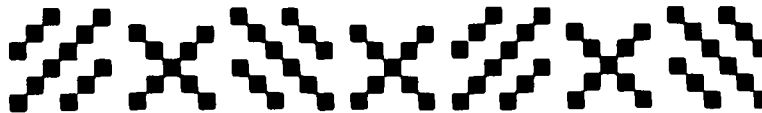


“Chronicles of Upper Burnet”:
William Gregory Harrison’s Morgan County
Journal, October 2, 1880-May 24, 1881

Part II

*Edited by Roger G. Miller**

*Contributed by William Ripley Harrison***



The activities of the first day of 1881 varied little from other days for William Gregory Harrison, a young farmer from Jefferson Township, Morgan County, Indiana. He spent most of New Years Day in nearby Martinsville with his father, brought several purchases home for his brother Alvin, chopped some firewood, and noted the day’s one distinguishing event: “This day mother passed the fiftieth milestone on her life’s journey.”¹ William Gregory was twenty-six years old at the time he penned the above comment, and he still resided on his father’s, Frederick Augustus Harrison’s, farm. The journal that the young man kept during 1880 and 1881 presents a detailed look at mid-nineteenth-century farm life. He was a bright, perceptive observer, and his journal thus remains an important documentary source for daily life in rural Indiana.²

* 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 Ormond Loomis, 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.

¹ Journal entry, January 1, 1881.

² For complete biographical information on William Gregory Harrison’s family in Morgan County and an analysis of the journal see Roger G. Miller, ed., “‘Chronicles of Upper Burnet’: William Gregory Harrison’s Morgan County Journal, October 2, 1880-May 23, 1881, Part I,” *Indiana Magazine of History*, LXXIV (December, 1978), 316-21.

Publication here of the second part of the Harrison journal provides an opportunity to add additional information and some clarification to that originally presented in Part I, published in the December, 1978, *Indiana Magazine of History*. As noted in Part I, William Gregory and his two brothers, Charles Ripley and Alvin Daniel, had all died at the age of twenty-seven at approximately two year intervals. It, however, had proved impossible to locate causes of death for each of the young men. Florence Mote, Coordinator, Indiana History Project, Indiana State Library, Indianapolis, subsequently found the cause of death for Charles Ripley Harrison in the mortality schedules of the 1880 manuscript census for Morgan County. Charles died of consumption contracted in Terre Haute.³

Additional information about Charles Ripley in the mortality schedules also proved enlightening. Based upon the birth places and dates of the two youngest Harrison children—both of whom had died in childhood—it had been presumed that the Frederick A. Harrisons had moved to Morgan County sometime between 1857 and 1863. The notation in the mortality schedules that Charles had resided in the county for nineteen years indicated that the move from Ohio to Indiana probably took place in 1860. Also, Charles Ripley's profession, school-teacher, further documents the well-educated nature of the Frederick A. Harrison household emphasized in Part I of the "Chronicles."⁴

Several journal entries consisted of coded statements, and several readers proved curious and adroit enough to decode the sentences. They did not, as originally thought, contain comments on church sermons, but referred, instead, to girls. The lines supported the original contention that "while William Gregory obviously enjoyed the company of young ladies, if one were special to him, he makes no mention of her."⁵ The corrected coded and decoded lines are as follows:

October 10, 1880

J ygov jqog ykvj Cnjeg Hayngt chvgt pkijv ukpikpi.

I went home with Alice Fowler after night singing.

October 17, 1880

J hpu uvp "tbdlt" pof gspn Sbdjfm Spehfst boe pof Bmydf Gpxmfs.

I got two "sacks" one from Rachel Rodgers and one Alice Fowler.

³ Florence Mote to editor, January 18, 1979. The mortality schedules, part of the United States censuses from 1850 to 1880, were supposed to list all deaths from June of the year prior to the census to June of the census year.

⁴ *Ibid.*; Miller, ed., "Chronicles of Upper Burnet," 318-19.

⁵ Miller, ed., "Chronicles of Upper Burnet," 319.

October 24, 1880

H vdms gnld vhsg Qabgdk Aqvfm.

I went home with Rachel Brown.⁶

Alma Fraker, a Martinsville resident, provided through her own research an additional clarification about the schools in Jefferson Township. School Number 7, the Buffalo schoolhouse, and Loper's schoolhouse, as suggested in Part I, all refer to the same school. It was located off the Buffalo Road on the property of W. L. Loper in Sections 34 and 35 of Jefferson Township.⁷

The last entry in the surviving portion of the "Chronicles of Upper Burnet" is as undramatic as those that went before it. Tuesday, May 24, 1881, was a hot, unsettled day devoted to mundane farm chores—plowing and harrowing the fields and washing clothes. Yet, as often occurred on the Frederick Harrison farm, visitors enlivened the family's day.⁸ William Gregory Harrison, as usual, recorded no dramatic event of national significance. Nonetheless, the everyday details of Indiana farm life hold an intrinsic interest for late twentieth-century readers.

⁶ *Ibid.*, 329, 332, 335. Those who provided solutions to the code were Glen A. Miles, Mooresville, Indiana; Judy Murdock Pirtle, Sullivan, Indiana; Donald Easton, Renton, Washington; Sylvia Henricks, Indianapolis, Indiana; and Mary Shields Shore, Longview, Washington. To read the code add one or two letters to the ones that appear. An "i" thus becomes either "j" or "k". William G. made some encoding errors.

⁷ Miller, ed., "Chronicles of Upper Burnet," 347; Alma Fraker to editor, August 27, November 21, 1978.

⁸ The journal ends on the last page of the ledger book William Gregory wrote in. If he continued the "Chronicles" in other ledgers, they have not survived.

MDCCCLXXXI

Chronicles of Upper Burnet¹
1881

Saturday, January 1st

The thermometer indicated 7 degrees below zero this morning, but stood at an average of 25 above till night. The day was almost undisturbed by clouds and a little thawing was done in favorable places. Father and I passed the most of the day in town, going in the hack. I took Aunt Mary's² butter to her as I generally do and received from her a present for Alvin of a copy of that highly non-partisan book "A Fool's Errand." I also bought him a knit coat or "wammus"³ at the store but of course didn't pay for it. We were home before four o'clock and made some firewood after we came. Alvin didn't squiz⁴ much if any to-day. This day Mother passed the fiftieth milestone on her life's journey.

Sunday, January 2nd.

A rather disappointing Sunday to me. About eleven o'clock I started over into the neighborhood of the creek church.⁵ Came

¹ For procedures used in editing the document see Roger G. Miller, ed., "'Chronicles of Upper Burnet'; William Gregory Harrison's Morgan County Journal, October, 1880-May 23, 1881, Part I," *Indiana Magazine of History*, LXXIV (December, 1978), 323. "Upper Burnet" refers to Burnett's Creek, a tributary of the White River, which ran through the Harrison's 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.

² 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, Population Schedules for Morgan, Newton, Noble Counties, Indiana. National Archives, Microfilm Publications No. T9, Roll 301, p. 141; Robert M. Duke, comp., "Genealogy of Harrison Family" (1941), typescript in possession of William Ripley Harrison, Indianapolis.

³ A wammus was a type of over-shirt worn as a work garment, usually made of flannel or linsey-woolsey.

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

⁵ Apparently this statement refers to the Lamb's Creek Church located on Burnett's Creek off the Ballinger Road. The Church of Christ still has a church on the site, although the current building does not date from the period of the journal.

across Elder Dan. Kirk⁶ travelling the same road and at the same time met Jap Foster⁷ coming here to get something in the nature of ointment for his dad who had gouged his knee with a cross-cut saw tooth making a wound slight in appearance but very nearly laying him up. Father sent him some arnica and—axle-grease, and Alvin went back with Jap but only staid till one o'clock. Mr. Kirk and I went into the old church, built up a fire and discussed various topics till nearly one o'clock when we separated he going home, I to Bob's.⁸ I ate a bite there and at two o'clock took the church keys and started alone for Bethlehem,⁹ got there before the greater part of the congregation did and opened the house and started or helped start the fires. When Mr. Moore¹⁰ arrived it was three o'clock. He soon began and preached a good sermon in more senses than one from Psalms 51, 12 and 13. He had to do most of the singing himself.

It was a bright warm sunshiny day. The mercury stood at zero at sunrise and there was neither freezing, nor thawing, and but few clouds.

Monday January 3rd.

The day was about as yesterday rather cloudier and a little warmer. We made a good deal of preparation, rigging up a swinging-pole to scald and hang with, and killed two of our hogs. We swung our pole to the elm tree this side of the shop. We got done before one o'clock. Father had the horses hitched to the bob sled and went galloping up to the old church at Bethlehem, where he got four of the long logs of the building. He had a little trouble with them but got home before three

⁶ Probably Daniel Kirk, fifty-one, a Jefferson Township farmer. U. S. Tenth Census, 1880, population schedules for Morgan County, p. 171.

⁷ Probably Jasper Foster, twelve, in which case it was Bob Foster who cut his knee with the cross-cut saw. See footnote eight. *Ibid.*, pp. 173-74.

⁸ Robert L. Foster, thirty-six, was a Jefferson Township farmer and close friend of the Harrisons. *Ibid.*

⁹ Sometime before 1880 the Crone meetinghouse, located in section 22, Jefferson Township, was replaced by the Methodist Episcopal Bethlehem Church. The adjacent Crone burial ground is now known as the Bethlehem Cemetery. Lloyd Hancock and his uncle tore down the Bethlehem Church about 1936 or 1937. Carl C. and Janet C. Cowen, "Morgan County Cemetery Records," typescript (3 vols., Morgan County Public Library, Martinsville, n.d.), I, 267; Interview with Lloyd Hancock, August 4, 1978, Jefferson Township.

¹⁰ Mr. Moore was possibly the Reverend R. H. Moore, a Methodist minister who later presided at Fred Harrison's funeral. *Martinsville Republican*, November 17, 1904.

o'clock. John Kivett¹¹ came home with him bringing home the sausagemill apparently as sound as when it left here contrary to the recorded prophecy.

Tuesday January 4th.

The usual lard-rendering, meat-cutting sausage-grinding etc. went on to-day. Father and Alvin did a good deal more than I did. The presumption is that they knew how better. I made two efforts to discover a couple of strange hogs seen on the premises yesterday. The second effort I succeeded in finding one of them but didn't get him out. Bill Hand¹² came about 3 o'clock and carried off the heads heels and backs or rather feet and backbones of the two hogs killed yesterday. It snowed from the time we got up till nearly three o'clock when it partially cleared. The snow was perhaps a half inch deeper on the ground

Wednesday January 5th.

A damp dark fog settled down and made the landscape dismal in appearance. It froze on the trees. Snow began spitting down about noon but soon quit, only to begin and pelt down in great flakes coming faster than at any time before this season. It kept at it till after dark. Immediately after breakfast I started out with ax and dog to hunt hogs. I patrolled all the ground on the place where I thought strange hogs could be, without finding any, then went to where the road fence crosses or connects with the big creek, cut ice, and fenced with willow poles, till I thought I had an effectual barricade. Father in the meantime had gone with the bob sled to the old church after logs. He lost part of his load on the other side of the Fowler hill. He came home with part and went back after the lost ones. By that time I had cut down a sycamore tree close to the road in John Fowler's¹³ wheat-field and he hauled two drags of it to the house for back-logs. Alvin worked at reconstructing or repairing the old sled most of the time. Father went up to Bob Foster's a visiting after dark. Neither very cold nor very warm

Thursday, January 6th.

Not much space will be required to chronicle this day's events. Mother and Alvin washed and I helped at it a little

¹¹ John Kivett, forty-two, was a Jefferson Township farmer. U. S., Tenth Census, 1880, population schedules for Morgan County, p. 175.

¹² William Hand, thirty-one, was a Jefferson Township farmer. *Ibid.*

¹³ Probably John Fowler, twenty-one, son of Henry Fowler, who was still living on his father's farm. See footnote seventy-six. *Ibid.*, p. 173.

also. Father went down to the creek; discovered that my barrier of willows had been too feeble and coming to the house, got his ax, and fixed it some more, I helping him. He then came home and finished Alvin's job of fixing the old sled. I have omitted to state that yesterday one of Mr. Dan. Kirk's boys came down to see if Alvin had fixed an old handsaw of his father's which has been here for a month. Alvin fixed it to-day (he began it yesterday) and about two o'clock took it home. It was a cloudy, warm day. The snow was wet and slick but didn't thaw much. It snowed in little flurries occasionally and at night went at it more steadily

Friday, January 7th.

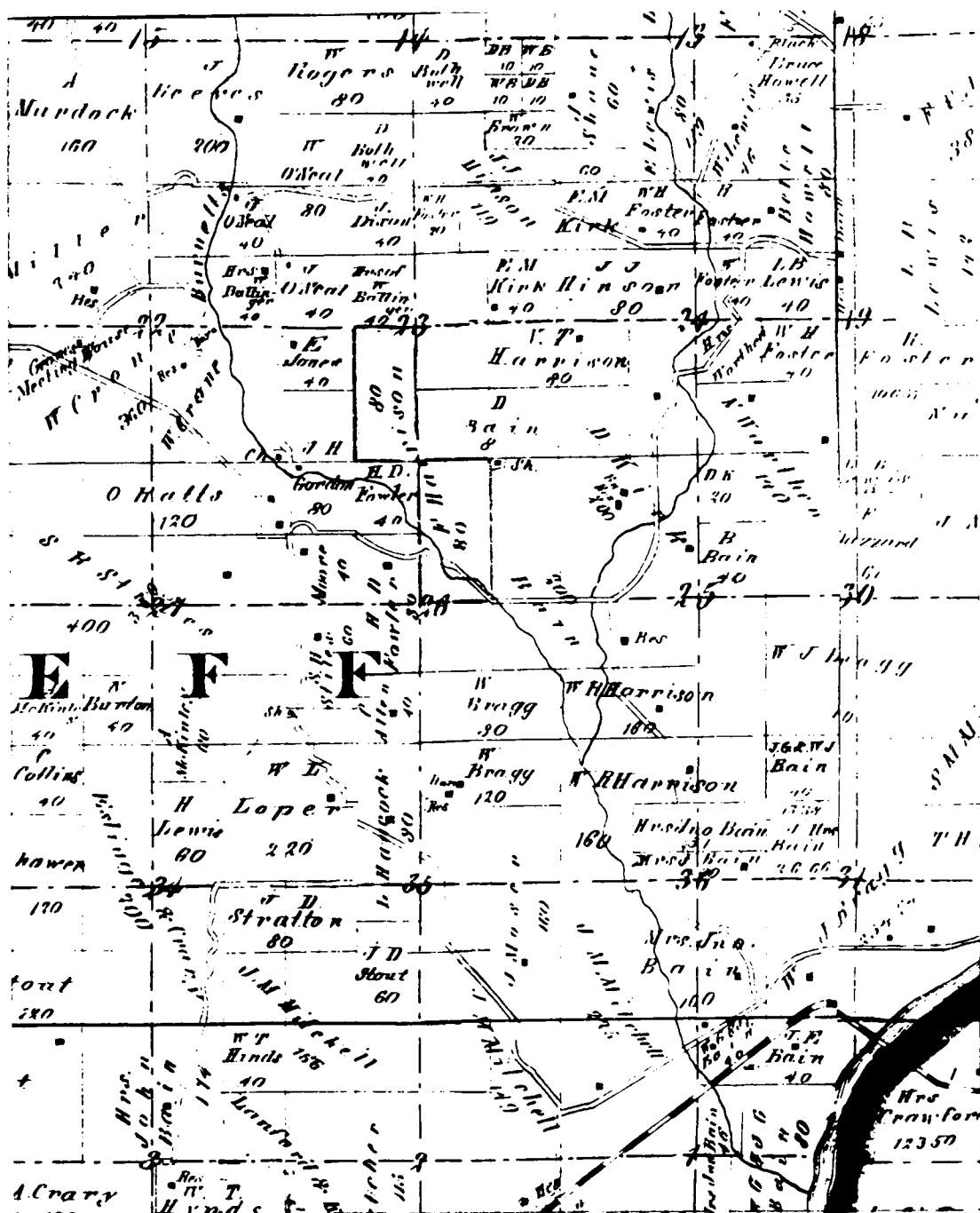
A clear day. The mercury stood at zero at sunrise and there was no thawing though not much freezing merely I guess because everything is frozen that can be. The day was sacred to hauling logs. There is snow to an average deepness of five inches at least. Father cut first some sugar-tree logs in the woods across the creek then a beech tree close to Bain's line¹⁴ and almost directly east from the barn. He hauled the sugars to the house on the bob-sled while Alvin and I trimmed up the beech and cut it in two. It was limby and knotty, the axes were dull, and the snow rather cool for the feet. I cut a considerable hole in one of my leather boots. There were 3 beech logs

Saturday, January 8th.

