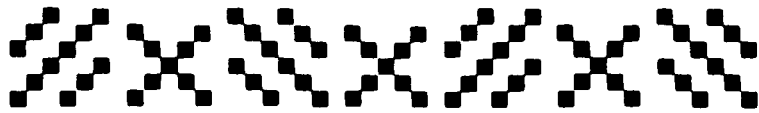


“Chronicles of Upper Burnet”:  
William Gregory Harrison’s Morgan County  
Journal, October 2, 1880-May 23, 1881

Part I

*Edited by Roger G. Miller\**

*Contributed by William Ripley Harrison\*\**



On March 28, 1881, William Gregory Harrison, a young farmer, summed up the activities of a day that had turned from rain to snow by noting; “Nothing of much importance was done here. We sat in the house and hoped for better times.” This laconic comment is typical of the young man’s daily journal. He was rarely concerned with events beyond his immediate environment. His journal is filled with the day-to-day minutiae of living and the comings and goings on a typical central Indiana farm of the 1880s. Life was filled with work, obviously hard, yet it was also filled with diversity and, also obviously, had its rewards.

The Harrisons of Morgan County were unrelated to the most famous Harrison family of Indiana, that of William Henry and Benjamin Harrison. William Gregory’s grandfather, William Harrison, was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Educated into the ministry, he became a teacher instead and followed that vocation in Ohio, Louisiana, Tennessee, and Kentucky. In 1820 he married a young Ohio widow, Martha Hitchcock.<sup>1</sup> William and Martha had six children: William Ripley,

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\* Roger G. Miller is assistant editor of the *Indiana Magazine of History*. He expresses his appreciation to Joan Masterson, Pamela Gibbs, and Phylis Walker, Morgan County Library; to Jeff Gunderson, Indiana Historical Society Library; to Ormand Johnson, Indiana University; to Lloyd Hancock, Jefferson Township, Morgan County; to Alma Fraker, Martinsville; and to the Morgan County Genealogical Society for their assistance.

\*\* William Ripley Harrison is a certified public accountant in Indianapolis and great-grandson of the William Ripley Harrison in the journal.

<sup>1</sup> *Biographical Record of Prominent and Representative Men of Indianapolis and Vicinity* (Chicago, 1908), 150; Robert M. Duke, comp., “Genealogy of Harrison Family” [1941], typescript in possession of William Ripley Harrison, Indianapolis. Martha was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, on December 3, 1795. In 1814 her family settled in Sandusky, Ohio, where she met and married William

Frederick Augustus, Virginius T. (Jake), Oscar Hamilton, Mary Rebecca, and Martha.<sup>2</sup>

Their eldest son, William Ripley—the Uncle Rip and W.R. of the journal—was the most successful member of the family. Born in Knox County, Tennessee, on December 6, 1822, he grew up in Maysville, Kentucky, where he studied law. In 1848 he moved to Martinsville, Indiana, established a successful practice, speculated in land, and became a leading citizen of the community. He was among the group of men who organized the First National Bank of Martinsville, financed the Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis Railroad, and incorporated the Parks, Henderson, & Harrison pork-packing company. When he died on October 15, 1905, his obituary listed him as one of Indiana's last pioneer lawyers.<sup>3</sup>

William Ripley's brother and William Gregory Harrison's father, Frederick Augustus, was born on March 14, 1829, in Pendleton County, Kentucky. During his youth he apprenticed as a stonemason and blacksmith, trades which he followed throughout his life time. Several entries in the journal, for

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after the death of her first husband, Thomas Clark. Following William Harrison's death in November, 1840, she moved their children to Delaware County, Ohio. In 1851 she joined her oldest son in Martinsville, Indiana, where she died on November 1, 1879. *Biographical Record*, 150; Duke, "Genealogy of Harrison Family." Duke gives Martha's death as 1878, but William Gregory's journal entry for November 1, 1880, clearly indicates her death to have been in 1879.

<sup>2</sup> Charles Harrison, "Family Record" [1871], handwritten manuscript in possession of William Ripley Harrison, Indianapolis. Mary, born on March 10, 1821, died that same year. Martha, born in 1827, married Mark Smith on May 22, 1860, but died on May 16, 1866. Oscar married Diana Ida Gunn who died on August 21, 1879. He ran a sawmill at Hynsdale, Jefferson Township, Morgan County, in 1874 and worked as a gardener in the township in 1880. Jake purchased farmland in Jefferson Township in 1864, at about the same time that he married Mrs. Lucinda Dunlap. They also resided in the township at the time the journal was written. Ultimately, both Oscar and Jake moved to Colorado. *Biographical Record*, 150-51; Duke, "Genealogy of Harrison Family"; Harrison, "Family Record"; *The People's Guide: A Business, Political and Religious Directory of Morgan County, Indiana* (Indianapolis, 1874), 293; U.S., Tenth Census, 1880, Population Schedules for Morgan, Newton, Noble Counties, Indiana. National Archives, Microfilm Publications No. T9, Roll 301, pp. 171, 176; Deed Book Z, p. 155, Deed Book 35, p. 89, Office of the Recorder, Morgan County Courthouse, Martinsville.

<sup>3</sup> *Biographical Record*, 148-50; Duke, "Genealogy of Harrison Family"; *People's Guide*, 364; Judge Noble K. Littell, *One Hundred Men: A Legislative History of Morgan County, Indiana* (n.p., 1970), 105. Deed Books in the Morgan County Courthouse attest to William Ripley's involvement in land deals. He married three times. His first wife, Elizebeth (Betty) Park, died on October 29, 1851. They had one son, Walter J.—the "Wat" of the journal. William Ripley then married Mary Wilson by whom he had Effie and Mary Ellen. Finally, by Mary J. Crawford—the Aunt Mary of the journal—he had Delila, Martha C., and Agnes Virginia. Duke, "Genealogy of Harrison Family"; U.S., Tenth Census, 1880, p. 141.

example, indicate that Fred was much in demand for chimney building in Jefferson Township. On November 2, 1850, he married a first cousin, Mary Elizabeth Gregory, near Galena in Delaware County, Ohio. Their eldest son, Charles Ripley, was born on September 17, 1852, at Galena, Ohio. William Gregory, author of the journal, was born on April 13, 1855, in Rome Corners, Ohio, and Alvin Daniel on August 27, 1857, near Galena. Some time after the birth of Alvin, but before the birth of Delia Alvira on January 3, 1863, the family joined William Ripley in Morgan County. Delia was born at William Ripley's house four miles west of Martinsville as was Henry on October 23, 1865. Delia died on August 23, 1865, and Henry on July 24, 1866.<sup>4</sup>

On October 26, 1871, Fred Harrison purchased land from William Ripley Harrison consisting of the "West half of the North East quarter of Section Twenty-six (26), and the East half of the South West quarter of Section Twenty-three (23) Jefferson Township Twelve (12) North of Range One (1) West containing 160 acres more or less."<sup>5</sup> By the time of this purchase, Fred had attained enough importance in Jefferson Township to have been appointed enumerator for the 1870 census. He remained a prominent citizen in the township throughout his lifetime.<sup>6</sup> Tragedy, however, struck his family on December 5, 1879, when the eldest son, Charles Ripley, died "after a night of suffering."<sup>7</sup> Thus, at the time that the journal published here was written the family consisted only of Fred, his wife Mary, William Gregory, and the younger brother, Alvin.

Beyond the bare statistical facts of birth and death, the only available source of knowledge about William Gregory is his journal. The picture of the young man—he was twenty-five in 1880—that the manuscript suggests is a pleasing one. The most important characteristics are the writer's education and intelligence. The handwriting is exceptionally neat, the spelling largely accurate, the sentence structure comparatively complex,

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<sup>4</sup> Duke, "Genealogy of Harrison Family"; Harrison, "Family Record"; Carl C. and Janet C. Cowen, "Morgan County Cemetery Records" [n.d.], 3 vols., typescript in possession of Morgan County Public Library, Martinsville, II, 497. Some sources, including his tombstone, spell Alvin's name Alvan, but the spelling in the journal is accepted as accurate.

<sup>5</sup> Deed Book 30, p. 411.

<sup>6</sup> U.S., Ninth Census, 1870, Population Schedules for Morgan County, Indiana. National Archives Microfilm Publications, No. M-593, Roll 346, pp. 443-56; Martinsville *Republican*, November 17, 1904.

<sup>7</sup> Journal entry, December 5, 1880.

yet clear. References to local schools and spelling bees in which he maintained a continued interest dot the journal. The title, "Chronicles of Upper Burnet," supports a picture of the author's literary and, possibly, romantic nature, reinforced by journal references to the novels he was reading and his frequent classical allusions. The portion of the journal not reproduced here consists of a long, handwritten treatise on mathematics and a short outline of the earth's dimensions and composition, showing an interest in and a knowledge of science on the part of the writer. William Gregory's educational attainments appear superior to those of most young Indiana farmers in that era. Almost certainly his teacher-grandfather passed a love of learning to at least two of his children. A nearby, well-educated lawyer uncle and the reading interests of Fred and Alvin noted in the journal suggest that William Gregory and his family prized knowledge and education greatly.<sup>8</sup>

William Gregory spent much of his time attending church functions, and his notes on the sermons reveal a good understanding of the fundamentals of his religion.<sup>9</sup> Yet, despite his learned commentary, his church association was as much social as it was religious.

His journal suggests a warm, gregarious, not exceptionally hard-working nature. The manuscript is tinted with statements revealing a subtle sense of humor that apparently made William Gregory more than just welcome among his contemporaries.

The author's personal feelings are less distinct because the journal is not a diary. He failed to pour his thoughts, values, beliefs, and hopes for the future into it. For example, while William Gregory obviously enjoyed the company of young ladies, if one were special to him, he makes no mention of her. Additionally, he fails to intimate any plans or hopes he might have for the future. As the eldest living son, he might expect to inherit his father's farm, or, possibly, to set up his own farm with his father's help. Regarding these logical possibilities, however, the journal is silent.

William Gregory's journal remains, therefore, a record of life on a late nineteenth-century central Indiana farm. Much of

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<sup>8</sup> The tenor of a reference to James Gray having attended normal school suggests that William Gregory was also a "normalite" at Martinsville. *Ibid.*, April 17, 1881.

<sup>9</sup> Fred A. Harrison and his family were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. *Martinsville Republican*, November 17, 1904.

the day-to-day existence is repetitious. Preparing food, tending animals, planting and harvesting crops, attending church functions, and securing enough wood to meet seemingly endless demands for lumber and fuel are activities that dominate family endeavors throughout the year.

Some points worth noting about farm life in central Indiana in the 1880s are reflected in the "Chronicles of Upper Burnet." The amount of visiting between farms and the frequent trips to town may surprise those who customarily think of nineteenth-century farm life as isolated and lonely. The Harrison's proximity to Martinsville—they lived about six miles away—facilitated their visits to town, and the relatively small landholdings and the farm owners' dependence on each other contributed to the close, daily association among neighbors. An extensive, interfarm barter and exchange system went hand-in-hand with this relationship. The trading extended far beyond lending the sausage grinder to neighbors. When the Harrisons slaughtered hogs, Bill Bunton arrived to collect any remnants from the butchering. Bill Hand and Fred Harrison had at least one cornfield that they planted and harvested together on a shares basis. The barter system also extended to town. While the Harrisons had an account at the general merchandise store in Martinsville, a load of wood paid their subscription to the *Morgan County Gazette*. Fred Harrison's continuous interest in improving the value of his farm and living conditions is shown by the construction of the new cow barn and the extension to the kitchen. Other points of interest described in the journal include the events of the 1880 national elections, a spelling bee, gathering and storing ice in the winter, and making maple sugar in the spring.

