Jan 1, 1866.

The past year has been a memorable one. As aunt Delia said this morning, "Thank God we are all alive, I have got a little something to eat." As living going on 5-day. Old things have passed away in the South. Lee's yard emptied last week. I believe not 200 a dozen negroes are living with their owners. They are slipping about in the wet, "housekeeping" poor things. I feel glad for them one way - I extremely sorry another.

We all have a new road to travel. It's pretty hard on me. I will be for awhile. But that the South will be infinitely better off - richer, happier - ten years hence than it has ever been. I do believe. God grant if I take care of the widows & orphans.

June sitting by one loud dark night in her little upstairs, not wanting to go to bed, & I seeing her writing, she decided to read the book I loaned her. "The May Queen." Looking at her presently, she was reading away, wiping the tears with the skirt of her gown! I did not notice her when she got to the scene where she had against me & said she "had to read it for it made her cry."

First Sunday of the year 7th.

Paid a visit to the Dr. Brantly 7/5. While waiting for the key walked alone up & down before the building. Looking at every tree, at path of every building with the same interest we look into a friend's eyes who is listening to us. The natural objects are all there - the same great arbor, the steps, the tuft. Things are so little changed of yet so greatly. So much is gone - so much remains. I never will leave those grounds. I must go that are some doors & windows in which I seem to see a familiar face & form - "the touch of a vanished hand. And the sound of a voice that is still"