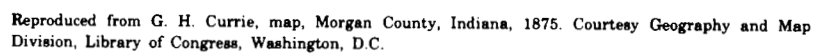
Clouds obscured the sun for a time this morning but soon cleared away and the rest of the day was bright but cold. The thermometer varied from 7° to 30° above zero. Father and I started to Martinsville about ten o'clock. We went in the old sled. Sleighing was splendid sledding none the less so. I took the butter up to W.R.'s¹⁵ same as on last Saturday and this time received as a present for myself a copy of "Haworth's." Similarly also I got another "wammus", also for myself on the family credit at the store. A package of all the numbers of Scribner's Monthly for 1880 was handed me with our mail; it appears that Father had sent for them. He bought a copper wash-boiler for Mother and I believe a coat for himself was to be got and was'n't got. The price of butter at the store (our

¹⁴ Donald Bain's property bordered the east and north sides of Fred Harrison's lower eighty acres. The entry here apparently refers to the north edge of the property. Plat Map, Morgan County, Indiana, 1875 (Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.)

¹⁵ William Ripley Harrison was William Gregory's lawyer uncle.



PORTIONS OF MORGAN COUNTY, INDIANA, 1875, SHOWING VICIN-
 ITY OF FREDERICK HARRISON FARM AND CITY OF MARTINSVILLE.
 SCALE: 2 INCHES EQUAL 1 MILE.



selling price) was elevated 5 cts per pound. Making firewood was about all that was done here at home

Sunday, January 9th.

Not knowing what else to do I went over Jake's hill¹⁶ about eleven o'clock stopping a[t] Jack Hinson's¹⁷ till some time after dinner. Tom Devore¹⁸ with his family was there. Bill Foster afterwards came walking in alone. Tom and most of the two families starting off early in the afternoon in their sleigh Bill and I went with them as far as Howard Bray's¹⁹ where we found John Rodgers²⁰ Stella Foster²¹ and Flora Lewis²² visiting and the man of the house gone. We had not been seated very long when Jack H. put in his appearance having come afoot. He and Bill left after an hour or so and we youngsters had fun till about night when John starting to Poplar Grove²³ I accompanied him as far as Mt Olive²⁴ where I stopped for meeting. But few were out. A sensation was raised by Belle Green²⁵ who got very sick. It appeared once as if she would actually choke to death. She would strangle, groan, clutch at her throat with her hands and seemed in great agony. Meeting was dismissed (it was only a prayer-meeting) she was fanned, snow rubbed over her face, camphor brought from a house near by, and applied to her face, all without much apparent benefit. Finally a sleigh was run up by hand, she was carried out and placed in it and started home. I got back home by 8.30 o'clock. Nothing noteworthy I believe occurred here except that Bob Foster was here

¹⁶ Virginius T. (Jake) Harrison, forty-eight, and his wife, Lucinda, forty-nine, owned a Jefferson Township farm located to the northeast of Fred Harrison's land. U. S., Tenth Census, 1880, population schedules for Morgan County, p. 171; Plat Map, Morgan County, 1875.

¹⁷ Jack Hinson could not be identified with certainty.

¹⁸ Thomas Devore, twenty-three, was a Jefferson Township farmer. U. S., Tenth Census, 1880, population schedules for Morgan County, p. 172.

¹⁹ Howard Bray, twenty-four, was a Jefferson Township farmer. *Ibid.*

²⁰ Probably John Rodgers, twenty, son of William Rodgers, fifty-one, who worked and resided on his father's Jefferson Township farm. *Ibid.*, 175.

²¹ Stella Foster was probably Estella Arthabel Foster, a daughter of William and Nancy Ellen (Stiles) Foster. Alma Fraker to editor, August 27, 1978.

²² Flora E. Lewis, eighteen, was the daughter of Leander B. Lewis. See footnote forty-seven. U. S., Tenth Census, 1880, population schedules for Morgan County, p. 173.

²³ The Poplar Grove Methodist Church was located just north of Wilbur in Gregg Township. Interview with Alma Fraker, August 15, 1978, Martinsville.

²⁴ The Mt. Olive Methodist Church was located at Mt. Olive in section 13, Jefferson Township. Blanchard, *Counties of Morgan, Monroe and Brown*, 149.

²⁵ Possibly Lily B. Green, seventeen, daughter of Alvin Green, forty-four, a Jefferson Township farmer. U. S., Tenth Census, 1880, population schedules for Morgan County, p. 172.

for a couple of hours. The day was generally cloudy and tolerably cold.

Monday, January 10th.

A day set apart to hauling in our stack of hay. Preparations occupied all the forenoon. There had to be a good deal of the remains of the old cow-shed removed to make a road to the cow-barn and the inside of said cowbarn had also to be dealt with. I not helping in these preparations was kept hanging on the ragged edge of expectation till about noon when we began to haul. We made five loads of it of which two went into the old barn and three into the cow-barn. I loaded every one of the five and pitched one load off the wagon, Father pitched all off the stack and at least four off the wagon while Alvin mowed the four away. We were till dark getting done. Mr. Dan. Kirk came down about four o'clock to see about the strange hog that I turned out of Bill Hand's wheat field and in with our fattening hogs on the 19th of November last. He was inclined to claim it but would not do so positively. It was a nice day much like unto yesterday as regards cold but a good deal sunnier

Tuesday, January 11th.

A day of fussing around. Wood-making was the principal occupation of the two "sonnies" while Father appeared to be doing something most of the time without visible results. About twelve o'clock Alvin and I went down to Wats²⁶ and got twelve bushels of wheat in return for several grists which Wat borrowed of us at different times last spring. We went in the sled. Wm. Bunton²⁷ was here awhile this morning; to me his errand is as yet unknown. Mercury 10 degrees below zero this morning, warmer during the day, and clear.

Wednesday, January 12th.

Father went to mill at town to-day in the sled. I went down to see if the hogs had got in the corn, found none, wandered up the road, met several people and came home Bill Bunton came

²⁶ 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. *Ibid.*, 177; Duke, "Genealogy of Harrison Family"; Blanchard, *Counties of Morgan, Monroe and Brown*, 329-30.

²⁷ William Bunton, forty-two, was a Jefferson Township farmer who served in Company F, 148th Indiana Volunteers. U. S., Tenth Census, 1880, population schedules for Morgan County, p. 179; Cowan, "Morgan County Cemetery Records," I, 271.

while I was gone and got two bushels of corn. He was on a sled less in length and breadth than an ordinary being about five feet long and two and a half wide. Its height from the ground was about 6 inches. He was accompanied by his sister Fanny and drawn by a Rozinante that had seen its best days. Alvin and I worked fitfully at making firewood. Mrs. Henry Fowler²⁸ came about noon to borrow the sausage-mill and staid three hours or more. Father arrived about 3.30 and brought: first a letter from Grandmother²⁹ containing nothing startling. Frona³⁰ also writes a short screed to me. It appears that this fifteen-year-old maiden has been going to dances ever since the good sleighing began and has learned to "trip the light fantastic" herself. Grandmother has lived very much at home in usual health since the cold weather began. Second a pair of gum boots for Alvin; third a wire arranged to suspend the big lamp to the ceiling with; fourth a jeans coat for himself. The sky was mostly clear and though it was cold this morning the mercury got up to 40° above zero. There was still only slight thawing and the windy winds did blow from the south and west

Thursday, January 13th.

We, that is Alvin and I, manufactured firewood till about ten o'clock when Alvin quit to help Mother wash. Jehu and Woodford O'Neal³¹ were here before we ate breakfast to confer about buying the remainder of our standing corn. After making a tour of investigation through it they came back to the house and after some dickering they agreed to take it at \$30 and take all risks beside. Father and I hauled up three sled-loads or eleven shocks of corn from Bill Hand's wheat-field. While we were at it Mrs. "Marget" Ballinger³² called at the house to get

²⁸ Mrs. Henry Fowler was Sarilda A. Fowler, forty-six. See footnote seventy-six. U. S., Tenth Census, 1880, population schedules for Morgan County, p. 173.

²⁹ After the death of Mary Harrison's father, William Gregory, her mother Sophronia married Daniel Van Demark. In 1880 she still resided in Ohio. Charles Harrison, "Family Record" (1871), handwritten manuscript in the possession of William Ripley Harrison, Indianapolis.

³⁰ Sophronia Van Demark was a young cousin of William Gregory Harrison and daughter of Flavius Josephus Van Demark, William Gregory's mother's half-brother. *Ibid.*

³¹ Jahu, twenty-nine, and Woodford O'Neal, twenty-five, were Jefferson Township farmers and brothers. U. S., Tenth Census, 1880, population schedules for Morgan County, p. 174; U.S., Ninth Census, 1870, Population Schedules for Morgan County, Indiana. National Archives, Microfilm Publications No. M-593, Roll 346, p. 453.

³² Margaret, twenty-six, was the wife of Jefferson Township farmer Joseph Ballinger. U. S., Tenth Census, 1880, population schedules for Morgan County, p. 174.

some soap and newspapers. She got 'em. As we came in with the last load of fodder it began to rain and kept at till night when it began to snow. It had previously threatened rain all the morning. Bob Foster came while we were putting away our last fodder (we put it all in the cow-barn). Bob came after the sausage-grinder but it was gone. It seems that Mrs Pamela Crone is to marry Mr Nathan T. Whitson, familiarly known a[s] Dob Whitson, this evening. The disparity in their ages and circumstances renders it a noteworthy affair—if it comes off.³³

Friday January 14th

And it came off. The mercury stood at zero this morning and got some warmer during the day but cold again at night. The sun shone brightly from rising to setting. This was a day of small things. "Marget" and "Dumby Billy" Ballinger³⁴ came shortly after breakfast and got some soap grease and some more soap. Dan Bain³⁵ came around to look at that strange hog (see last Monday) but wouldn't claim it. I followed him off and gassed to him awhile. Pap went down and laid some rails on the fence along the top of the levee which had blown off long ago. Alvin and I fingered over part of the potatoes in the cellar with the result of finding nearly a peck of rotten ones. I began a letter to Grandmother, and whacked some at the wood pile.

Saturday, January 15th.

John Foster came before breakfast to request us to bring his father's mail. Father and I went to town in the sled, starting after ten o'clock. The ice nearly mantled all the road and made it very slippery traveling. However we finally scooted into the city in safety. I believe that no noteworthy purchases were made. Father made a bid to supply the school-house at town with wood (in conjunction with Bob Foster) which was accepted, and that is all I know about it. We got home between

³³ William Gregory calls her Pamela, but on January 13, Nathan T. (Dob) Whitson, twenty-one, a Jefferson Township farm laborer, married Permelia A. Crone, thirty-four, a township widow. The difference in "circumstances" presumably refers to her five children. *Ibid.*, 175; Marriage Record Book No. 2, p. 220, Office of the Clerk, Morgan County Courthouse, Martinsville; Interviews with Lloyd Hancock and Ruth Parker, August 4, 1978, Jefferson Township, both of whom remember "Dob" and "Melia."

³⁴ 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 sixty. U. S., Tenth Census, 1880, population schedules for Morgan County, p. 174.

³⁵ Daniel M. Bain, twenty-three, was living on his cousin William Bain's Jefferson Township farm. *Ibid.*, 176.

three and four o'clock. Bro. Runyan³⁶ had an appointment on the creek to-night and I hoofed it over there. I went to Foster's and staid awhile then walked over to the church arriving there just as the crowd was dispersing, the preacher having not arrived. Stood awhile in the road talking to a crowd of boys then came home. While coming I discovered that one of the young sows had brought forth and was in trouble. I came to the house and the whole menforce of the family went down. 8 pigs were brought to the house in a basket, 4 were dead. The mercury was not very low but the air was very chilly and most of the time the sun was behind clouds. John Kivett was here and got two more of his cans of fruit.

Sunday, January 16th.

Those pigs made night somewhat hideous. The mother was brought up, (they first saw the light in the old straw stack) but didn't seem to care much for them. At night the five still living were brought to the house again. I went to meeting on the creek again in the forenoon. No Runyan appeared and four or five members read a chapter a few hymns were droned, several laughable incidents occurred and everybody went home or a-visiting as the case might be. I also went down to Wat's about sundown stayed till about 9 o'clock and came home. Em³⁷ had an ailment composed of catarrh, epizootic, and the effect of fourteen "yaller powders" in four days so that she didn't feel very well. Alvin went up to Jake's and spent part of the day. No thawing was done to-day and the sun shone only part of the time. It was'n't very cold.

Monday, January 17th.

To-day was a day of stand-still as regards the weather. It didn't freeze and very little thawing was done. Another building was begun this afternoon. It is to be composed of the logs hauled from the old church and set a few feet from the southwest corner of the big crib. It[s] use is not positively known to me yet. Father was at Robert Foster's most of the forenoon. Dan Bain came here a moment to see Father but he was gone. Dan turned their cattle in on the Curtis-Warthen stalk-

³⁶ 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.

³⁷ Em was Margaret Emma Harrison, wife of Wat Harrison. Duke, "Genealogy of Harrison Family"; U. S., Tenth Census, 1880, population schedules for Morgan County, p. 177; Miller, ed., "Chronicles of Upper Burnet," 323.

field or what remained of it in pursuance of an agreement made two weeks ago. Our cows have been in the field below the house etc. for about a week. Father and Alvin spent the afternoon on the new building. Except making firewood I did nothing. Those pigs have died one by one till all are now dead. Mother is suffering in some degree from what appears to be neuralgio ague.

Tuesday, January 18th

She was no better to-day and spent a good deal of the time lying down but nevertheless did her work. Father and Alvin worked at their log building over half the day getting all the logs up. I puttered around the house and occasionally made a few sticks of firewood, to be able to say I had done something. Rhoda Hand³⁸ was here after noon and got another bunch of old papers for wall uses. The day was cloudy dark and. The mercury stood at or above the freezing and a little thawing was perceptible. It sprinkled a little just before night.

Wednesday, January 19th.

A kind of "jook"³⁹ day. I took the old musket and roamed the woods not with any desire for killing anything but simply to do something to get rid of the morbid, restless discontented, almost despairing feeling that has been on me for ten days. I met various persons during my tour and finally got to No. 7 Schoolhouse.⁴⁰ Effie's⁴¹ scholars I didn't count but should estimate at twenty. The order was excellent the pupils were fairly

³⁸ Rhoda Hand, fifteen, was the daughter of Jefferson Township widow Mariah Hand. U. S., Tenth Census, 1880, population schedules for Morgan County, p. 176.

³⁹ "Jook" as used by William Gregory, apparently means "hike," 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. See, for example, its use in the entries for March 28 and April 10, 1881. Thomas Wright, *Dictionary of Obsolete and Provincial English* (2 vols., London, 1880), II, 604.

⁴⁰ School Number 7, the Loper's schoolhouse, was located on Buffalo Road in section 34, Jefferson Township. It was later known as the Buffalo schoolhouse. Plat Map, Morgan County, 1875; Alma Fraker to editor, November 21, 1978, January 30, 1979.