William Gregory's personality and character dominate the journal despite the rich load of farm life and lore that it contains. The picture of the author that the manuscript presents is one of an intelligent, genial, and slightly romantic young farmer. One would like to meet him personally. After reading the journal it comes as a distinct shock to learn that William Gregory was dead less than a year after the last extant entry. He died on April 28, 1882, and younger brother Alvin followed him on December 5, 1884.<sup>10</sup>

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<sup>10</sup> Duke, "Genealogy of Harrison Family." The dates were confirmed by a visit to the Bethlehem Cemetery, Jefferson Township. The fact that Charles, William, and Alvin all died at the age of twenty-seven has entered the folklore of Morgan County. Interviews with Lloyd Hancock, Jefferson Township, August

Fred and Mary Harrison lived on into old age childless. They sold the last of the farm on September 26, 1891, and moved to Martinsville, probably to a house at 760 East Pike Street.<sup>11</sup> Mary died on January 19, 1901.<sup>12</sup> Fred was active in local politics after her death, and in 1903 and 1904 he served as a city commissioner. About September, 1904, Fred moved into the household of his brother, William Ripley, at 359 North Jefferson Street where he died on November 11, 1904.<sup>13</sup> He and Mary are buried with their children in the Bethlehem Cemetery, Jefferson Township, Morgan County, Indiana.

The statement above that in his journal William Gregory Harrison expressed no hopes for the future is not entirely correct. On the last day of 1880 he wrote; "It will sufficiently repay the writer if these chronicles are ever of interest or use to any one." It is hoped that publication of the "Chronicles of Upper Burnet" will to some degree fulfill its author's wish.

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4, 1978; Jack Trowbridge, Martinsville, August 11, 1978; Alma Fraker, Martinsville, August 15, 1978. See also Martinsville *Daily Reporter*, September 14, 1967. Attempts to discover the causes of death have proved unsuccessful. Death records for Morgan County do not exist prior to 1900, and no mention of the three brothers appears in the extant newspapers.

<sup>11</sup> Deed Book 51, p. 488; Martinsville *Republican*, November 17, 1904.

<sup>12</sup> Martinsville *Republican*, January 24, 1901. The article gives 859 North Jefferson as William Ripley's address, but this is an error. Elaine Harrison to editor, August 21, 1978.

<sup>13</sup> *Ibid.*, November 17, 1904.

The Chronicles of Upper Burnet

kept by  
William G. Harrison of  
Jefferson Township  
Morgan County  
Indiana.

October 2 1880 to May 24<sup>th</sup> 1881  
being

The History of a very uneventful life.  
recorded by

A Youth to Fortune and to Fame Unknown  
preceded by

A Treatise on the Elementary

HANDWRITTEN FRONTISPIECE TO THE  
WILLIAM GREGORY HARRISON JOURNAL

Chronicles of Upper Burnet. 1880.<sup>1</sup>

Saturday, October 2nd.

I went up into the upper 80<sup>2</sup> and picked a lot of superior-sized crab apples to send to Aunt Mary.<sup>3</sup> Coming back I found Wat<sup>4</sup> just starting off, with Effie<sup>5</sup> in his buggy, to attend a

<sup>1</sup> The editing of the William Gregory Harrison journal was accomplished using the original manuscript in the possession of William Ripley Harrison, Indianapolis, brought to the attention of the *Indiana Magazine of History* by Janet Halliday Ervin, Wauwatosa, Wisconsin. Spacings and indentions have been standardized, but spelling, punctuation, and sentence structure are as nearly as found in the handwritten document as possible. Obvious unintentional repetitions were deleted, raised letters brought down to the line, and double spaces added where sentences lacked periods. In all cases where the manuscript was unclear, common English usage prevailed.

Identification of people, places, and colloquial terms has been attempted whenever such information was available. The use of nicknames and middle names, however, complicated the editorial process. Walter J. (Wat) Harrison's wife, Margaret Emma, for example, appears as Emma Harrison in census records. U.S., Tenth Census, 1880, Population Schedules for Morgan, Newton, Noble Counties, Indiana. National Archives, Microfilm Publications, No. T9, Roll 301, p. 177; Robert M. Duke, comp., "Genealogy of Harrison Family" [1941], typescript in possession of William Ripley Harrison, Indianapolis. Ages given from the census records are as of June, 1880.

"Upper Burnet" refers to Burnett's Creek, a tributary of the White River, which ran through the Harrison farm. Today the creek is known as Lamb's Creek, taking its name from Lamb's Bottom, a small, fertile valley in southern Jefferson Township, site of the earliest settlements in Morgan County. *Illustrated Historical Atlas of the State of Indiana* (Chicago, 1876), 126; Charles A. Blanchard, ed., *Counties of Morgan, Monroe and Brown, Indiana: Historical and Biographical* (Chicago, 1884), 329-30.

<sup>2</sup> As noted in the introduction, in 1880 Fred Harrison owned one hundred sixty acres in two eighty-acre units. The "upper 80" refers to the unit described as the east half of the southwest quarter of section twenty-three, Jefferson Township. Deed Book 30, p. 411, Office of the Recorder, Morgan County Courthouse, Martinsville, Indiana.

<sup>3</sup> William Ripley Harrison's third wife was Mary J. Crawford. She was born about 1833 and married W. R. in 1864. U.S., Tenth Census, 1880, p. 141; Duke, "Genealogy of Harrison Family."

<sup>4</sup> Walter J. Harrison was the eldest son of William Ripley Harrison. Born on October 5, 1852, he died May 23, 1934. He married Margaret Emma Bishop on July 18, 1872. In 1880 they lived on a prosperous farm in Jefferson Township. U.S., Tenth Census, 1880, p. 177; Duke, "Genealogy of Harrison Family"; Blanchard, *Counties of Morgan, Monroe and Brown*, 329-30.

<sup>5</sup> Effie J. Harrison, twenty-one, was the daughter of William Ripley and his second wife Mary Wilson. Born on June 2, 1859, she died on September 13, 1897. Journal entries confirm her presence in Jefferson Township as a school-teacher, although the 1880 census does not list her with an occupation. U.S., Tenth Census, 1880, p. 141; Duke, "Genealogy of Harrison Family."

township institute. Mrs Bedford O'Neal<sup>6</sup> and Mrs Jehu O'Neal<sup>7</sup> were here before ten o'clock to get old newspapers for pasting purposes. They got some few. About ten o'clock Father and Alvin started to town. I picked up some more crabapples and gathered nearly a half bushel of hickory nuts. The folks got back from town about five o'clock. They reported Claypool's speech<sup>8</sup> splendid. Weather warm with high wind from the south and rain signs.

Sunday October 3rd

A bigger crowd than usual gathered at "singing" this morning on account of an expected breeze in consequence of our attempt to have one or two lessons at night but the matter was amicably arranged in our favor "singing" being announced for to-night. As big a crowd was out in the afternoon. I took my lantern with me expecting to stay until the night lesson. It began to rain about four o'clock but quit till dark when it commenced again. But four came and they with the seven who staid went home in the rain about eight o'clock. Father hunted ginseng once during the forenoon or about noon, and Alvin went "jooking"<sup>9</sup> after dinner getting caught in the first shower of rain. It was warm before the rain.

Monday October 4th.

More people were here to-day than have been here on any one day in a long time before this. First came Charlie

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<sup>6</sup> Bedford O'Neal (1856-1929) was a Jefferson Township farmer. No information on his wife was located. Carl C. and Janet C. Cowen, "Morgan County Cemetery Records" [n.d.], 3 vols., typescript, Morgan County Public Library, Martinsville, I, 267.

<sup>7</sup> Mary O'Neal, twenty-nine, was the wife of Jefferson Township farmer Jahu O'Neal. U.S., Tenth Census, 1880, p. 174. Bedford, Jahu, and Woodford O'Neal were brothers. U.S. Ninth Census, 1870, Population Schedules for Morgan County, Indiana. National Archives, Microfilm Publications, No. M-593, Roll 346, p. 453.

<sup>8</sup> As Democrats the Fred Harrisons were obviously pleased by Judge Solomon Claypool's election speech supporting the 1880 Democratic candidates. Local Republicans felt differently: "His speech was flat, stale and unprofitable, and didn't elicit a single cheer . . . ." *Martinsville Republican*, October 7, 1880.

<sup>9</sup> "Jooking," as used by William Gregory, apparently means "hiking," although research in available records and interviews with older residents of Morgan County failed to verify this. "Jook" can also mean to crouch suddenly, or it can describe corn that falls from the sheaf when thrown from a stack. Neither definition fits the context in which it appears in the journal. Thomas Wright, *Dictionary of Obsolete and Provincial English* (2 vols., London, 1880), II, 604.

Warthen<sup>10</sup> to buy the two oldest steer calves. After considerable talk he went away without buying them. Wat came along however and after a short talk decided to take them but could not drive them into the upper 80. Second came Bill Hand<sup>11</sup> who sacked up 6 bushels of his wheat and spent most of the forenoon cutting part of our crop of buckwheat. The third arrival was "Marget," wife of Joseph Ballinger<sup>12</sup> who came to get Pap to build Joseph's chimney. Fourth Wat and Dob Whitson<sup>13</sup> as aforesaid. Fifth Bob Foster<sup>14</sup> who came to get Bill Hand's wheat and staid till sundown; nearly two hours. His boys came down from school and went home when he did. Father worked most of the time at his building assisted by Alvin when A. wasn't helping Mother wash. I took the wagon; went over to Cal Curtis's,<sup>15</sup> got the harrow and four bushels of wheat which Cal owed us as part pay for old Becky Jane the cow. I started a little before noon but was till nearly two o'clock getting home. Afterward I harrowed on the ground broken lately till night. Weather comfortably cool, nearly clear.

Tuesday October 5th.

Alvin and I got the two steer calves Snoopkins and Burton the steer up into the upper 80 without much trouble. So they are gone to help pay for the farm. Joe Ballinger coming through with a load of stoves Father went to town with him. I harrowed on the same ground till nearly eleven o'clock, when I quit. Alvin and I went across the creek with the wagon and got the top of a dead sugar-tree that Fowlers<sup>16</sup> cut across the road a few nights ago for coons. We hauled it to the house for firewood. Father got back at about two o'clock after which he and Alvin put in the time on the cow-stable and I chored around,

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<sup>10</sup> Charles H. Warthen, twenty-two, was a Jefferson Township farmer. U.S., Tenth Census, 1880, p. 171.

<sup>11</sup> William Hand, thirty-one, was a Jefferson Township farmer. *Ibid.*, p. 175.

<sup>12</sup> Joseph Ballinger, thirty-six, and his wife Margaret, twenty-six, owned a Jefferson Township farm. He served in Company K, 132nd Indiana Volunteers during the Civil War. *Ibid.*, p. 174; Cowen, "Morgan County Cemetery Records," I, 264.

<sup>13</sup> Nathan T. Whitson, twenty-one, was a farm laborer residing on Wat Harrison's farm. U.S., Tenth Census, 1880, p. 177.

<sup>14</sup> Robert L. Foster, thirty-six, was a Jefferson Township farmer. *Ibid.*, pp. 173-174.

<sup>15</sup> William C. Curtis, thirty-two, was a Jefferson Township farmer and close neighbor of Fred A. Harrison. *Ibid.*, p. 175.

<sup>16</sup> Probably Henry Fowler, forty-eight, who was a Jefferson Township farmer and neighbor of Fred A. Harrison. *Ibid.*, p. 173.

besides gathering a lot more of hickory nuts. Weather same as yesterday with wind from the south-west. Some campaigners were shooting loud at long at no great distance tonight. Some more apple butter was made to-day. Father got some timothy seed at town, and just before night or at dusk sowed on the ground I had been harrowing this forenoon

Wednesday, October 6th.

Father was gone from breakfast to sundown, building a chimney for Joe Ballinger. Alvin and I were employed in the forenoon in getting the manure scattered around on the barn yard and hauling it into the field immediately below the house. After dinner we went up to Crone's burying ground<sup>17</sup> and covered Charles' grave<sup>18</sup> with a lot of transplanted ferns, thus trying a new experiment. We then loaded six short logs of the old church on the wagon and came home. Father cut some more of the buckwheat this morning. Weather warmer than yesterday, and clear all day

Thursday October 7th

Father cut part of the buckwheat before breakfast again, after it he disappeared again till dark on his chimney building contract. Alvin put in the day with team and wagon at working out our road tax. We hauled gravel all the time and dumped into a single mud-hole. Miss Effie adjourned her school<sup>19</sup> this evening till next Monday and went home to enjoy tomorrow. Weather pretty warm, bright and clear

Friday, October 8th.

