

Chapter 1 : The Life and Diary of David Brainerd by David Brainerd (, Paperback, Reprint) | eBay

*Diary of David How: A Private in Colonel Paul Dudley Sargent's Regiment of the Massachusetts Line, in the Army of the American Revolution [David How, Henry Barton Dawson, George Wingate Chase] on www.nxgvision.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers.*

Brainerd preaching in the open-air to Native Americans. He was orphaned at the age of nine, as his father died in at the age of forty-six and his mother died five years later. At the age of nineteen, he inherited a farm near Durham , but did not enjoy the experience of farming and so returned to East Haddam a year later to prepare to enter Yale. In his second year at Yale, he was sent home because he was suffering from a serious illness that caused him to spit blood. It is now believed that he was suffering from tuberculosis , the disease which would lead to his death seven years later. When he returned in November , tensions were beginning to emerge at Yale between the faculty staff and the students as the staff considered the spiritual enthusiasm of the students, which had been prompted by visiting preachers such as George Whitefield , Gilbert Tennent , Ebenezer Pemberton and James Davenport , to be excessive. On the afternoon of the same day, the faculty had invited Jonathan Edwards to preach the commencement address, hoping that he would support their position, but instead he sided with the students. As a result, he gained the attention of Jonathan Dickinson , the leading Presbyterian in New Jersey , who unsuccessfully attempted to reinstate Brainerd at Yale. Instead, it was therefore suggested that Brainerd devote himself to missionary work among the Native Americans, supported by the Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge. He was approved for this missionary work on 25 November In his final years, he also suffered from a form of depression that was sometimes immobilizing and which, on at least twenty-two occasions, led him to wish for death. He was also affected by difficulties faced by other missionaries of the period, such as loneliness and lack of food. Brainerd remained there for one year. During this period he started a school for Native American children and began a translation of the Psalms. Within a year, the Indian church at Crossweeksung had members, who moved in to Cranbury where they established a Christian community. He remained determined, however, to continue the work among Native Americans despite the difficulties, writing in his diary: All my desire was the conversion of the heathen, and all my hope was in God: After a few months of rest, he travelled to Northampton, Massachusetts , where he stayed at the house of Jonathan Edwards. In his diary entry for 24 September, Brainerd wrote: The friendship that grew between them was of a kind that has led some to suggest they were romantically attached. He is buried at Bridge Street Cemetery in Northampton, next to Jerusha, [15] who died in February as a result of contracting tuberculosis from nursing Brainerd. Sacred to the memory of the Rev. October 10, AE

Chapter 2 : David Gavin Diary,

Diary of David How: A Private in Colonel Paul Dudley Sargent's Regiment of the Massachusetts Line, in the Army of the American Revolution Part 4 of Gleanings from the harvest field of American history, Henry Barton Dawson.

