New York, Aug. 5, 1854

To Cashet

James Tappan
To Bells Reaisworth
Cash

Journal For 1864

January 1st

The New Year comes to us clear and bright but bitter-bitter. The coldest of the season—perhaps of many seasons. Our poor mule fell down today, and nothing could be done for it, so the poor thing had to die. For ourselves we have enough left to sustain life for a few months: but O! the poor around us. God has preserved us from the evil we so reasonably dreaded yet another day. His mercies are near every morning, and fresh every evening, but they shine with new lustre these genial seven times leaden days are still here, but if we dare to interpret God's providence, we would conclude that his designs encompass all. This is the Sabbath, the first one of the year. I tremble to think it may be a sample of all. No church privileges and even home devotions interrupted by the passing of troops. They passed however without giving us more annoyance than the disturbance of our minds. Peace has spread the desolations round us, barely so heavily on one heart as on this gloomy evening. The fields of fields—the empty barns—the dead and suffering stock. It is sad and indeed but some what will we use in our Father's hands still. Oh! that He would give us spiritual feelings as earthly take their flight. We have much to be thankful for even. Give this bitter cold weather
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and a sufficiency of food at present. I fear there will be severe suffering from cold. Many persons have been robbed of their bedding. The Yankees are hauling Mr. Lee's sails-they frequently proff our wagon to Paul.

The Yankees abandoned this post today, and the town is full of strangers. It is long and dark, and we do not see the house of trial, but it might be so much worse, we deserve none of the many mercies we enjoy. I have been quite sick for two days past. Mr. Davis, Rogers, and Hughes spent the evening with us.

Fog cold day. I fear those who are too honest to know other people's ways will freeze.

A wet cold day with a slight fall of snow tonight. I read many Yankees gathering flowers with a number of prisoners. They are coming on town tonight.

Willie Morrison was coming from, small today and got his horse, swarmed in the wind. Mr. Morison, Mr. Kermaydys and some folks went down through the troops just at midnight to try to get it out, but for a long time were quite anxious about them. It will be a great loss to the poor man.

Sunday, Jan. 8th.

Ballie and I were invited to take dinner at Mr. Smith's today as it was John's birthday. It was a pleasant day. The weather is very bright, but bitter.

Jan. 9th. A day of severe suffering from a sore in my shoulder. But full of mercy— a dear Lord.
Mothers to excuse me so tenderly, vision, fire, and food, while so many are suffering the lack of these things.

Jan 10th. A sweet quiet Sabbath, with pleasant reading and not constantly interrupted by wondering thoughts.

Jan 11th. A very pleasant day spent with Mrs. Forsgren. News of a victory over Southerners at Bean Station, also rumors of foreign complications. A letter from Sidney but without any satisfactory news of herself. I hope her Father's sentiments will help him soon.

Jan 12th. A quiet, pleasant day though the morning was otherwise. We were frightened by rumors of a heavy force coming up and if the deforeations they intended to commit on this their last march than the country. But God has preserved us another day. Why do we not trust Him more? A Federal letter is in town today. The weather much colder a bright moonlight night.

Jan 13th. Have been visiting at Mr. Swain's today. It is so cold they stripped of 50 many coats, and the case on their faces. Casey was attacked last night and again tonight.

Jan 14th. A day of some excitement, a Rebel scouting party in town. I spent part of the day with Mrs. Hopkins. She wishes me to teach, and I have determined to make the effort. Mrs. Hazel here tonight. Our poor old neighbor Mrs. Henderson is very low — will not live until morning perhaps. Casey is very poorly — had three attacks last night, and one to-night.
Page 16th. A busy toiling day—a heavy country com-
pany, and frequent passing of Yankees. Poor old Mr.
Henderson died this morning. He was 70 years old.
How suddenly the aged are passing away! Rhoda and
Vannie are spending the night with us. Mrs. Hughes and
her children were coming in from the farm this evening
when they were met by a squad of Yankees who stopped their
wagon and took one of her horses and put in a broken-down
mule and took her very insolently.

Can 17 A very pleasant quiet Sabbath. I went this morning
to see Mr. Henderson's remains. Such Providences should
deeply move my mind; and yet so much little but the war. I read one of Mr. Davies's sermons, on
God's home. I am
A band of Yankees crossed under the command of the renegade, Keens—went to Mr. Durn's
last night and searched and robb'd the house. There was
a number of strolling Yankees today seemingly picking
up deserted. We saw Woodson. Davis's boy—about 15 years old—
riding behind one of them. He is poor another's heart aches
Can 18 The weather wet and gloomy. Made up a pair of shoes. Got out my books and tried to study some on the way.

