was here this morning. Ben I come home last night, and say that Pa has accepted a surgeon's place in Bradford's regiment. I doubt its truth.

Sunday Jan. 15. I have written one so far ahead of the time, I don't know how it has seemed. Uncle Eben got home from Newbury last night, he brought letters from Pa. He says he will have to stay up there a week longer, and he looked for him last night. That is such a beautiful thing the day, the chickens are cackling at every at even real singing. It is a good day to church and carry all the children, but Watie and Woe. Watie went with me in the garden this morning to water my little plants, she got more because hers was not there. The plants here, the little flowers, as she stood there with down curl, curl and curling red lips, will never be effaced. How now dread the idea, that she will ever grow larger, that her face, dumb-like life, will be thrilled by contact with the world. Flowers are her pet, as she is our pet flowers. Last night I saw a short sketch of Washington, this morning one of Tecondoga, not a very fit thing for Sabbath reading. I know. It is almost impossible, in the present age, to believe that brethren who fought so bravely against a common enemy, who struggled together for years to gain their independence, whose every national association should have a tendency to bind them more closely together, whose blood mingled in the same stream on the same bloody field, should now be as ambitious against each other, but so it is.
Sitting of interest or importance had occurred since I wrote last. I suffered all day yesterday with a violent headache. I was tempted to write anything tonight, but I did not think of it. Feb. 5. The snow and snow and rain this morning, though it is quite cloudy now, has been thundering and lightning. It seems as though we will never have any more sun shine.

Feb. 6. The snow and snow and rain, this morning, though it is quite cloudy now, has been thundering and lightning. It seems as though we will never have any more sun shine.

Yesterday, Feb. 7. Last night for the first time since I wrote those resolutions, I neglected to read my Bible. It was so warm yesterday evening that Ma and I took some flowers out of pots and let them in the garden, and it turned so cold to-day that I am afraid they will die. The children came home this evening and brought the startling intelligence that First Henry had been taken by the enemy and the Tennessee river Bridge burned. It is terrible but I believe it will all work right in the end. I intend to write to Condon Sam to-night, but Pa sent for the mail Sunday night. Feb. 9. I don't think I have spent this exactly as it should have been spent. I allowed my tongue to run away to night before I thought. I commenced a letter to Condon Sam but left it to be finished in the morning. Ma wanted me to write to Condon Col. Ads to-night, but I did not have time. We have not heard from Li
I have begun all day cleaning rugs for my carpet. It's a thankless job, but I will need it finished. Do not hear the children this morning and practiced after school. I saw Jim Harvinether in Brownsville today. I don't think Joe K. was taken prisoner at Dongelors, Jim will be here tomorrow also. Nor Von Harrib and family will spend tomorrow with us.

Feb 28, I am too tired tonight to write anything. I was not able to write anything last night after breakfast. I went out and planted off the front walk border, which took one very much. Mr. Harbin and family spent the day here. I came home to day. Nor Higgin brought me

from the depot for his buggy. Cousin Frank Haverock & Jim Nor

inther came this evening. Thursday night Feb 27, I heard

Bellis lessons this morning for the first time in her new

school. I heard Mrs. Wells lessons. I was

in sick last night that I forgot to write. Little Hodie had the earache all the morning. I went in the

garden this evening and got some

honey-suckle vine and planted

them in the front yard myself.

put a basket of dinner down to the bridge to Hunt, Barren, Saturday night March 1. It is quite
cold every one in the house had

except myself. I have been reading a little of a novel, "The Lady of the Val

le. I went to wish directly. I came


commenced going to school to from home. I heard from Powell in his letter to night. Tried to set me working done but did so not. I told Powell sent me some new miss bread by Uncle John, but I let Liz have it.

Wednesday, April 12th. I ordered Dr. Newell Brooks to carry my baby home to night. When I told him we were not done with him, I don’t think she shall ever come up him again. I went and fetched to go to Pond. Robert to tomorrow morning.

Sunday, April 13th. We went to Pond. Robert last Wednesday morning and played until Friday evening, would have stayed longer but had no dinner. Had a very pleasant visit. Cousin Octavius came over to spend the evening alone, first time, this week.

Wednesday, April 12th. For the last week I have felt the greatest aversion to writing, I don’t know why, it all. The news to day the name of Bower the Newell boys who were killed at Corinth among whom were, Rob Fortune and Ed Milton. There must be a great many others, but we have not heard. I have been reading Shakespeare his evening. It had been quite cold all day.

Friday, April 14th. Was been a cold rainy day. The children could not come home to night. Finished our gloves this morning. Went to church before supper and just sat up to go to bed consequently feel my body like writing.

13. We walked over to Uncle Vitamin’s this evening while
Wednesday April 9th. For the last week I have felt the greatest aversion to writing. I don't know why it is. I've heard that in the name of Rowland the Harwood boys, who were killed at Corinth, among whom were, Rob Fortune and Ed Britton. There must be a great many other, but we have not heard. I have been reading Shakespeare this evening. It has been quite cold all day.