His descendants are very fortunate because he kept a diary of his daily life in the gold fields for the year of His total profits by the end of the year were basically negligible but he had proven to himself that he could enter into numerous business ventures and survive the encounters. The diary entries will be posted here in twelve installments covering the months of Over the years, it has been interesting to hear from descendants of most of the individuals that David mentioned in his diary. Perhaps the memory of the unique events in the gold fields has been passed down to us through our DNA. Whatever the reason, we seem to come back to the story over and over. When tired and living in a tent, sometimes the spelling in a small diary suffers. Springfield was about a mile southwest of Columbia, on upper Mormon Creek. At its peak, some miners were registered to vote there. A post office was established in Ten years later the camp had declined and only 60 or so miners remained, and the post office was discontinued the following year. WEDNESDAY 2 -- Commenced putting up boxes from Markes flooming A flume was a structure generally constructed of wood though sometimes of canvas, and even sometimes of rock and dirt, to provide a temporary channel for the river water, or in the sense referred to here, to provide a source of water to a set of sluice boxes. Jim Marks, who had been working upstream from Drew, was and Englishman. He was naturalized in Tuolumne County just the previous October. Grover was a mine in Jamestown, from Missouri. He used capital letters sparingly, but always at the beginning of an entry. Went up on the flat Found the flumeing all done on the new claim Thought that they would get to washing by Wednesday Sunday was rigidly observed in the mines as a day when no work was done. It could be spent going on short trips, visiting, or just staying around the cabin, washing clothes, reading, or engaged in other similar occupations. Haskins, A Pierce, R B Bartlett, paid one hundred and twenty-five dollars the said interest being one forth of the whole" on November 26th, He was thus obligated to either work or pay for the work represented by his share one-twelfth. Since he was busy down on the river, he chose to pay. Captain Robert Bartlett, who also appears later in the diary, was not listed in the Directory of It could mean a short tunnel into the pay dirt, or it could refer to an open trench down into the ground. Assessments were the cash payments required by the owners of an interest or share if they were not available to work their share. This was the origin of assessable stock, so widely used later in western mining incorporations. If you failed to pay your assessment, you lost your share, for it reverted back to the company. There were many other companies driving tunnels under the long Table Mountain, and most of these proved to be failures. Stetson, who was also from Massachusetts, apparently did not sell the share. Stetson served as constable of Shaws Flat and his trade was that of a tinsmith. But we got off a pretty good piece of dirt. Dirts is used in the sense that "muck" is underground; that is, pay dirt or ore. On the river, dirt was apt to be a mixture of sand, gravel, and soil or fines, but, every miner hoped, carrying particles of gold. Held up a little while in the afternoon and we sowed some barley for feed. Mr Covinton and my self think of buying a couple of horses. The name was taken from the nickname of the popular American political party. Thought of trying it another week and see if it would do better. Hydraulic power refers to the use of water under pressure, and sprayed out of a nozzle onto the dirt, breaking it up and washing it into the sauce boxes.

Chapter 3 : The War Diary of David Lindsay - World War I Document Archive

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I felt at the same time an exceeding tenderness and most fervent love toward all mankind; so that my soul and all its powers seemed, as it were, to melt into softness and sweetness. But during the communion there was some abatement of this life and fervor. This love and joy cast out fear; and my soul longed for perfect grace and glory. This frame continued til the evening, when my soul was sweetly spiritual in secret duties. I now so longed after God, and to be freed from sin, that, when I felt myself recovering, and thought I must return to college again, which had proved so hurtful to my spiritual interests the year past, I could not but be grieved, and thought I had much rather die; for it distressed me to think of getting away from God. But before I went I enjoyed several other sweet and precious seasons of communion with God, particularly Oct. My soul longed to be conformed to God in all things. But though divine goodness, a great and general awakening spread itself over the college, about the end of February, in which I was much quickened, and more abundantly engaged in religion. For thirteen months from this time Brainerd kept a constant diary containing a very particular account of what passed from day to day, making two volumes of manuscripts; but when he lay on his death bed he gave orders unknown to me til after his death that these two volumes should be destroyed, inserting a notice, at the beginning of the succeeding manuscripts, that a specimen of his manner of living during that entire period would be found in the first thirty pages next following, ending with June 15, , except that he was now more "reformed from some imprudences and indecent heats" than before. A circumstance in the life of Brainerd, which gave great offence to the rulers of the College, and occasioned his expulsion, it is necessary should be here particularly related. During the awakening in College, there were several religious students who associated together for mutual conversation and assistance in spiritual things. These were wont freely to open themselves one to another, as special and intimate friends: Brainerd was one of this company. And it once happened, the he and two or three more of these intimate friends were in the hall together, after Mr. Whittlesey, one of the tutors, had engaged in prayer with the scholars; no other person now remaining in the hall but Brainerd and his companions. Whittlesey; he made answer, "He has no more grace than this chair. Whereupon she informed the Rector, who sent for this freshman and examined him. He told the Rector the words which he heard Brainerd utter; and informed him who were in the room with him at that time. Upon this the Rector sent for them. They were very backward to inform against their friend respecting what they looked upon as a private conversation; especially as none but they had heard or knew of whom he had uttered those words: Brainerd looked on himself as very HI used in the management of this affair; and thought that it was injuriously extorted from his friends, and then injuriously required of him - as if he had been guilty of some open, notorious crime - to make a public confession, and to humble himself before the whole College in the hall, for what he had said only in private conversation. He not complying with this demand, and having gone once to the Separate meeting at New-Haven, when forbidden by the Rector; and also having been accused by one person of saying concerning the Rector, "that he wondered he did not expect to drop down dead for firing the scholars who followed Mr. Tennent to Milford, though there was no proof of it; and Brainerd ever professed that he did not remember saying any thing to that purpose, for these things he was expelled from the college. How far the circumstances and exigencies of that day might justify such great severity in the governors of the college, I will not undertake to determine; it being my aim, not to bring reproach on the authority of the college, but only to do justice to the memory of a person who was, I think, eminently one of those whose memory is blessed. From about the time when he began the study of Theology, tip he was licensed to preach. April 1, - July 29, In the spring of Brainerd went to live with the Rev. Mills of Ripton, to pursue his studies with him for the work of the ministry. Here he spent the greater part of the time until he was licensed to preach; but frequently rode to visit the neighboring ministers, particularly Mr. Cooke of Stratford, Mr. Graham of Southbury, and Mr. The following are extracts from his diary at this period. Oh that God would humble me deeply in the dust before him! I deserve hell every day, for not loving my Lord more, who has, I trust, "loved me and given himself for me;" and every time I am enabled to exercise any grace

