ability to affect the crops generally.
The Conkere in their incesnce wickedness have armed the negroes. A regiment of them have come to pollute the place with their detested presence. Dr. Wright was with the Wrights of course very much provoked to see them, as he was going out of his house his wife begged him to keep out of any fray, to keep out towards the New Hotel, the negroes went contrary and went towards the auction house. His wife was not satisfied with this promise, went herself into the girls room to the kitchen where one of the children was sitting, she ran up stairs to see what was the matter, one of them looking out of the window heard a noise on the other side of the street, and "Dr. Wright," they begged tine to tell them what of Dr. Wright but I heard her laughing. They don't know or something of the Conkere. Regret looked out I saw him Fathe coming down the street, with Yankees taking hold of their horse and the terror on his hat, moderate down-town don't.
In the evening she put her arms round his waist, for she thought he was wounded for his brother was bloody. In this way she was almost in the Yankee's arms. He was kissing her father by his shoulder, as she had run of the world and pled for a little his many rich was ever. I am an good as you are, any day, you may thank your Union gone. Father wasn't coming up before he got this far. Mr. Knight drew up to the Dr. Burton's house. The preliminary examination was given to him before any. All the children joined him at the Burton house; but at first Mrs. Rensie stood up to him for about an hour while a Yankee comforted and occupied a chair behind her. She must now having a veil to protect her from the incident. One of the children around her head in fine enough to stand, enough to sustain anything where only required it.

Friday Evening Aug. 4th 1864.

Dr. Knight's Trial by the Court.
Mental disorders. They are doubtless condemned by their own counsel (St. Mary's Amityland) who left Norfolk at the war, in the last two years ago. Notably a friend of Dr. Knight. Dr. Chandler has appealed to Lincoln, with whom he was conversant. They are not what the result may be. Dr. Knight was tried with as little more than a week after his first arrest, until the family returned. They were hard. Dr. Knight, chairman and first into it. First occurred I carried him through the streets as day after day. But trial. But when he appeared before his judges they took things which Father says he could not have altered. They are all very much changed by these events of defence, but I have not yet mentioned the cause of all this. Instead of Pastor determined upon the return of the negro company. Dr. Knight got into some fire—nobody knows. The only thing will say why, but it resulted in Dr. Knight's shooting the Yankee officer.
Sailor who was commanding the company, over
Dr. Wright monument armed, did not run a pitch
That out someone for years, or it must have been
Put into his hand. This is a most unfortunate oc-
rence. I much to be deplored. I hope it may at
least partially be

Frid. Aug 14 1863

Today is a fact day by the proclamation
of President Davis. Recently the Lord has not gone out
with us to battle. I think our beloved Father has no
right to call our people to a public humiliation
of selves before the Sovereign of the Universe. I
perhaps the Lord may be entreated of by us to grant us
remission for all our iniquities. Though a fast day,
it is the anniversary of a fast to me. Friday
last year the mantle of Peace fell upon our
thunder or rather was first recognized resting
then the dream of the delight of my life for
this and all other mercies. O Father make my heart con truly thankful for thee sake ann.
Sunday Evening Sept 16th 1868.