Can 19 A brilliant day with a slight fall of snow in
the morning. Ballie visiting in town. Corey quite un-
well. Many ludicrous tales of Longstreet's invasion—
we do not believe them, but feel quite anxious. The
Yankees are said to be carrying off the young boys to
prevent them going into the Rebel army. Cynthia is
not tonight. News of D. & H. Hunt's capture yesterday was

Can 20: Every
thing quiet today. Ballie, visiting with Cynthia at Mr.
McCready's. Have made up my mind to teach, and
puzzling over my Alcott.
Dear Sir,

I have received your kind letter of the 20th inst. and am glad to hear that you are doing well. I was much pleased to hear of your recent travels and the interesting experiences you have had. I trust you will continue to have many happy days there.

I am also glad to hear of the progress you are making in the study of languages. It is a difficult task, but I have no doubt that you will succeed in mastering them all. I have been thinking recently of the need for more systematic language instruction in our schools, and I hope that your experiences will help to bring about a change in that direction.

I am glad to hear that you are planning to visit the United States soon. I am sure you will find it a fascinating country, and I hope you will have many interesting experiences there.

I remain, yours truly,

[Signatory]
Jany 20. Mr. Kennedy preached today a plain earnest sermon from the text: The fool hath said in his heart there is no God. This is the first time we have had service in the church since November. It is so pleasant to hear again the sound of the bell—the sound of prose and psalms. I have enjoyed much of the service today, but I feel so little of that glowing love that concentration of heart and mind which God’s words demands. How can he be pleased with such service? He knows how earnestly I wish to serve him better. Oh! will He give me this spirit to helping weakens we hear the strong, solemn that V. is abandoned, the capital moved to South Carolina, and Ten Lee moving on C. Benn. It is possible that it is but one of those, found drooped somnous by which we are so often lourished in our isolation. Some times the suspense is unendurable.

25. Another lovely day from the earliest dawn to this moonlight hour. I do not remember ever to have seen such weather in January. Collie, and I spent the day with Mrs. Holness. Rumor says Johnston’s army is in motion all is breathless suspense. The soldiers seem to be let loose in the country persons are robbed, every night, Father and Casey much excited by trouble, with old Mr. Coates for taking them wood.

26. Another peaceful lovely day. No Yankees in sight now Garrison and Nannie took dinner with us. The great event of the day is a letter from Ramsey the first we have received since the occupation. He is so anxious for us but not one word of army news to cheer our hearts with brighter prospects. It is worst so no doubt. Poor fellow! He says he does not expect to see home again till the war ends. How long O Lord how long?
We were startled today by the news that Ohio would be married. I sought to see the Yankee coldson our Illinois. The lovely weather still continues. It does seem sometimes that this pleasant and weather is intended by Providence to facilitate the decision of this fearful contest. I have been a good deal annoyed about the school article today. How much we need wisdom from above for the least as well as greatest actions. I get discouraged about even learning patience, and humility sometimes.

Belle and I spent a pleasant day at Miss Grant's Evening Southern dinners at home. We called in to see Miss Mary. Startly. Life is gliding rapidly from her. It is peculiar to hear her telling of "soon going elsewhere."

Busy evening. Anna and I walked out to Mrs. Soon after I was done. The Spring weather still continues. My school terms on Monday.

The week is closing and almost the month with how few an account of work. Supposed and good accomplished! Well may I listen for the summons. Give an account of the stewardship for their mayest be no longer steward. As the new month comes and new duties involving greater responsibilities begin. I may I leave left on any own weak powers feel more constantly that "God sees one" and is willing to answer one.

February

This month is almost gone without note in my journal not because there have been no events worth of record—no no. it has had its full share of events. Its weight of cares and—more than this book contains in turn of miseries unmerited miseries. We had to close the building of the railroad, and establishment of a permanent station here. But the towns have been
having been threatened with soldiers, and extensive fortify actions have been made below town, still God's mercy has preserved us from all evil. O! why do we not learn to trust Him for the future when such is the record of the past? Pickets from a part of the army we had every cause to fear Sherman's have been stationed, all around us, and here at this moment there fires before our door still God in His kindness protects them, from evil to us.

Many of our friends have taken oath, still we have been preserved from this fearful test. May we be truly and fearfully and truly trust His goodness still. Each day in my school began on the first day of the month with nine pupils. There are now eleven. So far I have had no trouble, and they have I think improved a good deal. I hope to be able to procure many of the comforts and necessities which we would otherwise have to do without. Our family is somewhat reduced. Wife is gone to Mr. Hemmens farm. She seems not to wish to go without Father of probation. It is best that he is gone. o! I do not. Our kind neighbor and worthy friend Mr. Wood died the second week of this month. It would seem to human eyes that he could not be spared now there are so many depending on him. But his work is done. God may in kindness have taken him from evil to come. On last Monday his granddaughter, Mary Scottley was laid beside him. I feel that her death speaks loudly to me. Oh! that I may be ready when the summons comes.