renewedly, I am renewedly indebted to the God of all grace for special assistance. My soul will be astonished at the unsearchable riches of divine grace when I arrive at the mansions which the blessed Savior is gone before to prepare. What are all the storms of this lower world if Jesus, by his Spirit, does but come walking on the seas! On that my soul were wrapped up in a divine love. In the evening God gave me faith in prayer, made my soul melt in some measure, and gave me to taste a divine sweetness. Let me climb up near to him, and love, and long, and plead, and wrestle, and stretch after him, and for deliverance from the body of sin and death. I then began to find it sweet to pray; and could think of undergoing the greatest sufferings in the cause of Christ, with pleasure; and found myself willing, if God should so order it, to suffer banishment from my native land, among the heathen, that I might do something for their salvation, in distress and deaths of any kind. Then God gave me to wrestle earnestly for others, for the kingdom of Christ in the world, and for dear Christian friends. Of that God would bring in great numbers of them to Jesus Christ! I cannot but hope that I shall see that glorious day Everything in this world seems exceeding vile and little to me: I appear so to myself. I had some little dawn of comfort to-day in prayer; but especially to-night, I think I had some faith and power of intercession with God. I was enabled to plead with God for the growth of grace in myself; and many of the dear children of God then lay with weight upon my soul. Blessed be the Lord! It is good to wrestle for divine blessings. I am more amazed than ever at such thoughts; for I see myself infinitely vile and unworthy. No poor creature stands in need of divine grace more than I, and none abuse it more than I have done, and still do. Afterward, I had some sweetness in the thoughts of arriving at the heavenly world. After public worship, God gave me special assistance in prayer; I wrestled with my dear Lord, and intercession was made a delightful employment to me. In the evening, as I was viewing the light in the north, I was delighted in the contemplation of the glorious morning of the resurrection. Though I have been so depressed of late, respecting my hopes of future serviceableness in the cause of God; yet now I had much encouragement. My faith lifted me above the world, and removed all those mountains over which of late I could not look. I know that I long for God, and a conformity to his will, in inward purity and holiness, ten thousand times more than for any thing here below. At noon, God enabled me to wrestle with him, and to feel, as I trust, the power of divine love in prayer. At night, I saw myself infinitely indebted to God, and had a view of my failures in duty. It seemed to me that I had done, as it were, nothing for God, and that I had lived to him but a few hours of my life. Accordingly, in the morning I endeavored to plead for the divine presence for the day, and not without some life. In the forenoon I felt the power of intercession for precious, immortal souls; for the advancement of the kingdom of my dear Lord and Saviour in the world; and withal, a most sweet resignation and even consolation and joy, in the thoughts of suffering hardships, distresses, and even death itself, in the promotion of it, and has special enlargement in pleading for the enlightening and conversion of the poor heathen. In the afternoon God was with me of a truth. God enabled me so to agonize in prayer, that I was quite wet with sweat, though in the shade and the cool wind. My soul was drawn out very much for the world; I grasped for multitudes of souls. I think I had more enlargement for sinners than for the children of God; though I felt as if I could spend my life in cries for both. I had great enjoyment in communion with my dear Savior. I think I never in my life felt such an entire weanedness from this world, and so much resigned to God in every thing. How often has God "caused his goodness to pass before me! The Lord help me to live more to his glory for the time to come. This has been a sweet, a happy day to me; blessed be God. I think my soul was never so drawn out in intercession for others, as it has been this night. Had a most fervent wrestle with the Lord to-night, for my enemies; and I hardly ever so longed to live to God, and to be altogether devoted to him; I wanted to wear out my life in his service, and for his glory. April 21, "Felt much calmness and resignation; and God again enabled me to wrestle for numbers of souls, and gave me fervently in the sweet duty of intercession. I enjoy of late more sweetness in intercession for others, than in any other part of prayer. My blessed Lord really let me come near to him, and plead with him. At night I was exceedingly melted with divine love, and had some feeling sense of the blessedness of the upper world. Those words hung upon me with much divine sweetness. This may well be termed "appearing before God: I wished and longed for the coming of my dear Lord: I longed to join the angelic hosts in praises, wholly free from imperfection. All I want is to be more holy, more like my dear Lord. My very soul pants for the complete restoration of the blessed image of my Savior; that I

