



# THE JOURNALS

*of*

# NETTIE HARPER



MAY 12, 1867-AUGUST 31, 1876  
NEAR MORNING SUN  
ISRAEL TOWNSHIP  
PREBLE COUNTY, OHIO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT  
5712 S. UNIVERSITY AVE.  
CHICAGO, ILL. 60637  
TEL: (773) 835-3100

## Introduction

Nettie Harper was born September 19, 1851, in Israel Township, Preble County, Ohio, and was baptized Fonetta Clementine Harper by her parents, James G. and Margaret Ann Paxton Harper. Her tombstone in Hopewell Cemetery, Row 20 reads:

NETTIE C. HARPER  
dau. of J. G. and M. A.  
died Aug. 11, 1877  
25 yrs. 10 mos. 22 days

Nettie began her journals when she was sixteen and completed them shortly before her twenty-sixth birthday. Nettie yearned to be a published author. It was her stated intention "to write one line each day: to note what is of interest to me, of what books I read, what studies I pursue ect. ect." But the journals included much more than that. They tell of life in Israel Township, especially school and church activities. Living north of Hopewell Church and within sight of Hopewell Cemetery she reported deaths as well as births, marriages, local events, and many names of the community. She was educated at the Hopewell District School and the Morning Sun Academy. She was the oldest of ten children and taught school for a short time. The entire volume was copied by her from a number of smaller volumes over a period of years.

The journals were photocopied by Elvira Wright in 1973 and indexed by Robert McDill Woods in 1974. Additional photocopies were made and bound by Marjorie Paxton Palmer in 1980 and placed in local libraries.

I have transcribed the journals exactly as written with the original spelling, grammar, & punctuation over a period of several years. Information that is between [ ] has been added from other sources. I have added a more complete index and other information as well, hopefully to aid the reader in identifying some of the people in the journals and some of their relationships. The original journal/journals are in my possession.

Transcribed & Edited  
by  
Jetta McQuiston  
Great-grandniece of Nettie C. Harper &  
Great-granddaughter of Irene Harper McQuiston  
first printed  
2009





## Family and Neighbors

### Nettie's immediate family:

Father-James G. Harper, son of Nathan & Elizabeth Griggs Harper, was born August 25, 1829, in Union County, Indiana

Mother-Margaret Ann Paxton Harper, daughter of Samuel & Rachel Whiteman Paxton, was born March 11, 1828, in Preble County, Ohio

Children of James G. and Margaret Paxton Harper-all born in Israel Township, Preble County, Ohio-

Fonetta Clementine "Nettie" born September 19, 1851

Irene C. "Rene" born August 6, 1853

Nathan Corry "Nate" born January 19, 1855

John Charles Fremont "Charley" born September 19 1856

Hannah Elizabeth "Lizzie" born April 29, 1858

Samuel Haddon "Haddie" born January 23, 1860

Infant son born October 28, 1861

Susannah Rachel "Susie" born December 3, 1862

Sarah Jane "Janie" born October 13, 1865

Mina Arabella "Minnie or Baby" born February 18, 1867

### Other relatives:

Thomas M. Harper (brother of James G.) & wife Rachel Paxton Harper (sister of Margaret Ann Paxton Harper) & their children Leemma, Samuel, & Laura Harper

Aunty Sarah Paxton Graham (sister of Margaret Ann Paxton's father Samuel Paxton)-lived next door & helped raise Margaret Ann & her siblings after Margaret's parents' deaths

Aunt Polly Smith (sister of Margaret Ann Paxton's father Samuel Paxton)

Children: Ann (married William Swan), Eliza (married Andrew Brown and had Thomas, Mary Alice (Levi White), Albert, & others), Mary (married Daniel Fisher), William (married Mary Ann Evans & Grace Munns), James P. (married Rebecca Graham), & John A. (married Sarah J. Evans)

Cassander Paxton Miller (sister of Margaret Ann Paxton Harper) & husband John, lived near New Castle, Indiana

Children: George, Andrew Bower, John, Addie, & Ella

Andrew "Bower" Paxton (brother of Margaret Paxton Harper), was a photographer and lived in Oregon

Uncle Dr. Harper (Thomas S., first cousin of James G. Harper as well as uncle by marriage) & his first wife Harriet Paxton Harper (sister of Margaret Paxton's father Samuel Paxton), lived in Union County, Indiana & Kansas

Children: Talitha (married Thomas McQuiston), Margaret (married Andrew Gray), Harriet "Hattie" (married Israel Gray), George (married Jeanette "Nettie" Pierson), John G. (married Ella Cilly), Martha "Mattie" (married Ebenezer Erskine), & others.

Talitha Harper McQuiston (daughter of Thomas S. & Harriett Paxton Harper, third wife of Thomas McQuiston)

Children: Robert, Lina, & Florence

Jane "Grannie" Harper-wife of Thomas Harper (brother of Nathan Harper) and mother of Uncle Dr. (Thomas S.) Harper, Jane, & James, raised nephew James G. Harper, lived in Union County, Indiana

Neighbors:

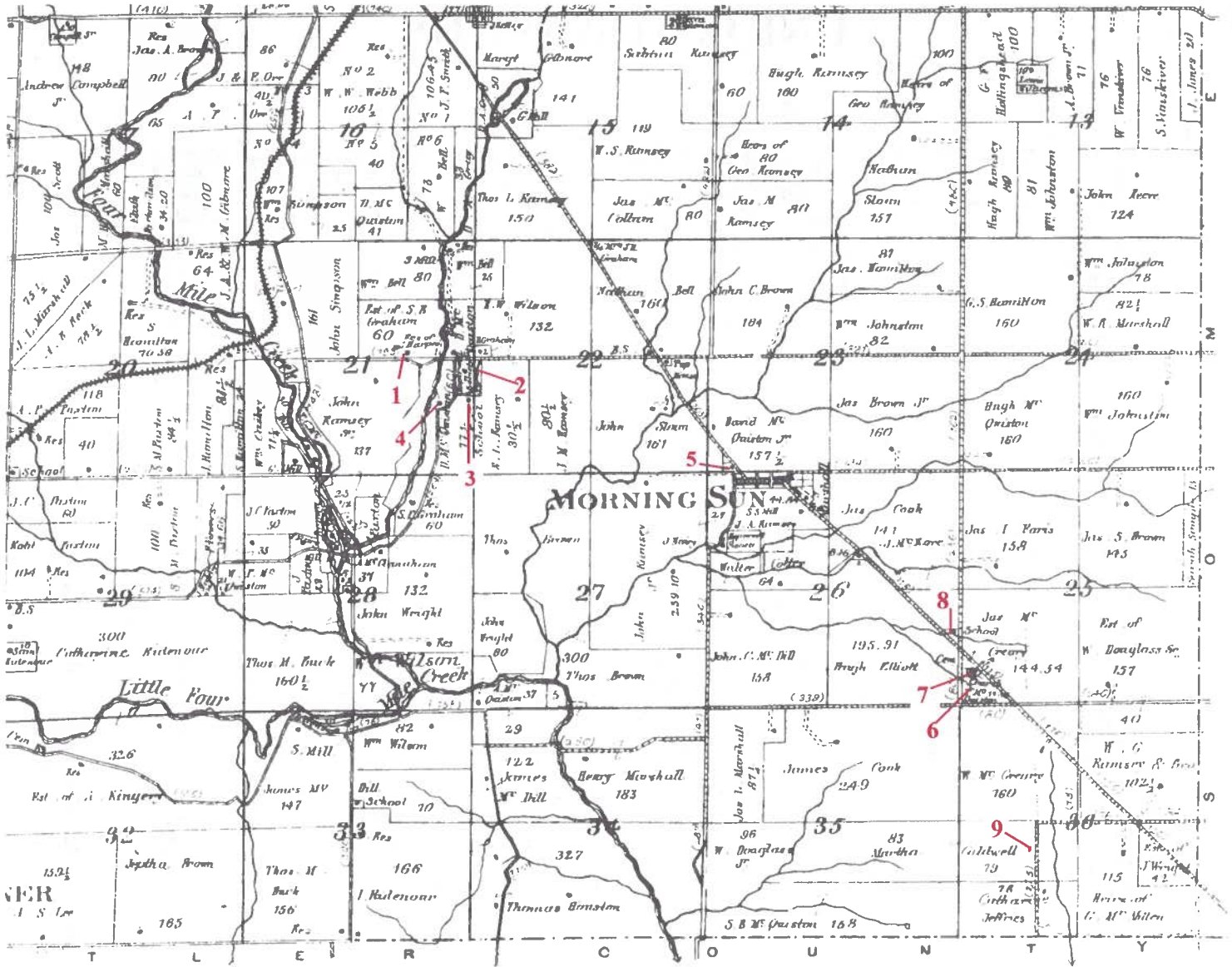
John & Mary Ramsey

Children: James (Civil War casualty), Rebecca (married Hugh McQuiston), Eliza (married William Caskey), Martha "Mattie", Eleanor (married George McDill), & Mary (married William "Andie" Douglass)

John & Martha (McQuiston) Simpson-moved to Tennessee

Children: Margaret "Maggie", Elihu, Laura, Robert, Elizabeth Josephine "Josie" (married Winfield Mount), & Sarah (married William Montgomery)

# Part of Israel Township, Preble County, Ohio - 1871



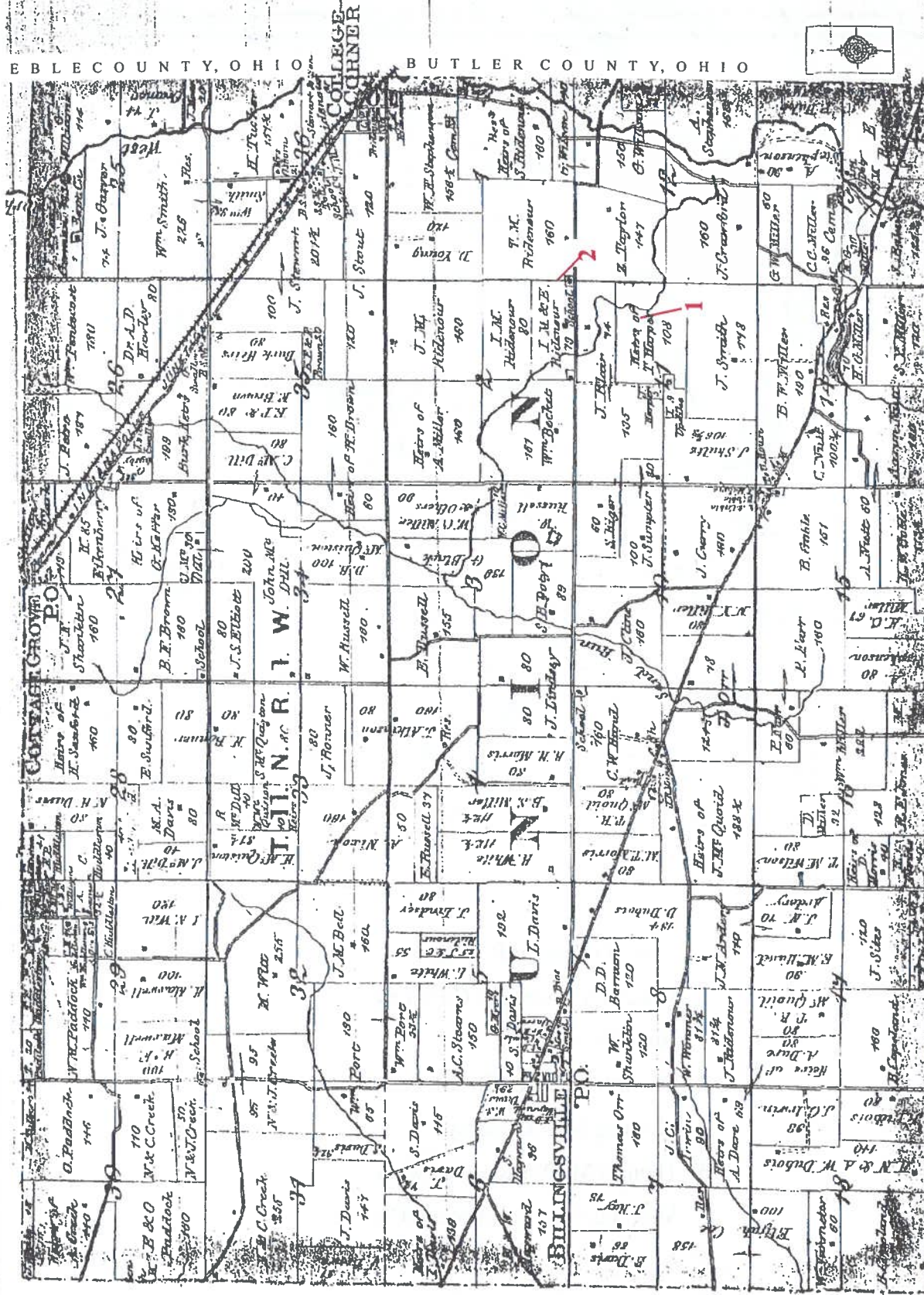
1. James G. Harper Residence
2. Hopewell Church & Cemetery
3. No. 6 School
4. David McQuiston Residence
5. Morning Sun Academy
6. Thomas McQuiston Residence
7. Morning Sun/Beechwoods Church
8. No. 5 School
9. Sam McQuiston Residence



# UNION TOWNSHIP

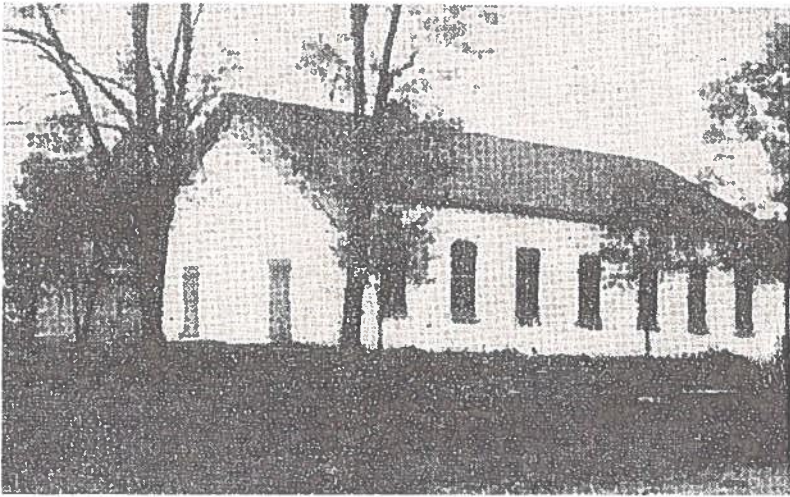
P R E B L E C O U N T Y , O H I O

B U T L E R C O U N T Y , O H I O



1. Residences of Thomas, Grannie & James Harper on Indian Creek in Union County, Indiana
2. School where Nettie taught in Union County, Indiana





Hopewell Church



Morning Sun Academy



Irene Harper McQuiston



Thomas McQuiston



Sue, Irene, & Mina Harper



Nettie Harper's tombstone in Hopewell Cemetery



Ella & Charley Harper



John & Sue Harper Brownlee



## Births

*Italic print indicates information from other sources*

<u>Name</u>	<u>Birth Date</u>	<u>Parents</u>	<u>Page</u>
Bell, <i>Nathan Edward</i>	November 27, 1867	<i>William &amp; Sarah McCollum</i>	Bell 20
Brown, <i>Mary Vinolia</i>	December 7, 1867	<i>Israel &amp; Ann Mann</i>	Brown 20
Graham, <i>Sarah</i> (Aunty)	October 21, 1799	<i>Samuel &amp; Rachel Whiteman Paxton</i>	16
Gray, <i>George R.</i>	July 15, 1867	<i>Andrew &amp; Maggie Harper</i>	Gray 8
Harper, [ <i>Samuel</i> ] Haddie	[ <i>January 23, 1860</i> ]	James G. & Margaret Paxton	Harper
Harper, Baby brother	October 28, 1861	James G. & Margaret Paxton	Harper 16
Harper, Charlie	September 19, 1856	James G. & Margaret Paxton	Harper 12
Harper, Hannah Elizabeth "Lizzie"	April 29, 1858	James G. & Margaret Paxton	Harper 110
Harper, Irene C.	August 6, 1853	James G. & Margaret Paxton	Harper 8
Harper, James G.	August 25, 1829	<i>Nathan &amp; Elizabeth Griggs Harper</i>	40
Harper, Leemma	November 21, 1852	<i>Thomas M. &amp; Rachel Paxton Harper</i>	29
Harper, Margaret Ann Paxton	March 11, 1828	<i>Samuel &amp; Hannah Whiteman Paxton</i>	28
Harper, Martha	June 26, [1857]	<i>Thomas &amp; Harriett Paxton Harper</i>	6
Harper, Mina Arabella	February 18, 1867	James G. & Margaret Paxton	Harper 27
Harper, Nate	January 19, 1855	James G. & Margaret Paxton	Harper 108
Harper, Nettie	September 19, 1851	James G. & Margaret Paxton	Harper 12
Harper, Sarah Jane	October 13, 1865	James G. & Margaret Paxton	Harper 15
Harper, Susie	Dec. 3, 1862	James G. & Margaret Paxton	Harper 19
Magee, Jim	September 20, 1851		87
Marshel, [ <i>Wilbur Scott</i> ]	November 14, 1870	John & Maggie Swan	Marshel 76
McQuiston, <i>Eva Caroline</i>	December 11, 1867	<i>William &amp; Mary Bonner</i>	McQuiston 20
McQuiston, Talitha Harper	June 19, 1842	<i>Thomas &amp; Harriett Paxton Harper</i>	93
Owens, <i>Cora</i>	August 13, 1867	John & _____	Owens 9
Rankin, Infant son	January 20, 1868	<i>Jeremiah &amp; Mary Jane Sloan</i>	Rankin 24
Rankin, <i>William McKee</i>	January 20, 1868	<i>Jeremiah &amp; Mary Jane Sloan</i>	Rankin 24
Rock, <i>Laurina</i>	December 7, 1867	<i>Andrew B. &amp; Frances Wordon</i>	Rock 20

*Marriages-Listed by Groom*

*Italic print indicates information from other sources*

<u>Groom</u>	<u>Bride</u>	<u>Marriage Date</u>	<u>Page</u>
Adkins, Jonathan T.	Hamilton, Mary Ann	Dec. 22, 1875	106
Allen, James M.	Brown, Nannie [ <i>Nancy R.</i> ]	[ <i>Feb. 24</i> ], 1876	109
Anderson, Irwin M.	Smith, Emma	Mar. 11, 1873	88
Brown, Israel	Mann, Ann	June 20, 1867	6
Brown, Rob J.	Shaw, Vinolia	Oct [20], 1875	105
Brown, Will	Bratton, Miss	? 1874	97
Caskey, [ <i>William</i> ]	Ramsey, Beckie	Aug. 31, 1869	59
Coldsmith, Samuel	Brown, Nannie [ <i>Nancy Jane</i> ]	Oct. 29, 1867	16
Edgworth, James	Lybrook, Alice	Feb. 17, 1873	88
Gilmore, James	Hamilton, Mary E.	Dec. 12, 1867	20
[ <i>Gilmore, Thomas R.</i> ]	Wilson, Frank [ <i>Francenia</i> ]	Dec. 30, 1875	106
Graham, Samuel	Paxton, Sarah	Dec. 12, 1816	20
Graham, Thomas	Bell, Almira	Oct. 23, 1867	16
Grey, Israel	Harper, Hattie	July 20, 1871	80
Harper, George W.	Pierson, Nettie [ <i>Mary Jeanette</i> ]	Dec. 24, 1874	99
Harper, James G.	Paxton, Margaret Ann	Aug. 28, 1850	10
Harper, John G.	Cilley, Ella T.	Aug. 28, 1875	104
Harper, Thomas	Stewart, Jane		92
Hockersmith, Charley	Gilmore, Rie [ <i>Rachel M.</i> ]	Jan. 14, 1874	92
[ <i>Ireland</i> ], Marcus Scot	Gilmore, Josie	Oct. 9, 1872	87
Irwin, [ <i>Robert</i> ]	Douglass, Bell	Dec. 24, 1874	99
Johnson, Rob	Marshel, Eva	Dec. [11], 1873	92
Johnson, Will	McCreary, [ <i>Sarah</i> ] Anna	Dec. 31, 1872	88
Lybrook, Le	Murray, Alice	Jan. 7, 1873	88
Magaw, J[ <i>ames</i> ]	Brown, Gribbie	Jan. 25, 1872	84
Magee, James	Brown, Carrie	Oct. 17, 1867	15
Mann, Will	Brown, Emma	Dec. 31, 1874	100
Marshel, David	Johnson, Lida	Dec. 19, 1867	21
Marshel, John	Swan, Maggie	Nov. 27, 1867	19
Marshel, Will	Mann, Melia [ <i>Amelia</i> ]	Dec. 29, 1872	88
McColum, James	Elliott, Priscilla	Jan. 1, 1868	22
McDill, George	Ramsey, Ella [ <i>Eleanor</i> ]	Nov. 14, 1861	21
McDill, John	Murray, Nettie	Feb. 17, 1876	109
McMillan, John	McCreary, Hattie	Oct. [23], 1872	87
McQuiston, Thomas	Harper, Talitha	July 17, 1861	7
McQuiston, Thomas	Harper, Irene	Aug. 6, 1874	96
Newton, James	Grey, Mat	Sept. 4, 1873	91
Paxton, Dave	Smith, Mattie	Oct. [14], 1875	105
Paxton, Tip [ <i>Robert G.</i> ]	Graham, Lizzie	Mar. 2, 1876	109
[ <i>Pinkerton, Robert</i> ]	McQuiston, Eliza J.	[ <i>Dec. 14</i> ], 1871	85
Ramsey, David Jr.	[ <i>Orebaugh, Susan</i> ]	[ <i>Oct. 9</i> ], 1867	15
Ramsey, Rev. Samuel	Dallis, Miss	May 26, 1870	71
Simpson, Dr. George	Murray, Joe	Mar. 26, 1868	30
Smith, William	Munns, Grace	Dec. 31, 1874	104
White, Mr. [ <i>Levi</i> ]	Brown, Alice	Sept. 22, 1874	97
Wilson, John	Decker, Hannah	Dec. 24, 1867	22
Wright, Gib	Foster, Callie [ <i>Clara</i> ]	Dec. [18], 1873	92
Wylie, Samuel	Bonner, Rachel	Oct. 30, 1867	16
	Magee, Lucinda	Dec. 24, 1874	100



## Deaths and Burials

*Italic print indicates information from other sources*

<u>Name</u>	<u>Death Date</u>	<u>Burial Date</u>	<u>Burial Location</u>	<u>Page</u>
Bell, Mrs. [ <i>Jane</i> ]	July 12, 1867	July 13, 1867	Hopewell	7
Bell, Eddie [ <i>Nathan Edward</i> ]	[ <i>Nov. 6, 1868</i> ]	Nov. 7, 1868	Hopewell	44
Bell, Samuel	Sept. 1, 1867		Hopewell	10
Brown, Miss Katie [ <i>Catherine</i> ]	[ <i>April 5, 1871</i> ]	April, 1871	Hopewell	78
Brown, George	[ <i>Jan. 21, 1873</i> ]		Hopewell	88
Brown, Katie Wallace	Nov. 1, 1874			98
Brown, Mrs. Rachel	[ <i>Dec. 19, 1875</i> ]	Dec. 20, 1875		106
Brown, Nelson	Apr. 22, 1868			32
Brown, Old Grandmother [ <i>Elizabeth</i> ]	Nov. 21, 1867		Hopewell	18
Brown, Thomas	[ <i>May 6, 1875</i> ]	May 7, 1875	Hopewell	102
Brown, Thomas (cousin)	[ <i>Oct. 4, 1873</i> ]	Oct. 5, 1873	Hopewell	92
Buck, John	[ <i>Feb. 12, 1871</i> ]	Feb. 13, 1871	Hopewell	77
Carter, Nice	Oct. 25, 1874		Beechwood	97
Cook, Miss Jane	[ <i>May 1, 1875</i> ]	May 2, 1875	Beechwood	102
Douglass, Arthur	[ <i>Sept. 2, 1875</i> ]	Sept. 3, 1875	Hopewell	104
Douglass, William Sr.	[ <i>May 6, 1869</i> ]	May 7, 1869	Hopewell	53
Elliot, David R.	[ <i>Dec. 5, 1875</i> ]	Dec. 6, 1875	Hopewell	106
Elliot, Rene [ <i>Julia Irene</i> ]	May 27, 1870	May 29, 1870	Hopewell	71
Foster, Claude		June 5, 1870	Hopewell	71
Foster, Libbie [ <i>Elizabeth</i> ]	Aug. 17, 1870	Aug. 18, 1870	Hopewell	74
Foster, Rev. J.B. [ <i>James</i> ]	Feb. 27, 1873	Mar. 10, 1873	Hopewell	88
Foster, Samuel		May 17, 1876	Hopewell	111
Foster, Thomas Harper	[ <i>May 27, 1869</i> ]	May 28, 1869	Hopewell	54
Gilmore, son of Dr. [ <i>Everett</i> ]	[ <i>June 6, 1867</i> ]	June 7, 1867	Hopewell	5
Gilmore, Robert Sr.	June 1873		Hopewell	89
Graham, Grisella (Mrs. John)	Oct. 31, 1874		Monmouth	98
Grey, Infant son of I.H. & Hattie	May 5, 1872	May 6, 1872	Hopewell	85
Grey, Robbie	Jan. 23, 1876	Jan. 24, 1876	Hopewell	108
Hamilton, David	[ <i>June 18, 1869</i> ]	June 19, 1869		55
Hamilton, Mrs. George [ <i>Hannah</i> ]	[ <i>Jan. 2, 1873</i> ]		Hopewell	88
Hamilton, Samuel	[ <i>Mar. 15, 1872</i> ]	Mar. 16, 1872	Hopewell	84
Harper, Haddie	Nov. 14, 1861	Nov. 15, 1861	Hopewell	17
Harper, Infant brother	Nov. 11, 1861	Nov. 11, 1861	Hopewell	17
Harper, James (cousin)	Jan. 19, 1870	Jan. 21, 1870	Hopewell	65
Harper, Jane	Apr. 1872			85
Harper, Jane Stewart "Grannie"	Feb. 7, 1874	Feb. 9, 1874	Hopewell	92
Harper, Laura	Sept. 30, 1866	Oct. 1, 1866		14
Harper, Leemma "Emma"	Mar. 18, 1868	Mar. 18, 1868		29
Harper, Mary	Nov. 10, 1863		Hopewell	17
Harper, Rachel Paxton	Sept. 6, 1860			10
Harris, Mrs. James		June 12, 1867		5
Hill, Jerome	1873			89

## Deaths and Burials

*Italic print indicates information from other sources*

<u>Name</u>	<u>Death Date</u>	<u>Burial Date</u>	<u>Burial Location</u>	<u>Page</u>
Ireland, Emma Swan Orr		Feb. 10, 1872	Hopewell	84
Lybrook, Anna Maria	Sept. [22], 1867		Railsback	13
Marshel, John	May 9, 1873	May 10, 1873	Hopewell*	89
Marshel, Miss Maggie	[June 26, 1873]	June 27, 1873	Hopewell	90
Marshel, Robbie	Jan. 19, 1870	Jan. 20, 1870	Hopewell	65
McDill, Hugh	[Jan. 28, 1873]		Hopewell	89
McDill, Mary		Aug. 4, 1872	Hopewell	86
McQuiston, Allie	[Mar. 14, 1876]	Mar. 15, 1876	Hopewell	109
McQuiston, David Sr.	Mar. 4, 1870	Mar. 6, 1870	Hopewell	68
McQuiston, Talitha Harper	Mar. 31, 1874	Apr. 1, 1874	Hopewell	93
Moren, Henry B.	[July 30, 1867]	July 31, 1867	Hopewell	8
Moore, John	Apr. 1871			78
Nary, John	Feb. 7, 1872			84
Orr, John	[Aug. 6, 1868]	Aug. 7, 1868	Hopewell	38
Paxton, Mrs. Samuel [Mary Jane Simpson]	May 16, 1867	May 17, 1867	Hopewell	4
Paxton, S. Graham	Fall 1875			109
Ramsey, Gilmore	Oct. 3, 1871			82
Rankin, Infant son	Jan. 19, 1868		Hopewell	24
Rankin, Lissa	May [3], 1873		Missouri	89
Robertson, Mary		Mar. 18, 1875	Hopewell	101
Semple, Sarah	[Mar. 3, 1873]		Hopewell	89
Simpson, Hattie	June 4, 1867	June 5, 1870	Hopewell	5
Simpson, Maggie	[April 17, 1873]		Tennessee	89
Simpson, Martha	[Sept. 28, 1868]	Sept. 29, 1868	Hopewell	42
Sloan, James	May 6, 1871	May 8, 1871	Hopewell	79
Smith, James B.		May 2, 1874	Hopewell	94
Smith, Aunt Polly Paxton	[June 27, 1868]	June 27, 1868	Hopewell	36
Smith, John A.		Apr. 25, 1874	Fairhaven	93
Smith, Mrs. William [Mary Ann Evans]	Mar. 6, 1874		Fairhaven	93
Wallace, Lt. John	[Apr. 18, 1866]		Hopewell	98
Whiteman, Miss Rebekah		June 20, 1867	Hopewell	6
Wilson, Hannah [Decker]		Dec. 29, 1870		76
Wilson, Robert	Dec. 19, 1867		Hopewell	21
Wright, Infant of John Wright		July 29, 1867		8
Wright, James	[Jan. 30, 1869]	Feb. 1, 1869	Hopewell	47

\*Tombstone Inscription: "Erected to the memory of John Marshall by the students and friends of Morning Sun"

### Preface

Should this book, perchance, in future years, meet the eye of any person, aside from the author, he might wonder at certain allusions therein to new Journals, blotted pages, ect. For the benefit of all such, I will say, that the entire volume is copied from a number of smaller books. The writer began the, to her, very pleasant task of copying, August 29<sup>th</sup> 1873, and finished today, August 31<sup>st</sup> 1876.

Nettie Harper.  
Morning Sun Preble Co. Ohio



## Journal

Morning Sun. Preble Co. Ohio. May 12<sup>th</sup> 1867.  
 Sabbath May 12<sup>th</sup> — I went to church today. Rev. Mr. Hatton  
 preached from the words, "And it came to pass after these  
 things that God did tempt Abraham". Gen. 22 + 1. He  
 read the 11<sup>th</sup> chapter of Heb. Today was the second day  
 of Sabbath School. I joined Mr. M<sup>r</sup> Hatton's class. My  
 reason for this was that last Thursday, Mr. M<sup>r</sup> Lins-  
 ton, my old teacher, told me that he wished me to  
 join that class. The class is going to study the Bib-  
 lical Antiquities. They are going to commence at  
 the first chapter of vol. 2<sup>nd</sup>. The lesson recited today  
 was the first part of the fifth chapter of Matthew,  
 containing the sermon on the mount. Our teacher  
 said that those who believe in immersion gener-  
 ally get their authority from Paul and the  
 eunuch; that the account says that they went  
 into the water, and here it has the same mean-  
 ing as there, when it says that Christ went into  
 mountain; and therefore if Paul and the eunuch  
 went into the water; Christ must have went  
 into a cave, or something in the mountain, which  
 is not at all evident. He said also, that the expres-  
 sion "he opened his mouth" has the same mean-  
 ing as the expression in the old testament, "he  
 lifted up his voice". In the fifth verse from the  
 saying that "the meek shall inherit the earth"



## Journal

Morning Sun, Preble Co. Ohio. May 12<sup>th</sup> 1867.

Sabbath May 12<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church today. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from the word, "And it came to pass after these things that God did tempt Abraham." Gen. 22:1. He read the 11<sup>th</sup> chapter of Heb. Today was the second day of Sabbath School. I joined Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton's class. My reason for this was that last Thursday, Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Quiston [*David, Sr.*], my old teacher, told me that he wished me to join that class. The class is going to study the Biblical Antiquities. They are going to commence at the first chapter of vol. 2<sup>nd</sup>. The lesson recited today was the first part of the fifth chapter of Matthew, containing the sermon on the mount. Our teacher said that those who believe in immersion generally get their authority from Paul and the eunuch: that the account says that they went into the water, and here it has the same meaning as there, when it says that Christ went into mountain; and therefore if Paul and the eunuch went into the water, Christ must have went into a cave, or something in the mountain, which is not at all evident. He said also, that the expression "he opened his mouth" has the same meaning as the expression in the old testament, "he lifted up his voice." In the fifth verse from the saying that "the meek shall inherit the earth." Some suppose that this, our present earth, will be our future heaven; which he said was not improbable, surely, not impossible. Our lesson went as far as the fifteenth verse when the hour allotted to Sabbath School closed. The Sabbath School scholars are to occupy the front pews during the morning exercises, and then go to their classes. We all went to church today. Little sister Susie went to Sabbath School today, which is the first time she ever went. It is such a beautiful day, and the sun shines so brightly. Every thing is so lovely.

Monday May 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Nothing of much importance occurred today. Just a day like many others I have passed. Not much of any thing done. It rained in the forenoon, but in the afternoon the wind is blowing very fiercely, more like a March day, than beautiful May. I read a story in the Register: subject "What an Engineer Told." It is a very interesting story, the road to ruin was providentially saved by a dream.. Also I read the Companion. There was a most beautiful story on the first page: subject "The Hunters Wife."

Tuesday May 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have heard of wearing overcoat and mittens in harvest, and I did not come far short of it myself, for today I dropped corn with cloak and mittens on. It is so very cold for this time of year. I commenced at nine o'clock and planted corn all day. Sewed a little before commencing. In the evening the wind is not blowing, and all is calm.. Read a chapter in my new book, "The Wheel of Fortune", this evening.

Wednesday May 15<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Finished dropping corn today. Weather just about the same as yesterday. Last Monday Mother gave me twenty-five cents, and today she gave me twenty-five more. I was over at the graveyard today, and saw that sad ravages had been committed by some of the neighbors cows, in that silent home of the dead. One stone has about a foot broken off of



the top. Some of the trees are stripped down, and nearly all have some branches torn down. My baby brothers stone had been knocked down, but some kind friend had set it up again. In the afternoon I helped mother make a new shirt for Nathan.

Thursday May 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Sewed at sister Susies dress today. It was a present from Aunty. She gave Janie one too. I have just heard that Mrs. Samuel Paxton [*Mary Jane Simpson Paxton, b. Feb. 12, 1832*] is dead.. She died this morning at half past eight. Her disease was consumption<sup>1</sup>. She will be buried tomorrow at two o'clock. She leaves five children; four boys and one girl. Poor motherless children! Today was washing day at our house. It rained in the afternoon. Finished reading my new book, "The Wheel of Fortune", this evening.

Friday May 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mother and Auntie and little baby Mina went to Mr. Samuel Grahams today. Pa went for dinner. And Nathan, Janie and I were at home, while the rest went to school. Mrs. Paxton was buried today. Funeral services at the house by Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton. Pa, Mother and Auntie were at the funeral. I have been ironing this afternoon. Sewing at Susies new dress in the forenoon. Read some in the newspaper. Read "The Luck of the Hernshaws."

Saturday May 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Saturday is a day at our house in which a little of everything, and not much of any thing is done. Lizzie and I swept the church this forenoon. Went fishing about half an hour after dinner. Is'ent our Baby going to have a funny name? Mina Arabella Harper. Do you know her?

Sabbath May 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church today. A new minister preached today. His name is John Brown. His text was the words "This people have I formed for myself; they shall shew forth my praises." Isiah 43:21. I commenced to read at the 13<sup>th</sup> chapter of 2<sup>nd</sup> Kings today. I can repeat the Shorter Catechism, questions and answers all, now.

Monday May 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have got a very bad cold. I have been sewing at Janies new dress. I read the 8<sup>th</sup> chapter of 1<sup>st</sup> Cor. I got a Sabbath school book yesterday: title "The Lake and the Desert." It is about the travels of Dr. Livingstone in South Africa. Pretty cold today.

Tuesday May 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ It is a very rainy day. I have been helping Mother put her new double chain quilt together. We have just got it finished. I solved some puzzles in the Youths Companion this forenoon.

Wednesday May 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have been stitching some of the handles on my basket quilt today. Pa has been making a frame for our grapevine today. Wind blowing pretty fiercely this evening. I expect a big frost tonight.

Thursday May 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Pa, Mother, Aunty, Janie, Mina and the boys went to Indian Creek. Susie and I went to school in the afternoon. Stayed at home in the forenoon. Sewed at my basket quilt. I have eight done. A very beautiful day.

Friday May 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mother and Aunty went to Mrs. Mary Grahams today. Janie and I kept house. Mother bought me a new paper collar, and a pair of scissors. She bought Lizzie a pair of beads today. I have been reading a story in the Register describing the dreadful experiences of a man in the delerium tremens.

Saturday May 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Baking in the forenoon. Mending my dress after dinner. Fixing over my buff dress in the evening.

Sabbath May 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ There were no services at Hopewell today. We did not go any where to church. I committed the second epistle of John to memory today.

Monday May 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Washing in the forenoon. Making a new apron out of an old dress in the afternoon. Commencing about ten o'clock it rained all day.

---

<sup>1</sup> A wasting away of the body, especially pulmonary tuberculosis, now known to be an infectious disease cause by a bacteria species



Tuesday May 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I am making a new dress out of Mother's shallow dress today. Mr. Wm. Swan was at out house for dinner today. Auntie is sick in the evening.

Wednesday May 29<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mother bought some muslin for my basket quilt from the huxter today. She bought a light calico dress for Lizzie also; and sundry other articles for the rest.

Thursday May 30<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. William Smith and family were at our house today. Emma Harper was with them. Her and I went to the school house in the afternoon. Aunty and the boys went to Thomas M<sup>c</sup>Quistons today. Irene went home with Mary Owens from school last night.

Friday May 31<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ A very busy day. Washing, ironing, mending, scrubbing, baking and a host of other things. I went to the woods for wild flowers, &c.

Saturday June 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to prayer meeting at Mr. John Owens today. Mrs. James Pinkerton was at Aunties today. Mrs. Isabella Graham was with her. She had her little boy George with her. There is a story in the companion entitled "The Haunted Mill." It is to be in several numbers. The third number appears this week.

Sabbath June 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to church today. Rev. Rossiter preached from Acts 14:27. He is an agent for the American Foreign Christian Union. His object is to secure funds for the purpose of sending missionaries among the Roman Catholics. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton has gone to the General Assembly, in session at Xenia, Ohio.

Monday June 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have been washing all the forenoon, and ironing all the afternoon.

Tuesday June 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Hattie Simpson [*aged 24 y.*] died last night about one o'clock. Aunty and I went there awhile this forenoon. There was a very heavy storm this afternoon.

Wednesday June 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Miss Hattie Simpson was burried this forenoon. I was at the funeral.

Thursday June 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Susie and I went home with Lizzie Graham last night, from the school house. I borrowed a book to read: subject "Danger in the Dark." It is about the Roman Catholics. A very amusing and instructive book.

Friday June 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have finished my shallow delain<sup>2</sup> dress today. Been sewing at Susies. It is about six o'clock in the evening. I am sitting up stairs holding Baby Mina, as my writing shows. There is a funeral going over to the graveyard now. I think it to be Dr. Gilmores son, [*Everett W., son of Wm. H. & Mary A. Gilmore, June 6, 1867, 14y. 8m.*] but am not certain.

Saturday June 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ A very busy day. I have lost my penholder, and will have to make a new one.

Sabbath June 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to church today. Rev. Morison preached from the words "We will remember thy love." Song of Sol. 1:4.

Monday June 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Thomas M<sup>c</sup>Quiston is sick. We have been washing.

Tuesday June 11<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have been ironing. Commenced to put my basket quilt together today. "The Haunted Mill," the serial story in the Companion, is yet shrouded in mystery.

Wednesday June 12<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ A Mrs. James Harris was buried today. She is a stranger to me. Lived above Fairhaven. Sewing at Lizzies new light dress.

Thursday June 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mother and Aunty went to Mrs. Greys today. I sewed all day at Lizzies dress, and it is almost done.

Friday June 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Finished Lizzies dress. I am reading a Sabbath School book: subject "Religion and Eternal Life." It is a very good book. What should concern me more than that which will render me happy in this life, and that which is to come. Surely nothing. Oh, that I did not yet cling so close to this world.

---

<sup>2</sup> delaine-a light, untwilled wool, or cotton and wool dress material.

Saturday June 15<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ In the forenoon Lizzie and I swept the church. I got a book from the Sabbath School Library: subject "How to be saved.: I think it is a very excellent book, but have not had time to examine it.

Sabbath June 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to church today. A minister from Iowa (Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Caughan) preached today. His text was Jer. 8:22. He read the chapter from which the text was taken. Oh how I hoped his text would be the twentieth verse.<sup>3</sup> It seems a sermon from those words would do one good. A collection was raised to assist his congregation in paying a debt on their church.

Monday June 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have finished reading Abbots Young Christian. I am going to read "The Beloved Physician." I have a plan which is to take down a list of all our books, giving each one a number, and then drafting one. This is the way in which the above work has been selected. I suppose it is not the best of plans, although I do pursue it. Still stitching at my quilt.

Tuesday June 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Our folks went to Fairhaven today. Janie and I stayed at home by ourselves. Half of my basket quilt together now.

Wednesday June 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mother and Aunty have gone to T. M<sup>c</sup>Quistons today. Baking things for tomorrow.

Thursday June 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The school over here closed today. Emma Harper came today, and her and I were there today. Several other visitors were there. There was a picnic up in Mr. John Ramseys Jr. woods. I have heard something, oh, so dreadful, about an old school mate of mine, Lida Charles. Her cruel step father last night, about nine o'clock, drove her from home. After wandering about, and wading the creek waist deep, she reached Samuel Grahams about ten o'clock. Her father will not permit her to return home any more. She is at Mr. David M<sup>c</sup>Quistons, to remain for the present, until a home can be found for her. My poor, dear friend! How can I but mourn for you. When Lizzie, the teacher, mentioned Lida in her prayer this morning, I did not understand her, but now I know it all. \_\_\_\_\_ Later \_\_\_\_\_ Lida is not at Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Quistons [*David, Sr.*] as I had supposed, but doubtless is at Mr. Owens, as Irene was over at the former place this evening. Mr. Israel Brown and Miss Ann Mann were married this evening at four o'clock. Miss Rebekah Whiteman was buried this morning. She had been partially insane for several years.

Friday June 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Very busy washing. Sewing at my basket quilt.

Saturday June 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ One year ago today was examination day at the Academy. One year ago I went to the Reunion. It was there last night; but I was not there. Well, my basket quilt is finished today. I got a new parasol last Wednesday. Sewing at Susies new dress. Uncle Dr. Harper's [*Thomas S. Harper*] came to A. B. Greys [*Andrew Bower Grey*] last night, I expect.

Sabbath June 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to church today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached on John 18:37-38. Uncle Doctor Harper has come. Hattie and Martha are with him. They were at church today. Lizzie and Nathan commenced to write the texts today. I hope they will continue it. I have been writing them for two years this month.

Monday June 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have finished Sue's new dress. The Luck of the Hernshaws is concluded in last weeks Gazette.

Tuesday June 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Dr. Harper and daughters and Thomas M<sup>c</sup>Quiston and family were at our house for supper today. I commenced piecing a new quilt today. It is called Modesty.

Wednesday June 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mother is quilting her double chain quilt today. Uncle and Martha were at Aunties last night. It is Marthas birthday. They have gone to Andie Greys today.

Thursday June 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. Samuel Graham and family were at our house and Aunties today. Mrs. Graham gave Mina a new dress today, for the name. And Lizzie Graham gave Lizzie Harper one also. Sewing at my quilt.

<sup>3</sup> "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." Jeremiah 8:20

Friday June 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ A day like a great many others in which not much of what I have done can be seen. Quilting principally.

Saturday June 29<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ They have been papering the church this week. We have been sweeping the church today. Brought home some paper, and Rene and I papered some boxes. Mother and Aunty went to Aunt Rebekah Whiteman's today. She is my great great aunt.<sup>4</sup>

Sabbath June 30<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Susie, Janie and I did not go to church today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from 2<sup>nd</sup> Cor. 12:4-8. I have finished reading the Beloved Physcian today.

Monday July 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Quilting today. I have drawn another book. It is one of our own books this time, subject The Great Supper. Lida Carle is at Jos. Scots.

Tuesday July 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Washing, quilting and gathering currants today.

Wednesday July 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Ironing, quilting and transplanting flowers. I am commencing to read a new book: subject Nora Wilmot, or Temperance and Womans rights. It belongs to Miss Rachel Bonner.

Thursday July 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Quilting again today. Celebration of the fourth at Liberty today, I believe. Not there.

Friday July 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Finished the quilt today. Pa commenced harvesting at J. Paxtons today. Gathering raspberries to can today.

Saturday July 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Commenced to sew at Lizzies new buff dress. Charlie and I, this afternoon, went over to Mr. Ramseys to ask if we might get some raspberries which grow wild in their woods. But as they had been picking them this morning, we did not go.

Sabbath July 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached today from Prov. 14:14. I went to church. Old Mrs. Bell is not expected to live long.

Monday July 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The reapers were at our house for supper this evening. Lizzie and I went for raspberries today.

Tuesday July 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Binding mothers quilt. Reapers at our house.

Wednesday July 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Charlie, Lizzie and I have been gathering cherries this afternoon on our trees in the "bottom field." Auntie and Rene went to Thomas M<sup>c</sup>Quistons today. Talitha sent Baby a new hat an old one of her Babys.

Thursday July 11<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Washing this morning. I have been gathering cherries on Auntie's trees today. Seeding cherries this evening.

Friday July 12<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Gathering cherries this afternoon at the house. Old Mrs. Bell [*Jane, wife of Samuel, d. July 12, 1867, 83<sup>rd</sup> yr.*] died this morning at six o'clock.

Saturday July 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Old Mrs. Bell was buried today at ten o'clock. I was not there. Gathering cherries today.

Sabbath July 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ All our family went to church today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached on John 2:1.

Monday July 15<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Sewing at Lizzies dress today. Pa is working at S. Grahams.

Tuesday July 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Washing in the forenoon. Ironing in the afternoon.

Wednesday July 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ It is just six years ago today since Thomas M<sup>c</sup>Quiston and Talitha were married. I gathered cherries this afternoon, and, well not much of anything this afternoon. Mrs. John Ramsey is sick. She is getting better.

Thursday July 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have been sewing at Lizzies dress all day. Her sleeves are made in a new fashion; a kind of a flap turning forward, and is held down with three buttons. Perhaps, I will put a ruffle across the waist, as that is the fashion.

Friday July 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I had something like a chill this morning, and was sick almost all day. Mother received a letter from Aunt Althea A. Lindley late this evening. The tenth number of

---

<sup>4</sup> Widow of James Whiteman who was the brother of Nettie's great grandmother Rachel Whiteman Paxton.

The Haunted Mill appears in this weeks companion, and is not yet concluded. The lost boy, Davy Belden, is found.

Saturday July 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Finished Lizzies dress.

Sabbath July 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to church today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Mat. 8:2,3,4. I heard today that Mrs. Andie Grey has a son [*George R. Gray July 15, 1867-Nov. 18, 1880*]. Today I may truthfully say was an ill spent Sabbath. I can not properly call it otherwise. Why is it I am so dull and listless. Something must be wrong.

Monday July 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Washing today. Maggie Greys son was born one week ago today.

Tuesday July 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Aunty went to T. M<sup>c</sup>Quistons. Ironing and piecing my quilt.

Wednesday July 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Aunty went to A. Greys. Sewing at my quilt. I have just one whole one that all the pieces are alike. That is like my fifty cent calico dress.

Thursday July 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Lizzie and I swept the church this forenoon. Sewing at my Modesty quilt. I have three chapters to read in Nora Wilmot.

Friday July 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Transplanting flowers this morning. Aunty gave us some pieces like her dresses this evening. I dug up a white marble today, out of the ground.

Saturday July 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Finished cutting out my Modesty quilt this evening. The boys went for blackberries, and got a little bucket full. I finished reading Nora Wilmot today.

Sabbath July 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rev. Harre, a Presbyterian minister from Eaton, preached today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton occupied his pulpit. Subject of discourse Psalm 34:7 I went to church. Rained as we were coming home. John Marshel was teacher of our class today.

Monday July 29<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Lizzie and I went for blackberries over by Mr. Caskeys this afternoon. The boys went this forenoon. Lizzie and I got a big bucket full. Boys about the same. Washing in morning.

Tuesday July 30<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rene and I ironed this forenoon. Josie and Lida Simpson were here awhile this morning. Sewing at my quilt, and mending my dress. Baking afternoon.

Wednesday July 31<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Lizzie and I went for blackberries today out to William Simpsons, started about eight o'clock, and getting home about half after four. Lizzie had almost six tinfuls, and I had about ten and one half quarts. Well Aunty promised us five cents per quart, and she herself measured Lizzies, and made them only five tinfuls, and she then got the same of mine which will only be twelve and one half cents a piece. Such things I do hate. Not for myself so much, as for Lizzie, who worked all day in the hot sun, worked busily, and only to get twelve and one half cents is too bad. A grandson [*Henry B. Moren, d. July 30 aged 21 y. 6m. & 10ds., son of Joshua & Nancy Bell Moren*] of Henry Bell was buried today. An infant of John Wrights of Morning Sun last Monday.

Thursday Aug. 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Not a very important one which does not leave a shining mark, I am afraid. Sewed at my quilt. Commenced to read a book entitled Male Life Among the Mormons.

Friday Aug. 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rene, Lizzie and I went to Mr. Samuel Grahams today. In the afternoon Lizzie Graham, Mattie M<sup>c</sup>Quiston, Mollie Owens, Rene and I went for blackberries over on Mr. Thomas Bucks farm.

Saturday Aug. 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Sewing some at Minas new dress. Prayermeeting at Mr. John Myers (colored) this evening. Not there myself.

Sabbath Aug. 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from 1<sup>st</sup> Cor 7:31. Went to church.

Monday Aug. 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mina wore a short dress yesterday for the first time. The boys and I went for blackberries and got all four of our buckets full. We were gone about six hours. Over by Mr. Caskeys.

Tuesday Aug. 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Pa, Mother, Lizzie, Susie, Baby, Aunty and I went to Indian Creek today. Boys went to Wm. Wrights. Irene and Janie went to Samuel Grahams today. Rene is fourteen today. The Haunted Mill was concluded last week

Wednesday Aug. 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Nate and I went for blackberries over by Caskeys. Got two big buckets full.

Thursday Aug. 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Washing this forenoon and, ironing this afternoon. Union Prayermeeting at Hopewell today.

Friday Aug. 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Irene and I went to Mr. Wm. Swans today: and to Mr. Fishers for supper. We came home about dark. Walked all the way [*to Fairhaven*].

Saturday Aug. 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Lizzie and I swept the church today. Baking in the afternoon.

Sabbath Aug. 11<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Gen 3:24. I went to church today.

Monday Aug. 12<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The boys and I went for blackberries over by Mr. Caskeys. We gathered at least one half bushel.. Got home about two o'clock.

Tuesday Aug. 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mother, Aunty, Baby and Janie went to Mrs. Betsy Grahams today. The rest were at home.

Wednesday Aug. 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Tomorrow there will be a Sabbath School celebration down in Mr. Samuel Bells woods. We have been busy fixing today. We have two as nice cakes as anyone need want to see. The white sugar on them, makes them look like covered an inch deep with snow: and the red currants look like red buttons dotted over the white surface.

Thursday Aug. 15<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Well the great celebration is over at last. Not so great either as was expected, as several speakers from Eaton were expected, who were not present. There was first a meeting at the church, then all went to the grove, where the table was spread. In the afternoon there was an address to the scholars by the Rev. Mr. Schouller; and two, or three songs closed the meeting. The most beautiful sight I saw today, among a great many of an inferior kind, where many a gent was escorting his lady about, the most beautiful, I say, was that of Mr. Theodore Simpson, who was attending his widowed mother, carrying her parasol, and procuring for her a seat, in true gentlemanly style. I also saw Lizzie Pierson, or Johnson, an old schoolmate of mine whom, I had not seen for several years. She knew me, but I did not know her until she made herself known. Mrs. John Owens has a daughter [*Cora, daughter of John & Sarah d. Sept. 13, 1868-ly. 1m.*], born on last Tuesday. That was the day they moved.

Friday Aug. 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The boys and I went for blackberries, and got about one half bushel.

Saturday Aug. 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The boys and I went for black berries, and gathered not quite so many as yesterday.

Sabbath Aug. 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I did not go to church today. Mr. Richie preached on Phil. 3:24. Mina is six months old today. Her and Janie were at home with me. She stayed with me the day of the Union Prayermeeting.

Monday Aug. 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Miss Rebekah Ramsey commenced her school in our district today. Three girls and one boy from our house. Some of every family, excepting one, were there.

Tuesday Aug. 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Washing almost all day and not much else accomplished.

Wednesday Aug. 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Well Cousin Emma H. [*Harper*] came today. She is going to stay at our house all night, and then go to see her brother Sam. Well Mr. John Marshel came today. He was peddling books, and I bought two; subjects Docias Journal: price fifty cents, and Helen Lester, price forty cents. Nate bought one also, entitled Kill the Friend, or the Cry of the Drunkard. He asked mother if I was going (he is going to teach the Academy) to school. I slipped out into the kitchen, for I knew that was what he came for, and, oh dear, when he asked I heard mother say she didnt think she could spare me.