I have been reading a conjunctive book today. The Memoirs of Samuel R. Clemens. It is good food for some thought. He mentions that he keeps a diary mainly to record how the expenditure Sundays at the regidies that as her spiritual thus conversetion. I think I will try, as my 20th year is about commencing. (I record my sensations) on the sundays in this year. Feeling today is uncommonly Sunday - but the sun is very bright. Can not get church, come to my regret. Engaged with Annie. I don’t think the communion seems as much as I thought but I always feel better for them. I’ll know better how to prepare for them. I think I would enjoy them more but I never feel satisfied. I know so little of self-examinations, it seems to me so difficult to perform one. I do it lightly after the communion according with God, as something to be gotten over instead of a coming of grace. I am glad that I generally begin a communions conversetion with...
more a spirit of your than of spiritual love, that you feel love that each other, I think, though that always feel better in myself when I have received the blessings of the body. I would bear with some of the faith, with thanksgiving. I can see so much corruption in my heart, I am not worthy of all in grace I am capable from what I ought to be or that I might be able to be that I can better, but yet I do not wish for aught to wish it upon, that I cannot have, first after sight, because I have summed when I was so sick. I bleeded it kept me new to can feel the birth of that Grace which I once did not know. I shall make the promise, I shall give new strength to pray. Take me to my Lord, I keep one there. There is a great fright, the catch which is my soul. Just when the sky is bright, the storm begins.
Now that the bitterness of my grief is well mingled with calmness, I look back and forward on the past. I ponder to the future. I see that clinging like a child to God is learned too. Sometimes I wonder if it is possible for us to live as men to God when we are at ease as when His chastening hand is upon us. Is it possible, not probable, for that it certainly is not, but is it possible? Oh, but it is a very solemn thing. I am suggesting very heartfelt searching and finding of which conditions had we been under? Which is preferable? How worldly prosperity or the consolation of God, afflictions? How much inferior are the former, when after all, is it more possible for us to enter heaven having never suffered? I agree with Anna Sharp who says the other day that she, though afflicted, was the greatest blessing God had given to man. She is certainly capable of speaking on the subject for she has "been sorely tried." And thus she has experienced her other gift, the as almost helpless. She says it is the heaviest affliction that she...
would have killed her, and she began to suspect there certainly being to-night of God, but the church tells me in singing, I can mislead me no, when I arm her to sleep in the morning. I went after some part of the kitchen. Off to bed to Wakefield. I did not find it such a formidable inducement as I had thought. I drank much and have suffered for some time in church, but I had driven off. When we went to church, she attended some of the service. She had very serious conversation. She talked to some other time, but she said to me next week. She said, "Very well, come some morning, and see her before she left. She broke very serious. I think she really earnestly desired to xian."
I then walked up alone to the River Bridge. I do not know whether I am right to take that walk, it always occurs to me do not know whether it is true. "Sadness of the country" by which the heart is made better or whether it merely weakens one both physically for the work of life and mentally for the pursuit of life; once I felt only one I have felt that I can't bear it anymore. I called for my return home, for a walk which the milk left with me twice in it, on one arm it was put on my arm. I said come time but it was just a bit of a day. I was sorry I had to do it. I then came home. I had been down until father called me down to tea. After tea Aunt Emma read aloud to me, but the book was not very interesting. I did not attend perhaps as much as I thought I had done. I though I had win the wish to go to attend. As I thought I had done, I thought so much. At length,

Thursday, Oct 10th 1860.

Yesterday afternoon I went to see Eliza.
Then walked up alone to the Rose Field Bridge. I don't know whether I was right to take that walk, it always saddens me. I do not know whether it is that sadness of the country by which the heart is made better or whether it merely weakens me both physically for the work of life essentially for the warfare of life; once, a bit in, I have felt that I have pocketed a better for taking that walk but after a while I called up my epicurus home, for a bout which the lifted my milk twice in it, on one major thought the winter I stood some time but it was not much Saturday night I was sorry that I did. I then reentered the dining room until Father called me down to tea. After tea drunk some read a little book, but the book was not very interesting. I did not attend perhaps as much as I ought to have done. Sublime, the rain thought I do not attend as I ought to have done. I decided I thought so much of Henry  

Thursday Sept 18th 1868

Yesterday afternoon I went to see Eliza
she looked pale and tired. They brought food to tell her all the
symptoms of the fever at once, and to keep her still
face as changed. Out of course I said nothing. She
said she felt it was almost as much as it did at first.

I don't know how continuing principally
three goods for long, so I expect to be very busy. Pending he
my friend, if I can not much of a percentage, good
inequality but not in quantity. I read this morning
an interesting lecture, written by Dr. Wright, upon
He said that Father would perhaps like to read it. He
still inside, and Ben Napier, who has exhorted to
while in the command of Norfolk, allowed two other
number of his former to see him at the time of
him mealy every day. But friends in Norfolk
handcuffs on him. Ben Napier is becoming a very
liberal people in regard to Norfolk. He made sure
I was using his commentaries that it was quite to
got this but in a letter to, for a second term for
being that he had been determined well, morning.

Wash, enduring him to give us some room, it for boy and
gave no much trouble. I went with Gay to apply for the
permit though he seemed rather unsettled at the idea and
bachelor politics to have taken rather a fancy for one of my
growing bodies. Euniceoglobed it seems has been hunting
time to talk for my sake to see a Confederate, Mr. Southern
afraid of his own. So when meeting in the usual
world how which country she always returned, which
is unusual thing under present circumstances. The
other day on a night Mary went a soldier with, incom-
pliments to "Virgie Cobblerdod" I three found
peace supporting a song from of red, white, blue in
the huge little intervals between the pens were suffi-
ced by little song of red, while, while.