may be fit for the blessed enjoyments and employments of the heavenly world. So much of heaven before; it was the most refined and most spiritual season of communion with God I ever yet felt. I seemed to depend wholly on my dear Lord; weaned from all other dependencies. I knew not what to say to my God, but only lean on his bosom, as it were, and breathe out my desires after a perfect conformity to him in all things. Thirsting desires after perfect holiness, and insatiable longings possessed my soul. God was so precious to me that the world, with all its enjoyments, was infinitely vile. I had no more value for the favor of men, than for pebbles. The Lord was my all, and that he over-ruled all, greatly delighted me. I think that my faith and dependence on God scarce ever rose so high. I saw him such a fountain of goodness that it seemed impossible I should distrust him again, or be any way anxious about any thing that should happen to me. Much of the power of these divine enjoyments remained with me through the day. In the evening my heart seemed to melt, and I trust was really humbled for indwelling corruption, and I "mourned like a dove. With resignation, I could bid welcome to all other trials; but sin hung heavy upon me; for God discovered to me the corruption of my heart. Had much assistance in my studies. This has been a profitable week to me; I have enjoyed many communications of the blessed Spirit in my soul. In the morning I withdrew to my usual place of retirement, and mourned for my abuse of my dear Lord; spent the day in fasting and prayer. God gave me much power of wrestling for his cause and kingdom; and it was a happy day to my soul. God was with me all the day; and I was more above the world than ever in my life.

Chapter 4 : David Brainerd - Wikipedia

Get this from a library! Diary of David How: a private in Colonel Paul Dudley Sargent's regiment of the Massachusetts line, in the army of the American revolution.