⁴¹ Effie J. Harrison, twenty-one, was the daughter of William Ripley Harrison and his second wife, Mary Wilson. Born on June 2, 1859, she died on September 13, 1897. The 1880 census does not list her with an occupation, although journal entries confirm her presence in Jefferson Township as a schoolteacher. U.S., Tenth Census, population schedules for Morgan County, 1880, p. 141; Duke, "Genealogy of Harrison Family."

industrious, and the recitations, what I heard of them, were well conducted but only fairly recited. I was back home before our clock struck two. Alvin was on a hunt in the woods for material for squizzes and was late at his supper. Father took a jaunt at night in the direction of Robert Foster's. Nothing of any importance was done at home. Alvin spent the most of the time squizzing. Mother felt a little better. The sun was seen once to-day and only once. The snow got soft and wet, the ice got a little melted and the clouds hung like a pall over creation making the day, dreary, disconsolate, and depressing.

Thursday, January 20th.

A dark and gloomy day like yesterday. The mist deepened into rain about noon and kept at it till night. There was a nastiness that made things look hideous as the bare ground appeared. But little was done. Alvin squizzed uninterruptedly. About ten o'clock Father and I went into the woods across the creek and hauled to this side two loads of four foot wood without the sideboards on. This wood by some strange hocus-pocus I failed to get last fall. He took a load with the side-boards on to town and delivered it at Ed. Callis's,⁴² I suppose to pay for the Gazette. He got back about four o'clock. A blunder which I made in sending some word to Uncle Rip causes me a great deal of uneasiness. I was up at No. 4 schoolhouse⁴³ a few moments. Will⁴⁴ had maybe 15 noisy youngsters.

Friday, January 21st.

The rain turned to snow during the night for about an inch and a half, was on the ground this morning. It remained cloudy all day with occasional flashes of the sun through the broken clouds and it spat snow once in a while. The snow was very wet but didn't thaw much. Father footed it to regions unknown to any of us and was gone till two o'clock. Alvin and I took the

⁴² 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.

⁴³ School Number 4, the Ballingertown School, was located on the Ballinger Road in the northeast quadrant, section 22, Jefferson Township. Plat Map, Morgan County, Indiana, 1897; Alma Fraker to editor, January 30, 1979.

⁴⁴ 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. U.S., Tenth Census, 1880, population schedules for Morgan County, p. 181.

sled, and going down to where the sycamore tree was cut Jan. 5th., got the limbs, which had all been left there. There was a sled-load of them. We also worked occasionally at making firewood. Mother lacked a little of being as well as she was yesterday. Her face is occasionally very painful. Alvin of course lost none of his spare time but squizzed with vim and clatter.

Saturday, January 22nd.

It spat snow all day without getting much down but began at dark in earnest. It was 4 or 5 degrees below the freezing point. Bob Foster and Bill Hand came soon after breakfast and about 9 o'clock we started, all four of us to town in the sled, Bill taking a sack of his wheat along. I was up at Uncle Rip's house awhile and found that a curious misunderstanding in regard to the "word" sent last Friday had made a situation a little ludicrous. But what I had done had not done harm. No notable purchases were made nor was anything noteworthy done I believe. Alvin squizzed almost without interruption I believe. We got home about 3.

Sunday, January 23rd.

The cow Frona had a male calf last night red and white spotted and well formed. It was still cloudy with the mercury a few degrees below the freezing point. It "spat" snow in very small quantity occasionally. Everybody staid at home till after dinner when Alvin and I went up to Bethlehem in the sled. Mr Moore preached a short sermon to a small congregation. There was very little more snow on the ground than yesterday. Like most other quiet times this day has not much history.

Monday, January 24th.

With an accompaniment of considerable jaw the wagon bed was placed and fastened on the sled a "fixin" made to prevent their getting out at the top and then two of the fattening hogs, and the "stray" frequently mentioned before, were taken across, put into the cow-barn, the sled was backed up to the door and the hogs driven in. The horses were hitched to the sled and Father and I went to town with it. We had no bad luck. The two fat hogs averaged 290, "Dan" 190. It was late before we got started back. I spent a great part of the time in Uncle Rip's office. Mother and Alvin washed. Mr Wm Elmore⁴⁵ was here in

⁴⁵ William Elmore, thirty-seven, was a Jefferson Township farmer. *Ibid.*, 172.

the forenoon soliciting subscriptions to the "Home and Fireside." with heavy inducements in the way of chromos. No subscribers gained here. Just after we got back Jake Shipley and Sol Fultz, hucksters, came and bought twelve of our chickens. The day was cloudy and cold with flurries of snow occasionally by way of variety

Tuesday, January 25th.

The same kind of weather as yesterday without the snow. Father made two trips with the sled to Hyndsdales⁴⁶ after sawdust from where the saw mill formerly stood at that place. I went with him the last time. Frona's calf was shut up in a pen made for it in the cow barn. Its name is to be John. Alvin squizzed away the greater part of the day. Mother is *about* entirely recovered

Wednesday, January 26th

A clear cold day. The wind blew hard from the northwest. There was a little thawing done in places but only a little. Clouds went south occasionally. Father departed in the sled for town and was gone the greater part of the day. He got a load of sawdust a pair of ice-hooks and a pair of breast chains for the harness Alvin squizzed as usual. It will be a long time yet before the combination saw-mill and lathe is at work I fear. I fussed around at various things and didn't spend much time in the house. I was sent to Bob Foster's about sundown to find out whether the said Foster was willing to go into partnership with Pap in the ice business. Found out that he was both willing and expecting to do so. John Kivett was there also. 9.30 when I got to bed.

Thursday, January 27th.

Bill Bunton came about 7 o'clock this morning. He thought we had lately killed hogs and he had come after the heads. He soon left. Bob was on hand with his sled soon after breakfast, and our team was soon hitched up. Father and Alvin went while I staid at home. It was two o'clock when they got back from the river with perhaps 5000 lbs of ice between them. It took till sundown to get it stowed away in the sawdust in the log building lately put up, at the corner of the big crib. They

⁴⁶ 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.

got stuck twice or rather Bob did while getting home. I helped Bill Dezzarn a short time in loading logs this morning and chored around at various things till *they* got home when I helped them with the ice. A noteworthy circumstance it is that John the calf eats milk from the pail without any training whatever. A nearly clear, cold, windy day. Very little thaw.

Friday, January 28th.

Another ice day. Foster put in his appearance before eight o'clock. Pap had to put another "half-sole" or wooden shoe on his sled having twisted one off yesterday. Alvin and I both staid at home this forenoon. They got back with the first two loads about noon, put them away and were started back to the river by two o'clock. I went with them then. We were back and had all the ice stored away before dark. It mounts in all I think to 5 tuns at least. John the calf for some unknown reason refused to eat to-day. The mercury stood at zero this morning and 20 above all day. Clear and nice

Saturday, January 29th.

With the average amount of jaw and fuss the wagon-bed was removed from the sled and placed upon the wagon, and Pap and I started to town in it. It was nearly noon when we got there and nearly dark when we got back home. Father bought a new scoopshovel, got the horses rough shod all around again, and hauled home a load of sawdust. Bob Foster was in town with his sled and brought a load of sawdust here also. We had passengers both ways and I had considerable fun while in town. There was a very disagreeable cold moist air, some thawing in the afternoon, clouds most of the time and high south winds at night

Sunday, January 30th.

The snow commenced going off last night and kept at it during the day. but not very fast. The ice was uncovered and made the roads slippery. It was cloudy and misty all day. I winded my way afoot to "Tater Heaven" where a revival meeting was going on conducted by Mr Moore and Jonathan Lawrence a Quaker preacher. The latter gentleman was in the last stage of a sermon when I arrived. His hair was parted in the middle and his little round face was hedged in by a luxuriant crop of "burnsides." Both hair and whiskers were as red I think as hair ever grows. His voice was a monotonous "good heavenly tone" and his language was not always grammatically correct. He is young and has considerable preaching power. I went to

Leander Lewis's⁴⁷ and staid till after dinner—Some time before dark I went up to Bill Harris s.⁴⁸ Bill was sick abed with either lung fever or a bad case of epizootic I did'n't know which. Found Mr. Arthur Dilly⁴⁹ there and had a long conversation on religious, political, educational, and social topics, and accompanied him to night-meeting. Mr Moore took charge mainly. "Brer Jonathan" preached or tied to but the Spirit moved him to quit before he had talked very long. Joe Bunton went to the mourner's bench and Tenie Dezzarn;⁵⁰ Bill's wife joined the church. I was home before our clock had struck nine. Wat and Em with their children made the folks at home a visit while I was gone

Monday January 31st.

The morning dawned misty and cloudy. It began about the middle of the forenoon to rain and kept at it. The ice on the ground slowly disappeared and the "wet" land appeared in its hideous barrenness. Alvin and I hauled up the different piles of clapboards that were scattered around. Some were made by Hemp Lewis⁵¹ two years ago last fall; some by Kivett and Curtis⁵² last spring; and some by Hand's boys last fall. We hauled them up to the ice house and part of them were used to cover it. By the time it was covered, it began to rain, and sitting in the house was the main occupation except for Alvin who squizzed

Tuesday, February 1st.

A day devoted to washing and loafing. Alvin and Mother did the first mentioned, Father and I the last. Father was up at Bob Foster's a short time in the forenoon. I believe he went to see about borrowing a scalding barrel. I was up at the schoolhouse during the noon intermission to hear the news. Mr Stokely Stiles Sr.⁵³ was here awhile to get Father to do some

⁴⁷ Leander B. Lewis, fifty-three, was a Jefferson Township farmer. U.S., Tenth Census, 1880, population schedules for Morgan County, p. 172.

⁴⁸ William Harris, thirty-seven, was a Jefferson Township farmer. *Ibid.*

⁴⁹ Arthur M. Dille, sixty-five, was a Jefferson Township farmer. *Ibid.*, 171.

⁵⁰ William Dzean, twenty-eight, and his wife Tena, thirty-one, were a Jefferson Township farm couple. *Ibid.*, 181.

⁵¹ Hempstead Lewis, forty-five, was a Jefferson Township farmer. *Ibid.*, 175.

⁵² William C. Curtis, thirty-two, was a Jefferson Township farmer. *Ibid.*

⁵³ 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. Cowen, "Morgan County Cemetery Records," II, 498; Blanchard, *Counties of Morgan, Monroe and Brown*, 333.

appraisement for him. Alvin squizzed what he could. Foster and Bill Hand began cutting the wood on the other side of the big creek to supply the town contract. The rain had ceased this morning, everything was slick and icy and the snow fell in light squalls once in a while. The creek got bankfull and began flinging the ice out

Wednesday, February 2nd

It was cloudy this morning at first then the sun shone till afternoon when it clouded up again. The mercury stood a few degrees below freezing, in the shade and thawing was only where the sun had the advantage. Father spent the forenoon on the other side of the creek where Foster and Hand were manufacturing wood. Bill Bunton came again in quest of hog's heads and about eleven o'clock I accompanied him to where Father was. Tom Newbern⁵⁴ came while I was there which was n't more than an hour and a half. After one o'clock I hitched to the long-sled. Alvin and I hauled up a rotten ash log from below the barn. Father went up and put up the top of the tree of which the logs were hauled the 11th day of last December. After considerable puttering we got down three large limbs with the log-sled and a load with the other sled of the small limbs. Alvin and I then hauled up a load or three shocks of fodder. Dan Bain were here a moment this afternoon to borrow a wagon-hammer. Alvin squizzed industriously when he did not help us.

Thursday, February 3rd.

A slight coat of snow was on the ground this morning and was increased by small squalls till noon. It remained partly cloudy till night and was a few degrees colder than yesterday. Father departed early to Martinsville on Stoke's appraisement business as per engagement made last Tuesday and didn't get home again till four o'clock. Alvin was in the shop most of the day. That combination machinery resembles Mr Dick's "Memorial" in David Copperfield, as regards completion. I made part of the limbs hauled yesterday into firewood. Bob Foster was here awhile this forenoon to see about sending to town. We made him a present of Charley's⁵⁵ old overshoes to wear while his toe was sore

⁵⁴ Thomas Newburn, seventeen, was a Jefferson Township farmer. U.S., Tenth Census, 1880, population schedules for Morgan County, p. 176.

⁵⁵ As noted in the introduction, William Gregory's older brother, Charles Ripley, died on December 5, 1879, and is buried in the Bethlehem Cemetery, Jefferson Township.

Friday, February 4th

The cold had pulled the mercury down very near to zero, this morning. The sun shone all day in a nearly clear sky but very little thawing was done. Alvin and I were sent to Bob Foster's with the sled after that scalding barrel. We got a good deal of ride for it was very slippery on the hills and the sled travelled sideways as well as endways. We got back alive however; rigged up; killed the last two of our fattening hogs; had no bad luck, and rested from our labors. Mr Henry Crone⁵⁶ was here on his quarterly quarterage-collecting tour about ten o'clock. He got \$1.25 I believe altogether from this family

Saturday, February 5th.

Bill Hand came before we had breakfast Bob Foster shortly after. Bill came to get "a turn of corn" and go to town, Bob came to go to town and get coffee and coal-oil. Father concluded as there was the usual amount of cutting, salting, sausage-making, etc. consequent upon hog killing; that *he* wouldn't go to town to-day. So we three started about ten o'clock in the hack. The creek had flung cakes of ice into the road in two places one of which caused a little interruption of our progress. I made a conditional purchase of a pair of heavy pants at the store and lounged around town till two o'clock when with three additional passengers we started back home. Bill Hand and Bill Bunton came clear to the house and the rough meat (heads, feet, etc) of the hogs killed yesterday were bestowed on them, and by them were carried off. Mrs Nancy Ballinger and a small boy of her kindred were here to borrow or rather get soap. The day was chilling cold and thinly clouded though the mercury did not stand very low. The air was damp.

Sunday, February 6th.

To-day was the great day of the quarterly meeting at Mt Olive and putting on my best duds I wended my way up there afoot again (It may be well to state here that the breeches bought yesterday were pronounced not good, by Mother and will be taken back I suppose.) Elder Poucher⁵⁷ a man of medium size and height black-bearded, bald headed, with bright

⁵⁶ Henry Crone, fifty-seven, was a Jefferson Township farmer and father of John S. Crone. U. S., Tenth Census, 1880, population schedules for Morgan County, p. 175. See Miller, ed., "Chronicles of Upper Burnet," 333.

⁵⁷ Reverend John Poucher, minister of the Mooresville Methodist Church, had earlier been minister of the Martinsville Methodist Church. Later he

black eyes, and winning smile began his sermon shortly after I got there. He is quick in gesture and a little sensational in style with enough of the stump speaker about him to hold the attention of his audience. The seats were all filled, and the congregation orderly. His sermon though somewhat scattering was able and telling. His magnetic power was exemplified in the collection for he drew between 25 or 30 dollars out of the pockets of the audience and kept it in a laughing humor by his wit and liveliness. I spent the time till night with Doc. Curtis. King. York⁵⁸ was there and Bill Fowler's girls.⁵⁹ At night the Elder preached from that old subject the Prodigal Son. I had heard Elder Woods handle the same subject in a powerful sermon and didn't expect to be much edified by Mr. Poucher. He however struck out on a different course, by running a parallel between the lives of the young men of to-day and the life of the Prodigal Son. The vivid and circumstantial manner in which the disgrace and struggles of the young man were portrayed kept the congregation almost spell-bound. Three mourners came forward in response to his fervid invitation and till after nine o'clock he worked in conjunction with the brethren for the souls of those boys but without avail. The protracted meeting came to a close and about eleven o'clock I was in bed at home. The day was cloudy. It thawed some little but was chilly and overcoats felt good. Alvin took a jook over the creek during the day and brought home a hornet's nest. Nobody of the rest went anywhere or did anything noteworthy.