Father cut some more of the buckwheat this morning. About 9 o'clock all things being in readiness the three men of the household started to town in the wagon. We got there about

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<sup>17</sup> The Crone Cemetery was located next to the Crone meetinghouse in section twenty-two, Jefferson Township. Some time before 1880 the Crone meetinghouse was replaced by the Bethlehem Church and the burial ground is now known as the Bethlehem Cemetery. Lloyd Hancock and his uncle tore down the Bethlehem Church about 1936 or 1937. Cowen, "Morgan County Cemetery Records," II, 497; Interview with Lloyd Hancock, August 4, 1978, Jefferson Township.

<sup>18</sup> As noted in the introduction, William Gregory's eldest brother, Charles Ripley, died on December 5, 1879.

<sup>19</sup> Effie Harrison was probably teaching at School Number 7 on Buffalo Road in section thirty-four, Jefferson Township. See footnote 104. Plat Map, Morgan County, Indiana, 1897, in possession of the Morgan County Library, Martinsville.

eleven o'clock and found humanity thronging the sidewalks on 3 sides of the square thickly. About half an hour afterward the street parade began. It was of great length. Delegations, glee clubs, banners, and large files of mounted men and women, many of them in uniform, stirred up a fearful dust and raised great enthusiasm. Uncle Ripley introduced the speaker Hon. Jas C. Robinson of Illinois who entertained the audience with a sensible homespun speech full of telling points. But little drunkenness in proportion to the size of the crowd. We got a letter from Grandmother.<sup>20</sup> She seems to be comparatively happy. Mary Perkins is to be married on the 3rd of November next. Grandmother don't talk very strongly of coming out here. The day was warm and clear

Saturday October 9th.

It was *hot* to-day and there were signs of rain but none came. Father went to Ballingertown<sup>21</sup> again to work at his chimney contract. He returned about five o'clock having used all his brick and not got done. Alvin and I went to town in the hack this morning to deliver the butter. Crowds were gathering to attend the Republican grand rally.<sup>22</sup> We did not stay long in town. An attempt was made to block the road a little this side of town but after some delay and bluster the right of way was granted. We had to draw up at the side of the road a little distance from this end of the bridge and wait perhaps half an hour for the procession from the south west and western parts of the county to pass. We got home before noon, and after dinner raked and set up the cut buckwheat which was full of burrs. Not a great deal of enthusiasm was exhibited in the part of rally that I saw though the crowd was immense; far greater than that of yesterday.

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<sup>20</sup> Mary Harrison's mother, Sophronia (Gregory) Van Demark, still resided in Ohio, although, as the journal notes, she was considering a move to Morgan County. After the death of Mary's father, William Gregory, Sophronia married Daniel Van Demark. Charles Harrison, "Family Record" [1871], handwritten manuscript in possession of William Ripley Harrison, Indianapolis.

<sup>21</sup> Ballingertown, no longer in existence, was a small group of buildings located in section twenty-three, Jefferson Township, off what is now the Ballinger Road. Interview with Alma Fraker, August 15, 1978, Martinsville.

<sup>22</sup> William and Alvin were caught in the last and largest Morgan County Republican rally of the 1880 campaign. The parade began at 10:30 A.M. and the local pro-Republican newspaper reported that "the town was not big enough to accommodate the monster procession." Even allowing for overstatement it was a significant gathering. Martinsville *Republican*, October 14, 1880.

## Chronicles of Upper Burnet 1880.

Friday December 31<sup>st</sup>

A clear cold day followed by a clear, cold night. The mercury indicated 16 degrees below zero at sunrise. The eclipse was n't thought of, or seen. About 12 degrees above <sup>zero</sup> was the average for the day.

There was a little change in the monotonous round; Mother and Alvin devoted part of the day to the cleansing of the dirty birds etc. of the household. At noon I went up to the school-house on the hill, but found neither teacher nor pupils and concluded that Will's school was frozen out or adjourned till warmer weather. I also passed considerable time manufacturing firewood and was assisted by Alvin to some extent. Father staid quietly around. I burnt up the letter I had begun to Dwight Balhorn as it did not suit me.

Sunday October 10th

I felt not precisely well all day. I seemed to have a great deal of phlegm in my throat and still have no proper cold. The day was very warm partly cloudy. Three "singins" were held on the creek to-day; forenoon, afternoon, and night. I attended a part of all three lessons. The crowd was small on all three occasions but still large enough. I was at Bob Foster's during most of the night "singin" talking to him and Rev. Mr Moore<sup>23</sup> who was there. K. ygov jqog ykvj Cnjeg (2[?]) Hqyngt chvgt pkyv ukprkpi.<sup>24</sup> The rest of the folks staid at home except Alvin who took a "jook" once

Monday October 11th.

Nothing very noteworthy was done to-day. Alvin and I took the red and white cow "White-face" avisiting down to Wat's. We took old Peg with her and did not have more trouble than was to be expected. Alvin got back soon I was till eleven o'clock. Alvin helped Mother wash and I got the last hickory nuts I knew of that were on the place. I went down to where old Mr. Bain<sup>25</sup> and his nephew John B. from Parke County were trying to burn the weeds off their wheatfield; with poor success. Father spent most of the day in Ballingertown and finished his job. The day was hot and cloudy. It sprinkled several times. Cal Curtis gathered some of his corn to-day

Tuesday, October 12th.

Father and Alvin put in the time till noon at work on their stable frame. By the aid of contrivance and cobbling one of the end "sections" was raised and put in place. I chored around at various things got some walnuts and hulled them, and helped about the "raising" Just after dinner we hitched to the hack and went all three of us to Hyndsdales<sup>26</sup> to vote. We staid there

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<sup>23</sup> The Reverend Mr. Moore was possibly the Reverend R. H. Moore, a Methodist minister who presided at Fred Harrison's funeral. *Martinsville Republican*, November 17, 1904.

<sup>24</sup> William Gregory uses a code evidently to keep prying eyes from noting caustic comments about the preachers and their sermons. Attempts to solve the code have been unsuccessful.

<sup>25</sup> Old Mr. Bain was probably Donald Bain, Sr. Born in Scotland on March 17, 1809, he immigrated first to Maryland, then moved to Jefferson Township in 1843. In 1880 he was a highly respected citizen and farmer. Blanchard, *Counties of Morgan, Monroe and Brown*, 326; U.S., Tenth Census, 1880, p. 181.

<sup>26</sup> Hyndsdales was a small village in south Jefferson Township founded sometime after the Civil War. In 1880 it contained a general store, post office, and blacksmith shop. Blanchard, *Counties of Morgan, Monroe and Brown*, 149.

not long; got three straight Democratic tickets and exercised the freeman's right. Two of the tickets went in without a "scratch" about Father's I dont know. We were back home and at work again, before three o'clock, I at least in almost undoubting faith that the Republican state and county ticket would be elected.<sup>27</sup> Another section of the frame was raised before night. The day was cloudy and misty till towards noon when it cleared and began getting cooler.

Wednesday October 13th

Father and Alvin were at work all day at the stable and got the main frame nearly or quite completed. Bill Hand and his Illinois cousin made clap-boards down by the creek in the woods, where Pap and Nathe Whitson<sup>28</sup> sawed a good while ago. I went over across the creek and fixed at the road into the woods. This took till noon after which I hitched to the wagon and three loads of wood down and put them a little outside the gate into the road. Dob Whitson came with Wat's wagon and borrowed the breaking plow just at night. Weather; some frost this morning clear and cool all day.

Thursday, October 14th.

It began to rain soon after daylight and kept at till noon and some time after when it cleared off. I spent the forenoon mostly where Bill Hand and his cousin were making clap-boards I went back there about three o'clock but they were just quitting as Bill was almost sick. Tom Newbern<sup>29</sup> was there hunting stone for his hearth and I staid with him awhile, after which I went down to where Dan Bain and Parke Co. John were breaking up a field. Alvin and Father worked at their stable when it was not raining

Friday, October 15th.

It rained in showers from early morn till dewy eve. I went and got Cinda the calf back into her pasture from whence she

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<sup>27</sup> Morgan County was, and remains, a Republican stronghold. In 1880 the G.O.P. campaigned on the "bloody shirt" of the Civil War and the prevailing prosperity in the nation. William Gregory's faith was rewarded and the state and county Republican ticket was victorious. *Martinsville Republican*, October 7, 14, 21, 1880; T. Harry Williams, Richard N. Current, and Frank Friedel, *A History of the United States* (2nd ed., 2 vols., New York, 1964), II, 183.

<sup>28</sup> Probably Nathan Whitson, seventeen, who was a Jefferson Township farmer, and not Nathan T. (Dob) Whitson. See footnote thirteen. U.S., Tenth Census, 1880, p. 175.

<sup>29</sup> Probably Thomas Newburn, seventeen, who was a Jefferson Township farmer. See footnote sixty-nine. *Ibid.*, p. 176.

had escaped, went around the ridge to the school house and talked to Bill awhile then came home; found Father preparing to go to town in the wagon to get some cow feed ground, and I got in and went along. I went to Dr. Cure's office<sup>30</sup> and got me a bottle of cough medicine and lounged around while Father made some purchases and got a load of lumber. We got home about two o'clock. The Hand boys got done making boards at the creek and came into the woods above the stable where they cut another tree and made some more boards.

Saturday October 16th.

Father and Alvin put in at least part of the time on the cow stable. The Hand boys didn't get here till nine o'clock. About 10.30 o'clock I started to town in the hack. Got to Uncle Rip's at just noon and ate dinner with them. W. R. himself was not at home. I went up into Mr Shirley's office<sup>31</sup> talked to him and Mr Henderson<sup>32</sup> on politics awhile, went to mill and got the meal (which was left yesterday), and about three o'clock started home. It had been blowing hard from the south all day and had got very chilly. I was so chilled when I got home that I had no appetite and went to bed where I soon got as well as I was before—apparently

Sunday October 17th.

But I still didn't feel very well to-day. The winds continued to blow more or less hard all day—heavy masses of dark cloud floated over and a few times during the day snow fell. I went

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<sup>30</sup> Dr. Wesley H. Cure, forty-nine, was a prominent Martinsville physician. *Ibid.*, p. 141; *The People's Guide: A Business, Political and Religious Directory of Morgan County, Indiana* (Indianapolis, 1874), 356.

<sup>31</sup> William S. Shirley was born in Oldham County, Kentucky, on September 6, 1836. He attended Lagrange College, Lagrange, Kentucky, and studied law in Louisville. In November, 1858, Shirley moved to Martinsville where he became William Ripley Harrison's law partner from 1862 to 1874. He, his wife, and five children resided in Martinsville in 1880. Logan Esarey, ed., *The Pioneers of Morgan County: Memoirs of Noah J. Major* (Indiana Historical Society Publications, Vol. V, No. 5; Indianapolis, 1905), 477; U.S., Tenth Census, 1880, p. 147.

<sup>32</sup> Ebenezer Henderson was another prominent Martinsville citizen associated with William Ripley Harrison. Born on June 22, 1833, he received two years of college at Indiana University before taking charge of his father's farm and making his fortune by trading stock. He served as both the Morgan County deputy county treasurer and county treasurer and was a state senator from 1868 to 1872. In 1873, he, T. H. Parks, and William Ripley Harrison built Martinsville's last pork-packing plant, which failed in 1883. Blanchard, *Counties of Morgan, Monroe and Brown*, 190-91; Esarey, *Pioneers of Morgan County*, 471.



FOREGROUND: FREDERICK A. HARRISON FAMILY GRAVESTONES,  
BETHLEHEM CEMETERY

on the creek twice to-day and heard two onslaughts by the Rev. Runyon<sup>33</sup> of the patriarchal beard on everybody that differed from him in religious belief condemning them to the pain of eternal punishment. J hpn uvp "tbalt" pof gspn Sbdjfm Spehfst boe pof Bmjdf Gpxinfs. (1 after) Ephraim and Green Shuler<sup>34</sup> were here in the evening at dusk to get Pap to go on another property division but he didn't promise them. Father went up to Bob Foster's in the afternoon and Alvin "jooked" once I believe.

#### Monday October 18th

To-day a variety of things were done. Father worked part of the time at his stable and part of the time at digging sweet

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<sup>33</sup> Reverend Runnion was the Church of Christ minister at the Lamb's Creek Church, Jefferson Township. Record Book of the Lamb's Creek Church, in possession of Mrs. Lloyd Hancock, Jefferson Township.