He had three brothers: Gavin lived in the Colleton District of South Carolina, presumably in the area between the present St. He was a planter and a lawyer who made frequent trips to the court in Waterborough Waterboro. The original volume, pages, consists of three sections: In the diary, Gavin wrote about planting and plantation work, the weather, affairs of his neighbors, members of his family, legal work, current events in the United States and the world, and his own feelings and health. Some entries are quite brief, others extensive. Gavin was apparently a member of the American or Know-Nothing Party, and, in an entry, dated 9 November , he criticized the Democratic Party for bribery and corruption. He continued to criticize the government in entries throughout the diary. Gavin also was against universal suffrage. In an entry, dated 4 November , he mentioned the candidates in the presidential election and stated that, while in South Carolina the legislature elected the electors, in all other states "they are elected by the people alias the mob-oc-ra-cy influenced by the demagogues. Gavin frequently noted information on local politics. In an entry, dated 31 March , he mentioned the names of the new sheriff and other newly elected officials in Colleton District. Gavin handled numerous estates and frequently made trips to the court in Waterborough Waterboro. He mentioned his own cases and other notable trials that occurred. In entries dated 14 and 20 November and 4 November , he mentioned a trial of men accused of murdering a slave belonging to Colonel Lewis Morris. Gavin believed that the men were guilty, but that they would not be convicted. He noted, on 16 November , that they were acquitted. Gavin frequently attended sales of slaves, usually involving estates, and noted the prices of slaves sold. In the entry of 17 October , he mentioned that he had appraised the slaves of the estate of W. On 8 May , he noted that he had appraised the value of slaves as a step in the division of an estate. Gavin also did surveying and mentioned, 17 April , surveying and selling a parcel of land. In October of , Gavin noted that four banks in South Carolina had suspended specie payments and gave their names and the dates they suspended payment. He described his own theories on the reason for the "Panic of A family named Rumph is mentioned. Their daughter married Moses West who, Gavin stated, abused her. On 6 February , he mentioned Mrs. He also frequently dined or visited with neighbors and mentioned their visits to him. Gavin mentioned camp meetings, meetings of the Sons of Temperance, and his activities as a Commissioner of the Poor. Gavin wrote about the management of his plantation and the planting of various crops such as corn, rice, peas, and cotton. He described the work of slaves and progress on improvements to his property. He discussed building a road across the swamp on his property, and a cornhouse, which he called the American or Know-Nothing cornhouse. In , he hired two overseers successively, but had difficulties with them and let them go. Gavin wrote about sick slaves on his plantation and various remedies used to cure them. In the summer and fall of , there was much fever, and Gavin himself was very ill. From through , Gavin frequently mentioned one of his slaves, who was named Team, who continually ran away. On 3 December , he mentioned a search for Team. On 20 December , he noted that Team was home again. On 14 March , Gavin wrote that he wanted to sell Team because he had run away twice. Gavin wrote that he originally had sent to Florida and bought Team because he owned his wife and the rest of his family. Gavin occasionally mentioned free black families who lived in his district. On 29 December , he noted that a free black man was killed by the cars at Branchville. On 26 April , he mentioned a neighbor who associated with free black men, a practice of which Gavin disapproved. On 9 November Gavin noted a court action making the "Merchant family free Indians. During the Civil War years, he reported progress of the war and its local effects, such as the reorganization of the South Carolina Militia. In late and early , he wrote out Confederate tax returns for himself and for some estates. There are only a few scattered entries after August Among those mentioned in the diary, Gavin frequently wrote about members of the following families: Aberly or Averly , Gavin, Hughs Hughes? The personal accounts section pages lists "Expenses and money paid out," Costs are listed for such items as clothes, food, transportation and lodging, household and farm equipment, magazine subscriptions, shipping,

horses, and services such as blacksmithing and carpentry. The final section pages contains entries for about individuals known by Gavin. The entries, which range from a few words to a paragraph, were typically made at the death of an individual, but occasionally were written when someone was born or married. These events occurred. Entries usually list birth and death dates, and commonly also the cause of death. Gavin often commented on the life or death of an individual, noting extraordinary circumstances or characteristics. Gavin noted, for example, that Eveann Pendaris was a woman "who has now married twice and never changed her name, a circumstance I never knew or heard of before," and that Mary M. Gavin was "murdered Friday evening Nov. A few account and diary entries also are included in this section.

Chapter 5 : The Life and Diary of David Brainerd by David Brainerd

Diary of David Brainerd. Lord's day, Oct. "In the morning I felt my soul hungering and thirsting after righteousness. While I was looking on the elements of the Lord's Supper, and thinking that Jesus Christ was not "set forth crucified before me", my soul was filled with light and love, so that I was almost in an ecstasy; my body was so weak I could scarcely stand.