Friday 12th. Had been a cold rainy day. The children could not come home to night. Finished our chores this morning. Went to bed before supper and just got up to go to bed consequently feel very worn out while writing.

13. We walked over to Uncle Vienna's this evening, while...
Monday, April 14. The Federals are at Athens. We are daily expecting an attack on Pillow's Confederate forces and several cavalry are ordered here to-morrow. Uncle Tom has come to Corinth.

Tuesday, April 15. Have been busy knitting to-day. This evening Mr. Johnson, Kearn's & Oakdowne came and will spend the night.

April 16, Aunt Lezlie left this morning. Da went with her and took a horse for him this evening. Mr. and Mrs. Brownville this morning, and horse carriage trunks, just after we started home.

April 17. It rained a little to-day. Drew down after dinner to-day. The second time this season, I think. I will quit Thursday night, 17th. Walked all over the yard to breakfast this morning. Have been making the children some muffins to-day. Uncle James Taylor stayed here last night, he had to get to Pitts immediately. Uncle Tom got here this evening, he came from Corinth on business.

April 18. It has been raining nearly all day, but turned a little earlier this evening. Herbie walked around this way.

Sunday 19. It has been as though it will never cease to rain, it rained steadily all day yesterday and has been raining all day to-day.
I slept nearly all the morning, I think it very disagreeable such a day on this. For a rainy Sunday it is lonesome. The Federals at Vicksburg on the Memphis and Ohio Railroad, they are getting very near us. It has some week ago that Brice Morris was killed. It will like Autumn leaves our old schoolmates and our, and when in Memorias hall we trace some dear, familiar scene in which they were active participants purchase at drop a tear to think in turning from scenes like this to those that actually exist, she is not there. There is a sweet sadness clinging to things like these, they seem to link the two that meeting heaven and earth. It is a happy thing that the past is not flooded by the Lettus stream. April 21. This morning I was busy fixing some old stockings, commencing making a muffie. This evening I am getting very industrious! She is playing on her guitar, it reminds me of the sweet recollections we used to have.

Tuesday 22. This has been a beautiful fall day after four of continual ones. Sunday April 19. Wrote very little last week, because I had nothing particular to write. Aunt George now see him this morning, she told me that Mr. Roby had a baby, a boy, named Mel, at seven o'clock. Mrs. Winston is storing here. She came yesterday. I think he is smart. He is very hopeful.

I have been lying down nearly ever since dinner, trying to go to sleep.
Friday 12. This was disappointed about going to Aunt Lattie's. Mrs. Shuler's Bradford's little boy was so sick. Pa could not leave him. Mr. B. J. had a conversation with Pa after dinner, in which Goo fell from little interest, he went home this evening.

Saturday 13. Mrs. Bis little boy died early this morning.

Sunday 14. Mr. Bis and I attended the burial at old Mrs. Bradford's this morning. It was raining when we started, but once a good many people there went to church this evening and heard Mr. Bogard preach. His subject was the Ben Virgin. After we got home heard that old Pierce with his command came from destroying and shooting everything. Cousin Buck Taylor's little Charlie rode his horse to town and Pa had to walk back and bring his saddle and bridle. We were up till late at night watching the fire, for they burnt down a good part of Brownsville, and strange to say all the property they burnt belonged to missionaries.

Monday 15. The morning was very quiet, after an early breakfast, Pa, Mr. B. Florence and the negro men took the horses down to the bottom. Pa came back home, but the others stayed down there. About two o'clock, Rev. Tanner came in and demanded Pa's arms and after threatening to burn the house and making a good many other threats, got his field from that time till nine at night. We were thick all over the place, shocking stock and running and
May 1, 1864. Once again I turn to my forever neglected journal. When I last referred to its pages we were enduring a visitation from those demons on earth. Old Captain With, with what different feelings I trace these words on this beautiful New Sabbath. How much I have suffered since then, and how much endured! We have had small joy in the family, but the damper has now past. We will never forget the kindness of Mr. Graves and Mr. Fortune. During that season of trouble while others were afraid to approach us, and also of one other person, I will not even tell you the name. Will he never come again? I don’t believe I ever will, as that I have left any home there. Great words. I write this all in a large paper bag in front of the house, which I can peep through the door. Mrs. and Mrs. Bishop came home with us from Sunday school this morning, and have not been gone long. No mail. Mrs. Wrenn came this morning and staid all day. Spent a very happy day with him, after having so much trouble about it. Today was the first time he—

April 1st, 1864. Well, what would have thought it? I have been married nearly two years. I rejoice the most intimate portion of my life, and my journal have untouched all this time. Two years more fraught with pain and pleasure, with some of the bitter and sweet, that all the