Thursday Aug. 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mother and Aunty went to Thomas M<sup>c</sup>Quistons today. Em went along with them. Janie and I were at home. Pa and Nate also.

Friday Aug. 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Pa, Ma, Aunty and Baby went to Fairhaven today, to Aunt Pollys [*Mary G. Paxton Smith*]. Janie, Nate and I were at home.

Saturday Aug. 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Charlie, Lizzie and I went for blackberries today. A most busy day.



Sabbath Aug. 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ There were no services at "Our Church" today. We did not go any where to church. I spent a very happy day today. I resolved to try to keep this listlessness off, and I have succeeded very well. I read a Sabbath School book, How to be saved, through today.

Monday Aug. 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I commenced to put my Lone Star quilt together today. I have been reading in Docias Journal this evening.

Tuesday Aug. 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Pa went to a sale at R. Cree's today. Also bought a cow of Samuel Hockersmith. Price \$45. Nothing more of much importance occurred.

Wednesday Aug. 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Today, this morning, Mr. Swan came to our house inquiring for Emma, as she was not yet at home. We knew nothing further than that she started for Mr. Wrights on Thursday afternoon. Pa went as far as Thomas M<sup>c</sup>Quistons, hearing there that her brother had taken her to Indian Creek, intending to leave her. Pa then started for there, and while gone Cousin James Harper came with her. He took her up to Fairhaven. I have been sewing at my quilt. Seventeenth anniversary of our parents wedding day.

Thursday Aug. 29<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Washing today. Reading in the paper, and I don't know what I done. I can't see, and yet I have been busy.

Friday Aug. 30<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Ironing today. Services preparatory to the communion today at two o'clock. Mr. Welsh preached. Subject of discourse Psalm 122:1. Not there myself. I stayed at home and kept the little ones. Susie has been sick for two days.

Saturday Aug. 31<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church today. Rev. Mr. Aten sen. preached today. Text Psalm 27:4. His son, the pastor of Union church College Corner, O Rev. J. Aten, was also present. Three children were baptized today; viz. Clara Ionia, daughter of James and Sarah Hamilton. Mina Arabella, my own sister, and James Lawrence, son of Lewis and Mary Williams. Talitha and Hattie came home with Auntie. Pa and I swept the church in the afternoon.

Sabbath Sept. 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Today was communion day. The third time I have went to the table of the Lord. Rev. Aten sen. preached from Rom 5:6. Four members were received. Three by certificate viz. Mrs. Elizabeth H. Simpson, Mr. Theodore J. Simpson, Mr. George W. Simpson. One on examination Mr. James M. Magee. Old Mr. Samuel Bell [*d. Sept. 1, 1867, 86<sup>th</sup> yr.*] died last night at nine o'clock. I have got an excellent programe, which when I follow, keeps me from being dull and lazy.

Monday Sept. 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to the funeral this afternoon. As I suppose I am not to go to school this term, which I sincerely regret, I am resolved to study at home, reviewing my studies viz., Algebra, Arithmetic, Analysis, Physical Geography, Geography and Geometry. If these were all new studies to me, of course I would not undertake so many at once; and I will not study more than one, or two in a day, as I find time. Time, it is pretty hard to get. Sewing at my star quilt today.

Tuesday Sept. 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mother, Aunty and Baby went to Mr. S. Grahams today. Pa went for dinner. Mrs. G. is sick. Is better. I have almost got my quilt done.

Wednesday Sept. 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Finished putting my star quilt together today. It is intolerably warm. I am in a fever almost, it is so hot. Well the border is to be put on my quilt yet. The Medicine Pedler was at our house for dinner. Aunty is gone to Thomases tonight.

Thursday Sept. 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. and Mrs. Andie Grey and son were at Aunties today. We have been washing again.

Friday Sept. 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mother and Auntie went to Mr. Wm. Swans today. It is just one year since Emma went there, today. Seven years ago today her mother [*Rachel Paxton Harper, sister of Margaret Ann Paxton Harper*] died. Pa is sick. Oh, I had such an awful dream last night. Too awful to tell, or write here. It is just sundown, I am so busy these days.

Saturday Sept. 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to prayermeeting at Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Quistons [*David, Sr.*] today. Life is composed of little things, and today I have been busy at one little thing, and then another quickly followed, and the day has been put in thus.

Sabbath Sept. 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Well, I never wrote in my journal before on Sabbath day. I guess though it will not be any harm, if I am careful what I write. Well, I went to church today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached on two different texts, but the same subject. Mat 8:23-28, and Mark 4:35 to close of chapter. He is going to preach on the miracles of Christ. This was the third one today. It was about Christ stilling the tempest. He compared life to a voyage across a lake. Ah, what is our condition if Christ is not in our bark. What will become of us in the storm. Oh, that he were in mine, to carry men safely to the port of heaven, past all the rocks, control all the storms. What is my condition? Oh, that I would only remember what it is!

Monday Sept. 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Upstairs. After supper. Ohio. I hardly know what I have done today. I helped mother can tomatoes, and read some this forenoon. This afternoon I pieced a block of my Log Cabin quilt. I have nine houses built now. Well I finished reading *Male Life Among the Mormons* today. No I dident. I haven't read the revelation of Joseph Smith the seer, concerning the plurality of wives; and three or four Mormon speeches.

Tuesday Sept. 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The school at the Academy commenced today. Oh, I am so sorry I can't go. Well I suppose it is all for the best. The Ladies Freedmens Aid society met at Aunties today. It was appointed to meet at Mr. Ramseys, but owing to sickness in his family, it was decided that it should be held at Aunties. Every neighborhood was to hold a meeting today. If no more went to the others than came here, one small room would have held them all. There were present at Aunties today Mrs. Ramsey, Mrs. Simpson and Miss Jennie Wilson. The sum of \$5.20 was raised in money. Well, what did I do myself? We worked in the kitchen all the forenoon, and this afternoon I pieced a block of my Log Cabin quilt. There is to be a speaking at Morning Sun tonight. I guess Pa's going.

Wednesday Sept. 11<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ We have been washing today. Sewing this afternoon. Tomorrow there is to be Sabbath School celebration at College Corner. I guess we are not going though. I have no desire to go. I know I shall be better contented at home.

Thursday Sept. 12<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ We did not go to the celebration today. Mrs. Sarah Marshel was at our house and Aunties today. As concerning other things, the day was passed as it generally is.

Friday Sept. 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Well, I have had more time today, to sew, than I have had in a long time. I pieced three Log Cabins today. We rose early this morning; that is one reason why I had so much time. It has not rained for several weeks. It looks a little like it now. Not much though.

Saturday Sept. 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Well it rained a very small shower last night, or evening rather. Working in the kitchen this forenoon, and sewing and churning this afternoon. Aunty and Lizzie went to Aunt Polly Smiths today. Well tomorrow is Sabbath, and I feel very glad that that holy day is so near. I rejoice and look forward to it as a day of rest. I used to not like the Sabbath when it came, and wished it did not return so often. But now I look forward to it with feelings of joy. It is not because I am a Christian, for I am not. Shame on me too, to "neglect so great salvation." I do want to love Jesus, but I can't. I don't know how. No one ever spoke a word to me about my soul. Seldom at least. A few times perhaps mother has, but I can safely say no one has since I joined the church, nor did any one then.

Sabbath Sept. 15<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I am going to write in my journal again on the Sabbath. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton prayed for rain today, and his prayer is about to be answered. It seems to be going to rain in a few minutes. I went to church today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached today on another parable, as found in Mat 8 and from 28 to close of chapter. I have spent a very happy day.

Monday Sept. 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hattons prayer was answered yesterday evening. It rained a copious shower. It was a splendid rain. We have been washing this forenoon: and this

afternoon I don't know what to do with myself. I feel real lazy, and don't want to do one thing. Well I have read the New Testament through this year, reading a chapter every day. I finished this morning. I think I will commence at the first chapter of Genesis, and read a chapter every day. I have a great notion just now to read this journal through. I can't do any thing.

Tuesday Sept. 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mrs. Mary Fisher with Annie and Jonnie were at our house this afternoon. I have been ironing. Sewing at my Log Cabin. Mother is calling me and I must quit.

Wednesday Sept. 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Tomorrow, if nothing turns up, we will go to the Fair at Eaton. We have been baking and fixing other things in preparation. The huxter, Mr. Davis, came today for the last time. Another man takes his place. Davis is going away from Fairhaven. It is so dark I will have to quit writing. It has been such a busy day that I could not find time to write before.

Thursday Sept. 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ We went to the fair. We had a splendid time. So many beautiful things I saw. There was the circus swing, ten cents for a ride. There were three shows, ten cents price of admission. Candy, popcorn, bees, lemonade, ect. ect. Oh, I don't know what all. Such beautiful things as were to be seen in the Horticultural department. There were the cabinet ware, marble, and oh, the most beautiful quilts. A doll, the largest I ever saw; as large as a real baby. There was a little log cabin, built with considerable ingenuity. Sewing and knitting machines, buggies, carriages, and everything I guess. And such a ride as we had; I don't know when we had such a nice one before. We started about six o'clock, and got there about ten. Started home about three; and reached home about seven. Pa, Rene, the boys and I went. Yes, too, it was my birthday. I'm sweet sixteen. Charlie is eleven today, too. I saw a great many of my old Academy schoolmates. They're not very old either, I guess. Let me see. I saw Jackson Gilmore, Jimmy Larsh, Joe Wilson, Ella and Nettie Murray, Cinda Oxer, Nannie Bernard and Rene, too. Lib Foster, and I don't know whether I seen any more, or not. Pa paid one dollar for a ticket for our admission fee. We had our dinner with us. The worst thing was the scarcity of water. I went about a half mile for a drink one time. Although there were three wells, they all gave out.

Friday Sept. 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ A very busy day. I am sewing at Susies new dress. Mother bought her and Lizzie one from the huxter.

Saturday Sept. 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ A very busy day, yet I scarcely know what I have done. I only know we were doing something in the kitchen this forenoon, and this afternoon I sewed some at Susies dress. A very busy day. How many times has it been written in this journal. Now I guess I have wrote every thing I can think of. So good by till the next time.

Sabbath Sept. 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church today. A Dutch minister, by name Mr. Trisse, preached. He had two texts: first Luke 10 and Sam 1:12. He is a missionary among the Jews in New York city. He is himself converted Jew. He is going to preach at the chapel at three o'clock, and at Fairhaven at seven. Pa and Nate have gone to Morning Sun to hear him. He is going about tomorrow, and the day following, through the congregation, to raise funds for his mission. Not to beg, he said, but to give anyone an opportunity to give if he felt that he should. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton is at Ebenezer O. today. We did not hear until late last evening that there would be any preaching. I read a chapter today in the book Religion and Eternal Life, about neglect of Christ. Am I not neglecting him every day?

Monday Sept. 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have been sewing at Susies new dress. Auntie is gone to Samuel Grahams this afternoon. His brother Tom is in from Michigan. Report today says, that he and Miss Almira Bell are to be married. I suppose he thinks it a speedy way to get rich, as she is in possession of \$1000 by her Grandfathers will. I asked Mother this evening if he was rich, and she said "no." Lizzie Graham starts tomorrow for Adams county in company with Mr. Kohler and family of Morning Sun Ohio. If it is a pretty day tomorrow, perhaps we will go to Thomas M<sup>c</sup>Quistons.



Tuesday Sept. 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Auntie, Janie and I went to T. M<sup>c</sup>Quistons today. Auntie and I pared peaches all day: and Thomases gave us a whole bushel of peaches, and did not charge one cent: and peaches too, are selling at \$1.00 per bushel. Oh, how thankful I am to these kind friends; words can never tell, or pen write. I suppose the pay was the peaches I peeled. Well I had a happy day. In the evening we were in at Mr. Isaac M<sup>c</sup>Crackens house for a few minutes. Mrs. M<sup>c</sup>Cracken said that a Miss Lybrook [*Anna Maria*], a former pupil of the Academy, who went last term, is dead. She was going the present term, came down, rented her room, and then suddenly took sick and died.

Wednesday Sept. 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I came upstairs this evening with the determination not to write much. Well we have been busy canning peaches. I am pretty thouroughly tired. We expect company tomorrow, in the person of Mr. S. and T. Graham, and Mrs. M. and S. Graham. Well I wrote four lines.

Thursday Sept. 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ It is so dark I can hardly see to write. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Graham were at our house and Aunties today. And Mrs. Mary Graham, too. Sewing at Lizzies dress. All of us at Aunties for dinner.

Friday Sept. 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ What writing I made yesterday. Well I recollect it was so dark I could scarcely see: and a poor pen, too. I have a new one, but it is not much better. I am real tired; we had such a large washing today. I commenced to write a story today. "A Penny Saved is a Penny Earned," I guess it will be. The subject will be, I guess.

Saturday Sept. 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have been sweeping the church today. And a great deal to do. Yet here I am sitting upstairs writing, lazy like.

Sabbath Sept. 29<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I did not go to church today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached on Christ healing the woman of her issue of blood. Recorded in Mark 5<sup>th</sup> and from 25<sup>th</sup> to 34<sup>th</sup>. I finished reading The Great Supper today. I read two chapters in Eternal Life today: Subjects Neglect of Christ, and The Miseries of the Lost. I am reading the Proverbs of Solomon and Ecclesiastes today.

Monday Sept. 30<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Not very well today. Sewing and doing other household duties. Now at last this journal is full. In some five months it is full. Some short record of every day is herein written. It is my first attempt at writing a journal. Although it is a foolish affair, yet I have succeeded beyond my expectations. Tomorrow I shall commence a new one. This I shall always keep; as indeed I shall endeavor to do with all I may ever write. Farewell dear book. Many a happy hour have you afforded me. I know I never read you through from beginning to end, yet I love you the same.

Nettie C. Harper Morning Sun O.

### Journal No. 2

Morning Sun, Preble Co. Ohio. Oct. 1<sup>st</sup> 1867

Tuesday Oct. 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Today I am commencing a new journal. My last one, as I remember, commenced rather abruptly, without my even stating what were my intentions regarding this daily record of myself. But then I knew nothing of what a journal should be; of how I should commence it. Since I began my last journal I have purchased and read a printed journal, written by a young lady, by name Docia Myers. It gave me some ideas of what a journal should be. It is my intention to write at least one line in this book each day: to note what is of interest to me, of what books I read, what studies I pursued, ect. ect. I first received my ideas of the importance of keeping a journal, from Abbots Young Christian. May God guide my pen, approve of what I write, and ever watch my erring steps, I humbly ask. One year ago today I followed my Cousin

Laura Harper to her grave. One year ago yesterday she died. I have not been well since Sabbath day. Well it hardly can be seen what we have done today. I am making a new apron for Susie today. Her and Lizzie went with Aunty to Thomas M<sup>c</sup>Quistons today. I am reading a book on slavery Dred, or a Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp. It belongs to Mr. Samuel Grahams. I have again been drawing a book. This time it is Lady Huntington.

Wednesday Oct. 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ It has been a very busy day at our house today. We are canning, or rather have been canning fruit.

Thursday Oct. 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Oh, we had a nice rain last night. Some tolerable heavy hail and thunder. It has been raining all this afternoon. Mother and Auntie went to Mr. Andrew M<sup>c</sup>Clenethans today. As for myself, I have been doing a little of everything.

Friday Oct. 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Washing day at our house. I have been reading a tribute of respect to Anna Maria Lybrook deceased, late a pupil of the Morning Sun Academy, by the students of said Academy. It is published in the Eaton Register. Signed by a committee of three, viz. Maggie M<sup>c</sup>Creary, Nettie Murray and Clara Brown. She lived in Union Co. Ind. Aged nineteen years. I myself saw her once, or twice but had no further acquaintance with her.

Saturday Oct. 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have been ironing this forenoon. This evening was the evening of monthly prayer meeting at Mr. William M<sup>c</sup>Quistons. But it is put off two weeks.

Sabbath Oct. 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached on John 6:1-17. Our class in Sabbath School finished Biblical Antiquities today. We are going to study the gospel of John, commencing with the first chapter next Sabbath. I have been reading a chapter in Religion and Eternal Life this evening, sketching the benefits and the happiness of the redeemed in heaven. Oh, I was to go to heaven. I know it is a place worth struggling after, and I know too, that now, while I am young, and my mind free from care, is the best time to come to Christ. Oh, I want to come to Christ, and I pray every day that He would show me the way. I wish somebody would pray with me, or talk to me. Oh Lord, be merciful to me a sinner.

Monday Oct. 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Dear me, there is a week of October gone already. How fast time flies. I have go a new calico dress today. Yesterday I wrote just as I felt and thought; but today I don't know what I'm at. Well, I have written what came uppermost in my mind. I am reading a book that Rene borrowed from Josie Simpson. It is about Katie Morgan and her Soldiers. I have read it before, some two years ago. I got a new pair of shoes today. What a minute affair this journal is. Well I have nothing to write. But I have written some seven lines, and nothing much of what I have done. I'm sure I don't know what I did do.

Tuesday Oct. 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Sewing at my new dress, and washing today. Today is election day in Ohio. They are voting for Governor, General Harris is the Union candidate, and Judge Thurman the Democrat. They are also voting for the amendment to the constitution, that is, giving the Negroes the right of suffrage. A great many Union men are not voting for it. It is a separate thing, "Yes" being on the ticket, and if it is approved it is left so, and if not, yes is effaced, and no is written. If this is carried, those who during the war ran off to escape the draft, will not be permitted to vote, unless they are naturalized like a newly arrived foreigner; any foreigner, I should say.

Wednesday Oct. 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Yesterday I wrote that the Union candidate for Governor was Harris. Instead, however, it is Hays. Well, today an old man called at our house, asking for his dinner. He said that his name was Smith, and that he lived near Liberty Ind. He was a very talkative old gentleman. I liked to hear him talk, and wished he had stayed a little longer. Sewing at my own new, brown calico dress.

Thursday Oct. 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ My heart is heavy tonight. Sometimes I feel weary of my life. The Union vote is diminishing several thousand. Last year there was a majority of 65,000, and this year it is only 22,000. The Constitutional Amendment is lost in Ohio. The long oppressed

are not yet allowed to stand up like men. If, in a year, or so, or less perhaps, I don't exactly understand, if Ohio and Pennsylvania should go Democratic, look out for stirring times: yes another war, and at home this time, too. John Myers was at our house last evening, and him and Pa were talking about it. Involuntarily my mind turned to Mat. 24<sup>th</sup> chapter. Perhaps that has nothing to do with this, however. Oh, Great Ruler of all nations, keep us from all danger. Oh hold the helm of our nation, and guide her aright. It is said, or anticipated, that if a war comes, it will not be armies meeting, and great battles being fought, but that it will be generally bushwhacking, and downright slaughter. I went to Mr. Simpsons and Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Clenethans on errands today.

Friday Oct. 11<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Almost dark. Well the Union candidate, Hays, is elected governor. The amendment is lost. We got our papers today, which contain the news of the election. Well, what have I done today. Let me see. Ironing, which I have to do every week, and making my new dress.

Saturday Oct. 12<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Finished my dress. I am disgusted only writing what I have done. I wish I could make my journal sound large and grand. Well, it has been a somewhat rainy day. That don't sound so very large.

Sabbath Oct. 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Janie is two years old today. I went to church today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached on Mat. 14:13-22. The Sabbath School closed today for the season.

Monday Oct. 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Two years ago today I first saw my darling sister Janie. Well I remember that day. How many things have happened since then. Another sister has come, who is now eight months old. I have went to the Academy one whole year, that which I used to dream so much about. As one of the pupils I have sat on the platform at an exhibition of the school. Cousin Laura [*daughter of Thomas M. and Rachel Paxton Harper*] is dead, and her sister Emma is among her friends again. I am going to commence reading the second volume of Dred tonight. Washing and scrubbing today. What is the use of writing, when it is so dark that I can not see the lines.

Tuesday Oct. 15<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ How I spoiled my journal writing last night, when it was so dark that I could not see. I have to stop, pen in hand, to think what I have been doing today. After keeping my thinking powers busily at work for some minutes, I recollect that I have been ironing this forenoon, and this afternoon fixing for the thrashers, who are coming tomorrow. I forgot to write it before, that Mr. David Ramsey Jr. appeared at church Sabbath day with his bride [*Susan Orebaugh, married Oct. 9, 1867*].

Wednesday Oct. 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The thrashers are here today viz. Mr. Johnson, and Mr. W. Johnson and Mr. Hugh Ramsey Jr. Of course every body knows what goes on when the thrashers are about.

Thursday Oct. 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Helping mother make her new dress today. Perhaps there may be a wedding going on this afternoon. If there is, you will hear of it, journal.

Friday Oct. 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Well that wedding did really come off last night: even the joining in wedlock of Mr. James Magee and Miss Carrie Brown, the later of Morning Sun Ohio. Well we have been canning some fruit today.

Saturday Oct. 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. William Swan and family came to Aunties today. Emma has had the chills, and is going to stay at our house awhile, to recruit. How long, I do not know. Her and Rene and I went to Mr. William M<sup>c</sup>Quistons to prayermeeting today. Today with me, has been spent like Saturdays generally are.

Sabbath Oct. 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ There was no preaching at our church today, and we did not go any where else. I have finished reading Religion and Eternal Life today. I have neglected the solemn truths therein written; the solemn warnings I have slighted. The author hoped when I commenced to read, 'ere I should lay down the book, I should see the error of my way and

repent. But I have not yet found him whom my soul seeketh after. I am going to read another one, The Missionarys Daughter.

Monday Oct. 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ This is Auntys birthday. She is sixty eight. Washing again today. What is the use of writing it so many times. I do not know that I will ever read with any interest, such trifling things. Trifling, I say, yet when we have finished washing I don't feel much like I had been trifling. I have been very lazy this afternoon.

Tuesday Oct. 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Aunty and Mother went to T. M<sup>c</sup>Quistons today. Aunty made a present of a new dress to the following ladies, viz. Mrs. Talitha M<sup>c</sup>Quiston, and the Misses Hattie, Emma, Irene and Nettie Harper. The four first named are alike, and mine is different. Thank you Aunty. Sewing at my quilt.

Wednesday Oct. 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Making my new dress today. Also ironing part of the time.

Thursday Oct. 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Well, I guess I have been sewing at my new dress. Pa went to town, and while gone, engaged the three eldest of his children to go to a singing school, to be taught in twelve lessons, at the Morning Sun Academy.

Friday Oct. 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mrs. Andie Grey was at or house for dinner today. Sewing at my dress. It is so dark I can scarcely see. I had to hurry and come upstairs while the rest were finishing their supper. I wrote the first line sitting on my chair, and this last I stand writing by the window.

Saturday Oct. 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Nate and I went to the singing today. Rene did not want to go. I think I shall like to go pretty well. Well I have always forgotten to write that Mr. Thomas Graham and Miss Almira Bell were married last Wednesday.

Sabbath Oct. 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached on John 17:3.

Monday Oct. 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Had my baby brother, who is dead, been living now, he would have been six years old today. He was born on Monday. What is the use of writing what I have been doing today. Well I guess I'll down with it anyhow, and I need not read it, if I don't want to. Sewing, baking, gathering apples, peeling apples and tomatoes, pickling tomatoes, and lots of other things. I don't believe this journal has one good thing in it.

Tuesday Oct. 29<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Well, I expect I will go to a wedding tomorrow, at Thomas M<sup>c</sup>Quistons. It is going to be the wedding of Miss Rachel Bonner, to a Mr. Wylie. Aunty has invited me. Another wedding today; that of Mr. Samuel Coldsmith, or "Coly" as he is generally called, to Miss Nannie Brown. Em went home today. I finished my new dress today.

Wednesday Oct. 30<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Auntie and I went to Thomases today. Rachel was married at half past seven, to Mr. Samuel Wylie. There were twenty five, or thirty present. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton was the officiating clergyman. Aunty and I stayed all night. Mr. B. F. Graham and Miss Hattie Harper were the waiters. I had not been at a wedding since Talitha was married.

Thursday Oct. 31<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ We came home today. The bridal party went to Mrs. Smiths of Fairhaven, an aunt of the groom. When I got home, which was in the afternoon, it seemed to me as though I had been away a month.

Friday Nov. 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ It is a whole month since I commenced to write in journal no. two. There have been four weddings in our immediate neighborhood this month. The old tale, washing today. I expect some day to blush at the grammar of this journal; at the syntax at least.

Saturday Nov. 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to prayer meeting at Mr. Ramseys today. I guess I will have to count, next May how many times I have ironed in a year, as that is what I have been doing today, and I think I have mentioned every time I have ironed. I am sitting upstairs. It is the hour of twilight. I wish I could write in my journal just what I think; but a pen is always too slow for my thoughts. But I must close. Close another week in my journal. Close another week gone to eternity.



Sabbath Nov. 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached on the parable of Christ walking on the sea, as recorded by Mark in 6<sup>th</sup>:45-53. A wet Sabbath today. I have been learning, or trying to learn, the chapters from which texts have been taken, by the ministers who have preached in Hopewell Church, since June 1865, which is as far back as I have written them: taking a chapter every week, and dividing it into seven parts and committing a division every day. I have now committed fourteen. This week I am not going to commit any, but have a general review. I will have it every seven weeks, hereafter. I could not bring myself to write of it before, because I wanted to see how I would succeed.

Monday Nov. 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have been making a new dress for the baby. I went to Mr. Bells this morning. Mrs. Bell has been sick, but is now some better. I have finished reading Dred, and am reading Lifes Lessons, a book of Hat Harpers.

Tuesday Nov. 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have been real smart. I can make a dress in a day. I commenced at noon yesterday, and finished again noon today. Only the dress happened to be for baby Mina. I commenced to make myself a new fashioned apron today.

Wednesday Nov. 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ We have been canning apples today. Finished my apron. I don't know what else to write, and have to write that.

Thursday Nov. 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Washing today, and helping mother make her new dress.

Friday Nov. 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I don't feel like I had been working all day, although this morning I did all the ironing for our large family. This afternoon, lots of things.

Saturday Nov. 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rene, Nate and I went to the singing today. However there wasent any singing, as the teacher, Mr. Kirkoff, did not come. Therefore we had to come right home again.

Sabbath Nov. 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ It is just four years today since Mary, my cousin Mary [*Mary L. Harper, daughter of Thomas & H.N., 4y. 6m.*], who used to live with Aunty, and dear to me as a sister, died. About nine o'clock she breathed her last, and was burried about four in the evening. But I can write no more about it today. I went to church today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from John 9:6,7. It was a very excellent sermon, about Christ healing the man blind from birth. I am reading a very interesting book, The Missionarys Daughter. It is about Lucy T. Thurston, who was born, and lived until she was seventeen at the Sandwich Islands, when coming to America, she died in a few weeks. Her parents were missionaries at those islands.

Monday Nov. 11<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ It is just six year ago today since my baby brother, an infant two weeks old, died. It was on Monday that he died. Died in the morning, and was burried about three in the evening. Six years! What a short time it seems! I was but ten years of age then.

Tuesday Nov. 12<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ A very cold day. A very busy day. Making Mina's new dress.

Wednesday Nov. 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went over to the schoolhouse today. Their school closed today. Miss Beckie Ramsey was the teacher. They had a capital dinner, and the whole of the afternoon was occupied by their essays, declamations, dialogues and songs. There were several spectators present, beside myself. Their exercises were very good. The worst drawback on a general good time, was that some of the smaller scholars were somewhat frightened, when reciting their pieces. Miss Delcena Paxton had a declamation on bonnets, which was just to the point; and a dialogue given by six girls, representing, each a different season, commencing with April; also a dialogue between Lida Carle and Irene, representing the doctor and his patient. Irene was the doctor, and was somewhat oddly attired, and Lida come to consult her about her health, when it was found that her worst fault, was her diet. Also a very good paper. Altogether it was very creditable to all concerned. It is just six years today since George M<sup>c</sup>Dill and Ella Ramsey were married.

Thursday Nov. 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to prayer meeting today. It is the Union Prayermeeting, which met at Hopewell today. It is six years today since Haddie, my little brother, died.

Friday Nov. 15<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Nothing of much importance occurred today. It is six years this afternoon that Haddie was burried.

Saturday Nov. 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rene, Nate and I went to the singing today. I like to go very well. We purchased a singing book.

Sabbath Nov. 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching today. The text was Mark 9:23-28.

Monday Nov. 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ We have been helping the boys gather walnuts today. I mean us girls, when I say we. And we have been to the washtub today. Mother wants Rene and I to take week about doing the work. I from last Thursday, and Rene commence today. But I guess I feel awful tired tonight, if it is my resting week.

Tuesday Nov. 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ We have been getting some apples at Mr. Ramseys today. I am pretty tired tonight. I finished reading Female Life Among the Mormons. It is a most interesting book, written by the wife of a Mormon elder, who was with them for a number of years.

Wednesday Nov. 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mary Owens and Lizzie Graham came to our house tonight, or evening, and are going to stay all night. I have just been thinking I will not make it a fashion to write down simply what manual labor I perform, though it has been heretofore my custom, and try to make my journal more interesting. But of this anon.

Thursday Nov. 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Old Grandmother Brown [*Elizabeth, wife of James*] has at last gone home. She died at Oxford Ohio this morning, about five o'clock. Her funeral will take place tomorrow at about eleven o'clock. Truly she was old and full of days. She was ninety six last June. She died at her grandsons at Oxford. Her grandson, I think it was, but I am not certain. Miss Bettie, or Betsy Sloan has had a stroke of the palsy, last week, I believe. I am going to try to study again, as I have neglected it for some time. I did not study but a few days before, when I did commence. I hope now I will not suffer my laziness to overcome me again.

Friday Nov. 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I did not go to the funeral today. Aunt Polly Smith, and Mr. John Smith [*Aunt Polly's son*] and his better half [*Sarah J. Evans Smith*] and son [*Charles E. Smith*], came to our house today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached the funeral sermon. Emma is no better.

Saturday Nov. 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ We went to the singing today. I do so love to go. I think I learned a good deal today. But perhaps if it were put to the test, it would not hold out so good. It is so dark I must quit, for I know I will hurt my eyes.

Sabbath Nov. 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I did not go to preaching today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Col. 3:14. "And above all these things put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness." Communion this day two weeks, the first Sabbath in December. I finished reading The Missionary Daughter. Her parents, Rev. and Mrs. Thurston, were missionaries at the Sandwich Islands. Their children were born and raised among heathen people, but they far excelled in everything noble, many children of enlightened countries. When the subject of the narrative was seventeen her mother, with her brother and sister came to America. Lucy died in about two weeks after her arrival in the land of her fathers. But dying, as well as living, she gave evidence that she was the Lords. It was in Feb. 1840 that she died.

Monday Nov. 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Commenced to sweep the church today. I have the honor of first sweeping the new carpet. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas M<sup>c</sup>Quiston and son [*Robbie*] and daughter [*Lina*], and Mrs. Mary Graham and son were at Aunties today. It is a rainy, drizzly day. I borrowed a book from the Sabbath School library today. Subject "learning to converse." We got a letter from Mr. Swan, where Emma lives. He does not wish to give her a home any longer, now that she is sick and unable to do any thing. None of us have been up yet. I have been reading some in this journal, and it is real interesting, far more than I ever imagined it to be.

Tuesday Nov. 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The old tale of washing today. One year ago today was an important one in my history. It is a year today since I went before the session for examination, previous to being received into membership in the church. How well I remember that day. Miss

Sarah Marshel and myself were all who were present for examination. Mr. John Owens and Mrs. Susan H. Wilson were received on the Friday previous to the communion, which was on the first Sabbath in December. I have a good many things in connection with a year ago today, which I will not write, for they are very solemn, and I am afraid I might make it too funny. A year ago today I read my essay for examination day, which was on the twenty eighth, the day before Thanksgiving. I went to school also. It was a warm, cloudy day. We have been scrubbing today, that is, I mean, Lizzie, Susie and I. Susie, the darling sister, be it spoken to her credit, would persist in helping us. I hope she may always love work, as well as she does now. Mr. and Mrs. James Magee started yesterday for Missouri, where they are going to live.

Wednesday Nov. 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ A year ago today I went to school. Read my essay for examination. Well, well, I got my journal without ever thinking if I had any thing to write. But I must quit, and go and milk.

Thursday Nov. 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ This is the day appointed by the President, Andrew Johnson, first, and then by the governor of Ohio, for a national thanksgiving. It was observed here today. Preaching by Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton from Psalm 107:1. "Oh give thanks unto the Lord for he is good." In his sermon he mentioned the fact, as collected by someone, I forget who now, that during the last war there were killed 56,000, died of wounds 35,000, died of disease in the hospitals 184,000. There enlisted, or the number of enlistments, as some enlisted two, or three times, 2,688,000 some hundreds, I forget how many. The nation lost by her struggle North and South, by disease and broken constitutions, 1,500,000. These former mentioned losses and enlistments were only of the North, while the loss of the South was more. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton said it would be well for every one to keep a diary of the mercies he receives from God, and every once in awhile take it down and read it; as it would keep him many a time from reading something injurious to his mind. He also explained, or gave his opinion, of the idea that some people have, that Christ will come in person to reign on the earth at thousand years but that it meant that he would reign spiritually, in the hearts of men. That was his opinion. However it might be in the Bible, but he had not been able to discover it. \_\_\_ Marriage Notice \_\_\_ Married at the residence of Mr. Wm. Swan of Fairhaven Ohio. by the Rev. \_\_\_\_\_ Professor John Marshel of the Morning Sun Academy, to Miss Maggie Swan, on the evening of Nov. 27<sup>th</sup>.

Friday Nov. 29<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Real winter like this evening. I almost freeze sitting upstairs writing, this evening. I am studying lessons in Algebra Part Second, Geometry, Geography, Arithmetic and Physical Geography. I am trying to commit to memory the fourth chapter of Heb. I got a Sabbath School book to read; subject Towers of Lion.

Saturday Nov. 30<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Nate, Rene and I went to the singing today. It is pretty cold, and we felt like freezing. The first winter day yet.

Sabbath Dec. 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Mat. 7:13,14. "Enter ye in at the strait gate, for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat. Because straight is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." Communion next Sabbath. Oh may I be prepared for that solemn season.

Monday Dec. 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Washing in the forenoon, and making Lizzie an apron afternoon.

Tuesday Dec. 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The fifth anniversary of Susies birthday. I have been sewing today. I am reading a book of ours, Captives of Abbs Valley. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton and the session were to meet today with any that might wish to unite with the church.

Wednesday Dec. 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I got several new articles of dress today. We quilted a quilt in about four, or five hours today.

Thursday Dec. 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Pa went to Fairhaven today. Emma is no better. Some think she will never be. The wedding of John Marshel was not at Wm. Swans of Fairhaven, but at Wm. Swans, the brother of the bride. I have been making a new dress for Lizzie today.

Friday Dec. 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Services preparatory to the communion today at two o'clock. Mr. Walker who is to assist Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton, was not present. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Rev. 2:7. I went to preaching. Sewing at Lizzies new dress in the forenoon, what time I had to sew.

Saturday Dec. 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. Walker preached today from those solemn words, "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?" 1<sup>st</sup> Peter 4:18. Two children were baptized today. Ida, daughter of Andie and Anna M<sup>c</sup>Quiston, and George Randal, son of Andie and Maggie Grey. I went to preaching. Did not go to the singing. Helping sweep the church this evening.

Sabbath Dec. 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching today. Mr. Walker preached from the words "The Gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Rom. 6:23. I went to the Lords table for the fourth time today. Two joined the church today, viz. Mrs. Minerva Buck, and Miss Mary Bell. It was a solemn season. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton seemed yearning over his congregation. There is much I should like to write, but I can not trust it even to you, my journal. Fond memory alone must keep it.

Monday Dec. 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have been helping wash today. There is something I should like to write, but at present, I will not. It is about a strange peace that is now filling my mind \_\_ but too much.

Tuesday Dec. 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have been ironing almost all day, and feel very tired. Mrs. Bell has a son [*Nathan Edward Bell*], two weeks old, and I never heard of it before today. Mrs. Bower Rock and Mrs. Israel Brown have each a daughter [*Leurina Rock & Mary Vinolia Brown*], born on Saturday. Mrs. Bells is just two weeks old today. Born Nov. 27<sup>th</sup>.

Wednesday Dec. 11<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have been papering the walls today. Pa, Mother and Aunty went to Fairhaven today. Mr. William Smith had his sale today.

Thursday Dec. 12<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Whew! but it is a cold day. I have been helping make apple butter today. Mrs. William M<sup>c</sup>Quiston [*Mary Bonner McQuiston*] has a daughter [*Eva Caroline*], born yesterday I believe. Report says that there is a wedding at George Hamiltons today. Even Miss Mary, the youngest daughter, and Mr. James Gilmore. The same authority says that the other two are also going to be married before long. That Martha, the oldest, is to get Mr. Robert Craig, a man who boarded there last winter. And Clarissa \_\_ what an awful mistake I made. Martha is going to get Mr. Nathan Sloan, instead of Mr. Craig, and Clarissa gets the latter.<sup>5</sup> Fifty one years today since Aunty was married.

Friday Dec. 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Ill at ease with my own heart, I write upstairs, by the western window, this evening. "When I turn my eyes within, all is dark and drear and void." Journal, do you believe it, I had, since Sabbath, at times, almost believed myself a Christian. Such a sweet and strange peace have I felt at times, that I could scarcely contain my joy. Never such peace had I before. But now it is gone, and having once felt such joy, joy that I know the world can never give, I feel, oh, I know not how, almost like weeping, and I know if I were alone sometimes, I could not restrain my emotion. I have prayed if I were a Christian God would let me know, and not be deceived. Since commencing the last sentence, a thought has entered my mind, that perhaps I have got an answer to my prayer, and that it was only excited by that solemn communion season.

Saturday Dec. 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Today was the day of the monthly prayermeeting at our house. It was put off last week, on account of preaching. Only Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Quiston [*David, Sr.*] and Mr.

<sup>5</sup> Clarissa Hamilton married Hugh Ramsey, Oct. 3, 1869.



Ramsey were present. One cause, probably, of no more being present, was on account of the deep snow, now lying on the ground. Pa took us to the singing today, but the teacher had not come, and so there was none.

Sabbath Dec. 15<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from the parable of Christ healing the man with the withered hand, as recorded by Mark 3:1-5.

Monday Dec. 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have been making a new sacque for mother. The school in our district commenced today. Mr. Bain is the teacher. He is from Warren County Ohio, and boards at Sam Grahams.

Tuesday Dec. 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Pa, Mother, Sue, Janie, Mina and I went to Thomases today. Aunty went with us, and remained. She is going to stay awhile there. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Graham were there also. I heard today, that the engagement between Anderson [*William "Andie"*] Douglass and Mary Ramsey was broken off. Her father persuaded her to abandon it, on account of her mother, who was very much opposed to the marriage, on the grounds that Marys three sisters each died shortly after they were married. The day for the wedding had been set. Perhaps I have no business writing this.<sup>6</sup>

Wednesday Dec. 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Washing today, and making Mother a new sacque. Mrs. Israel Brown is not expected to live.

Thursday Dec. 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. Robert Wilson [*aged 45y. 11m. 4d.*] is dead. I had not heard that he was any worse. He has had consumption for years. The severe weather was probably the cause of his death, just now. I have been making Susie a new apron. Pa bought a horse from Mr. Colter today.

Friday Dec. 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I did not go to the funeral today. I see yesterday I wrote that Pa bought a horse from Mr. Colter. But when he went for it this morning, the man refused to let him have it, unless he would pay the money at once. The price was \$100. He would not, and could not pay for it now, but bought one of Mr. Jack Ramsey for \$65.

Saturday Dec. 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ We went to the singing today. I saw a most excellent rule for having things always in order, in the paper, the other day. It is to write down every odd job whenever it occurs, and when you have leisure, then perform it. I have some thoughts of trying it myself.

Sabbath Dec. 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from the miracle of Christ, or, I mean, of the draught of fishes as given by Luke 5:1-12. He supposed that the draught of fishes then, represented the church now, and the draught of fishes after his reserection, as given by John, represented the church when gathered on the shores of eternity. He also said, that those who have it for their excuse that they do not know how to come to Christ, don't want to know, and that they can't, it is a sure sign that they will not.

Monday Dec. 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Just as I commenced to write, I made a great blot on the opposite page. I see Rene has been getting a new pen, for how nice this looks, to the last written. Washing today at our house. Mr. David Marshel and Miss Lida Johnson were married last week, Thursday night, I believe.

Tuesday Dec. 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I am invited to a quilting tomorrow, at Mr. Simpsons. I don't know whether I will go, or not, as we expect company tomorrow. Doing a little of every thing today.

---

<sup>6</sup> Mary G. Ramsey married William A. Douglass on March 5, 1869. She died in 1886. Other children of John & Mary Brown Ramsey: Rebecca married Hugh G. McQuiston on Oct. 9, 1850. She died July 30, 1851, age 21 & an infant son died July 24, 1851; Eliza married William Caskey on Oct. 13, 1855 & died Nov. 22, 1856 age 23y. 2m. 17d. Eliza's daughter died Aug. 30, 1857 age 9m. 15d.; Eleanor married George S. McDill on Nov. 12, 1861 & died Sept. 16, 1865, aged 25y. 3m. 15d.; James died June 22, 1863 in Memphis, Tennessee from wounds inflicted at Vicksburg, age 34y. 9m. 5d.

Wednesday Dec. 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Christmas dawns! A wet morning! So I do not go to Mr. Simpsons. Mr. Thomas McQuiston and family were at our house today. Aunty came, and went home with them today. Aunty gave Rene and I a most beautiful basket of flowers, made of sugar. Mr. John Wilson and Miss Han Decker were married last night.

Thursday Dec. 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I swept the church today. That took almost all day. So there is not much time for any thing else.

Friday Dec. 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ A very busy day. Some days I feel like I had been doing some-thing but today I do not feel as if I had been doing anything of very much importance. I have been ironing this forenoon and helping can apples this afternoon. Where there are so many little folks, with their many wants, there is always plenty to do.

Saturday Dec. 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ There was no singing this week, but will be next Saturday. It was given out at the last meeting. Each scholar, on next Saturday, will have to sing a solo. The piece is, "The Minstrel." I have been making some undergarments for Lizzie and Susie today. I borrowed two books from the library Thursday. Subject of one, "Harriet and Ellen," which I read in two evenings. The other is Henry Willard. It is my practice to read aloud some book, or paper, at night; for the amusement and entertainment of the family.

Sabbath Dec. 29<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I almost dare to hope that I am a Christian, that indeed I do love God. Unbelief is my greatest fault. Satan tempts me at every point. Trifles give me so much pain, and it is so hard to keep from speaking angrily. That sweet peace of mind, that peace that floweth as a river, I hope is mine. It is not yet clear to me that I am a Christian, but I pray to have it made plain and sure, if I am. I went to preaching today. Mr. McHatton preached from Phil. 3:13,14. He is so very earnest. I know he longs to see more Christian spirit among his charge. I know I do not see myself in the light I should. I do not feel sorry enough for my sins. Oh, dear Father in heaven, show me my sinful state, and make me feel more repentance.

Monday Dec. 30<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ That sweet peace of mind is yet with me. My inmost heart is drawn with a sweet influence up to God. I do hope I love him, yet it is not altogether clear. I have been making Lizzie a new apron today. I have time to write no more, for duty calls me below, where the three youngest children are keeping up a terrible racket, because they are left alone for a moment. Susie teases Janie, and Janie teases Mina, and together they are making fine work.

Tuesday Dec. 31<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The last day of the old year. How many things have happened in this short year. Another sister graces our household band, that was not with us last year. What a train of regrets does it call up. How many misimproved moments have been borne to eternity. How many duties neglected. How many harsh words spoken. I have been making mother a new sacque today. Farewell old year.

Wednesday Jan. 1<sup>st</sup> 1868 \_\_\_\_\_ Welcome, newborn year. May I improve thee better than that which has just gone to be numbered with the past. I shall read some in the Bible, and commit some to memory, every day, if spared in health to do so. Commencing to read with the tenth chapter of Leviticus; and commencing to commit to memory with the first chapter of Galatians. I shall keep an account of how many times I sweep the church, of how many different articles of clothing I make for the family; of how many clothes and *et ceteras* are bought for me; of how much money I get through the year, and how much I spend. I am going to keep these accounts, or whatever they are.

Thursday Jan 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Washing the second day of the year. Mr. James McCollum and Miss Priscilla Elliot were married yesterday.

Friday Jan. 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Making apple butter today. Rather late in the season for such work, it looks like. Fixing two of Lizzies dresses today. I am going to keep a record of odd jobs to perform, whenever I have time, as mentioned somewhere in this book.

Saturday Jan. 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Nate and I went to the singing today. There was a solo sung by each of the scholars in turn. Every one, as their turn came, took their place by the instrument, while the chorus was sung. I don't know how I succeeded, yet I did not feel frightened. However, I am no judge of myself. I went to prayermeeting at Mr. Bells today; afternoon, I mean.

Sabbath Jan. 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Mat. 15:21-29.

Monday Jan. 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ This is the week of prayer throughout the whole world. Prayermeetings are held at the three congregations of Fairhaven, Beechwoods and Hopewell. Prayermeeting and the Bible Society at the latter place today. I did not go, as it is a very bad day.

Tuesday Jan. 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Prayermeeting at the Beechwoods church today. Pa, Susie and I went. Mina is not very well.

Wednesday Jan. 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Prayermeeting at Fairhaven today. Pa and I went. They have just completed their church. It is a very fine edifice.

Thursday Jan. 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ In my haste the other day for I was in a very great hurry, I forgot to say that Leemma is no better, but seems to be gradually sinking into the grave. Prayermeeting at Hopewell. I went and almost froze. It is the coldest day that has been this winter.

Friday Jan. 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Prayermeeting at Beechwoods church today. I did not go, as it is very cold. Making a shirt for Nate.

Saturday Jan. 11<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ No singing today. Prayermeeting at Fairhaven today. I was not there. Sam Gilmores youngest child [*Little Willie, 2 yr. 2m. 12 d.*] was burried today. Making myself a new apron today.

Sabbath Jan. 12<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton took his text from Isiah 35:6,7,8. A most solemn sermon. Sometimes since, a week, or so ago, I almost dared to hope myself a Christian. But today Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton dashed all my hopes to the ground, with some terrible proof of a change of heart, which I can not now recollect with distinctness enough to write. However, I could not undergo the test. I fell short, and found the test did not apply to my heart. However he said it was best to be undeceived now. It was with difficulty I could keep the blood from mounting to my face. But I feel from my inmost soul that it is better to know my real condition, be it ever so bad.

Monday Jan. 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Washing this forenoon, and nothing much this afternoon. An inevitable longing fills me with a weariness of life. I don't know what to do, or think.

Tuesday Jan. 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ A little of everything, and not much of any thing is the sum of what I have done today. Making the baby an apron after dinner.

Wednesday Jan. 15<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I swept the church today. It took me almost all day.

Thursday Jan. 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Lots of company at our house today. All of Greys, except the veritable bachelor Israel, and Thomas M<sup>c</sup>Quistons. Making Mina a new apron.

Friday Jan. 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Ironing today and sewing some. Pretty cold weather.

Saturday Jan. 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ No singing today. It will be every two weeks from last Saturday. I got two Sabbath School books to read. Subjects Alliens Alarm to the Unconverted, and Recollections.

Sabbath Jan. 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Mark 11:12-15 and 20-24. It was a most excellent sermon, yes, and solemn, too. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton seems so earnest. Surely Ezeiels type of the watchman blowing the trumpet and warning the people, might fitly be applied to Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton. Surely if the sword come and take any away in his iniquity, that was there today, Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton has done his duty. Sometimes when he fixed his eyes upon me with such a yearning and earnest look, as if he longed for my salvation, (and I know he does) I could not stand it, and was obliged to cast my eyes down. If any one there today should go to hell, it will not be because Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton did not plainly show them the way of escape. Oh, that there were more life in this congregation, and that they did not so grieve the

pastor by their carelessness. I, as a member of Christs church on earth, have a weight of responsibility. Like the figtree in the sermon, I am afraid, yes, I know, I have only green leaves. Oh that the work of grace were begun in my soul. That I was converted from the error of my way unto God the living God.

Monday Jan. 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ What I have been doing today, it matters not. One thing I know, I am so longing to be a Christian, and lead a Christian life. I know it must be sweet to love Jesus.

Tuesday Jan. 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have taken up my long neglected log cabin, and been sewing at it today. Not neglected because I had no interest in it, but because I had not time. I had not sewed at it since Mrs. Fisher was here last summer.

Wednesday Jan. 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Sewing was my principal occupation today. Mrs. Rankin had two children, born on Monday evening. One of them was burried yesterday [*son of Jeremiah S. & Mary Jane Sloan Rankin*], and the other today. Both boys.

Thursday Jan. 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I came upstairs, and got my book, and sat down on the floor, dipped my pen in the ink, and the, what next. What to write, was what I tryed to think of, for my mind was a great blank on that subject, and I can't think of any thing else, only that I have been sewing, as a general thing today.

Friday Jan. 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ What a thing this book will be. Always what I have been doing, like as though I ever did any thing. I think at the end of a year it would pay to count how many times I have ironed the family linen. Ironing is what I have been doing today, and sewing. This journal must be a great waste of paper.

Saturday Jan. 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Lizzie and I walked to town to the singing today, and lo! and behold! there was none.

Sabbath Jan. 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Oh, what shall I do with myself. I try to be good, then the next time temptation presents itself, Satan bids me do it, and before I think, there, I do it. Oh dear me. I am half sick of myself. I know Hell awaits me. And oh, terrible truth, my sleeping conscience refuses to do its duty. I can not weep; the fountain of my tears is sealed. I can not think; my mind is a terrible blank. Oh, I wish I knew to whom I could talk about what is of so momentus importance. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton I know would be glad, if I would open my mind to him. But it seems to me I am afraid of him. Oh terrible fact; afraid of the minister. I went to preaching today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Mark 10:46 to close of the chapter.

Monday Jan. 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Sewing this afternoon. Oh what shall I do with my miserable self.

Tuesday Jan. 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Company at our house today. I have thirty log cabins for my quilt pieced. My miserable self! I don't know what to do. Perhaps that is not exactly true. To go to Jesus would give me peace. But it seems to me I can not see the way. No one do I know who could give me direction. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton could I know, and would, I am sure, from what he said last Sabbath, be very glad to do so. The Holy Spirit is the best director however.

Wednesday Jan. 29<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Sewing at my quilt. What is the matter with my pen?

Thursday Jan. 30<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I don't know what to write, only that I am still at enmity with God. I have been sewing at my quilt. Oh this journal. If I were to sit calmly down and read both parts of it, I should blush for very shame.

Friday Jan. 31<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Is there not danger of making my log cabin quilt my idol? Tonight the number stands forty. I must be more watchful of myself. Today I was thinking of the promise "those that seek me early shall find me." It seems so full of encouragement, that no one, I am sure, ought to despair. What a poor medium pen and ink is for my thoughts. They rush like lightning, and I find myself at a loss what to write.

Saturday Feb. 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to the singing today. There is to be a concert at the close of the school. I went to prayermeeting at Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Quistons [*David, Sr.*] this afternoon.

Sabbath Feb. 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton took his text from John 11:40-45. It was the miracle of the raising of Lazrus from the dead. He compared the miracle of raising from the dead of the daughter of Jarius, to those sinners who are very near being Christians, yet in the eyes of God they lack the one thing needful. That of the raising from the dead of the son of the widow of Nain, to those who are further gone in the downward course; those who have broken away from all family and church restraints. And third the raising of Lazrus, to those who are lowest sunk in the depths of degradation, and who find their greatest enjoyment in the midnight revel. In his round of pastoral visitation he will be at our house tomorrow afternoon. I welcome his visit with mingled fear and joy. Fear, because I am afraid in the course of questioning he will ask me some stunning question. What a way to talk about the minister, who means nothing but for my good. This fear may in part arise from a question he asked me four years ago, under the same circumstances. It was, "do you ever pray?" I was so confused I could not say any thing at first. So he asked me again; and I managed to stammer out "yes." Yet I like the idea of his coming. It seems so friendly.

Monday Feb. 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Five o'clock. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton has not come yet. I have been sewing at my quilt. However the reason Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton did not come was because the session had a meeting. He went to Mr. Ramseys about three o'clock, and to Mr. Simpsons awhile after. I suppose he will be here yet this evening. \_\_\_\_\_ Later \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton did come. I was up here writing in this book, when some one said, "Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton is coming." So I dropped every thing at once and hurried down. It was a quarter past five when he commenced his catechizing, and he went away before six. Although he did not ask me that question, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me," as I had a dreadful foreboding he would, yet I feel very miserable. He first asked me "What is Justification," and one, or two about that, and then he asked me "What is Prayer?" He always asks me something about prayer. I expect he thinks me so wicked and ignorant I never pray. One thing that makes me miserable, is the fact that Mother said, meaning no harm I suppose, that our oldest girl read the Bible through two, or three times in a year, and that none of the rest could read so fast. And he, I know he did, gave me the hint that it was best not to read so fast, having an aim to get through. And then he said, "Reads at regular intervals, I suppose." I was so vexed over it. Had it not been so dark he might have seen the vexed look on my face. Then another wound arose from Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hattons asking me if I were going to school, to which I replied in the negative. Then Pa said that I had got too far on to go to the district school, and something else I don't know what. I know that Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton went away with the impression that we were a wicked, ignorant and proud family.

Tuesday Feb. 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Commenced to put my Lob Cabin quilt together today. What I wrote yesterday, I wrote in good earnest, whatever I may think of it afterwards.