<sup>34</sup> Ephraim Schuler, born on October 12, 1855, and Green Shuler, born on October 9, 1861, were the sons of Hary [?] A. Shuler, an Ashland Township farmer. In 1880 they both lived on their father's farm. Ephraim died on February 11, 1928, and Green on August 25, 1894. U.S., Tenth Census, 1880, p. 192; Cowen, "Morgan County Cemetery Records," II, 508, III, 828.



GRAVESTONE OF FREDERICK A. AND MARY HARRISON

potatoes. I went into Bill Hand's field and pulled off five rows of corn throwing the ears on the ground. Mother and Alvin washed. After dinner Alvin and I went with the wagon and got the corn I had pulled. There was a wagon-bed full of it. Then I hauled a load of wood for the fire-place by myself while Alvin went around and dug two baskets full of his sweet potatoes. Father had finished the patch close by. He and I went down to the gravel-pit below Bain's and got some rock to put under the shed-sill. I then hauled Alvin's sweet potatoes and quit. Rhoda Hand<sup>35</sup> came this afternoon and begged a lot of old papers. John Crone<sup>36</sup> was here just before night to get Father to fix their chimney. Promise given to do so. Mrs. "Meter" Bengel<sup>37</sup> was around trying to buy corn but couldn't here. It froze pretty hard last night and was cold all day. We have probably five bushels of old corn.

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<sup>35</sup> She was probably the fifteen-year-old daughter of Maria Hand, a widow residing on a Jefferson Township farm. U.S., Tenth Census, 1880, p. 176.

<sup>36</sup> John S. Crone, twenty-two, was a son of Henry Crone. In 1880 he still lived on his father's farm. See footnote seventy-one. *Ibid.*, p. 174.

<sup>37</sup> Mrs. Elmer Bengel was a widow listed as "keeping house" in Jefferson Township. *Ibid.*

Tuesday October 19th.

It was snowing when we got up and kept at it till nearly noon. It only got a couple of inches deep in spots however. The sky cleared at noon and the snow disappeared. Father rode up to Mrs. Crone's this morning but couldn't do anything as they had a fire in the "place." So he soon came back and disappeared again till noon. I spent a little while with Wat who came up to salt his cattle after dinner and spent about two hours and a half digging Alvin's sweet potatoes; got about a bushel. Father worked at his stable part of the time. The Hand boys came after dinner and he put them at work on another tree across the creek. Alvin squizzed<sup>38</sup> most of the forenoon and helped Father a little in the afternoon.

Wednesday, October 20th.

Father went off to Mrs. Crone's again this morning. Alvin and I went down and hauled wood across the creek as I did last Wednesday. We also helped Hand's boys a little with their logs. Alvin came back to the house and dug some more sweet potatoes but I hauled till noon. After dinner, Alvin and I went to digging Irish potatoes immediately below the house. The yield was small, about three bushels of eatable potatoes for the afternoon's work. Father got home about three o'clock. Bill Hand came to the house at the same time having finished his tree and got some meal. Father worked at the stable till night. The day was a good deal warmer but there was the hardest frost of the season this morning. Jake<sup>39</sup> was here awhile this forenoon but on what errand was not discovered.

Thursday October 21st.

Alvin and I hauled up the clap boards made yesterday and the day before and stacked them up close to the new building. This took till ten o'clock after which we finished hauling the wood which is to go to town, across the creek. After dinner I dug potatoes till night. Father worked at the building till a little before night when he helped me a while with the

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<sup>38</sup> The meaning of "squiz" is uncertain. Internal evidence suggests that it may refer to some kind of woodworking. See especially the journal entry for January 19, 1881. Lloyd Hancock has suggested that Alvin might be making apple cider and the "squiz-shop" was a cider press. Interview with Lloyd Hancock, August 4, 1978, Jefferson Township.

<sup>39</sup> As noted in the introduction, William Gregory's uncle, Virginius T. (Jake) Harrison, forty-eight, and his wife Lucinda, forty-nine, owned a Jefferson Township farm. U.S., Tenth Census, 1880, p. 171.

potatoes. Alvin worked at the building all the afternoon. It rained a small thunder-shower last night, but was clear and warm to-day.

Friday, October 22nd.

It rained a small shower this morning before daylight, but quit entirely about eight o'clock except a couple of very small sprinkles. Work on the building was not very much interrupted. I chored around till after dinner when we all three soon finished digging potatoes. I also went around and dug the few remaining sweet potatoes in Alvin's patch together with a few Irish "taters" that had been planted there. I likewise went down to where we plowed a big patch of peach-blows<sup>40</sup> under the clover but there was very nearly nothing there. Father went away, professedly to Wat's, after supper.

Saturday, October 23rd.

It was a cold raw day, cloudy, with occasional small sprinkles. Father and Alvin put in the day at the building. I went to town in the hack taking a sackful of wheat belonging to Bill Hand. I made several purchases for the family and got a pair of heavy boots for myself. I got back home about two o'clock and hauled two loads of wood, one being chunks picked up in the pasture and one wood cut last spring across the creek. Bill Hand came and got his flour about four o'clock. Sam Howoll<sup>41</sup> rode home with me.

Sunday, October 24th

I started down to Wat's a-visiting for the day; got down to Bain's and met him coming away. I then came back up on the creek where singing-school was in full blast with a more than average attendance of spectators. I did not go to the afternoon lesson till nearly four o'clock and didn't come home till after the night session. H vdms gnld whsg Qabgdk Aqnv. Father went to "singin" in the afternoon awhile. The day was bright, clear, and comfortably warm.

Monday October 25th.

I put in most the forenoon pulling off another lot of corn and throwing it on the ground. It was in Bill Hand's wheat-

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<sup>40</sup> Peach-blows were large, smooth-skinned potatoes. Interview with Marshall Lutes, Bloomington, Indiana, July 10, 1978.

<sup>41</sup> Samuel D. Howell, twenty-nine, was a Jefferson Township farmer. U.S., Tenth Census, 1880, p. 125.

field. Father and Alvin spent the time on the building. Em and her baby<sup>42</sup> came in their buggy and staid most of the day. After dinner Father and I went to town with a load of the wood down at the road. We had the side boards on the wagon and the bed full so that we had perhaps  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a cord on. Each of us then paid our tax or rather Father paid all of it amounting to \$10.78 his \$8.38; mine \$2.40. It was dark when we got home. It was clear and warm till night when it clouded up and began raining. Alvin chored and played around during the afternoon.

Tuesday October 26th.

The day was damp cloudy and disagreeable. Work on the everlasting cow barn however progressed without interruption. I was sent up to Bob Foster's to see about some potatoes but found him not. I soon came back and found Jake here. He wanted a barrel of salt hauled out from town. He soon left. I hitched to the wagon, went down and picked up the corn I pulled yesterday. I left part of it on the pen in the calf-lot and brought the rest of it to the crib. After dinner, Alvin helping me load, I started with a load of wood to town. When I arrived at Donald Bain's,<sup>43</sup> for the first time in the family history, the king-bolt of the wagon broke. I borrowed one of Bain's, partly unloaded the wagon and with the help of the boys got things righted, and started on again. After unloading I drove down to Kiefer's,<sup>44</sup> had the king-bolt mended then went and got Jake's salt, and lastly got home about six o'clock. Nathe Whitson came this afternoon and got his broad-ax

Wednesday October 27th.

Bob Foster was here a short time this morning after some sow-belly. He got some. I hitched up, and started to town about nine o'clock Alvin helping me to load. I procured a pair of oil-tanned buck-skin gloves (I believe that is what the clerk called them) and some sugar for Mother and raced home getting here before one o'clock. Father helped load after dinner

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<sup>42</sup> This refers to "Wat" Harrison's wife Margaret Emma and their baby Maude E., born on September 15, 1879. See footnote one. Duke, "Genealogy of Harrison Family"; U.S., Tenth Census, 1880, p. 177. The Harrison family genealogy was prepared for Maude E. (Harrison) Wilhite.

<sup>43</sup> Probably the Donald Bain, Sr., farm. See footnote twenty-six.

<sup>44</sup> Julius C. Keifer, thirty-eight, was a Martinsville blacksmith in 1880. The Morgan County history lists him as running an agricultural implements store. U.S., Tenth Census, 1880, p. 154; Blanchard, *Counties of Morgan, Monroe and Brown*, 88.

and I went to town again but got back about six. Father worked most of the time at his cow-stable assisted by Alvin when he was not helping Mother wash. It was a cloudy cool, sour day.

Thursday, October 28th.

And it was more or less the same kind of weather all day to-day. Alvin and I started in the hack after breakfast to the village of Wilbur, (vulgarly called Lick-skillet.)<sup>45</sup> We went after apples and were to get them at Mr Horace Pearce's.<sup>46</sup> The gentleman named was not at home himself, but his wife helped us to get five bushels of very nice-looking winter apples for which she charged us the steep price of 75 cents per bushel. I euchered myself by giving 35 cents for a bushel of, as I though[t] slightly rotten ones which turned out to be of very small account. I also acted the fool in running a wild-goose chase after Mr. Miller Howell,<sup>47</sup> in the direction opposite to that I should have taken to find him. It was nearly noon when I found him got five dollars from him and started on the homeward six miles and two o'clock when we got here. Bob Foster came with about twelve bushels of potatoes for us about three o'clock. I hauled up a load of those clap boards which were made across the creek. Father spent the day on his cow-stable again. Sally (Jake's girl)<sup>48</sup> was here just at night to see about their salt.

Friday, October 29th.

Bob Foster was on hand pretty early and Father and he spent the day putting the roof on the new building. They lacked one course of getting half the roof on. Alvin also helped at it in various ways. I took another load of wood to town. I delivered it to Mr E. W. Callis.<sup>49</sup> All that I have hauled before this has

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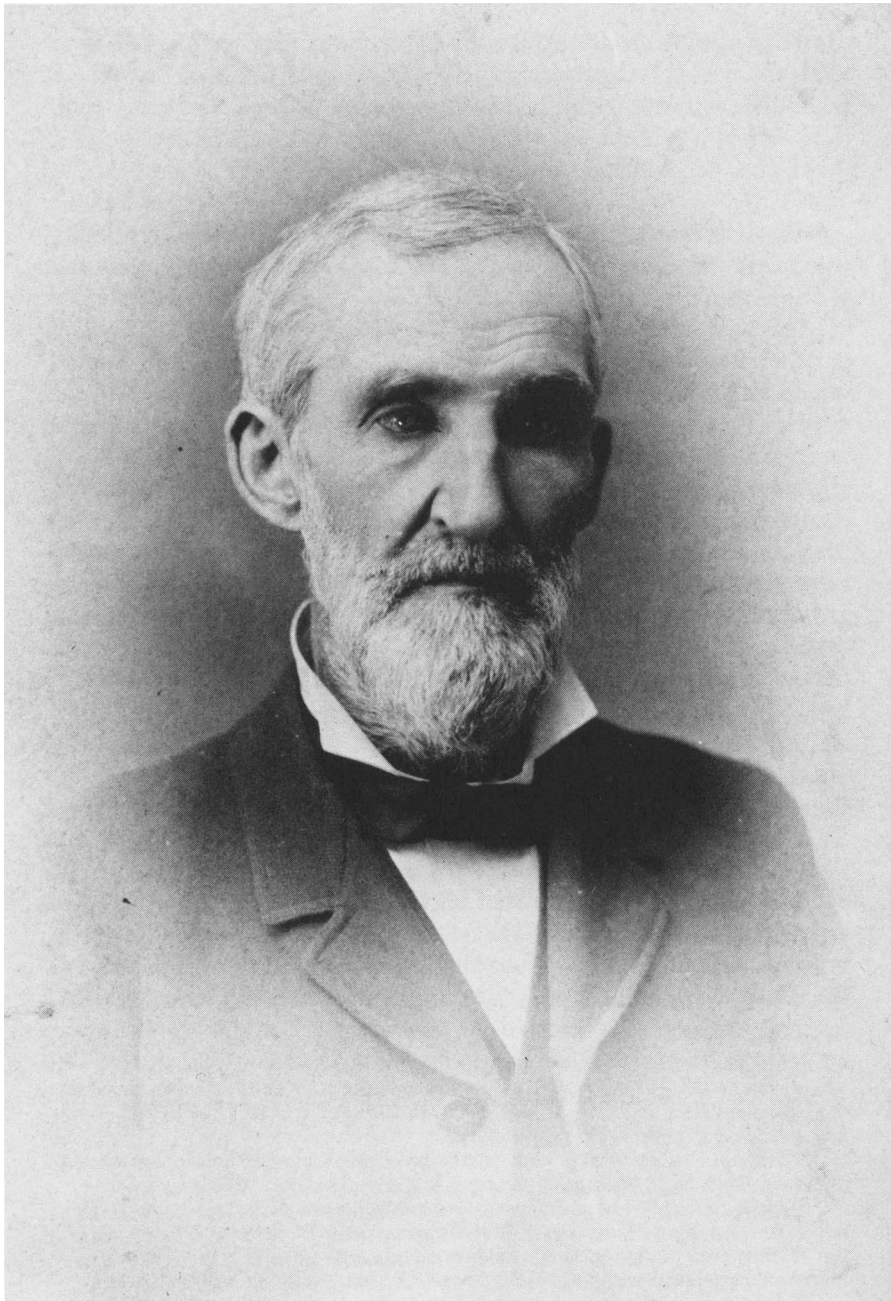
<sup>45</sup> Wilbur was one of two Gregg Township villages of, in 1880, recent origin, consisting of "one or two stores, a blacksmith or two, a carpenter, a saw mill, a post office, and from a half dozen to fifteen families." Blanchard, *Counties of Morgan, Monroe and Brown*, 156.

