

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 & sunshine with no storms or squalls. The girls studying Botany together with myself took a walk in Mr. Peterson's lot after school where we found some wild flowers to amuse ourselves and contribute to our knowledge of plants. The inimitable works of the Creator are seen in all things, the delicate tints of the flowers which deck our fields and crown our trees with beauty, proclaiming the Hand that made them a Divine

SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1865.

The day has been bright and pleasant, with the air coolish but not rainy. I have not been well as usual. After dinner went up to Bishop Soule's to see Mr. Russell, a little while. The startling news has been received that

Abraham Lincoln died this morning, by the hands of an assassin who shot him in the theatre.

This act evinces the terrible condition in which our country is placed. The deed was done no doubt by a person who had suffered from injustice in some way, and the memory of his wrongs goaded him to desperation.

"Principles 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 ~~midst~~ ^{heights} of their mirth,

There came a shock equal to Belshazzar's imperial revel when the blood writing ^{appeared} ~~came~~ on the wall. The joy was turned into mourning, the merriment into sadness.

Grash and heartless people is ~~usually~~ ^{politically} short-lived: Where is the magnanimity which should characterize a great and mighty nation, to be preparing celebrations at the public expense, to exult over a fallen 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 subjects of a relentless foe, from whose magnanimity or clemency they may expect but little.

Fear plans and schemes replete with bitterness, tyranny, and usurpation, will be laid ~~by~~ by that deep, dark, scheming man Andy Johnson which will reduce all his foes to the condition of vassals to be governed by the right of conquest, and not the laws of humanity.

Perhaps he may profit by the example of his predecessor, who has characterized his movement by constant acts of tyranny.

TUESDAY, APRIL 18, 1865.

The war is nominally over in the exclamation of all sides. A hasty peace will be patched up, with a tottering foundation, and war will again deluge our land in blood.

If Andy would repeal all those obnoxious acts passed by Lincoln reversing those Abolition measures, granting to the South her inalienable rights, then would he be received as a benefactor. The dismemberment of the Southern army has not changed the materials of which it is composed, and the rebellion yet lives although its pulsations are feeble.

The dark masters had better be lenient in their moves.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19, 1865.

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

I think the death of Lincoln at this time a retributive rebuke to those who were felicitating over the misfortunes of a people whose love of country amounted to enthusiasm, personified, who scorned submission to a man who was not their choice, and whose name since his election has been a synonym of usurpation, except a short-time time before his death a slight streak of magnanimity displayed itself after the surrender of Lee's army, together with terms of capitulation, stipulated by him.