Wednesday Feb. 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to a spelling match at district number six, yesterday evening. Old Mrs. M<sup>c</sup>Dill [*Jennie Caldwell M<sup>c</sup>Dill, wife of Thos. b. Dec. 22, 1793, d. Feb. 4, 1868*] was burried today. Religious exercises at the church. Three ministers were present, Revs. Mr. Welsh, Mr. N.C. M<sup>c</sup>Dill son of the deceased, and Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton. There was no sermon. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton made some remarks. One thing he said struck me particularly. He said that an old writer had remarked, that it was human nature for every one to think that every one but himself would die. Mrs. M<sup>c</sup>Dill had not had the use of her reason for a number of years. I went to the funeral.

Thursday Feb. 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have nothing to write, but I know I have been doing something. I wonder what record the recording angel bore to eternity today? I wonder if there was any good deed, or if it was all bad.

Friday Feb. 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have but ten more houses to build, till my quilt stands complete. Whats the use of writing such sentences as that last one. Like as if it would ever make any



difference to me, that on the seventh of February eighteen hundred and sixty eight, I made three squares for my Log Cabin quilt, and made the whole number forty six. I expect all I have written tonight, is not worth the paper it takes to write it on. If I think that it well afford me any amusement in future years, I should like to know how such stuff as the above, would ever interest any body. If I look at improvement in composition, I don't think there has been much attention paid to it; or, at improvement in writing, I don't think it looks much like it, when I can scarcely read it, and am certain no one else can. One thing, however, must speak for itself, that is, that anyone of common sense, could see that I like to write in this book, if it is only a pack of nonsense, and example of which I have given tonight, in the fact that I have written one whole half page, and not a thing worth a cent in it. However, truthfully and candidly, I believe that this book has a good influence over me. It keeps me from wanting to write stories, novels or whatever it is, and poetry that nobody else would read. Every day it gives me chance to unburden my mind of whatever I feel like writing.

Saturday Feb. 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I hope I will not write such a pack of nonsense as I did yesterday. I intend to be very wise today. I have been sewing, and doing other things that generally have to be done on Saturday.

Sabbath Feb. 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ A very wet sabbath. Yet I went to preaching. And oh, how I was repaid for it, in the beautiful sermon I heard. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton took his text from John 16:8 "And when he is come he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment." He told those who wanted to love Jesus, to pray to God for the Holy Spirit, and he would give it to them, even as He did to the Apostles of old. I had often read in books that the Spirit would be given in answer to prayer, but to hear it spoken from the lips of a minister, seemed doubly sweet. I felt as if I could scarcely contain myself. He warned the people to beware of quenching the Spirit. He said that the greatest sin of all was the rejection of Christ. It was at the root of all others.

Monday Feb. 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Oh, I feel miserable. I don't know why. I have been sewing today.

Tuesday Feb. 11<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I swept the church today. Oh, I feel miserable. But then it is my own fault. I'll tell you, journal, what I expect is the cause of all this. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton, in pastoral visitation, was going to Robert Gilmores, Joseph Marshels, David M<sup>c</sup>Quistons sen. and Wm. M<sup>c</sup>Quistons. I hoped that when he would be going home, he might stop at the church, and perchance he might tell me something about what to do to be saved. He went out West first, and to M<sup>c</sup>Quistons last. I saw him go past our house before nine. But I saw nothing more of him. I heard Mother say, just now, that he went past after dinner. Now Journal, thats a free confession, whatever I may think of it in after years.

Wednesday Feb. 12<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Oh, but why write it, as if it would do me any good, I feel bad. I have been engaged in sewing today.

Thursday Feb. 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I don't feel like writing: I mean, I feel like I had nothing to write, for I always love to write, when I have anything to write. I have been almost, or altogether vexed this evening, and have had hard work to keep my temper. It was nothing, however, but trifles; but trifles are sometimes harder to bear than weightier things.

Friday Feb. 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I finished the last square of my Log Cabin quilt today. Singing this evening at three. The concert commences at seven.

Saturday Feb. 15<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to the singing. Came home and went to the concert. It was a very fine one, considering the little practice we had. The singing school closed today. I went to the singing.

Sabbath Feb. 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton took his text from Isiah 11 first to second clause of the sixth verse.

Monday Feb. 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I am very tired tonight. Physically tired, not mentaly, for I have not been doing much in that line today.

Tuesday Feb. 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have been making Mina a new apron today. I studied awhile whether I would write that sentence, or no. As if I should ever care how many aprons I made Mina. But I did not know what else to write. Mina's birthday. One sweet year old.

Wednesday Feb. 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rene and Lizzie were at Fairhaven last night, at Mr. William Swans. Leemma is just about as she has been. She is going down with a slow consumption. One thing troubles me, especialy, is the fact that from what Rene could gather, she thinks she will get well. It seems so terrible, going down to the gates of death, yet all the time unconscious of it.

Thursday Feb. 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Making Sadie J. an apron today. I wish I had something to write, not that I want any thing awful to occur.

Friday Feb. 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ It must be a great waste of paper, to come up here and write, when I have not a thing to write. I have been making Lizzie a new apron.

Saturday Feb. 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Another week gone. How fast time flies. Here it is the 22<sup>nd</sup> of February, and what have I done, that I should have done. In looking back at what I have written a month ago today, I see that I have written that both of Mrs. Rankins children had died. However, I was mistaken, for one of them still lives.

Sabbath Feb. 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching today. Rev. David M<sup>c</sup>Dill preached. His text was the words, "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes." Song of Sol. 2:15. He compared the tender grapes to young Christians; and the little foxes, to the little sins, that are apt to creep into the heart. Some he mentioned, and spoke about; pride, censoriousness, untruthfulness and one, or two others. He spoke of the different kinds of pride; said that there was the pride of poverty, as well as of riches; of character, of influence, of fine farms, &c. He gave an illustration of the pride of poverty, by relating the story of the Sinic, or Dog Philosophers, who were always clothed in rags and dirt. The name of the leader was Diogones, and he lived in a tub. One day Plato, a very different sort of philosopher, gave a feast to his friends, and this Dog philosopher went into the room, where Plato and his guests were assembled, and leaped upon the table, exclaiming "I trample upon the pride of Plato." "Ah," exclaimed Plato, "with greater pride, for I see it sticking out through the holes of your garments." He said that these philosophers always walked the streets with lanterns, and when asked why they did so, replied that they sought an honest man. Of censoriousness, he said, that if a man said, or wrote anything, or advocated any other doctrine, than that which another man believed, he was very apt to think him not an honest man.

Monday Feb. 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Making Sadie an apron, and Mina a dress, and washing.

Tuesday Feb. 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have been employed with my needle today. I only write this, because I want a memorandum of every day, and I have nothing else to write today. Pa and Mother went to Fairhaven today, to see Leemma. She is gradually going down. She is aware that she will never recover, but whether she knows that her time on earth seems to be so short, I know not.

Wednesday Feb. 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went visiting today. Making Mother a new dress, &c.

Thursday Feb. 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I don't know what record to make for today. Sewing this afternoon.

Friday Feb. 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Commenced to line my Log Cabin quilt today. Nothing more to write.

Saturday Feb. 29<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to Fairhaven to see Emma today. She is gradually sinking, and is not expected to live longer than the first of March.

Sabbath March 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton took his text from John 8:47,48. He spoke about resolving to read the Bible through in a year, without any thought about trying to understand it. I thought about what Mother had told him, when he was here on pastoral visitation. I could not stand it to look in his face. Whether he looked at me, or not, I know not. But he looked around at our side a good deal.. Perhaps he never thought of me, as he said that when a man was at preaching, and heard the minister say something, that suited his neighbor, he

would think it all very well. But when he said any thing to suit the man himself, he would be angry with the minister, and he would think, now he is preaching personally, while the minister would never dream that he was guilty of such a thing. It was his own conscience that was troubling him.

Monday March 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Sewing today. It is very cold, and has been snowing all day.

Tuesday March 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Finished my Log Cabin quilt today. Now I am going to write what we are all doing. Susie is standing by my side, teasing me to get her slate pencil, out of my other dress pocket. Mina and Sadie are playing down stairs. Pa is cutting and piling wood. Mother is cutting out some clothes for the boys. Rene, Lizzie, Nate and Charlie are at school. It is three o'clock now. Susie has gone down stairs, and is teasing Mother for an apple. But she is coming upstairs for her pencil again. She is into mischief faster than I can write.

Wednesday March 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I had something to write, but I have forgotten what it is, unless it is that I have been making Sarah a new dress.

Thursday March 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Washing, and making Susie an apron.

Friday March 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Nothing of much importance to write today. I have been sewing today. The school in our district taught by J.D. Bain closed. Rene received a prize.

Saturday March 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I swept the church this forenoon. Went to prayermeeting at Mr. William M<sup>c</sup>Quistons this afternoon. The boys were at Fairhaven today. Leemma is getting very low, so that it is difficult for her to speak.

Sabbath March 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching. The text was the first eleven verses of the sixteenth chapter of Luke. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton was so very earnest today. It seemed to me if his life had depended upon his preaching and earnest sermon, he could not have been more in earnest.

Monday March 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ If I were to look over this journal, I should doubtless find very little concerning politics. So I am going to write something about them. Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, was on last Monday impeached, and is on trial now, I suppose. B. Wade of Ohio is President, and Speaker Colfax Vice President.

Tuesday March 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have been doing, I don't know what all today. What grammar I have been using. I mean what sense I made out of the first line. Sewing.

Wednesday March 11<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I am very tired tonight. Mothers fortieth birthday. How old that seems.

Thursday March 12<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Making Janie a new dress. Auntie came home from Thomas M<sup>c</sup>Quistons today, where she has been staying all winter.

Friday March 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have been making Janie an apron. But that is nothing of importance.

Saturday March 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Well this is just what I do every night. I come upstairs, and write the date and the day of the week, and I can't think of one thing to write. I have to stop and think, whether it is worth while to write what I have been doing today. I have been doing all sorts of things this forenoon. Sewing this afternoon. But I can not help being ill at ease with myself. I know I am committing a great sin, in rejecting His mercy. I can't help feeling guilty. Oh, that I did love Jesus, is the constant expression of my inmost heart.

Sabbath March 15<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to preaching today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton took his text from Acts 8:4,5,6,8, omitting the seventh. He was so earnest. Every few minutes he would look at me, with such an earnest look and expression. Sometimes, after he had been looking at me while preaching, he would make a pause before turning away, look me straight in the eye, it seemed to see whether his words had make any impression, or not. As our pew is near the pulpit, I can easily tell when he is looking at me. I know it is a great shame, that when the minister tries so hard to explain to me the way of salvation, I still neglect it.



Monday March 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Leemma was just alive this morning. They do not think she will live through the day. Pa, Mother and Rene have gone up there this afternoon. Before I commenced to write, I upset the inkstand, pouring almost all of its contents over this journal. It looks very badly, so much so, that I doubt whether I can read it, or not. \_\_Later\_\_ They have come home from Fairhaven. Emma is yet alive. One thing lifted a burden off my mind. It is this. The Methodist minister was there when they went, and he asked her whether she thought all would be well, if she died, and she replied that she thought it would. Nothing could have been more welcome, than just to hear, that she had a hope of heaven.

Tuesday March 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Emma was still living this morning. Pa, Mother and Rene went up this forenoon. They came home before dinner. Mother did not come home. She and Mina stayed. She will be away all night. Emma very much wished her to stay last night, but unfortunately, she had not the baby with her. I think we could have tended to Mina, if she had stayed, but she thought different. I have been sewing today.

Wednesday March 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Leemma is no more. She died about twenty minutes past twelve, last night. Word was brought to us last night of her death. She was burried today, about two o'clock. I went to the house. Rev. Mr. Scouller made some remarks. Although we mourn her as no more on earth, we hope that she has gone to heaven. She was very willing to go. Was very tired. Mr. Scouller in his remarks, said that the thought that she was enabled to obtain a hope, that she was one of Jesus' followers. "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not of, the son of man cometh." Her age was fifteen years. Fifteen the 21<sup>st</sup> of Nov. last.

Thursday March 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The annual exhibition of the Morning Sun Academy, is to be held at the church, this evening. I feel like I had lost something. But we know that our loss, is the gain of the dear departed, for we trust and hope she is with Jesus.

Friday March 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to the exhibition last night. It was very fine. Instead of the usual paper, there was a spirited debate on the question, "slavery has caused more deaths than intemperance." I am very busy these days, as I expect to go to the Academy next term.

Saturday March 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ It will be one year tomorrow night since the Morning Sun Academy held its exhibition. I had been going during that term: and I remember how I used to think that it would make me perfectly happy to be one of the scholars, to sit upon the platform facing the audience, to march in, single file, along with the other girls. Of course that failed to make me perfectly happy, although I know that there are many persons who are envious of those thus favored.

Sabbath March 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to preaching today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton took his text from Psalm 119:53, 54. Communion second, or third sabbath of April.

Monday March 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Farewell journal number two. You have given me many a pleasant recreation. Goodby.

Nettie Harper.

Journal No. 3

Morning Sun Preble Co. Ohio March 23<sup>rd</sup> 1868

Monday March 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Another journal has this day been finished. Again I am begining another. May Our Heavenly Father guide my pen. I know that I am liable to write things that I should not. But with his guidance frail man can not go far wrong. Nothing very noteworthy occurred while I was writing the last journal. The only thing sadening, or in any way departing from the common routine of every day life, was the death of my cousin. What may happen

before this one closes, I know not; yet I know that all will be for the best; for he who doeth all things well, hath assured us that it will be.

Tuesday March 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I am very busy this week, as the school commences next week. I have been ironing, and making Darling a new dress today.

Wednesday March 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I don't believe I have any thing to write tonight. I have been sewing today. It is twenty five minutes to six. I am sitting by, the west window, and the only out door things I can see, are some stately forrests, and Mr. Simpsons house. It has been a wet rainy day.

Thursday March 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Weary with a days labor; ill at ease with myself; with an insatiable longing after a holier life, be it ever so humble, I came upstairs, to write, this evening. I have been busy all day, quilting at Mothers quilt.

Friday March 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I like the writing on this page. It looks so black, and looks like I could read it. I have been quilting today.

Sabbath March 29 \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from the words "Prove your own selves." 2<sup>nd</sup> Cor. 13:5. It was a somewhat lengthy, yet earnest and solemn address, exhorting every one to prove their own selves. Those that were realy Christians, would lose nothing themselves now, for God would do it for them some day, if they did not. At the day of judgment they would wish they had. Any one who went home, and never once thought of the solemn sermon he had heard, must be guilty.

Monday March 30<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I started to school again today. Mr. John Marshel is the principle. I am going to study Anatomy, Physical Geography, and what I study else, I will write again. I do not know the exact number of scholars.

Tuesday March 31<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to school today. I am going to study Higher Arithmetic in connection with those mentioned yesterday. Dr. George Simpson and Miss Joe Murray were married last Thursday.

Wednesday April 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to school today. Nothing else worth writing, I believe.

Thursday April 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ My lessons are very hard today, especialy Physiology. Went to school today. It is just two years today, since I first started High School.

Friday April 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Annie and Willie Fisher came to our house this evening. I went to school today.

Saturday April 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to prayermeeting at Mr. Ramseys today. Mr. Samuel Ramsey was licensed to preach the gospel last Wednesday. Presbytery at the Covenanter Church this week.

Sabbath April 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Luke 15:17,18. It was principlaly the first part of the parable of the prodigal son. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton is so much in earnest about his work, especialy the youth of his charge. It was a simple, yet highly eloquent and earnest sermon.

Monday April 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to school today. The school in our district commenced today. Miss [Retta] Sheely is teacher.

Tuesday April 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Nothing else to write, I believe.

Wednesday April 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Nothing else to write, I believe.

Thursday April 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ It is a cold, snowy day, looking more like a January, than an April day. Enough snow for sleighing this evening. I went to school today.

Friday April 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Some sleighriding this morning. I went to school today. Commence at the first of Physiology next Monday. We finished, I mean got through the book, today.

Saturday April 11<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ When I am going to school, there is always a great deal to do on Saturday. So of course you may know I have been very busy today.

Sabbath April 12<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ It is a very wet Sabbath. However, I went to preaching. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from the words, "On that day shall the priest make an atonement for you, to cleanse you, that ye may be clean from all your sins, before the Lord." Lev. 16:30. Communion next Sabbath. At school, sometimes, Mr. Marshel prays for those of his scholars who are members of the church, and then for those "who have not confessed Jesus before men." At such times a mystic influence steals over me, telling me that it is sweet to be a member of Christs Church on earth, yet, at the same time, I can not help feeling, how great a weight of responsibility rest on me.

Monday April 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to school, as usual, today. Tolerably cold today.

Tuesday April 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I did not go to school today, as it was a very wet morning. Raining almost all the time, this forenoon. I commenced to make an Album quilt today.

Wednesday April 15<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I did not go to school today as it is about the same as yesterday. Raining this forenoon. It is just three years today since Abraham Lincoln died. Three years, last evening, since the hand of J. Wilkes Booth raised the weapon that terminated his life. I well remember that sad event. When the news first reached us, I did not believe it. Word was brought us by one of the neighbors boys. I remember I thought it was one of his stories. But before evening, it was confirmed. His successor is now on trial.

Thursday April 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. I am studying what to write. I can't think of any thing, so I'll quit. I hear Rene and Lizzie talking about some school troubles, so that I can not hear, or think of any thing else.

Friday April 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Preaching previous to the communion today. Mr. Leiper, of Sycamore Ohio, preached from the words, "There is no other name given under heaven whereby we can be saved, but the name of Jesus." However, I have made a mistake. I was repeating it from memory, and wrote the wrong verse. It was, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." 1<sup>st</sup> Tim. 1:14. I am so excited this evening, that I can scarcely write. The cause of the excitement is about a disturbance that occurred in the school, in our district, in which one of the men in the district struck the teacher.<sup>7</sup>

Saturday April 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching today. Mr. Leiper preached from the words, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." I have been helping sweep the church this afternoon.

Sabbath April 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching today. Also I was permitted to go to the Lords table. Mr. Leiper preached from the words, "For it became him for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the captain of their salvation perfect through suffering." Heb.2:10. Twelve were received as members of this congregation today. On certificate two: viz. Mr. Joseph S. Ramsey and Mrs. Maggie E. Marshel. On examination ten: viz. Miss Henrietta E. , Miss Vinolia A. Shaw, Miss Sarah M.[Margaret or Maggie] M<sup>c</sup>Quiston, Robert Wilson, Harvey James Bell, Samuel Coldsmith, Michael S. Hockersmith, Samuel Buck, Robert James Simpson, Calvin Herron. It was a solemn communion season. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton said, that he did not believe, that there was any one who had ever prayed, that had not enjoyed some communion with God. He said that if there was any one, who had never had any evidence of Gods favor, that we might be sure that that individual was not a Christian, and had no right to the Lords table. "Don't come," he said. He said that if no one but those who had always enjoyed unmistakable evidence of Gods favor, there would not be one

---

<sup>7</sup> Hopewell Session Records, April 18, 1868... reported that William Bell had been guilty of unchristian conduct by violently endeavoring to enforce authority in the school where his children were in attendance. Mr. Bell said he was Sorry and would be on his guard and not do the like again.

table full. Every one, he said, had his cloudy days yet if he were a Christian, he had his bright days also.

Monday April 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I did not go to school today, as it was a wet morning. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton started up his youths meetings again today. They had been discontinued since last October. The reason he assigned was, that the church was so large, that by the time the little circle around the stove had become comfortable, it was time to go home. That was the case winter before last. He had hoped that there would have been a session house built by this time, as he did not like to hold his meetings in such a large house. He like to see a room full. He did not like to preach in a church half full. Neither did he like to hold his youths meetings in a room with just a few in it. I always like these meetings. Although I always feel some reluctance about going, it is all gone by the time I get home. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton asked me the question "What is a sacrament?" and one, or two others.

Tuesday April 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Nothing else to write, I guess.

Wednesday April 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I am alone while I am writing, this time. To be by myself is a rarity. Yet I always liked it. Aunty, Mother and the two youngest children are gone visiting. Rene, Charley, Lizzie and Susie are at school. Nate and Pa are out in the field. I have to look out every few minutes, to see if they are coming. I am sitting over at the west side of the room and looking through the east window; which is down. I see something resembling a buggy coming up the road. The reason that I am looking for them is, that I want to let them in at the gate. Mr. Nelson Brown is dead. He was living near Fairhaven O. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Quiston [*David, Sr.*] said, a few weeks ago, "Poor man, he is not prepared to die." If such is the case, how dreadful. To think that he has been assigned his part in that place, where God has forgotten to be gracious.

Thursday April 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. There are twenty four scholars in attendance.

Friday April 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Making flower beds this evening.

Saturday April 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Very busy today. Working among the flowers. Making Mina a dress.

Sabbath April 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The sabbath school opened, as far as organization is concerned, today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hattons class, of which I am a member, are going to study the epistle to the Hebrews, beginning with the first chapter next Sabbath. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached today from the 11<sup>th</sup> chapter 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> verses of Gen. It was about the building of the tower of Babel, and the confusion of languages there. He said that travelers claim that they yet find the rubbish of which this tower was built, and almost as solid as rock. He said that doubtless the language spoken until the confusion of languages at Babel was the Hebrew. That Adam, Cain and Nod were pure Hebrew words. He said that he once read in a childs Bible, that they were afraid there would be another flood; but that he could find nothing in the Bible at all to prove this, but that the Bible says their object was to get them a name in the earth. He said if their object had been to be safe from the flood, they would have selected a mountain for this purpose. He supposed that Nimrod was the leading in building the towers, as it says in a preceeding chapter, that the begining of his kingdom was Babel. He said that the chronological record was not placed right. That it spoke of the dispersion before it occurred.

Monday April 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. I can't think of any thing else to write, so I'll quit, and go and study my Physical Geography lesson.

Tuesday April 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I forgot to write yesterday, that one of the scholars left school Friday, viz. Mr. Clayton Conger of Sugar Valley Ohio. His excuse was his mother wanted him to help her work at home, and also go to school at home. I went to school today. I will have to read an essay Friday.

Wednesday April 29<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. I have been puzzling my brains this afternoon to write an essay.

Thursday April 30<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. I have to mind Sadie and Mina this afternoon, and I find it pretty hard work to study.

Friday May 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Also I read an essay. It is'ent any difference what the subject. was.

Saturday May 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Prayermeeting at our house this afternoon.

Sabbath May 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from the words, "These words which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart; and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children." Deut. 6:6,7. The sermon today had a great deal to do with Sabbath schools. I don't think I ever heard Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preach louder than he did today; louder and more earnest, I should say. Our Sabbath school lesson was the first chapter of Hebrews. Next Sabbath, however, we will commence at the first chapter of John.

Monday May 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I guess I went to school today. It is raining a gentle shower, while I am penning these few lines, my dear Journal.

Tuesday May 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. I have nothing else to write.

Wednesday May 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I also went to school today. It was raining when school was out; and I would have stayed at Mr. John Marshels, if Pa had not come after me.

Thursday May 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. I mean I did not, only, I had got so used to writing, "I went to school today," that I forgot what I was writing. Well I did not go to school today, as it is a very bad day.

Friday May 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Sarah and I are alone, as the rest have gone visiting. She is sleeping down stairs, while I am upstairs writing.

Saturday May 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have been very busy today. Doing a little of every thing.

Sabbath May 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Ex. 11:7. \_\_\_ Later \_\_\_ I read the last in a book, "Mutual Recognition of Friends in Heaven," this evening. Read the first chapter in a book, "Persuasions to earley Piety." If every chapter is like that first one, methinks it might melt a heart of stone. Just to think this life is only a preparation for a last long journey, and yet how little I think of getting ready. If I were going on an earthly journey, how busy would I be in making preparations. How much it would occupy my thoughts. How I would wish for the happy moment to arrive, at which I would start. But when it comes to a journey, that I must surely take, how careless and thoughtless I am. A journey in which more preparation is needed, how little preparation is made.

Monday May 11<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Nettie Harper went to school today. I guess she was a pretty good girl. Knew her lessons pretty tolerably well, I guess.

Tuesday May 12<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to school today. Commenced to rain today about ten o'clock, and has rained ever since, until it is now four o'clock tomorrow.

Wednesday May 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to school today. Went home with Clara Brown last night. It has been raining ever since yesterday morning, and it is now four o'clock.

Thursday May 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. It is just one year Tuesday since I commenced to write these journals. I have never yet found cause to regret that I have kept it. Indeed I love it as well as ever. It has given me many happy moments writing in it. I had made up my mind to write every day, something about one scholar, until every one should be mentioned. I have drafted a name that of L. Hornaday of West Elkton Ohio, I believe. He is a very sober boy, almost an entire stranger to me. Judging from appearances I should suppose him to be a very studious boy. But as he is not in any of the classes I am, I can not speak with certainty.

Friday May 15<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Read an essay. I am going to write today about Maggie M<sup>c</sup>Creary of Morning Sun O. She is one of the girls who went when I did before. She, in connection with three others of the scholars, will graduate this term.



Saturday May 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have not been very well today. My drafting today has resulted in the choosing of Miss Vinolia Shaw of Morning Sun Ohio.

Sabbath May 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ No preaching at Hopewell today. I did not go any place to preaching. Part of the family went to Fairhaven to preaching.

Monday May 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to school today. Today I write of Mr. Agnew G. Ryburn of Connersville Ind.

Tuesday May 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Mary Marshel is from Camden Ohio. I am half tired writing these names already, and have half a mind to write them all at once. Here are the girls names. Clara Brown, Laura Dill, Nettie Harper, Alice Lybrook, Mattie E. Lybrook, Mary C. Marshel, Maggie M<sup>c</sup>Creary, Ella Murray, Nettie Murray, Emma L. Shaw and Vinolia A. Shaw. Boys names. Dock (Samuel) Badar, Charley Demand, Harvey Edgworth, A.G. Ryburn, L. Hornaday, Will Owens, Henry Niccum, Will Marshel, Eli M<sup>c</sup>Divett, Elihu Simpson, John M<sup>c</sup>Dill, Robert Wilson, and Clayton Conger (three weeks).

Wednesday May 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Thursday May 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Friday May 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. I have been planting corn this afternoon, and consequently am very tired.

Saturday May 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I don't know what to say about today. Perhaps I might have spent it a little better.

Sabbath May 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Luke 22:31,32.

Monday May 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. I am, oh, so very tired, this evening.

Tuesday May 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. I bought a new hat this morning. It is trimmed in pink ribbon, and pink roses, and an ashen colored vine.

Wednesday May 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Thursday May 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Perhaps, at some future day, I would like to know what we were all doing, at twenty five minutes past six o'clock, in the evening. Pa and the boys are helping Mr. Ramsey plant corn. Mother is working among the flowers. Rene is sitting down stairs, reading in a magazine, as old as herself. Lizzie is studying grammar. Susie is helping weed the flowers. Darling [*Sarah Jane*] and Minnie [*Mina*] are looking through the garden fence, at the east end of the house.

Friday May 29<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Saturday May 30<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to Fairhaven today. To the house of Aunt Polly Smith, who lives in the suburbs of the town. She is sick, with what it is feared, may be something of the nature of consumption. Made an apron for Charlie Smith, John Smiths baby.

Sabbath May 31<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Mat. 12:29. A most solemn sermon, being principally an earnest invitation for sinners to come to the Savior. In course of his sermon he said, that he believed that Satan was in the church, while he was preaching.

Monday June 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Making Susie an apron this afternoon.

Tuesday June 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Part of our folks have gone to Indian Creek. Nate and I are by ourselves this afternoon. Lizzie and Charlie are at school. Nate is telling me now, that as soon as Charlie comes home, they are going out to see Middle Four Mile (Big Creek), as it has been raining since about noon, almost pouring down; hailing some, also; and I told Nate they must not go. I got caught in the rain, as I was coming home.

Wednesday June 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to school today. All I have to write.

Thursday June 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. A short record but nevertheless true.

Friday June 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to school today. I had an apple today, that grew last year; a real raw apple, one that we had kept ourselves.

Saturday June 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Prayermeeting over at the other house today. I have to write an essay for examination day. I managed to scribble off something last night on the subject, "Every one has something to do." A poor affair it is, no doubt.

Sabbath June 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ No preaching at Hopewell. I went to preaching at Fairhaven today. Mr. Scouller preached from Eph. 3:14-20. Aunt Polly Smith is very low. She is not expected to live long.

Monday June 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Tuesday June 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Signed Nettie Harper.

Wednesday June 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Company at our house for tea.

Thursday June 11<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Company at our house for dinner.

Friday June 12<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. I have been puzzling my brains all this week, over that essay for examination day. I have finished it today, as Mr. Marshel has requested that essays be handed in on Monday, or Tuesday. I am afraid mine is a strange affair; that it isent good enough to read. Well, any way, its done, and I have done my best.

Saturday June 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Lizzie and I have been sweeping the church today, and fixing a dress for myself to wear on examination day.

Sabbath June 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to Sabbath School today. I have to propose a question next Sabbath, to the class. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from James 3:17.

Monday June 15<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Went to the youths meeting this evening at five. Question or subject, Prayer. Fourteen present.

Tuesday June 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. I am studying my last lessons for this term, this afternoon. Today I signed my name to a written promise not to destroy any property belonging to the Academy, not to disobey any known rules, and to be diligent in my studies. Mr. Marshel is requested to have all the pupils sign their names, as the trustees require it. It begins "I do hereby promise," and I have forgotten the rest.

Wednesday June 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Recited my last lessons for this term. I will have to read my essay tomorrow in the forenoon. There will be three essays, or declamations, and then a class will be examined; then three more performances. I will be examined in Physical Geography. The closing exercises will be held in Edgworths woods. The four graduates viz. Elihu Simpson, Maggie M<sup>c</sup>Creary, Nettie Murray and Clara Brown will give their oration and essay, and a Mr. Lemorrey will deliver an address; and then a basket supper and a reunion at night. I must go down and be studying my Physical Geography.

Thursday June 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ School closed today. A very wet morning; raining all night, and until about nine. So we did not go to the woods. I was examined in Physical Geography. If it were not proud, I should say I passed a very good examination: and don't you think, dear journal, my essay elicited applause from the audience. Got my dinner at Mr. Murrays. The first thing in the morning, after the opening exercises, was an essay, a kind of a salutory by Laura Dill. Next an essay, "Youth," A.G. Ryburn. Then the examination of the class in Physical Geography in number, four Will J. Owens, Henry H. Niccum, Laura Dill and I. Then the next was an essay, "The Past," by Emma Shaw. Then essay, The Works of God, Ella Murray. Then declamation, Time, Eli M<sup>c</sup>Divett. Then the examination of the Trigonometry class. Then declamation, The Latest Fashions, John M<sup>c</sup>Dill. Then essay, Every one has something to do, Nettie Harper. Essay, Summer, Lurten D. Hornaday. Music, When you and I were young, Maggie. Then the Analysis class. Then declamation, Real Education, Robert Wilson. Then essay, Happiness, Vinolia Shaw. Then declamation by Dock Badar, the subject of which I have forgotten. Something tolerably funny, yet very good. Then came noon. After noon was first the examination of the class in Caesar. Next essay, Home, Mary Marshel. Then declamation, Speak a kind word whenever you can, Harvey Edgworth. Then the Algebra class. Then an essay by

Alice Lybrook, subject, Education. Then came the paper, edited by Charlie Demand and Mattie Lybrook. But, on account of high water, the editor was absent. Fortunately, however, he had left the paper, having with him only the editorials. His place was supplied by Mary Marshel. Journal, do you want to know what was in the paper about me? Here it is, as nearly as I can remember. "Henry Niccum and Net Harper are the noisiest of us all. They make so much fuss all the time that you can't hear any thing else." I don't think this exactly correct, but I can't remember. After the papers was the essays and orations of the graduating class. First, essay, No one lives for himself alone, Maggie M<sup>c</sup>Creary. Next essay, From shore to shore, by Nettie Murray; being a comparison of life to a voyage across a sea. A very good essay. Next was an essay by Clara Brown; subject, The March of Centuries. Then the oration of Elihu Simpson; subject System. Then there was the address of Mr. Lemorrey, who was himself once a pupil of the Academy. It was an address to the Alumni. There were two other songs, the subjects of which I have forgotten. The Reunion tonight.

Friday June 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I did not get to go to the Reunion last night. I hate it so bad too. Very busy today.

Saturday June 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have been very busy today. Indeed I have so much to do, that I have not time to think about school being out, although I do feel lost, and like I had nothing to do sometimes.

Sabbath June 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to church today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Luke 13<sup>th</sup> and 19 & 21 omiting the 20<sup>th</sup>.

Monday June 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mother, Aunty and Minnie [*Mina*] have gone to Mr. Ramseys visiting. Sadie and I are keeping house.

Tuesday June 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Papering our house today. Mrs. Dill is at our house today.

Wednesday June 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ These are busy days. Miss Sheely and Lizzie Graham were at our house for supper tonight.

Thursday June 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have been papering the middle room today. Papered it all myself.

Friday June 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mother, Aunty and the baby have gone visiting. Sarah and I are by ourselves. I hope they'll come home before supper, for if they do, Rene and I will go to Mr. Owens along with Lizzie Graham and Retta Sheely.

Saturday June 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ They did'ent come home before supper, so we did'ent get to go. We went to Mr. Grahams today. Aunt Polly is dead [*Mary G. "Polly" Paxton Smith, wife of Jas. R., d. June 27, 1868 aged 68y. 10m. 9d.*]. She was burried today at four. Albert Paxton, a full cousin of Mothers, was at our house for supper. He is some kind of a peddler. Agent of some kind of a rag company at Knightstown Indiana.

Sabbath June 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Mark 1<sup>st</sup>:12,13. I answered the question, What is meant by the acceptable year. Luke 4:19. It was proposed on last Sabbath by Bell Douglas.

Monday June 29<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Half past seven. Upstairs, by the western window, sitting on the floor, writing on Charleys trunk. I have been doing I scarcely can tell what. Washing, churning, climbing the cherry trees, gathering mulberries, currants, gooseberries, raspberries, and making tating, and I don't know what else.

Tuesday June 30<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Cleaning up stairs. Like as though I should care, ten years from now.

Wednesday July 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mother and Auntie and our little baby have gone visiting. The rest of us are at home.

Thursday July 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Making a new dress for Mother today.

Friday July 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I forget what I have done today, for it is now Monday 6<sup>th</sup>. However, Mother, Aunty, Susie and Mina are away for dinner and supper, and I am sewing at Mothers dress.

Saturday July 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The same tale as yesterday. Ninety two years ago our glorious nation was born. I was reading a story in the Register on the signing of the declaration of independence. It is about the most beautiful story I ever read. It is not a story, exactly, having somewhat more the characteristics of an essay. Rene has been writing with my pen and spoiled it. I have been stitching, stitching, stitching till my fingers are weary and worn. Mother is calling me down to milk my cow Cherrie. She says its going to rain. \_\_\_ Later \_\_\_ Well it didnt rain, only looked like it. Rene says its Lizzie thats been writing with my pen. I suppose it was, for she was writing an essay Friday.

Sabbath July 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching today. Rev. James Foster of Cincinati preached from the words, " Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Mat. 11:24.

Monday July 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Churning, gathering cherries, sweeping the church, &c. &c.

Tuesday July 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Washing, scrubbing, cutting carpet rags, &c. &c.

Wednesday July 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Gathering cherries, sweeping the church, &c. &c.

Thursday July 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went visiting to Thomas M<sup>c</sup>Quistons today. Mrs. M<sup>c</sup>Quiston [*Margaret Hamilton McQuiston*] is sick, but is getting better.

Friday July 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Reapers at our house. A great deal of cooking to do.

Saturday July 11<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Cutting wheat at our house. I am as tired as if I had walked ten miles.

Sabbath July 12<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to preaching today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from 1<sup>st</sup> Cor. 1:20-22. In the course of his sermon he said, that those who got to heaven, would in one day be repaid for every toil and trial on earth.

Monday July 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The same work as Saturday. Oh my, what a poor pen; and there is not a better one about the house.

Tuesday July 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Washing today. We are going to make carpet. Commenced.

Wednesday July 15<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Ironing. I have been making carpet today.

Thursday July 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Here it is the middle of July, and I have not said one word about the seventeen year wonder, the locusts. I believe they have about all disapeared now. But every morning, on my way to school, my ears were greeted by their unceasing din.

Friday July 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Well, dear Journal, what I have been doing today I don't know. Baking, gathering and canning gooseberries.

Saturday July 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I realy like this journal, but I wish I had something interesting to write. There has been a heavy storm this evening, afternoon rather. Just as the last load of wheat was safely in the barn it began to rain in torrents, accompanied by much heavy thunder, sharp lightning, a great deal of wind, and some hail.

Sabbath July 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I did not go to preaching today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Deut. 34:5,6. I heard some one say, just now, that the meaning of that passage, where it says Michael, the Archangel, when contending with the devil about the body of Moses, &c, according to Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hattons opinion was, that the devil wanted to make his grave known, so that it would be worshiped, and he through it.

Monday July 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton and family at our house for supper.

Tuesday July 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Washing today. Sewing carpet.

Wednesday July 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Ironing today. Sewing carpet.

Thursday July 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Sewing carpet. Not much else.

Friday July 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Sewing carpet. Not much else.

Saturday July 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Not much of any thing beside sewing carpet.

Sabbath July 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I did not go to church today. Sick yesterday and today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from John 18:19. Communion the second Sabbath of August.

Monday July 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Not any thing, I guess. I am sure I forget what I did do.



Tuesday July 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Lizzie and I have been blackberrying today.

Wednesday July 29<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Washing today. Dear, dear journal.

Thursday July 30<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Sewing today. Cutting carpet rags.

Friday July 31<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Sewing today. I am scarce of something to write.

Saturday Aug. 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Lizzie and I went for blackberries today.

Sabbath Aug. 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Ezekiel 36:23.

“I will sanctify my great name, which was profaned among the heathen, which ye have profaned in the midst of them.” Communion next Sabbath.

Monday Aug. 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Oh dear, I don't know what I have been doing today. But one thing I am going to tell you about, journal. This evening was the evening of the youths meeting, at six o'clock. I might have went, but I did'ent, and I feel like saying “verily we are guilty.”

Tuesday Aug. 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Washing today. I am going to tell you something, journal. We, that is the juvenile members of the Harper family, are going to write a paper, monthly, and the first number is ready to read this evening. It has five contributors, four, I mean. But the editor had to contribute some this number.

Wednesday Aug. 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ We, that is Lizzie and I, have been gathering berries today.

Thursday Aug. 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mother bought me some new things today.

Friday Aug. 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Services preparatory to the communion today. Rev. Mr. Hainey, of Cedarville Ohio, preached from John 4:14. Mr. John Oar [27y. 11m. 21d. War vet.] was burried during the preaching. How must his young wife feel, left a widow [*Emma Swan Orr*] when not more than twenty, and two fatherless children.

Saturday Aug. 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching today. Mr. Hainey preached from Heb. 9:27. “After that the judgment.” Oh, it was the best sermon I ever heard, I was going to say; but perhaps I might be mistaken; but indeed it was excellent, and certainly one of the very best I ever heard. I could have sat all day and listened to it. It was about the final judgment. I wish I had the sermon, that I might read it, whenever I wanted to. I am glad tomorrow is communion. I look forward to it with joy. During the sermon I thought I could almost see the judgment day as come. No painters pencil could have made it plainer; and heaven never seemed such a reality, as such a happy and beautiful place, and hell never so dark and loathesome. But I must quit.

Sabbath Aug. 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching today. Rev. Hainey preached from 2<sup>nd</sup> Cor. 8:9. I went to the Lords table again today; the sixth time since I have joined the church. No one joined the church today.

Monday Aug. 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ This morning as I awoke, I couldent help wishing t'were one bright Sabbath always, and storms did never come. I do love the Sabbath day so. I felt a shrinking from the toil of other days.

Tuesday Aug. 11<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have got a new dress. I have been sewing at it today. Blackberrying, too.

Wednesday Aug. 12<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Tomorrow there will be a Sabbath School celebration in the woods west of the Academy. Fourteen schools, it is said will be represented.

Thursday Aug. 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to the celebration today. The schools marched from the Academy. Instead of the usual table, there was a basket dinner. Rev. Mr. Chidlaw made an address to the children of the Sabbath School. Other strangers were present.

Friday Aug. 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Washing claimed our attention this forenoon.

Saturday Aug. 15<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I only know we had company, and I'm tired.

Sabbath Aug. 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching today. I had to give a synopsis of the sermon of Sabbath before last, on today. It is the custom with our class in Sabbath School, to every Sabbath morning, have some one appointed the Sabbath before, to give a synopsis of that sermon. I don't know whether mine was good, or not, or any thing like the sermon. Rev. John



I. Bonner of South Carolina, a minister of the Associate Reformed Church, preached today from Eph. 1:22,23. He is trying to raise funds to build a college in South Carolina. They say he is a real rebel.

Monday Aug. 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Charley, Lizzie and I went for blackberries about two miles today. They are very scarce this year.

Tuesday Aug. 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ It is about seven o'clock. The sky is black with lowering clouds, and the thunder rolls along the clouds. I hear the rain coming in the distance. Washing today.

Wednesday Aug. 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Well, well, I don't know what to say. Sewing cloth for carpet.

Thursday Aug. 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Aunty has been sick this long time, several weeks, and I have not said one word about it. I don't know what ails her. It is now about half past seven, and Aunty is down stairs, lying on the boys bed. I don't know what the rest are doing, only that Nettie is writing.

Friday Aug. 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ A tale the same as other days. Blackberrying. These are general happy days. It is because I do indeed, at least I can not help thinking so, that I live that friend that sticketh closer than a brother. I can not dispel the belief, that on last winter I was born again. Those feelings that I wrote so much about last winter. I recollect that one Sabbath day, some time in the month of December, if I had my second journal, I could find the exact day, I think. I had been in an agony all day. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton had preached a solemn sermon, every word of which seemed as an arrow to my soul. I spent the evening in prayer, and miserable thoughts. Towards twilight I arose from my knees, when suddenly I seemed to hear a voice saying, "Thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace:" and I went down stairs with a happy feeling in my heart. But I did not feel perfectly happy, until a few days latter I experienced a peace, oh, such a sweet peace; and ever since at intervals, and almost all the time ever since, I have thought that my sins were really pardoned.

Saturday Aug. 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Blackberrying. Charley and Nettie.

Sabbath Aug. 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching today. Rev. Mr. Rogers, a Presbyterian minister from Oxford Ohio, preached from Mat.7:20. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Rev. Rossiter, an agent for American and Foreign Christian Union, was also present. He made a few remarks at the close of the sermon, among which, he said, that in Italy, ten years ago, a Bible reader was put in prison, and every Bible burned. Now every obstacle was removed, so that into every town they could enter, fearlessly. Ten years ago there was not one church; now there are fifty. Five years ago Rev. Mr. Morehead went there. Now he has ninety native preachers, to assist him; and all in five years. A collection was lifted to assist him.

Monday Aug. 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Oh, my dear Journal, if I should write all I wanted to, tonight, I should'ent stop until I had this book all full, and than I would'ent be half done, for I should'ent stop, until I had copied all of a book I have been reading today, by my favorite author "Pansy," about Jessie Wells. It is a Sabbath school book, a number of new ones having been bought last week. She was just sixteen, when the book commence. That is just my age. She loved Jesus. I hope I do. She was the eldest daughter of a large family, as I am. She came very near bringing disgrace upon religion, sometimes, as I must, I expect, do very often. She did many noble things for Christ. I am afraid I couldent. But He has said, "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be."

Tuesday Aug. 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I came upstairs to write, and I heard Mother say, "It is time for the girls to bring in the clothes." I guess she is'ent particular whether I help, or not. though; so I shan't go down to help. Lizzie and Susie are bringing them in. Well now, darling, to begin. I feel like writing a good deal, if I can get the time. This morning I resolved to select a verse to accompany me, as Jessie in that book, did, through the day. I had this one. "I will be with thee in six troubles, and in seven I will not forsake thee." Perhaps I might have got a better. But I had not time to select one, and so had to take the first one that darted into my mind. I don't

know though. Its certain I have a good many troubles. And I made a resolve Sabbath week ago, that I would choose some sin, to try and break myself of. After asking help of God in choosing, I chose the first one I thought of, viz. Not to speak cross to Mother. I do believe I have been worse ever since. I speak a good many cross words. But sometimes, however, I think in time to gain the victory. This is Pa's birthday. He is thirty nine.

Wednesday Aug. 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I am trying to do right. But, sometimes, it is pretty hard. But Jesus, since I try to help myself, gives me strength. To God be all the glory. Talitha and children at our house today.

Thursday Aug. 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Lizzie and I have been blackberrying. My verse today is "The angel of Lord encampeth round about all those that fear him, and delivereth them." I must go down and help Mother carry the milk away.

Friday Aug. 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Not many things to write today. Mina is sick.

Saturday Aug. 29<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Much the same as other days. Verse today "Pray without ceasing." And indeed I need to.

Sabbath Aug. 30<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ No preaching at Hopewell today. I did not get to go any where else to preaching. I chose for my verse today, "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be," and verified it before night. I thought I must do something for Jesus. So I determined to say something to Lizzie and Susie about loving Jesus. It is my custom to ask Lizzie some questions, from the Bible, every day, and then give her one to answer on the next Sabbath. Today I asked her for the first one "Why did Jesus Christ die on earth?" She replied, "To save sinners." I then said, "Lizzie, do you believe that?" I shall never forget her blank look of astonishment. She did not say any thing, however. I said something about people saying that they believe they were sinners, that if they remained such they would go to hell, that Jesus came to save them, and yet, they were not willing to love him. Pretty soon Susie came up, and I told her I would tell her a story. I then depicted in as glowing terms as I could, the fall of mankind, and why Jesus came and died on earth. I don't think it made much impression. Lizzie, however, wept bitterly, while I was talking. About Susie, I think it is hard to make any impression. But I have a verse for encouragement, "Be not weary in well doing, for in due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not." But of Lizzie I am more hopefull, for she is of a different turn from the others. It must be glorious work to win souls for Jesus.

Monday Aug. 31<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Oh, dear, I do so many things I shouldnt. I can't help getting mad at Aunty. It seems to me, sometimes, she just tries to be contrary to our wishes. I suppose I should not write this. I was thinking of this this evening, when the words of Isiah rose before my mind, "When he was reviled, he reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not!" and just now, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay say'eth the Lord."

Tuesday Sept. 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The boys, Irene and I, are at home today. The rest have gone visiting.

Wednesday Sept. 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I had a chill last evening, before going to bed. My head has ached all day, and I have felt very bad.

Thursday Sept. 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Very sick today. Pa is gone for medicine. I have the chills.

Friday Sept. 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I am a great deal better today. Yet, while I am writing, I can scarcely see, I am so dizzy.

Saturday Sept. 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Sewing carpet rags. I am almost well, I guess. Goodby, another week.

Sabbath Sept. 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I did not go to church to day. Rev. Mr. Boal preached from Isiah 40:30,31. I chose for my verse today, "Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not." I verily thought last Sabbath, that my words to Susie, had fallen on stony ground. But today I saw I had been mistaken. I had some conversation with her last Sabbath, in regard to the glories of heaven, and the miseries of hell. Today I never saw such a little enthusiast. I had some talk with her while the rest were at church and I was astonished at

how much she remembered, of what I had said, last Sabbath. After I had got done talking, she turned to Sarah J., and asked her if she wanted to go to heaven. She boldly replied "No." And I told Susie that she was too little to know what was wanted; when she was bigger, she would want to. But nothing would do, until she coaxed her to say yes.

Monday Sept. 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to T. M<sup>c</sup>Quistons today. To Youths meeting in the evening. Mrs. Caskey was burried today.

Tuesday Sept. 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ School commenced this afternoon. An address to the pupils by Rev. Mr. Senior. Subject, The Model Man. Very interesting, and interspersed with spicy anecdotes.

Wednesday Sept. 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. I am going to study Physiology, Latin Grammer, Composition and Philosophy. A very wet, bad day.

Thursday Sept. 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to school. Raining, and a bad, very bad day.

Friday Sept. 11<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Pa, Mother, Aunty, and the two children took our carpet away to the weavers today. We had seventy four balls, of which I made twenty seven. We had forty five pounds. A cousin of Mothers, Hiram Paxton, is with us tonight.

Saturday Sept. 12<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Well its Saturday, and every body know what is done Saturday.

Sabbath Sept. 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching today. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Acts 9:11.

Monday Sept. 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to school today.

Tuesday Sept. 15<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to school today. I do not have to go after this, until time to recite; my first recitation commencing 10 o'clock 15 min. School commences at half past eight.

Wednesday Sept. 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to school. I must go down and study Philosophy.

Thursday Sept. 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to school today. Only one more day, and "sweet sixteen" is past. I can scarcely believe my senses. What a short year this seems to have been. Three hundred and sixty five days have rolled on with lightening rapidity. Yet this has not been altogether a misimproved year, for I think I have been pretty much busy.

Friday Sept. 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Sewing at a bonnet for Susie, this evening.

Saturday Sept. 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ My seventeenth birthday. Seventeen years ago today, a helpless infant was ushered into the world. I wonder if that infant of seventeen years ago, has been every thing a proud father and mother hoped for, then. She certainly is a pretty bad girl. Perhaps somewhat talented: with a prodigious love for writing; and, by the way, I think she would make an author, if she but had the chance. Seventeen years old! How I clung to sixteen, with a tenacity worthy of a better cause. It is Charlies birthday, too, and he is twelve. One year ago today was spent at the fair a Eaton. My fifteenth birthday at school at the Academy. My fourteenth, at the district school. My thirteenth, at T. M<sup>c</sup>Quistons. From that to my fifth, I remember no more birthdays. My fifth was the day Charley was born. I remember that distinctly.

Sabbath Sept. 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching today. Rev. Richie preached from Luke 18:18-24. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton was absent. Mr. Richie had our class in Sabbath school. I am reading a Sabbath school book of Lizzie's; subject, The Mind of Jesus; and one aloud, of Nates, The Cross in the Cell.

Monday Sept. 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to school today. Am reading a book of Josie Simpsons, Nellie Miltons Housekeeping.

Tuesday Sept. 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ It rained, and I didnt get to go to school today.

Wednesday Sept. 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to school today.

Thursday Sept. 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ A very cold wet day. So I didnt get to go to school today.

Friday Sept. 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to school today. Pretty cold.

Saturday Sept. 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have nothing worth writing. I reckon the rest would think they had, for they have just got new seats for the schoolhouse, and they were put in today; and some children, I know of, for once, at least, will like to go to school, and that will be next Monday.

Sabbath Sept. 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ There was no preaching at Hopewell today, and we did not go any where else.

Monday Sept. 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ From down stairs the chorus of a series of exclamations reaches me, "Goody! Goody! Uncle Drs. and Uncle Johns is coming." It is even so. Uncle Drs. came in last week, no one dreaming of such a thing. They called at our house this evening, on their way to Thomases, and reported that Uncle Johns were coming next week. I am studying composition, and of course ought to punctuate.

Tuesday Sept. 29<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to school today. Mrs. Martha Simpson's [*wife of Robert, d. Sept. 28, 1868, 57 y. 7m. 24d.*] funeral I attended today.

Wednesday Sept. 30<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Uncle Dr. Harper [*Thomas Harper*] and all his family, at our house for supper. Went to school today.

Thursday Oct. 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Uncle Johns are coming next week.

Friday Oct. 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. Well I guess this book is about full. So I will have to sign my name on this last line.

Fonetta C. Harper.

Journal No. 4

Morning Sun Preble Co. Ohio Oct. 3<sup>rd</sup> 1868

Saturday Oct. 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ How clean and unsullied this sheet of paper looks! I wonder if it will be so when I am through the book. Uncle Dr., Aunt Mary, Sumner, and old Grandmother Harper were at our house today. Lizzie and I went to prayermeeting, at Mr. John Ramseys, this afternoon. May "Our Father" watch over me until this book is finished, and through life, and grant that it be for my advancement in knowledge.

Sabbath Oct. 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from 1<sup>st</sup> Cor. 7:31. "Use this world as not abusing it, for the fashion of this world passeth away."

Monday Oct. 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to school today. To Youths meeting in the afternoon.

Tuesday Oct. 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Uncle John, Aunt Cassander [*Margaret Paxton Harper's sister*], Ada and Ella came to our house today. I went to school today. I feel somewhat queer. The cause is, as I suppose, a conflict between duty and the tempter. Duty says "do it"; the tempter, "don't."

Wednesday Oct. 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Our folks and visitors went visiting.

Thursday Oct. 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Our folks and visitors went visiting.

Friday Oct. 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Oh, my miserable self! What shall I do? I had purposed to give Uncle John a tract,<sup>8</sup> but I could not summon courage; and he went away this morning, without my giving it to him. Several opportunities occurred, but I was too fainthearted. After the last opportunity was past last night, I was fully resolved to give it to him. It came in this way. I suddenly recollected a sermon I heard a short time since, in which it was said, that when God demanded of us any difficult duty, we were apt to shrink from it, and say, "Good Lord, I had rather not do it." I thought then I could never be so weak; but ah! I knew not my own heart. And I fully believe, that if after that an opportunity had occurred, I would have given it to him. But he is gone home. I can not expect to see him for two years, perhaps more; it was three since I had seen him before. Then I will be older, and perhaps can not make the same impression I might now; or, he may be more hardened. There constantly sounds in my ears, "His blood will I require at thy hand."