<sup>46</sup> Horace Pearce owned land in the southwest quarter of section twelve, Jefferson Township. Plat Map, Morgan County, Indiana, 1875.

<sup>47</sup> Millar Howell was a Jefferson Township farmer born in North Carolina in 1808. Blanchard, *Counties of Morgan, Monroe and Brown*, 330.

<sup>48</sup> Sally was probably Sarah Echler, nine, a servant girl in the Virginus T. Harrison household in 1880. U.S., Tenth Census, 1880, p. 171.

<sup>49</sup> Edwin W. Callis was born in Flemington, Hunterdon County, New Jersey, on January 17, 1827, and came to Martinsville in 1855 where he bought the *Morgan County Gazette*. He edited the paper as a Republican instrument until 1870 when he shifted to the Democratic party. Blanchard, *Counties of Morgan, Monroe and Brown*, 34, 176.



WILLIAM RIPLEY HARRISON, c. 1895

been delivered to Mr. Faulkner.<sup>50</sup> I got home at one o'clock after which Alvin and I hauled up the remainder of the clap boards across the creek. We hauled a little wood in the last load. Jake was down with his team and sled after his barrel of salt this morning.

Saturday, October 30th.

Father and I went to town in the hack. I was up at Uncle Rip's a few moments only, I made no purchases. Father bought a few necessities and we started home before noon. There was to be a Republican rally in town to-day. Many people were there but not more than the average Saturday crowd. Father and Alvin put in their time till night on the building. Alvin worked at it part of the forenoon. It was heavily cloudy all day and rained slightly at noon. It was a good deal warmer.

Sunday, October 31st.

This was positively "the last day without more pay" of James Holmes's "singin" on the creek.<sup>51</sup> Enough money was made up to have a lesson in the afternoon. I attended in the forenoon but put on my very good duds and started to Bethlehem<sup>52</sup> in the afternoon. Went up to "singin" awhile, which made me so late at Crone's that I only heard Mr Moore's concluding sentences. Father was up at the creek in the forenoon and jooking at some nameless place awile after dinner. Alvin made a circuit of about a mile this forenoon via Fowler's and Bob Foster's. Effie and Aunt Mary were here a few moments in the evening. Lila was also along.<sup>53</sup> I had some severe twinges of neuralgia toothache before going to bed. It was a splendid clear cool day.

Monday, November 1st.

Bob Foster was promptly on the scene and Father, Alvin, and he spent the day on the cow-stable roof. When night came it only lacked two courses of being done. I went to town with a

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<sup>50</sup> Squire W. Faulkner, fifty, ran a Martinsville hotel and restaurant, the Faulkner House. Wounded in the abdomen during the Civil War, he was receiving a \$6.00 pension. U.S., Tenth Census, 1880, p. 147; Blanchard, *Counties of Morgan, Monroe and Brown*, 78, 88-89; *People's Guide*, 360.

<sup>51</sup> Probably James H. Holmes, thirty-one, a Jefferson Township farmer. U.S., Tenth Census, 1880, p. 182.

<sup>52</sup> Here William Gregory refers to the Bethlehem Methodist Church. See footnote seventeen.

<sup>53</sup> Delilah Harrison, fourteen, was William Ripley's fourth daughter. U.S., Tenth Census, 1880, p. 141.

load of wood. I went up into Uncle Rips office to make a political inquiry, gawked around town a little while and got home by one o'clock. After eating I hauled, Alvin helping, two loads of clap boards from the pasture not far from the stable; then turned the horses out and about night began a job of digging at the end of the kitchen. It was a nice clear cool day—a "weather-breeder" I presume. Aleck Bengé<sup>54</sup> and John Bain<sup>55</sup> were both present for a short time on the premises business unknown. Grandmother Harrison died a year ago to-day<sup>56</sup>

Tuesday, November 2nd.

Still another nice clear cool day. I put in the forenoon mostly digging at my job begun last evening. Father and Alvin got the roof of the cow-stable done about two o'clock, after which we three men folks went in the hack to Hyndsedale to exercise the right of suffrage. We all three voted for the Hancock electors<sup>57</sup> and did not tarry long getting home about four o'clock. Billy Ballinger<sup>58</sup> came home with us. Father and Alvin went to flooring the building and I did some more digging

To-day completes the thirtieth year of Father and Mother's married life.

Wednesday November 3rd.

Aleck Bengé was here early this morning to get a job of gathering corn but didn't get it. Father and I went to town with the last load of wood. The news of Garfield's assured triumph did not astonish us much.<sup>59</sup> We made some necessary purchases but were bothered with so many jobs that it was four

<sup>54</sup> Probably William A. Bengé, twenty-three, a young Jefferson Township farm laborer. *Ibid.*, p. 174.

<sup>55</sup> Probably either John Bain, thirty-six, or John E. Bain, twenty-eight, both of whom were Jefferson Township farmers. *Ibid.*, pp. 178, 181.

<sup>56</sup> Martha Hitchcock Harrison died on November 1, 1879, as noted in the introduction.

<sup>57</sup> General Winfield Scott Hancock was the 1880 Democratic presidential candidate defeated by James A. Garfield. Williams, Current, and Friedel, *History of the United States*, II, 183.

<sup>58</sup> William Ballinger, twenty-one, was a farm laborer residing in 1880 on a Jefferson Township farm with his brother-in-law, William A. Bengé. See footnote fifty-four. U.S., Tenth Census, 1880, p. 174.

<sup>59</sup> By November 3, 1880, the Republican victory had been forecast. By that time James A. Garfield was reported to have 231 electoral votes. Only 185 were required for victory. Ultimately, the Republican candidate received 214 electoral votes; although his popular vote was only slightly larger than Hancock's. *Martinsville Republican*, October 28, 1880; Williams, Current, and Friedel, *History of the United States*, II, 183.

o'clock when we got home. Alvin nearly finished up the job of digging at the kitchen end, and chored around. The day was cloudy cool and threatening, warmer at night. Jake was here just at dark and borrowed Alvin's cabbage cutting squig.<sup>60</sup>

Thursday, November 4th.

Stoke Stiles Senior<sup>61</sup> was here pretty soon after breakfast to see about buying Charley Warthen's part of the corn in the lower field. Bob Foster came a short time after Stokely left and about 9 o'clock he and I went to Charley Warthen's sale. A good sized crowd was there, considerable fun was had, bidding was not very spirited and things went rather cheap. I came home at two o'clock. Alvin went to Jake's to instruct them in the correct use of the kraut-cutter<sup>62</sup> and also went to Dan Kirk's<sup>63</sup> to return a picture he had framed. Father spent most of the day flooring the main part of his new cow-barn, assisted by Alvin after he got back. After I returned we all three went across the creek and sawed off three oak logs to make barn-floors of. Got back by four o'clock and more floor was laid while I chored around. It rained a good part of last night and part of the forenoon was cloudy and threatening the rest of the day. Jap Bunton<sup>64</sup> was here and got a bit of salt pork.

Friday, November 5th.

It rained a small amount last night and was cloudy and damp all day. Alvin and I gathered the twelve bushels of corn or so which remained on that standing uncut in the rye patch. I also hauled a load of fireplace wood from across the creek to the house. After dinner Alvin made a wooden cross for Effie; and I gathered a load of corn from the "crooked field. Alvin helped me from three o'clock till dark. Father spent most of his time laying floor in the main part of his building. Stokely Stiles the

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<sup>60</sup> This is another name for a cabbage cutting knife.

<sup>61</sup> Probably Stokely Stiles, born October 12, 1831, and died December 12, 1912, who was a Jefferson Township farmer. He served in Company F, 148th Indiana Volunteers and in 1880 owned 420 acres of land. Cowen, "Morgan County Cemetery Records," II, 498; Blanchard, *Counties of Morgan, Monroe and Brown*, 333.

<sup>62</sup> See footnote sixty.

<sup>63</sup> Daniel Kirk, fifty-one, was a Jefferson Township farmer. U.S., Census, 1880, p. 171.

<sup>64</sup> Probably Jaspar Bunton, twelve, son of William Bunton, forty-two, a Jefferson township farmer who served in Company F, 148th Indiana Volunteers. U.S., Tenth Census, 1880, p. 179; Cowen, "Morgan County Cemetery Records," I, 271.

elder was here to see about the Warthen corn again. He is to take it. Charley himself was where I was gathering this afternoon to see about it.

Saturday November 6th.

The rains descended last night and to-day till ten o'clock without interruption. At ten it began to snow and kept at it unceasingly till dark. In-door life was the order of the day Alvin spent the day agreeably to himself in the shop working at his saw-mill. Father **did** nothing in particular nor did I except to write a letter to Grandmother.

Sunday, November 7th.

It was pretty cold last night and clear and cool all day. I was gone from home all the time after breakfast till dark. I was at Wat's during the time mentioned. Os and "Dutch" Dan Bain<sup>65</sup> were there most of the time. We had a feast of reason and a flow of soul to some extent also considerable fun. Alvin went up to Jake's awhile in the afternoon. Nothing noteworthy occurred here

Monday, November 8th

It was partly cloudy to-day and rained a little about eleven o'clock but soon quit. Father went to town this morning with the wagon. Bill Hand came just before he started and taking a sack of his wheat went along. Father got home after one o'clock. Before that time I was mainly occupied in finishing up the job of digging at the kitchen's end. Alvin went to Jake's immediately after breakfast and was gone till nearly dark. Father and I got things ready, kettle, sled, etc. and killed the black sow knocking her on the head with the ax after a good deal of fooling with the old musket. It was a good deal of trouble throughout for lack of preparations. Em gave Father 18 heads of cabbage when he came home.

Tuesday November 9th

Father and Alvin went in the wagon above the city and about 10.30 o'clock reappeared with a heavy load of rock of which part was for use in the cow-shed and part at the kitchen

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<sup>65</sup> "Dutch" Dan Bain was probably Daniel M. Bain twenty-three, a cousin living on William Bain's Jefferson Township farm. "Os" was probably William Gregory's uncle, Oscar Hamilton, listed as a gardner on the same farm. U.S., Tenth Census, 1880, p. 176.

end. Wat came up with Jimmy Bishop<sup>66</sup> driving some cattle to the Upper 80. The two steer calves he got of us, came home last Saturday and I helped him get them back. I came home and carried five basketsfull of seed corn up stairs to keep away from mice and freezing. I was then sent after our sausage-grinder which had been at Wm Riley Nosler's<sup>67</sup> for a long time I went, procured it, and got back by dinner time besides interviewing several of my neighbors on the way. After dinner Father went to town with the wagon, taking half the sow killed yesterday to sell, and the head, neck-bone, some old "belly," and one foot, saved from the cats, to give to Bill Bunton<sup>68</sup> who began a job of cutting wood in our woods across the creek this morning. Alvin and I were put to work fixing a bad place in the road a little below the lower corn-field. Alvin was needed at the house but I "staid with" that job till dark. Tom and Pete Newbern<sup>69</sup> were gathering in Warthen's corn to-day. They took one load home and brought one up here to our crib. Jim Singleton<sup>70</sup> was here a moment at dinner-time; business unknown. Jake's Sally was also here during the day after arnica. The day was partly cloudy and a good deal warmer.