The text presents the reader with a sombre look into what it meant to exist in a community ravaged by never-ending starvation, constant fear, terrible sickness, and inevitable death. Dawid was an astute young man with idealist Marxist beliefs of a utopian society, but his entries also reveal his more practical side - one of sharp indignation and protest at the many class divisions that existed amidst the ghetto hierarchy. Yet his writing still reflects his resolve and his determination to report on the plight of his people. In one entry, as the Germans begin deporting those deemed unfit to work, Dawid writes the following: Szkudlarek only returned to his home after the Russians liberated the city five years later. Szkudlarek told officials documenting the history of Nazi crimes in Lodz. They contained stories, poems and other notes. It is believed they were burned by occupants of the apartment during the winter of when there was no heating fuel available in the devastated city. The first two notebooks were published in Poland in , edited by Holocaust scholar Lucjan Dobroszycki, himself a survivor of the Lodz ghetto. In a leading Lodz journalist, Konrad Turowski, purchased the three surviving notebooks and was preparing them for publication when an outbreak of anti-Semitism under the then Communist regime in Poland blocked the publication. Years passed before a full version of all five surviving notebooks was finally published and made available to the public. Alan Adelson, in association with various Jewish groups in Poland, Israel and the USA, managed to compile and edit a comprehensive version of the texts as translated by Kamil Turowski. Passages from the Diary of Dawid Sierakowiak: Wednesday, 26 July Lodz. We arrive after six in the morning. On the way I meet Mom. At home the same with father and sister. I eat, go to bed, and sleep almost all day. Tuesday, 22 August Lodz. Terrible, interesting, strange news! The Germans are concluding a twenty-five year nonaggression pact with the Soviets! What a capitulation of Nazi ideology! Last evening Jews were thrown out of several places in the Baluty district and were deported to the Reich. Nobody knows what happened to them or exactly where they are. Everyone everywhere has their backpacks ready, packed, with underclothes and essentials, everyone is extremely nervous. That seems just another pipe dream though. In spite of a gorgeous, and expensive holiday food ration the situation remains as tragic as before! There is no hope for improvement. He fired two teachers, Communists, from their jobs. They organized resistance among teachers against the installation as commissioner "Superior Principal-Mrs. I got the best grade in the class: Tuesday, 30 September "Litzmannstadt Ghetto" Lodz A transport of deportees from Lubraniec near Wloclawek and from Brzesc Kujawski arrived at our former school building. They look great, have luggage, and say they used to live well. They are in good humour and even make jokes. They are mostly women of various ages. All their men in their prime or boys are in work camps. Lubraniec residents wear a triangle patch on their backs, while others big Magen Dawids on their left breast. You can see that we have been marked in various ways. They say they have brought a lot of food with them, but the Jewish police stole it from them. Of course the sick, children, and old people have been driven to hospitals, orphanages, and homes for the aged, but the rest are lying in empty houses on straw mats provided by the administration or on their own bedding. Hunger is ever more terrifying. The less there is to eat, the more the people talk about covered tables and reminisce about the good old days before the war. At work the only topic of conversation is: Nadzia was told to come to Chopin Street to work in the leather workshop. She will probably start on Sunday.

Chapter 6 : David's Diary on the App Store

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Diary of David How: a private in Colonel.*