---

<sup>8</sup> Tract-a short written work of a religious nature.

Saturday Oct. 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Lizzie and I have been sweeping the church today. Got a book to read, "Young Beginners in Lions Way." Two others to read aloud, "The Woodman of Lebanon," and "Traditions of Palestine in the days of Christ."

Sabbath Oct. 11<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching today. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Isiah 33:21,22. He said that if mens ages were reckoned by their good thoughts, deeds, or words, a great many men would die in infancy, at fifty, and a great many in early boyhood, at eighty, or ninety. The prophets, though any of them died young, were, according to this, old men.

Monday Oct. 12<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Tuesday Oct. 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. This is election day. Valandingham and Schenck are candidates.

Wednesday Oct. 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. Schenck is elected for Congress.

Thursday Oct. 15<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. I wonder if ever I wrote what I study: if not, here they are. Physiology, Philosophy, Composition, and Latin Grammar.

Friday Oct. 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to school today.

Saturday Oct. 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Very busy today.

Sabbath Oct. 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching today. Rev. Mr. Boals preached from Psalm 51:3 and Mat. 18:3<sup>rd</sup> and part of 4<sup>th</sup> verse. He compared the repentance of David and Judas. They both repented. They both confessed their sin. They both endeavored to make restitution. But one was true repentance, and the other false. So that the difference was in the motives for repentance.

Monday Oct. 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Bought a new pair of shoes.

Tuesday Oct. 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Wednesday Oct. 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Thursday Oct. 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. We heard today our carpet was finished.

Friday Oct. 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Pa brought our carpet home today.

Saturday Oct. 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have been making a dress for Lizzie today.

Sabbath Oct. 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching today. The Sabbath school, for this summer, closed today. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Mat. 13:6. "They withered away." It was an earnest, good, and faithful sermon. We took all the children to church today, so that it was difficult to hear. He named several signs of a true Christian; viz., a love for the Sabbath, for religious exercises, for prayer.

Monday Oct. 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. All the composition class have to write essays. Mr. Marshel gave each one a subject. Mine is Newspapers. Two will be read on next Monday, and two each day following, until all the class have read. I will read two weeks from tomorrow.

Tuesday Oct. 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Wednesday Oct. 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Thursday Oct. 29<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton visited the school.

Friday Oct. 30<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Saturday Oct. 31<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Making an apron for baby Mina. Sam Harper [*cousin, son of Thomas M. & Rachel Paxton Harper*] at our house today.

Sabbath Nov. 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Mark 4:28. Communion fourth Sabbath of this month.

Monday Nov. 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. To Youths meeting in afternoon.

Tuesday Nov. 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Here's something I am going to write, that Mr. Marshel told the Physiology class. He said if any of us should ever teach school, if the room was not properly ventilated, to knock out the top panes, rather than not have pure air from the top of the window.



Wednesday Nov. 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Thursday Nov. 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Worse and worse. The composition class have to write letters. I have to write to Tillie Marshel. And worse still we have to read them.

Friday Nov. 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Mother bought me a new dress and shawl.

Saturday Nov. 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to the funeral of Eddie Bell [*Nathan E., son of Wm. & Sarah, d. Nov. 6, 1868, 1 y. 11m. 10d.*] today; and to prayermeeting at Mr. Joe Dills.

Sabbath Nov. 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church today. Rev. Mr. Hare preached from 1<sup>st</sup> Tim. 1:15.

Monday Nov. 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Mr. Marshel said, when he handed back an essay that I read on last Friday, I wrote a good hand. I wonder what he would think, if he saw these journals.

Tuesday Nov. 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Read an essay on Newspapers.

Wednesday Nov. 11<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have to read that letter on tomorrow. Fortunately Tillie had to write to me first. I read her letter on today. I went to school today.

Thursday Nov. 12<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Tillie read my letter. It was not good, I am certain. But far worse than even writing letters, we have to write a description of our homes. I wonder what Mr. Marshel will have us to do next. Fortunately we are through Composition, and perhaps these will end.

Friday Nov. 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Saturday Nov. 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rene and I went to Mr. Samuel Grahams today.

Sabbath Nov. 15<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching today. Rev. Mr. Welsh preached from the words, "Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord; and touch not the unclean thing." 2<sup>nd</sup> Cor. 6:17. It was chiefly a discourse on the duties of church members. It was a very good sermon. I thought it was good to be there. Mr. Welsh is such a very good preacher. I always did like him, and am very sorry to hear he is going to Missouri. Communion next Sabbath.

Monday Nov. 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Tuesday Nov. 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Wednesday Nov. 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Thursday Nov. 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Finished Composition today.

Friday Nov. 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Read that description of my home. Services preparatory to the communion today, at eleven. Not at preaching. Rev. Wade preached from Psalm 119:94.

Saturday Nov. 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching today. Rev. Wade preached from Psalm 122:6. "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem." Helped sweep the church. Thomas M<sup>c</sup>Quistons at our house this evening.

Sabbath Nov. 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church today. Rev. Mr. Wade preached from Lam. 3:24. "The Lord is my portion, saith my soul: therefore will I hope in him." I again had the pleasure of taking my seat at the table of the Lord. The seventh time since I have joined the church. The minister, Mr. Wade, while I was at the table spoke of the renewed responsibilities that rested upon all that communed today. A responsibility rests upon me. How shall I meet that responsibility! I have been very cold of late in my service of the Lord. But God is able and willing to revive these dead bones. Two joined the church today; viz. Mrs. Elizabeth Murray and Miss Hattie A. Harper.

Monday Nov. 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Tuesday Nov. 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. If I have not mentioned it before, I do not have to be at school until ten minutes to eleven.

Wednesday Nov. 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Tomorrow is Thanksgiving, and there will not be school until Monday. Finished Philosophy today. Class in that study, Dock Badar, Mary Marshel and Nettie Harper.

Thursday Nov. 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Thanksgiving today. I went to church. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Psalm 107:8.

Friday Nov. 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ No school today. Miss Hattie Harper came to Auntys today, to stay until Sabbath. Her and I went over to the school house today. The school closed today. Beckie Ramsey teacher. Essays, declamations and songs by the scholars.

Saturday Nov. 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Making an apron for Mina. Susie is saying "I won't do it, Nate." Lizzie "If yonder don't Miss Sheely, Miss Graham, Miss Harper." Nate "Whats John doing?" Charley "You never had the ring round, Liz." Rene "No they aint new ones this year." Mina "Danie." Mother "He had forgot something I reckon." Pa has gone to town and "Danie" is not in the room.

Sabbath Nov. 29<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church today. Rev. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from the words. "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out: and I will write upon him the name of my God." Rev. 3:12. How sweet it is to love Jesus. How sweet to think of heaven, and sins forgiven! I am reading a Sabbath School book, "The Mirage of Life."

Monday Nov. 30<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Tuesday Dec. 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The weather was such that I could not go to school today.

Wednesday Dec. 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. I do not have to be at school until half past eleven.

Thursday Dec. 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Mr. Samuel Graham and family at our house.

Friday Dec. 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Snowing, sleet, and raining, and I could not go to school.

Saturday Dec. 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to prayermeeting at Mr. David M<sup>c</sup>Quistons.

Sabbath Dec. 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church today. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from 2<sup>nd</sup> Cor. 6:16. "Ye are the temple of the living God."

Monday Dec. 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. To youths meeting in the afternoon. But I must go down and read Latin, and wash the milk buckets.

Tuesday Dec. 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Wednesday Dec. 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Thursday Dec. 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school.

Friday Dec. 11<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.. Fifty one scholars in attendance now.

Saturday Dec. 12<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Ironing and making a dress for Lizzie.

Sabbath Dec. 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Deut. 18:15.

Monday Dec. 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. The class in Latin numbers three, viz. Rob. Wilson, Alice Murray and myself.

Tuesday Dec. 15<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Girls names, scholars. Libbie Foster, Alice Murray, Allie Cramer, Alice Lybrook, Mattie Lybrook, Irene Bernard, Vinolia Shaw, Melissa Rankin, Nettie Harper, Mary Marshel, Tillie Marshel, Eva Marshel, Male Bernard, and Anna Hood. I believe that is all.

Wednesday Dec. 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Am I not a good speller? For proof look at Wednesday. I went to school Mother said Pa bought a farm today.

Thursday Dec. 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Friday Dec. 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Aunty does impose on Pa awfully.

Saturday Dec. 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to town and bought myself a new calico dress.

Sabbath Dec. 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching today. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Psalm 119:136.

Monday Dec. 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Tuesday Dec. 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Tommorrow is examination day.

Wednesday Dec. 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to examination today. I was examined in Latin Grammar. Class examined in that; Rob Wilson, Charley Demand, Newel Hamilton, J. B. Smith, Harve Edgworth, Dock Badar, Lurt Hornaday, John M<sup>c</sup>Dill, Alice Murray and myself. Now my grades. Philosophy 96. Latin Grammar 99. Composition 98. Physiology 96. For dinner at Dr. Sloans. There were five songs, one essay, and three declamations. School commences again 5<sup>th</sup> of January.

Thursday Dec. 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Making an apron for Annie Susie [*sister Susannah Rachel Harper*].

Friday Dec. 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The most noted day of the year, Christmas. Nettie, Rene, Nate, Charley, Lizzie and Darling [*Sarah Jane*] spent it at home.

Saturday Dec. 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Writing for our paper. Making a new balmorel<sup>9</sup> for Mother.

Sabbath Dec. 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching today. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Micah 5:2.

Monday Dec. 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I am pretty tired, as I have been working pretty busily today. I am going to write the names of the boys of the Academy, the last term. Dock Badar, Charley Demand, Charley Whiteside, Leander Lybrook, Huston Lybrook, George Wallace, Robert Wilson, Rob Simpson, Robert Frazee, Lewis Frazee, Sam Young, Oren Young, Abe Young, Will Badar, Will Johnson, Will Marshel, Will Owens, A. G. Ryburn, G. H. Edgworth, J. B. Smith, Newel Hamilton, Rutherford Hamilton, Hugh Elliot, John M<sup>c</sup>Dill, Lurt Hornaday, Rob Johnson, Gilbert Wright, James Hart, James Sloan, \_\_\_\_\_ Tieg [*Teague*], Milton M<sup>c</sup>Dill, Newton M<sup>c</sup>Dill, Henry Niccum, \_\_\_\_\_ Hawley, \_\_\_\_\_ Hawley.

Tuesday Dec. 29<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have been writing for our paper today. Sewing also.

Wednesday Dec. 30<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have been sewing today. Mrs. John Ramsey at our house.

Thursday Dec. 31<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Well, this is the last day of the year. I wonder if I am any better than when it began. I was trying to think, the other night, whether I was, and I could not discover that I was. This doesn't sound very well, but it is an honest confession. But I want to be better next year.

Friday Jan. 1<sup>st</sup> 1869 \_\_\_\_\_ A new year. May I be better at its close, than when it began. I don't think last year at all a well spent year. Last year, I see I wrote some resolutions. I was going to read a chapter in the Bible every day, commencing with Lev. 10<sup>th</sup>. This I have fulfilled: commencing this with Job 31<sup>st</sup> chapter. I did not learn a verse every day. I made 23 aprons, 15 dresses, 10 pairs of drawers, 4 chemises, 3 bonnets, 2 skirts, 1 shirt, 1 sheet, ect., ect., ect.. Swept church 12 ½ times. Things bought for myself to the value of \$33.16, beside my tuition at school. Things paid for myself to the value of 35 cts. Money received \$2.42. Given away 74 cts.

Saturday Jan. 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Sewing today.

Sabbath Jan. 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Ex. 40:2.

Monday Jan. 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Washing today. Sewing.

Tuesday Jan. 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ School commenced today. I went to school.

Wednesday Jan. 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. This is the week of prayer.

Thursday Jan. 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Prayermeeting at Hopewell today. Is it right to prefer school to prayermeeting? Mr. and Mrs. Andie Brown at our house for dinner.

Friday Jan. 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Saturday Jan. 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Sewing, ect. ect.

<sup>9</sup> balmoral-a kind of woolen petticoat.

Sabbath Jan. 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church today. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from 16:9,10,11. A solemn, solemn sermon.

Monday Jan. 11<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Tuesday Jan. 12<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. I feel every way, I guess, tonight.

Wednesday Jan. 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. I do wonder if I am one bit smart? An accident that makes me think I am not remarkable for it, especially for speaking at the right time, occurred at school today.

Thursday Jan. 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Friday Jan. 15<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Saturday Jan. 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Lizzie and I have been sweeping the church today. Sewing, too.

Sabbath Jan. 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton's text was John 17:5. He said that at the time of Christ, it was customary to repeat aloud the first part, or verse of a psalm, and speak the rest inaudibly. This was probably the way Christ did on the cross, repeating the first verse of Psalm 22. The last part resembles his exclamation of "it is finished."

Monday Jan. 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. I study geometry, Latin, and Hand book of the Stars.

Tuesday Jan. 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Wednesday Jan. 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Thursday Jan. 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Friday Jan. 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Saturday Jan. 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Ironing: et ceteras.

Sabbath Jan. 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching. Rev. J. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Jer. 8:22.

Monday Jan. 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Tuesday Jan. 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Read an essay.

Wednesday Jan. 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Commenced to read fables in Latin today. Mr. Marshel said, when he handed back my essay, that it was very well written, and a very good subject, and a very good essay, the only fault being that it was too short. "Truth" was the subject.

Thursday Jan. 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Friday Jan. 29<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school.

Saturday Jan. 30<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Writing our January paper.

Sabbath Jan. 31<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching today. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton's text was Heb. 1:1,2. He proposes to lecture in course on Hebrews.

Monday Feb. 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Mr. James Wright [*died Jan. 30, 1869, 31y. 11m. 17d.*] was buried today.

Tuesday Feb. 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rather too bad for me to go to school today.

Wednesday Feb. 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Thursday Feb. 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Friday Feb. 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. We recite Latin to Mrs. Marshel now.

Saturday Feb. 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I am tired; I have been busy all day, but I have nothing of importance to write.

Sabbath Feb. 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I did not go to church today. Some one of us always has to stay at home on Sabbath, and I suppose it is my duty to stay sometimes. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Heb. 1:4,5.

Monday Feb. 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. The measles are in the neighborhood. Rob Wilson has them, and was at school the day he took them.

Tuesday Feb. 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Wednesday Feb. 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Read an essay.

Thursday Feb. 11<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Friday Feb. 12<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Saturday Feb. 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Very busy.

Sabbath Feb. 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I did not go to church today. It was pouring rain when time to go.

Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Heb. 2:1,2,3.

Monday Feb. 15<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. I go to school in the morning this term.

Tuesday Feb. 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Wednesday Feb. 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Alone this afternoon.

Thursday Feb. 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Friday Feb. 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. I have to read an essay on Monday.

Saturday Feb. 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Writing for our February paper.

Sabbath Feb. 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church today. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Heb.2:8,9,10.

Monday Feb. 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Had a chill this afternoon; a severe headache.

Tuesday Feb. 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I did not go to school for three reasons: 1<sup>st</sup> I was sick; 2<sup>nd</sup> pastoral examination at the church; 3<sup>rd</sup> too cold a day. I was not able to go to the church.

Wednesday Feb. 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Had another chill today. Not at school.

Thursday Feb. 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I did not go to school.

Friday Feb. 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Had another chill. Sewing the border for my pink star quilt.

Saturday Feb. 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Finished the quilt. "Our Home Monthly" is ready to read tonight.

Sabbath Feb. 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I did not go to church today. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Heb. 2:11.

Monday March 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Five years ago I was a little girl. It was the last day of the winter school. Mr. William Simpson teacher. I finished, or went through the arithmetic part 3<sup>rd</sup>, that winter, and a proud, happy little girl worked the last examples in the book, that last day. She too received a prize, for being head the greatest number of times in spelling, a beautiful book, Mrs. Hemans Poems. I did not go to school today.

Tuesday March 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Joe Dills at our house for supper.

Wednesday March 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Thursday March 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Today is the day General Grant and Schyler Colfax are inaugurated as President and Vice President of the United States. A union prayermeeting was held at Hopewell today, at eleven, to pray for the President. I was at prayermeeting. Mr. and Mrs. Andie Grey and Georgie were at our house for dinner.

Friday March 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Bought a new dress.

Saturday March 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Writing an essay, sewing, studying, working with hands and brain, ect.

Sabbath March 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church today. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Heb. 2:15-18.

Monday March 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Read an essay.

Tuesday March 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school.

Wednesday March 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I did not go to school. A bad day.

Thursday March 11<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school.

Friday March 12<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. We recite Latin to Mr. Marshel this week.

Saturday March 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I finished a dress for myself.

Sabbath March 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church today. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hattons text was Heb. 3:12-14. Oh, Nettie, why so cold and careless grown?

Monday March 15<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. A slight snow covered the ground, which rendered it unpleasant walking, so that I rode "old Doll." Last day of school is Wednesday. Class in Geometry S. D. Badar, H. M. M<sup>c</sup>Dill, J. B. Smith and Nettie Harper. G. H. Edgworth and S. N. Hamilton were both in it at first, but Edgworths went to Kansas, and Newel Hamilton quit for a few weeks, and did not commence again to study Geometry.



Tuesday March 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Class in Hand-book of Stars, Gribbie Brown, Mary Marshel, Alice Murray, Alice Lybrook, Mattie Lybrook, Nettie Harper, Will Owens, Will Marshel, Charley Whiteside. I went to school today.

Wednesday March 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. This is the last day of this term No examination this term. Exhibition tomorrow night. Our class finished hand-book of Stars. We read through Latin fables, and went to the sixth book of Geometry. I am going to write the names of the scholars, if I can remember then. Dock Badar, Will Badar, Gribbie Brown, Samuel Buck, Irene Bernard, Charley Demand, John Riley Edgworth, Harvey Edgworth, Hugh H. Elliot, Lewis Frazy [*Fraze*], Rob Frazy, Libbie Foster, Nettie Harper, S. N. Hamilton, Will Hays, Mont Hawley, Frank Hawley, James Hart, Anna Hood, L. D. Hornaday, John Huston, Alice Kramer, Will Johnson, Rob Johnson, Alice Lybrook, Mattie Lybrook, Leander Lybrook, Will Marshel, Mary Marshel, Tillie Marshel, Eva Marshel. Alice Murray, Newton M<sup>c</sup>Dill, Milton H. M<sup>c</sup>Dill, Henry Niccum, Will Owens, A. G. Ryburn, Lissa Rankin, Vinolia Shaw, Rob Simpson, Jim Sloan, Will Teig [*Teague*], Andrew Teig, Hannah O. Wilson, George Wallace, Gilbert Wright, Oren Young, Sam Young, Abe Young, James B. Smith, Rob Wilson, Charlie Whiteside, This is the number enrolled at the first of the term, viz. 52. But several quit at different times, until at the close there was but 38.

Thursday March 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The exhibition will be tonight, this evening rather. I will not be on the platform, as I do not belong to the Philomathean Society of the Morning Sun Academy, which gives the exhibition.

Friday March 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ We went to the exhibition last evening. It was very good, I think, at least what I heard, was. Vinolia Shaw's was a little too long, and she having a very bad cold, made it a little tedious after awhile. Mattie Lybrook was sick, and was not present. Lib Foster read her essay. There was no paper. There was to have been one, but they failed to write enough. Will Owens and Libbie Foster were to have read it. Thomas M<sup>c</sup>Quistons at our house today.

Saturday March 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mattie and Le Lybrook have the measles. They have not got home, and consequently are at Mrs. Grahams.

Sabbath March 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church today. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from John 18:37<sup>th</sup> and the first sentence of 38<sup>th</sup>. A very good, interesting, and solemn sermon.

Monday March 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mattie and Leander Lybrook are very low with the measles.

Tuesday March 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Today we performed that dreaded weekly duty of all housekeepers.

Wednesday March 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Writing for our paper. Put in Mothers Modesty quilt to quilt.

Thursday March 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rene and I went to Mr. Joe Dills visiting. Rained in the afternoon, and the boys came for us. I rode behind Charley, on Doll, and Rene was afraid, I guess, to ride on Nell, behind Nate.

Friday March 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Quilting, I believe.

Saturday March 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Writing and quilting.

Sabbath March 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church today. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from 2<sup>nd</sup> Cor. 1:21-22. He said, that he did not suppose, that the ability to work miracles, or prophesy, ever took a man to heaven. As instances; Judas evidently worked miracles, for we do not any where read to the contrary; and Baalam it seems prophesied.

Monday March 29<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The Rev. Mr. Gordon, a missionary, from India I believe, has been going through the United States, giving exhibitions of Hindoo manners and customs. He will be at Hopewell Thursday and Friday nights. He is assisted by his daughter, and native Hindoo boy.

Tuesday March 30<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Nothing worth writing. Quilting.

Wednesday March 31<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Miss Mattie Ramsey visiting at our house today. Finished piecing the blocks of my Album quilt.

Thursday April 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The first exhibition by Mr. Gordon, at Hopewell, will given tonight. It has been a wet, drizzly day, and is about the same this evening.

Friday April 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ We, that is all our family, went to the exhibition last night. It was a very bad night, and the audience was, consequently, small. Mr. Gordon is, I suppose, about forty; Miss Gordon is fifteen; and the native Hindoo twelve. He looks like the colored people here, excepting that his hair is straight. His name is George Washington Scot. He was sent to America to be educated, and will no doubt some day return as a missionary. The exhibition commenced at seven. The sandals worn by the Hindoos were shown, and he described the manner of a Hindoo cooking and eating his dinner: also the four castes into which India is divided. Some Hindoo idols were shown, with large pictures of them. There was an idol, called Samp, a piece of iron about as thick as a nail, and crooked into a serpent, which when crooked was about half a yard long. He said that three hundred sheep and goats had been offered in sacrifice to that very piece of iron. There were four of them, and the ground, on which the temple was, where they were, was bought by an English gentleman, who claimed them, and presented one to Miss G. There were two Hindoo combs made of wood, with very fine teeth, and beautifully carved; the ladies with teeth at both sides, the gentlemen on one only. There were strings of wooden beads: every thing made by hand. But the most curious of all was a model of a Hindoo well. This he made himself in this country. It was worked by wooden oxen, and the water carried up in buckets, attached to a wheel, and emptied into a trough. He made the peculiar noise made by them to stop their oxen, and was the same used by the Americans to start them. Then the noise to start them, when lo! the wooden oxen started, the well began its work, and him standing three, or four feet off. Then he made the stopping noise, and the oxen stood perfectly still. Again they obeyed the noise to start, and again stopped at the command. But the secret of all this, some one behind the curtain pulled a string, attached to some part of it. But he soon covered them up, remarking that they had not long been accustomed to this climate, and might catch cold. Next was a Cashmere shawl, presented to them by the king of Cashmere. It was all made with a needle, a very slow and tedious process: made in two pieces, and joined so carefully, that, except when held between the light and the audience, no one could have told that such was the case. Next was some Persian writing on canvas. Next the native, in Hindoo costume for a boy of his size, related, in a few words, his journey of three thousand miles. Next Mr. Gordon dressed in Hindoo costume of the middle classes. It was white muslin: a pair of pantaloons, all in one piece, four yards, I believe; a little sack reaching to the waist; and a turban containing seven yards. Next Miss Gordon, representing an English lady, and he in servants costume was bargaining with her for employment. This was very entertaining, although he could act his part better than she. Next was an exhibition of the Hindoo salutations and expressive gestures. Next a dialouge between Mr. Gordon, in another dress, with pantaloons, and a long kind of a sack, embroidered, or trimmed with red, reaching almost to his feet; and upon this a kind of a coat of brown color, very long, or about as long as the white gown. Miss G. in dress of a native woman, also white. The dialouge was in the Hindoostane language, "How a Hindoo treats his wife." He grew angry, and pulling off his shoe ran after her, as though he would strike her, but she quickly escaped behind the curtains. He translated in broken English, calling her he. Next was a funny performance, Hindoo costume. The scenes acted occurred at his house. He with his back to her face; after a time she edged up to him, and peeped over his shoulder. He shook her off with a happy grin. Two, or three times this was performed; then she ventured to touch his coat, and stepping back a few steps, spoke to him in the Hindoostane language: he replied, and a question, or two, followed, and the performance ended. For the benefit of any old

bachelors there he would translate. The popping of the question was done by the lady. The first question was, "Will you whip me?" In the excitement of the moment he promises not to. "Will you never whip me?" "Oh, no, I never whip you." He said there were two couples in the same room. The other couple did not speak a word. The first stood about an hour before speaking. Miss G. was dressed in Native costume. Last were three Hindoo songs. Of course I couldnt tell what they were.

Saturday April 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ We went again last night. He, Mr. G., said, that from Calcutta was a smooth macadamized road, to the place where he lived, a distance of 1400 miles. It was as smooth as a floor. He set a tumbler of water in the wagon, and left it a whole day, without any being spilt. George was first exhibited in the Shepherds dress. The most outlandish dress ever I saw. A Hindoo plough, a spear, a pruning hook, a mower, looking like a shovel, or trowel, a broom which he said was made of bamboo wood, I believe. One will last a long while, but to show that they could be worn out, he showed one, about six, or nine inches long, the original being about three fourths of a yard. A fan, a set of dishes, full size, a water carriers mushq [*mussuck*], or a bottle made of a goat skin, and oxcart (model), a yoke, a dooly, which is a kind of house to carry persons in; borne by men. It is a frame, covered with muslin. He mentioned an instance, which I think I will write. One time he was traveling in one. One of the sticks in the side, by which they are carried, was too short. He took it out, and threw it away, and procured a longer one. One of them respectfully asked him for it. He gave it to him. About two years after he was traveling through the same place, and was very low with disease of the brain. They had been charged to make no noise, not to speak to him. After awhile he found something was troubling them, and after awhile one of them ventured to ask him, if he remembered giving them the stick. He replied he did. "Well, now, the headman (I believe it was) claims it." For two years they had been quarreling about a stick, probably worth ten, or twelve cents. There was a hookah, or huge tobacco pipe two of which were shown, one of the common people, another of the more wealthy. A bedstead (half length) the kind the wealthy use. The 2<sup>nd</sup> tableau was, first a Hindoo woman baking bread, by Miss Alice Gordon, dressed in Bloomer costume. The bread was made of unbolted flour, and was a mixture of flour and water. I have a piece as a curiosity, if I don't loose it. Here is as good a representation of the oven as I can make ☞. The coals are laid on the flat bottom. A flat sheet iron lid is laid on top, and the bread, after being thoroughly kneaded and patted, is made very thin and is laid upon it. After it is browned on both sides, it is laid on the coals a moment. Some of it was handed around, among those in the front pews. At the same time was a Moonshe [*munshi*] writing, by George. He was dressed in native costume, white muslin, and sat on the floor, pretending to write, and swinging himself backwards and forward. Pretty soon Mr. Gordon, personating a Bishti [*bhisti*] (water carrier) entered, to give George a drink, out of the goatskin Mushq, or bottle. He, George, caught the water in his hands, and the odd actions I can not describe. The last tableau was a Hindoo Nabob. Mr. Gordon entered, in all the glory of a Nabobs dress. White muslin, trimmed in red and silver, and a turban the same. An elegant sash across his shoulder, finer than our finest swiss, or book muslin. Instantly, on his entrance, the Hindoo wife and Moonshe courtisied very low, touching the forehead. The Moonshe took off his own shawl, and spread it across the bed, for the Nabob to sit upon; the wife hastened behind the curtains; the Moonshe hastened to present him bread and water, and then to fan him as he ate the bread, which he laid down and asked for a drink: scolding the boy for not fanning him faster, and making him go to it very busily. Then he wants to smoke, and the servant must run for the pipe. Run he does, and in his haste gets the wrong one (that used by the common people); then the wife scolds at him from the kitchen, and he must fly out and get the right one. Then he hands it, ready lighted, to him at the wrong time, for the Nabob does not wish to smoke, while he is eating; and he is scolded for his ignorance. When, at

length, the Nabob lays down his bread beside him, and signifies, with scolding, that he wishes to smoke, the servant must arrange the pipe on the floor, and direct it to his Masters mouth. Then the servant must fan him while he smokes, and take a reprimand every minute, or two, for not fanning faster. Then he is directed to throw the fan on the floor, and carry the pipe to Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton, who tries it. Then this tableau ended. Last were three songs in the Hindoo language. The last one a lullaby, very beautiful, begining very high, and ending almost in a whisper. To put the babies to sleep, he said. I believe this is all. If I recolect any thing more, I will write it afterwards. It is to be at the Academy this afternoon.

Sabbath April 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church today. Rev. Mr. Gordon preached from Mat. 28:16-20, Acts 13:1-3, and Acts 14:27. It was not exactly a regular sermon, but more a rehearsal of his work, and the other missionaries, in India. The province where he labored was Punjab, 1400 miles from Calcutta. It is in the northern part of India. There are five languages of which it is necessary for the missionaries to know something. It takes one year to learn to speak tolerably well in one language. At the end of the second he can write, and talk a little better. At the end of the third he could begin to preach a little. If they would try to learn all these languages, it would take too long. So they select the principle one, and pick up the other ones as they can.

Monday April 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ School commenced today. I went to school. There were present Mary and Tillie Marshel, Libbie Foster and myself, the girls. The boys, Dock Badar, Will Marshel, Will Hays and Rob Wilson. I study geometry and Latin. We commence to read at Mythology, and in geometry at the sixth book. I wonder if Nate and Charlie will remember, what G. W. Scot, the native Hindoo told them, when he bid them goodby last Saturday morning. It was this, "always keep your noses clean."

Tuesday April 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. Mrs. Marshel will not assist this term.

Wednesday April 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. Mr. Marshel told me today I need not come until time to recite, which is 10:20 A. M.

Thursday April 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school.

Friday April 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school.

Saturday April 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Ironing. Pa, Mother, Aunty and Nate have gone to town. No, they are at home now.

Sabbath April 11<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ No preaching at Hopewell today.

Monday April 12<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Tuesday April 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school.

Wednesday April 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Thursday April 15<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Friday April 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Saturday April 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have a very bad cold, and am sick today.

Sabbath April 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I am sick and was unable to go to church today. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from 2<sup>nd</sup> Kings 5:11. Communion is next Sabbath.

Monday April 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Unable to go to school today. My head gathered and broke today.

Tuesday April 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ About well today. Did not go to school.

Wednesday April 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I would have went to school today, had it not been a cold day, and Mother thought the strong wind might not help my cough.

Thursday April 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. Mr. Marshel said there would be none tomorrow, but he did not say why. We are through Latin Mythology, and will commence to read Roman History.

Friday April 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ No school today. Preaching at Hopewell today. Rev. Ormond preached from Ex. 8:11; the single word "tomorrow." I went to church.



Saturday April 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church today. Rev. Ormond preached from 2<sup>nd</sup> Peter 1:1. "Them that have obtained like precious faith with us."

Sabbath April 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I did not go to church today. I had a chill this morning, and was unable to go to church. Rev. Mr. Blakey, a minister from Boston Mass., preached from Son Sol. 3:3. "Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?" This is the first communion Sabbath I have missed, since I joined the church.

Monday April 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I feel almost well today, and would have went to school, had it not rained.

Tuesday April 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Al Murray has quit school.

Wednesday April 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Thursday April 29<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school.

Friday April 30<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Saturday May 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to prayermeeting at Aunties.

Sabbath May 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church today. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Heb. 4:9-13. Sabbath school was reorganized today. I am in Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hattons class. Our lesson for next Sabbath commence at John 8:20. Where it will be after that, is not yet decided.

Monday May 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Tuesday May 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Wednesday May 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to school.

Thursday May 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Friday May 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. William Douglass sen. [*Aug. 5, 1805-May 6, 1869*] was burried today.

Saturday May 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Busy. Nothing worth writing.

Sabbath May 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church today. Our class in Sabbath school is going to study Romans. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Heb. 4:14-16. Had a chill I guess.

Monday May 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Mr. Marshel gave me a note to write an essay for examination day.

Tuesday May 11<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Wednesday May 12<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. Pouring down rain when school was out. At Mr. Marshels all night.

Thursday May 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ At school today. Went to Thomas M<sup>c</sup>Quistons all night. Got Irene's and my new sacks [*or sacques*]<sup>10</sup> stitched. [*Thomas & Talitha M<sup>c</sup>Quiston had a sewing machine.*]

Friday May 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Class in Geometry, S. N. Hamilton, Dock Badar, J. B. Smith and Nettie Harper. Class in Latin Reader, Rob Wilson, Newel Hamilton and Netta Harper. Dock and Smith will be in our class again next week.

Saturday May 15<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Ironing, sewing, hunting essay subject, studying, ect., ect.

Sabbath may 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church today. Rev. Mr. Sanson preached from Rev. 14:13. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea sayeth the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

Monday May 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Tuesday May 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Wednesday May 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to school.

Thursday May 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to school.

Friday May 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school.

Saturday May 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Forty eleven things to do, as Mother sometimes says.

---

<sup>10</sup> a loose fitting garment hanging from the shoulders, with sleeves



Sabbath May 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church today. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Heb. 5:3-11.

Monday May 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Tuesday May 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Wednesday May 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Got through Geometry today.

Thursday May 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Raining. I did not go to school today.

Friday May 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to school today. That is to the Academy. But there was no school. Mr. Marshel, I suppose, had gone to the funeral of Thomas Harper Foster. [*d. May 27, 1869, 30y. 1d. Civil War*]

Saturday May 29<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Very busy.

Sabbath May 30<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ No preaching at Hopewell today. We went to Beechwoods church today. Rev. S. M. Ramsey preached from 1<sup>st</sup> Peter 2:7. "Unto you therefore which believe he is precious." He has lately been installed pastor of a church in Chicago. His voice is loud and strong. He preached a very earnest and faithful sermon. He is to preach this evening at the Academy. Pa and Nate have gone to hear him.

Monday May 31<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Took our hats to the milliners.

Wednesday June 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. We are going to be examined in Mythology in Latin, and on the first book of Geometry. Rev. S. M. Ramsey visited the school a few minutes today. Geometry had recited first, and we had translated Latin, and commenced to parse, before he came.

Thursday June 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I suppose I went to school today. Tis so long I have forgotton: now June 10<sup>th</sup>.

Friday June 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Saturday June 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to prayermeeting at Joe Ramseys.

Sabbath June 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church today. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Luke 22:31-32.

Monday June 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton visited the school. Gribbie Brown came from our house from school. She is teaching in our district. Went to Youths meeting in the evening. Clara Brown came home with us, and both are going to stay all night.

Tuesday June 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to school today. Wrote, or copied my essay for examination day.

Wednesday June 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Tomorrow is examination day. I will be examined in Latin Reader and Geometry. On the first book of Geometry, and Latin Mythology. I showed my essay to Professor Marshel today. He said there were no mistakes; that it was very good. I don't believe it is, though. I am certain I don't like it. subject "Tomorrow." Rev. Randals will deliver an address to the Reunion Association. names of scholars this term. S. D. Badar, H. H. Elliot, Libbie Foster, Nettie Harper, S.N. Hamilton, Will Hays, Mary Marshel, Tillie Marshel, J. B. Smith, Scot Wilson, R. A. Wilson.

Thursday June 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Examination day. Went to examination. Four ministers present. Each had a book. I read the first section, and also some others. Each preacher had some questions to ask. Class examined in Latin Dock Badar, Newel Hamilton, Rob Wilson, Smith and Nettie Harper. The next class examined was Geometry. I demonstrated the first proposition in the book. Class in Geometry Dock, Rob, Smith, Newel and Nettie. The last was a rich debate on Womens Rights, by Rob Wilson, affirmative, and Hugh Elliot, negative. Went with Clara Brown for dinner. The Rev. Mr. Randals made his address in an adjoining grove. There was to have been a supper, but every body thought they would rather eat at home. So there was none. Previous to the address, we, that is the members of the Reunion Association, marched in procession to the grove. Went with Clara to go to the Reunion after night. In the evening, Mrs. Brown coming up stairs, said, "Nettie, the girls want you up stairs." So I went up. And what do you suppose was in store for me, there. I had on a pink calico, and the rest, with the exception of Grib Brown, had on white dresses. So Clara offered to lend me a white dress of hers, to wear.

That dress went on me in a hurry, and was pronounced to fit exactly. We walked to the Academy, and rode home. The Reunion was tolerable good. D. A. M<sup>c</sup>Millen, retiring President. R. J. Brown was inaugurated President, and delivered an address. Alice Murray had a declamation. Rob Wilson also, subject "Our past great men." Miss Hattie M<sup>c</sup>Creary responded to the toast, "Fashions." S. R. Hamilton to one, or two things, more. Reunion adjourned to meet on the second Thursday of June 1870. At Browns all night.

Friday June 11<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I feel today like I generally do, after school is over; like I was lost.

Saturday June 12<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Well, I am tired. I have swept the church, with the help of Lizzie, today. I wonder if, in ten years from now, Lizzie would sing what she is singing now. "Baboon monkey had a sister. When he kissed her, he kissed so hard he raised a blister." But my Journal is full.

Nettie Harper.

Journal No. 5

Morning Sun Preble Co. Ohio. June 12<sup>th</sup> 1869.

Saturday June 12<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I do not like to begin a new book on Sabbath, so I will begin it today. These books certainly are the means of a great deal of improvement with me. When I quit practicing writing at school, I could scarcely write a legible hand. Now, as Mr. Marshel has more than once certified, I am a good writer. And it is all owing to the daily practice I have had in writing these books. Another source of improvement is, that it doubtless helps me in composition. That the Lord may watch over me, grant that I may write nothing improper, and that this book may be a means of still greater improvement to me, is the prayer of the author.

Sabbath June 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I did not go to church today. I had a chill this morning, caused, no doubt, by excessive work yesterday. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Heb. 5:12-14.

Monday June 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have been making cuffs, ect.

Tuesday June 15<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Presbytery met at Hopewell today. No sermon was delivered. Dr. Davidson of Hamilton was to have preached, but was not present. Rev. J. H. Leiper was discharged from the pastoral relations at Sycamore Ohio. I went to Presbytery.

Wednesday June 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Sewing.

Thursday June 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ At home alone. Mother, Aunty and the children visiting.

Friday June 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Sewing.

Saturday June 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I heard today of a death, under strange circumstances. Mr. David Hamilton, son of George Hamilton, was buried today. He died at Richmond Ind. He entered the depot about 12 M, asked permission to lie down on a lounge, requesting to be wakened, if he slept too long. About four o'clock they went to awaken him, and he was dead. He was subject to fits, and the coroner pronounced death from one of these. No one knew him, and he had no papers to identify him. While they were preparing for interring him, a man came in, who happened to know him, and telegraphed to his friends.

Sabbath June 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church. Rev. Randals, of Ill. preached from Isiah 55:6.

Monday June 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Making a picture frame of buttons.

Tuesday June 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Ruffling a white skirt for myself.

Wednesday June 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Washing. Making dresses for S. J. and Mina.

Thursday June 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Gribbie Browns school closes tomorrow with a picnic. Making preparations.

Friday June 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to the picnic. The dinner was in the churchyard. There was plenty for the thirty, or over, scholars, and forty three spectators. In the afternoon the scholars gave an exhibition, lasting about two hours and a half. Essays, songs, dialogues and declamations. Renes essay was, "Going Home." Lizzies declamation, "The settlers Christmas Eve." Susies, "The Lost Mother." Lizzies, I heard, was the best declamation, that was spoken. Susie spoke well, also, except a little too low. Mrs. Lizzie Simpson said, "She is a right good looking little girl." A dialogue "frightened at nothing." Mrs. Ketchum (Rene) refused to let her neice Lilly (Josie Simpson) go to the picnic. Lizzie Harper, Maggie and Willie Wright were determined she should let her go. And Lizzie wrapped in a white sheet, with a handkerchief over her face, appeared as the ghost of Lillys mother, frightening Mrs. Ketchum. Mrs. Ketchem afterwards declares she always did believe in ghosts, now she is certain of them: supposes she has treated Lilly rather badly, but it is all owing to her rheumatism. The girls then ask her consent to Lillys going, which they obtain. Rene, dressed in Auntys cap, dress and sacque, with a pair of spectacles on her nose, is knitting, while Lilly washes dishes, when the ghost appears. Another, Mary Bell, mother, gives Frank Hawley a piece of cake, but does not allow him to tell Jimmy. But he tells Jimmy, as soon as the latter enters the room. Of course then he wants a piece, and by begging, gets it. But they must not tell Maggie. But Frank tells Maggie, as soon as she enters. When she wants some, he says "Bawl for it, and Mother'l give you some. I did."

Saturday June 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Making a dress for Mina.

Sabbath June 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ No preaching at Hopewell.

Monday June 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Writing our June paper.

Tuesday June 29<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Washing. Making a dress for Janie.

Wednesday June 30<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Papering the walls upstairs.

Thursday July 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Making a basket to hang in the window. Took me about ten minutes.

Friday July 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Making tattin.

Saturday July 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Gathering raspberries.

Sabbath July 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached a fourth of July sermon. His

text was Ex 11:7.

Monday July 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Making a white waist for Lizzie.

Tuesday July 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Commenced to make a pink gingham dress for Sarah Jane, a present from Aunty.

Wednesday July 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Ironing.

Thursday July 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Harvest hands for supper, and I am tired.

Friday July 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Gathering cherries.

Saturday July 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Harvest hands. Gathering cherries.

Sabbath July 11<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ No preaching at Hopewell. Went to preaching at Beechwoods church. Rev. Cooper preached from the words "All these things are against me" \_\_\_ Gen. 42:36.

Monday July 12 \_\_\_\_\_ Washing. Gathering cherries.

Tuesday July 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Sewing. Gathering gooseberries.

Wednesday July 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Making a pink dress for my sister.

Thursday July 15<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Making a chair cushion.

Friday July 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Making a chair cushion.

Saturday July 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Making Sarahs pink dress.

Sabbath July 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching. Rev. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Ayeal, of Oscalossa Iowa preached from the words, "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidense of things not seen" \_\_\_ Heb. 11:1. He requests aid, in paying for their new church, in that place. Such a sermon, I have not heard lately. A wet day, yet it payed to go.

Monday July 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Washing.

Tuesday July 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Ironing.

Wednesday July 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Sewing.

Thursday July 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Cooking.

Friday July 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Company.

Saturday July 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Sewing.

Sabbath July 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Heb. 6:4-6. He said that a man might be almost at the kingdom of heaven, and yet fail to reach it. Barnes thought, that if a man fell from grace, it was impossible to renew him; but he did not think ever any did fall. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton did not agree with him in this. He thought that some men were so near being Christians, that they had something of the spirit of God in them, and yet were not quite Christians, and after a time fell away, and that it was impossible to renew them. More people are thus left, than most imagine. How many who have lived for forty years without Christ, in the midst of a Christian community, ever become Christians?

Monday July 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Writing.

Tuesday July 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Washing.

Wednesday July 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Blackberrying.

Thursday July 29<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Company.

Friday July 30<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Blackberrying.

Saturday July 31<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Singing. Went.

Sabbath Aug. 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Heb. 6:7-10.

Monday Aug. 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Blackberrying.

Tuesday Aug. 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Company.

Wednesday Aug. 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Visiting.

Thursday Aug. 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Blackberrying.

Friday Aug. 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Blackberrying.

Saturday Aug. 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ This is a memorable day. The great solar eclipse, so long anticipated. Eleven twelfths were eclipsed here. Was total not more than sixty, or seventy miles from here, I expect. It came on, according to our time, about twenty minutes before five, and passed off about half past six, lasting, in all, about one hour and forty five minutes. We had smoked glass, previously prepared. At the darkest, it was about as dark, as on a clear night in the winter, when the moon is full, and snow covers the ground. It was not exactly like the darkness of night. It had a queer, wattery aspect. The chickens were foolish enough to go to roost. With the doors shut in the house, and a curtain on the window, it was about as dark as midnight\_\_ scarcely so dark. We saw a star very close to the sun, which, according to the paper, I suppose to be Venus. There will not be another until 1900. So it is worth while paying attention. I wonder if the children will remember it. Susie will, I suppose; but the other two, of course, will not. We had, as we supposed, got Sarah to see the eclipse, when almost at the darkest. But pretty soon she said she saw the stove wood. About the time it was first noticed, she, looking through a glass slightly smoked, said she saw it.

Sabbath Aug. 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to church. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Mat. 14:16-20.

Monday Aug. 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Blackberrying. Oh dear me, oh! I feel so perplexed. The Lord will watch over us, for hath he not said\_\_ "Call upon me in the day of trouble. I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."

Tuesday Aug. 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ We expect to go visiting tomorrow, and are making preparations.

Wednesday Aug. 11<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ We all, excepting Susie and Rene, went to Indian Creek today. Rene and Susie went with Auntie to Fairhaven. We were at Grannie Harpers for dinner, and at Cousin James Harpers for supper.

Thursday Aug. 12<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Washing.



Friday Aug. 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rene, Lizzie and I walked to Greys today. At Andies for dinner, and Mrs. Greys for supper.

Saturday Aug. 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Ironing, sewing, ect.

Sabbath Aug. 15<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from 2<sup>nd</sup> Sam'l 6:11. Communion will be next Sabbath.

Monday Aug. 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rene, Josie Simpson and I went to Fairhaven, to Mr. Joseph Brown. It rained in the afternoon, and about three o'clock, we started home. We had intended going, to Mr. Fishers, but fearing it would rain again thought it best to go home at once. Pretty soon after we started, a cloud began to rise in the west, which grew darker and darker and blacker, and when above the footlog, it began to rain. It, however, did not rain much, and we were not much wet. When we arrived at home, we found Nate had gone for us, having gone the upper road, while we came down the creek. Sabbath School celebration tomorrow.

Tuesday Aug. 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to the celebration today. There were several schools besides our own present. A basket dinner; some music, vocal and instrumental: three speakers. Went to singing in the evening.

Wednesday Aug. 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Washing.

Thursday Aug. 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Blackberrying.

Friday Aug. 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Services prepatory to communion today. Rev. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Donald, of Cincinatti, preached from John 15:4. Thomas M<sup>c</sup>Quistons, Andie Greys and Dr. Harper at our house for supper. Uncle doctor is in on his last visit before starting for Kansas. He takes Mattie with him. I think she should hate to leave Maggie Grey. She said, before he came, she did not wish to go.

Saturday Aug. 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Donald preached from Pro. 4:18. Helping sweep the church in the evening.

Sabbath Aug. 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to preaching. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Donald preached from Rev. 1:5,6. "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins, in his own blood, and hath made us Kings and Priests unto God and his Father." If he continues as well as he has begun, he must certainly make a preacher of note. He delivered an address to the Sabbath school scholars, to the teachers, and members of the congregation. He said some opposed Sabbath Schools; said they took the place of home instruction. But he said, that in his observation, those, who instructed their children best at home, were most useful in the Sabbath school. Tis it not a great pleasure, and a matter of rejoicing, to be a member of the church of Christ? This is the eighth time I have sat at the table of the Lord. Sometimes I feel, that perhaps I am not a Christian; but this evening the love of Jesus fills my soul, and I am almost sure I am born again. My conduct is not always such as becometh the saints; yet Jesus is a present help in time of need.

Monday Aug. 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Blackberrying. Sewing for Susie.

Tuesday Aug. 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to singing today. "Old Charley Temple" teacher.

Wednesday Aug. 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Sewing.

Thursday Aug. 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Visiting at Thomas M<sup>c</sup>Quistons.

Friday Aug. 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Blackberrying.

Saturday Aug. 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Writing the August number of Our Home Monthly.

Sabbath Aug. 29<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church. Rev. Rrishie, of Cincinnati, preached from Rev.14:13.

Monday Aug. 30<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Sewing at a dress for Lizzie.

Tuesday Aug. 31<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Sewing at an apron for Lizzie. Company. Went to singing.

Wednesday Sept. 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Sewing at a bonnet for Nettie. Washing.

Thursday Sept. 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Sewing at a bonnet for Nettie. Ironing.

Friday Sept. 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Irene, Lizzie and I went visiting, to Mr. Samuel Grahams. Lizzie Graham stitched my white apron, on her machine, and Rene and I quilted for her. Newel Hamilton is going to



teach in our district, a six months school, begining Monday next. He will board at Mr. Grahams. He was there for dinner today. Mr. Caskey [*William*] and Beckie Ramsey were married Tuesday.

Saturday Sept. 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Sewing, ect.

Sabbath Sept. 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from the words, "Thou art a priest for ever, after the order of Melchisedec," Heb.:7:17. Paul says of Melchisedec, "He was without father, or mother, without begining of days, or end of years." This, Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton said, was most generally supposed to mean, that his genealogical record is not preserved; that no one knows who was his father, or mother; and neither the time of his birth, or death was recorded. He was doubtless king of Jerusalem; Jeru being a Hebrew prefix, joined to it in after years. Jerusalem is called Salem in one of the Psalms.

Monday Sept. 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Washing. Sewing.

Tuesday Sept. 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ School commenced today. I went to school. Fifteen scholars were there. I am going to study Caesar and Trigonometry. Mary Marshel is to be assistant teacher. Went to singing in the afternoon.

Wednesday Sept. 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Borrowed a Lexicon from Mr. John Simpsons last evening, and a Caesar from Mr. Will Simpson this morning. Had not time to translate any but the first sentence. Did not stay to recite. Will have to be there at ten twenty five.

Thursday Sept. 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Friday Sept. 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Oh these happy school days! And I am to graduate next summer. Graduate!

Saturday Sept. 11<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Doing lots of things.

Sabbath Sept. 12<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Deut. 32:49-52 and Deut. 34:5,6.

Monday Sept. 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. We will begin to study Trigonometry tomorrow.

Tuesday Sept. 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. Recited our first Trigonometry lesson. Class, Dock, Rob Wilson and I. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton visited school today.

Wednesday Sept. 15<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. Professor says we make the best begining in Caesar, of any class he ever had. He said, last spring, he never had a class in Latin, that made as rapid progress, in the same time, as ours. Class this term, S. D. Badar, Charley Demand, R. A. Wilson and myself.

Thursday Sept. 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. Written today.

Friday Sept. 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. I do not recite until half past ten.

Saturday Sept. 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have been, oh, so busy, and I am pretty tired. Rene has been at T. M<sup>c</sup>Quistons a whole week.

Sabbath Sept. 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church today. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Heb. 8:10-13. My birthday! It seems to me time flies so fast. And if time, as I have heard it said, flies swiftest in old age, how very fast it must fly then, for it seems to go so fast now. My birthday, and I am eighteen. How many wasted moments, in these years, and misimproved privliges.

Monday Sept. 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school.

Tuesday Sept. 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. To singing.

Wednesday Sept. 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Thursday Sept. 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school.

Friday Sept. 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Saturday Sept. 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Very busy.

Sabbath Sept. 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church. Rev. Foster preached from Luke 13:29. The County Sabbath School Association met here, at half three o'clock. Rev. Mr. Chidlaw preached from Mat. 19:38.

Monday Sept. 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school.

Tuesday Sept. 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Wednesday Sept. 29<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Thursday Sept. 30<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school.

Friday Oct. 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Saturday Oct. 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Working the example in case 4<sup>th</sup> in Trigonometry, page 42. Sewing for Susie.

Sabbath Oct. 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached Ecc. 5:1. "Keep thy foot with all diligence, when thou goest to the house of God, and Be more ready to hear, than to give the sacrifice of fools."

Monday Oct. 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. A cold, damp day.

Tuesday Oct. 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Wednesday Oct. 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. No school tomorrow.

Thursday Oct. 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ No school today, on account of the greater part of the scholars going to the Hamilton fair. Trimming a new dress and cape for Mother, and making her a silk apron.

Friday Oct. 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. I recited both lessons by myself. Dock and Charley were not there, and Bob did not know his lessons. Mr. Marshel did not give an Trigonometry lesson for Monday. "The class is scattered," he said, "the fair seems to be demoralizing every body."

Saturday Oct. 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I am busy ironing, sewing, ect. Crops are short this fall, on account of dry weather. It is so dark I can scarcely see. Lizzie and Susie are up stairs.

Sabbath Oct. 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church today. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Heb. 9:1-3.

Monday Oct. 11<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Our folks start to Uncle Johns Wednesday.

Tuesday Oct. 12<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to school. Went to singing.

Wednesday Oct. 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. Pa, Mother, Nate, Susie and Mina started for Uncle Johns this morning. [*near New Castle, Henry County, Indiana*]

Thursday Oct. 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. We stay alone nights. Sarah and I sleep in our own bed; Rene and Lizzie in Mothers. Rene, Lizzie and I got a new dress today. Renes and mine are green; Lizzies red.

Friday Oct. 15<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school.

Saturday Oct. 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Our folks came home safe today. Commenced to make my dress.

Sabbath Oct. 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ No preaching at Hopewell. We went to Rev. Coopers church. He preached from the last three verses of the 52<sup>nd</sup> chapter of Isiah.

Monday Oct. 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Tuesday Oct. 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Wednesday Oct. 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Thursday Oct. 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Friday Oct. 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Perhaps, some day, I may regret, that I have not said more of what happened at school. Mr. Marshel said the other day, that our class had been reading Caesar six weeks, and in that time, had read as much, as Maggie M<sup>c</sup>Creary, Clara Brown and Net Murray read in two terms. Our lesson for Monday is the 35<sup>th</sup> and 36<sup>th</sup> chapters, I think. I am not exactly certain, but will look when I go down, and correct, if not right. We are working the examples in the last of Trigonometry. Mr. Marshel says there are some there he has never yet worked. Rob and I have some heavy studying to do on these. Dock is absent for a week, or two. 36<sup>th</sup> and 37<sup>th</sup> chapters Latin lesson.