Monday, February 7th

The rain commenced to fall during the night and kept at it all day. It froze at first on the trees but soon thawed off them again. The snow and ice had not nearly all disappeared at night, nor had it thawed much. The creek was bank full and roared rather viciously. The business of the day was sitting in the house. Mother did employ Alvin as assistant in washing,

served on the teaching staff at DePauw University. Patsy Harker Freed, "Morgan County: Articles of Historic Interest as Published in the Martinsville *Daily Reporter*" (n.d.), typescript in possession of Morgan County Public Library, Martinsville. See also "The Birthday Book of Hattie Carter Johnson, Mooresville, Indiana, 1864-1883," *Indiana Historical Bulletin*, LV (August, 1978), 112.

⁵⁸ Identification of Doc. Curtis is uncertain. Kingsberry York, forty-eight, however, was a Jefferson Township farmer. U.S., Tenth Census, population schedules for Morgan County, p. 172.

⁵⁹ William Fowler, forty-six, a Jefferson Township farmer, had four daughters in 1880: Emma, seventeen; Alice, fourteen; Dolly, nine; and Daisy, five. *Ibid.*, 173.

and I chored around a little Jake was here awhile this forenoon on miscellaneous business. A huckster was also here inquiring the way to Bob Foster's through the pasture

Tuesday, February 8th

The rain was still coming down this morning and kept at it but not constantly, all day. The creek dammed up with the ice which had drifted down against a pile of driftwood just below our line, was roaring and running over its banks all day. The fog rolled up and sailed northward. The ground has thawed but little. I took three distinct "jooks" two down to the creek to see what was happening, one in the forenoon and one just at night. The other one was taken about four o'clock. I followed up a sound of chopping which I thought indicated somebody near and found nobody except Will Bain who was just about leaving his school-house when I arrived at it. Bob Foster was here a little while this morning to get some linseed oil. Alvin accompanied him part of his way home and soon after he got back here was rendered nearly useless by an attack of his old disease the "lag-leg." Aleck Bengé⁶⁰ was also here about noon in search of work, he said, but we couldn't supply him. Father and I hauled up four shocks of fodder on the sled about noon but it was so nasty that we were glad to quit. Bob and Bill went to work on the wood contract after noon and kept at it till night. The robins are here in great droves

Wednesday, February 9th.

The rain was still falling pitilessly this morning when we arose, and had apparently been at it all night. It rained in pelting showers with intervals of quitting all day. Clear spots in the sky were occasionally seen but it was raining in hard showers at night. The creek raised till it broke the road fence in three long gaps, strewed saw-logs, rails, ice, chunks etc. over John Fowler's wheat, and finally carried the greater part of the drifted ice down stream with a good deal of noise. It was falling at last accounts. Our doings were limited to the chores and an occasional excursion down to watch the progress of the overflowing scourge. I noticed part at least of Will's school down there during the noon intermission, and also saw Bob Foster making a tour of observation along the banks. Will Bain had announced "a spellin'" for tonight but I presume it was

⁶⁰ Probably William A. Bengé, twenty-three, a Jefferson Township farm laborer. *Ibid.* 174.

drowned out. The ground though only partly thawed is spongy with water. I have a bad cold, Alvin the lag leg.

Thursday, February 10th

At about 9 o'clock last night the rain quit. It snowed a slight squall this morning then ceased and remained cloudy and rather sour till night. Nothing of much importance was done. Father wandered about down at the creek veiwing the desolation. The road fence is broken in five places and most of the rails gone; John Fowler's wheat is smeared over with sand and slush in many places, logs, rails chunks and cakes of ice are scattered over it in great profusion; the road is in some places hollowed out, in places filled up with sand, and in still other places blocked with ice. Father made enough fence to keep the cows out of the wheat and the road, and spent some time over in the woods with Bob Foster who was waiting for Bill Hand to come. Bill I believe didn't come. Alvin was in the shop except a little time while he was helping me at the wood-pile. The world looks positively filthy to me in its mud and water.

Friday, February 11th.

It was raining again this morning but stopped and remained cloudy till three o'clock when it began in showers again. Father went off a horseback to attend Bill Harris's sale¹¹⁴ and was gone till two o'clock. I wandered down the creek to Bain's drift, couldn't get across. I trudged up to Foster's, saw Bill Hand and him heading for the woods across the creek followed them over there and helped them for three hours or more than came home. Alvin squizzed most of the time, took I believe one "jook" to the creek.

Saturday, February 12th.

The howling winds were abroad all last night. It blew in great gusts from the south from about eight o'clock last night till sundown to-day. A violent snow storm was also going on most of the time especially after daylight and the snow was whirled in blinding clouds. Spots of ground were sometimes left bare, or almost so, and others were covered deep with the drifted snow. It was blown through the smallest cracks and was an inch deep in the wood-house and shop. The snow ceased at sundown, the wind still blew, though not so hard. As may be imagined little was done besides the chores. Nobody tried to go anywhere or to do anything outdoors that was'n't neces-

sary There was to have been a Township Institute held on the hill to day but I presume the weather will be a good excuse for no one's attendance.

Sunday, February 13th.

It snowed in light squalls occasionally and was disagreeably cold. In fear of another convulsion of nature nobody got very far from the house till about four o'clock when I went down to Wat's gassed to Em and him till about 9 o'clock and came home. I spent part of the day in writing a letter to Grandmother. The road between here and Donald Bain's will have to [be] worked before it will be safe to drive teams over it as great holes are scooped out of it.

Monday, February 14th.

It was clear this morning and the mercury stood at zero. Thin clouds were around at night. Father went to town afoot with the basket of butter. He was gone most of the day of course. I passed the greater part of the day in cutting down and trimming up a beech tree just east of the mouth of the lane or at the corner of Bill Hand's wheatfield. Alvin and Mother cleansed the clothes of the household once more. After they were done Alvin and I hauled up a sled load of fodder and also a sled load of limbs of the tree which I cut. Wat came this evening and got Hemp the hog. The O'Neals went into the clover patch corn to-day and began gathering it.

Tuesday, February 15th.

And they were at it to-day also. The day was not very cold but not very much thawing was done. Enough was done though to make it disagreeable hauling. Alvin and I hauled the remainder of the limbs cut yesterday (one sled-load) then hitched to the log-sled and hauled the two logs the body of the tree made. The first or biggest log came near "stalling" the team, the second one was no trouble. After that we went down to the creek close to Fowler's line and brought a dry log or water-gate pole that the creek had washed there. Father was gone from 10 o'clock till two about the vicinity of Fowler's and old Stokely Stiles The Rev. Mr Moore spent the afternoon and dined with us. John Fowler was here after the sausage mill for Mr Stiles's folks this morning.

Wednesday, February 16th.

Jake came down about ten o'clock *en route* for Fowler's. He stopped here awhile and when he went on I went with him. I was at Fowler's awhile and at noon went on over to Effie's school to be present at "Commencement" as this was the last day. A dozen or fifteen visitors in all, I guess, came during the course of the afternoon. There were three lessons recited, the rest of the time being given to declamations readings, closing act of prize presenting etc. All went off smoothly and nicely all things considered. The "school marm" went afoot home with Wat. I went down to Mrs Allen's⁶¹ with Will Bain staid till dark and went with him to meeting at Bethlehem. A not very big congregation listened to a good sermon from Mr. Moore which was succeeded by an exhortation wrenched from the quivering lungs of Hemp Lewis and delivered at the top of his powerful voice. The preacher was twice moved to hint very plainly about order. I got home at nine o'clock. Father went down to the creek this morning, got in and got his feet wet. The O'Neals were still gathering corn in the clover patch to-day. Father afterwards went down to the creek road and broke the ice that was in it. The day was nearly clear and not uncomfortably cool.

Thursday, February 17th.

A day set apart for hauling. We went down to the creek and after helping haul out a wagon that was stuck in the creek (the ford is full of quicksand now) we gathered, and hauled up a sled-load of drift-wood to the house then went down into the pasture and hauled up two more loads of "picked up" wood a rather rubbishing lot. Next we hauled up a load of fodder. After dinner Father took the scalding-barrel borrowed a week ago Friday, home again after which he and I hauled up two more loads of fodder. It had been cloudy and chilly all day and about four o'clock it went to pelting down snow and sleet. This storm however did not last very long. Alvin was nearly sick and did not do anything of any importance to-day. Jasper Foster came this forenoon and got our cross-cut saw to work on the wood contract with. The O'Neals got all their corn out to-day I believe.

⁶¹ Mrs. Allen's was the farm of Christina Allen, seventy, worked by her son-in-law, Christopher Cornwall, thirty-three. *Ibid.*, 175.

Friday, February 18th.

It rained at least a good part of last night and for an hour or so this morning. It also drizzled fogged or rained the rest of the day. It snowed slightly just at night. Nothing of much moment was attempted. I whacked at the wood-pile frequently. Father chored around and made frequent pedestrian trips to the creek. One stranger rode up to inquire about the ford, two other men went up through to Foster's ford Bill Hand was here this afternoon to get another turn of corn. I passed some time pleasantly with Dan Bain who was feeding his calves above here. Alvin was about the same.

Saturday, February 19th.

Bill Hand came soon this morning and got 2 sacks of corn in the ear or rather had them taken to town. Father Bill and I bumped over the frozen roads to town in the big wagon. I did nothing noticeable except forget my overcoat and leave it in town. I got the last payment or final one rather on the Mrs. Garrison and Ira Moore⁶² notes amounting to \$37, of Riley Nosler.⁶³ Father got himself a cast maul and I brought another pair of breeches out but I guess with the same result as on Feb. 5th. A letter from Grandmother was received. She appears to have had the rheumatism and talks rather doubtfully about coming out here but still hopefully. We had a load of passengers coming home and it was nearly five o'clock before we got there. There was a slight coat of snow on the ground but the sky soon cleared. It then became nice overhead and nasty underfoot, and warm enough to be comfortable. The calf John was turned into the "orchard" to-day

Sunday, February 20th.

It froze last night and thawed this day, in fact it was such another day as yesterday except that it clouded up before night and began to rain. I geared up in my best "bib and tucker" including the breeches I bought yesterday and went over to the creek church. I saw but two souls there and there seemed to have been a misunderstanding on my part. One of the two "souls" was Alfred Kivett and I went with him over to John Kivett's. We found nobody but the women folks at home and

⁶² Mrs. Garrison was not identified with certainty. Ira Moore was probably George I. Moore, twenty-five, a Jefferson Township farm laborer. *Ibid.*, 175.

⁶³ William Riley Nosler, forty-three, ran a saw mill in Jefferson Township. He was born in Owen County, Indiana, on November 9, 1835, and moved to Morgan County in 1876. *Ibid.*, 176; Blanchard, *Counties of Morgan, Monroe and Brown*, 332-33.

soon took our separate ways to our own homes. I began another letter to Dwight Calhoun⁶⁴ which will probably share the fate of its predecessor. Alvin was if anything worse and Father did not get any great distance from the house. The O Neals have had some stock in the clover patch field since they got the corn out.

Monday, February 21st.

That mingled snow and rain was in very small quantity. It froze last night and thawed to day, one in about equal extent with the other. The sun shone brightly all day and there were very few clouds. Hauling wood was the principal business of the day. The wood was some more of that cut by Ballinger's last spring. Father and I hauled one load before noon. After dinner he took the Ira Moore note and some money, went up to Mr Rodger's,⁶⁵ found Mrs Moore there delivered her the note and \$6 in money thus ending the complicated history of those two notes. I continued hauling wood and got three loads over before night. I was assisted somewhat by Alvin who spent the intervals between loads where Foster and Hand were at work on the wood contract. One of O Neal's cows was sick and this afternoon on receipt of the intelligence from Father, at least seven men from the "city" were down trying to doctor her.

Tuesday, February 22nd.

About ten o'clock Father started a-horseback to town. I chored around at various things till after noon when I rode Hemp the hoss barebacked up the road to Big Nathe Whitson's gassing a good while to different people along the road. At Whitson's I got the old saddle which Nathe had borrowed last summer. It was apparently as good as when it left except that the girth was broke. I rode up and staid a few moments where Foster and Hand were at the wood and got home at four o'clock. About a half hour later Father also came home. He brought my overcoat with him, and some clover seed. Alvin had so far recovered that he squizzed some and attempted mauling rails to a small extent. Father paid Alvins tax and mine in full for the

⁶⁴ 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."

⁶⁵ Probably the home of William Rodgers, fifty-nine, who was a Jefferson Township farmer and father of John Rodgers. See footnote twenty. U.S., Tenth Census, 1880, population schedules for Morgan County, p. 175.

year to-day amounting in all to \$6.40 mine along was \$3.90. Ballingers hauled their old cow out of the "clover-patch" on a sled with four horses. It was the same freeze and thaw as yesterday but was warmer and muddier.

Wednesday, February 23rd.

It sprinkled a little last night then got cold and remained disagreeably so all day. It was cloudy and the air was filled occasionally with flying frost or snow. Very little thawing. Alvin and I spent the most of the forenoon in spasmodic attacks with saw and ax on the wood-pile. Pap was gone till noon to a region which included where Foster and Hand were at work. He was also there this afternoon taking Bill Hand some meat he had sold to him. Alvin and I sawed an oak log in two that lay a short distance east of the stable. Alvin and Father between them made one of the cuts up into rails. I watched Dan and Will Bain cut down, and saw partly up, a tree not far from here

Thursday, February 24th

I wended my way afoot to Jake's, soon after breakfast to find out whether to haul him some fodder or not. Finding it to be immaterial I got him to get me some "spignet"⁶⁶ and came home. I hitched to the sled and hauled away that part of the north line fence which helped form the lane at the end of Bill Hand's wheat field. I took the rails down to the creek and left them there to be used in rebuilding the road fence. There were about five sled loads of rails and I hauled the chunks left in the lane to the house. Father split up the remaining part of the logs begun yesterday and put up part (8 panels I believe) of the rails which I hauled down to the creek. Alvin and Mother washed. The day was generally cloudy, the ground thawed but little and the air was disagreeably cold

Friday, February 25th.

Father departed to town a-horseback to attend court. Alvin attempted to split up a rail cut left of a stave-tree cut on the point west of the house and did split the most of it into rails. I worked at stowing wood away in the woodhouse and also splitting some. At noon Father returned (the case had been put off,) and soon went down and put up the rest of the rails I hauled

⁶⁶ This is a variant spelling of "spikenard," an American herb. Its root is used in folk medicine. Ormond Loomis to editor, August 9, 1978.

yesterday. Alvin and I took down part of the fence back of the orchard. Extending both end fences to Bain's line we destroyed the lane back of the orchard and had about a hundred or so rails to haul down to the road, I only got one sled load hauled however. Sayroy Kivett⁶⁷ and Morgan Secrest were here hunting Father this afternoon for a moment. A day sunshiny and cool, rather pleasant. Froze last night and thawed to-day as usual.

Saturday, February 26th.

Father went down and laid up the rails hauled yesterday. I fussed around till he came back, which last happened about ten o'clock. He and I then got ready and went to town in the hack. I spent most of the time at Uncle Rip's house as I did not feel very well. We started back home about two o'clock. It had looked rather threatening all the morning and sprinkled smartly several times during the afternoon. It was a warmer day than we have had since last October we think. Alvin spent all the time we were gone with Foster and Hand. They did not work at the wood yesterday. Bob Foster's boys brought home about 20 pounds of fresh "belly" to pay for some that Bob borrowed long ago.

Sunday, February 27th.

It was raining when we awoke and kept at it till noon when it turned to squalls of snow and the wind was occasionally high. We all staid quietly in the house or not far from it waiting for the moving of the waters. It turned a good deal colder before night.

Monday February 28th.

The snow was nearly three inches deep at daylight and had drifted considerably. It snowed in squalls more or less hard all day. Notwithstanding this Father went off riding Hemp, *professedly* to Herbemont or as it is generally called Pine City.⁶⁸ He was gone about five hours and got back by two o'clock. We had two visitors. Bob Foster came to bring the sausage-grinder home and staid three hours. He went away a little after noon.