Sunday and nothing doing. Went to Cairo in evening and spent the time at a picture show. Went out again drilling at about 3 p. We were digging trenches. All the Light Horse were out. We were amongst the cultivated ground. It is really beautiful. The green crops of Lucerne or wild groves of palm trees here and there and the natives working in the fields. We went through several native villages and got back to camp at about 7 p. There must have been 7 or of us. Infantry, Light Horse and artillery attacking a position. It was a night well worth seeing, but the artillery makes one realise that war is not the best of games. I had to take charge of some fellows, and then went on and go to another camp for some stuff and did not get back until 7: So had another long day. Saturday and not much doing. Just got in parade at about Got back to camp about 4: In afternoon went to Mena and saw Colonel Weir. Spend evening with some people named Shore. Got afternoon off and went out to Maadi to see Hector Shelley Spent the afternoon with him and went into Cairo for the evening. Had to work to mules to Zeidoum. In evening a lecture on present war. Digging trenches all day and went out to Heliopolis for a hot bath and feed in the evening. Still very hot and digging trenches all day. Went into Cairo in the evening with a couple of pals and had a good time. We had a very good day indeed and as we were amongst the crops all day it was not so hot. Received letters and papers from London. Struck tents in morning for an airing and read papers in the afternoon. Very hot and beastly dusty. Very dusty and hot. Lay in bed reading all day. De Saxe came in to see me at about teatime, we went up to Heliopolis and to Luna Park. Knocked around generally and had a good time. Beautiful day and an easy one as far as drill was concerned. Went into Cairo to Shores in the evening and had a pleasant time. Went into Heliopolis for a bath and needless to say enjoyed it immensely. Afterwards went to Luna Park. At rifle range all day. Got back to camp at about 3: At camp again at 9 p. No talking or smoking allowed. Dug trenches all night and got back to camp at 8 a. Church parade in morning. Went to Cairo and spent afternoon at Shores who took me to a picture show in the evening. Had my fortune told. When I get back to Australia some big building is going to make me very happy. At rifle range today, very hot and dusty. Out drilling all day. Rifle ranges again today very hot and terribly dusty. When we get back to camp, everything was in an awful mess and I had to get every thing out of my tent and shaken. I can now understand why mother used to worry when the house was dusty. Very hot and frightfully dusty all day and quite a warm night. Not so hot but drilling all day and so pretty dusty. Went to Cairo in the evening. Took one of our blankets today. No parade expected to be leaving next week. Sunday Church parade in the morning. No one wanted leave in the afternoon, so I got it. Went into Cairo with a pal and went through the native bazaars. Then through a couple of mosques, after which we went up to the citadel and into the mosque there. It is really beautiful and has thick carpets, and hundreds of hanging lamps. I believe it is supposed to be one of the finest mosques in the world. We saw a lot of Indian soldiers who were wounded at Ismailia. We then went back to the city, had a snack and wandered about a good while. It was now moonlight and the Nile look beautiful. Got back to camp at about Had a bit of breakfast and left camp at 4: Rode out about 12 miles and fed the horses again. Then had a sham fight. Back to the camp, where we arrived at about noon. Nothing doing in the afternoon except we got horses clipped. The Niggers were clipping them. I told them mine was an officers horse so they took especial care of him. Rained a bit during the evening. Nothing doing practically all day. Had a couple of heavy showers of rain in the morning. Spend the evening at Shores. Kit inspection and nothing else all day. Out in the desert from 9: Nothing doing all day except drill. Went to Cairo in the evening to see the Shores 22 March. General, McMahan and all the other heads. Thousands of troops and the heads were very well pleased with us. Nothing doing in the afternoon. Had to fight our way into camp there. Got there at about 5 p. Had to sleep on the sand in front of our horses. Maadi for Helouan which we reached at about 2: Had a walk round the town in the evening. It is a rather nice place with very fine pubs. Helouan is a great health resort and is noted for its sulphur baths. I only had half a piastre [a penny farthing] and so had to look in the windows of the restaurants. So could not help smiling when I

realised how poor I was. Left Helouan again, and marched back to Maadi. Spent the evening with Shelley and went to a concert in the camp with him. Left Maadi for Heliopolis. Fought the New Zealanders on the way. Pay was dealt out at about 5: Or on guard tonight, and so have spent the morning cleaning up my gear.

Chapter 7 : The Diary of David Sierakowiak www.nxgvision.com

Pioneer missionary to Indians, David Brainerd rode over 3, miles on horseback through the wilderness of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. His journal, kept during his travels, was edited by Jonathan Edwards after Brainerd's death in

Chapter 8 : David Gavin Diary

The Life and Diary of David Brainerd is not a biography, nor is it an autobiography. It is largely portions of David Brainerd's own thoughts and experiences from his diary, further commented on and supplemented by Edwards, especially as Brainerd approached his death.

Chapter 9 : Lineagekeeper: Gold Rush Diary of David Lewis Drew

The Diary of Dawid Sierakowiak Dawid Sierakowiak Dawid's diary begins on 28 June , just before his fifteenth birthday, and comes to an abrupt end on 15 April