Savannah Sept. 11, 1862

This morning after unpacking the shelf
water in making up Father's bedroom I dressed I
went to St. Peter's while I found until it was
time to get into Sarah's Balcony's when I spent the
day. With a Sarah went with me to lunch at St. Peter's
And came home I called by to every thing a piece of pain
the doctor gets so many by coming. But this how to embrace will
Sunday Evening Sept 19th 1863

This morning Aunt Hanna made me coffee before I awoke and got up. I had been engaged in dressing and the room was not clean to write. I delayed to dress because I had not time to finish finishing the water. Making up the bed before prayer got down a little late. Then after breakfast I went about getting some bread and bread. I had intended to have some bread, but I had not time to have some bread. I thought I heard someone knock on the door, but found it was Father who wanted to see me. I again delayed about dressing and getting to the office. I did not engage the children's attention very much. I did not feel much interested in such a day as this morning. I have read a little but I have not enjoyed the day at all. The children were very provoking this morning. I must not be in a hurry to give it up. I know if more of a spirit of perseverance condensed to your class I should get more.
chosen as much love should act by that command. "Truly we have received, freely give, but why the children are so far as indifferent. Why is not one means of suffering them. I do not believe that anyone can compass the true means of punishment, but only by the approach of punishment is not to give them a just brokens. This is very difficult. This week I have been a very self-indulgent one; every day that I have recorded them gotten down late although standing in my study after 6, then I find vanity but strangely day except the one which I did not observe. Oh what a wicked life, self-indulgent I get much contradictarily vain. I am in front the depths of my heart in the confession. "We have followed for so much the device of devices of our hearts. We have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and we have done those things which we ought not to have done. I feel distressed I discouraged this evening I yet the same thought I hope am to be obtained. I know but do not feel. I felt nothing but repentance. Oh, I watched one that I am the shall do. I have from this body of God with not taken the next word which God of a fixed place in him..."
Sunday Night, Sep 20th 1848.

I have been sick, more or less, for the last two or three days. There is little or no change in the state of the wind. I have committed myself not well enough to write properly.

I think this week has been by no means lost to me. I have been part of the time, some way or other, engaged in some work. There has been more work for God. There has been planning and preparing.

I find however, even in the line of work, I have seen much sin; as much as I very much detest and abhor. I have been more and more in the light over other duties. I have been more in the light of the Lord.

I have read Abbott's copy of Christian Science. I have come over my own sin. I went to bed and after dinner, I laid down till tea time, then after tea, Father advised me to go bed as I went to bed, but afterwards induced him to come up and sit with me, which he did.

So ended the week.
Sunday Evening Sept 21st 1863.

That Sunday was the last time that I dined. I have been sick thought of the pink; the Dr who was consulted "under the sea" said I was suffering from a not well defined intermittent fever. I have suffered very much with my head. Felt fit but little until the last time. Felt in the day I had very high fever but I've been much better today. Still feeling of return which is very pleasant. This week I think I have learnt a good deal of patience. Gentleness but I have been tempted by a feeling of self-complacency which is very annoying. I think it arises from the fact that I almost had clean omn-fatigue that should only have graced thankfulness not pride. To-day I have read some in the Bible. I once a great deal in the H. of King Solomon; my health has felt very the discipline, not at all in it Sunday frame. I only a little this evening but think that reading keeps me in the head. Oh Lord! have some mercy on me.
Yesterday evening Eliza Sharp sent one a sweet note telling me that she had only heard of my being sick the evening before I had arrived here feel unhappy at day I she had thought of coming in a few days before but her dinner thought she could not stomach it any but the sight in an assurance of her love some beautiful flowers oh she had gotten some done for me by a friend I she sent two dollars for niece's shoes for Tony it was almost like a message from heaven to me I answered her note letting her know of the pleasure she had given but I told her that I regarded her one of my most friends my chemic I my special blessings I was distinctly and I testify them because it perfectly graduated me the floor around a magic charm for me I kept them I n't inhale their delicious perfume as long as possible I was really pleased that they put me the headache I knew they did long ago good only instantly yielded them I to kin
out of my room on the urgent entreaty of Gay Jukes. Refuse me, I felt, because I knew the joy was still in my heart. I did not let it away—The charm still lingered at my sleep was sweet that night. Oh, the power it has on my memory. The attention of the lowest person must it. I told God in my heart, 10: Friday was my birthday, I was 20. It is the first birthday I remember to have spent it, and left the world a young girl. I return it as a woman, I cannot say a lady. Do not by any means come of to my standard of a lady. But an angel can be a perfect lady. Oh, how gentle, how self-effaced, how well informed, how considerate, how modest! How holy a lady she is. Such be my aim! Venerable shower I learnt to bear, and worldly estimate. It with my meditations, how has this book drawn to a close? It is through me that after commencing. I finished, and the rest. A fierce heart struggle has been recorded here. Perhaps mercy must lone have filled my life. Now we are in a period of existence which is of little on earth. Oh, when shall I feel the climate of heaven.