⁶⁷ Sayroy Kivett, eighteen, was the eldest son of John Kivett. See footnote eleven. U. S., Tenth Census, 1880, population schedules for Morgan County, p. 175.

⁶⁸ Herbamont was a small town in southwest Gregg Township, Morgan County. *Illustrated Historical Atlas*, 126.

Hardly had he disappeared when Jake arrived. If he had any especial business it is unknown to me. Nothing of much account was done. I got down the sap boiling pans and put them to soak.

Tuesday, March 1st.

The sun shone brightly from rising to setting. The snow disappeared mostly in places with a southern exposure. Father went to the woods across the creek but no one was there and he returned to the house and made a handle for an ax he bought last Friday. I suffered from griping pains in the abdomen all last night and the greater part of to-day. Father and I went down to the creek after dinner. He waded across the creek and spent the rest of the day with Foster and Hand who were at work this afternoon. John Kivett was also there. I came back saddled up old Colonel and took a ride for the benefit of the bellyache. Had a gas with John Fowler and one or two others. Alvin squizzed a little.

Wednesday, March 2nd.

It rained and sleeted a little last night but the sun shone through thin clouds all of to-day; and there was some more thaw than yesterday. John Fowler and I were thinking of opening the sugar camp on the upper eighty in partnership to-day. He was over before breakfast this morning and after consultation we agreed not to do anything to-day. After breakfast Father and I "rung" the noses of the nine pigs⁶⁹ and otherwise attended to them. Then we hauled two sled-loads or eight shock of fodder up. After dinner he went down and chopped awhile in Bain's drift while I hauled a sled-load of rails from here to the creek, picked up a few drifted ones and hauled them into more convenient position then came back up on the hill made things right or partly so, up there, then unhitched, and went over across the creek to where Foster and Hand were at work and had been since morning. Father was there twice during the course of the afternoon to borrow and return an ax. The old beehive was opened to-day, quite a lot of honey both good and bad, both capped and uncapped was found in it but every bee was dead. Alvin remained at the house to help do the washing.

⁶⁹ Rings were customarily placed in the noses of pigs to prevent them from rooting. Interview with Boyd Ball, August 4, 1978, Jefferson Township.

Thursday, March 3rd.

There was a thunder-storm up north for a part of the night and this morning there began a series of snow squalls accompanied by wind which lasted all day with but small intermissions. The sun looked forth once or twice for very brief periods. Nothing could be done or was done besides the chores. Father I believe made one trip to the big-road and back and I began a letter to Mr. John Harmon one of Charlie's cronies formerly. We carried the other hive of bees downcellar My old tooth is hurting again. Selah!

Friday, March 4th.

The snow squalls continued all last night and all day to-day. About eleven o'clock I rigged up and went over to Fowler's to attend John's "Infair" as per invitation received from John himself last Tuesday. About 18 were present besides the family I believe. Except that I made a couple of stupid blunders I believe everything went off smoothly and everybody enjoyed themselves. I was back home by five o'clock. Father spent the time that I was gone at Bob Foster's Alvin cut down a tree above the "orchard" for backlogs My old tooth if anything was worse.

Saturday, March 5th.

The snow-squalls continued with as much severity as before, but were fewer and farther between. There is about two inches of snow on the top of the mud as a result of this storm. As Bob was going with the hack to town to-day Father took the butter and went afoot to the road to wait for him. After waiting awhile he concluded Robert had gone. He came back and had got a horse out of the stable, when he espied Bob in the dim distance and hoofed it back to the road again. He got back home about five o'clock. I fussed around at various things of small importance. Had a considerable chat with Dan Bain in the forenoon My old tooth was not so painful

Sunday, March 6th.

I took the rather foolish course to-day (considering what would probably happen tomorrow) of going to Mt Olive M[ethodist] E[piscopal] Church afoot. Mr. Jonathan Laurence held forth and the Spirit moved him to hold a short prayer-meeting, preach a short disconnected and rather laughable sermon and then hold a prayer meeting besides. I spent the

time till night at Madison Hinson's and went with him to prayer-meeting at night "Brer Jonathan" was there and interjected a short sermon. Sam Woods⁷⁰ came near causing trouble between himself and Will Bain by some very personal remarks which he made while giving in his "sperience" which remarks Will thought were directed at himself. I got home about ten o'clock. The day was cloudy from sunrise to sunset. Nothing of any importance transpired while I was gone I believe.

Monday, March 7th.

We went to work, scalded the buckets, hauled them up to the camp together with the other implements. Father started to Kivett's to hunt some irons but found neither the irons nor the man till he went to where Foster and Hand were at work at the wood. Then he didn't get the irons. He came back and tapped trees till noon while we distributed our buckets. John Fowler¹²¹ my partner in the "camp" came over at noon we tapped trees till we used all of our buckets, while Alvin fixed the boiling place. We went over to Fowler's with the wagon by hitching his horse and Hemp to it, got a load of dry wood, an old boiling-pan, 16 more buckets and came back. John was obliged to go to Jack Hinson's and went afoot across the hills. He got back about supper-time, ate here, gassed awhile and went on home. It was a sunshiny partly cloudy day, thawed gradually and the sap ran gloriously. I was not feeling very well as the neuralgic face pains afflicted me somewhat.

Tuesday, March 8th.

It began raining during the night and was at it a good deal of the time to-day. John and I hauled up two barrels of sap, then Father and he went over to Rob't. Foster's and got a lot of plank with which when they got back we made a shed. They then hauled up some wood by which time it was noon. After dinner I didn't go up till four o'clock and then didn't stay long. Father and John got in the rest of the sap. The total amount of sap is I believe about four barrels and a half, so far. John went back home about four o'clock, and Pap went and filled up after supper. Mother and Alvin cleansed the cloths etc. once more. Felt rather better than yesterday

⁷⁰ Sam Woods, thirty-six, was a farm laborer in Jefferson Township. U. S., Tenth Census, 1880, population schedules for Morgan County, p. 172.

Wednesday, March 9th

We hauled in two barrels of sap to-day and carried about a half barrel. We "stirred off" twice, once this forenoon and once about eight o'clock at night, getting between four and five gallons of pretty thick syrup each time of which John got one-third. We hauled up a lot of wood and made some of an ash log that was handy. We had four visitors during the day John's father-in-law Mr. J. J. Hinson, John's wife Dora and her sister Bell and lastly Miss Tenie Fowler. Mr Hinson came in the forenoon, the rest in the afternoon. Father "over-saw" us most of the time though he was gone for a couple of hours after dinner to where Foster was at work with his two little boys on the wood contract Bill Hand having been temporarily disabled by neuralgia. Alvin was also with us a good part of the time. The day was cloudy and reasonably warm. I felt no better owing to an hurting in my breast

Thursday, March 10th.

It cleared off about noon or nearly cleared. We got in about two barrels of sap this morning and two this afternoon, tapped more trees till we used up the Fowler buckets and some few good troughs and stirred off again at about eight o'clock at night. At noon Bill Hand again giving out John was hired to help Foster but Foster not knowing of it came down to the boiling place a-visiting with John Kivett. They didn't stay long however. Olly Hinson⁷¹ also came and sojourned in the neighborhood till after we "stirred off." Father and I put in the time from noon till well towards night hauling fodder getting 17 shocks into the barn. John came around as we got the last in, and he and I helped by Olly gathered in our afternoon sap. Foster visited us again for a few moments and took Olly off with him to supper while John came here for his. Foster, his two boys and Olly were present when we "stirred off." Wat Harrison came this afternoon and got a sow, one of the two younger ones, which he had bargained for long ago. We had about five gallons of good syrup to-night.

Friday, March 11th.

It froze a little last night but grew cloudier and chillier all day spitting a little snow or rain once in a while. We went to work hauled rails from Bain's drifts, picked them up off of

⁷¹ Oliver R. Hinson, thirteen, was a laborer working on the farm of his father, Joseph G. Hinson. *Ibid.*, 172.

John's wheat field, and completed the fence around said field. John helped us. We then gathered in a little over two barrels of sap, and Father and John spent the afternoon in boiling it down. They got a little more syrup than they had at any one time before; between five and six gallons. Only one visitor was present at the "stir-off," John's brother Walter. It was nearly dark when Father got home. Alvin was working around the house all day. I felt well to-day but weak in the legs

Saturday, March 12.

John came over soon and going up into the camp turned all the buckets and troughs bottom upwards. It rained occasionally in very hard spurts last night and to-day. Father and I went to town in the hack. The roads are fearfully muddy—almost impassible in places. I subscribed for the weekly N.Y. Herald was up at Uncle Rip's a little while, took them a gallon of the new-made molasses, and got a big jug of hers to put more in. Father also bought some jugs for our own use. John Foster was down this morning to send after his Father's mail; John Kivett was here in the afternoon to get a can or two of fruit, and Bill Hand came towards night to get some meal. We had taken some two sacksfull of corn from our crib to be ground for him. Celeste Johnson and Sallie Rodgers⁷² rode over with us as we came back. There was meeting on the creek at night. Bro. Runyan *did* put in an appearance this time and preached or tried with his usual success. A child of Mrs Meter Benges⁷³ was here after soap-grease, but also was sent empty handed away

Sunday, March 13th.

A cloudy blustering raw cold day, somewhat disagreeable. I attended meeting on the creek twice. Rev. Runyan gave the "non-essential" men a blizzard in the morning and insisted on the necessity of baptism to salvation. In the evening as a farewell effort he got in a hit at nearly everything opposed to him displayed some rather crude and wild geographical and Biblical ideas and employed some rather mixed figures of speech. Father was up at Bob Foster's awhile in the evening. Jhpu tbdlfe bj Sbdifm Cspxo.⁷⁴

⁷² Sallie was probably Sarah Rodgers, twenty-three. See footnote sixty-five. *Ibid.*, 174.

⁷³ Mrs. Elmeter Benges was a widow listed as "keeping house" in Jefferson Township. *Ibid.*

⁷⁴ "I got sacked by Rachel Brown."

Monday, March 14th.

Joe Ballinger and Aleck Bengé came early to get the saw. They helped Bob and Bill Hand at the wood contract all day. John, Pap, and Alvin, "ran" the sugar camp to-day, got about 5 barrels of sap and had three visitors John's wife Mattie Foster and Tenie Fowler. I was detailed to act as clerk of the board of a special election to vote on the Amendments to the state Constitution.⁷⁵ Will Bain was the other clerk and Jack Hinson and Henry Fowler⁷⁶ were the judges, Wat of course being inspector. We had a pretty good time; 88 votes being cast during the day we had no very hard work. We began counting out at four o'clock and by six were at home. I made some blunders on the tally sheets which kept us longer than would have been necessary had I been "up to business" There was a tolerably hard freeze last night and it was nearly clear and thawed nicely all day. Father's 52nd birthday to day

Tuesday, March 15th.

It did not freeze hard enough last night to make this a good "sugar-day". It was warm nearly clear and sunshiny all day. We got in about 3 barrels of sap by night. Had a stir-off this forenoon and got about five gallons of syrup. Will and Dan Bain were present. Father went to town after dinner John and I worked Hemp or Dave and John's own horse as they did yesterday. Alvin was not there having to help wash. Foster and Hand put in the time cutting down trees to-day. We had another "stir-off" at night at which I was not present having a considerable toothache and neuralgia. Father got home about eleven o'clock with four gallons of syrup.

Wednesday March 16th.

It was raining when we awoke, and kept somewhat misty and damp and cloudy all day. Bob Foster was here awhile this morning, got a pair of gate hinges which had been bought for

⁷⁵ The constitutional amendments voted on by the Morgan County electorate dealt with white-black relations, residency requirements, the date of the general election, judicial powers, and stipulations on local governments incurring debts. This special election was held in March, 1881, in order that a majority of voters would support the measures. During the previous fall, the amendments had failed to achieve a majority of *all* votes, although more votes were cast for them than against. See Charles Kettleborough, *Constitution Making in Indiana: A Source Book of Constitutional Documents with Historical Introduction and Critical Notes* (3 vols., Indianapolis, 1916), II, 3-4.

⁷⁶ Henry Fowler, forty-eight, was a Jefferson Township farmer, U.S., Tenth Census, 1880, population schedules for Morgan County, p. 173.

him some time ago. I went to the camp with him, fixed things up a little, gassed around awhile and came home. John Fowler came about noon and borrowed the post auger. The old sow, Keziah by name gave birth this afternoon to nine pigs. Foster and Hand neither one worked at the wood to-day I believe. I did not do much of anything nor in fact did any of us. I suffered some little again from neuralgia but otherwise felt well.

Thursday, March 17th.

It rained some little last night but was clear and warm to-day. Father went and inverted the buckets up at the sugar-camp to wait for better days. He went over the creek and helped Foster and Hand till noon. Alvin and I chored around but felt like we didn't have to do much. John Bain came to borrow the post-auger and was sent to Fowler's. After dinner we hauled two loads of course gravel from the sugar camp branch and put it down by the watering-trough where it had become very muddy. Alvin and I then went in the wagon to Wat's where we got our breaking plow which has been there ever since the 13th. of last October. We also got one of the township road-scrapers. Not a soul was at home at Wat's. Three of the first of old Keziah's pigs disappeared last night. The cause is not known here.

Friday, March 18th.

Still another one was gone this morning and she was put into the buggy shed for to-night. The day began clear and bright, and closed with a sky that threatened rain. Alvin has been for several days cutting up some beech trees just above the "orchard" the idea being to make a potato patch up there. I helped him saw up the body of one of the trees this forenoon. Father spent the forenoon helping Foster and Hand again. After dinner he and I plowed and scraped up a small levee near the junction of the Ballingertown branch and the big creek. It was pretty hard on both horses and men. We picked up a wagon load composed of driftwood and fencerails near our line. Alvin worked away at his potato patch most of the afternoon. Jasper and Tilda,⁷⁷ children of Wm Bunton, were here this forenoon after soap-grease. They got a small supply and also a bone with a small amount of meat on it.

⁷⁷ Jasper, twelve, and Matilda, ten, were two of William Bunton's four children. See footnote twenty-seven. *Ibid.*, p. 179.

Saturday, March 19th.

It rained in showers all of last night and up to nearly ten o'clock today when the wind began to blow hard from the south and west. It grew colder and occasional small spurts of snow flakes fell. Bill Hand came shortly after breakfast and about ten o'clock Father and he started in the hack to town. Nothing was done here as it was too bad and threatening weather to be out doors. Father got back about four o'clock. He brought a letter from Grandmother who, it appears, is in fair health and inclined to stay where she is. John Foster was here a moment in the evening after his Father's mail.

Sunday, March 20th

I suffered with pain in the face so last night that I did not go upstairs to bed till after twelve o'clock but I slept soundly from that time till morning. The snow fell all night or apparently did. It was an inch or so deep this morning, and dribbled down all day but thawed off faster than it came. Nobody got very far from the house to-day. I did not suffer any to-day from neuralgia

Monday, March 21st.

It froze a good deal last night having cleared off. As it promised to be a good sugar-day we freshened the trees. But it clouded up and cold wind blew. We only got about three barrels of sap. Two visitors shed the light of their countenances upon us: Bob Foster and Albert Bishop.⁷⁸ Aleck Bengé I believe also stopped for a bit while passing. John did not come to-day but sent a deputy in the person of Willis Reid a youngster who is just now in the vicinity. Bill Hand did not show himself to-day so that Foster and he cut no wood to-day. Old Keziah's last pigs disappeared last night. It is about concluded that she ate them, as she and they were housed securely last night. I suffered a good deal from neuralgia and chilliness. They "siruped down to night. Pap brought home about a gallon and a half of sirup. Mother and Alvin washed.