Saturday Oct. 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Ironing and sewing.

Sabbath Oct. 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church. Rev. D. M<sup>c</sup>Dill preached from Acts 17:11.

Monday Oct. 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Real cold weather.

Tuesday Oct. 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Wednesday Oct. 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Thursday Oct. 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. No school tomorrow. Oh my, we had a splendid Caesar lesson, or else not. Some preacher, Mr. Campbell, who is to preach Sabbath, was to visit the school today and tomorrow. "We'd have surprised him," Rob Wilson said. The lesson was the hardest, except one, we have had yet. "The lesson was a stall for you today," Mr. Marshel said, for there were three sentences. I told him, when asked to read, that I could not read it. Our lesson began in the fifth line, 40<sup>th</sup> Chapter, 80<sup>th</sup> page, and went to vicissie, 81<sup>st</sup> page.

Friday Oct. 29<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Finished my new dress.

Saturday Oct. 30<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Finished Lizzies new dress.

Sabbath Oct. 31<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton has gone to Kansas. A Mr. Campbell of Cincinnati was to preach, but he was not there. There was a prayermeeting, instead. Rev. Mr. Foster made some remarks. Sabbath School closed today.

Monday Nov. 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Tuesday Nov. 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Wednesday Nov. 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. Marshel said today "Nettie, I believe it is the order, that those who do not belong to the Hall, read essays on Friday. I suppose you come under that; unless you join the Hall."

Thursday Nov. 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. To singing. Last day of this term.

Friday Nov. 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Read an essay, subject "The Last Time," with only Mr. Marshel and Charley Demand for an audience. Rob Wilson was absent. These two are all my classmates. Somewhere in here I wrote, Mary Marshel will be assistant teacher. I was mistaken; it is Mrs. Marshel.

Saturday Nov. 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Ironing, ect. Went to prayermeeting at Sam Grahams

Sabbath Nov. 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from James 3:17.

Monday Nov. 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Tuesday Nov. 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. What a splendid teacher we have. The choicest memories of my life are connected with him. So kind, so pleasant, so obliging.

Wednesday Nov. 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Thursday Nov. 11<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Our Caesar lesson is the 50<sup>th</sup> and 51<sup>st</sup> chapters of book first. Our Trigonometry, in Measuration of Surfaces.

Friday Nov. 12<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to T. M<sup>c</sup>Quistons from school today. Today at school, because I wore my brown dress, they thought I was going to join the society. Vinolia Shaw asked "Lets go in, and hear Nettie's declamation," Rene Bernard said to Vinolia. This was the first I knew about it. All those not members of the hall, had had to have them this morning. "The Proffessor said you must, and his word is supreme," Rob Wilson said. "Nettie, did you know you had to have a declamation today?" the professor asked. "No sir," I replied. "I did not think I had told you. Prepare an essay for two weeks from today. There will be no school next Friday."

Saturday Nov. 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. John Mitchel, Hat Harper and I went to Oxford today. I got a hat apiece for Rene and I: velvet, trimmed with a single bunch of flowers. Hat went to get a tooth pulled. Were at the dentists an hour. Then John insisted we should go to his step fathers for dinner; Mr. Wallace, about half a mile from town. We had a nice visit. A pleasant old lady, who seemed glad to see us. It was dark when we got to T. M<sup>c</sup>Quistons, and found Pa waiting to take me home.

Sabbath Nov. 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church today. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Heb. 9:2-5.

Monday Nov. 15<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Tuesday Nov. 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I did not go to school. A bad day. The first day I have missed this term.

Wednesday Nov. 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I did not go to school today. A bad day.

Thursday Nov. 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Thanksgiving day. I went to church today. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from 1<sup>st</sup> Samuel 12:24, 25. The text was the one selected by the President and Governor of the state. Sam Harper came to our house for dinner.

Friday Nov. 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ No school today.

Saturday Nov. 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Making cuffs, ect.

Sabbath Nov. 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church today. Rev. Foster preached from Heb 11:23-25.

Monday Nov. 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I did not go to school. A wet day.

Tuesday Nov. 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. I am going to wear my purple dress to school this winter.

Wednesday Nov. 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. A nice time at school.

Thursday Nov. 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. Lizzie Graham has bought a melodian, at a sale today. Mrs. Ann Browns sale. Got a letter from Uncle Bower. [*Andrew Bower Paxton, brother of Margaret Paxton Harper, living in Oregon*]

Friday Nov. 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. About two weeks ago today, Professor told me to read an essay on today. I wrote one, and took it with me, but I suppose he forgot for me to read it. Our November paper is ready to read.

Saturday Nov. 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Ironing and sewing.

Sabbath Nov. 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church today. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Luke 9<sup>th</sup> and last clause of 41<sup>st</sup> and whole of the 42<sup>nd</sup> verse. Communion next Sabbath. May I, oh Lord, be prepared for that near approach unto thee.

Monday Nov. 29<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Tuesday Nov. 30<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ A bad day, and I did not go to school.

Wednesday Dec. 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton visited the school today. We all happened to have pretty good lessons.

Thursday Dec. 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. Had a good time.

Friday Dec. 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. I went without hoops, which was the first time I went without any, away from home. I went to church in the afternoon. Rev. [*James Walker*] Taylor, of the Xenia Presbytery, preached from Ezekiel 9:4-6.

Saturday Dec. 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church today. Rev. Taylor preached from Acts 14:22, "We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God." He said he had often thought Satan especialy entered into the hearts of the people, just at the time of a communion season.

Sabbath Dec. 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church. Rev. Taylor preached from Mark 9:23, "All things are possible to him that believeth." Today commemorated the dying love of my Savior, for the ninth time. Joined the church today on certificate, Miss Maggie Simpson: on examination, Albert S. Brown, John C. Brown, Robert Paxton, William T. Brown.

Monday Dec. 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. We commence to review Caesar for examination day, tomorrow.

Tuesday Dec. 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. I do not have to go to school tomorrow, as there is school only part of the day. Sam Marshel and Mary Herron are to be married tonight. I suppose Professor is going to the infair tomorrow.

Wednesday Dec. 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Washed today. Making a new dress from an old one.

Thursday Dec. 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Friday Dec. 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Saturday Dec. 11<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to prayermeeting at Mr. John Ramseys sen. S.N. Hamilton came to our house this evening, to get Pa to sign his order. This is the first time he has been in the house: at the barn several times.

Sabbath Dec. 12<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church. Rev. J. B. Foster preached from Job 15:11. "Are the consolations of God small with thee?"

Monday Dec. 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Rode part of the way with Dock Badar.

Tuesday Dec. 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Wednesday Dec. 15<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Thursday Dec. 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Friday Dec. 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. S. N. Hamilton is at our house this evening. Came from school.

Saturday Dec. 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Newel Hamilton was at our house last night. We enjoyed his visit very much.

Sabbath Dec. 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I did not go to church today. Some one always has to stay at home with the children.

Monday Dec. 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. Last week of this term.

Tuesday Dec. 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I did not go to school. A cold, stormy day.

Wednesday Dec. 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Tomorrow is examination day. I will be examined in Caesar. We read the last page of book second today, being more than has ever yet been read in the same length of time. Indeed more than any previous class ever read. We have prepared the first fifteen chapters of book first for examination. We're going to read Virgil next two terms.

Thursday Dec. 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Examination day. I was examined in Caesar, the last examination. Our class, I think, passed a pretty good examination. Revs. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton and Cooper were present. As usual the Latin class was questioned. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton asked each member a question, or two. Mr. Cooper asked Charley Demand and I. There was the adjective "ditissimus," in the superlative degree, and he asked me what was the positive, rather what it came from. I replied from "ditis." The preachers were at the far end of the room, and he failed to hear my answer. Nothing was said for a minute, or two, and Professor thought we were through, and said "the class is excused." "We're not through yet," the boys said. Then Mr. Cooper rose and said "I did not hear what Miss Harper said." "Ditis," I replied. Then he asked Charley, and he said the same. "That's right. I just wanted to hear what you thought." There were eight examinations, and music between each one. Also, a few essays and declamations. Mr. Marshel asked me to go there for dinner. I said I had my dinner with me. "Go, and get your shawl, and go," he said in a commanding tone. So I went. The last was a song, a burlesque on dress, the Grecian bend. Tops Sliver and Laura Hawes, with the most approved style of the bend, sang the song. Laura played the piano, and both sung. Tops had her fan, and used her handkerchief, in a weak, silly fashion. Our grades were not yet made out, as Mr. Marshel has been unwell this week. We will get them next term. I'll write the scholars names this term. Some four, or five quit; others have started during the term. Irene Bernard, Alice Murray, Winnie (Tops) Sliver, Laura Hawes, Maggie M<sup>c</sup>Quiston, Maggie Jonson, Lissa Rankin, Mattie Smith, Retta Elliot, Nettie Harper, Vinolia Shaw, and another girl, who started a week, or two ago, whose name I do not know. The boys were Rob Wilson, Dock Badar, Charley Demand, Le Lybrook, Charley Whiteside, John Pottinger, John Huston, Dave Paxton, Rob Paxton, H. H. Elliot, Martin Browse, Sam Buck, George Wallace, Abe Young, Robb Johnson. There is going to be an exhibition, for the benefit of the society, tonight, by the members of the society.

Friday Dec. 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ A cousin of Mother's, Mr. Samuel Ochletree, came to our house last night, after we had gone to bed. Sewing, baking.

Saturday Dec. 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Christmas! Susie has a present of a new doll; Lizzie a set of dishes and other things. The other children a kind of chalk image of a girl, or something, I don't know what.



Sabbath Dec. 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ No preaching at Hopewell. Went to Mr. Coopers church. He preached from 2<sup>nd</sup> Sam<sup>'l</sup> 6:20. "Then David returned to bless his household."

Monday Dec. 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Dressing Susies doll.

Tuesday Dec. 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I hardly know what.

Wednesday Dec. 29<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Washing, ect. ect.

Thursday Dec. 30<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Sewing, visiting, ect. ect.

Friday Dec. 31<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The last day of 1869 and the sixtys. I am not one bit better, viewed from a religious standpoint; I believe, than I was last year. This has been, generally, a happy year. An eventful one, too. I know something more of book knowledge, and a little more of something else, too. Perhaps I'm a little more experienced. Aunty made Mother a present of 45 yards of calico today.

Saturday Jan. 1<sup>st</sup> 1870 \_\_\_\_\_ 'Tis a new year. I am not begining it very well. I should like to write a good deal, but am in no frame for it. Prayermeeting here this afternoon. Only Mr. [David] and Mrs. M<sup>c</sup>Quiston [*Margaret Hamilton McQuiston*] came.

Sabbath Jan. 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I did not go to church. A very stormy day. Aunty has a new book, which I think is very interesting. The History of the Bible.

Monday Jan. 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ This is the week of prayer. Bible Society met at Hopewell today. Rev. Stanton of Oxford was to preach, but was not there.

Tuesday Jan. 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I see I have begun this new year rather abruptly. I had a severe headache, and was somewhat depressed in spirits, when I wrote. I begin to read this year, a chapter every day, at the 10<sup>th</sup> chapter of Ezekiel. For some time past I have been learning a verse every day. I shall endeavor to continue this. Prayermeeting at Beechwoods church, but I did not go. Making a scrapbook.

Wednesday Jan. 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to prayermeeting at Fairhaven. It payed to go, I thought. When we came home Mr. Sam Ocheltree was here again.

Thursday Jan. 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to prayermeeting at Hopewell today. Parents were especialy the subjects today for prayer. How these meetings are growing in interest. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton said he was in a family once, where the father went sound to sleep, while he was praying at family worship, in the evening.

Friday Jan. 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to prayermeeting at Beechwoods. Though pretty cold, I would not have missed it for a good deal.

Saturday Jan. 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Prayermeeting at Fairhaven. So cold that we did not get to go.

Sabbath Jan. 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church today. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Acts 8:5-8. A sermon for parents.

Monday Jan. 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ School commenced today. I went to school. Borrowed a Virgil from Lizzie Graham. Our lesson is the first eleven lines of book 1<sup>st</sup>. Our Trigonometry lesson begins at surveying. Went to Youths meeting this afternoon. Oh, such a solemn meeting. None ever like it before. Not a question asked; only solemn addresses and prayers by the young people and Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton. Lizzie Graham, after a short address, led in an earnest prayer. Mr. James A. Brown, head of a family, and whose two eldest daughters were present, made some remarks, and requested prayer for himself. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton prayed for him. Then Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton requested any one, who felt that they were not converted, and desired to be, to rise. Only Maggie Brown of Fairhaven, Joe Browns daughter, arose. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton requested Rob Joe Brown to pray for her. He did so. Lizzie Graham and Nannie Bernard, after awhile, requested prayer. Samuel Rankin was requested to pray. He did so. Hattie Harper also made a few remarks and prayed. Mr. Sam Foster prayed; Mr. Jerry Rankin, also. A revival is in our midst. Many were the tears shed today. Prayermmetings are held every evening at the Academy. I want Pa to take us tonight. He

has not come from work yet. Oh may God continue to pour out his blessing, even his holy Spirit, upon us.

Tuesday Jan. 11<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ We did not get to go to prayermeeting last night. Pa did not get home in time, nor the boys from school soon enough. I went to school today. Professor read our grades. In Caesar, Dock Badar 95. Charley Demand 90. Rob Wilson 91. Nettie Harper 92. Trigonometry. S. D. Badar 99. R. A. Wilson 96. Nettie Harper 94. Proffessor said the reason "Badars" grade was so much better than "Harpers and Wilsons," was because he missed five weeks, while we went over the hardest part. How his grade would have been, had he not missed, he did not know. He had a different system of grading this term, which made the grades seem lower than ever before, when they were realy higher. As a class, there two classes mentioned, had the highest grade, all the others having some under 90. 78 I believe was the lowest. Very sick this afternoon.

Wednesday Jan. 12<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today, but did not recite, as Mr. Marshel is sick.

Thursday Jan. 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. We recited our first Virgil lesson, which was 18 lines long. I could scarcely read any of it. Charley Demand was in about the same fix. Dock could read it the best. Some of us go to prayermeeting every night with Mr. Simpson, as they have our wagon. I was too sick to go any night yet.

Friday Jan. 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. I do not have to recite until in the afternoon after this. At two o'clock, I believe. Went to Prayermeeting last night. Alf Sloan, (colored) who has, I believe, been converted during this revival, prayed last night. I don't think he can either read, or write. Prayer was requested for a good many person. Mrs. James Brown sen. rose and requested prayer for her son, who has been absent many years.

Saturday Jan 15<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to prayermeeting last night. Mr. Cooper read the following request: "Pray that my brother may be converted tonight," and said, "we do not know who this individual is, but God knows." I went to prayermeeting tonight. Rev. Cooper read the following request: "Prayer is requested for the teachers and students of this Academy." Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton said it was an old request, though a proper one. Mr. Scot Brown led in prayer in that regard.

Sabbath Jan. 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church today. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Luke 8:45-48.

Monday Jan. 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I did not go to school today. The creek was impassible, and I supposed it would be muddy to walk. I did not know how dry it was, until to late to go, or I should have went. I went to youths meeting.

Tuesday Jan. 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school this afternoon. Lizzie Graham and Miss Retta Sheely are at our house tonight.

Wednesday Jan. 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The light in one household has gone out today. Our dear Professors child, his little boy about eight months old, is dead. I heard last night, after I came from school, that it was sick, but did not know it was so bad. I knew nothing of the sad fact, until I went to school today, and found the following written on the chapel black board. "Funeral of Prof. Marshels child tomorrow at ten, A.M. Jan. 19<sup>th</sup> 1870." I met two men in a buggy, as I was coming home, and who were in the graveyard as I went past. One, I think, was Mr. Marshel (for I had a vail on my face); but I suppose he felt too badly to say any thing. How they must miss their little one. His name was Robert William, "Robbie." [May 5, 1869-Jan. 19, 1870]

Thursday Jan. 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Do strange and appalling news ever come singly? Soon after I wrote in my journal yesterday, Nate went to the mill, and was there told, by Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Dill, who had been at College Corner, that Cousin James Harper is dead. We know nothing of the particulars, only that he will be burried in Hopewell graveyard tomorrow. A man was coming to tell us, and, seeing Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Dill, sent word with him. I attended the funeral of Mr. Marshels baby this forenoon. It was about the largest funeral procession I ever saw for so small a child. The Professors sisters wept aloud. Mrs. Marshel leaned heavily on the arm of her husband. She was

dressed in mourning. Mr. Marshel too, wept. Pa saw him somewhere, this morning, and he said there would be no more school this week.

Friday Jan. 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Saw our cousin James Harper [*d. Jan. 19, 1870, 48yr. 8m.*] laid in his last long home today. The funeral came to the graveyard about one o'clock. The family were all along with it, except Ella and the two married daughters. Jane came also, but "Grannie" was not able to come. Emma wept aloud. Milburn seemed very much affected. They opened the coffin. James looked very thin, as though he had lain a good while. After the grave was filled up, Rev. Aten, pastor of the U. P. church of College Corner, pronounced the benediction, the first time I ever saw such a thing done. They came over for dinner. Thomas M<sup>c</sup>Quiston and family, and Andie Grey and family, and Mrs. Grey and Mat were here today. While waiting for the funeral, Hat, Mat and I visited Newel Hamiltons school.

Saturday Jan. 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Sewing. Last Monday evening, we first used the New Version of Psalms at family worship. I intended to write it then, but forgot it.

Sabbath Jan. 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church. The text was Luke 19:9, 10.

Monday Jan. 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Sick today. Did not go to school today, as it was a bad afternoon.

Tuesday Jan. 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today,

Wednesday Jan. 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Thursday Jan. 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. I am going to study Roman History, reciting only on Fridays, and not reciting Virgil on that day. Recite too, at eleven A.M.

Friday Jan. 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. How thankful I should feel tonight, and how wonderful are the ways of God. Today I took a dollar to pay for my history, and not taking the trouble to hunt my pocket book, tied it in my handkerchief. When I got to school it was gone. After awhile I remembered pulling my handkerchief from my pocket, after alighting from my horse. I looked around when I got out, and was just going to unfasten my horse, when I saw it lying on the ground. Its too dark to write.

Saturday Jan. 29<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Sewing, and I forget what else.

Sabbath Jan. 30<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church. Rev. Rossiter preached from Mat. 21:28\_\_ "Son, go work today in my vineyard." Communion next Sabbath. Mr. R. is secretary of the American and Foreign Christian Union. He represents the work among the Roman Catholics as very encouraging, and rapidly going on, and stated some facts to that effect.

Monday Jan. 31<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. Thomas M<sup>c</sup>Quistons at our house.

Tuesday Feb. 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school.

Wednesday Feb. 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I had such a good time at school today. I got there at 15 min. before 2 P.M. Professor didnt come for half an hour. Dock was there when I went, and he and Rob worked at our Trigonometry lesson, which was on page 112 example 4. Dock and I worked at it while Greek recited, and then after Virgil recited, we worked at it again while Geometry recited. Then Professor, Rob, Dock and I worked at it until we finished it, which was at half past four. We came within 5 perches of the answer-5 too large. When I got home it was 5:20 P.M.

Thursday Feb. 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Friday Feb. 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today and had a good time.

Saturday Feb. 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church today. Rev. Cooper, of Beechwoods church, preached from 1<sup>st</sup> Peter 1:2. "Grace unto you and peace be multiplied." Three colored men and two colored women have joined the church this time. Mr. David Ramsey Jr. and wife have also joined. This was unexpected. He had been very wild, and addicted to drinking. His wife and child were baptized. Three other children also, and the colored adults.

Sabbath Feb. 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church. Rev. Scouller of Fairhaven preached from Luke 14:21. "Go out quickly," ect. I again took my seat at the Lords table. Twenty joined the church this time. On certificate Mr. David Grey. On examination Robert Annon Douglass, David

Paxton, David Ramsey, Mrs. Mary A. Ramsey, George Wallace, William Harman, Mrs. Melissa Harman, Mrs. Joanna Bristo, J. H. Bush, Newton Lucas, Irena C. Harper, Elizabeth Josiphene Simpson, John Rankin, James Sloan, N. C. Harper, Eva F. Wilson, Clara Foster, Sarah Essie Elliot, Nathan Wilson.

Monday Feb. 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. Trigonometry lesson today from leveling to Topographical Maps.

Tuesday Feb. 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. Rev. J.B. Foster visited our school a short time today.

Wednesday Feb. 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school.

Thursday Feb. 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school Mr. Marshel said we must put as much time as possible on our Virgil, as he expects visitors next week. Revs. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton and Cooper, I believe.

Friday Feb. 11<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Mrs. Ramsey visiting at our house today, and brought Irene and I a collar for Rene helping her a day last harvest.

Saturday Feb. 12<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Sewing. Copying my translation of Virgil into a book.

Sabbath Feb. 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Isiah 49:9.

Monday Feb. 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school, and enjoyed myself very well.

Tuesday Feb. 15<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Wednesday Feb. 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. Today in Trigonometry Rob and I were comparing our examples, and one time, not hearing what I said, he said, "sir"; and I think he did not notice it until Charley commenced laughing at him. His face flushed scarlet, and Professor asked him what was the matter. "I didnt hear what she said," he said. But Professor could scarcely keep from laughing, and I guess had some inkling that Rob had made some blunder. I suppose I'm bad off for something to write. It was amusing, however. Yet Bob is smart enough.

Thursday Feb. 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Friday Feb. 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Our baby is three years old today.

Saturday Feb. 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. John C. Ochletree, of Vieana Ind., at our house for dinner.

Sabbath Feb. 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Heb. 11:4.

Monday Feb. 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Pretty cold.

Tuesday Feb. 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. Professor said "Nettie were you aware that today was Washingtons birthday?" I replied that I was. "They are going to celebrate it here tonight, I believe." I knew this before, however. "You'd better come down," Charley Demand said.

Wednesday Feb. 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school.

Thursday Feb. 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school.

Friday Feb. 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. Newel Hamiltons school closed today. Three scholars, Irene and Susie Harper, and Lida Simpson, carried off a diploma apiece, a present for having the greatest number of tickets, having each an equal number. They did not get them yet, but he will send them to them. Nancy Bell received a prize for being head in spelling the greatest number of times. Lida Simpson in her class, and Susie in hers. Lizzie Harper was there every day of the six months, and he promised her a reward, to be given as soon as possible. Susies book is "The Earth we live on."

Saturday Feb. 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Writing our February paper.

Sabbath Feb. 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Heb. 11:5, 6.

Monday Feb. 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton came to our house this forenoon, on the business of pastoral examination. He was thoughtful enough to remember that I go to school in the afternoon. Asked Professor what was my tuition last term. He said \$13.50. But behold my book is full.

Nettie Harper.



Journal No. 6

Morning Sun, Preble Co. Ohio March 1<sup>st</sup> 1870

Tuesday March 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I am begining a new journal today. So fair and unsullied these pages look. I am afraid they will not look so neat and clean when I have finished. I wonder what will happen before it is full. Judging from the way I have been writing in the past, my academical school days will be over, and that goal I have aimed at will be reached. May God, as in the past, still be my guide and protector in the future. I went to school today. Rev. J. H. Cooper visited the school.

Wednesday March 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Thursday March 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Friday march 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Saturday March 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. David M<sup>c</sup>Quiston sen. [*father of Thomas, 68y. 1m. 18d.*] our near neighbor, died last night. Has been sick for a month.

Sabbath March 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I did not go to church. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Quiston [*David, Sr.*] was burried today.

Monday March 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. Professor said "Well Nettie I guess we'll have all the fun to ourselves today. Robert has gone to Youths meeting, and Charley has not come over this forenoon." I had read the lesson, and parsed some, when there was a knock at the door. Mr. Marshel opened it, and in came Rev. J. H. Cooper and his brother. I parsed some more, and then Professor told me to read the lesson over again.

Tuesday March 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Wednesday March 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Oh dear, I feel so bad. The exhibition will be two weeks from tomorrow evening, and had I been a member of the society, I should without doubt have taken part in the exercises, as there are only four girl members of it. But its too late now, though I regret ever so much that I am not a member of it. Perhaps tis best that I am not a member of it, how ever.

Thursday March 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to school. Aunty, who has been at Thomases this winter, came home today.

Friday March 11<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. Mothers forty-second birthday.

Saturday March 12<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to prayermeeting at Mr. Joe Ramseys.

Sabbath March 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Heb. 11:17-19.

Monday March 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Tuesday March 15<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Wednesday March 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Thursday March 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Friday March 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school.

Saturday March 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Ironing. Chrochading (a word I can't spell.) Housecleaning a little.

Sabbath March 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Deut. 18:15.

Monday March 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. Professor said "How do you like Virgil, Nettie?"

Tuesday March 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today. Today, I, with John M<sup>c</sup>Dill, was a witness to W. Harmans (colored) mark. I went to the store, and Mr. J. Bernard was doing some writing, or something, for him, and Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Dill and I being the only persons present, he requested us to sign our names as witnesses.

Wednesday March 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The last day of school this term. Rob Wilson and I are through Trigonometry, all except the promiseous examples at the last of the book. We have read in Virgil 612 lines. Charlie Demand, Rob Wilson and I the class. Dock Badar only went a few weeks. I may as well write the scholars names now. Girls: Retta Elliot, Maggie Johnson, Lissa



Rankin, Mary Coulter, Winnie Sliver, Laura Hawes, Vinolia Shaw, Nettie Harper. Boys names- Rob Wilson, Charley Demand, Le Lybrook, Sam Buck, George Wallace, Will Owens, Milt M<sup>c</sup>Dill, John Pottinger, James Sloan, Rob Paxton, Dave Paxton, Chalmers Elliot, Rob Johnson, Charley Hockersmith (three weeks), Dock Badar, Jack Douglass. All, I believe. Exhibition tomorrow night. We have recited the first eleven chapters in Roman History this term.

Thursday March 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The exhibition comes off tonight.

Friday March 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to the exhibition last night. We obtained seats where we were enabled to hear very well. I think the exhibition was very good. I have the programe, and further comment is not necessary. I have a burlesque programe, which is a bad enough affair.<sup>11</sup>

Saturday March 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The burlesque programe, I hear, was gotten up by the academy boys, without the knowledge of Professor, or the girls. They indeed knew nothing of it, until the exhibition was over. They are ever so mad.

Sabbath March 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ No preaching at Hopewell, and did not go any where.

Monday March 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Writing our March paper. Wouldnt give it up for twice the trouble.

Tuesday March 29<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Writing. Our Home Monthly ready to read tonight.

Wednesday March 30<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ A little of every thing.

Thursday March 31<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Making Susies dress.

Friday April 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mattie Ramsey was at our house visiting today.

Saturday April 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to prayermeeting at Mr. John Ramsey Jr's.

Sabbath April 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church today. The text was Luke 22:31, 32.

Monday April 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The last term that I am to attend the dear old academy commenced today. I believe I will study Rhetoric. There were only eight girls, and no boys. There are to be none this term, I believe.

Tuesday April 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Professor said today, that he wanted me to read the remainder of book first, and all of book second, this term.

Wednesday April 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Thursday April 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. Got my Rhetoric today. Price \$1.40.

Friday April 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Saturday April 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Ironing. Sewing.

Sabbath April 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from John 16:8.

Monday April 11<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. Went to youths meeting.

Tuesday April 12<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. I read the last of book 1<sup>st</sup> in Virgil, and have the first 25 lines of books second, for tomorrow. I have a complete translation of book first copied off, and I intend to write the second book.

Wednesday April 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Dr. George Simpson has, as he is reported to have said, come home to die. He is very low with consumption, being unable to speak above a whisper. I was very much surprised to see him at school today. He had walked up from Murrays. He looks like a dead man. [*b. Nov. 21, 1839, d. June 23, 1870*]

Thursday April 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Professor said today, he knew Virgil was not very hard for me, the way I could read it. He wanted me to read all of the second book, if I kept my health. The first lesson in book second I had 25 lines; today I have 26; and I have 29 for tomorrow.

Friday April 15<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school.

Saturday April 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Sewing.

Sabbath April 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to church. Text Mat. 11:16-20.

Monday April 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to school.

---

<sup>11</sup> See End Notes

Tuesday April 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to school. Have 31 lines of Virgil for tomorrow.

Wednesday April 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to school. Have 33 lines of Virgil for tomorrow.

Thursday April 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Have 39 lines of Virgil for tomorrow, and have it all translated.

Friday April 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to school.

Saturday April 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Working.

Sabbath April 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to church. Text Heb. 12:16, 17. Sabbath School organized today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hattons class is going to continue in Romans, commencing with 10<sup>th</sup> chapter and 14<sup>th</sup> verse.

Monday April 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school.

Tuesday April 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school.

Wednesday April 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school.

Thursday April 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school.

Friday April 29<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Irene, Nate and I went to youths prayermeeting at Sam Grahams last evening. Hattie Harper and Rob Simpson read essays. These, of course, were of a religious nature. Maggie Simpson was leader. Rob Wilson, Lizzie Graham and Sammie Buck lead in prayer. Irene and I remained all night. Hattie Harper, Alice Murray and Maggie Simpson also remained. Oh, we had a splendid time at school today. In Rhetoric there is a catechism on geology, and Professor asked us the questions, and we gave the answers. Our lesson was the two chapters on wit.

Saturday April 30<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Writing our April paper.

Sabbath May 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to church. Text 2<sup>nd</sup> Cor. 1:20, 21.

Monday May 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. Oh, these happy days, how fast they fly.

Tuesday May 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. Rev. David M<sup>c</sup>Dill is to address the reunion association this year. Had a good time at school. There will be no examination this term, I believe, as there are so few in a class, that Professor fears it would not be interesting.

Wednesday May 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to school, and had a happy time.

Thursday May 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school.

Friday May 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. Communion next Sabbath. Rev. J. Y. Scouller preached from Mat. 26:36-57 and Luke 29:39-53.

Saturday May 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rev. J. Y. Scouller preached today from John 19:1-19.

Sabbath May 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Luke 24:32. Joined the church Mrs. Anna Kempell, Mrs. H.O. Wilson, Miss Nancy Catherine Bell; and on certificate Mrs. R. J. Caskey.

Monday May 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. Company today.

Tuesday May 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. Had a good time.

Wednesday May 11<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Thursday May 12<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. Our lesson in Rhetoric was on the subject of essays, letters, ect. I, being at the head of the class, Professor put the first question to me, which, however, was not in the book. It was, "Nettie, did you ever write a letter."

Friday May 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school today.

Saturday May 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Very busy.

Sabbath May 15<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to church. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Mat. 12:29 and Luke 11:21, 22. He remarked, that Josephus says, Eve was astonished when she heard the serpent speak, and that she expressed her astonishment. Whereupon it said, that eating of the fruit of that tree, had given it that power, and reasoning from this, what might it not be reasonable to suppose she might receive.

Monday May 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school.

Tuesday May 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. I expect Rene and I will go to Oxford next Saturday, for the purpose of getting material for summer hats.

Wednesday May 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Had a very happy time at school.

Thursday May 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I finished reading the second book of Virgil today, and have the first 33, or 34 lines of book third for tomorrow. I intend to write book third.

Friday May 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I happened to be a little late starting to school today, and when I got there Rhetoric was just through reciting. Then Virgil comes next. Just then a visitor entered, Mr. Will Reynolds, of Ill. I believe. Virgil happened to be pretty hard. I suppose I knew it only tolerably well. I happened to have my trigonometry. I went to Thomas M<sup>c</sup>Quistons from school. Studied in the afternoon.

Saturday May 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Hattie Harper, Rene and I went to Oxford today. We bought white frames for hats, and for trimming, white illusion, lace and blue flowers. Total price of both hats. \$3.44. Got back to Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Quistons again half past ten. Came home this afternoon.

Sabbath May 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Gen. 3:24 and Ezk. 10:15.

Monday May 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Had 35 lines of Virgil today. Have a very long Trigonometry lesson for tomorrow.

Tuesday May 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school.

Wednesday May 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. Hattie Harper helped us make our new hats today. Professor said there will be a private examination this term. We will not make any preparation for it.

Thursday May 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school.

Friday May 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. Rene Elliot, who has been sick for some time, was dying this morning, and, I believe, died about one o'clock today. [*Julia Irene Elliot, 4-11-1863-5-27-1870, daughter of Hugh & Elizabeth Elliot*] Thomas Paxton, Pa's boy, or the young man of whom he has been guardian, and who became of age last month, came to our house Thursday evening, and he and his father, Uncle Billy, were at our house for dinner. They are living in Michigan. Tom is married.

Saturday May 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to the funeral.

Sabbath May 29<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ No services at Hopewell. I did not go any where else. Part of the family went to hear Rev. Samuel Ramsey preach at Beechwoods.

Monday May 30<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. Rev. Samuel Ramsey was married last Thursday to Miss Dallis of Cedarville Ohio.

Tuesday May 31<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school.

Wednesday June 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school.

Thursday June 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ No school today, as Professor and most of the scholars were going to a Sabbath School celebration at College Corner. Pa had'ent time to go.

Friday June 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school.

Saturday June 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to Praymeeting at M<sup>c</sup>Quistons. I have a new white dress, and Lizzie Graham stitched a part of it, this morning, on her sewing machine.

Sabbath June 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ No preaching at Hopewell. Went to Beechwoods church. Rev. Cooper preached from John 3:1. Attended Claude Fosters funeral this evening. [*1866-1870, son of Samuel C. & Hannah Foster*]

Monday June 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school. This is my last week at the dear Academy. Next Thursday is my graduating day. What, formerly at least, was the goal of my ambition, will have been reached. I am the only graduate this year.

Tuesday June 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to school.

Wednesday June 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ This is a day I have often looked forward to; the last day I would recite alone with my dear teacher. I wondered what would be my feelings then. I hardly know

how I felt. It did not seem to me that it was indeed true, that this was the last time I would enter the Academy, to find only my teacher and schoolmates. We will have our regular lessons tomorrow. I have 39 lines of Virgil, which I was told to get as well as I could, if I did not get Trigonometry. Trigonometry example 10, page 190. Professor summed up how many lines I had read in Virgil, this term, and found it to be 1418. I will have read 471 lines of book third, which he said was doing very well, as it was more than was generally read, and more than any one had yet read at the Academy. "Well, Nettie, are you going to Oxford in the fall?" "I expect not," said Nettie. "You would graduate in a year, I think, as you are through Latin and Mathematics. It might take one term over a year, but not longer than that. Clara Brown is graduating this year, and you have read more Latin than she. You would only have to study the ethical and scientific course. You would have to study either German, or French." This is not exactly, to the very word, what he said, but about the substance of his remarks. I do indeed hope to go to Oxford sometime.

Thursday June 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I suppose this is the last day I can say I went to school, with reference to the Academy. I have graduated. Graduated! How important this word used to sound! I have went to the Academy ten terms, and about 520 days. To Professor J.S. Wilson three terms; to Professor John Marshel seven. About 120 different scholars have been in attendance while I was going. Not a visitor was at school today, so that I again recited alone with my teacher. And what do you suppose he said? He said if I would like to read Virgil through, he would help me. After awhile, however, as he was going away a week from today, and will not be back before the first of August. I replied "Why yes, I should like to read it." He said "We will plan it after we come back. Recite about once a week, on Saturdays, perhaps." Went to hear the address before the reunion association by Rev. David M<sup>c</sup>Dill this evening, or afternoon rather. He said some lively things. He said he did not think the girls who used to wear homespun, and spin, I forget how much, and go to church carrying their shoes and stockings, were any better, or wiser, than the young ladies who are now attending the Morning Sun Academy. I expect to go with Pa to Reunion tonight.

Friday June 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to the Reunion last night. I enjoyed myself very well, and really passed a very happy evening. The first in order was a declamation by Vinolia Shaw, which was very interesting. Next Lizzie Graham responded to a toast, "Live not for yourself." Rob Wilson next responded to a toast, "The Coming Farmer", in which the abilities of the farmer, soon to be actualy illustrated, were glowingly portrayed. Lawyer J. A. Elliot responded to a toast "The Statesman." Next Miss Josie Gilmore read her response to the toast, "The Coming Woman." This essay was somewhat lengthy, yet was very interesting, was well read, and showed marks of careful preparation. Rev. J. H. Cooper responded, in a few words, to the toast assigned him, "Mental Culture." Rev. J. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton was then called upon to respond to a toast, which had been given to Maggie Simpson, but, to which, through want of time, she had been unable to prepare a response. The toast was, I think, "The privileges of social intercourse." He said he did not know he was priviledged to make any priviledged remarks. He said he did not like to talk to a large audience on an ocasion like this; he would rather talk to a small audience of one. He supposed Brother Brown (Rob Joe who gave him the toast) liked the same, and that was the reason why he gave the toast. No doubt before the small hours of the night, he would have some of this intercourse. But I can't all tell he said. It was one series of witty remarks, which convulsed the audience several times with laughter. When he concluded several "beaucatches", as he called them, were thrown him. The names of all, who have ever attended the Academy, were read by Professor Marshel. There were over three hundred. They were arranged in alphabetical order. Talitha Harper and Nettie Harper were the only Harpers. Pa got tired, and had to come home at recess, which I don't think pays. I feel pretty lonesome today.

Saturday June 11<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to town this evening.

Sabbath June 12<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to church. Text 2<sup>nd</sup> Cor. 6:16.

Monday June 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to Youths Meeting.

Tuesday June 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Washing.

Wednesday June 15<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Writing for the June number of Our Home Monthly.

Thursday June 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Papering the dining room.

Friday June 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Housecleaning up stairs.

Saturday June 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Ironing.

Sabbath June 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from 1<sup>st</sup> John 3:2, 3.

Monday June 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Our district school closes with a picnic and a kind of an exhibition tomorrow. So of course Mother and I are very tired baking.

Tuesday June 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mat Grey and Cinda Magee came to our house this morning, went with us to the picnic and stopped for supper in the evening. Well, about the picnic. There was first an excellent dinner near by the church. The entire company then repaired to the school house, where the exercises were opened by singing a part of the 34<sup>th</sup> psalm. Each scholar then repeated a verse from the Bible. Lizzie Harper next read her essay on "Evening." But I can not follow the programe. Lizzie also repeated "The Fountain of Youth," a very beautiful poem. There were several songs. A dialouge, "Mrs. Credulous and the Fortune teller," acted by Irene and Lizzie Harper and Mary Bell. Walter M<sup>c</sup>Dill repeated a beautiful speech, "Vacation," accusing the little girls of being tied to mama's apron strings. Lida Simpson repeated a beautiful response to this. Willie Wright gave advice to a fire company. Mary Bell, Lizzie Bell, Susie Harper, Lida Simpson and Willie Wright received prizes.

Wednesday June 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Making a white dress for Lizzie.

Thursday June 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Washing.

Friday June 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Ironing.

Saturday June 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to the picnic at district no. 5 today. Rene and I went with Aunty to Thomas'es in the morning, and also stayed for supper in the evening. The school was conducted by Nannie Bernard this term.. There was first an excellent and abundant dinner. The closing exercises, as also the dinner, were held in Mr. Elliots Grove. Ed Elliot and Annie M<sup>c</sup>Coan sang "Fannie Frey" very beautifully. "The Ministers Wife" was well spoken by Lissa Johnson. "The Female Auctioneer" was sung by the same young lady. There were several other songs and declamations, together with dialogues, all of which were very well given.

Sabbath June 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to Beechwoods church. Rev. Cooper preached from 1<sup>st</sup> John 3:19-24.

Monday June 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Washing.

Tuesday June 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Busy.

Wednesday June 29<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Sewing carpet rags.

Thursday June 30<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Gathering cherries, ect.

Friday July 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Ironing.

Saturday July 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Baking.

Sabbath July 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton, as he announced two weeks ago he would, preached a temperance sermon today. Text 1<sup>st</sup> Thess 8:8. "Let us who are of the day be sober."

Monday July 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Washing.

Tuesday July 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Making a picture frame of red pop corn.

Wednesday July 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have come to the conclusion that it is useless to write every day. There are so many days in which nothing worth writing occurs. Hereafter I shall not write every day.



Friday July 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Irene and I went visiting to Joe Ramseys. We had a very pleasant visit, and enjoyed ourselves very much. Is'ent it strange that I never, or scarcely ever, say a word in these books about what is going on in the world, both at home and abroad? Libbie Foster is low with consumption. A war is about to break out between France and Prussia, because Spain asked a Prussian prince to become a candidate for the Spanish throne. France accepted this as an insult to herself. The Pope of Rome, Pius IX, has been declared infallible.

Sabbath July 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hattons text today was Mat. 27:3-5. He said one object with Judas, and perhaps the principle one, was, that he believed Christ would be by it made a king. Judas, as well as the other disciples, supposed that when, Christ said "ye shall sit on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel," he meant litteral thrones, and that they actualy would lord it over the Israelites. He was a covetous and ambitious man.

Wednesday July 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Irene and I went to Mr. Samuel Grahams for dinner, and Lizzie Graham went with us to see Mary Owens in the afternoon. We had a very nice visit.

Tuesday Aug. 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ That every ten year visitor, the census taker, called at our house this evening. Pa was absent; so Mother had to don dignity, and inform him as to the names and ages of the Harper family. Calling for the name and age of the eldest, she gravely informed him that Fonetta Clementine was eighteen last September, and would be nineteen next September. Now, Nettie Harper, when you read this in future years, don't think I'm making fun of Mother, for its no such thing; for be sure she's the very best woman in the world. Ten years since the last census taker was here. It seems impossible! I remember it distinctly, though I was but eight years old. I remember, too, I knew the exact birthday of every one of the family, and could have given them more easily than Pa could. Thats enough, Nettie Harper. Don't be so proud.<sup>12</sup>

Monday Aug. 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I want to write, yet I don't know how to express myself. If I had written yesterday evening, I should have said "Nettie Harper, you'r the biggest dunce alive," and perhaps I should have been right. Yet, I assure you dear journal, t'was not exactly my fault. Professor and Mrs. Marshel came home week before last, but, as there was no preaching on last Sabbath, I had not seen him until yesterday. I passed close by his seat going from the Sabbath School class, and, foolish child that I was, I never thought it possible I could speak to him then. Nor indeed for awhile after I was seated, and saw how red his face was, and the sorriful look he turned upon me, did it occur to me that he had intended to speak to me as I passed him. I feel so vexed over it. I'm sure, that next to my father I like him better than any man I ever knew. I know that he likes me, and longed to see me, and just to think how I have grieved him by my thoughtlessness. 'Tis well my heavenly Father knows it all, and I can tell my troubles in his ear.

Tuesday Aug. 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Well the celebration is over. It was, as Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton expressed it, a congregational and Sabbath school reunion; only Hopewell and Morning Sun schools being present. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton made a few remarks, a song was sung, and the children sang the 117<sup>th</sup> psalm. Every one spent the remainder of the day as he saw fit. I must say that I enjoyed myself finely today. A great many games were played by "large and small children," both. I spoke to my dear teacher today. "How much Virgil have you read this summer?" he asked. I am to read Virgil again. He will tell me some time again when to begin to recite. I am to get about fifty lines at a lesson.

Thursday Aug. 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The first from my hitherto unbroken band of schoolmates was burried today\_\_ Miss Libbie Foster [*Elizabeth M. Foster, 1851-1870, daughter of Samuel C. & Hannah Foster*]. She died about ten o'clock last night. Was burried at five this evening. I was not at the funeral. Rene, Lizzie and I had gone visiting to Greys, and did not hear of the death until noon. I am very sorry that I was not permitted to see my friend laid to rest. Her disease

---

<sup>12</sup> See End Notes

was consumption, brought on by late hours, and not taking sufficient care of herself. It is only a few weeks ago she gave up that she could not recover. How well do I recall one year from the day she died. It was the day of the Sabbath School celebration, and she was there in full enjoyment of health, little dreaming a year from that day would be the day of her death.

Sabbath Sept. 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached today from Mat. 18:23-35. The king forgave his servant his debt of ten thousand talents, equal to \$17,000,000, while the servant refused to forgive his debtors 100 pence, or \$14 dollars. Used to represent the sins of one man against another as compared to his sins against God. Our class in Sabbath School finished Romans last Sabbath, and today we had the last chapter of Malachi. We will begin Revelations next Sabbath.

Tuesday Sept. 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to Thomases last Thursday. I called at Mr. Marshels in the morning and asked him about reciting Virgil, as, at the celebration, he told me to come down on Monday evening, after supper, and recite. So I went yesterday evening and recited. They were eating supper when I got there. Mrs. Marshel showed me into the parlor, and gave me the photographs to look at. They had company, Mr. and Mrs. James M<sup>c</sup>Creary and Mr. H. M<sup>c</sup>Clurkin. After supper Mr. Marshel and Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Clerkin came in, and Mr. Marshel gave me an introduction to the latter. He then showed me into the sitting room to recite. I had about sixty lines. I am to recite again on Thursday evening, and also on Saturday. Recite about three times a week, he said. It was almost dark when I started for home.

Monday Sept. 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ My birthday! How old I seem to be getting! I recited on last Thursday evening, and, according to appointment, went to recite this evening. I recited in the cool porch, my lesson was very easy, Professor was very lively, and I spent a pleasant evening. I have three lessons more in book 3<sup>rd</sup>. Heres news for you. Mr. Simpson has actualy sold his farm, and he and his family are going west. I shall miss them so very much. Pa and Sam Graham are the purchasers.

Monday Sept. 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I finished reading book 3<sup>rd</sup> in Virgil today. As there had been some objection to my reading any more, raised at home, I was uncertain whether I would recite any more, or not. When he assigned, or told me to read as much of book fourth for the next lesson as I wished, I said something about not reading any more. He said if I like to read love stories, I ought to read that book. He said it was no trouble to him, he would rather read it than not. He will not charge any thing, unless it amounts to \$100,000,000. I will recite about three times a week. He will change the hour of reciting before long. I had intended, but forgot to write this before. In his sermon last Sabbath, Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton said that corespondents of the New York Sun and World wrote from Rome, that while the Schema that declared the Pope infallible was being read the house was shaken, and terrible storms raged around Rome, and through different parts of Italy, and the ink that signed the schema was hardly dry, until the Pope's temporal power was gone. I told Mr. Marshel I had written of what I had read of Virgil, and he said he was glad I had done so.

Thursday Sept. 29<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Pa, Charley and "us four oldest girls" went to the fair at Eaton today. It rained a little while we were going, and at dinner time. But the day was very nice for the fair. It is said to be the best fair ever held in Preble. I was trying to think of something to write, that I saw, but I confess to be completely bewildered. Every thing was beautiful, and I could have spent pleasant hours looking at the contents of the well filled halls. The pictures were of various kind. There was a pretty air-castle made of hair, wax and bits of red velvet.

Monday Oct. 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I recite to Mr. Marshel in the afternoon now. Three o'clock is the hour I ought to be there. I went today, and Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton was there, and he told Professor he wanted him to hear his class in Sabbath School next Sabbath, as he will be away. He stayed a few minutes, while I recited part of the lesson.

Tuesday Oct. 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The First Presbytery of Ohio met at Hopewell today. A part of the Reformed Presbyterian church of Morning Sun, including the pastor and 37 of its members, came over to the U. P. church, and joined themselves to the First Presbytery of Ohio.

Friday Oct. 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to recite today. I had not recited for a week, and had 98 lines prepared. In my lesson today lines 174-177 are an excellent description of Rumor. Professor said it was almost sublime. He said I ought to commit it to memory both in Latin and English.

Wednesday Nov. 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Last fall Uncle Dr. Harper and family went to Kansas. They have come back to Indiana this fall, to live with his mother. Jane Harper and Mattie have been at our house for two, or three days. I am going to recite today.

Sabbath Nov. 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The text today was 2<sup>nd</sup> Cor. 12:2-4. The Jews had three heavens. The first between the earth and the stars; the second the space occupied by the stars; the third the place where God more especially dwells, and where he gathers home his saints.

Wednesday Nov. 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Recited Virgil today. This fourth book I find very interesting. It is a love story. I am almost through book 4<sup>th</sup>. Professor said "What times you women do have! What a fuss you make over a love affair!" Mrs. Marshel said "Yes, its only the women. But thats all a yarn, anyhow." "Oh, but its the truth. This old poem is just a good description. "Varium et mutabile semper femina" womans a variable and changing thing always." The notes say they are like men; sometimes they are very different from it. This is found in lines 569 and 570. "Nettie," he said, "no doubt when you attempt to captivate some young man, you will have better luck than Dido with Aeneas."

Thursday Nov. 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I recited Virgil yesterday, and as there is to be preaching on Friday, I recited today. I finished the fourth book today. Professor told me yesterday, that he would not be able to hear me recite any more, at present, as his school is filling up rapidly. Perhaps we would read the other two books next summer, or fall. He has a little son, [*Scott*] born on Monday night. I saw the child today.

Sabbath Nov. 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Communion day. Rev. Williamson, of Bellefontaine Ohio, preached from the words, "Because I live, ye shall live also." I think I have heard three of the most solemn sermons this communion season, I have ever heard. I don't know exactly whether I'm a Christian, or not. Sometimes I am pretty sure that I am, and at other times, of how my conduct would seem to prove to the contrary.

Sabbath Dec. 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church today. Rev. Randal Ron, of Lincoln Institute Missouri fame, preached today from Mark 5:19. For some time past he has been laboring to build a college in Greenwood Mo. His spicy letters in the Christian Instructor have made the readers of that paper acquainted with him. He is now in this congregation, for the purpose of raising funds, for lifting the remaining debt on the college.

Saturday Dec. 31<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The last day of the year. Another of my academical schoolmates, Mrs. Hannah O. Wilson [*Hannah O. Decker Wilson, wife of John G. Wilson*], was burried day before yesterday.

Sabbath Jan. 1<sup>st</sup> 1871 \_\_\_\_\_ Sabbath and New years day. I went to church. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached.

Saturday Jan. 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ This is the week of prayer. Prayermeetings are held at the three churches. Although they are not such revivings from on high, as were experienced last winter, yet the meetings are interesting and well attended.

Saturday Jan. 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ We have been going to evening prayermeetings at the Academy this week. They are interesting, though not like last winter.

Wednesday Jan. 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. Simpson and family are going to Tennessee. Their sale is next week, and they start the week after. I took my Latin Dictionary home this morning and asked them about coming to see us. They may perhaps come some evening and stay until

bedtime. Josie and Lida are coming tonight, and also Cinda and Albert Magee, who are staying at Mr. Ramseys.

Saturday Jan. 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Our young folks, and two, or three others, went to Mr. Simpsons to spend the evening, yesterday. I am so sorry they are going away. I believe I had rather see any other family, with at least not more than one, or two exceptions, going away. I'm sure I would a great deal rather it was Sam Grahams.

Monday Feb. 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Yesterday, at church, we bade Mr. Simpsons family farewell. They seemed very much affected. I have heard that Mr. Simpson feels the parting from familiar faces and scenes, far more than Mrs. Simpson. Lida joined the church yesterday. Thomas M<sup>c</sup>Quiston is going with them to see the country.

Sabbath Feb. 12<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Last Sabbath Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton spoke pretty freely to the people about attending the Union Prayermeetings. This prayermeeting was held at Hopewell last Thursday. Only about fifty were present. Today he took occasion to speak of this, and spoke most earnestly of the matter. The prayermeetings, held every Wednesday evening at the Academy, were also spoken of. He said he had attended them almost eleven years, and yet he knew some, within sound of the bell, whom he had never seen there.

Monday Feb. 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have just heard sad news. Old Mr. John Buck [*d. Feb. 12, 1871, 86y. 3m.*] is dead, and was buried this evening. We knew nothing of it until the children came from school. He had lately moved to Fairhaven. I have known him all my life, I suppose. He was about eighty-five years old, being the oldest man in the township.

Thursday Feb. 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. Ramseys young folks and our young folks went to prayermeeting at the Academy, last evening. The subject for remarks was 1<sup>st</sup> Thess. 5:22. "Abstain from all appearance of evil." Sinful amusements was the subject derived from this. Mr. Marshel was chairman. He first remarked at some length on the subject of dancing. He has been troubled with it, this winter, in his school. The examples of David, and other Bible heroes, are held up by some. But in those days they always danced for joy, and the sexes always apart. A young man, in St. Louis, was summoned before the session of the church, of which he was a member, charged with dancing, drinking and profane swearing. He acknowledged that he was wrong in drinking and swearing, but that he did not think dancing was wrong. The minister requested an interview with him, before sentence was passed. He obtained this; and when the young man came back again, he said he had been wrong before; that dancing was the cause of the other sins. During the intervals in the dance he would go into a saloon near by, and there becoming intoxicated would use profane language. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton spoke on the same subject; and as Mr. Marshel had spoken for his school, so he would speak for the church. During the winter they would have certain persons before the session, for dancing; they would promise to dance no more; but the next winter they would be dancing away as hard as ever.<sup>13</sup>

Sabbath Feb. 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The text was Job 33:27, 28. Some think Elihu was Christ; but that he was not is evident from Job 33:4-6.

Thursday March 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ As on last Wednesday evening, Mr. Ramseys young folks and our young folks went to prayermeeting at the Academy. As before we all went in Mr. R's big wagon. The subject last evening was "How to get the parents to come to Sabbath School." The meeting was very interesting.