Wednesday, November 10th.

It rained hard at least part of last night and the wind blew in fearful gusts from the south all the afternoon and part of the forenoon. Heavy masses of cloud floated over and there was an occasional spitting of rain. Father was away on business at Mrs Joel Moore's during the forenoon. In the afternoon he and Alvin went with the wagon and got some more logs from the old Crone church to be used in the cow-stable. I chored around at various things during the day. Alvin did likewise during the forenoon besides helping Mother wash. It was rather warm but got a little cooler towards night I believe Aleck Bengé gathered the corn on his contract yesterday.

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<sup>66</sup> James Bishop, the fifteen-year-old brother of Margaret Emma Harrison, lived at Wat's in 1880, working on the farm. *Ibid.*, p. 177.

<sup>67</sup> Probably William Riley Nosler, forty-three, who ran a sawmill in Jefferson Township. He was born in Owen County, Indiana, on November 9, 1835, and came to Morgan County in 1876. *Ibid.*, p. 176; Blanchard, *Counties of Morgan, Monroe and Brown*, 332-33.

<sup>68</sup> See footnote sixty-four.

<sup>69</sup> Probably Peter Newbern, seventeen, a servant on the Stokley Stiles farm. His brother owned a Jefferson Township farm. See footnote twenty-nine. U.S. Tenth Census, 1880, p. 176.

<sup>70</sup> James Singleton, nineteen, was working the Jefferson Township farm of his mother-in-law, Polly A. Moore. *Ibid.*, p. 175.

Thursday November 11th.

The clouds had nearly all disappeared but it was some colder and the winds blew hard from different directions in the course of the day. Until ten o'clock we were all three occupied in putting the logs hauled yesterday in position. At ten o'clock Father started to town with the wagon while Alvin put down the oak plank hauled Tuesday on the logs we had just placed in the new cow-shed. I went over to where Bill Bunton was cutting wood and also interviewed Fowler's who were gathering corn not far from him; and came home. Mr. Henry Crone<sup>71</sup> made his usual quarterly call to get money for Mr Moore. He got 75 cents, 50 from Alvin, 25 from me. Father got home between three and four o'clock with some more oak planks, and after supper went to laying them down for the cow-shed floor. Prof. W. D. Bain of the college on the hill<sup>72</sup> came down after school to borrow the brass kettle. Our horses have a touch of the epizootic or something like it.

Friday November 12th.

The day was put in or the greater part of it in extending the kitchen. The end was sawed out another sill connected with the old one by some short pieces three feet long, then it was sided up as before and a roof sloping to the north and consisting of one course of shaved oak shingles and one course of clapboards was put on. It was not finished to-day. While Father and Alvin were doing this I swept off the main floor of the cow-barn and about ten o'clock went to gathering corn. I gathered about 5 bushels for the hogs before dinner, and finished up the "crooked field" after dinner. I quit awhile before sundown and Alvin and I hauled up three loads of the buckwheat and put it on the floor I had swept. The day was cold raw and generally clear

Saturday November 13th

Father and Alvin laid the floor in the kitchen extension. The kitchen is now three feet longer and I don't know how much colder. At about ten o'clock Father and I started in the

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<sup>71</sup> Probably Henry Crone, fifty-seven, a Jefferson Township farmer. *Ibid.*, p. 175.

<sup>72</sup> This comment, referring to school teacher William D. Bain, provides a good example of the author's sense of humor. See footnote eighty-four for identification.



WILLIAM RIPLEY HARRISON FAMILY, c. 1870

L. TO R.: ELLA, WILLIAM RIPLEY, DELILA, MARY CRAWFORD, MARTHA C., EFFIE

hack to town. I was up at Uncle Rip's a few moments. Various things hindered our starting back till three o'clock. When we got here supper was eaten and immediately afterward Alvin and I went to hauling in the rest of the buckwheat. It took us a good while after sunset as it did yesterday but the moonlight was bright. We also hauled up a jag of fireplace wood afterward. It was a cold sour day. Bro Runyon held forth at Lamb's creek at night and I went. I was gallivinating over the country with girls and boys till 1 o'clock

Sunday, November 14th.

A cloudy (or partly so) very raw cold day. We had a chase of about two hours this forenoon after about a dozen of Bain's hogs which finally went into Fowler's pasture. Two more were seen this afternoon and put into the road. Bro. Runyon preached at the creek in the forenoon and at night both of which sermons I sat and at least partially listened to. The A.M. sermon was professedly devoted to laying down an infallible rule to follow to insure salvation; in the evening he tried to show what Conversion was—with his usual success. The interval between the sermons I spent at Donald Bain's. James G. Bain and family were there.<sup>73</sup> Effie H. was at the creek church at night for the first time in her life I reckon.

Monday, November 15th.

It was cloudy all day, snowed a little about noon and blew very cold, and raw, and hard from the south all day. Father and I went to Donald Bain's with the wagon and got some seasoned lumber to make barn doors of. We came back and Alvin and Father went to making the doors while I hauled two loads of wood for the fire-place from across the creek, I then unhitched the horses, stabled them, and chored around till night. After supper I went up and heard Mr. Runyon reason to the sinners without visible effect. I was at home by 8.30 o'clock. A hog of Bain's caused us some trouble again but finally disappeared.

Tuesday, November 16th.

A day like yesterday, excepting the snow which came last night and staid all day. It was very slight however. Till noon

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<sup>73</sup> James G. Bain, thirty-six, was editor and publisher of the *Martinsville Republican*, now *Recorder*, and the postmaster at Martinsville. U.S., Tenth Census, 1880, p. 140; Blanchard, *Counties of Morgan, Monroe and Brown*, 171-72.

Father and Alvin made doors for the cow-barn (or "church" as it is to be entitled) and hung them while I chored around. After dinner Alvin and I went down into the field south of the rye-patch and gathered part of a load of corn. At night I again went to hear the Rev. Runyan preach this time on the Remission of Sins. He completely (in his own estimation at least) killed and buried every ism but Campbellism;<sup>74</sup> destroyed the witness of the spirit as efficacious evidence, established the necessity of baptism for remission and was rewarded with three female "jiners"

Friday [sic], November 17th

It began snowing last night and continued at it all day to-day without however getting a depth of more than three inches on the ground. It was rather disagreeable out-doors however and Father and Alvin went to ceiling up the kitchen. I chored around and about eleven o'clock started up to the creek church to witness the baptizing of two of the unfortunate converts made last night. The air was very cold. Finding that they were going a considerable distance from the church I struck out for Loper's school-house.<sup>75</sup> There were perhaps 20 scholars and everything appeared to be going on prosperously. I staid till one o'clock, then started home. The kitchen was not nearly completed.

Thursday, November 18th.

Thermometer indicated 5° below zero this morning, the snow was six inches deep, the sky clear, and remained so during the day but though it got considerably warmer before night there was not much thaw. Father started to town to mill in the hack about ten o'clock and got home about three. He brought a letter from Grandmother who appears to be in fair health, reasonably contented, and says she has determined to stay where she is this winter and come next spring prepared to

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<sup>74</sup> Campbellism was a Protestant doctrine taught by Dr. Alexander Campbell who rejected complexity and denominational development. "Man, he believed, must find Christ by restoring first-generation biblical Christianity." Martin E. Marty, *Righteous Empire: The Protestant Experience in America* (New York, 1970), 86-87.

<sup>75</sup> Loper's schoolhouse could not be identified with certainty. A journal entry for December 17, 1880, indicates Effie Harrison was teaching there. An entry for January 19, 1881, shows her teaching at School Number 7. If these two schools were the same, then Loper's is better known as the Buffalo schoolhouse.

end her days with us. She inclosed a photograph but did not reveal the original. We finally about agreed that it was taken from a daguerreotype of Mother which she sat for when she was 17 or 18 years of age but where discovered we knew not, nor how. John Kivett<sup>76</sup> was here awhile in the afternoon. He brought some canned fruit with him to put in our cellar. It was in rather a damaged state from last nights freeze. Chopping wood, choring around and helping Mother wash were the main occupations here at the house.

Friday, November 19th.

12° below zero a little before sunrise. It got warmer during the day, remained clear till night when it clouded up. It thawed but little during the day however. Father and Alvin passed a good part of their time in the "church" flailing and fanning out buckwheat. I chopped wood around and chored about. Besides I went on two unsuccessful errands. I "hoofed it" up to Bob Foster's to get Robert to help us kill a beef but he was gone to town for the day. About four o'clock I started with the hack to get Effie. On arriving at Fowler's I was told that she was sick and looking for me. I pushed on, and at Riley Nosler's I found that she had gone to Mrs Allen's<sup>77</sup> I drove up to Mrs. Foxworthy's<sup>78</sup> left the team in charge of Pete Miller descended to Mrs. Allen's found the schoolmarm had been a good deal indisposed but felt well enough then. I pushed on back without her and it was dark before I got home. I jerked the catch off the hack singletree against a gate post.

Saturday, November 20th

I was in a rather singular state of feeling physically this day. I had a small toothache, during the night and found the pain scattered in a kind of neuralgic affection through my whole system. I wrote a letter to Grandmother this forenoon and sent it when Pap went to town. He and Alvin finished threshing out the buckwheat and about eleven o'clock Father started to town. He got the grinding which he had left last Thursday and a pair of stoga boots<sup>79</sup> for Alvin. While he was

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<sup>76</sup> John Kivett, forty-two, was a Jefferson Township farmer. U.S., Tenth Census, 1880, p. 175.

<sup>77</sup> Probably Christina Allen, seventy, who kept a Jefferson Township house for her son-in-law, Christopher Cornwall, and his family. *Ibid.*, 176.

<sup>78</sup> Rebecca Foxworthy, fifty, was a Jefferson Township widow. *Ibid.*

<sup>79</sup> Stoga boots refer to heavy, rough shoes or boots and may also connote a cheap, hand-me-down boot. Ormand Johnson to editor, August 9, 1978.



WILLIAM RIPLEY HARRISON'S GIRLS, JULY 4, 1889  
L. TO R.: ELLA, MARTHA C., VIRGINIA, DELILA, EFFIE

gone I chored around and Alvin fanned out buckwheat. The day was clear, a great deal warmer then yesterday but no very fast thawing was done yet.

Sunday November 21st

Not much space will be required to chronicle the events of to-day. No one went anywhere nor was anything done except the feeding and wood-getting. My face was no better and made me fevery so that I could hardly bear the cold, and I staid pretty closely in the house. Alvin had a pestiferous set of chillblains that afforded him occupation. It was rather colder than yesterday, and clear. We saw no human outside of the family but John Fowler who passed through about sundown

Monday, November 22nd.

12° below zero at the coldest this morning. Was very still all day and clear. It was a little colder than yesterday. Alvin got done fanning the buckwheat the first time and was nearly all day at it. Father chored around at various things and after dark took a journey to Wat's but was back by eight o'clock as he didn't find Wat. I was better than yesterday and chopped some in the afternoon.

Tuesday, November 23rd.

6° below zero this morning and got up to 28° above before night, thus making a nice, clear, day, (in comparison). Father went up to Bob Foster's but that gentleman was gathering corn and could not well come. Father came back, chopped down a tree, and he and Alvin snaked the logs it made to the house with the horses, I helping. I also cut down a stub not far from the house. Alvin and I hauled up a small sled-load of fodder. Nathe Whitson having come after old newspapers for pasting purposes and having his rifle along was induced to stay and help kill the red heifer designated in last year's chronicles as Bertha or Burton the cow. It weighed at the outside 60 lbs. to a quarter dressed but it was not weighed. Albert Bishop<sup>80</sup> came with the wagon and borrowed the quilted frames for Wat's wife. Wat himself was here after supper business unknown

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<sup>80</sup> Albert V. Bishop, Margaret Emma Harrison's brother, was born on July 8, 1863, and died on October 22, 1907. Cowen, "Morgan County Cemetery Records," II, 537; Duke, "Genealogy of Harrison Family."