Tuesday, March 22nd

A cloudy day with occasional sunshine and a cool north wind. The harvest of sap was about five barrels. I did not do

⁷⁸ Albert V. Bishop, Margaret Emma Harrison's brother, was born on July 8, 1863, and died on October 22, 1907. Cowen, "Morgan County Records," II, 537; Duke, *Genealogy of Harrison Family*."

any thing but stay in the house and take four yaller powders. This combination of toothache, neuralgia and fever is an unmitigated nuisance. I did go up to the camp a short while in the afternoon. Reid, John and Pap were all there. The visitors were; Billy Ballinger in the afternoon and Oliver Hinson and Thomas Devere at night. Alvin was gyrating around at various places during the day. A gay time was had in the sugar camp at night. John Foster and Say Kivett were there besides those already mentioned. Two of them went to Foster's got a stove kettle and they then cooked down about three pints of syrup to sugar. I was not able to be there.

Wednesday, March 23rd.

Wat came early in the day to see if he could have the use of the sugar camp. He had got John's consent and Pap's was easily obtained. I was not asked. I took three yaller powders and was rendered incapable of duty. Father spent the forenoon helping Foster and Hand. (who also, I have omitted to mention were at work yesterday.) Alvin fumed around in search of something to do that suited him. After dinner he and Father cut down one oak tree that stood close to the boiling place. Wat put in his appearance in the shank of the afternoon gathered sap and went to boiling. His visitors were Reid, Billy Ballinger, and myself. I came home and began a letter to Grandmother. There was a pretty snug freeze last night and it was cloudy but not very cool all day. In the afternoon there was a very good run of sap.

Thursday, March 24th.

Father went to mill at Martinsville this morning and was gone till three o'clock. Mr Henry Fowler was here a few moments to see about getting a fro, just before Pap left. It froze hard last night, and was only partially cloudy with a south wind. Wat had the best run of the season, getting six barrels of sap. Some of us were around the camp nearly all the time. I spent most of the forenoon and a short time in the afternoon up there, Alvin was there a good while in the forenoon and lastly Father was up with him a short time in the afternoon and a good while after supper. Wat stirred off in the afternoon and got four or five gallons of syrup. There was a good deal of rattling noise over the creek to-day for John Kivett and son were helping Foster and Hand. The four claimed that they sawed twelve cords. Wat came and boiled after dark. John Kivett and Bob Foster were his visitors besides Pap who didn't

get home till ten o'clock. I finished and sent my letter to Grandmother.

Friday, March 25th.

It did not freeze last night. To-day was cloudy and threatening with little spurts of hail, rain, snow, and sleet, *very* little most of them were. I spent two hours in the sugar-camp with Wat, the rest of the time in the house or doing little chores around it. Father was occupied during most of the forenoon in hauling in the last of the fodder. (twenty-two shocks). Alvin helped him. After dinner Father divided his time about equally between the sugar-camp, and Foster and Hand. Alvin has been occupied part of these two days in fixing the kitchen windows in rolling order. Fanny Sloan was here with a girl unknown to us, to beg for soap-grease but she got none. Wat stirred off before night and quit. I had another attack of tooth and face ache after supper.

Saturday, March 26th.

Albert Bishop came early and borrowed the brace and bit to freshen the trees with. There was a slight coating of snow on the ground this morning but the sky was clear and the bare spots at least were frozen hard. A cold wind blew, sometimes hard from a northerly direction but still thawing went on, except in the shade, through the day. Father went to town in the hack pretty early and stayed till about 5 o'clock; I mean it was that time when he got home. Alvin fussed around; got wood etc. I did what I have been doing all the week. My jaw opens half an inch yet. There is no pain as a general thing, no swelling either visible or feelible that can account for this phenomenon. I was out of the house but little to-day. Bill Hand was here just at night after some meal. Father took two bushels of corn to mill for him last Thursday

Sunday, March 27th

There was a good sugar-day—tolerably good that is—to-day. Wat boiled all day and had as "visiting statesmen" Father twice myself twice, and Alvin twice. We were not all there at any one time very long however. Then there were Dan Bain, Isaac Kent⁷⁹ and two boys, two of the Garrison boys and a

⁷⁹ Isaac Kent, forty-four, was a Jefferson Township farmer. U.S., Tenth Census, 1880, population schedules for Morgan County, p. 176.

Benge boy and lastly John Kivett. So that he was not lonesome. It was a partly cloudy, sunshiny day which began cool and got warmer before night. Aside from the sugar camp there is nothing noteworthy I believe. Wat boiled down all the sap he had which took till ten o'clock in the night

Monday March 28th.

There was no freeze last night and it kept threatening rain more and more till noon when in gradually increasing sprinkles it began and about dark began pouring down in regular style. During the forenoon Father sowed clover-seed on Bill Hand's wheatfield. Alvin went over and helped Foster and Hand pile wood part of the forenoon. He and Father were there all the afternoon. I "jooked" up to the camp and found John Kivett there trying to make some molasses for himself on a very small run of sap. Wat brought the sled home about noon. Jake was here upon the same unknown errand as before for a while in the afternoon. This morning the cow "Heifer" gave birth to an almost entirely red, big calf, of the male sex.

Tuesday, March 29th.

The rain kept on till sometime in the night when it turned to snow and this morning it was four inches in depth and continued to come all day, without however getting much more down. Nothing of much importance was done here. We sat in the house and hoped for better times. John Kivett was here most of the afternoon. He had been in the camp, turned the water out of the buckets and set them up in expectation of sap.

Wednesday, March 30th

I do'n't know whether it snowed all night or not but I am certain that it came down from sunrise to sunset to-day. It did not visibly increase to any great extent the amount on the ground but rendered out-door life rather disagreeable. We sat in the house as we did yesterday. Father was outdoors for a couple of hours after dinner, the rest of us did'n't get farther than a little beyond the stable.

Thursday, March 31st.

It was warm enough to thaw vigorously and the [sun] shone most of the time till about three o'clock when snow squalls began coming. The snow pelted down in good measure. The week's washing was done which kept Mother and Alvin employed most of the time. Father was gone most of the fore-

noon, he said to see Mr Stoke Stiles Sr. Kivett was at work in the sugar-camp this afternoon. I was up there a few moments. He got between 3 and four barrels of sap. I knocked around out doors considerably but it was rather disagreeable as the wind blew hard occasionally. A nastier time I *never* saw

Friday, April 1st.

No pranks played here on anyone that I know of, on account of All-Fool's Day. It was a continuation of the same kind of weather. The mercury hovered at or about the freezing point and snow drizzled down all day. The amount on the ground did not appear to be increased much. Jake came down this morning and lugged a sack-full of corn in the ear home on his shoulder. Alvin went off with him and it was four o'clock when he got back home. Father was also gone till one o'clock, where I know not except that he helped Kivett sirup down. Bill Hand came in the afternoon and got the rest of the meal ground a week ago yesterday. I staid around and wished for less snow.

Saturday, April 2nd

John Kivett and Bob Foster came early to send to town, and to get tools to freshen the sugar-trees with. The day began clear but soon got cloudy and was cold chillingly so. About dark it began to snow. Father and I went to town in the hack, starting about ten o'clock. I went to Kennedy⁸⁰ to see about getting my two old teeth pulled. He prodded them and poked them but I couldn't get my mouth open wide enough for comfort so I deferred it till a more convenient season. We got home about four o'clock. Alvin chored around visited the camp awhile, as also did Pap for a little while after supper.

Sunday, April 3rd.

"Still Winter lingers in the lap of Spring."⁸¹ for the snow fell in greater or smaller quantity most of the time to-day. Most of it disappeared when it struck Mother Earth however. For lack of anything better to do or go to I went over to the creek church where there was to be a reorganization of the "Lord's Day School" as the brethren insist upon calling it. About thirty were present all youngsters but two. Adjourned for two weeks

⁸⁰ Probably Dr. D.P. Kennedy, who was a Martinsville physician. Blanchard, *Counties of Morgan, Monroe and Brown*, 193.

⁸¹ The quotation is a slightly changed line from *Spring* by Bill Nye. Bruce Bohle, *The Home Book Of American Quotations* (New York, 1967), 443.

more. Nothing religious done except taking up a collection which was small. Foster and Kivett boiled down their two barrels of sap and got three more this evening. Dan Bain and Say Kivett boiled a good part of their syrup down into sugar having brought the kettle from Foster's. Mr Wm Warthen was here about noon getting Father to write petition for the building of a new school-house this district. I went down to Wat's a horseback about four o'clock and got my pay for serving a[s] clerk of election last March 14th. It amounted to a check for \$2.00 and exemption from two days work on the road. I got home a little after dark after having a long gas with Os. Alvin was up at the camp a short time in the evening and Father a short time in the forenoon which was about the extent of their journeyings. The first chickens for 1881 are hatching

Monday, April 4th.

It only snowed in short squalls, few and far between but masses of heavy dark clouds floated over and a north wind made the air raw and cold. We didn't do much of anything this forenoon. More or less of the time we spent at the sugar-camp. Alvin made a tour of inspection to view the fence around Jake's Foster 40. After dinner he and Father went and partly worked up the oak tree cut down March 23rd riving it into a sort of plank for fencing 14 feet long. John Kivett and Foster stirred off again about noon and got about two barrels this evening. They had visitors Donald Bain Sr⁸² and Bill Hand besides the inevitable ones. I spent the afternoon whacking wood and sitting in the house.

Tuesday, April 5th.

Another partially cloudy day with north wind and raw chilly air. Alvin and I spent the forenoon sawing poplar stovewood on the Upper 80.⁸³ It was hard work as the logs were almost too big for the saw. In the afternoon we hauled the wood to the house and sawed one of the logs in two once more

⁸² Donald Bain, Sr., was born in Scotland on March 17, 1809. He immigrated first to Maryland, then moved to Jefferson Township in 1843. By 1880 he was a highly respected farmer. He died in 1896. Blanchard, *Counties of Morgan, Monroe and Brown*, 326; U.S., Tenth Census, 1880, population schedules for Morgan County, p. 181; Cowen, "Morgan County Cemetery Records," I, 261.

⁸³ In 1880 Fred Harrison owned 160 acres in two eighty-acre units. The "upper 80" refers to the unit described as the "East half of the South West quarter of Section Twenty-three, Jefferson Township." Deed Book 30, p. 411, Office of the Recorder, Morgan County Courthouse, Martinsville.

and split it up with Father's help or rather he split it up with a little help from Alvin. We had two sled loads of poplar wood of a tolerably good quality as a result of the day's work. Father worked up some more of his oak tree, and spent some time where Foster and Hand were at work I believe. A tree-peddler visited these haunts today, but for a wonder was easily bluffed off. Kivett siruped off alone before noon and didn't get any sap this evening. He had one visitor, Bill Dezearn. John Foster was here to borrow corn-meal but didn't get any and Bob brought some corn down to be taken to town tomorrow

Wednesday, April 6th.

A good freeze last night and a sun-shiny though rather raw day. Father took 8 bushels of his own corn and the two bushels Bob brought last night and went to town to mill. He wasn't back home till five o'clock. I helped Foster and Hand at the wood this forenoon. Sayroy Kivett was there also. He was with them yesterday too. In the afternoon I went up to the camp after noon and spent some time both with Bill Dezearn and John Kivett. Came back and helped Alvin make some poplar stovewood. John got about four barrels of sap to-day. Mother and Alvin did the week's washing. Sayroy and Bob were here awhile after dark in the evening. Our first chickens hatched in 1881 are 3 in number. The bees are all dead and to-day honey to the amount of 25 or 30 lbs. was taken out of the hive.

Thursday April 7th.

It froze last night, but got a good deal warmer, and between 2 and 3 o'clock it began to rain. It didn't stop either when night came. Father went over the creek to see how the wood was progressing. The three that worked yesterday were at work nearly all day. He came back and worked up some more of that oak tree into fence-slats. Alvin filed the cross-cut saw and I split stovewood till nearly eleven o'clock when we went up on the upper 80 got a sled-load of the top of the oak tree before mentioned. I brought it home, and Alvin helped Pap till noon. After dinner, we went and got a sled load of poplar for stovewood and the rain then called a halt. Father however was not at home till nearly night. Bill Hand came after five o'clock and got 22 lbs of "sow-belly." Kivett had a big stir-off today and a glorious run of sap.

Friday, April 8th.

It rained till towards noon after which time it only drizzled occasionally. Kivett and Bob Foster were in the sap business to-day. Kivett stirred off about noon. The kettle had been brought from Foster's and about a gallon of syrup was made into wax and sugar of which Father and I, Jap and Bob Foster John Kivett and Bill Hand all partook and had plenty. I went up there early to pass away the time, Father went later. Alvin spent the greater part of the day making the hinge-post for a gate. After dinner Father went up and finished making his fence lumber. Jap Foster was sent down to borrow the hog-ringers and get me to fetch the old dog up there. He was already there but I took him to the side of a hill at some distance from the boiling place, where Sayroy Kivett and three other fellows were with rifles. At about two rods distance Sayroy put a rifle bullet through the old dog's head almost exactly in the center of his forehead. He never knew what hurt him but throwing all four feet together, turned a somersault and expired. Foster was to have all the sap after Kivett's stirring off. He got nearly four barrels and when he hauled them in brought in the buckets also and piled them near the boiling place. The visitor besides myself and Kivett was Dan Bain. Foster stirred off at night and had nearly the same crowd I guess.

Obituary.

Bose was born in the summer of 1871 at the residence of V. T. (commonly called Jake) Harrison. He has been with this family since September of that year. His virtues were rather negative than positive. He had but little training, and therefore was of little use comparatively speaking, but he did as little harm as any dog that ever lived his number of years as he had almost no bad habits whatever

Saturday, April 9th.

To-day was cloudy and chilly but considerably warmer than for a few days back. Alvin went up to the sugar camp immediately after breakfast and heating some water proceeded to scald out the buckets and other things. I staid around home helping Pap get started etc. He went about nine o'clock in the hack and I went up and helped Alvin. We finished before noon, then went up and buried our old dog near where he fell. After noon we made poplar stovewood and put it in the

woodhouse till night. Father got home about five o'clock. John Bain came with him and drove home a sow of his that has been staying here for some time past. John Foster for some reason came after hog rings about six o'clock.

Sunday, April 10th.

It was a day of sunshine and about 60 degrees of warmth, with threatening clouds. Nobody but Alvin went far off the place this forenoon: he took a jook somewhere in the direction of Fowler's. After dinner I went up to Crone's a-horseback. A tolerable sized crowd listened with patience to sermon from Mr. Moore of which being a late arrival I did not hear the text, and could only guess at the subject. I went down to Wat's and Bain's awhile before coming home.

Monday April 11th.

A day of puttering around. It threatened rain all the forenoon and did rain in occasional showers during the afternoon. Father spent the time till ten o'clock where Foster and Hand were at work at the wood. Alvin and I hauled in the buckets and other utensils from the sugar camp leaving Fowler's buckets up there. I then went again and got the log-sled. Father came back and cut a gate post from the top of the oak tree which he has been working up into fence "lumber." I went down with the wagon to where we piled a few rails March 18th. and hauling them down, rebuilt with them that end of the levee fence which we took to build part of the road fence. After this I went up and got the gate post. The rain after dinner hindered work. Father and Alvin made a gate or rather put one together, Mother and Alvin performed the usual cleansing of dirty duds for the week.

Tuesday April 12th.

Foster and Hand finished the schoolhouse contract of wood yesterday and to-day entered upon a contract to cut 6 cords for W. W. Kennedy. There was a thunder-storm and a hard rain last night. The creek was bank full the morning, and Father didn't get over to where they were at work till nearly night when he rode over. He tried to this morning and couldn't. Alvin and I spent most of the forenoon sawing up the trees he cut, up above the orchard for the new "tater patch. Bill Dezearn was here a little while about noon and I was with *him* a short time where he was grubbing. Father and Alvin this afternoon hung their new gate between the ice-house and the cow-barn

and put a panel of plank fence there besides. Our horse Dave or Hemp being loose in the yard before the house broke the dashboard off the hack which was standing there and demolished one of the forewheels by getting fast in it some way. The hay is all out of the horse stable and there is about one day's feed of fodder left. Cloudy all day with a little rain just at night

Wednesday, April 13th

To-day the sky was clouded and no sun was seen. There was a slight snow storm in the evening and the air was rather raw and chilly. Alvin painted the sap buckets, which had been put in the shop last Monday. He painted them red on the outside. Father and I hauled manure from around the stable door and in the stalls. That from in the stable we made a hot-bed of in the usual place in the corner of the garden: the rest we hauled on the field immediately below the garden. It was very slushy nasty work. It was hauled on the sled and hoed off it. Foster and Hand entirely finished up the wood this forenoon and Bill came and settled with Pap about two o'clock. There are \$3.50 due him I had a slight gas with Wat who passed through about night going home. To-day was my 26th. birthday.