Friday March 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The annual exhibition of the Philomathean Society of the Morning Sun Academy was held last evening. Miss Johnson, of Oxford, played the piano. There were several singers present. The exhibition was very good. As I have written an article on that

---

<sup>13</sup> Hopewell Session Records, Apr. 15, 1871--"James Hamilton admitted that he had done wrong in permitting a dance to be held in his house."



subject for Our Home Monthly, I need say nothing about it here. The music was excellent. "Widow M<sup>c</sup>Cree," "Some twenty years ago," "Under the gaslight I met her" and "Peggy selling hay in her low back car" were beautiful. The evening was dark and rainy.

Thursday March 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I am going to Thomas M<sup>c</sup>Quistons tomorrow to stay awhile. Lizzie is staying this week, as it is vacation. Aunt Mary Harper is, it is believed, upon her deathbed: so Hattie had to leave Thomases and go home.

Saturday March 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ At Mr. Thomas M<sup>c</sup>Quistons. Upstairs sitting in the wardrobe, writing on my bandbox. I came here this morning.

Sabbath March 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Communion today at Beechwoods. I, for the first time in my life, communed in a strange church.

Friday April 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ After dinner: upstairs in the north room. They're building a new barn here this spring. Mr. Welsher and Mr. Kinkaide are the carpenters. Porter Jackson (colored) of Oxford, is the farm hand; and others at different times; so that, as Thomas remarked one evening when F. and M. were working for him, he is "getting a pretty large family." I have learned to sew on the sewing machine.

Saturday April 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I heard this afternoon, that the Western Female Seminary at Oxford Ohio, was burned Thursday night, about one A.M. One young lady jumped from the third story. Her back is broken, and her recovery is doubtful. One lady tore up her bedclothes, and let herself down. A few got out with their property.

Sabbath April 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Sabbath school commenced at Beechwoods today. I am in Miss Jennie M<sup>c</sup>Crearys class of young ladies. The lesson next Sabbath is Acts 1<sup>st</sup>.

Sabbath April 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rev. Cooper preached today from Isiah 48:16. The subject was the Trinity, or God as three persons in one. This was the doctrine of the ancient Christian church, of the Jewish church, and of the heathan world. The Persians, the Chinese, the Japanese all have an idea of three persons in one God, and have images to represent such.

Monday April 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have several things I have been wanting to write for some time. Miss Katie Brown, [*Catherine Brown, d. Apr. 5, 1871, 71y. 4m.*] sisterinlaw of John Buck, was burried about the twelfth of April. She had a defection in her eyesight, so that she was unable to see well. She neither read, nor sewed. Her eyelids were constantly in motion, as when one winks. The barn was raised here last Saturday. Over thirty men were here; also twenty women and children. Our folks were down. John Moore is dead. I have more to write of him, but have not time now.

Sabbath April 30<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ There was preaching, by the Rev. J.H. Cooper, at the house of Mr. Samuel M<sup>c</sup>Quiston, this afternoon. Aunt Martha Caldwell, who is unable to attend church, was the person for whose benefit the services were designed. Talitha, Lina and I went. Every one in Jennie M<sup>c</sup>Crearys class learns a verse from the Bible, on some subject, assigned the previous Sabbath. The first Sabbath: "A promise of God to his people; next: a promise of answer to prayer; next: in regard to the observance of the Sabbath; and for next Sabbath": on conduct in the house of God.

Saturday May 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I wanted to write something about John Moore. He was the stepson of old Tommy Brown. He had been harmlessly insane, for almost thirty years, I suppose. Failure in his business, which was that of a merchant, had oppressed him so much, that he lost his reason. His home was always at Mr. Browns, excepting short visits, ocssasionally to his brother Thomas Moore, a noted lawyer of Hamilton Ohio. He was there when he died. His disease was consumption. Until about thirteen years ago, he had always remained at home. About that time he began wandering over the country, sometimes making short calls at peoples houses. He seldom spoke, except when questioned. The delight of all boys was to see him approaching. He was a slave of tobacco, to which he always helped himself at the store. Fore



the past few years his mind had been better, and he would work some, and was generally seen with an ax on his shoulder. Often have I met him, as I was going to, or returning from school. At such times he always said "Good morning," and hurried on. One day he crossed the road, near the bridge opposite John Sloans house, as I was approaching on my way to school. As soon as he saw me, he stopped, and started towards where I, slightly frightened, as his ax was across his shoulder, was walking rapidly past on the other side. But he only handed me an apple, and went on his way into the woods. One day, last fall, he came to our house with a basket, and asked me if we had any tomatoes. I told him they were all done. We supposed, that having heard we had plenty, Mr. Browns had sent him. He went to M<sup>c</sup>Quistons barn raising, and worked busily until noon; then went home for his dinner, and came back again. I don't know that I need write more. Whether his reason was restored before he died, I do not know. His brother, who was more insane than he, was in his right mind before he died. John was over fifty, but looked much older.

Sabbath May 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ This is the first Sabbath I have written, since I have been here. I felt like I wanted to today. Mr. Cooper has a carbuncle, which rendered him unable to preach today. We went to Hopewell. Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from 1<sup>st</sup> John 3:2, 3. He said he believed the soul in heaven would not be confined to any locality, but would be permitted to roam at pleasure, and visit the most distant world God has made. James Sloan, son of Dr. Sloan died last night, [*James A. Sloan, d. May 5, 1871 aged 20, son of Richard & Mary Caldwell Sloan*] I believe, making the third of my schoolmates of the Academy, who, so far as I know, has died in less than a year. His disease was consumption. Last summer, while working in the harvest field, he had a sun-stroke. From this he never recovered. He went to Missouri, with Rankins, last fall, and was there until about a month ago, when they sent his father word to come after him. He used to be a very bad boy. But after the revival of January 1870 he united with the church. I think from Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hattons prayer this morning, he died trusting in Jesus. Funeral tomorrow at 10A.M.

Saturday May 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I came home Wednesday. I wanted to have written some before I came home but had not time. Monday, last week, John M<sup>c</sup>Dills of Indiana were there; Tuesday Thomases went to Dr. Harpers, leaving me to cook for the work hands. Mattie came home with them. Friday we came home, the first time I had been home, since I went there. Took Sarah and Mina home with us to stay until Sabbath. Went to singing at the church in the evening, that is, Saturday evening. Went to Hopewell Sabbath day; to Academy in the evening. As Aunt Mary is much better, Hat came home on Monday evening, to stay awhile. Went to William Smiths Thursday.

Friday June 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to the Reunion of Morning Sun Academy, last evening, with Mr. Ramseys young folks. There was no address in the afternoon; why I do not know. The President elect, Mr. Elwood Morey, was not present. Gribbie Brown, vice-president elect, had to act as President. There was an inaugural address. Hugh H. Elliot responded to a toast\_ "America the land of the free, and the home of the brave." America, or rather the United States, distinguished herself in ratifying and passing the Fifteenth Amendment, and he hope she would do equally well with the Sixteenth. Nathan Wilson had a declamation\_ "An address before a Reunion Association," I think. These were all. There were other speakers and essayists appointed, who were not present. There was not very much business to transact. Mr. H.H. Elliot was appointed President for the next year. Ten cents admission fee was charged every one. The same will be charged hereafter. The Reunion, I must say, was not near so good as in past years.

Saturday June 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to Thomases yesterday. Hat told us a secret. She is to be married, after harvest, to Mr. Israel Grey. I must confess, I was taken by surprise. She showed us her dress, which is blue silk. Talitha, not having money enough to pay me all my wages, when I came home, paid me the remainder yesterday, making in all \$15, or \$2 per week.

Tuesday June 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Lucinda Magee and "us three girls" went to Andies and Mrs. Greys today. Had a pleasant visit.

Sabbath July 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Our Sabbath School lesson is in Revelation. I think it very interesting but most of the class do not like it. The lesson today was part of the tenth and eleventh chapters. The reformation is supposed to begin with the tenth chapter. The little book open, represents, or is the Bible now open to the masses. In the eleventh chapter it is said "the holy city shall they tread under foot forty and two months," which time is supposed to refer to the papacy. The first pope was proclaimed universal bishop in 606. The forty two months reduced to days give 1260 days, and taking a day for a year, and adding the 606 years, makes 1866; and as our date is four years behind the true time, adding four years more makes 1870, the year in which the pope lost his temporal power. The two witnesses are put for all true ministers, as two is the number of witnesses necessary to prove a statement. The thousand two hundred and three score days are the same as the forty two months. The Roman Catholics say the bread and wine of the sacrament are the true body and blood of Christ. One of the strongest proofs of their error is found in passages like the fourth verse, where it is said "these are the olivetrees and the two candlesticks."

Monday July 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ This journal is almost full; so I may as well finish it. It seems a long while since I began it. I have not written much about what has been going on in the world; not from lack of interest, though. Napoleon and his family exiles in England. Paris sustaining a terrible seige. Blood afterwards flowing deep through her streets. But I must stop.

Nettie Harper.

Journal No. 7

Morning Sun Preble Co. Ohio. July 29<sup>th</sup> 1871.

Saturday July 29<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Having a few leisure moments this evening, I thought I might as well do what I have been wanting to do for some time, begin this journal. In the first place, I may as well state why I have been so negligent about writing of late. On the 27<sup>th</sup> of May last, I applied for the school in the district called Aleck Paxtons district, the schoolhouse being called the "synagogue." He, Mr. Paxton, said, that for some time past, they had been in the habit of employing a male teacher for six months; but if they concluded to employ a female teacher, he supposed they might as well employ me. If I taught, a certificate must first be obtained; and as I was a little rusty in the principal branches for examination, and always liking to be thorough in a book before being examined in it, I have been giving those branches a pretty thorough review. But yesterday I heard a male teacher had been secured in that district. Somewhere is my last journal, I wrote that Hat Harper had told us a secret. This is a secret no longer, but the divulging of it is now numbered with the things of the past. Yes Hat Harper is Mrs. Israel Grey. The marriage was solemnized in Beechwoods church, of which church the bride was a member. Rev. Mr. Cooper was the officiating minister. George Harper and Mat Grey and John Harper and Maggie M<sup>c</sup>Creary were waiters. Immediately after the ceremony was performed, and without waiting for any congratulations, the bridal party left the church, and started for Oxford. I forgot to say the time was the 20<sup>th</sup> of July. A few days before the wedding, word was given out of the place and time, and that all were invited. The church was pretty well filled before six o'clock P.M., the time appointed. They say a woman always tells how the lady who is the center of attraction is dressed. So I suppose I had better say the brides dress was of blue silk. Next a few words about our Sabbath School lesson last Sabbath. In the 11<sup>th</sup> chapter of Rev. the two witnesses are said to lie dead three days and a half. This is supposed to refer to the three years and a half just before the reformation, when all opposition to the Roman Catholic Religion

seemed to be put down. In the 12<sup>th</sup> verse a voice was heard from heaven, or the church saying "Come up hither." The reformers were thus specially protected of God; and it is a remarkable fact, that they all died a natural death. Verse 13<sup>th</sup> "The tenth part of the city fell," meaning no doubt that about the tenth part of the Romish Church fell away to Protestantism. Seven thousand men slain represents a great number. We are somewhere in the sounding of the seventh trumpet today.

Sabbath July 30<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Sabbath School lesson verse 15 "forever and ever" means during all time. The 19<sup>th</sup> verse properly belongs to chapter 12<sup>th</sup>. In this chapter the woman represents the church clothed with the sun or the Christian dispensation the moon or the Jewish dispensation under her feet.

Tuesday Aug. 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rene, Lizzie and I had our Photographs taken this morning. They were taken together, in a group; Rene and I sitting, and Lizzie standing behind us. Rene and I had on green dresses, and Lizzie, a brown calico. Thomas M<sup>c</sup>Quiston and family were there. and had a family group taken.

Sabbath Aug. 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton took a new plan today. Instead of hearing his class, he went outside the church, among the men and boys standing there. What he said, or did, I do not know. After Sabbath school closed, he said he wanted the children to try to get their fathers and mothers to go to Sabbath School, and not stop outside the door. "But I didnt see any mothers there, either," he said. Mr. Marshel had our class. Chapter 12<sup>th</sup> verse 3<sup>rd</sup> the great red dragon with seven heads and ten horns, represents, or is Rome on her seven hills; and the empire was divided into ten provinces by Augustus Caesar.

Tuesday Aug. 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Lizzie and I went to Greys, with Thomases, yesterday. Rained heavily, raising the creek past crossing. We then remained all night at "Cousin Israels."

Sabbath Aug. 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Sabbath School lesson in 12<sup>th</sup> chapter of Rev. The war in heaven represents great trouble in the church. Michael and his angels are the Christians: the dragon and his angels the Roman Catholic powers. "How many devils are there?" Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton asked some one. There is but one he said; the others are demons; and where the word devils occurs in the Bible, it should be demons. The devil was cast out into the earth, that is outside of the church.

Wednesday Aug. 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The annual Sabbath School celebration of Hopewell was held today. Rev. Rodgers, Kennedy and others spoke. The whole congregation sang the 100<sup>th</sup> psalm. It was beautiful and grand. A rain came up, which broke up the meeting about two o'clock. Uncle Dr. Harper told me, he would like me to teach in their district this fall. As this suited me very well, Pa applied to the Director of the district, Mr. Wilson. He was willing, he said, and would call a meeting next Tuesday evening.

Sabbath Aug. 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Communion today. Rev. [J.W.] Cloakey of Richmond assisted Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton this time.

Tuesday Aug. 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Four new elders were elected at Hopewell last Thursday. viz. Messrs. Wm. Caskey, Samuel Paxton, David Ramsey and Isiac L. M<sup>c</sup>Cracken. Robert P. Gilmore, James A. Brown and Samuel Hamilton were also nominated. The ladies were permitted to vote, and Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton said the constitution read "all members." But few, however, availed themselves of this privilege. Mrs. Williams voted every time, for both successful and opposing candidates.

Thursday Aug. 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Uncle Dr. Harper and Aunt Mary were here this evening. They reported that I have got the school. I will have to go to Liberty to the teachers examination next Saturday. I am to commence the school the first Monday of September. I am to work at Uncle Drs. for my board. I am to receive I believe \$1.25 per day.

Sabbath Aug. 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Three weeks ago today, Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton appointed me to propose a question, to be given to someone of the class, to be answered on the next Sabbath. I gave 1<sup>st</sup> Cor

15:29. What is meant by "baptized for the dead." He gave it to John Marshel, to be answered today. He said he could not answer it. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton said it had been talked about a great deal. He thought the best interpretation put upon it was "in virtue of their resurrection from the dead." Our Sabbath school lesson began with the 13<sup>th</sup> verse of the 12<sup>th</sup> chapter. Verse 16<sup>th</sup> "the earth helped the women," is supposed to refer to the Weldenses, who, among the Alps, having it communication with the outer world, were preserved from the errors of the Roman church. They say they are not a Protestant, or Reformed church, as they were never corrupted.

Tuesday Aug. 29<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Well I went to Liberty to the teachers examination last Thursday. Pa went with me. We started at 6 A.M., and reached there about 8:30. The examination commenced not long after nine. It was held in the schoolhouse. Mr. Smith the examiner. There were nine applicants. The questions were written on the blackboard, and the answers were written by each one on paper. First was a number of questions in orthography, together with a few words of spelling. Next came reading, on which several questions were asked, and each one read a few verses in the sixth reader. Questions on penmanship followed, and two sentences to be written as specimens of each ones writing. Grammar came next, and Arithmetic last before noon. Each one was dismissed as soon as he finished the questions. The examination was held down stairs in the morning; and at 1:30 P.M. the applicants met in a room up stairs, where the first examination was in U.S. History. Physiology came next. Then Geography; and last Theory and practice. No one was allowed to take away a list of the questions, except in their heads, as one young man asked if they were forbidden to do. There were 36 questions in the forenoon, and 40 in the afternoon. I had a very pleasant day; but how it comes out as regards the certificate, remains to be seen.

Saturday Sept. 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I received my certificate Thursday evening. It is for six months. It is Saturday evening. I start to begin a new scene of labor Monday morning. May God be a present help in time of need. I have T. M<sup>c</sup>Quistons watch.

School House Union Co. Indiana.

Thursday Sept. 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ It is noon. The children are playing in the yard. I commenced my school Monday morning. Seven scholars are all I have. With the help of my Father, I have succeeded well.

Wednesday Sept. 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Noon again. The children playing ball in the yard. Their names are, Ollie Brown, Ellie and Annie Miller, Dellie and Hattie Bridgeford, Willie Miller, Scot Miller, Willie Brady, Frank Taylor and Sumner Harper. Willie Brady came last week, but, as I am told, has quit. Hattie Bridgeford is not here this week, as she has the chills. Yesterday was my birthday, and my age now numbers a score of years.

Tuesday Oct. 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ It is recess, and about 10 A.M. My school is still about the same as before. Six scholars the last two weeks. But what I wished particularly to write of today, was the death of Mr. Gilmore Ramsey, of College Corner Ohio, which occurred Tuesday night Oct. 3<sup>rd</sup>. His death was sudden and very unexpected, and seems to have made a profound impression on the people of College Corner and vicinity, as I heard two different individuals testify, on last Saturday, there was not such another man in College Corner. On last Sabbath, Rev. Aten preached a sermon in reference to the sad event, from Mal. 3:3. It was a judgment on the congregation, he thought.

Morning Sun Preble Co. Ohio.

Thursday Dec. 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Home again, school teacher! home again! I came home Monday Nov. 27<sup>th</sup>. I was sick then, and have been ever since. I wanted to have written sooner, but was unable to do so. I have so many things to write, I can't think of one half, I expect. My school



closed Nov. 24<sup>th</sup>. I gave no prizes; but on the last day gave them candy and tickets. I had only thirteen scholars enrolled viz. Ollie Brown, who was eleven years old one day last October. Her mother is dead, and she lives with her grandmother, Mrs. Miller. She is of a dark complexion, black hair and eyes. Very generous, quick tempered, lively and with a strong will of her own. Sumner Harper was next on roll. He is somewhat of a spoiled boy, yet obliging and learning very rapidly. Willie Miller, I must confess, was pretty near my favorite scholar. He is an orphan, living with the director of the district, Mr. Wilson. He is wild, and was very noisy in school, occasioning me a little trouble sometimes. Like Ollie Brown, he is very generous, giving away, or lending almost any thing any one asked him for. God grant George Wilson may keep him out of bad company, and raise him right, and he will certainly make a fine man. He is only nine years old, yet is a perfect gentleman in his manners, when he chooses. Scot Miller came next. He came the first six weeks; then his father moved to Connersville. He was nine years old, and a better boy in school than Willie Miller, but not so manly. Ellie Miller is eight years old. She is a quiet child, not occasioning her teacher much trouble. Her sister Annie is almost the reverse of Ellie: bright, lively, and very mischevious. She is six years old. Frank Taylor was a fine boy, when I could get him interested. But he was very stubborn and passionate. He is an orphan, whose real name is Frank Hoehandle. He and Sumner Harper were each eight years old. Willis Brady came about four weeks, and was my most troublesome scholar. He lived in College Corner. He was nine years old. Hattie Bridgeford was thirteen, and was a fine quiet, lady-like girl. Delphi Bridgeford was eleven; very fussy, a real go-a-head girl. Mattie Harper went eight days. She might have went more, but did not care very much about going, on account of there being so few scholars, as she is pretty fond of company. She was fourteen. Howard and Lulu Young came a few days, during the last three weeks. Howard was thirteen, and Lulu seven. I had never more than ten in one day, nor less than four. I never whipped any one. Three times I was so near it, that I questioned what duty was. I liked teaching very much the first nine weeks; but the last three I became pretty tired, as the boys were some trouble; right smart, I had better say. The fourth week of school I went to Billingsville and signed a contract, which the law requires of Indiana Schoolteachers. When the school was out, I got an order from Mr. Wilson, went over to Billingsville, made out a report on the page opposite to the one on which I had signed the contract, swore it was correct, and received my wages, sum total \$75.00. I had worked enough to pay for my board. The people in that neighborhood are not very sociable, as I did not make a single acquaintance, except Mr. Wilson and one, or two others. To be sure I knew several people when I saw them, but they were hardly acquaintances. Hattie Bridgeford asked Mattie and I, the last day of school, to go and see them. But we had not time. Jane Harper came upon a visit, this fall, from Sycamore Ohio, where she is living, and she and John and Mattie and I went one evening to Mr. Blacks, who live about two miles from Uncle Dr's, where I made two, or three acquaintances.

Monday Jan. 1<sup>st</sup> 1872\_\_\_\_\_ New years. Another year has gone. We are all alive and well yet. The last day of the old year, I always think over what has happened during the year gone by, and wonder what will happen this year. First, I will mention some things of a local nature. Aunt Mary Harper and Talitha M<sup>c</sup>Quiston have been down to the gates of death, but a merciful Providence has spared their lives. I stayed at Thomas M<sup>c</sup>Quistons almost two months, in the spring. Hat is married, and Rene has been there since July 16<sup>th</sup>, and likely to remain there awhile, if nothing happens. I have taught school; and, in some regards, I think I am wiser that I was one year ago today. 1871 has been an eventful year to us as a nation. It has been remarkable for destruction of property, both on land and sea. The great fire of Chicago, which laid waste the greater part of the city, will not soon be forgotten. Then the dreadful storms of fire, that swept over the praries and forrests of our Western states, have scarce ever been exceled.



Wednesday Jan. 31<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have written nothing for a whole month, I see. It has been so cold generally, and I would never think of it at the right time. On the first week of January a musical convention was held at Hopewell. I attended this. It was conducted by Prof. Fessenden of Xenia. It closed with a concert on Friday night. The next week was the week of prayer. Something of a revival was experienced in the meetings held at night in the Academy. There will be communion next Sabbath. Pa, after being sexton of Hopewell twelve years, yielded his place, on last Monday, to Jim Magee, who only obtained it by serving for less. I borrowed a book, last week, from George Harper. It is called the Normal, or Methods of Teaching the Common Branches. But I am almost frozen.

Thursday Feb. 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ For some years, there has lived near Morning Sun, a slightly eccentric character, named John Nary. He was a half witted, ignorant, bigoted Irish man. On last Sabbath week, he was taken dangerously ill, with lung fever. On Thursday, or Friday, his wife went to the store of M<sup>c</sup>Cracken & Brown, and purchased her husbands shroud. He could not get well, she said, and she wanted to have it ready. One side was cold then, she said. Not long after, her son, a youth of seventeen, perhaps, went and told the storekeepers they would pay for the shroud when they had burried his "daddy." Some people supposed he would not die now, since his death was so much desired. But their apprehensions were groundless, and he died yesterday morning. People laugh, when they talk of old John Narys wife purchasing her husbands shroud before he died. But to the thinking mind, a feeling of sadness must be presented. Poor, ignorant, unloved here, departing "without being desired," a biggoted Roman Catholic, what can we hope in the future for him?

Saturday Feb. 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mrs. Emma Ireland, formerly the wife of John Oar, deceased, and daughter of W.C. Swan, of Fairhaven, was burried at Hopewell today. The Methodist minister walked in front of the procession, to the grave reading from a book, a burial service, I suppose, composed of verses of scripture. After the coffin was lowered into the grave, he read a prayer, from the same book. This was new to me, but it was interesting, and seemed appropriate.

Monday March 11<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I applied for the school in the Paxton district but did not get it. I don't know now that I will teach anywhere this spring. I do know that it is all for the best. I have always found that Jehovah doeth all things well.

Monday April 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I don't expect to teach this spring. I have had two scholars all winter, Sarah J. and Mina Harper. Sarah went to school about two and one half months last spring, and then learned her letters, and to spell a little in words of two syllables. No one attending to her, I found, when I came home, last fall, that she could scarcely spell in words of three letters, and had no idea of reading. I began with her, sometimes about Dec. 1<sup>st</sup>, and on Feb. 11<sup>th</sup> she commenced in the second reader. She has since read it through twice. She seems very fond of reading. If I sit down at night, without a book, or paper she is always at me with "read something! read something." When I finish a piece, she always begins with "read something else," before I have time to take breath; and when she is questioned about what has been read, she remembers a good deal about it. Mina, about December 1<sup>st</sup>, knew part of the large letters, but none of the small ones. She is ready to begin in the second reader today. Both spell every day in the spelling book. I never said one word about the exhibition of Morning Sun Academy, which was held March 21<sup>st</sup>. The evening was beautiful, the church was crowded, and the performance was good. Rene was sick with lung fever in February, came home and stayed more than a month, and went back to Thomases last Thursday. Samuel Hamilton, the superintendent of Hopewell Sabbath School, was burried March 16<sup>th</sup> [*d. Mar. 15, 1872, 42y. 10m. 20 d.*]. His brother Cal is at the Theological Seminary at Xenia, preparing for the ministry. Gribbie C. Brown was married to Mr. J[*James*] Magaw Jan. 25<sup>th</sup>. Immediately after the ceremony, she was presented with a set of dishes, by some of the young people of Fairhaven. There were but two

of the members of Hopewell married last year, viz. Israel H. Grey and Miss Eliza J. M<sup>c</sup>Quiston [*married to Robert Pinkerton on Dec. 14, 1871*]. But one member, James Sloan, died, and no children of members.

Friday April 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Lizzie and I went to Sam Grahams yesterday, and had a pleasant visit. Aunty has made Sarah J. Harper a member of the American Bible Society. Charley Demand and Vinolia Shaw have been engaged for the last two years: so I was told by a lady, to whom Vinolia herself had told this. She was seventeen last August. James Ramsey and family have moved to Tenn. and Thomas Buck is going there again fall.

Saturday April 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ When Jane Harper was up from Sycamore, last fall, she gave me a dollar to get her namesake a dress. I tried to get it in College Corner, this morning, but could find nothing to suit me. Jane is down with consumption, we heard, not long ago. She is at her Cousin Morrow Stewarts. She has been a poor, lone, wronged woman.

Monday April 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Communion yesterday. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton was assisted by Rev. John [Long] Aten, of College Corner. There joined the church at this time, on certificate, Mr. Robert C. Hamilton: on examination, John C.F. Harper, Lizzie Harper, Benjamin N. Foster, David R. Elliot, Edwin E. Elliot, Delcena Jane Paxton, Mina E. Elliot.

Monday April 29<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The spring this year is about one month later than last year. The fruit trees are just coming out in bloom. Lizzie and I walked to Thomases one day last week. I bought a package of tickets for my two scholars. Lizzie and I have been cutting pieces for a charm quilt, to be made by her. It is to have no two pieces alike, and is to contain 999 pieces.

Saturday May 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Jane Harper died last week. I have not heard the particulars of her death. \_\_\_ Oh, is not spring a beautiful time. It is evening. I am sitting up stairs writing by the west window. Just outside is the sweet apple tree, which seems almost a mass of pure white blossoms; and the sun, now almost sinking in the west, enhances the glory of the snowy bloom. \_\_\_ We have new carpet this spring. I got a new pocket book yesterday. It is grey morocco, lined with blue. We have no school in our district this spring.

Sabbath May 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Our Sabbath school lesson began with Rev. 14<sup>th</sup> chapter. Verse 3<sup>rd</sup> "the four beasts" should have been rendered living creatures.

Monday May 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ An infant son, born yesterday to I.H. and Hattie Grey, will be buried today.

Monday June 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Almost a month since I have written a word. Such neglect will do no longer. Sarah J. commenced to read in the third reader May 10<sup>th</sup>. On the 17<sup>th</sup> we went to Dr. Harpers, and stayed all night. On last Friday, I went again, with Rene and Robbie M<sup>c</sup>Quiston. I got a new hat last Monday. It is a Dolly Varden, trimed with white ribbons, pink flowers and lined with pink silk. It is imitation of cactus. My winter hat was a black velvet turban, trimmed with white velvet, white plume and black ribbon. I have also a new sundown. Dolly Vardens in everything are the style this summer.

Wednesday June 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I got a new buff dress this morning. It is called "India Suiting." Price 33½ cts. pr. yd. It is 34 inches wide.

Friday June 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to examination of the students of the Academy, yesterday morning. Went to the Reunion in the evening. There was no speaking. The Reunions are not near so good as they used to be. I wore the waist and overskirt of my new dress, over my white dress.

Friday June 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to John Smiths today. Had a pleasant visit.

Tuesday June 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Pa and I went to Presbytery, at Fairhaven, today. Rev. French of Cincinatti preached the opening sermon. R.C. Hamilton preached a trial discourse, in the afternoon, from 2<sup>nd</sup> Timothy 2:11-13 verses. The sermon was creditable. He was, I think, somewhat frightened.

Monday July 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ On last Saturday I received a letter from a full cousin of Mothers, Mr. Lorenzo E. Grey, of Albany Oregon. He wanted to become acquainted with me by corresponding. The letter was written Feb. 9<sup>th</sup>, was directed to Fairhaven; and I only accidentally received it on that day.

Thursday July 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ A fourth of July celebration at College Corner. I allowed to go, but was sick.

Saturday July 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have been down at Thomas M<sup>c</sup>Quistons, making a new white dress for Irene, during the past few days.

Sabbath July 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rev. Patterson, M.D., who has been appointed a missionary to Syria, by the last General Assembly, preached today from Mark 16:15. He has accepted the appointment, as missionary, and will sail for his field of labor, early in the fall. He is a young man, of about twenty five, perhaps, tall and slender, with auburn hair and red whiskers. He made an address to the Sabbath School, in which he told the children, that he hoped some of them would one day be missionaries. I wonder if they will? I don't think Hopewell has ever sent out a foreign missionary. In the course of his sermon, he said, that if all the heathen, those who have never heard of Christ, were marched, five abreast, past a given point, at a rapid walk, twenty one years of constant marching, day and night, must go by, ere all would be past. In China are 400,000,000 heathen, and only 120 Christian teachers: less than a teacher to a million. In the Sabbath school lesson, Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton said, that he thought, from Rev. 18:40 "In one hour is thy judgement come," that the downfall of the Roman Catholic religion would be sudden. If it were not, men would say there was nothing miraculous about it, that it was only what might have been expected.

Monday July 29<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Lizzie and I have been at T. M<sup>c</sup>Quistons, gathering and canning blackberries.

Sabbath Aug. 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Lesson today Rev. 20<sup>th</sup>. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton said, that before the expiration of the thousand years, people would begin to rely too much on their own strength, and that Satan would be let loose to teach them their error. Mrs. Mary M<sup>c</sup>Dill, of Bloomington Ind., and formerly of Hopewell Ohio, was burried here today. She was 97 years old, and was the last of the original members of Hopewell. Her husband, who died almost sixty years ago, was the first person burried in Hopewell graveyard.

Saturday Aug. 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went, today, to the teachers examination, at Eaton Ohio. The examiners are John Marshel. Reuben Jaqua and W.C. Barnhart. There were eighteen applicants. The questions are printed. There were more, and harder, than usual, it is said. The entire number was forty one. Branches examined in: Theory and Practice, Orthography, Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic and Reading.

Thursday Aug. 15<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The Hopewell Sabbath School celebration was held yesterday. Robert Wilson and Samuel Buck spoke, in the forenoon. R.C. Hamilton was appointed to speak, but refused. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton and Mr. Prentiss, of Oxford, spoke in the afternoon. The infant class sang the 121<sup>st</sup> psalm. Mrs. Elliot is the teacher of this class. Went to a party at M<sup>c</sup>Dills at night. A.M. went with Lizzie.

Saturday Aug. 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to an applecutting, at Sam Grahams, last night. Remained all night. About twentyfive were there in the evening. I received my teachers certificate, this evening. I was feeling almost afraid, sometimes, that I had failed to get one. But I tried to trust in God, and called to mind the words "if it tarry, wait for it." It is for six months. I do not know that it will be of much use to me, as I do not expect to teach this fall. I applied for a school, but did not get it.

Monday Sept. 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. Will Hayes teaches our school this fall. Our three little girls are going alone, this term. I feel like my school was out. Mina had read through the second reader twice, and Sarah J. through the Third Reader, almost twice.

Sabbath Sept. 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Communion today. Rev. Dysart, of Shiloh congregation, Rush Co. Ind., assisted Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton, this time.

Saturday Sept. 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I expect to go, next Monday, to Thomas M<sup>c</sup>Quistons, to assist in cooking for Sorgum hands.

Monday Nov. 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Two months since that last entry was made. Who would have believed me so careless! So many things have happened since then, that I don't expect I can remember half I want to write. I went to Thomases on Sept. 16<sup>th</sup>. Rene and I had eight men to cook for in sorgum time, beside Talitha, the children [*Robbie, Florence, & Lina*] and ourselves. They were Martin Ferrel, John M<sup>c</sup>Clenethan, John Carter, John, Nathan and Charley Harper, and George Sloan first, and Steve Hawley last. Presbytery met at Mr. Coopers church Oct. 1<sup>st</sup>. Mr. and Mrs. Baxter, of Sycamore congregation, cousins of Pa's, were at Thomases all night. There were nineteen there that night. The next day, Rene, with several others, went to the Hamilton fair, leaving me to cook for the hands. \_\_ In August, a prize enigma appeared in the Youths Companion, the answer, to which, was a gentleman's name and Postoffice address. Those, who would discover the name, might mail a letter to him, when he would send them something in return. I found the name to be R.M. Mansur, and the address Augusta Me. I sent a letter to him, and received, sometime after, a gold pen, with which I am now writing for the first time. \_\_ I stayed at Thomases eight weeks, coming home Nov. 9<sup>th</sup>. About four weeks before, Rene burned her foot, which made the greater part of the work fall upon me. Rene, Nate and I, with several others, went to a party at Andie Greys Nov. 1<sup>st</sup>. We went in Thomase's 'bus, and got home about three o'clock. I was in bed, asleep, before the boys got the horses put away. Went to Oxford, next day, and got Irene, Sara J. and myself a new dress apiece. \_\_ When I came home from Thomases, Pa had just received a letter from Uncle John [*Miller*], stating, that Aunt Cassander and one of the boys would be at our house, Monday evening, Nov. 11<sup>th</sup>. At the appointed time they came, Aunt and George. I enjoyed their visit very much, and hope they did the same. Rene and Nate and Sam Harper were here Wednesday night. We had a fine time. Went to Greys with Pa and Mother, Aunt and George, Thursday, and had a fine visit. They came with the intention of taking me home with them, they said; but as I had just got home from Thomases, it was impossible, for me to go. They then proposed for me to come and teach their spring school. As this suited me better, perhaps I shall. I had not seen George for eleven years. \_\_ John M<sup>c</sup>Millan and Hattie M<sup>c</sup>Creary were married while I was at Thomases. They went to his sisters at Cedarville Ohio, where he had a severe spell of sickness. Marcus Scot [*Ireland*] and Miss Josie Gilmore were married Oct. 8<sup>th</sup>, I think. \_\_ Rene and I visited Maggie M<sup>c</sup>Crearys school Sept. 19<sup>th</sup>. She is teaching in the home district. \_\_ We came to a party at Mrs. Magees, Sept. 20<sup>th</sup>, which was Jim's twenty-first birthday. \_\_ Nov 5<sup>th</sup> was the day of the Presidential election. The candidates of the Republican party were U.S. Grant of Ill., for President, and Henry Wilson of Mass. for Vice-President. The Democratic candidates were Horace Greely of N.Y., and Gratz Brown of Mo. The former were elected. \_\_ Talitha was very sick, the first Sabbath I was there. They hardly thought she would live.

Saturday Dec. 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ There is a horse distemper, called epizootic<sup>14</sup>, now prevailing among the horses all over the United States. The papers first spoke of it in the eastern states, about two months ago. It reached this neighborhood about two weeks since. Mr. Ramseys and Wm Simpsons have it, but ours have not taken it yet. It is thought all the horses will have it.

---

<sup>14</sup> An epidemic outbreak of a disease in an animal population



The disease is a cough and sore throat; rather harder on old, than on young horses; but very few die of it. It is very fashionable to walk now, and will be for some time, I suppose. \_\_\_ Horace Greely died in less than one months after his defeat. \_\_\_ Lizzie and I walked to Thomases last Saturday evening, and stayed until Monday.

Tuesday Dec. 31<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Will T. Johnson and Anna M<sup>c</sup>Creary are to be married this evening. Will Marshel and Melia Mann were married Dec. 29<sup>th</sup>. \_\_\_ Our horses have the epizootic. The last two or three years have been very dry; the last summer and fall unusually so. Wells and springs which were considered never failing are giving out all over the country. We have had to melt snow for cooking for several weeks. Before the snow came we had to carry water from the creek.

Sabbath Dec. 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The thermometer was at 25 deg. below zero; the coldest known for many years.

Wednesday Jan. 1<sup>st</sup> 1873 \_\_\_\_\_ A new year. Well I have been pretty busy the last year. Lizzie is studying at home; so are Sarah J. and Mina. Sarah Jane commenced in the Fourth reader in one year from commencing in the First. Mina in the Third, in one year from learning her letters.

Sabbath Jan. 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rev. Mr. [Moses] Arnot, of Ind. assisted Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton with the communion today. His text was Zech. 13:9. He said the expression, "I will turn my hand upon the little ones," did not mean I will turn my hand against them, but rather the reverse.

Friday Jan. 31<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ This winter has been unusually cold. The thermometer often below zero.

Sabbath Feb. 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton said today that the first sermon ever preached in Hopewell church was by Dr. Pressley, of Allegany Pa., from Luke 19:5 "Make haste and come down; for today I must abide at thy house."

Wednesday Feb. 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Received a photograph of L.E. Grey, about two weeks ago. He is now at Seattle, Wash. Ter. \_\_\_ There hasn't much happened, worth writing, this winter. I have been at home almost all the time. Have been very busy. Lizzie is now studying 2<sup>nd</sup> part of Algebra and Rhetoric. \_\_\_ Le Lybrook and Alice Murray were married Jan. 7<sup>th</sup>. Alice Lybrook and James Edgworth Feb. 17<sup>th</sup>.

Saturday March 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The Register, received today, contains the names of those, to whom marriage licences were issued, during February. Among others, are Irwin M. Anderson and Emma Smith of Morning Sun. They are not yet married. \_\_\_ I feel seriously inclined this evening. I have been reading my records of the winter of 1867 & 68. I think, I was then led to Jesus. Oh, how precious is he to me. I read, that I prayed God to show me, whether, or not, I was a Christian. I hope he has answered those prayers, and given me an answer of peace, for I find him unutterably precious to me. It is so sweet to ask God for every thing, and then to trust him. Oh, that I could always trust every thing entirely to him. This winter, I have read Bunyans Holy War. Emmanuel left Unbelief in Mansoul, for to try the people. The truth of this struck me at once. Oh, if I could only get rid of Unbelief!

Monday March 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rev. J.B. Foster [*James B., born July 6, 1837, died Feb. 27, 1873*], son-in-law of James Brown sen., of Morning Sun, was burried today. His health failing, about the last of December he went to Due West, South Carolina, to try a change of climate. He grew worse, and on Feb. 25<sup>th</sup> telegraphed for his wife to come to him immediately. She and her brother, R.J. Brown, started the next morning, and reached him on Saturday, March 1<sup>st</sup>, to find that he had died the previous Thursday. They started back with the corpse, Monday Mar. 3<sup>rd</sup>, and reached Cumminsville Ohio, on Friday night, he being, at the time of his death, pastor of the First Presbyterian church in that place. His funeral sermon was preached there yesterday at 3 P.M. His body was brought to Oxford, on the train, this morning, and reached Hopewell about noon. The coffin was taken into the church and opened. He was the sixth burried this year. The first was Mrs. George Hamilton [*Hannah, d. Jan. 2, 1873, 68y. 8m. 29d.*]; then George Brown,



[d. Jan. 21, 1873, 65 y.] of Fairhaven; Hugh M<sup>c</sup>Dill [b. Dec. 9, 1794, d. Jan. 28, 1873], of Oxford; Jerome Hill [47<sup>th</sup> Ohio Inf.] and Mrs. Semple [Sarah, wife of David, d. Mar. 3, 1873, 73y. 3m. 29d.], of Morning Sun.

Sabbath March 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rev. Morton, a Reformed Presbyterian minister, from Cedarville Ohio, preached today from 1<sup>st</sup> Cor. 15:53. He said he thought the redeemed in heaven would have the same bodies they have here. Christ, after his resurrection, had the very same body, that he had before his death. His disciples recognized it as the same. The prints of the nails remained.

Thursday March 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ There is to be a fox chase in this township today. To center near Morning Sun. \_\_\_ We are quilting my first quilt this week. It is a small star. Commenced it, I think, when I was nine. Made a new white skirt last week. Three ruffles and eight tucks.

Thursday April 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Sometime ago, I wrote to George Miller, to see about getting their school for this spring. After long waiting, I received a letter, this morning, saying that he could not get the school

Sabbath April 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ R.C. Hamilton preached today at Hopewell. His text was the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican Luke 18:9-14. He was licensed last week at Munroe.

Monday April 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Communion yesterday. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton was assisted by Rev. [James G.] Carson, of Xenia. Maggie Simpson [*daughter of John & Martha (McQuiston) Simpson, Nov. 14, 1846-Apr. 17, 1873 probably in Tennessee*] died, week before last, of Consumption. Professor Marshel is very low with the same disease. \_\_\_ This has been a pretty cold spring, so far. Snowed a good deal last Friday. The snow was a foot deep, it is said, in Chicago.

Saturday May 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Professor Marshel [*May 9, 1873—35y. 1m. 21d.*] was buried today. In his death I have sustained the loss of a true friend. Yes, a true friend; one who would have stood firm, when others failed. He has had consumption for many years. He was, I suppose, about thirty three years of age. Leaves a wife and two sickly children. There was a large funeral. The last time, I remember seeing him, was communion Sabbath, January 19<sup>th</sup>. I do not think he was ever at church afterwards. He looked natural in the coffin. Did not look very poor. I heard last evening that Lissa Rankin is dead. Died last week, I think. Her disease was consumption.

Monday May 12<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I do not know that I ever had but one pet. That was my red, Devonshire cow, Cherrie. For ten years she has been my favorite. But she died on last Saturday night. My gentle, intelligent cow, I miss her a great deal. We lost another cow about two weeks ago; also a calf.

Saturday May 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Talitha is pretty poorly this spring. Thomas and Talitha, and Dr. Harpers were at our house on Tuesday. The carpenters Monday and Tuesday. Mrs. Magee and Cinda on Wednesday. Lizzie and I went to Mr. Ramseys on Thursday. Mrs. M<sup>c</sup>Quiston [*Margaret Hamilton McQuiston*] and Mary, with Annie and Eva were at our house on Friday; so that this has been a pretty busy week.

Tuesday June 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Talitha is better. She has been at her fathers for about a month. I stayed with Rene nine days, about two weeks ago. \_\_\_ Got a new summer hat, week before last. It is straw, trimmed with blue ribbon, white lace and pink flowers. It is tall, turned up a little all around, and as high as the crown at one side. \_\_\_ I have been taking Vinegar Bitters for the past few weeks. I felt so bad before I commenced taking them; but now I feel like a new person. \_\_\_ L.E. Grey sent me the photograph of an Indian man and woman, the other day. \_\_\_ The First Presbytery of Ohio meets today, at Hopewell, at eleven A.M. \_\_\_ Robert Gilmore sen. [*1793-1873*] died very suddenly about two weeks ago.

Wednesday June 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Presbytery met yesterday, at eleven A.M. Was opened with a sermon by Rev. French. A most excellent and abundant dinner was served in the churchyard. The congregation was presbyterially visited.

Sabbath June 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rev. A.C. Trisse preached today from Haggai 1:9. He is an agent for a society, whose mission is among the Jews of America. He came from Holland about twenty five years ago. He is not a Jew, but a descendant of the French Protestants, or Huegonots. He speaks with a very decided brogue. There were rather too many smiling faces through the audience.

Friday June 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Miss Maggie Marshel [*Margaret R. Marshall, dau. of Robert & Margery Semple Marshall, June 26, 1873—29y. 9m. 26d.*], a sister of Professor Marshel, was buried today. I had not heard she was sick.

Friday July 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ This has been rather a stormy week. Last Wednesday, there came a very great storm of wind, which tore off a great part of the roof of our barn. I heard of another barn roof blown off, about three miles from here. There is a great deal of timber blown down all over the country. Such a storm of wind, has not been know here, for many years.

Sabbath July 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rev. Chester, an agent for the Western Tract and Book Society, preached today. Every one like him, I think. He said he was glad to see the people bring their children to church. If any of them wanted to sleep, for their parents to let them do so. It was better to be sleeping in church, than hunting hens nests, or playing marbles, at home.

Thursday July 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to Fairhaven this afternoon, and applied for assistant in the school there, but was too late. Went around and applied for the Boyce school. At Fairhaven had a chance to get the mumps.

Tuesday July 15<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to see J. Campbell, another director, about that school.

Wednesday July 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ On June 26<sup>th</sup>, I sent a poem to the Eaton Register, called The Seamstress' Lament. It was published last week. The date of the paper is July 10<sup>th</sup>. It is slightly changed about the middle. It is the first of my writings that was ever published. It was written for Our Home Monthly, about four years ago. It has the initials N.H., signed to it.

Sabbath July 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Last Sabbath Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached on the trial of Christ. This morning, he asked his Sabbath school class some questions about the sermon, last Sabbath. I was astonished at some of the answers. He asked Vinolia Shaw, and one of the boys, if any one took Christs part at his trial. Neither of them knew. He asked Sallie Wilson what other ruler, beside Pilate, was at Jerusalem then. She replied, "Caesar." These are specimens of the answers given. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton felt vexed over it, I know. He said he had tried to explain these things, last Sabbath. He hoped they would pay a little better attention in future.

Saturday July 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have made a what not, and written our paper, this week. It contains a poem called, A Song of the Old Time, and an article on Babylon. Also a short piece by Mina.

Sabbath Aug. 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rev. E. Elliot, a brother of Hugh Elliot, a "rebel" preacher, preached this evening at the Academy.

Sabbath Aug. 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have been attending the Teacher Institute, at Eaton, this week. Went up on Monday morning, in the buggy, and came, yesterday evening, on the cars, to Camden. I am boarding at Mrs. Gans. There are more than sixty in attendance at the Institute. The principle instructor this week, has been Proffessor Ormsby, of Xenia. Scuyler and Curren are expected next week. The Institute is held in the north school building. There are only a very few with whom I am acquainted. I board in the end of town and have to walk up almost the entire length of one of the finest streets in town. I have enjoyed myself very well this week. Expect to go back next week. Mrs. Gans is a widow lady, with two girls, Lil and Dell, and a little boy John, at home with her. A married daughter, Mrs. Sweets Stannah, is there visiting. My bill for board for the five days was \$3.50.

Monday Aug. 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I was at the Institute again, all last week. Went up from Camden on the cars, Monday morning. Profs. Schyler and Curran were the instructors this week. Prof. Curran is a celebrated reader. He gave a reading one night at the town hall. It was the best reading I ever heard. He first read Pauls Defense before King Aggrappa. Then Anabel Lee, a poem by Edgar Poe. Also Betsy and I are out; Mr. Pickwick and Mrs. Bardelle; Lord Dundreary and his Italian Love Experience; The London Swell; Mr. Beagle and the Ventriloquist. He read in all the school readers, from first to fifth, at the Institute. The little lessons of the first reader were made very entertaining. Had a splendid time all the time of the Institute. The Institute closed, with an election of officers, Friday evening. The teachers examination was on Saturday. The questions in arithmetic were very hard. Mr. Shepherd and Mr. Pollok are the examiners. Came to Camden in the evening. Got home about ten o'clock. Board for the week \$4.00.

Thursday Aug. 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rene and I went to M<sup>c</sup>Creary's, yesterday.

Thursday Sept. 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have been sick for about a week with flux<sup>15</sup>. Was in bed four days. I got my certificate last Thursday evening. It is for twelve months. My grade in Theory and Practice is 97. Aunt Mary Harper, and her daughter, Victoria Paxton Sears, were here yesterday.

Friday Sept. 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mat Grey was married last evening to James Newton of Fairhaven.

Saturday Sept. 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Our old grey horse, old Nell, died today, of old age, aged 25 years. She had one peculiarity. When put in a field she would stay there, no matter where the other horses went, or how low the fence might be. Had lived here all her life.

Sabbath Sept. 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rev. Samuel M. Ramsey, my former teacher, who taught our school the winter of 1864 & 5, preached today from Psalm 45:17. Went to the Academy in the evening to hear him. He has been pastor of a Reformed Presbyterian congregation church in Chicago. He is now going to New York, I think. He is an excellent preacher.

Friday Sept. 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I usually take note of what happens on my birthdays, as I can remember what happened on every one since I was twelve. This one was spent at home. I was busy in the kitchen.

Tuesday Sept. 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I failed to get a school this fall. The directors thought me most too young to teach, they said. They thought my age was about sixteen. When better informed they thought me not large and strong enough to manage their bad boys. It is pleasant, sometimes, to be little, and not very strong, and have strangers take a person for a little girl, as almost every person does with me. I know, however, that Jehovah has seen best, that I should not teach this fall. For some wise purpose he permitted me to attend the Teacher Institute, at considerable expense. I have His word of promise sure "all things work together, for good to them that love God." There is one of Spurgeons sermons, in volume fifth, that I am very fond of reading. It is on the subject of Providence. I like to trace the hand of Providence in my life, short as it has been. Many things, which once seemed to be very unpleasant to me, I have afterwards found to be for the best, and today I rejoice that they have been as they were. So I think, yes I know, that light will yet be brought out of darkness, and I shall yet see the good hand of my God in all this. If I had taught, I had intended to send Lizzie to school, to the Academy. But she has now sore eyes, and the doctor says if she studies, the scrofula<sup>16</sup>, which has been in her system all her life will settle there. Her eyes did not become sore, until after she would have been started to school, if she had went, and she would have had to stop school, which would have been a great blow to her.

---

<sup>15</sup> Inflammation of the intestine, dysentery

<sup>16</sup> Primary tuberculosis of the lymphatic glands, a disease of children and young adults that evolves into cold abscesses, skin ulcers, and draining sinus tracts

Sabbath Oct. 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Thomas Brown [*d. Oct. 4, 1873, 28y. 1m. 4d.*], son of Andrew and Eliza Brown, and a second cousin of Mothers, was buried today. He died of consumption. Was about twenty eight, I suppose.

Monday Oct. 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rev. Samuel Young, a Reformed Presbyterian minister, of the Chicago Presbytery, preached yesterday, at Morning Sun church, at eleven, and at Hopewell at four. I think he is the youngest preacher I ever saw. He is not yet twenty one and looks not a bit older. He is, however, a most excellent preacher.

Monday Oct. 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I got a new shawl Saturday. It is striped, and is bright colors.

Saturday Nov. 29<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I thought I must write something this month. This has been a busy, happy month. Nothing out of the common routine of every day life. I have had renewed evidence, that God is a God of providence.

Monday Dec. 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I expect to go to Mr. William Smith's, Fairhaven, to remain sometime.

Thursday Jan. 1<sup>st</sup> 1874 \_\_\_\_\_ I suppose this new years is the first I ever was away from home, all day. I have been at Mr. Smiths one month today. Have had a tolerably pleasant time, so far.

Monday Jan. 12<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I came home from William Smiths, this morning, having been there six weeks. Mrs. Smith is, probably, on her deathbed. They have three children, Albert, Ettie and Ella. I was paid \$2. per week for my services. There has not any thing of much importance happened this winter. Rob. Johnson and Eva Marshel, and Gib Wright and Callie Foster were married in December. Charley Hockersmith and Rie [*Rachel*] Gilmore are to be married tomorrow. This has been a remarkably warm winter, so far.

Friday Jan. 30<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Savior." Oh Jesus help!

Sabbath Feb. 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Communion today. The following joined the church this time. Addie Moren, Lewis Cornable, William Mann, Mrs. Amelia Marshel, William Marshel, Ella Marshel, Matthew Marshel, Joseph L. Marshel. The four first named were baptized yesterday.

Monday Feb. 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Pa's aunt, who raised him, and who was familiarly know as Grannie Harper, died Saturday evening, and was burried in Hopewell graveyard today. She was ninety one last October 28<sup>th</sup>. Her maiden name was Jane Stewart, and she married Thomas Harper. She had lived on the same farm, in Union County Indiana, for almost sixty years.

Saturday Feb. 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ A remarkable crusade against intemperance is now being carried on in Southern Ohio. The women of a village, so cursed, band together, and hold prayermeetings in the saloons; or, if denied admittance, on the street in front of the door. Many another wise fair village in Southern Ohio has already been freed of this demon, and still the work goes on. It is now being carried on at Oxford and College Corner.

Sabbath March 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached a temperance sermon today, from Eph. 5:17, 18. He said the Hebrew word Tirosh, which means a cluster of grapes, is translated wine, in at least thirty six instances, in our English bible. Thus in Deuteronomy it is said, "Thou shall gather in thy corn and thy wine." The word translated wine, is tirosh in the Hebrew. Now Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton said no one would say of a man gathering in his wheat and corn, that he is gathering in the wheat and the whiskey, although it is of the corn the whiskey is made. So he thought the word wine should have been rendered clusters of grapes. In Deuteronomy 14:23 it is said, "thou shall eat the tithe of thy corn and of thy wine." No one speaks of person eating whiskey, or wine. Again it is said "The wine mourneth, and the vine languisheth." This is a figurative expression, and represents the vine languishing for want of rain. But the wine in the cellar does not mourn for want of rain. Coming to the new Testament, we find that Christ made wine. Now

there is authentic evidence, that in those days, there were two kinds of wine. One that would intoxicate, and one that would not. Where is the evidence that Christ did not make the latter kind? The governor of the feast said "when men have well drunk," ect; but he does not say they had well drunk. Pliny, an ancient Grecian writer, says there was a kind of wine made of the unfermented juice of the grape, which being placed in jars, and hermetically sealed, and placed at the bottom of a deep pond, would not ferment. Paul says to Timothy "use a little wine for thy stomachs sake." Let those, who quote this in favor of wine drinking, show that the unfermented wine was not meant. At the institution of the Lords Supper, Christ used wine. At the feast of unleavened bread, the jews were to banish all leaven from their dwellings. Now fermented wine contains leaven, and it is not to be supposed, that Christ would break the Jewish law, as to have leaven in the room where he was. But it is rather to be supposed, that the wine he used was unfermented.