Wednesday, November 24th

According I suppose to promise made yesterday Bob Foster came soon this morning to help kill the heifer and was much gratified to find that his help was not needed. For it was snowing when we got up and kept at it all day. The former snow had only thawed off in favourable places. It was about three inches deep again on those places at 9 o'clock P.M. Nothing much was done but get wood, except that Father went to town after dinner, taking half of the beef killed yesterday, in the hack. Bob brought back some corn (five sacks I think) this morning which he had borrowed at times. Father bought him a pair of gum boots to-day and a copy of Scott's novel "Red-gauntlet"

Thursday November 25th.

Thanksgiving Day was not observed here. Father and Alvin spent the time in ceiling up the kitchen, overhead. They did not get quite done and have another day's work I think on the sides. I chopped wood and chored around. My jaw is still swelled and ever since last Saturday, eating has been a painful operation to me. This is growing a trifle monotonous. The new snow was about four inches deep this morning. The day was cloudy till night then clear. It neither froze in the shade nor thawed much in the sun.

Friday November 26th

It was snowing awhile this morning but mercifully did not continue at it very long, so that we had not a great deal more snow than before. The rest of the day was as yesterday. The work of ceiling up the kitchen progressed all day and was not finished at night. It was so nearly so however that Mother moved in and took possession again. I chopped and chored around as usual. I manufactured into firewood the last of the willow poles I grubbed last spring. Jaw about the same.

Saturday, November 27th.

A clear day with some thaw in the afternoon. John Kivett and son and Bill Hand came around this way with John's sled before we had eaten breakfast. They were going to town and had come after some of Bill's wheat. Father and I bundled up and went with them. I to see about getting my jaw cured. Dr. Cure merely gave me a bottle of liniment. I went up to Uncle Rip's and staid too long as the boys couldn't find me and left me. I however came in Rol Mosier's wagon one hour later.

Alvin entirley finished ceiling up the kitchen and chored around. I didn't feel any better for my trip when I got home.

Sunday November 28th

It drizzled a fog in large drops all day and made things icy for a time. My face was worse. I could barely get any thing *between my jaws and spent most of the time in bed.* Alvin spent most of the day at his uncle Jacob's. Pap staid closely in the house. I have forgotten to state that yesterday I got a letter from Frona<sup>81</sup> that had gone to Uncle Rip's and staid awhile. It was evidently as old in news as Grandmother's last and was written in Frona's usualy style perhaps I should say some improvement on her former style. A card bearing a picture of a Dutchman smoking, his belly or body being composed of an immense barrel, which she had labeled "Hancock" caused great laughter by Uncle Rip and his family. Alvin began to answer her letter tonight.

Monday November 29th

I passed a fearful time last night and to-day till five o clock. My jaws were so nearly closed that *very* little except fluid could pass between them. I was fevered and chilly hungry and nauseated, too well to want to be down all the time, too sick to want to set up long. It had grown very painful to swallow anything and the inside of my mouth was getting sore acutely so upon the surface. About dark a vilely rotten fetid-tasted matter squirted into my mouth from the roots of my old tooth and I spat that stuff out of my mouth more or less steadily for two hours. I didnt sleep very soundly but better than last night. Father worked at his cow-stable all day says he expects to be able to "hang the cows" in a few days. Alvin and Mother washed after which and between which he helped Father. Riley Nosler was here this morning and paid \$30. on his wife's note.

Tuesday, November 30th.

I remained quietly in the house all day. I still felt weak and debilitated; so much so that I could not stay on my feet long at a time. Father and Alvin worked the livelong [day] preparing the cow-stable. They were nearly done at night but it

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<sup>81</sup> Probably Sophronia Van Demark, who was a cousin of William Gregory and daughter of F. J. Van Demark. See footnote eighty-seven. Charles Harrison, "Family Record."

was so late that they only got old Peg fastened in the stanchions for the night—the rest had to wait till morning. To-day's weather was cloudy, yet tolerably bright, warm but thawed little and a small sleet and rain began at night which however didn't last long.

Wednesday December 1st.

Nor to-day did I any work. I am strangely weakened, to feel so well, and have had no more indisposition than that of the past few days. The day was sunshiny and considerable thawing took place. Father and Alvin put in their time making a huge door nine feet in width and hung it at the end of the buggy-shed. They then fixed at things about the cow-barn which will take I should think about four day's work yet to complete. I went up to the school house on the hill at noon. The scholars were somewhat rude and boisterous and I not very well so I didn't enjoy it very much. Tom Newbern gathered a load of corn to-day

Thursday December 2nd.

A clear sunshiny day with some thawing That everlasting cow-barn took up the time of the other two men of the house almost to the exclusion of everything else. I knocked around, felt better, and cleaned out the stable a task which as it had been neglected for two weeks might in one sense of the term be called Herculean

Friday, December 3rd.

A cloudy tolerably warm day, with a good deal of thaw but it seems to me that there is nearly as much snow as there was a week ago. We were all fooling around till nearly noon, I doing not much of anything, the others putting what they called the finishing touches on the new barn. I cant see it for the loft is to go in yet. Then Father went down below the Curtis field and cut down a small dead ash that stood by the side of the road. I went down with the sled and we got it. Then assisted by Alvin we hauled a load of oak stuff from the tree by the hog-lot gate after which Alvin and he hauled or "snaked" a couple of logs. By this it was supper time, and nearly sundown so they only had time to get up a sled-load of fodder. Stokely Stiles Sr and Tom Newbern gathered the rest of the Charlie Warthen corn to-day hauling two loads up here and one home. It returned about 85 bushels to the share according to Stokely's estimate. Alvin finished that letter to Frona

Saturday, December 4th

The day opened with heavy fog almost rain. It did begin to rain in real earnest about noon and was pelting it down at bed-time in soaking style. The snow began to disappear but ice seemed to take its place in the roads, paths etc. Father and Alvin were at work putting the loft in the cow-barn. They used up all the lumber around that was suitable. Between eleven and twelve o'clock we hitched to the hack and Father started to town. He was back at three. Alvin and I had made wood while he was gone but had'n't got enough for Sunday when it began raining so hard we had to quit. We got a letter from Grandmother who had \$100 spare cash that she wanted to lend to us at 6% interest which was about all there was of the letter. The daguerreotype was found at Mt. Vernon.

A walk through the cow-barn when the cows are in stanchions makes one think of the public pillories of the olden time.

Sunday, December 5th.

The sky though not entirely free from clouds was more or less clear all day, but the wind blew raw, cold and hard from the north and west, and it got colder all day. I wandered over nearly to the creek church this forenoon but concluded that everybody would be a fair weather christian especially as I saw no signs of vitality, so I came home again, getting here just as Wat, Em, and the children arrived in the buggy. They were here till about 4 o'clock, having got here between ten and eleven. Alvin is grunting around with a small attack of toothache.

A year ago at five o'clock in the morning Charley died after a night of suffering.

Monday, December 6th.

The day opened with cold raw wind from the north-west. The sun shone but little. It began spitting snow about eleven o'clock and kept at it without getting much on the ground. Nothing of much importance was done. Father was fussing around doing various odd jobs around the new barn. Alvin was helping Mother wash most of the time and I spent about one-third of the time making wood; the rest of the time in the house. Bob Foster was here after an auger during the afternoon.

Tuesday, December 7th.

The same kind of weather as yesterday except that it didn't begin to snow till about four o'clock when it began to pelt down in good earnest. It was rather colder than yesterday. Father wrote a short letter to Grandmother and sent her a note for \$100 at 6 per cent signed by Mother and himself. Mother's name being signed first. He went to town a horseback about ten o'clock and got back about three. Alvin spent some time in the squiz-shop and he and I made a good deal of firewood during the day.

Wednesday, December 8th.

The sky was clear the weather cold without much wind, averaging I believe about 20° above zero during the day and sinking to 5° above before 9 o'clock in the evening. Alvin spent the greater part of the day in the shop working at his saw-mill which is going up slowly. Father fussed around at nothing in particular. He went up to Bob Foster's after dark to recover his augers. He had old Colonel rough shod on all four feet yesterday. Beyond chopping and splitting a little wood occasionally to keep "in whack" I did nothing. My jaws though I can see nothing to hinder will not yet open more than half an inch. Why is this thusly? Only about an inch of snow at most had fallen but little of it went off to-day.

Thursday, December 9th.

Nor did it go off to-day either though the sun shone brightly all day, and the temperature averaged and varied about as yesterday. Father was gone most of the day to town. He went to get his other horse shod. He rode one and led the other and returned about four o'clock with the job done. Alvin devoted all of the time he could to his squiz, which seems to be going to take up a great part of the room in the shop. I did as I did yesterday. John Kivett was here awhile this afternoon. He said he came merely because he had got tired of sitting around home.

Friday, December 10th.

The weather was very like that of yesterday though it felt a slight degree warmer, and pleasanter. Father spent all day in making a "bob-sled." He began it soon after breakfast and the sun had set when it was completed. Alvin helped him the greater part of the time, though he and I hauled up a sled-load of fodder and put in the cow-barn, also picked up a lot of the

chip and chunks left around said barn and hauled them up to the house. They were snowy and somewhat nasty and I rather wonder now why I hauled them up here.

Saturday, December 11th.

A good deal warmer but no thawing, cloudy most of the time, and the south wind began to blow at night. I put those snowy chips in the wood-house. Alvin and Father cut some logs and after awhile we hitched up first to the old sled and hauled up the top of the ash tree that the log sled was made of which stood a little distance south of the stable. Then they hitched to the log sled and hauled the body up. The next to tackle was a big beech on the hill-side just above the stable which Alvin and I cut last spring and began to make stovewood of but quit after about using up our ax-handles. The first log rolled a short distance down hill sled and all. The sled was then put aside and the two logs were "snaked" down without it, but not without some danger. It being eleven o'clock Father started in the hack to town and I concluded I would go with him. I was up at Uncle W. R.'s a short time and was charged with a bundle for Effie to be left at Wat's. I brought it down and put it in our butter-pail before starting out. Mr. Cunningham<sup>82</sup> thought it belonged to one of his clerks so Father left it and we started home. I happened to find out it was not in the pail after I was some distance out. I hoofed back, got the bundle, and came out in Aleck Stiles's<sup>83</sup> wagon in company with five others. Got home at 3.30 o'clock. I broke the mainspring of my watch while winding it at night. Alvin divided his time between firewood and squiz while we were gone and we made a lot of wood after I got home.

Sunday, December 12th.

A great deal warmer so much so that the slight amount of snow went off in favorable places a thin spatter of mud took its place. It began a slight drizzling rain at noon and kept at it till after dark. Alvin took a jook in the forenoon; got as far as Stoke Stiles's and recovered the "go-devil" or post-auger. I footed it up to Crone's church where Jim Holmes's second sing-

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<sup>82</sup> Probably N. T. Cunningham of the Martinsville general merchandising firm of Cunningham, Bollinger & Phelps founded in 1880. Blanchard, *Counties, of Morgan, Monroe and Brown*, 181.

<sup>83</sup> Probably Alexander Stiles, twenty-nine, who was a Jefferson Township farmer. U.S., Tenth Census, 1880, p. 181.

ing school was in full blast with a large attendance both of scholars and spectators. The order was such that he requested a better quality once. I came home and staid there. No further note-worthy incidents occurred

Monday, December 13th.

The sun shone part of the time and the slow thaw continued though it froze slightly last night. We put in the day from seven o'clock (nearly) till night, gathering corn in Cal Curtis's contract. We got in about 70 bushels, one load without the side-boards on one with them on, and about 25 bushels in the afternoon. The yield is about half what it usually is. John Kivett came down where we were a few moments in the afternoon, errand if he had any not made known. Will Bain<sup>84</sup> was down a few moments after school to inform me of his proposed spelling match to-morrow night

Tuesday, December 14th.