Thursday April 14th

There was a pretty hard freeze last night. The sun shone in mostly a clear sky to-day but clouds denoting rain soon, came up in the evening. Father and Alvin sawed a cut off an oak log down in the pasture and Father split it into fence-posts. Alvin hauled wood down to the wood-pile through the "orchard" from his prospective "'tater patch" on the sled I helping him We quit that at ten o'clock; hitched to the wagon, put 17 baskets full of corn in it and went to Jake's, by the way of Dan Kirk's. We had no accidents and got home again before one o'clock but it was very hard on the horse. After dinner Father disappeared till nearly five o'clock. Alvin and I finished hauling wood, rails, etc. from the prospective "tater-patch" and Alvin spent the time till night in an only partly successful attempt to burn a pile of green brush. Father and I took the sled and scraper; went down to the big road gate and scraped sand into a hole that the creek had washed under the gate. Mr Leander Lewis was here to see Pap about something about three o'clock but of course did not find him. Bob Foster came this afternoon and got the old musket and accoutrements to go duck-hunting with on the morrow.

Friday, April 15th

To-day was cloudy with raw northwest wind and fine drizzling rain in the middle of the day for two or three hours. Father was gone all day to town, to attend a meeting of the Township Assessors in the Auditor's office I presume. Alvin was gone all day with the cross-cut saw. He was helping Jake in a small clearing, which our worthy uncle has under way. I put in my time in finishing up the clearing, burning, etc. which Alvin began yesterday. Thanks to the high wind I was successful. John Kivett was here in the forenoon and put a handle on his pitch-fork. He also took away the "tater-digger." The absent members of the family returned about five o'clock. The grass is beginning to show a slight greenness and the buds on the trees are a little bit larger. But Spring seems to be stalled somewhere with a heavy load of winter weather. Father was up at Foster's awhile after supper.

Saturday April 16th.

A freeze again last night, and a sun-shiny though partly cloudy, spring-like day with however a perceptible rawness of air. Father and I spent most of the day in town. We went in the big wagon and took the skeleton of the old hack and the rims of the wheels having knocked the spokes out. We had six in the wagon in all when we came out of town, six passengers I mean including us. Alvin tinkered around at various chores. Bill Hand came and got his last meal on the wood contract; this evening

Sunday April 17th.

Easter. A slight frost last night followed by a day of thin clouds and hot air, in fact the first spring day. Lamb's Creek Sunday School was organized to-day with enough of fun to nearly seem a riotous burlesque. Riley Nosler for Sup't with Bill Dezearn as Vice-Sup't Rachel Brown⁸⁴ as Secretary with me for Assistant Sec'y. Mary Nosler⁸⁵ for Chorister, and Sallie Rodgers for Assistant, and lastly John Brown for Treasurer were elected amid noise and fuss, and nearly all with more or less opposition. After dinner I went up to John Fowler's new old residence but as I feared, found "nobody to hum." I went on

⁸⁴ Probably Rachel H. Brown, twenty-three, who kept house for her widowed father, William Brown, a Jefferson Township farmer. U. S., Tenth Census, 1880, population schedules for Morgan County, p. 172.

⁸⁵ Mary Nosler, nineteen, was the housekeeper for her widowed father, William Riley Nosler. See footnote sixty-three. *Ibid.*, 176.

over to Dilly's mill and still further on to Stoke R. T. Stiles where I staid till night and then came home. The rest of the household did nothing noteworthy I believe except that Alvin jooked once to outside regions vaguely known as "down the creek." I saw to-day James Gray of Eminence, a Normalite of days gone by at Martinsville.

Monday, April 18th.

Same weather to a great extent as yesterday Clouds thicker and threatened rain at night. Father departed soon after breakfast to the city of Martinsville on business I believe connected with the tax assessing. I plowed the potato-patch which had been cleared above the orchard. Alvin helped a good deal by turning over refractory sod etc. It was a hard job on team and driver but was done by eleven o'clock. After dinner I harrowed it and furrowed it out. Father came home before I had finished furrowing and covered most of the potatoes, which Alvin dropped. Mother and Alvin as usual cleansed the more or less dirty habiliments etc. of the household. Mrs. Nancy Ballinger was here after, and got, some buttermilk. The woods begin to darken with buds, frogs peep in plenty, and a whip-por-will, was said to have been heard last night. Changing the subject I will mention that we planted entirely Early Rose potatoes to day.

Tuesday, April 19th

It didn't rain. But yesterday's and to-day's weather were as much alike as two peas, except that it was clearer. We had plenty of callers. First came Jap Foster and borrowed the iron wedge. Father departed on the black hoss for the "Bottoms" but met Mr. Isenhower⁸⁶ coming to him. They came here, staid till after dinner and went away again, Pap afoot. Alvin and I went up and enlarged the potato patch in the calf and hog pasture by moving out a big tree top which had to be sawed up and a big pile of logs and limbs big and little, made of it. After clearing it, I plowed harrowed and furrowed it. The plowing was not as hard work as on yesterday's patch and it harrowed up nicely. We had to haul rails and fence our enlargement which did not leave us time to plant. John Kivett came towards night and got some of his fruit cans Shortly afterwards came Aleck Benge, and one of Meter Benge's boys; the first after both sweet and

⁸⁶ Probably David Isenhower, forty-four, a Jefferson Township farmer. *Ibid.*, 179.

sour [milk], the second after potatoes of which I believe he got a few. Father got some sweet potatoes brought from town but the hot-bed was too hot to put them in.

Wednesday, April 20th.

The sky continued either hazy or cloudy and the air warm and spring-like. Alvin and I planted the patch we fixed yesterday, with Early Rose potatoes. (It was planted a year ago to-day.) We then hitched to the sled and hauled manure. First we cleaned out the buggy-shed, and that done we hauled away the cow-manure. The stuff was half liquid and mixed with corn-stalks, which made it a bothersome and nasty job. Part of it we put on the field south of Bill Hands wheat and part on the field immediately below the house. Father was gone all day on the assessment business.

Thursday April 21st

It was more or less cloudy till eleven o'clock. From that time till four o'clock it sprinkled occasionally. The rain kept steadily coming down from four till night but not in very great quantity. Jap and John Foster brought home the iron wedge this morning, also the old musket and all the accoutrements except the cap-box. Alvin and I hauled manure till the rain drove us in. We finished on the cow-dung mixture just before noon putting it immediately below the house on the corn-field from whence came smells not exactly like those "wafted by the spice-laden breezes of Araby the Blest."⁸⁷ After dinner having hoisted the bed off the wagon we went at the horse-manure. We put *that* on the last ground sowed to grass-seed to make the seed sprout if possible, which the greatest part of it has hitherto failed to do. While we were down there we got a load of gravel from the creek and put in the buggy-shed. Two loads of manure and two of gravel were hauled before the rain compelled us to stop. Father was gone all day on the assessment business.

Friday, April 22nd.

And he was gone on the same business also to-day "from morn till eve." It was a warm day with almost clear sky. Hauling manure was still the occupation of Alvin and myself. We got the winter's accumulation scattered mostly on the bar-

⁸⁷ The quotation is a slightly changed line from John Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Bergen Evans, *Dictionary of Quotations* (New York, 1968), 519.

ren grass patch but some on the field below Hand's wheat. There remain now but the scrapings of the yard. I rode old Colonel over to Kivett's at noon and got Sayroy to cut my hair. Bill Hand came about four o'clock and got a half-bushel of Early Rose potatoes. Mr. Fowler took home his buckets from the sugar camp to-day.

Saturday, April 23rd

The fairest and hottest day yet. Father went to town or started there soon after breakfast and made his return trip so as to get here between five and six o'clock. He brought a load of sawdust to put in the ice-house, and among other things two small cedar trees, which were immediately set out, one on each side of the one already growing in front of the house. I devoted almost the entire day to cleaning up the yard, picking up chunks, raking chips etc. Alvin fixed some of the fence around Jake's Foster 40, getting back home before noon. He was up at Jake's house during his tour. After he got home he partly cleaned off the garden and assisted me some little. Aleck Bengé was here about five o'clock to get some milk, both sweet and sour.

Sunday, April 24th

The day was very hot, and during the afternoon it rained a pretty hard shower and thundered some. I attended Sunday School on the creek in the forenoon but got there too late to take any part. I also took a jook up to Foster's and Kivett's but came home again before dark. Father took a journey to Foster's this forenoon to get his hair cut, but Foster was'n't at home. "The rest of us" did as I should have done, staid quietly at home.

Monday, April 25th.

It was showery in the morning and in the evening and rained considerably here both times. It quit before eight o'clock this morning and Father meandered off on the assessing business again. W. Riley Nosler came and bought 9 pounds of clover seed for 90 cents and borrowed an inch chisel. I went a-horseback down to Bain's; took them a couple of messes of Peach Blow potatoes as a present and got some yeast. After dinner I went to plowing the buckwheat ground for oats. It was very hot. Father got home about five o'clock and sowed part of his oats (bought in town last Saturday) on the ground already

plowed. We were both driven in by a shower and quit for the night. That job came near being too much for me.

Tuesday, April 26th

It was cloudy more or less all day and it lacked a *little* of being as hot as it was yesterday. I finished plowing the land I began yesterday, and Father sowed the remainder of his oats which did not sow much more than half of the ground plowed. Father then departed on the assessing journey again, while I went a-horseback out to Mr. Obadiah Ratts's⁸⁸ to deliver a note of Pap's relative to some business in which they were both concerned. I got home before one by our clock and found Alvin and Mother washing. I accidentally found Dan Bain and Bill Dezearn at work and spent about an hour with them. Afterward Alvin and I hauled two wagon-loads of the wood Bill Bunton made last fall across the creek, and put it in the wood house. I then went to harrowing in the oats and it took me till eight o'clock

Wednesday, April 27th.

Hot in the forenoon. A cooling wind from the north blew most of the afternoon and threatening clouds passed over with a few drops of rain. It was'n't much cooler at night. There was nothing of much importance done here. I spent most of the forenoon and part of the afternoon in clearing the creek end of the field south of Hand's wheat. Picked up the chunks that the overflow of the creek had deposited there, and burnt them. I also took out a few "grubs." During the afternoon I mended *at* the garden-fence. Alvin fixed some woodwork for a new harrow and squizzed the remainder of the day, putting a new footpower to his combination lathe and saw mill. Father went a-horse-back to town this morning and got back at 4.30 o'clock. He did some assessing on the road. Aleck Bengel came a-beast-back and got some potatoes both late and early, a peck of each kind.

Thursday, April 28th.

There was a threatening sky most of the time and thunder showers were around but it only rained a little here about noon. Bill Hand came and after grinding his hoe, went to cutting the stalks in his wheat. The eleven o'clock shower

⁸⁸ Obadiah Ratts, fifty-eight, was an Ashland Township farmer. U.S., Tenth Census, 1880, population schedules for Morgan County, p. 182.

caused a disappearance of him, I suppose, for he was not seen by any of us after that time. Father rode off on the same errand as usual, and was gone all day. Alvin went to Jake's a short time this morning got some apple-tree grafts and spent the time till noon grafting them into various trees around. After dinner, he took Hemp the hoss and riding down to the "Kirk house" got some more grafts. Coming home he grafted them also. I hauled up the old harrow and burnt it up on a pile of the chips raked last Saturday. I passed most of the day grubbing where Aleck Bengé had corn last year. Besides I spent two or three hours trying to raise the water gates down at the road in the big creek with only partial success.

Friday April 29th

This was a pleasantly cool day with but a few clouds in the sky and a N.W. wind. Father was gone all day to a region named Joe Bradley's, a few miles up the creek. He went professedly to take a hand in the division of the estate and took one of the horses with him. I finished the Bengé patch before noon and during the afternoon was employed at various small jobs such as helping to clear the garden helping to cut down and remove the debris of one of the mulberry trees that grew at the end of the house etc. Alvin was employed at jobs if anything still smaller. Bill Hand reappeared in his wheat-field this afternoon. John Bain came and bought a half bushel of Early Rose potatoes to plant

Saturday, April 30th

Another cool day with considerable clouds. Father and I started to town about nine o'clock in the wagon taking eggs, butter, five sacksfull of corn, some (all of the) harrow teeth, and Tenie Dezean's basket of butter besides. I made no purchases and got nothing except that I got tired. Father bought things too numerous to mention individually here. We got home some little after five o'clock. While we were gone Alvin and Mother took almost every article of furniture out of the fireplace room and went to scraping off the whitewash. They didn't get nearly done and apparently will not for a week. After we came home Father and Alvin burnt the harrow teeth into the new wood-work. The new harrow is to be a foot longer than the old one

Sunday, May 1st.

It began raining at about seven o'clock in showers and kept at it till towards night and still continued threatening. No one of us got far from the house till evening when we three men each took a "jook." Alvin was gone up on Jake's Foster 40; I went down to the road. John Fowler and his father were looking at his wheat prospect and I passed a little while with them. Subsequently John found Father and they also canvassed the subject of wheat. Father had gone up the creek. I wrote part of a letter to Grandmother. One of my teeth hurt most of the forenoon.

Monday, May 2nd

It rained nearly all the time in varying quantity from shower to drizzle from early morn dewy eve. Father put the harrow together—wrong which was perhaps owing to the presence of John Kivett and Bill Hand who were here this morning. I know not on what business. They left about 9 o'clock, Father going with them on the assessment errand. Alvin and I put the harrow together as we thought it should be; and spent a good part of the time to scraping off the whitewash in the fireplace room, a very hard, tedious; strength requiring task. Aleck Bengé made another call after both sweet and sour milk; this afternoon

Tuesday, May 3rd

A cool partly cloudy day again. Father again tackled the harrow and after some changing around got it to suit him. We put it on a small patch just below the garden. After harrowing the stalks down I plowed it. That portion next the cow-stable was hard and made big clods but the new implement scratched the clods mostly out of existence at least on top. It was noon when I got that patch done. After dinner assisted by Alvin I plowed and harrowed the garden. The plow wouldn't scour any better than it used to but the ground broke up generally very mellow. That done I made twenty-two hills without putting any "fertilizers" in them and planted in them some watermelon seeds. I made the hills about three inches high. Mother and Alvin cleansed the habilments of the household and Alvin scraped manfully at his whitewash job. Wat was here a moment this forenoon on business.

Thursday [*sic*], May 4th

This was a business day here. Bill Hand came and finished cutting his corn-stubs leaving the tall stalks for me to cut sometime with the stalk cutter. Father and I went over to Fowler's and got the stalk-cutter. I cut till about ten o'clock on the stalks south of Hand's wheat; and the crooked field. Meanwhile John Fowler and Olly Hinson came and went to work picking the chunks off John's wheat. They got that done about ten o'clock and John then ran the stalk-cutter till night. I began plowing a land which included the "crooked patch." Mr. J.J. Hinson was here most of the forenoon counseling, and advising John, and picking himself out a barrel of seed corn at our crib. The clouds thickened up and it rained in small showers till about four o'clock and it was after that time when I got to plowing again. Father did not get started on his tour till ten o'clock and after. Alvin was occupied the greater part of the time at his scratching job. Aleck and a small Benge whose cognomination is unknown to me came in the evening; Aleck after his usual portion of milk.