Saturday March 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Nathan, Susie, Sara, Mina and I have all had the mumps this week. They have been all over the country, for miles around, this winter. I did not have them so very bad, except that my ears pained me dreadfully. \_\_\_ Mrs. William Smith [*Mary Ann Evans Smith*] died last night.

Thursday March 12<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The darkest shadow, that ever crossed my pathway, has fallen across it today. Oh "how are the mighty fallen. Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumsised triumph." Still, in the midst of wrath, Jehovah hath remembered mercy. It is not so bad as it might have been.

Tuesday March 31<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Talitha E. M<sup>c</sup>Quiston, dear to me as an elder sister, after passing through much tribulation here upon earth, passed this morning, we trust, to the mansions of light above. She had been an invalid for two years and a half. For a long time preceeding her death, her principle disease was in her stomach, which at the time of her death, the doctors said was partialy gone, and so diseased that her food did not nourish her. She almost litteraly starved to death. For a long time before she died, she said she could have eaten with a relish from a slop pail. She was thirty one last June 19<sup>th</sup>. I saw her for the last time on last Friday March 27<sup>th</sup>. For a long while she had looked like a living skeleton. I can scarcely realize that we see her familiar face no more. It is often said of the dead, that they are beloved of every one. Most appropriately, it seems to me, may this be said of our sister. If she had any enemies, they were very few.

Wednesday April 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Attended Talithas funeral today. In the quiet graveyard of Hopewell, by the side of her husbands two former wives, they laid her to rest. The long procession, which followed her body to the grave, testified the high regard of the community for her. The funeral services conducted by Rev. J.H. Cooper, commenced at 2 P.M. She was dressed in a new black silk, and looked very natural in her coffin.

Monday April 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Elihu Simpson, my former schoolmate and neighbor, preached yesterday from the words "I have fought a good fight." 2<sup>nd</sup> Tim. 4:7. It seems but a little while since he was a little boy, and I a smaller girl, in the dear old Hopewell school. Memory recalls his playful teasing of me then. Again, in imagination, Irene and myself, with him and his sister Maggie and brother Rob walk home from school, and I hear Maggie say "Elihu, you walk beside Net, and Rob, you walk beside Rena." He has, I believe, accepted a call from the U.P. congregation of Richmond Indiana.

Saturday April 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. John A. Smith, of Fairhaven, a son of Aunt Polly Smith, and a full cousin of Mothers, was buried today at Fairhaven. He was, I suppose, about 29. His wife died a little more than a year ago. He leaves one little boy [*Charles E.*]



Saturday May 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ James B. Smith, of College Corner, a former classmate of mine at the Academy, was buried today at Hopewell.

Sabbath May 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Communion at Hopewell today. Rev. Mr. [Andrew Foster] Ashton of Munroe, assisted Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton.

Saturday May 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Lizzie and I have made a what not, this week.

Tuesday May 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to Dr. Harpers today and had a pleasant visit.

Thursday June 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to an exhibition of the students of the Academy yesterday evening. It was held in the chapel. The exercises consisted of essays, orations, declamations and dialogues. The Dialogues were "Jemimas Novel," and "Boarding School Accomplishments." A song by Proffesor Miller and Irene Bernard, "Now Moses," was also a dialogue. The school has been under the care of Proffesor Miller, a young man, from the eastern part of Ohio, I believe, for the last year.

Friday June 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to Andie and Israel Greys today. They are living on James A. Browns farm.

Sabbath June 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Our class, in Sabbath school, is now in the first chapters of Genesis. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton supposes that Genesis was not all written by Moses, but by different authors. In the first chapter God is called simply God. In the second and third he is called Lord God; and in the fourth Lord; and God again in the fifth. This would lead us to infer that these chapters were written by different ones, and that Moses collected and arranged them. The first three verses of the second chapter properly belong to the first.

Friday June 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have made a wall basket, covered with acorns, and filled with crystalized and painted grasses, and paper flowers, this week.

Sabbath June 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. R.C. Hamilton preached today, at Hopewell, from John 3:14. He is preaching in Iowia, I believe. Our class is still in Genesis. Eve supposed Cain to be the promised seed, and so called him Cain meaning gotten. Finding herself disappoointed, she called the second Abel, meaning vanity.

Saturday June 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Our district school, taught by Miss Mary Marshel, closed with a picnic this afternoon. I was there, and had a very pleasant time.

Sabbath June 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Our lesson commenced today at the 11<sup>th</sup> verse of the 4<sup>th</sup> chapter of Genesis. Nod means the land of the vagabond. A great many people have tried to find out what was the mark on Cain. Some have supposed that he was made black, and the Africans descended from him. The genealogy shows that Noah did not descend from Cain. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton rather supposed there was no mark at all, except in the guilty countenance, which every murderer wears. The oldest poetry, we have, is found in the twenty third verse. It begins, like all ancient poetry, with the names of the persons addressed.

"Ada and Lillah hear my voice.

Ye wives of Lamech hearken to my speech.

I have slain a man to my wounding,

And a young man to my hurt?"

The meter, although not shown very clearly here, is shown very plainly in the original. "Then began men to call upon the name of the Lord." Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton supposed that they then began to meet together for public worship. Some supposed that they then began to call upon the name of the Lord profanely. He did not think this probable. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton said, that not long ago, he was reading an article in a review, in which the writer claimed, that the men who lived to be hundreds of years old before the flood, were not so many years old, according to our reckoning, but that they called a lunar month of twenty nine days, a year, and that Adam, for instance, was only nine hundred and thirty lunar months old. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton said according to this reckoning, some of the patriarchs would be grandfathers, before they were twelve years old.

Sabbath July 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The evidence that Enoch was translated, is found in Hebrews 11:5, 6. The parents of Noah regarded him as an unusual child, for they called his name Noah, comforter. "It repented the Lord," verse 6<sup>th</sup> chapter 6<sup>th</sup>, means that the Lord turned from his purpose, or course. Some have wondered why God destroyed the animals in the flood; they had not sinned. It might as well be asked, why do animals now suffer pain. In 1<sup>st</sup> Peter it is said "the eight souls were saved by water." This means they were saved from becoming corrupt, as they would no doubt have become, had they mingled longer with the wicked world around them. \_\_ R.C. Hamilton preached again today. His text was 1<sup>st</sup> Cor. 3:11.

Thursday July 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ These are golden days this summer, I expect; if I only knew it. We are all at home together. How long this may be the case, I do not know. But in all probability we must some day be scattered, far apart perhaps. Then perhaps we will look back with pleasure, to these halcyon days, when brothers and sisters met with father around the family altar; when we were all young and scarce touched by a care, or sorrow. Soon the boys will be men, and the little girls young ladies. Our household pet, our seven year old baby, Mina, will soon consider herself baby no longer. But I think, that to the rest of us, she will always be our baby. Mina, in my opinion, is some like me. Susie is very like Rene. Sara does not like work very well now; let us hope she will do better in future. She and Lizzie are the odd ones, neither like each other, or either of the others. Lizzie, however, is Mother over again. I wonder, sometimes, who shall first be called home from our household band. Shall he be far away, and the rest here, or shall he be here, and the rest far away. But what ever befalls us here, let us hope we shall all meet in heaven an unbroken band. The mercy of the Lord is still extended to us this summer. He hath led and brought us hitherto, and surely his hand shall guide us on unto the end.

Sabbath July 12<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rev. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached from Psalm 48:2. Jerusalem is acknowledged, even by the Jews, to be not as beautiful a city as Damascus, which is reckoned the most beautiful city of the east. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton read the 21<sup>st</sup> chapter of Revelation. Some, he said, claimed the eighth verse was to be rendered literal, and heaven be considered a real city of gold, having real foundations of different kinds of stones allowing this the whole chapter must be taken. Our Sabbath school lesson was in the sixth and seventh chapters of Genesis. Some claim that the flood was over all the earth; others that it was only over a part of it. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton said, that he did not think it in accordance with the moral character of God, since the flood was sent for the sole purpose of destroying wicked men, to destroy the animals, where man was not found. Different opinions are given, as to where the waters of the flood came from. Some suppose that the seas around western Asia overflowed; others, that the icebergs of the north were swept down and melted. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton said there was some authority for this last statement. Boulders, which are not natural to western Asia, are found there. They are also found here, and are not natural to this country. In the north there are quarries of them, and they must have washed down. But some ask, how do you account for seashells found on the tops of mountains? He said, that when the earth was in a chaotic state, land and water were mixed, and the shells were left on the tops of the mountains when the land and water were separated. It is not known on what mountain the ark rested. Some one, some time ago, ascended a mountain in Asia, with great difficulty, and, when he arrived at the top, supposed that he had found the Mount Ararat of the Bible. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton said that this was not probable, as the animals would have difficulty in descending a mountain, that a man had great difficulty in ascending.

Friday July 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have been staying at Mr. Ramseys, at night, this week. Mattie is not at home. Mr. Ramseys are our best neighbors. Never a slanderous tale do we hear, which they have any part in circulating. If every family were like them, what a different world this would be. They are so kind, obliging and generous. Where I go, I will never forget them. The memory

of the old gray-haired man [*John Ramsey*], and his pleasant wife [*Mary*] and daughter *Mattie*, will be a among the choicest recollections of my early friends.

Sabbath July 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rev. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Farland, a colporteur of the Western Tract and Book society, preached today, from Gal. 5:22, 23.

Tuesday July 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I expect to go soon to *Andie Douglass'*, to remain some time. They live south of Oxford. Our three youngest girls have the whooping cough this summer. I am reading a book on Roman Catholicism, *Under the Yoke*, by Mrs. Julia M<sup>c</sup>Nair Wright. Last spring I read *Secrets of the Convent and Confessional*, by the same author. The story of *Nell Ives* had a peculiar interest for me at that time. I have also read *Priest and Nun*, by Mrs. Wright.

Friday Aug. 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to *Andie Douglass'es* on the 22<sup>nd</sup> of July. I was there four weeks. Came home last Wednesday. I had a very pleasant time. They have three small children, *Ida*, *Ella* and *Arthur*. *Mary* and I walked to church last Sabbath, a distance of a mile and a half. We walked up the railroad. Just as we got to the track, an engine came flying past. One freight train passed every Sabbath. Mr. Black is pastor of the Oxford congregation. During my absence several things of importance happened. On the 6<sup>th</sup> of August *Irene* was made the wife of *Thomas M<sup>c</sup>Quiston*, married to a man older than her father, and almost twenty-five years her senior; and made stepmother to children but a few years younger than herself. It is one of those strange dispensations of Providence we cannot now understand. We had hoped to see her the wife of some respectable young man, and a credit to her family. When I think of it, Whittiers couplet

“Of all sad words of tongue, or pen,  
The sadest are these, ‘It might have been.’”

runs through my head. Just now we are the victims of a tale of slander, and that from the mouth of a certain family, our neighbors. Surely we are passing through the deep waters this year. But we have His promise “when thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee.”

Sabbath Aug. 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went, this evening, to the chapel, to hear Rev. A.T. M<sup>c</sup>Dill, who preached at Hopewell this morning. His text, this evening, was Luke 17:33. Remember *Lots* wife. He said it is a remarkable fact, that the only person in the Bible, we are charged to remember, should be *Lots* wife.

Sabbath Aug. 30<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton said, today, that when he took charge of Hopewell congregation, fourteen years ago, the membership was about 237. About eight years after it numbered 293. He said he had an ambition then, perhaps a selfish one, to make it 300. But shortly afterward it fell off, until now the membership does not vary ten from the original number.

Sabbath Sept. 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Communion today. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton had no one to assist him. Five untied with the church this time; viz., Mr. John Albert Mann, Mr. William F. Badar, Mrs. Mary R. Badar, Miss Frankie Hamilton, Master Robert M. Wilson.

Sabbath Sept. 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton said, today, that some used to claim, from Gen. 14:14, that the Bible sanctioned slavery. It is said Abraham armed his trained servants, born in his house. The word *servants*, which is printed in italics, is not in the original, but is thrown in by the translator. It might as well have been trained men, or trained soldiers.

Wednesday Sept. 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have been at Mr. Ramseys for a week. Pa, Charley, Lizzie and I expect to go to the Cincinnati Exposition tomorrow.

Friday Sept. 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ We went to the Exposition yesterday. Left College Corner about eight A.M., and reached Cincinnati about eleven. We first went to see the Tyler-Davidson fountain. We had but a short time to spend at this beautiful work of art. The wonders of the Exposition, I can say little about. We were so hurried that we did not see the half. The largest painting, in Art Hall, is *Pocahontas saving the life of John Smith*. The price is \$8,000. There

were several hundred pictures. "The Peacemakers," Grant, Lincoln, Sherman and Porter in close conference on board a steamboat, I would have liked to linger long before. "Old Age and Childhood," said to be the best picture in Cincinnati, represented an old man asleep, and three very young children playing. The Roll call during the Reign of Terror is a thrilling picture. Left in the Lurch tells its own story. The servant, who is just leaving, can be seen through the window. The lady of the house is trying to get breakfast, while her husband seems to be impatiently waiting. The horticultural hall is beyond description. The pillars are covered with bark of trees. There are few flowers; almost all green plants. There is an artificial lake, cascade and grotto. It is said to be enchanting, when brilliantly lighted up at night. There were several aquariums And here I pause in complete bewilderment. What shall I say next. Fancy articles, jewelry, waxwork, articles of natural history, stuffed birds and animals, curiosities, relics, needlework but there is no end. In the hardware department was a booth covered with butcher-knives, over a hundred dozen being used. I saw two stuffed aligators, a cassowary, a rattlesnake and an ostrich egg. There were pianos, elegant carpets and furniture, carriages and machinery of all kinds. We expected to leave the city about half past four, but missed the train. Came on a later train to Hamilton, where we had to stay all night. Reached home about noon today.

Saturday Sept. 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ How many sad and happy things have happened since one year ago today. My birthday, this year, was spent at Mr. Ramseys. I went over, expecting to help Mattie can tomatoes. But Andy Douglass' came, and she did not get to do so.

Monday Sept. 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Lizzie is going to school to the Academy this fall. Mr. O.V. Stewart, of Greenville Pa., is principle this year.

Sabbath Sept. 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton said, today, that the name Eliezer in the Old Testament, is the same as Lazarus in the New. Eliezer was the steward of Abraham, and the parable of Lazarus in Abrahams bosom my have been founded upon this fact.

Monday Sept. 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton delights, occasionally, in a little pleasntry, even in his sermon. Yesterday, by way of illustration, he was speaking of a man coming to the table with no appetite, and he would say, "I wonder why things do not taste so good as they used to;" and very likely he would tell his wife she could not cook as well as his mother. Some one, he said, had remarked, that there never was a man, who had not, at some time, told his wife she could not cook as well as his mother, except Adam, and he had no mother. \_\_\_ Alice Brown [*Mary Alice*] was married last Tuesday evening to a Mr. White [*Levi E.*]. Will Brown was married, a short time before to a Miss Bratton.

Monday Oct. 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton was at our house, today, on pastoral visitation. He expects to start, about the last of this month, on a visit to Europe, Egypt and the Holy Land.

Saturday Oct. 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I was over at Mr. Caskeys yesterday and last night, helping cook for thrashers.

Sabbath Oct. 11<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton expects to start on his journey, next week, and as he will be absent at Synod on next Sabbath, preached his last sermon, before going, today. He expects to be absent at least six, or eight months. His pulpit will be supplied part of the time. Rev. J.H. Cooper has given up his charge of the Morning Sun church on account of failing health.

Monday Oct. 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went, last Thursday, to stay with Mrs. Caskey, while Mr. Caskey was absent at Synod. Came home yesterday morning. Went to Morning Sun Church to preaching. Rev. Mr. Gordon preached from the words, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." John 6:37.

Monday Oct. 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mrs. Nice Carter, wife of Nelson Carter (colored), died very suddenly yesterday morning. She arose and ate her breakfast, apparently as well as usual, and died about eight o'clock. She and her husband were members of the Morning Sun U.P. Church.



Wednesday Oct. 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton expected to sail from New York, at noon today. Before he started from home, he requested that part of the 107<sup>th</sup> psalm, beginning with "who go to sea in ships," be sung tonight at the prayermeeting at the Academy. He would read it about the same time.

Sabbath Nov. 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rev. Aten sen. preached at Hopewell today, from Heb. 11:4. Mr. Stewart had our class in Sabbath School today. Our lesson was in the 18<sup>th</sup> chapter of Genesis. Abraham, to show that he looked upon the three strangers as his superiors, ran to meet them. He did not wish them to think that they would be troublesome to him, in accepting his hospitality, for he tells them he will bring only a little water, and a morsel of bread; but we find that he prepares abundantly for them. Our Sabbath School class has been in Genesis this summer. It has been very interesting to me. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton is an able and well informed teacher, and I shall always retain very pleasant memories of the years spent in his class.

Saturday Nov. 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I heard, today, that Katie Wallace, my former teacher, is dead. She was the first teacher to which I ever went to school, and I went to her for a good many terms. About five, or six years ago, she was married to Mr. Joseph Brown of Illinois, and removed there with him, where she had lived, until her death, which occurred Nov. 1<sup>st</sup>. Her brother, the late Col. Wallace [*John*], was also my teacher one winter. He died shortly after the close of the war. Miss Aggie Wallace, also my former teacher, and for several years past an efficient teacher among the freedmen, was a sister of the deceased. She leaves two children. I also heard that Mrs. Grisella Graham, wife of John Graham, died Oct. 31<sup>st</sup>. For a number of years they were our neighbors; but some time ago removed to Oxford, and afterwards to Monmoth Ill., where she was living at the time of her death. I had not seen her for a long while, but I have very pleasant memories of her. She had been slightly deranged for some time preceeding her death. She leaves a husband and two sons, Mich, an artist, and Frank, my former schoolmate.

Sabbath Nov. 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rev. E.C. Simpson pastor of the U.P. Church of Richmond Indiana preached today at Hopewell. His text was Neh. 4:6 "for the people had a mind to work." He set forth Christ and him crucified.

Thursday Nov. 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Today is thanksgiving. Rev. D.M. Gordon, of Cedar Rapids Presbytery, who has been supplying the pulpit of Morning Sun church, for a few Sabbath past, preached today, at Hopewell, for Isiah 67:7.

Sabbath Dec. 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rev. Mr. Chester, and agent of the Western Tract and Book Society, preached today at Hopewell, from Acts 20:35: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." These are said to be the words of Jesus. Mr. Chester said he had never been able to find them, and he supposed that this is one of the many sayings of Christ, that are not recorded by the apostles. He preached more particulary to the children, as he did when here before. A letter, from Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton to the congregation, was read by Mr. Stewart, at the close of the sermon. It was written Nov. 11<sup>th</sup>, from London England, which place he reached on the 7<sup>th</sup>. They had a pretty severe storm of two days during the voyage. The lady passengers were very much frightened; but to him it was grand, not to say awful. The first place he visited in London was Westminster Abbey, where he saw the chairs in which the kings of England are crowned. On Sabbath morning he went to hear Rev. Mr. Spurgeon. He said he is a heavily built man; and at first glance one might take him for a captain of a river steamboat. But on closer observation a deep earnestness is seen. His catarrh<sup>17</sup> is worse. He expected to go, the next day, to Paris.

Sabbath Dec. 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ A letter, from Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton to his congregation, was read today. It was written at Paris France Nov. 27<sup>th</sup>. He says, he there sees Catholicism, in its workings, as he never saw it before. He had attended High Mass at the cathedral of Notre Dame. This building,

---

<sup>17</sup> Inflammation of a mucous membrane, especially of the head and throat



he said, is so large, that children might be playing ball at one end, and their parents worshipping at the other, without much disturbing each other. Paris, he says, is a cleaner and neater city than London. He will not continue his journey any longer but return to London soon, and, after passing over some parts of England, Scotland and Ireland, return home. He is satisfied with sightseeing for the present; his catarrh renders further travel dangerous, as they have no fire in the cars there; his brothers health is not improved; these, and other considerations, have led to his early return. Old Hopewell now seems more sacred than ever before to him, he says.

Friday Dec. 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rev. W.H. French of Cincinnati, who is to hold communion here on next Sabbath, preached today from Micah 6:6. "Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God."

Saturday Dec. 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The students of the Academy gave an entertainment, last evening, in the chapel of the Academy. The evening was beautiful, and consequently the chapel was filled, almost to overflowing. The stage was beautifully decorated. The performance consisted of music, essays, recitations, tableaux, dialogues, ect. A tableau, "Womans Rights," was good. Three girls were sitting reading the newspapers; while one boy was at the washtub, and another sewing and rocking the cradle. A tableau, "The Marriage," was given by five children from the village. Bertice M<sup>c</sup>Hatton and Maggie Simpson, each about five years old, were standing with joined hands, as bride and groom. Leslie Foster and Daisy Foster were attendants. Will Foster, in the dress of a priest, was standing with an open book in his hand, to perform the ceremony. The little girls were dressed in long white lace dresses, with long lace veils fastened among their curls. A red light was burned for a moment, enhancing the beauty of the scene, and then the curtain was drawn. Lizzie recited Will Carltons poem, "The New Church Organ." It was well received. Annie Wilson and David Elliot read essays. Fannie Brown read the paper. Allie Brown recited a poem. The boys had dialogues and recitations.

Sabbath Dec. 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rev Mr. French preached a solemn sermon today, from Heb. 8:3. Communion today.

Friday Dec. 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Christmas! Happy Christmas! The universal holiday of the world! This Christmas is a most lovely winter day. I spent it at home. We girls thought, we might as well have a Christmas dinner, as anybody else. So our table fairly groaned today with roast beef, sweet and Irish potatoes, pickles and sweet meats, mince and pumpkin pies, with a dessert of peaches, cake and popcorn. Our three little girls have a present of a box, from Aunty. It is, perhaps, rather more like a bureau, having a looking, and some other ornaments on the top. Lizzie had a present of a vase, from Robbie M<sup>c</sup>Quiston, this evening. I had some candy, from Mother. \_\_\_ Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton expected to be at Cedarville, O. today, instead of at Rome, Italy, as he had anticipated, when he left home. \_\_\_ Belle Douglass was married, last evening, to a Mr. Irwin [Robert], of Clinton County Indiana.

Saturday Dec. 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. M.S. Ireland has a singing class, at Hopewell, this winter, meeting on Saturday afternoon. I went today. \_\_\_ Nathan Wilson, who has been at college at Monmoth Ill., this fall, has, I heard a few days ago, lost his reason. They have brought him to the asylum at Dayton. His insanity is supposed to be caused by too close application to study. He is said to be in a precarious condition.

Sabbath Dec. 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to church, today to the Morning Sun church. Rev. J.H. Cooper, the late pastor, preached an earnest and able sermon, from Rev. 11:17. He is going, in a short time, to Kansas.

Wednesday Dec. 30<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ George Harper was married, on last Thursday evening, to Miss Nettie Pierson, of Fairhaven. 'Spose her name 'll be the same as mine, now. He has studied medicine, and expects to go to Kansas, in the spring. His fathers family are also going.

Thursday Dec. 31<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Well this is the last day of the year. Mattie Ramsey was visiting at our house today. The year, that is just closing, has been to me a busy, and in many respects a happy, yet still the sadest year, I have ever known. I hope I am wiser. I do not know whether I am any better, or not. I hope the coming year may be a pleasant one, and that I may improve it in the best manner possible. We have much to be thankful for. Our lives and health have all been spared.

Friday Jan. 1<sup>st</sup> 1875. \_\_\_\_\_ The new year has come in, bright and pleasant, finding us alive and well I hope and pray, that its close shall find us the same. And I hope and pray, that it may be a happier year, than the last has been. Three hundred and sixty five days! What an amount of good, or evil, may be accomplished in that time! How many sorrows, and how many joys, can be crowded into these fleeting days! \_\_\_ Mr. Will Mann and Miss Emma Brown, of Morning Sun, were married last evening. Lizzie and I had a new years gift, of a calico dress, from Aunty, today.

Sabbath Jan. 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton, who reached home last evening, preached today, from Ex. 29:1. He has a severe cold, and was scarcely able to preach. He said he was home sooner than he expected to be. He only went as far a Versailles France, and into the edge of Belgium. The gentleman, who was with him, Dr. Goddard, advised him to go no further, as the catarrh would likely go to his lungs. He left Dr. Godard, his only companion, at Versailles, very low with lung disease, and likely to die in a short time. He said it was very reluctantly he turned back from Versailles. But as he looked at that man, likely to die among strangers, he thought, what would become of him, were he to be in such a condition among strangers. Had duty called him, he would have gone; but as he was only out sight-seeing, he did not deem it expedient to go further.

Tuesday Jan. 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ George Harper and his bride were at our house awhile, this afternoon. George remarked, that there are two Nettie Harpers now. Mrs. Nettie said she had one advantage over me, as she might get some of my love letters, and I would not get any of hers. \_\_\_ Lizzie and Charlie are both going to the Academy this winter. \_\_\_ Lucinda Magee was married on Christmas eve. It seems to me she must be a small bride. She is about twenty years of age, yet is scarcely as tall as the average girl of twelve years, and is very slender.

Sabbath Jan. 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached, today, on his observations of the religion of the countries, he visited. About one half of the English people are members of the Established Church, that is the Episcopal. He was at St. Pauls Cathedral and Westminster Abbey. He mentioned the graveyard of St. Giles, in Scotland, a small enclose, where he was told thirty thousand soldiers had been buried. The soil is so rich, that not even grass will grow.

Monday Jan. 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Today, at the annual meeting of Hopewell congregation, Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton expressed his intention, of resigning the pastoral care of the congregation, at the next meeting of Presbytery. Oh dear, that will be dreadful.

Sabbath Feb. 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached today from Numb. 22:6: Come now therefore, I pray thee, curse me this people." ect. A sermon on the life and character of Balaam.

Wednesday Feb. 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Dr. Harpers were at our house last night. We parted from them today, as we probably will not see them again, before they go to Kansas. They expect to start week after next.

Thursday Feb. 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Today was Mina's eighth birthday. I gave her, for a birthday present, a scrap book, which I had made, and named Mina's Scrap Book.

Wednesday Mar. 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to Andy Greys on the 23<sup>rd</sup> of February, and came home this morning. Went, one day, to visit Israel Greys, who are living in College Corner. Went, on last Saturday evening, to Mr. David Wilson's, to hear a Mr. Weber play. He is a musical composer and a great musician. He is traveling through the country for his health, and giving music lessons for his board. He was giving a lesson when we went; but after that was over, we

had a musical treat for half an hour. Such music is said never to have been heard before, in this part of the county. \_\_\_ Dr. Harpers started to Kansas on the 3<sup>rd</sup> of March. \_\_\_ A short time ago, I sent a story, called "Buying Cheap," to the Eaton Register, for publication. It was in the Register of Feb. 25<sup>th</sup>. It is word for word as I wrote it. I changed it slightly from the original, which is in Our Home Monthly for May 1872.<sup>18</sup>

Thursday March 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mrs. Mary Robertson [*Mary Martin Robertson, 1802-1875*], wife of David Robinson, and mother of Mrs. Hugh Elliot, was burried today.

Wednesday March 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went, this afternoon, to examination at the Academy. Lizzie was examined in Latin and Geometry. The class in reading also read a few verses. They read partly in concert, and I think it was the best reading in concert I ever heard. Perhaps it is too boastful for me to say that Lizzie was the best reader in the class. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton, at the close of the examination, made some lively, remarks. He said educate the girls by all means. He particularly advised the study of languages, as one of the best methods, of which he knew, to teach people to think correctly. Mathematics are good, but he believed languages are better. He said he was not sure of the propriety of educating the sexes together, beyond the common schools. Where it had been tried it was found to be a good thing for the boys, but not for the girls. He said it would, however, always be necessary at this Academy. One thing, he particularly advised them not to do, and that was, fall in love at school. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton is a very lively speaker; but he gets in a good deal of good advice with his fun. And to think that he is going way! Oh it is too bad! Mr. Stewart, the present principle, has resigned, and there will probably be no spring term.

Saturday March 27<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The scholars of the Academy gave their usual spring exhibition, last evening. A handsome stage, decorated with cedar, and neatly curtained, was erected in the church. The first performance was Ed M<sup>c</sup>Neelys speech, "Barbara Fretchie." Next was Lizzies essay, on the subject of "Perseverance." By the way, her name is written Miss H.E.[*Hannah Elizabeth*] Harper, in the programe. The same tableau, "The Infant Marriage," they had at the winter exhibition, was given. A new feature of the exhibition was a drama, in two acts, called The Last Loaf. Next was a tableau, called Faith. Faith, represented by Frankie Ramsey, was gazing with steadfast eyes on a cross. Rob M. Wilson repeated "The Smack in School." Willie Wright repeated "The Pardoned Soldier." David Elliot gave the valedictory. The vocal music was all by the scholars, something unusual. Lizzie was dressed in white, with blue ribbons, and with white flowers in her hair. I curled her hair on a curling iron. The evening was pleasant. Israel and Hattie Grey and Sam Harper were at our house all night. We all rode over to the church in the big wagon.

Sabbath March 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton said, today, that some people argued there was no need of an educated ministry, as Christ chose for his disciples unlearned fishermen, forgetting that they were, for three years, in the best Theological Seminary ever established in the world, with Jesus Christ for the Professor. Paul, the only apostle chosen after Christ left the world, was a highly educated man.

Saturday April 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The singing school, taught by Professor Ireland, closed today. I have attended most of the time. The class used The Son Era. I think Mr. Ireland a very good teacher.

Sabbath April 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went to church. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton conducted the opening services, and baptized a child, then finding that Mr. R.C. Hamilton was in the house, he asked him to preach, as he had been troubled with bleeding at the nose for a day, or more, and his nose then bleeding, warned him that it would not be judicious for him to attempt to preach. Mr. Hamilton preached from John 11:28. "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." Went to the Academy to

---

<sup>18</sup> See End Notes

preaching, in the evening, where E.C. Simpson preached a most solemn and impressive sermon from Luke 23:42. "Lord remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." He said, he thought the text that converted the penitent thief was "This is Jesus of Nazareth, the king of the Jews," which was written in Greek, Latin and Hebrew, one of which languages he could probably read.

Wednesday April 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The First Presbytery of Ohio met at Hopewell, yesterday, at 2 P.M., and was opened by a sermon, by Rev. J.W. M<sup>c</sup>Nary, of Dayton. Met again in the evening in the Academy. At Hopewell this morning at eight. Mr. J.H. Gibson preached three trial discourses, and was licensed to preach the gospel. Rev. J.L. Aten was released from the pastoral care of Unity congregation, College Corner. But oh! worse than all, Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton was released from the care of this congregation. Want of a fixed salary, failing of physical health, and hoping to serve the Master elsewhere, led him, he said, to this step. He is to declare the pulpit vacant on next Sabbath. The meeting of Presbytery was very pleasant. Mr. Baxter, elder from Sycamore, was at our house last night.

Sabbath April 11<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hatton preached his last sermon in Hopewell today. He took his text from Heb. 11:17. He compared this 11<sup>th</sup> chapter to a portrait gallery. The portraits were of the intellectual characters of the persons there portrayed, and the painting was done by the master hand of God. In his prayer, after sermon, he referred to the relation about to be dissolved between him and the congregation, asking that the errors he had made might be pardoned, that the people might be shown their transgressions, and that the Lord would send them a better pastor, in the future. Before dismissing the congregation, he announced the dissolution of the pastoral relation. He said he had not been an efficient pastor. He said he thought the people and the session had not given him their sympathy, to the extent they should have done. He knew they were not a demonstrative people; but he asked them, if they ever had another pastor, not only to sympathize with him, but to show him their sympathy. He said he did not intend to assume a pastorate soon, if ever. He said it would be fifteen years, next Friday, since he first saw Hopewell. During that time he had, in infancy, baptized some, whom he afterwards received into the church. The roll of membership, when he came, numbered 237. It now numbers something over 240. We went to the Academy, in the evening, to hear him, where he preached from 1<sup>st</sup> Cor. 3:17.

Wednesday April 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Aunty made Lizzie and I a present of a grey silk poplin dress apiece today.

Sabbath April 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. J.H. Gibson preached for us today from Luke 13:3.

Wednesday April 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Aunty and I went visiting to Andie Greys today.

Sabbath May 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. J.H. Gibson preached today at the Morning Sun church, from Eph. 3:20, 21. We went to hear him. Miss Jane Cook [*dau. of James & Jane Cook, Sen., died May 1, 1875 aged 82 yrs.*] was buried before services.

Wednesday May 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The boys and I went, yesterday evening, to Israel Greys, intending to stay all night. They were not home. We had a pleasant ride home again.

Friday May 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. Thomas Brown [*died May 6, 1875, 83y.*], often called old Tommy Brown, was buried today. He lacked but a few days of being eighty three years old.

Saturday May 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ We narrowly escaped a conflagration this morning. I had swept the room, and put the broom, as usual, in the stairs. I then sat down to read. I had not sat long, before I hear the roar of fire. On looking up, I soon saw that the paper in the stairs was on fire. I called for help, and ran up stairs, and sized the first thing I came across, which happened to be mothers best heavy coverlet, to try to smother out the fire. Mother got a bucket of water, and we soon extinguished the flames. I singed my hair a little, and burned a hole in the waist of my dress. The south door was open and the wind strong from the south, and the draft of air helped to

carry the flames, which must soon have been beyond all control, had I not discovered them when I did.

Sabbath May 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rev. J.F. Black, [*John Franklin Black*] of Oxford, preached for us today, from Psalm 139:23, 24.

Sabbath May 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rev. J.H. Cooper preached today from Rom. 8:24 "We are saved by hope." He has been preaching, for some time, in Topeka Kansas. Our Sabbath school opened today, for the summer. Superintendent Brown, in an opening adress, said he thought those who has been member of Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Hattons class, would bear him out in saying, that, as a Sabbath school teacher, he had few equals. To this I gave my most fervent assent. I do not think it probable, that such a well informed teacher, will ever be secured for the class again. The school has adopted the international uniform lessons.

Tuesday May 18<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Quite a spirited little discussion arose today, on the subject of the resurection of the dead, at prayermeeting. Mr. Caskey argued, that these very bodies we have now, would be raised, otherwise there would be no need of a resurection. Others differed slightly. One said there is a natural body and there is a spiritual body. Another, flesh and blood can not inherit the kingdom of God. Another thought these bodies would be cumbersome in heaven.

Thursday May 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Susie and I papered yesterday. Lizzie has been at James M<sup>c</sup>Crearys for awhile.

Friday May 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ We have been housecleaning this week. We have a charming new picture, Little Daisy, to hand upon the wall.

Sabbath May 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Communion today. Rev. N.C. M<sup>c</sup>Dill was invited to conduct the services. He preached on Friday. On Saturday Rev. Mr. Ross, of Philadelphia. This morning Rev. Dr. Barnet, former missionary to Egypt, preached; and this evening, at five, Rev. N.C. M<sup>c</sup>Dill again. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Dill mentioned one thing, I never remember to have noticed before. He said any one might search the Bible through, from Genesis to Revelation, and he would find there many comforting promises to the widow, but none to the widower. This, he said, was because the widows sorrow was the greatest, and God always comforts the greatest sorrow.

Friday May 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Pa, Mother and I rode to Oxford today, in the farm wagon. We bought a new set of chairs, and some other things.

Thursday June 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ A storm, perhaps the most extensively destructive that was ever know here, visited us last evening. The wind blew a perfect hurricane, tearing up a number of our apple trees. For other people it did more extensive damage, unroofing several barns and a house. In one place, two, or three miles from here, it prostrated almost every tree on a thirty forrest.

Sabbath June 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ A very wet Sabbath. Rev. M.L. Ross preached today. He preached also last Sabbath. He is a very good preacher. Last Sabbath he gave the Sabbath school children a riddle. He said there was something every one would like to be, every one could be, and yet very few people are. Today he asked them for an answer. One said a Christian; another to be good. He himself said it was to be happy. We went in the evening to the Academy, expecting to hear Rev. S.M. Ramsey preach. He was not there, and Mr. Ross preached.

Monday June 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The boys, Lizzie and I went visiting to Israel Greys today.

Friday June 11<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mattie Ramsey and I had a pleasant drive to Andie Douglass' and back, today, again noon today. We went on an errand.

Sabbath June 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rev. Dr. Barnet preached today. Speaking of the millenial thousand years, he said those thousand years might, as in other instances, stand, a day for a year, and be three hundred and sixty five thousand years. And again this might be only a definite period put for an indefinite, as is often done. Rev Marion Morrisson preached at the Academy, in the evening.

Saturday June 19<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have made my new silk poplin this week. We have just heard that Dr. Harpers have been entirely eaten out by the grasshoppers. These pests swarm in



countless myriads, eating up every green thing before them. Truly the land is as the Garden of Eden before them, and as a desolate wilderness behind them.

Sabbath June 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. Thomas Fitzgerald, of Oxford, preached today at Hopewell, and at the Academy in the evening. He gives promise of making a good minister. He preached also last Sabbath.

Tuesday July 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I was thinking, this evening, how, were only the true facts in the case known, how many instances of fancied insult, might turn out like the following. Some time ago Miss Rilla Ochletree, daughter of Samuel Ochletree, came, with her aunt, to visit Mr. Ramsey, who is their uncle. On the evening after their arrival, they came to call on Aunty, but passed us by. We were rather surprised, and I guess rather concluded we were as important as Miss Ochletree. On a subsequent visit she called on us. And now comes the explanation for the apparent slight. After she went back to Mr. Ramseys, that evening, she asked Mattie who lived in the other house. Mattie told her a full cousin of her father. "Why what will they think of me" she said. She had never been here before and knew nothing about her relatives here.

Thursday July 15<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have been helping Mrs. Caskey cook for harvest hands, for the past three days.

Friday July 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ William Smith and his new wife and girls were at our house today. Mrs. Smith was formerly Miss Grace Munns [*married December 31, 1874*].

Monday Aug. 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ For several summers past, the people of this neighborhood have had to pray for rain. But yesterday, the preacher of the day, Rev. Mr. Armstrong, prayed that the windows of heaven might be closed, for a season, that the husbandman might gather in the fruit of his toils; and I suppose there was not a heart throughout the congregation, that did not respond amen. Such indeed are the facts in the case. The wettest harvest, say the farmers, they ever saw. It has been raining every day, or two, for several weeks, and last week every day. Here it is the second of August, and half the wheat, or more, standing in shocks in the field, and the oats in no better condition. It rained heavily yesterday, and shows no signs of clearing off this morning.

Friday Aug. 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mattie Ramsey and I went yesterday to Andie Douglass'es. Lizzie has been staying there for some time. She and I came home this morning.

Monday Sept. 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ On the eleventh of August I went to Andie Greys, where I remained until this morning. On the twenty sixth of August, John G. Harper was married to Miss Ella F. Cilley, of Valley Junction, Hamilton County, Ohio. They were at Andy Greys on the thirty first of August. The bride is rather small; about for size like myself; and has rather plain features. She is tolerably wealthy. They expect to go to Kansas. \_\_\_ Andie Douglass' youngest child, Arthur [*son of W.A. & Mary G. (Ramsey) Douglass, born Nov. 9, 1873, died Sept. 2, 1875*], was buried September third. \_\_\_ I see my last entry, but one, speaks of the still continuing rain. Well on the third of August it began to clear up, and we have had fair weather ever since, with scarce enough rain.

Monday Sept. 13<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I went, last Tuesday morning to help Mrs. Caskey, as Willie is not well. I stayed till Saturday evening. Hugh Ramsey had our class in Sabbath school yesterday. The regular teacher is Dr. Harris. It seems so strange, that the former quiet Hugh Ramsey, whom I have so long known, as a boy who had very little to say, could teach our class the way he did yesterday. And then in all probability he will be a minister some day, as he is now preparing for the ministry, in the Reformed Presbyterian church. Still waters flow deepest, they say, and the quiet studious boy, will more likely be a deep man, than the one who has end of talk at his tongues end.

Thursday Sept. 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Charlie, Lizzie, Susie, Sarah, Mina and I went to the Eaton fair today. We had a very pleasant time. The display in some departments was good. There was

little fruit, as there is scarcely any in the county this year. There was a pretty good display of pictures, particularly chromos. The show in fancy work was good.

Sabbath Sept. 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rev. R.G. Campbell preached today. He said that there were a great many queer sorts of Christians in this world; and that it was a remark of Rev. Dr. Prestly, of Allegany, that grace grows in queer places.

Saturday Oct. 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I came this evening, from Mr. Caskeys, where I have been for the greater part of the time, for the last four weeks. On last Saturday night, Rev. R.G. Campbell, who preached for us two Sabbaths, was there. He is a very pleasant man. He called me sis all the time. I had on rather a short dress, and my hair curled, and I suppose I did look like a little girl. Well sometimes it is fun for strangers to treat me like a fifteen year old girl, and sometimes I get tired of it.

Tuesday Oct. 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Aunty, Lizzie and I went to Israel Greys today. Robbie is sick. We had a pleasant visit.

Wednesday Oct. 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rev. A. [Adrian] Aten preached today, a very earnest sermon, for the words "There is one God, and one Mediator, between God and man, the man Jesus Christ." 1<sup>st</sup> Tim. 2:5. The old man is a very fervent speaker.

Sabbath Oct. 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went this evening to the Academy, to hear Mr. Scot, a student from the Theological Seminary, preach. His text was Rom. 8:32. "He that spared not his own son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things." His theme was assurance of salvation. The thought God would not be faithless to his promise, but would most certainly, in this life, give us full assurance of our salvation.

Saturday Oct. 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I am going to write a short epitome of this falls history, so much of it, at least, as has passed. Mother has been away all fall, and Lizzie and I are keeping house. Lizzie, on account of her eyes, is not going to school. Mr. Wylie is principle of the Academy this fall. \_\_\_ Dave Paxton and Mattie Smith were married last week. Rob. J. Brown and Vinolia Shaw, this week \_\_\_ We are having a trial of preachers this fall. No one has yet been decided upon, as a pastor. \_\_\_ Frosts came rather earley this fall; but notwithstanding this, and a total failure of fruit crops, we may expect to live well this winter.

Sabbath Oct. 31<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Our Sabbath school closed today. Dr. Harris has been our very able and effiecient teacher this summer.

Sabbath Nov. 7<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Elihu Simpson preached today for us. He spoke pretty plainly of those, who criticise the messenger, forgetting the message, and the Lord who has sent the messenger.

Tuesday Nov. 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Lizzie and I went to Mr. Ramseys today. We had a pleasant visit, as we always do when we go there.

Wednesday Nov. 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ We went to College Corner, to Israel Greys today. Lizzie drove the spring wagon and two horses there, and I drove them back, the first time either of us had ever performed such a feat.

Sabbath Nov. 21<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ For some time we have had Rev. H.P. Jackson, of the Xenia Presbytery, to preach for us occasionaly. He was thought to be pretty favorably looked upon by a majority of the people, and that his chances for a call were pretty good. But he has accepted a call elsewhere, and will preach here no more. He is a very tall man, with red hair and whiskers; about thirty five years of age.

Tuesday Nov. 30<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Somewhere, away back in this journal, when I was about sixteen, or seventeen, I notice the remark that I might make an authoress if I had a chance. Sometimes I have laughed to myself, at this assertion; but today, with the added wisdom of a few years, and an ever increasing taste for writing, I believe their is truth in it; and again assert the belief that I might make an authoress. I have a belief that I will one day do something with my pen. For

some time there has been running in my mind, the plan of one day writing a book, the subject of that book to be "Tell it to Jesus." I have had such wonderful and sweet experiences of this talking to Jesus, as a man talketh with his friend, that I propose to tell to the world, in the form of a story, the sweetness there is in telling everything to Jesus.

Wednesday Dec. 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ One day, this last fall, Lizzie and I were going away in the buggy. We has a large lazy cat, which we wished to dispose of, but which the boys did not wish to kill. So we put him in a sack, and put him in the buggy, under our feet, where he could not possibly see out. When about four miles from home, we set him out by the roadside. After an absence of seven weeks, he returned home again, a few days ago, as hale, and hearty, and lazy as ever. I have heard of cats, by some unerring instinct, finding their way home from a distance; but this is the best instance I ever knew of it.

Friday Dec. 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Susies birthday. I gave her, as a birthday present, a scrapbook.

Saturday Dec. 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Communion tomorrow. Rev. H.P. Jackson preached today. His text was somewhere in 2<sup>nd</sup> Kings, in the reign of Hezekiah. He said Hezekiah was the only man, who ever knew just when he would die. Rev J.L. Aten preached yesterday. There is one thing I have often noticed about him. He is a handsome man, graceful in his motions; and when he smiles, as he often seems to do when preaching, smiles with his whole face.

Monday Dec. 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ David R. Elliot [*David Robertson Elliot, 4-4-1858, 12-5-1875*], son of Hugh Elliot [& *Elizabeth A. Robertson Elliot*], was burried today. He was a cripple- a hunch back. This misfortune was caused by a fall, when he was a small boy. He was seventeen years old.

Monday Dec. 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mrs. Rachel Brown was burried today. Services at the house at eleven. Pa, Lizzie and I went. She has been subject to spasms for many years and suffered much from them. She died at one yesterday morning.

Wednesday Dec. 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Miss Mary Ann Hamilton was married, this afternoon, to Mr. [*Jonathan T.*] Adkins of Indiana.

Friday Dec. 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ We went, last evening, to an entertainment, given by the scholars of the Academy, at the Lower church. Ed Elliot gave the opening address; subject-"The Centenial." Annie Wilson read an essay on "Unseen Beauties." Ella Foster one, also, on "Spring, Autumn and Eternity." Maggie Wright sang, in excellent style, an excellent solo, called "People will Talk." Willie Wright repeated, in fine style, a poem, called "The Modern Cain." Clate Brown repeated "Country Courtship." Fannie Brown "Curfew shall not Ring Tonight." They gave a somewhat lengthy French Drama, called "The Lady of Lyons." Also a Colloquy, "The Dutchmans Ghost." A rather amusing tableau was "The Music Teacher," personated by Maggie Wright and Dave Shaw, the teacher kneeling before the pupil. The exhibition was, however, rather too lengthy.

Saturday Dec. 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ We all, with the exception of the boys, were invited to a Christmas dinner at Andie Greys today. Sarah was sick yesterday and this morning, and we feared she might be taking the measels, and not wishing to take her among the other children there, should such prove to be the case, I staid at home with her. It did not, however, prove to be the measles, for soon after the rest were gone, she was as well a usual; and I suspect the chief cause of her indisposition this morning, was her desire to escape that dreaded task of all little girls, washing the dishes, as she did not then know of the proposed visit. They had a Christmas stand, on which was something for every one invited. I received a collar and a fancy stalk glass.

Thursday Dec. 30<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Frank [*Francenia*] Wilson was married, this afternoon, to a gentleman [*Thomas R. Gilmore*] from Iowa. He is said to be a widower, with three children and considerably her senior, she being twenty one, and he, forty four. He is said to be a State Senator.

Saturday Jan. 1<sup>st</sup> 1876. \_\_\_\_\_ I suppose it behooves me to write something today. Mother wanted me to take it easy today, but there was some sewing I wanted done; then there was prayermeeting at Auntys this afternoon; and I got into a great hurry, this evening, to bake some pies; so that I haven't had much time for reflection. Of course it was my own fault. \_\_ This is our Centennial year, and will be full of interest, I suppose, as few of us will see the next anniversary. \_\_ This last year was in the main a pleasant one. I am wiser, I suppose. \_\_ But I don't feel one bit like moralizing, and I shall only close with the hope, that this new year, shall find me bravely bearing the burden, and striving after higher things; and as it is certainly right to hope for pleasant things, that the days of this year shall be fraught with happiness.

Sabbath Jan. 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rev. J.D. Brownlee, late pastor of a church in Wellsville Ohio, preached for us today. His text was somewhat singular. Job 38:31. "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion." His subject was Influence, and he preached a sermon, altogether different from what we have been hearing, but solemn and thrilling. He is very rhetorical. His sermon would make a splendid oration on the subject of Influence.

Tuesday Jan. 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Nate and I went to Israel Greys today. Robbie is very ill.

Wednesday Jan. 5<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Prayermeeting at Hopewell today. The subject for prayer and conference today was parents and children. Rev. Mr. Brownlee spoke at some length. He quoted the words of Solomon. "Train up a child," ect., and said if children ever went astray in a single instance, the fault was with the parents, and not with God. He related an instance, of a son of the late Dr. Pressley. He said the son was a wayward youth, and met with a terrible death. Shortly after this, the father preached from the words "Train up a child ect.," saying that in no instance would God be faithless to his promise. After the services were over, one of his elders went to him, and asked him, "How about your son?" "Ah," said the father weeping, "the fault was with us, not with God. We did not train him up in the way he should go. I allowed him too much money, and too much liberty, and his mother was too indulgent."

Friday Jan. 14<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Prof. W.T. Wiley, of Monmoth Ill., commenced a musical convention, at Hopewell, on Saturday last, and closed, last evening, with a concert. I was present for every lesson, but one. I had a very pleasant time. On the evening of the concert, the scholars met in the session house, and marched in procession, to the conveniently erected stage in the church. The music consisted of a number of anthems, interspersed with quartettes and duets. "Oh Merrily Dance the Stars Tonight" was a beautiful glee, sung by the class, with accompaniment of bells. "The Gypsie Countess" was sung by Mr. Wiley and Annie Brown. "Bring me the Bowl," by Mr. Wiley and Retta Elliot. "Cries of a Child," a double quartette, was good. "Lulu" and "Come John," also. "John Browns body lies mouldering in the grave," the new arrangement, was something new. "Poor Old Joe" was a good quartette, by Prof. Wiley and the three Brown boys. Poor old Joe, represented by Mr. Wiley, was just a little slow. In singing a verse he came out just a word behind, and his attention had frequently to be directed to his closing word, after the other were through, which he would then sing.

Sabbath Jan. 16<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rev. J.H. Turnbull, who preached two, or three Sabbath ago, preached also today. His great theme both days was Jesus, and Jesus seemed to be the word that most frequently fell from his lips. He is a one armed man. \_\_ We heard today, that the doctor has said, that he can do nothing more for Robbie Grey.

Sabbath Jan. 23<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Rev. J.D. Brownlee preached today, from 2<sup>nd</sup> Chron. 2:5. "Great is our God." Speaking of God, as a God of creation, he dwelt, at some length on the immensity of creation. He seems familiar with astronomy. He spoke of the immense worlds being whirled through space, compared with which, our world seems an atom; of our sun and his planets, revolving around another central sun, and these, perhaps, around another, and so on, until they reach the throne of the eternal God himself, who is the source of light, and who holds them in his



hand. He said, were our earth let loose tomorrow morning, to fly due east, through space, in eight hours it would pass the sun: but many long years would roll by, ere it would pass the furthest discovered star, so vast a distance is this star from us.

Monday Jan. 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Robbie Grey [*Jan. 13, 1874-Jan. 23, 1876, son of Israel & Harriet Harper Grey*] was buried this morning. He died yesterday. Sad indeed, today, are the hearts of those childless parents, as the cold, wet earth hides from them forever, the form of their only child. Lizzie and I propose starting, tomorrow, on a visit to Uncle John Millers, Newcastle, Henry County, Indiana. I am going over to College Corner, this evening, with Andy Grey.

