FRIDAY, APRIL 14, 1865.

The morning is clear and cool, the air feels a little like frost, but it is growing warm and I think it will rain. School and all its duties went on very well today. All work & studies will no longer be required. The girls are busy studying Botany together with myself. Took a walk in Mrs. Jewett's lot after school where we found some wild flowers to amuse ourselves and contribute to our knowledge of plants. The infinitely works of the Creator are seen in all things, the delicate tints of the flowers which deck our fields and crown our land with beauty proclaiming the hand of Him who made them all.

SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1865.

The day has been bright and pleasant, with the air almost like spring. Have not been well as usual. After dinner went up to Bishop Dole's to see Mr. Benson, a little while. The latest news has been received that Abraham Lincoln died this morning, by the hands of an assassin who shot him in the theater.

This act enforces the truth that condition in which our country is placed. The deed was done no doubt by a person who thought he saved from injustice in some way, and the memory of his wrongsis made him do desperation. (To ends may be controlled when they pass the bounds of reason.)
SUNDAY, APRIL 16, 1865.

The day is bright and beautiful. I have spent most of it in writing to my father. I am thinking only of Lincoln's death. Yesterday they were in the midst of celebrating the surrender of Lee's army. And when in the height of their mirth, there came a shock equal to Calhoun's. The people of the land writing on the wall. The joy was turned into mourning. The sentiment into sadness. Death and heartless people are short-lived. Where is the magnanimity which should characterize a great and mighty nation? To be preparing celebrations at the public expense. To excel over a fallen foe.

MONDAY, APRIL 17, 1865.

My scholars are all here with the addition of a new one. I am not discouraged in regard to my school, but I feel that the South is the subject of a relentless foe, from whose magnanimity or clemency they may expect but little. Real plans and schemes of sale will bitterness, tyranny, and usurpation will be laid by that day. The scheme of war will end all its power to the condition of war to be governed by the right of conquest, and not the laws of humanity. Perhaps he may profit by the example of his predecessor, who has characterized his government by constant acts of tyranny.
TUESDAY, APRIL 18, 1865.

The war is nominally over.

The evacuation of all sides. Nearly peace will be patched up, with a tolerating

foundation, and was well again

deluge our land no doubt.

If only would repeal all those

obnoxious acts passed by Lincoln

reversing those abolition measures

granting to the South her material

rights, then would he be received

as a benefactor. The diminishment

of the Southern army has not changed the materials

of which it is composed, and

the rebellion yet lives although

its predations are feebler.

The harsh masters had better

deny any in their moves.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19, 1865.

The condition of our country at all I have to trouble me now.

I think the death of Lincoln at this time a retributive rebuke

to those who were felicitating over

the misfortunes of a people

whose love of country amounted to

enthusiasm, perfidious, who

seemed submission to a man

who was not their choice, and

whose name since his election

has been a synonym of

reparation. Except a short

time time before his death

a slight, faint, of magnanimity

displayed itself after the

disbanding of Lee's army, togeth

er with terms of capitulation,

stipulated by him.