Thursday, May 5th

It rained two or three hard showers in the forenoon and drizzled more or less till two or three o'clock. Father got started pretty early. Alvin scratched all day and about all that he was able. I helped him a little—not much. I wandered around considerably; made another unsuccessful attempt to raise the water-gate in the creek spent a little while with Bill Dezearn who was plowing his patch above, and as a general thing I didn't do much of anything

Friday, May 6th

A very hot day. A heavy fog hung over till perhaps nine o'clock, then the sun came out and though masses of heavy clouds floated over it made no abatement of the heat. I finished the plowing the land begun Wednesday; got the stalk-cutter and mangled the stalks on the Benge patch, then plowed that and finally took the plow up into the N.W. corner of Hand's wheat field and plowed up a small patch for sweet potatoes. At night I was too hot and my head felt too bad to eat any supper. I drank a cup of coffee and vomited it again. Alvin scratched till five o'clock when he called it done and rejoiced in spirit thereat. Father went afoot to town this morning. John F. commenced breaking up his field on the side next the road. His father sent for and got the stalk-cutter again this afternoon. I

finished and sent my letter to Grandmother this morning and we received one from her this evening. She writes that she is in poor health, dizzy-headed and has a bad cold. She lives almost alone now. Mr. Silas R. Sulye who married her sister Elizabeth died a few days ago aged nearly 80. He lived at Galena, [Ohio], and will be missed by those who knew him.

I have forgotten to state that Jap Foster came yesterday morning and borrowed the fro.

Saturday, May 7th

The weather was a great deal like that of yesterday without the fog. I rested from my labors during the greater part of the day. Father and Alvin went to town tolerably early and got back about four o'clock. They brought the skeleton of the old hack. It has new wheels, two springs behind, new spindles but not much new paint on it. They also brought some "stone ochre" paint to put on the walls of the fireplace room and some "drop black" to be used in painting the hack I suppose. John finished cutting stalks and plowed a good deal besides. I spent the time while the rest were gone mostly with him and in running around with Sayroy Kivett who was hunting squirrels. In the evening I hitched to the stalk-cutter and cut the stalks in Bill Hand's wheat and a few in the field below it. The hot weather is spreading greenness very fast.

Sunday, May 8th

Very warm. Thunder showers around but a very small amount of rain here. I made out to go to the creek church, where "Lord's Day School" was attended by a, for that place fair-sized crowd. Services devoid of much "intensity" I hoofed it down to Wat's and Bain's for awhile in the evening, had a little fun and got home about 9 o'clock. Father went up to Foster's and vicinity after dinner. "The rest of us" didn't do any noteworthy deeds.

Monday, May 9th.

Before breakfast came Hemp Lewis and about ten o'clock he departed again with a bushel of seed corn. I plowed all the forenoon on the east side of the field south of Hand's wheat and cut stalk till 4.30 o'clock on the west side of it. Father departed on the assessment errand shortly after Lewis left. Alvin painted the hack-skeleton the first time; worked in the garden and chored around occasionally. It was very warm but the clouds afforded some respite from the sun's heat. It sprinkled

rain once in a while till 4.30 o'clock when a hard dashing shower came up and I didn't work any more in the field. Bill Hand came after the rain to get some "Bloody Butcher" seed corn but couldn't find much. Bob Foster boys brought the fro home about the same time. John F. didn't work in his contract to-day. Pap got to town before he came home Bill H. took away the corn drill.

Tuesday, May 10th.

It rained pretty hard for awhile between four and five o'clock in the morning but did not give us any more. Before nine o'clock I went to plowing again where I quit yesterday. Plowed till noon when I finished that "land." After dinner I finished cutting stalks on this side of the creek and began plowing a land in the same field on the side next to Fowler's Mr. Daniel Kirk⁸⁹ spent most of the forenoon picking out half a bushel of seed corn from our crib. He was very particular. Father staid at home or not far from it all day and was occupied in painting and otherwise fixing the hack most of the time. Alvin helped him and also helped Mother wash. The "trial survey" for a new railroad from Martinsville to Terre Haute passed through here to-day.⁹⁰ Their line of stakes cut the clover patch in two about the middle, crosses the creek a few feet below the ford and goes some distance south of the middle of John's field. The surveyors have been in the neighborhood for three or four days. John plowed.

Wednesday, May 11th.

I plowed all day on the "land" begun yesterday. (My day's work generally last 8 or 9 hours.) It was still very warm and at noon the thermometer said 88° in the shade. The fat horses sweat and puffed profusely. Father drove the old Curtis sow, which has been fattening ever since she ate her pigs. She weighed 440 lbs. and for \$4.50 per cwt. It was sundown when Pap got back. Alvin was busy at one thing or another all day. John Fowler finished plowing in his field to-day. I was down there a few minutes and also a little while where the senior and junior Donald Bains were trying to haul logs. The wind blew in refreshing breezes from the south, big clouds floated

⁸⁹ Daniel Kirk, fifty-one, was a Jefferson Township farmer. *Ibid.*, 171.

⁹⁰ The progress of the survey for the Terre Haute to Martinsville railroad route may be found in the *Martinsville Republican*, May 5, 1881.

over but still it was very warm. A Benge was here again after his milk or milks perhaps it would be more proper to say.

Thursday, May 12th

Still warmer. The same kind of weather, breezes, clouds etc., but the heat intensified I finished my "land" by ten o'clock and began on the one between the two already broken, which I plowed till night. Father was around all day Alvin and he fixed the water-fence across the creek down at the road which I hope will keep the roaming swine out. He also fixed the small water gate across the little creek on Fowler's line, and chored around at various things. Alvin was occupied a good part of his time in making screen frames for the windows. John F. and his father-in-law were in his contract all day harrowing and furrowing off. They were up at the house a short time in the evening—on what business I have not yet found out. The melon seeds are up and on them by the dozen are the striped bugs John and his father in-law I have omitted to write, began planting about four o'clock in John's field

Friday, May 13th.

John and Olly planted all day and must have got nearly, if not quite done. I finished plowing the last "land" in the field below Hand's wheat about 9.30 o'clock. I hitched to the harrow and scratched; firstly the patch plowed May 3rd; secondly; the crooked field; thirdly; "Aleck Benge's patch" and lastly commenced on the side next to Fowler of the field I had been plowing in last. Father went in various directions and did various things, the most important of which was to go and get A. Benge to plant corn tomorrow, for us. He started after another horse but didn't get farther than Fowler's, he piled chunks in the "clover patch" and burned them, he mended fence, he and Alvin set out a lot of sweet potato plants 250 or so in number, in the patch broken last Friday, and Alvin and he fooled some more with the hack. Alvin was also employed in the screen business. It was large warm (92° in the shade) with few clouds. Those roaming swine *did* get in again but where no one knows certainly

Saturday, May 14th.

But we found out this morning that they got in under the plank just across the big creek. Alvin and I went to R. J. Foster's with the wagon after the corn-drill. Aleck was promptly on hand with his old beast. He planted the patch

where he had corn last year and the crooked field then went home for dinner. Father and I went to town in the hack the old "bed" on the new "skeleton." The rather fresh paint got pretty well sanded. Pap purchased paint to put on the fireplace room, (stone ochre taking too long to dry) besides some other things. We were back home by one o'clock. It had been very warm up to that time and a storm gathered in the north and west. There was a good deal of wind and some thunder but only a small (comparatively) fall of rain took place here. Aleck was around but only got to plant a few rows. Visitors; Jap Foster after his father's mail and Mr. Henry Fowler after some lime which we had brought out for him from town. Short visits both made.

Sunday, May 15th.

There was a fall of 34° in the temperature between yesterday noon and this morning and all day a cool wind blew and blew hard. The thermometer indicated 92° at 12 o'clock yesterday. Wat came up to salt his cattle and I was with him for awhile, so long that I only got to "Lord's Day School" in time to see the collection taken up etc. There was the usual Social after L.D.S. Alvin went to Jake's but got back by three o'clock. About two Pap departed into the city of Ballingertown and was gone till sundown. Uncle Rip, Aunt Mary and Virgy came up in their carriage, shortly after Alvin got back. An excursion into the regions of the upper 80 was immediately taken by all of us the men walking the rest in the carriage. Father got home about sundown and after milking it was decided that the cow whose name is "Sheep" should go a visiting I was a horseback; he afoot. It took considerable racing before we got them into the road and more afterward but I finally got to Wat's with them a good deal in advance of Pap. Got them back home without *very* much trouble.

Monday, May 16th.

A nearly clear almost uncomfortably cool day. I harrowed in the field below Hand's wheat finishing it about three o'clock, then scratched down some burs weeds etc. on a patch just on the house side of the oats. From 4.30 o'clock till night I plowed on a land joining to, and below the one plowed May 3rd. Father and Alvin were occupied in painting the fireplace room the greater part of the day. Those roaming swine of Bed. O'Neal's were in again this morning. Bill Dezean came and got the

harrow after I began plowing. Alice and John Foster were here a short time in the evening and got some sweet potato plants. I felt rather under the weather for awhile at night but not seriously so. The old cow, Peg, has a rather small nearly white heifer calf.

Tuesday, May 17th.

The same kind of weather as yesterday but a little warmer. Father departed to do some more assessing and was gone nearly all day. Bill Hand was early on the scene and taking Dave put double lines on him and went to laying off in the field south of his wheat. It was considerable trouble and he finally took Dave into Foster's and swapped him for Bob's old roan horse Jim, for the day's work. I drilled with old Colonel. We were till 4 o'clock finishing that field, then we planted the patch immediately below the garden, and yard, (it was plowed May 3rd) after which Bill plowed on the land I began yesterday till nearly sundown, when he took the drill up to Foster's. I went with him and got Dave. Alvin painted all the blessed day, one thing and another. We had only one visitor at the house; Aleck Benge after his milk supply, but several more running about the place etc.

Wednesday, May 18th.

Weather still the same, no warmer but more clouds. The head of the house departed once more and was gone all day assessing. He struck town before he got back home. I finished the land begun Monday, about 9.30 o'clock and went to back furrowing one below it. At noon made Bill Dezean bring the harrow home, and I harrowed the land I had finished in the morning after which I plowed till night. Bill took the harrow off again the minute I was done and also borrowed the single-shovel plow, and open ring. Alvin painted, varnished, squeezed and helped Mother wash. Father brought home a letter from Grandmother and also one from Frona. Grandmother appears to be in good health, spirits and state of mind. Flave's are "rastling" with the measles. Bedford⁹¹ and Jahu O'Neal were here at night to get Pap to attend to some business for their Father

⁹¹ Bedford O'Neal (1856-1929) was a Jefferson Township farmer and brother of Woodford and Jahu O'Neal. See footnote thirty-one. Cowen, *Morgan County Cemetery Records*, I, 267; U.S., Ninth Census, 1870, population schedules for Morgan County, p. 453.

Thursday, May 19th

Weather precisely as yesterday except that it was warmer through the day. John Dilly came soon and after some picking over got what seemed to me a half bushel of seed corn. Mr. David Bothwell⁹² came on the same errand about nine o'clock but, as Pap had already gone to Willis O'Neals's, he went on up to Foster's, and got his seed corn there. Father got back home between ten and eleven o'clock and went to putting down carpet in the fireplace room after which things were moved back and seemed to resume their normal condition. I finished the "land" *begun* yesterday, plowed a strip which was left between it and the land *finished* yesterday and by four o'clock had it all harrowed. Pap then went to laying off and I taking Hemp and the sled went over on Foster's place and got the drill. It was pretty hard pulling. After I got home. Alvin rode Hemp and guided him and I drilled till night in that way. John Kivett was here a little while and got four of his fruit cans in the evening

Friday, May 20th.

Weather still unchanged; thermometer indicated 87° at noon. While Father finished planting the ground he began on yesterday evening, Alvin and I plowed the two patches of Early Rose potatoes, he riding and guiding Hemp, and I trying to hold the double-shovel. The patch above the "orchard" was very tough and leathery with sod, the other one easy. Both planting and potato plowing were done by 8.30. I back furrowed a small strip of ground between the oats and the ground just planted then Father and I harrowed it and the patch that was broken for oats and not sowed. In this last mentioned the clods were very hard and we had to leave it; the other strip we planted. After dinner we carted most of the tools across the creek and between us cut the stalks on what was last year the clover-patch. Father also did some grubbing over there and I struck off a "land" and plowed a few rounds before quitting time. Father and Alvin set out another batch of sweet potato plants, making the ridges in the "Benge patch." R. J. Foster came and got the corn-drill at noon and Bill Dezean the harrow. Bill got the old Dudley plow yesterday to lay off with when we took the single shovel away from him. Alvin has for the past two days been mainly employed about the house doing odd jobs too numerous to mention

⁹² David Bothwell, fifty-four, was a Jefferson Township farmer. U.S., Tenth Census, 1880, population schedules for Morgan County, p. 172.

Saturday, May 21st

It grew a little hotter to-day and there were clouds and slight indications of rain at night. Rain is needed, for the roads are dry, and dusty, the ground is hard, and things have about quit growing. Father and I went to town in the hack, starting pretty early. When we got to Wat's Albert Bishop went along as passenger. Pap bought him a second-hand mattress, and "one-hoss" black walnut bedstead at Mrs. Jennie Potter's sale. He also got a little more paint, a kit of fish, and some other things. We were back before one o'clock. Nearly everything had been taken out of the big room and Alvin was doubling on the whitewash when we got home. I got to plowing across the creek about three o'clock; finished the "land" I began yesterday and plowed some on another one. Mr. Henry Fowler got the stalk-cutter cut what he wanted to and sent it clear home at night. Bill Dezean brought home the harrow and Dudley awhile after noon. Father was employed on miscellaneous jobs during the afternoon and Alvin finished whitewashing. Mrs. Nancy Bengé came to-day after the Bengé supply of milks, and also some soap or soap grease neither of which except the milk, she got.

Sunday, May 22nd.

A day in which the sun shone through a hazy veil of clouds and felt hotter than yesterday. Not much indication of rain. No one of us got off the place or far from the house till two o'clock when I went a-horseback to Bethlehem. A pretty good sized congregation listened to Mr. Moore as he preached on the old subject of the prodigal son. Truth compels me to say that he seemed to me to handle the subject as well or better than the great Poucher did last February. I stopped at Fowler's a short time as I came home. I found Wat, Em and the children just arrived here but of course they could'n't stay long.

Monday, May 23rd.

A warm very drying day with some clouds and considerable feeble rain indications. I plowed from morning till six o'clock beginning on the last land about five. From six till night Father plowed. Alvin spent the livelong day in painting the woodwork doors etc. of the big room. Father skirmished about as overseer and general assistant of all that was going on. The Rev. Mr. Moore spent three hours or so, and ate dinner with us.

He was given an order on Cunningham, Bollinger and Phelps,⁹³ as we paid no "quarterage" last time. Miss Diana Fowler⁹⁴ was also here about two o'clock got some pumpkin seeds, and the whitewash brush.

Tuesday, May 24th.

A hot day (90° at noon) with streaky clouds overspreading the sky and a shower in the south at night near enough for us to hear a little thunder. There was one at greater distance last night. I and Father by turns finished plowing the field across the crick by noon and harrowed it in the afternoon. I had much the longest turns however as he only worked at it about two hours in all. The rest of the time he was skirmishing around at nothing in particular. Dan Bain came soon to inform us of hogs in John's corn, which had got away with about a half acre of it. They were fenced out. Frank Dezean was here a goodly portion of the afternoon, gassing to Pap. He said he came to look at Hemp the hoss with an idea of buying. There was not a great deal of work at the big room to-day owing to the week's washing having to be done.

⁹³ Cunningham, Bollinger & Phelps was a Martinsville general merchandizing firm founded in 1880. Blanchard, *Counties of Morgan, Monroe and Brown*, 181.

⁹⁴ Dianah, eleven, was Henry Fowler's youngest daughter. See footnote seventy-six. U.S., Tenth Census, 1880, population schedules for Morgan County, p. 173.