We have had three letters from the boys, but no news. We hear rumors today of a fight near Dotton.
March 1st. The windy month has come on with a heavy rain. All the talk is about the expedition to Cotton to have been disastrous, though they try to keep it very quiet.

5th. Saturday and Union election day. I went to town one hour or two, but came home sick at heart. It seems that the whole structure of society is crumbling away. But I ought to know to have more faith in God and more charity towards my fellow creatures. Cousin Frank Pitts came in just at noon and thought his sentiments differ materially from ours. It is a great plus for us to see him so long has he been sick. met any of our friends. Dear Aunt Dolly has had a severe attack of hemorrhage of the lungs. The doctors were troubled about two weeks since by a boy one of the operators. The Providences in that family are mysterious indeed. Dear aunt often speaks of the need be, which shall see and three some day. Poor Front looks sad and care worn. Now the Feb. and March ed. of Harper's to day—full of the war as every thing else.

Feb. both but eighteen companies of Longs cavalry were inspected in the field before our house.

The week of school duties is over, and now the desolation, hope deferred, the presence of our foes and all the weary weight of cares; press with cruel weight on my heart. Why do I not have more faith? A Merciful Father has preserved us all these months, fed us, sustained us, kept us from oppression and arrest, delivered us from taking the ballot oath and a thousand other miseries and yet my heart to night is utterly bowed down as though the same hand was not able to keep us still. it is so wrong. I pray to be forgiven. Somethings was here this evening. She is so happy since the servant was all gone.
March 12. What a day! The first event very early a negro one of the Freedmen's came to rent a house for his sister to live in!!! An amanuensis, members of troops have come in today. One camp fires gleam on every side. Many of them are drinking this evening. Our wheatfield fence, which has escaped so long, will be burned tonight. Brownlee's and Sherwood divisions are among them—if God does not restrain their fury we will see peaceful times. We hear some Yankee boodle!! A commissary and sutler come to get boarding and proposed to furnish us with everything so humiliating as it is we have taken them. They occupy our room. Besides, these we had Capt. Pessinger of the Lieut. for supper.

The 21st of July! Two years ago into this room my precious brother Charles was breathing his last. How the torn heart bled; and, saw no gleam of hope beyond of this life I never felt today with gladness and thankfully I bleat the Father's love which took him from the evil to come. How could his oppressed sensitive heart have borne all that we have passed through since then! To him it—would have been among deaths. If our eyes were more spiritual surely this would discover wondrous to us of the Father's tenderness in His dealings with His children. On the 25th of June—his little cell the "pure spirit" was suffered to pass as Sidney says in his letter, "from her arms into Charles'" and dwells amid I have no doubt with him in the Father's House. These weeks was bared at Boswell it would have been so satisfying could they both rest.
to Mr. Symons, of Texas. I have none of these events because events of such magnitude, were transpiring in our own eddies, as demanded—every power of thought and action. On the 2d of July, we were assisted by two persons in government employ—in the capacity of detectives—demanding two cows dropped out of a brood of Rebel beef cattle. Such we had none, but two cows that had been here ever since the fences were turned by Sherman and had been looked at by all the neighbors within three or four miles who had lost cattle. These were driven a way. The Monday morning following the same official came again saying the Haskell told him to tell the old and all his neighbors to come down and take the oath by the next day or they would be sent to Camp Chase, on the north of the Ohio. After this we have few days of quiet until the Friday evening following when we were startled by the sudden and insensible appearance of Langston carrying a paper which he read with great-joy and self-satisfaction. It was an order from Ben Steele, to notify all rebel sympathizers to appear at his headquarters at Chattanooga on Mon-

day the 11th. I am simply sketching an outline for future reference. It would be idle to attempt to describe our feelings—so utterly helpless, a family, sole sedit, aged and children—travelled out not assisting strangers only, but enemies without other resources than our own labors. But even this was not half the horrors for it was believed that we were to be sent out of the States altogether—"home where on the South side of the Gulf" was all the satisfaction we could
The undersigned, Isaac F. Page, belonging to the Army of the Department of Alabama, Mississippi, and East Louisiana, having been introduced by Lt. Gen. R. E. B. C. Lee, Commanding and Department of Army, to Maj. Gen. B. F. T. Crook, U. S. A., Commanding Army and Division of West Mississippi, do hereby give my solemn parole that I will not hereafter serve in the Army of the Confederate States, or in any military capacity whatever, against the United States of America, or render aid to the enemies of the latter, until properly exchanged in such manner as shall be mutually agreed to by the respective authorities.

Signed at New Orleans, April 1863.

Parole of Honor

Approved: williams

The above named officer will not be disturbed by United States authorities, as long as he observes his parole, and the laws in force where he resides.