A mild spring-like day, clear and nice overhead; muddy under foot. We finished the Curtis field our part of it I mean getting hardly 10 bushels then filled up the wagon in the creek end of the field below the rye-patch (now Bill Hand's wheat-field). As we made many turns it was noon when we got to the house. After dinner we got another load from the shortest rows on the "horse's head" and got up here in time to haul up a load of fodder. Will Bain sent me a note by John Foster requesting me to bring my test speller when I came to the match. Riley Nosler came after the sausage-mill about sundown. The "spelling" drew a good crowd of youngsters who had lots of fun. At the first round I came out first best through George Pearce<sup>85</sup> missing "italisize". The second time Will Bain and I both misspelled "cannonade" I through inattention and sleepiness. Drawn battle. Recess came and it was a long one in which a couple of kissing games were all the rage. All but a few in which few I was included took part in them. After recess I "gave out" and Pearce came out ahead. There was no use for the test speller as the expected champions did not appear. I was in bed by ten o'clock.

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<sup>84</sup> William D. Bain, twenty-three, son of Donald Bain, Sr., was a Jefferson Township schoolteacher and close friend of William Gregory. He acted as enumerator of the 1880 census for the township. *Ibid.*

<sup>85</sup> Possibly George Pearce, twenty-one, son of Isabelle Pearce, a Jefferson Township widow. U.S., Ninth Census, 1870, p. 455.

Wednesday, December 15th.

A good deal of a freeze last night and not very much of a thaw to-day. The sun only shone a short time. The high ridges made by the old Dudley plow<sup>86</sup> last summer being frozen made it fearfully rough. We gathered perhaps 60 bushels of corn to-day, going three times after it. We went four times the entire length of the field below the "rye-patch" striking it a little west of the middle and gathering toward Fowler's line. We got up with about 22 bushels in the wagon at two o'clock, ate dinner, and went back getting ten bushels more. The yield was very good in quantity, superb in quality.

Thursday December 16th.

Considerable of a freeze last night but no frost. It was some cooler all day than yesterday the sun didn't shine much and a north wind blew part of the time. We got into the field a half-hour earlier this morning and got two full loads with the side boards on and ten bushels besides, finishing next to Fowler's and beginning on the eastern part of the field south of Bill Hand's wheat. Mother washed by herself or without any help to-day, a thing which she has not done in a good while. There is a good deal of complaint about sore hands, feet, heads, bellies, and backs.

Friday, December 17th.

Cloudy and threatening this morning. We started out as early as yesterday to-gather corn and got one five rows gathered across the field when it began to rain pretty hard and freeze as it fell. We were obliged to quit for the day. Father and Alvin went to giving the buckwheat another cleaning. I sat in the house till after two o'clock when I hitched to the hack and went over to Loper's school-house after Effie. I drove up and interviewed Cal Curtis awhile before starting back. The road from the creek to Fowler's was icy, the creek itself had shelves of ice on each side and a zig-zag course between sides through the ice. But we got back safely without breaking anything. The singletree hook broken the 19th of November was replaced by a new one to-day. It did not rain all the time nor very much after noon.

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<sup>86</sup> This is probably a local term for a Dagon plow which has a triangular share. Ormand Johnson to editor, August 9, 1978.

Saturday, December 18th.

It continued cloudy, till noon when the sun came out and it thawed till night. Bob Foster and John Kivett came shortly after breakfast Bob to go to town, John to see about his canned fruit. He took three of his cans and soon started home with them. Bob and Father went to town in the hack. I made wood for two or three hours with Alvin helping part of the time. Father got back about three o'clock; brought Effie's parcel which I left at Wat's last Saturday and a line from F.J. Van-Demark<sup>87</sup> inclosing money orders for the \$100 which Grand-mother was to lend us. Father paid it on the farm debt. After he got home Alvin and I hauled up a sled-load of fodder. The visitor was the most industrious one about the house except Mother. My old tooth was growling slightly and I took two or three "yaller powders" Alvin I believe fanned out the rest of the buckwheat. Uncle Rip sent Effie her candy to treat her scholars with.

Sunday, December 19th.

The day was cloudy and cold and ice covered a great part of the "outside world." I have forgotten to state that a light snow was on the ground yesterday morning. It did not thaw any to-day. The Rev. Runyan preached on the creek to-day and I heard one of his strictly Campbellite sermons preached to about a house full. He made the rather sweeping assertion that the Christ could or would not save Christians but would condemn them at the day of judgment if they remained divided into sects till then. I came home and about three o'clock took Effie back to or nearly to Mrs Allen's in the hack. Symptoms of another "jawing spell" began to be felt in my face. My tooth hurt and there was some swelling. One of our young pigs was killed last night, apparently by a cow and we were favored to night with a visitation from two strange cats a "yaller" and a gray and white one.

Monday, December 20th.

It was snowing when we got up and kept at it slowly nearly all day but was'n't an inch deep at night. Alvin was in the squiz shop the greater part of the time making so-called improvements on his fanning-mill. He and I sawed up one of

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<sup>87</sup> Flavius Josephus Van Demark, born February 18, 1844, was William Gregory's mother's half-brother. See footnote twenty. Charles Harrison, "Family Record."

the logs hauled Dec. 11th and I split it up, which was about all I did. Cal Curtis got his last jag of corn out of the field this forenoon and our cows were very soon let on the stalks. Father tinkered around at various jobs during the day.

Tuesday, December 21st

A cloudy day with the thermometer just about the freezing point so that very little freezing was done or thawing either. Father took part of the buckwheat and six sacks of corn and went up to High Rocks Mills with it getting back about three o'clock. I built up the fence again at the corner of Bill Hand's wheat which Alvin took out last spring, and I let the calves into the stalks but not where the cows were. It seems that Alvin did not get the buckwheat done Saturday as he was at it again to-day. I tinkered around at various other things, and Alvin was in the squiz-shop part of the time.

May and Henry Garrison brought home the sausage-mill which Riley borrowed a week ago. They came at about seven o'clock in the evening, and staid about an hour.

Wednesday December 22nd

The clouds threatened snow or rain every minute all day and made the day dark and gloomy. Alfred Kivett was here a short time in the morning. His object if I understood it correctly was to chop wood for pay in other words to be hired to cut some. After about an hour's waiting for it to storm we hitched to the wagon and got what corn remained in the field south of Bill Hand's wheat. We got first about 16 bushels of husked corn and "nubbins" which we put in the crib. We then got the remainder of the field which consisted mainly of "nubbins" pulling it off in the husk and putting it on the floor of the cow-barn. After a short council in which Alvin somewhat bitterly opposed gathering any more, Father was indifferent, and I earnestly in favor of continuing, we finally went down into the field across the creek or the "clover-patch" This was planted in "Bloody Butcher" or Michigan corn and gave a small yield so that though we were there nearly 3 hours we only got about 20 bushels making a days' gathering of about 40 bushels. The last piece of a load we put in the old crib. The ground over there is *very* rough. The first buckwheat cakes were eaten this morning.

Thursday December 23rd.

It began snowing this morning and kept at it nearly all the time till night without getting over an inch more on the

ground. Father made two ax-handles and tinkered around, Alvin helped Mother wash and helped me make some firewood, besides also some squizzing and I fussed about without getting much done as is usually the case on such days. The thermometer stood at 34° above zero on an average. Jake brought Alvin's kraut-cutter home this afternoon but didn't stay long.

Friday December 24th.

The sun peeped forth dimly a few times but the day was cloudy though not very cold. Bill Hand came while we were at breakfast. He took a sackful of his wheat or rather it was taken for him as Father went across the creek and got a wagon-load of wood. He hauled 3 loads of Ballinger wood from across the creek while I stowed it away and assisted by Alvin manufactured the last of the logs hauled last Saturday week. He then went down and cut two trees on the other bank of the creek a sugar-tree and a beech. I hauled three logs from those trees to the house with the log sled. Then came supper after which Alvin and I hauled up the tops of the afore-mentioned trees and lastly another "drag" was brought up by Father and myself completing the job as far as to-day is con[c]erned.

Saturday, December 25th

It began snowing this morning and kept at it till about three o'clock when it quit and by eight o'clock was clear. It wasn't more than a half inch deeper when it quit. Father and I started to town in the hack taking; first a wooden cross made a long time ago by Alvin for Effie; a lot of nuts for the girls; and lastly a box containing the strange "yaller" cat that came last Sunday.; It was let out between Amos Hart's and town.<sup>88</sup> I ate dinner at Uncle Rip's having gone up there after I thought dinner was over. I bought a copy of the Scientific American and one of the American Agriculturist for Alvin; also a pair of gum boots at the store for myself. We got home by 3.30 o'clock. I have omitted to state that I wrote a letter to Grandmother last night. *It was sent to-day. It was not a very busy day in town.*

Sunday, December 26th.

A rather disappointing Sunday. It was a continuation of the same everlasting cloudy weather but it did not storm to-day. I went down to Wat's, soon after breakfast. I found him at

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<sup>88</sup> Probably the home of Amos S. Hart of Washington Township. Blanchard, *Counties of Morgan, Monroe and Brown*, 188.

home but alone. He was obliged to go to town for his wife and babies who had staid over last night. I came back home and kept myself there. Alvin has what appears to be a case of the "epizoot." No other note-worthy incident occurred here, I believe, to day.

Monday, December 27th

It snowed in flurries occasionally during the forenoon and continued gray and cloudy till night when it cleared. A piercing wind set in this morning and by night the thermometer stood at only 12° above zero. The weather report will make the most of to-day's record. Alvin squizzed more or less through the day. I fooled around not doing much of anything. Father wrote a statement of the dates, indorsements, etc. on Mrs Garrison's now Mrs Riley Nosler's note of Nov. 18 1876 and went over in that neighborhood to take it to her. He visited at Kivett's and I know not where else before he got back which was about two o'clock.

Tuesday, December 28th

The mercury stood about at zero all day and the snow fell sometimes fast sometimes not so fast till night when it became nearly clear about nine o'clock. The snow was perhaps an inch deeper or about three inches, not more on the level, in all. Father did nothing besides the chores and sitting in the house. I chopped wood occasionally to keep in whack. Alvin tried to squiz but it was rather cold. John Kivett was here this forenoon to borrow the sausage-grinder. It was discovered to be broken but he took it all the same. It will probably never return here whole; as it left.

Wednesday, December 29th

14° below zero at sunrise this morning and about zero all day on the porch. A very cutting wind came from the northwest and it was very cold. The sun shone in the middle of the day but clouds drove over all the time and frost flew in clouds in the evening mingled with snow. Nothing was done except cutting some wood, and the chores except that I began a letter to Dwight Calhoun.<sup>89</sup> It was too cold to squiz or go away from home

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<sup>89</sup> Dwight Calhoun was a distant cousin of William Gregory. Dwight's mother, Lucy Hitchcock, was one of William Gregory's mother's aunts. Charles Harrison, "Family Record."

Thursday, December 30th

And it was the same way to-day. The mercury only fell to 7° below zero last night or rather stood at that this morning. The air was filled with flying frost, creating some beautifully bright "sun-dogs" as the sun arose. They were nearly as bright as rainbows. It averaged 8° above zero all day; the wind did not blow and the sun shone most of the time. The same things that occupied us yesterday occupied us to-day except that I didn't write any in that letter and Alvin tried to squiz rather more but it was rather coolish for him even.

Friday December 31st

A clear cold day followed by a clear, calm cold night. The mercury indicated 16 degrees below zero at sunrise. The eclipse wasn't thought of or seen. About 12 degrees above zero was the average for the day. There was a little change in the monotonous round: Mother and Alvin devoted part of the day to the cleansing of the dirty duds etc. of the household. At noon I went up to the school-house on the hill but found neither teacher nor pupils and concluded that Will's school was frozen out or adjourned till warmer weather. I also passed considerable time manufacturing firewood and was assisted by Alvin to some extent. Father staid quietly around. I burnt up the letter I had begun to Dwight Calhoun as it did not suit me.

So the record is closed for the year 1880. It is a history that notwithstanding the obscure lives of its personages, might have been written so as to have been more interesting. It will sufficiently repay the writer if these chronicles are ever of interest or use to any one. And any readers are requested to remember that written in haste or when the writer was perhaps fatigued both in body and mind there must be mistakes more or less gross and glaring, which they are asked to excuse as they best can. Some of these mistakes however are the result of laziness or carelessness.<sup>90</sup>

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<sup>90</sup> Part II of the "Chronicles of Upper Burnet" will appear in the June, 1979, issue of the *Indiana Magazine of History*.