Friday Feb. 11<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Well, where shall I begin? At the begining, I suppose. I mean the account of our visit to Uncle Johns. Lizzie and I, equipped with a heavy valise and a well filled basket, left College Corner about 9:30 A.M. Jan. 25<sup>th</sup>. On reaching Connersville we changed cars, and reached Newcastle before twelve. Aunt Cassander and Jonny were waiting for us. The first evening Lizzie, Addie, Ella, Bower and Jonny went to a party at Mr. Ices. I did not go, as we had not yet seen George and Uncle John. Wednesday I stayed with Aunt Cassander, while the rest went to school. Thursday evening Aunt Cassander, the boys, Ella, Lizzie and I went to Mr. Derrahs. It commenced to rain not long after we arrived, and we has a walk home through the rain. Mr. Derrahs family consists of himself and wife, and one boy, Charlie. Saturday Addie and I made a call at the toll-gate, and at Groves. Sabbath we went to the M.E. church, in Newcastle, where the pastor, Rev. Mr. Colclasier, preached from Ga. 6:9. The Sabbaths were to me the longest days, as I have not been accustomed to visitors on Sabbath afternoon, and these we had plenty of while there. This, by the way, is not Aunt Cassanders fault. Uncle John is not a church member, and I fear he and his boys care very little for any thing of a religious nature. But I have digressed. Monday was butchering day, and Derrahs and Elijah Millers were there. Tuesday afternoon Ella and I went to school. In the evening we all walked home through a snow storm. Wednesday Lizzie and I and all of Uncle Johns young folks went to school. In the afternoon we girls went to Mr. Haguewoods, and stayed for supper. Then we went to Mr. Groves, and stayed till very late in the evening. The young folks in Groves's family are Dave, Dan and Charley, and their cousin Maggie Howyer. Thursday I stayed with Aunt Cassander all day. Mr. Bowers, the school teacher, came in the evening, and stayed all night. We all went to school on Friday. They were inclined to make a public reader of Lizzie, and eulogized her reading highly. She, at the request of Mr. Bowers, read as a selection, for the benefit of the school, *The Soldiers Rest*, and I read *Jepthas Daughter*. On Saturday, Jonny, Ella and I took a sleighride. In the evening we called on Mr. Elijah Millers. Sabbath we went twice to church. On Monday evening we were at Groves. Tuesday Aunt Cassander had a comfort knotting, and Martha and Belle Miller were there. We left Uncle Johns about five in the evening, and Newcastle about half past six, and reached College Corner about half past eight. Israel Greys brought us home yesterday morning. This much for a history of everyday doings, now for some general remarks. We had a very pleasant visit. Every thing was done for our comfort. The people were very sociable, more so, a great deal, than we are here; though I believe it is a saying, that the further west we go, the more sociable the people are. Aunt Cassander is a kind, good, Christian woman; what else, though, would you expect of my mothers sister. Uncle John is a good, genial, moral man of the world. George is a sober, steady young man and of him and his father, it may well be said, as is the father, so is the son. Bower, my merry, wild cousin Bower, who is just the age of my brother Nate, both being twenty one on the nineteenth of January, is a cousin I am somewhat proud of. He has considerable talent as an artist, and bids fair, if he continues as he has begun, to do something creditable in that line. And Jonny! I like Jonny. He is nineteen, and the best, perhaps, of the trio. Addie is fifteen, and fond of company. Ella is a small, womanly girl, or twelve. Shall I ever forget Grannie Miller, Uncle Johns mother, who is



staying with them? I could not think of her without a feeling of sadness. There she sits, day after day, in eternal darkness, for she is blind, both in soul and body, having lost her eyesight some years ago, and having never known Jesus, who openeth the eyes of the spiritually blind. She is eighty five, or more, years of age, and her earthly career must be drawing near its close. No reading of the blessed Bible to her on the long Sabbath afternoons; no inquiries in regard to the services at church, which she is too infirm to attend; no name of Jesus on her lips, no hope, no longing for a blessed future; nothing but a settled indifference, a thoughtless disregard of the warnings of a lifetime. And now a word in regard to Miss Amanda Haguewood, who they call Georges girl, and for whom, I suspect, he has some regard. She is a very pleasant girl, very large and fleshy, rather good looking, and like himself, I suspect, in her religious views. Mr. Bowers, the school teacher is a good Christian gentleman, and I suspect never suspected the Christian profession my sister and I had made. Of course he was only judging us by our Uncles family; but from his prayer, one morning and another circumstances, or two, I surmised this. We were informed, during our absence, of the death of S. Graham Paxton, who died, last fall, from the effects of poison, administered by his own hand. He was my mothers cousin, and she and her brother Bower were dear to him as a sister and brother. He was addicted to drinking, and had been trying to reform, and finding himself unable to do so, in a fit of despair, ended his life.

Monday Feb. 28<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ We had Dr. Harris called in today to see Mother, Sadie and Mina, who are each sick. As he seemed to be having a general examination in our family, I thought he might as well express his opinion in regard to my complaint. It is in my throat, and of long standing. He said he thought it was Chronic Bronchitis, and would be very hard to cure.

Tuesday Feb. 29<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ At the annual meeting of Hopewell congregation, January 31<sup>st</sup>, the question of removing the church to Morning Sun came up. It was resolved to keep it where it is. This does not seem to satisfy the eastern part of the congregation, who talk of uniting with the Morning Sun congregation, and building a church in town. The subject has been talked over, with no little hard feeling, until I am heartily sick of it.

Friday March 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have three marriage notices to record this morning. They were all by Rev. J.Y. Scouler. The first was Mr. John M<sup>c</sup>Dill and Miss Nettie Murray, on Feb. 17<sup>th</sup>. The next was Miss Nannie Brown, to a Mr. Allen [*James M. Allen*]. And last, but not least, on last evening, March 2<sup>nd</sup>, Mr. Tip [*Robert G.*] Paxton and Miss Lizzie Graham. The marriage of Lizzie Graham has been a subject much talked of, and now that she is really married, I don't know who the people will find to marry next.

Monday March 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Lizzie and I went to visit our school awhile this afternoon. The teacher is Miss Sue Pierce, of Fairhaven. She closed her school today, two days earlier than she had intended, as her mother is very low with a cancer. She has, this winter, lent Susie four books, written by Pansy, author of Helen Lester. They are Ester Reid, Julia Reid, The Kings Daughter, and Wise and Otherwise. These, with another one, form a complete set. The heroine of the first is Ester Reid; of the second, Julia Reid; of the third, Dell Bronson and the fourth has to do with all, except Ester, who died at the close of the first volume.

Wednesday March 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Lizzie and I went, yesterday afternoon, to William Smiths, and stayed until this morning. We had a pleasant visit.

Thursday March 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Israel and Andy Greys were at our house today. Both are now living in College Corner. Lizzie went home with Andys.

Wednesday March 15<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Allie M<sup>c</sup>Quiston [*Eliza Alice M<sup>c</sup>Quiston, Mar. 14, 1876, 14y. 8m. 14d., daughter of William P. and Mary Bonner M<sup>c</sup>Quiston*], Will M<sup>c</sup>Quistons oldest daughter, was burried this afternoon. Mr. Scouler preached the funeral sermon, from Heb. 12:11. Allie was fourteen years of age. she had been deranged for a number of years, and subject to epileptic spasms. She was a great charge to her family.

Monday March 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ At a meeting of Hopewell congregation, today, it was resolved, by the Western part of the congregation, to build a new church, on the present site, next year. The eastern part will unite with the Morning Sun congregation and build a new church in Morning Sun.<sup>19</sup>

Friday March 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The weather, this winter, has been unusualy mild. Wild flowers were found in the woods, on the last days of February. Leaves were on the gooseberry bushes. We are having a cold snap, this week. There is sleighriding, this week, the first this winter. Susie, Sarah, Mina and I are having busy times sewing carpet rags. They don't think it pays. Susie likes carpet, but she doesn't like to sew the rags.

Friday March 31<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Susie and I went to Andy Greys today. They are now living in College Corner.

Saturday April 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Went to prayermeeting at Mr. Ramseys, this afternoon. The ever present theme, Hopewell church, was discussed, both before and after services. Will M<sup>c</sup>Quiston talked very discouragingly. After the men had gone, Mrs. Ramsey had a hearty cry, over the discouraging prospects. So dear to her heart, is the old sanctuary, where her parents worshiped God.

Saturday April 8<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ On last Thursday morning, I got in an excitement about begining to write a book, which I have long planned to write. I was ironing, but my fingers fairly itched for a pen. The result of all was, that after dinner, I seated myself with a sheet of foolscap and a lead pencil, and, utterly oblivious to the flight of time for three hours and a half, produced the first chapter of Addie Forest. What comes of it remains to be seen.

Sabbath April 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ We had a young minister, Mr. W.N. Richie, to preach for us today. Most people, whom I heard speak of him, were favorably impressed by him. He was licensed to preach about two weeks ago. He preached an excellent sermon from John 15:1-6, and in the evening, at the Academy, from Isiah 54:17.

Monday April 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I couldn't help but smile a little, yesterday, at church, when, at the close of the first prayer, Mr. William Hamilton and his new wife, and their united families, walked up the aisle to their pew. He has been a widower [*wife of William R., Catherine, died Sept. 5, 1875, 35 years 2 months, 20 days*] of some six months standing. He has two children, and she has three.

Monday April 24<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Israel Greys were at our house today. We were all at Auntys for supper. Mr. Richie was there also.

Monday May 1<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Last Saturday was Lizzies eighteenth birthday. Hattie Grey wanted to make a surprise party, for her, on that day, and invited us, and some others, to be present. Pa was too busy plowing to spare our horses. We heard that no one was there except Jim Newtons.

Tuesday May 2<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Our school teacher, Miss Pierce, was at our house last night.

Saturday May 6<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Received, this evening, the Christian Instructor, for May 6<sup>th</sup>, containing a poem of my writing-The Trial of Abraham. It was written for Our Home Monthly October 1874. Is in the Instructor just as I wrote it for publication.

Wednesday May 10<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ The Centenial Exhibition of the United States of America opens, today, in Philadelphia. The opening address is to be made by President Grant; the opening prayer by Bishop Simpson; a cantata, written by Sidney Buck, will be sung; also a hymn, written by John G. Whittier. The industries of almost every nation in the world will be represented. something new, in such exhibition, is a Womans Pavilion, which is to exhibit the industries of women. It is to be opened by the Empress of Brazil, who, with her husband, the Emperor Dom Pedro, are now visiting in the United States. This is an important year with us Americans, and

<sup>19</sup> A new church was built and dedicated in 1877 in Morning Sun, but a new church was never built at Hopewell.

we are all proud of our country, and of the independence she celebrates this year. Every thing is Centennial, from a piece of calico, to a business firm.

Monday May 15<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. Simpson and Lida, from Tenn., were at church today. Mr. Simpson did not know me, although he has been away only five years.

Wednesday May 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. Samuel C. Foster [1820-1876], of Morning Sun, was buried today.

Saturday May 20<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Sometime during this last winter, a man by the name of Kopp, started a hotel in Morning Sun, and opened a bar. This is the only one in the township, and the first, perhaps that was ever started. The results of the deadly traffic are already beginning to be felt. The ladies of Morning Sun and vicinity determined that something must be done, and met, today, for this purpose, at the house of Mr. James Brown, in Morning Sun. Mattie Ramsey and I went. After reading of the Scripture and prayer, it was resolved to go in a body to the saloon, and a committee would talk with the man, and tell him that they desired him to stop the sale of liquors. He had heard of the proposed visit, and met them at the gate, which he refused to allow them to enter. They talked with him, perhaps for an hour and a half, but all to no purpose. He evidently is determined to continue the sale of intoxicating drinks, and no talking will do him any good.

Thursday May 25<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Lizzie came home from College Corner. She has been at Israel and Andy Greys together, about seven months.

Friday May 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ We have all been very busy today. Mother and Susie churned three times; Lizzie ironed a large ironing; and I washed over thirty yards or rag carpet, on the washing machine.

Monday May 29<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ We all, with the exception of Susie and the boys, went to Israel Greys today. Had a fine day.

Monday June 12<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Dr. G.W. Grey, and his wife Mrs. Lina, and their little daughter Lena, from Albany, Oregon, were at our house today. They are going to the Centennial. His sister, Mrs. Foster, and her family, will be here in a few days.

Saturday June 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ At a National Convention, held, this week, in Cincinnati, Gov. Rutherford B. Hays, the present Governor of Ohio, and Hon. William A. Wheeler, of New York, were nominated as the Republican candidates, for President and Vice President.

Thursday June 22<sup>nd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Lizzie and I have been making a new, black silk poplin dress for Mother today.

Monday June 26<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Our friends, from Oregon, Mr. James and Mrs. Martha Foster, and their daughter, Maggie and Mattie, came to our house Saturday morning, and remained until this morning. We had a fine time. Mr. Foster is a jolly old gentleman, owner of a large flour mill, in Albany Oregon. He was a delegate, from his state, to the National Convention, in Cincinnati. He is pretty wealthy. Mrs. Foster is a fine woman, an advocate of Womens Rights. Maggie is a tall, handsome girl, of seventeen, well educated, and every way seemingly a fine girl. Mattie is fifteen, but very small for that age; fussy, and fond of fun, I should judge. The girls went with us to church, and Sabbath school, yesterday, and to services in the Academy, in the evening. I suppose we were rather proud of our richly dressed cousins. They are going to the Centennial in a day, or two. Rev. E.E. Cleland, a young licentiate, but twenty one years of age, preached yesterday.

Monday July 3<sup>rd</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I have been sick for a few days past with a fever but I am convalescing very rapidly today that I may be able to go tomorrow to celebrate the Fourth in Eaton.

Tuesday July 4<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I am glad that I live today; that I live in the United States of America; and that I was permitted to share in the general rejoicing today. One hundred years ago today,

Wednesday July 4<sup>th</sup>, in the city of Philadelphia, the Declaration of Independence was read; and today, in the same Independence Hall, of the same city, the Declaration will be again read, from the original document. All over the land is a general holiday. No Fourth was ever before so universally celebrated. The boys, Lizzie, Susie and I went to Eaton, and a glorious day we spent. The celebration was held in the Fair grounds. The procession, formed in Eaton, came in about eleven. First came the Eaton Cornet Band; then a number of soldiers, dressed in revolutionary uniform; a large wagon from New Hope, and others. But the grandest feature of the procession was a large wagon, from Lewisburg, covered with flags, and containing a bevy of girls, drawn by one hundred horses. They drove around the race course, and thus a good view was obtained. Every horse had a rider. A handsomely decorated stage was erected in the edge of the grove. The meeting was opened by prayer. The Star Spangled Banner was sung, in which the audience was invited to join. John H. Boyce, of Fairhaven, was chosen President. T.A. Pollok of Camden, read the Declaration of Independence. After dinner, Judge Haines read the history of the county. Judge Gilmore gave an address. John Tompson, one of our old pioneers, sang two old songs. Altogether it was a glorious day, and I felt it was good to be there. Red, white and blue were the prevailing colors for decoration, and such an abundance of flags, I never before saw. Eaton was in holiday attire, and thousands of flags floated from her windows. Not to be behind, our boys had their horses handsomely adorned with small ones. We reached home, about eight o'clock, very tired, but well repaid for going.

Wednesday August 30<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I feel almost ashamed after a silence of almost two months, to take up my pen again. Nothing recorded since July 4<sup>th</sup>. Well my excuse is that nothing much worth noting has occurred, and the days, this summer, have been so unusually occupied, that I have not found time for writing. We have an unusual crop of fruit this year; even so dignified an authority, as the Agricultural Editor of the Cincinnati Gazette, affirming that never, within the memory of man before, was such a harvest of fruit known. Susie and I gathered blackberries, until we have more than sixty quarts. We have been, and are still drying large quantities of apples. Rev. W.H. French D.D., of Cincinnati, held communion at Hopewell August 20<sup>th</sup>. Two members were received on certificate, on examination, four; J.W. Paxton, Ida Grey, Melissa Brown, Mattie Murray. The latter was baptized. \_\_\_ Pa, Mother and Aunty were at Uncle John Millers last week. The rest of us were at home, having a nice, busy time. \_\_\_ And, oh yes! I must not forget our new bedrooms. We have had two new bedrooms built to the east end of our house a few weeks ago. We are as much pleased over them, as some people over an entire new house. \_\_\_ No effort is yet being made, to secure a minister for Hopewell. Mr. T. Fitzgerald preached last Sabbath, and in the evening at the Paxton School House, where we went to hear him.

Thursday Aug. 31<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Lizzie, Susie and I went to a temperance mass meeting, at College Corner, today. The attendance was not large, on account of the unpromising morning. The meeting was held in a grove, near the town. Addresses were made by Rev. Whalen, Aiken and others. The chief speaker was a noted temperance lecturer, Mrs. Robinson, from Greencastle Ind. She addressed the children in the morning, and the entire audience in the afternoon. Her address was excellent, and well listened to.

Thursday Aug. 31<sup>st</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ And now my book is about full, and only a few lines remain, wherein to close up this record of the past nine years and a half of my life. Nine years and a half! How fast they have flown! Why I seem almost a little girl again, and feel again the burning enthusiasm that thrilled me, as I began this record of my life. I have a new book ready to begin a new record tomorrow, if I choose. But I must close, hoping, praying, that in the future, as in the past, the Lord may watch over me, and keep me.

Nettie Harper

## Index

### A

<i>Abbots Young Christian</i> .....	13
Adams County .....	12
Adkins, Mr. [ <i>Jonathan T.</i> ].....	106
Aiken, Rev. [ <i>Alexander Scott</i> ] .....	112
Albany, Oregon.....	85, 111
Alleghany, Pennsylvania .....	88, 104
Allen, Mr. [ <i>James M.</i> ].....	109
American and Foreign Christian Union.....	5, 39, 66
American Bible Society .....	84
Anderson, Irwin M.....	88
Armstrong, Rev.....	104
Arnot, Rev. [ <i>Moses</i> ].....	88
Ashton, Rev. [ <i>Andrew Foster</i> ].....	93
Aten, Rev. ....	65, 82
Aten, Rev. A. [ <i>Adrian</i> ].....	104
Aten, Rev. J.L. ....	10, 101, 105
Aten, Rev. John [ <i>Long</i> ].....	85
Aten, Rev. Sr. ....	10, 97
Augusta, Maine.....	87
Auntie/Aunty .....	See Graham, Sarah Paxton

### B

Badar, Dock (Samuel)...	34, 35, 44, 45, 46, 48, 52, 53, 54, 59, 60, 62, 63, 64, 66, 68
Badar, Mary R. (Mrs.) .....	96
Badar, Will.....	46, 48
Badar, William F. ....	96
Bain, J.D. ....	21, 28
Bar (in Morning Sun).....	110
Barnet, Rev. Dr. ....	103
Barnhart, W.C.....	86
Baxter, Mr.....	87, 101
Baxter, Mrs. ....	87
Beechwoods.....	23, 53, 56, 64, 66, 71, 73, 77, 78, 80
Belgium .....	99
Bell, [ <i>Nathan Edward</i> ].....	20
Bell, Almira .....	12, 16
Bell, Eddie .....	44
Bell, Grandson of Henry .....	8
Bell, Harvey James .....	31
Bell, Lizzie.....	73
Bell, Mary .....	56, 73
Bell, Mary (Miss).....	20
Bell, Mr.....	17, 22
Bell, Mrs. ....	17, 20
Bell, Nancy .....	67, 70
Bell, Old Mrs. [ <i>Jane</i> ].....	7
Bell, Samuel.....	9, 10
Bellefontaine, Ohio.....	76
Bernard, Irene .....	12, 45, 48, 61, 63, 93
Bernard, J.....	68
Bernard, Male .....	45
Bernard, Nannie.....	12, 64, 73
Billingsville, Indiana.....	83
Black, Mr.....	83, 96

Black, Rev. J.F. [ <i>John Franklin</i> ].....	102
Blakey, Rev. ....	52
Bloomington, Indiana .....	86
Boal, Rev. ....	40, 43
Bonner, Rachel (Miss).....	7, 16
Bonner, Rev. John I. ....	38
Booth, J. Wilkes.....	31
Boston, Massachusetts .....	52
Bowers, Mr. ....	108
Boyce School.....	90
Boyce, John H.....	111
Brady, Willie .....	82, 83
Bratton, Miss .....	97
Brazil, Emperor Dom Pedro .....	110
Brazil, Empress of .....	110
Bridgeford, Dellie .....	82, 83
Bridgeford, Hattie.....	82, 83
Bristo, Joanna (Mrs.) .....	66
Brown boys.....	107
Brown Store .....	84
Brown, [ <i>Catherine</i> ].....	78
Brown, [ <i>Mary Vinolia</i> ] .....	20
Brown, Albert S. ....	62
Brown, Alice.....	97
Brown, Allie .....	99
Brown, Andie.....	46
Brown, Andie (Mrs.).....	46
Brown, Andrew.....	91
Brown, Ann (Mrs.) .....	62
Brown, Annie.....	107
Brown, Carrie .....	15
Brown, Clara.....	14, 33, 34, 35, 36, 54, 60, 72
Brown, Clate .....	106
Brown, Eliza .....	91
Brown, Emma .....	99
Brown, Fannie.....	99, 106
Brown, George.....	88
Brown, Grandmother [ <i>Elizabeth</i> ].....	18
Brown, Gratz .....	87
Brown, Gribbie .....	48, 54, 55, 79, 84
Brown, Israel .....	6
Brown, Israel (Mrs.) .....	20, 21
Brown, James.....	110
Brown, James A.....	64, 81, 94
Brown, James Sr. ....	88
Brown, James Sr. (Mrs.).....	65
Brown, John C. ....	62
Brown, Joseph.....	57, 64, 98
Brown, Katie (Miss) .....	78
Brown, Maggie .....	64
Brown, Melissa .....	112
Brown, Mrs. ....	54
Brown, Nannie.....	109
Brown, Nannie (Miss) .....	16
Brown, Nelson .....	32
Brown, Ollie .....	82
Brown, R.J. ....	54, 88
Brown, Rachel (Mrs.).....	106



## Index

Brown, Rev. John ..... 4  
 Brown, Rob Joe ..... 64, 72, 105  
 Brown, Scot ..... 65  
 Brown, Superintendent ..... 102  
 Brown, Thomas ..... 91, 102  
 Brown, Tommy ..... 78  
 Brown, Will ..... 97  
 Brown, William T. .... 62  
 Brownlee, Rev. J.D. .... 106, 107  
 Browse, Martin ..... 63  
 Buck, John ..... 77, 78  
 Buck, Minerva (Mrs.) ..... 20  
 Buck, Samuel ..... 31, 48, 63, 68, 70, 86  
 Buck, Sidney ..... 110  
 Buck, Thomas ..... 8, 84  
 Bush, J.H. .... 66

### C

Calcutta, India ..... 52  
 Caldwell, Martha ..... 78  
 Camden, Ohio ..... 34, 90, 111  
 Campbell, J. .... 90  
 Campbell, Mr. .... 60, 61  
 Campbell, Rev. R.G. .... 104  
 Carle, Lida ..... 7, 17  
 carpet, new ..... 18  
 Carson, Rev. [James G.] ..... 89  
 Carter, John ..... 87  
 Carter, Nelson ..... 97  
 Carter, Nice (Mrs.) ..... 97  
 Caskey, Mr. .... 8, 97, 102, 104  
 Caskey, Mrs. .... 41, 97, 103, 104  
 Caskey, R.J. (Mrs.) ..... 70  
 Caskey, William ..... 58, 81  
 Caskey, Willie ..... 104  
 Cedar Rapids Presbytery ..... 98  
 Cedarville, Ohio ..... 38, 71, 87, 88, 99  
 Census ..... 74  
 Centennial Exhibition ..... 110, 111  
 Charles, Lida ..... 6  
 Cherrie, Devonshire cow ..... 89  
 Chester, Rev. .... 90, 98  
 Chicago Fire ..... 83  
 Chicago, Illinois ..... 54, 89, 91  
 Chidlaw, Rev. .... 38, 59  
*Christian Instructor* ..... 76, 110  
 Cilley, Ella F. .... 104  
 Cincinnati Exposition ..... 96  
*Cincinnati Gazette* ..... 112  
 Cincinnati, Ohio ..... 58, 61, 85, 96, 98, 111, 112  
 Cleland, Rev. E.E. .... 111  
 Clinton County, Indiana ..... 99  
 Cloakey, Rev. [J.W.] ..... 81  
 Colclasier, Rev. .... 107  
 Coldsmith, Samuel ..... 16, 31  
 Colfax, Schyler ..... 28, 48

College Corner 11, 65, 71, 82, 83, 85, 92, 93, 96, 100,  
 105, 107, 108, 109, 110, 112  
 College Corner U.P. Church ..... 10, 65, 101  
 Colter, Mr. .... 21  
 Conger, Clayton ..... 32, 34  
 Connersville, Indiana ..... 33, 83, 107  
 Cook, [James] ..... 102  
 Cook, Jane (Miss) ..... 102  
 Cooper, Rev. J.H. .... 56, 60, 63, 65, 66, 67, 68, 71, 72,  
 73, 78, 79, 80, 87, 93, 97, 99, 102  
 Corngable, Lewis ..... 92  
 Coulter, Mary ..... 68  
 Covenanter Church ..... 30  
 Craig, Robert ..... 20  
 Cramer, Allie ..... 45  
 Cumminsville, Ohio ..... 88  
 Curran, Prof. .... 90

### D

Dallis, Miss ..... 71  
 Dancing ..... 77  
 Davidson, Dr. .... 55  
 Davis, Mr. (huxter) ..... 12  
 Dayton, Ohio ..... 99, 101  
 Decker, Han ..... 21, 76  
 Demand, Charley .... 34, 35, 45, 46, 48, 59, 61, 63, 64,  
 65, 67, 68, 84  
 Derrah, Charlie ..... 107  
 Derrah, Mr. .... 107  
 Dill, Joe ..... 44, 48, 49  
 Dill, Laura ..... 34, 35  
 Dill, Mrs. .... 36  
 Douglas, Jack ..... 68  
 Douglass, Anderson ..... 21  
 Douglass, Andie ..... 21, 95, 97, 103, 104  
 Douglass, Arthur ..... 95, 104  
 Douglass, Bell ..... 36, 99  
 Douglass, Ella ..... 95  
 Douglass, Ida ..... 95  
 Douglass, Mary [Ramsey] ..... 95  
 Douglass, Robert Annon ..... 66  
 Douglass, William Sr. .... 53  
 Due West, South Carolina ..... 88  
 Dysart, Rev. .... 86

### E

Eaton Cornet Band ..... 111  
 Eaton, Ohio ..... 8, 12, 75, 86, 90, 111  
 Ebenezer, Ohio ..... 12  
 Edgworth, G.H. .... 46, 48  
 Edgworth, Harvey ..... 34, 35, 45, 48  
 Edgworth, James ..... 88  
 Edgworth, John Riley ..... 48  
 Edgworths ..... 35, 48  
 Egypt ..... 97, 103  
 Election Day ..... 14, 43, 87  
 Elliot, [Elizabeth] ..... 71, 105

## Index

Elliot, Chalmers ..... 68  
 Elliot, David.....99, 101  
 Elliot, David R. ....85, 105  
 Elliot, Ed.....73, 106  
 Elliot, Edwin E..... 85  
 Elliot, H.H.....54, 63, 79  
 Elliot, Henrietta E. .... 31  
 Elliot, Hugh .....46, 48, 54, 71, 79, 90, 105  
 Elliot, Hugh (Mrs.) ..... 100  
 Elliot, J.A..... 72  
 Elliot, Mina E..... 85  
 Elliot, Mr. .... 73  
 Elliot, Mrs..... 86  
 Elliot, Priscilla ..... 22  
 Elliot, Rene ..... 71  
 Elliot, Retta .....63, 68, 107  
 Elliot, Rev. E. .... 90  
 Elliot, Sarah Essie ..... 66  
 Evans, [*Mary Ann, Mrs. William Smith*].....92, 93  
 Evans, [*Sarah J., Mrs. John A. Smith*] ..... 18

### F

Fair.....12, 75, 104  
 Fairhaven .... 5, 6, 9, 10, 12, 16, 19, 20, 26, 27, 28, 32,  
     34, 57, 64, 66, 77, 84, 85, 88, 90, 91, 93, 99, 109,  
     111  
 Fairhaven U.P. Church.....23, 33, 34, 64, 85  
 Ferrel, Martin..... 87  
 Fessenden, Prof..... 83  
 Fisher, Annie ..... 12, 30  
 Fisher, Jonnie..... 12  
 Fisher, Mary (Mrs.)..... 12  
 Fisher, Mr. .... 9, 57  
 Fisher, Mrs..... 24  
 Fisher, Willie ..... 30  
 Fitzgerald, Thomas .....103, 112  
 Foster, [*Hannah*].....71, 74  
 Foster, Benjamin N..... 85  
 Foster, Callie..... 92  
 Foster, Clara..... 66  
 Foster, Claude..... 71  
 Foster, Daisy ..... 99  
 Foster, Ella..... 106  
 Foster, James ..... 111  
 Foster, Leslie ..... 99  
 Foster, Libbie..... 12, 45, 48, 49, 52, 54, 73, 74  
 Foster, Maggie ..... 111  
 Foster, Martha (Mrs.)..... 111  
 Foster, Mattie..... 111  
 Foster, Rev. J.B.....59, 61, 62, 66, 88  
 Foster, Rev. James ..... 37  
 Foster, Sam ..... 64  
 Foster, Samuel .....71, 74, 110  
 Foster, Thomas Harper ..... 53  
 Foster, Will ..... 99  
 Fourth of July Celebration, 1876 ..... 111  
 France ..... 73

Frazee, Lewis.....46, 48  
 Frazee, Robert.....46, 48  
 French, Rev. W.H. ....85, 89, 98, 99, 112

### G

Gans, Dell ..... 90  
 Gans, John ..... 90  
 Gans, Lil ..... 90  
 Gans, Mrs..... 90  
*Gazette* ..... 6  
 Gibson, J.H. ....101, 102  
 Gilmore, [*Everett*]..... 5  
 Gilmore, [*Thomas*]..... 106  
 Gilmore, [*Willie*]..... 23  
 Gilmore, Dr..... 5  
 Gilmore, Jackson ..... 12  
 Gilmore, James ..... 20  
 Gilmore, Josie .....72, 87  
 Gilmore, Judge..... 111  
 Gilmore, Rie [*Rachel*]..... 92  
 Gilmore, Robert .....26, 89  
 Gilmore, Robert P..... 81  
 Gilmore, Sam..... 23  
 Goddard, Dr..... 100  
 Gordon, Alice (Miss) .....49, 51  
 Gordon, Rev.....49, 50, 51  
 Gordon, Rev. D.M. ....97, 98  
 Graham, B.F. .... 16  
 Graham, Betsy (Mrs.) ..... 9  
 Graham, Frank ..... 98  
 Graham, George..... 5  
 Graham, Grisella (Mrs.)..... 98  
 Graham, Isabella (Mrs.)..... 5  
 Graham, John..... 98  
 Graham, Lizzie .5, 6, 8, 12, 18, 36, 58, 62, 64, 65, 70,  
     71, 72, 74, 109  
 Graham, Mary (Mrs.).....4, 13, 18  
 Graham, Mich..... 98  
 Graham, Miss..... 45  
 Graham, Mr. .... 36  
 Graham, Mrs..... 49  
 Graham, Samuel .4, 6, 7, 8, 10, 12, 13, 21, 44, 45, 58,  
     61, 70, 74, 75, 76, 84, 86  
 Graham, Samuel (Mrs.) .....6, 13, 21  
 Graham, Sarah Paxton ..4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13,  
     14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 20, 21, 28, 32, 36, 39, 40, 41,  
     45, 52, 53, 55, 56, 57, 64, 68, 73, 84, 99, 102, 103,  
     104, 106, 110, 112  
 Graham, T..... 13  
 Graham, Thomas..... 16  
 Graham, Tom..... 12  
 Grant, U.S.....48, 87, 96, 110  
 Grasshoppers ..... 103  
 Gray ..... *See* Grey  
 Greely, Horace..... 87  
 Greencastle, Indiana ..... 112  
 Greenville, Pennsylvania ..... 97

## Index

Greenwood, Missouri ..... 76  
 Grey, A.B. .... 6, 8  
 Grey, Andie 6, 10, 20, 48, 57, 58, 66, 79, 87, 94, 102, 104, 106, 107, 109, 110  
 Grey, Andie (Mrs.) ..... 10, 16, 48. *See* Grey, Maggie  
 Grey, Andy ..... *See* Grey, Andie  
 Grey, David ..... 66  
 Grey, Dr. G.W. .... 111  
 Grey, George R. .... 8, 20, 48  
 Grey, Hattie ..... 85, 101, 110  
 Grey, I.H. .... 85  
 Grey, Ida ..... 112  
 Grey, infant son ..... 85  
 Grey, Israel 23, 79, 80, 81, 84, 94, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 108, 109, 110, 111  
 Grey, Israel (Mrs.) ..... 80  
 Grey, Lena ..... 111  
 Grey, Lina (Mrs.) ..... 111  
 Grey, Lorenzo E. .... 85, 88, 89  
 Grey, Maggie ..... 8, 20, 58  
 Grey, Mat. .... 66, 73, 80, 91  
 Grey, Mrs. .... 5, 57, 66  
 Grey, Robbie. .... 106, 107  
 Groves, Charley ..... 108  
 Groves, Dan ..... 108  
 Groves, Dave ..... 108  
 Groves, Mr. .... 108

### H

Haguewood, Amanda ..... 108  
 Haguewood, Mr. .... 108  
 Haines, Judge ..... 111  
 Hainey, Rev. .... 38  
 Hamilton Fair ..... 60, 87  
 Hamilton, Cal. .... 84  
 Hamilton, Clara Ionia ..... 10  
 Hamilton, Clarissa ..... 20  
 Hamilton, David ..... 55  
 Hamilton, Frankie (Miss) ..... 96  
 Hamilton, George ..... 20, 55  
 Hamilton, George (Mrs.) [*Hannah*] ..... 88  
 Hamilton, James ..... 10  
 Hamilton, Martha ..... 20  
 Hamilton, Mary (Miss) ..... 20  
 Hamilton, Mary Ann ..... 106  
 Hamilton, Newel ..... 45, 46, 48, 53, 54, 58, 62, 66, 67  
 Hamilton, Ohio ..... 55, 78, 97  
 Hamilton, R.C. .... 85, 86, 89, 94, 101  
 Hamilton, Robert C. .... 85  
 Hamilton, Rutherford ..... 46  
 Hamilton, S.N. .... 48, 53, 54, 62  
 Hamilton, S.R. .... 54  
 Hamilton, Samuel ..... 81, 84  
 Hamilton, Sarah ..... 10  
 Hamilton, William ..... 110  
 Hare, Rev. .... 44  
 Harman, Melissa (Mrs.) ..... 66

Harman, W. .... 68  
 Harman, William ..... 66  
 Harper, [*Rachel Paxton (aunt)*] ..... 10, 15  
 Harper, [*Thomas M.*] ..... 15  
 Harper, Baby ..... *See* Harper, Mina  
 Harper, Charley ..... 7, 9, 12, 28, 32, 34, 36, 38, 41, 45, 46, 49, 52, 75, 85, 87, 96, 100, 103, 104  
 Harper, Ella ..... 65  
 Harper, Emma ... 5, 6, 9, 10, 15, 16, 18, 19, 26, 27, 28, 29  
 Harper, Emma (daughter of cousin James Harper). 65  
 Harper, George ..... 80, 83, 99, 100  
 Harper, Grannie (Pa's aunt) ..... 42, 57, 65, 92  
 Harper, Hattie ..... 17  
 Harper, Hannah Elizabeth ..... *See* Harper, Lizzie  
 Harper, Hattie 6, 10, 16, 17, 44, 45, 61, 64, 70, 71, 77, 79, 80  
 Harper, Irene . 5, 6, 7, 8, 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 21, 26, 28, 29, 31, 32, 34, 36, 40, 44, 45, 46, 49, 53, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 66, 67, 70, 71, 73, 74, 81, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 89, 91, 93, 95, 96  
 Harper, James (cousin) ..... 10, 57, 65  
 Harper, James G. 4, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 16, 19, 20, 21, 23, 25, 27, 28, 32, 33, 34, 39, 41, 43, 45, 52, 54, 60, 61, 62, 64, 71, 72, 74, 75, 81, 83, 85, 87, 92, 96, 103, 106, 110, 112  
 Harper, Jane ..... 65, 75, 83, 85  
 Harper, Janie ..... *See* Harper, Sarah Jane  
 Harper, John ..... 80, 83, 87  
 Harper, John G. .... 104  
 Harper, Laura (cousin) ..... 13, 15  
 Harper, Leemma ..... *See* Harper, Emma  
 Harper, Lizzie ... 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 11, 12, 13, 19, 22, 24, 26, 28, 31, 32, 34, 35, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 45, 46, 47, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 60, 63, 67, 73, 74, 77, 81, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 91, 93, 95, 96, 97, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112  
 Harper, Margaret Ann Paxton ..... 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 17, 18, 20, 21, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 32, 34, 36, 38, 39, 41, 43, 45, 46, 49, 52, 53, 55, 60, 63, 64, 68, 73, 74, 85, 87, 91, 93, 95, 99, 102, 103, 105, 106, 108, 110, 111, 112  
 Harper, Martha ..... *See* Harper, Mattie  
 Harper, Mary ..... 42, 77, 79, 81, 83, 91  
 Harper, Mary L. .... 17  
 Harper, Mattie ..... 6, 58, 75, 79, 83  
 Harper, Milburn (cousin) ..... 65  
 Harper, Mina ..... 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 17, 21, 22, 23, 26, 28, 29, 32, 34, 36, 40, 43, 45, 55, 56, 60, 67, 79, 84, 86, 88, 90, 93, 95, 100, 104, 108, 109  
 Harper, Nate ..... *See* Harper, Nathan  
 Harper, Nathan ... 4, 6, 8, 9, 12, 16, 17, 19, 22, 23, 28, 32, 34, 41, 45, 46, 49, 52, 54, 58, 60, 65, 66, 70, 87, 93, 103, 106, 108  
 Harper, Nettie ... 16, 33, 34, 35, 39, 44, 45, 46, 48, 53, 54, 58, 61, 63, 64, 67, 68, 71, 72, 74, 76, 100  
 Harper, Nettie (Mrs.) ..... 100

## Index

Harper, Rene.....*See* Harper, Irene  
 Harper, Sadie.....*See* Harper, Sarah Jane  
 Harper, Sam.....9, 43, 61, 87, 101  
 Harper, Sarah Jane 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 12, 15, 21, 22, 27, 28,  
 33, 34, 36, 40, 46, 55, 56, 57, 60, 79, 84, 85, 86,  
 87, 88, 93, 95, 104, 106, 108, 109  
 Harper, Sue.....*See* Harper, Susie  
 Harper, Sumner.....42, 82, 83  
 Harper, Susie ..3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 10, 12, 19, 21, 22, 23, 28,  
 32, 34, 36, 39, 40, 45, 46, 55, 57, 60, 63, 67, 73,  
 93, 95, 102, 104, 105, 109, 110, 111, 112  
 Harper, Talitha..... 72  
 Harper, Thomas ..... 92  
 Harper, Uncle Dr. (Thomas) .6, 17, 42, 58, 75, 79, 81,  
 83, 85, 89, 93, 100, 103  
 Harper, Uncle Dr. [*Thomas*] ..... 6  
 Harre, Rev..... 8  
 Harris, Dr.....104, 105, 108  
 Harris, General [*Andrew*]..... 14  
 Harris, James (Mrs.) ..... 5  
 Hart, James .....46, 49  
 Hawes, Laura .....63, 68  
 Hawley, \_\_\_\_\_..... 46  
 Hawley, Frank.....49, 56  
 Hawley, Mont..... 49  
 Hawley, Steve..... 87  
 Hayes, Will ..... 86  
 Hays, Rutherford B.....14, 15, 111  
 Hays, Will.....48, 52, 54  
 Herron, Calvin ..... 31  
 Herron, Mary ..... 62  
 Hill, Jerome ..... 88  
 Hindoo Exhibition ..... 49  
 Hockersmith, Charley .....68, 92  
 Hockersmith, Michael S. .... 31  
 Hockersmith, Samuel..... 10  
 Hoehandle, Frank..... 83  
 Holland ..... 89  
 Hood, Anna.....45, 49  
 Hopewell... 4, 8, 16, 17, 23, 33, 34, 40, 41, 46, 48, 49,  
 52, 53, 55, 56, 60, 63, 64, 65, 69, 71, 74, 75, 77,  
 79, 81, 83, 84, 86, 88, 89, 91, 92, 93, 94, 96, 97,  
 98, 99, 100, 101, 103, 106, 107, 109, 112  
 Hopewell membership ..... 96  
 Hornaday, Lurten D. ....33, 34, 35, 45, 46, 49  
 Howyer, Maggie ..... 108  
 Huston, John .....49, 63

### I

Ices, Mr..... 107  
 India.....49, 50, 52  
 Indian Creek, Indiana.....4, 8, 10, 34, 57  
 Iowa .....6, 106  
 Iowa, Oscalossa ..... 56  
 Ireland..... 98  
 Ireland, Emma [*Swan Oar*]..... 84  
 Ireland, M.S. ....99, 101

Irwin, Mr. [*Robert*] ..... 99

### J

Jackson, Porter..... 78  
 Jackson, Rev. H.P. .... 105  
 Jaqua, Reuben..... 86  
 Jews ..... 12, 76, 89, 92, 95  
 Johnson, Andrew (President).....19, 28  
 Johnson, Lida (Miss) ..... 21  
 Johnson, Lissa..... 73  
 Johnson, Lizzie ..... 9  
 Johnson, Maggie..... 68  
 Johnson, Miss ..... 77  
 Johnson, Mr. .... 15  
 Johnson, Rob .....46, 49, 63, 68, 92  
 Johnson, W. .... 15  
 Johnson, Will .....46, 49, 87  
 Jonson, Maggie..... 63

### K

Kansas.....48, 58, 61, 75, 99, 100, 104  
 Kempell, Anna (Mrs.)..... 70  
 Kennedy, Rev. .... 81  
 Kinkaide, Mr..... 78  
 Kirkoff, Mr. .... 17  
 Knightstown, Indiana..... 36  
 Kohler, Mr. .... 12  
 Kopp, Mr. .... 110  
 Kramer, Alice ..... 49

### L

Ladies Freedmen's Aid Society..... 11  
 Larsh, Jimmy ..... 12  
 Leiper, Mr. .... 31  
 Leiper, Rev. J.H. .... 55  
 Lemorrey, Mr.....35, 36  
 Lewisburg, Ohio ..... 111  
 Liberty, Indiana.....7, 14, 81  
 Lincoln Institue, Missouri..... 76  
 Lincoln, Abraham .....31, 96  
 Lindley, Althea A. (aunt)..... 7  
 Livingston, Dr..... 4  
 London, England..... 98  
 Lucas, Newton ..... 66  
 Lybrook, Alice.....34, 35, 45, 48, 49, 88  
 Lybrook, Anna Maria ..... 13, 14  
 Lybrook, E. .... 34  
 Lybrook, Huston ..... 46  
 Lybrook, Leander .....46, 49, 63, 68, 88  
 Lybrook, Mattie .....34, 35, 45, 48, 49

### M

Magaw, [*James*]..... 84  
 Magee, Albert ..... 76  
 Magee, Cinda.....73, 76, 89

## Index

- Magee, James..... 19  
 Magee, James (Mrs.)..... 19  
 Magee, James M. ....10, 15  
 Magee, Jim.....83, 87  
 Magee, Lucinda .....79, 100  
 Magee, Mrs. .... 89  
 Mann, Ann ..... 6  
 Mann, John Albert ..... 96  
 Mann, Melia..... 87  
 Mann, William.....92, 99  
 Mansur, R.M..... 87  
 Marshall ..... *See* Marshel  
 Marshel, [*Margery Semple*] ..... 89  
 Marshel, [*Robert*]..... 89  
 Marshel, [*Wilbur Scott*]..... 76  
 Marshel, Amelia (Mrs.) ..... 92  
 Marshel, David ..... 21  
 Marshel, Ella..... 92  
 Marshel, Eva .....45, 49, 92  
 Marshel, John.. 8, 9, 19, 30, 33, 35, 43, 47, 48, 52, 53, 54, 55, 60, 61, 63, 65, 68, 72, 74, 75, 77, 81, 86, 89  
 Marshel, Joseph ..... 26  
 Marshel, Joseph L. .... 92  
 Marshel, Maggie (Miss)..... 89  
 Marshel, Maggie E. (Mrs.)..... 31, 47, 52, 61, 65, 75  
 Marshel, Mary.... 34, 35, 44, 45, 48, 49, 52, 54, 59, 61  
 Marshel, Mary (Miss) ..... 94  
 Marshel, Mary C. .... 34  
 Marshel, Matthew ..... 92  
 Marshel, Robert William ..... 65  
 Marshel, Sam ..... 62  
 Marshel, Sarah (Miss)..... 18  
 Marshel, Sarah (Mrs.)..... 11  
 Marshel, Tillie.....43, 45, 49, 52, 54  
 Marshel, Will ..... 34, 46, 48, 49, 52, 87  
 Marshel, William ..... 92  
 M<sup>c</sup>Ayeal, Rev..... 56  
 M<sup>c</sup>Caughan, Mr. .... 6  
 M<sup>c</sup>Clenethan, Andrew..... 14  
 M<sup>c</sup>Clenethan, John ..... 87  
 M<sup>c</sup>Clenethan, Mr..... 15  
 M<sup>c</sup>Clurkin, H. .... 75  
 M<sup>c</sup>Coan, Annie ..... 73  
 M<sup>c</sup>Collum, James..... 22  
 M<sup>c</sup>Cracken Store..... 84  
 M<sup>c</sup>Cracken, Isaac .....12, 81  
 M<sup>c</sup>Cracken, Mrs. .... 13  
 M<sup>c</sup>Creary, Anna ..... 87  
 M<sup>c</sup>Creary, Hattie .....54, 87  
 M<sup>c</sup>Creary, James .....75, 102  
 M<sup>c</sup>Creary, James (Mrs.)..... 75  
 M<sup>c</sup>Creary, Jennie..... 78  
 M<sup>c</sup>Creary, Maggie..... 14, 33, 34, 35, 36, 60, 80, 87  
 M<sup>c</sup>Dill, [*Jennie Caldwell*] ..... 25  
 M<sup>c</sup>Dill, George..... 17  
 M<sup>c</sup>Dill, H.M..... 48  
 M<sup>c</sup>Dill, Hugh ..... 88  
 M<sup>c</sup>Dill, John.....34, 35, 45, 46, 68, 79, 109  
 M<sup>c</sup>Dill, Mary (Mrs.)..... 86  
 M<sup>c</sup>Dill, Milton .....46, 49, 68  
 M<sup>c</sup>Dill, Mr. .... 65  
 M<sup>c</sup>Dill, Newton.....46, 49  
 M<sup>c</sup>Dill, Rev. A.T..... 96  
 M<sup>c</sup>Dill, Rev. David .....27, 60, 70, 72  
 M<sup>c</sup>Dill, Rev. N.C. .... 25, 103  
 M<sup>c</sup>Dill, Walter ..... 73  
 M<sup>c</sup>Divett, Eli .....34, 35  
 M<sup>c</sup>Donald, Rev. .... 58  
 M<sup>c</sup>Farland, Rev. .... 95  
 M<sup>c</sup>Hatton, Bertice ..... 99  
 M<sup>c</sup>Hatton, Rev. ...3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 11, 12, 13, 14, 16, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 79, 81, 85, 86, 88, 89, 90, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102  
 M<sup>c</sup>Millan, John ..... 87  
 M<sup>c</sup>Millen, D.A. .... 54  
 M<sup>c</sup>Nary, Rev. J.W..... 101  
 M<sup>c</sup>Neely, Ed..... 101  
 M<sup>c</sup>Quiston, Allie ..... 109  
 M<sup>c</sup>Quiston, Andie ..... 20  
 M<sup>c</sup>Quiston, Anna ..... 20  
 M<sup>c</sup>Quiston, Annie ..... 89  
 M<sup>c</sup>Quiston, Eliza J. .... 84  
 M<sup>c</sup>Quiston, Eva .....20, 89  
 M<sup>c</sup>Quiston, Florence ..... 87  
 M<sup>c</sup>Quiston, Ida..... 20  
 M<sup>c</sup>Quiston, Lina..... 18, 78, 87  
 M<sup>c</sup>Quiston, Maggie..... 63  
 M<sup>c</sup>Quiston, Mary .....89, 109  
 M<sup>c</sup>Quiston, Mattie..... 8  
 M<sup>c</sup>Quiston, Mr. [*David, Sr.*] ...3, 6, 10, 20, 24, 26, 32, 45, 64, 68  
 M<sup>c</sup>Quiston, Mrs. [*Margaret Hamilton*].....37, 64, 89  
 M<sup>c</sup>Quiston, Robbie ..... 18, 85, 87, 99  
 M<sup>c</sup>Quiston, Samuel ..... 78  
 M<sup>c</sup>Quiston, Sarah [*Margaret*] ..... 31  
 M<sup>c</sup>Quiston, T. .... 6, 8, 16, 41, 59, 61, 78, 82, 86  
 M<sup>c</sup>Quiston, Talitha Harper.... 7, 10, 16, 18, 40, 78, 79, 83, 87, 89, 93  
 M<sup>c</sup>Quiston, Thomas ..5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 12, 13, 16, 18, 21, 23, 28, 37, 42, 44, 49, 53, 58, 65, 66, 68, 71, 73, 75, 77, 78, 79, 81, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 89, 96  
 M<sup>c</sup>Quiston, William ..... 14, 15, 26, 28, 109  
 M<sup>c</sup>Quiston, William (Mrs.) [*Mary Bonner*] ..... 20  
 Medicine Pedler ..... 10  
 Michigan .....12, 71  
 Miller, Ada (cousin)..... 42  
 Miller, Addie (cousin) .....107, 108  
 Miller, Annie .....82, 83  
 Miller, Belle..... 108  
 Miller, Bower (cousin).....107, 108  
 Miller, Cassander Paxton (aunt) .....42, 87, 107, 108



## Index

Miller, Elijah..... 108  
 Miller, Ella (cousin).....42, 107, 108  
 Miller, Ellie.....82, 83  
 Miller, George (cousin).....87, 89, 107, 108  
 Miller, Grannie ..... 108  
 Miller, John (uncle) .....42, 87, 107, 108, 112  
 Miller, Jonny (cousin)..... 107, 108  
 Miller, Martha..... 108  
 Miller, Mrs..... 82  
 Miller, Proffesor ..... 93  
 Miller, Scot .....82, 83  
 Miller, Willie .....82, 83  
 Missouri ..... 19, 44, 76, 79  
 Mitchel, John ..... 61  
 Monmoth, Illinois .....98, 99, 107  
 Moore, John ..... 78  
 Moore, Thomas..... 78  
 Morehead, Rev..... 39  
 Moren, Addie..... 92  
 Morey, Elwood ..... 79  
 Morison, Rev. .... 5  
 Morning Sun8, 11, 12, 15, 33, 74, 84, 88, 89, 99, 109, 110  
 Morning Sun Academy .....6, 9, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 19, 29, 35, 36, 38, 41, 46, 51, 53, 54, 64, 65, 69, 71, 72, 76, 77, 79, 83, 85, 91, 93, 97, 98, 100, 101, 103, 104, 105, 106, 110, 111  
 Morning Sun Academy Examination Day ..35, 45, 54, 63, 100  
 Morning Sun Academy Exhibition (Philomathean Society) .....29, 49, 69, 77, 84, 101  
 Morning Sun Academy Reunion .....54, 72, 79, 85  
 Morning Sun Reformed Presbyterian Church..... 75  
 Morning Sun U.P. Church .....91, 97, 98, 99, 102, 109  
 Morrisson, Rev. Marion ..... 103  
 Morton, Rev..... 88  
 Mother .....*See Harper, Margaret Ann Paxton*  
 Munns, Grace..... 103  
 Munroe.....89, 93  
 Murray, Al ..... 52  
 Murray, Alice.....45, 48, 49, 54, 63, 70, 88  
 Murray, Elizabeth (Mrs.) ..... 44  
 Murray, Ella..... 12, 34, 35  
 Murray, Joe (Miss)..... 30  
 Murray, Mattie..... 112  
 Murray, Mr. .... 35  
 Murray, Nettie..... 12, 14, 34, 35, 36, 60, 109  
 Murrays..... 69  
 Myers, Docia ..... 13  
 Myers, John ..... 8, 14

### N

Napoleon..... 80  
 Nary, John..... 84  
 Nell, old grey horse.....49, 91  
 New Hope, Ohio ..... 111  
 New York .....91, 97, 111

New York City..... 12  
*New York Sun*..... 75  
*New York World*..... 75  
 Newcastle, Indiana.....107, 108  
 Newton, James .....91, 110  
 Niccum, Henry.....34, 35, 46, 49  
 Notre Dame Cathedral ..... 98

### O

Oar, John.....38, 84  
 Oar, John (Mrs.)..... 38  
 Ochletree, John C..... 67  
 Ochletree, Rilla ..... 103  
 Ochletree, Samuel.....63, 64, 103  
 Orebaugh, [*Susan*] ..... 15  
 Ormond, Rev. .... 52  
 Ormsby, Professor ..... 90  
 Orr.....*See Oar*  
 Owens, [*Cora*] ..... 9  
 Owens, John..... 5, 18  
 Owens, John (Mrs.)..... 9  
 Owens, Mary .....5, 18, 74  
 Owens, Mollie..... 8  
 Owens, Mr. .... 6, 36  
 Owens, Will .....34, 35, 46, 48, 49, 68  
 Ozer, Cinda..... 12  
 Oxford U.P. Church ..... 96  
 Oxford, Ohio..... 18, 39, 61, 64, 70, 71, 77, 78, 80, 86, 87, 88, 92, 95, 98, 103

### P

Pa. .... *See Harper, James G.*  
 Paris, France .....80, 98  
 Pastoral visitation.....25, 67  
 Patterson, Rev., M.D..... 86  
 Paxton District School .....84, 112  
 Paxton, [*Andrew*] Bower (uncle) .....62, 108  
 Paxton, Albert (cousin of Mother's) ..... 36  
 Paxton, Aleck..... 80  
 Paxton, Billy (uncle)..... 71  
 Paxton, Dave.....63, 68, 105  
 Paxton, David ..... 66  
 Paxton, Delcena .....17, 85  
 Paxton, Hiram (cousin of Mother's) ..... 41  
 Paxton, J.W..... 112  
 Paxton, Rob .....63, 68  
 Paxton, Robert ..... 62  
 Paxton, S. Graham (cousin) ..... 108  
 Paxton, Samuel ..... 81  
 Paxton, Samuel (Mrs.) ..... 4  
 Paxton, Thomas ..... 71  
 Paxton, Tip..... 109  
 Paxton, Victoria ..... 91  
 Philadelphia .....103, 110  
 Pierce, Sue .....109, 110  
 Pierson, Lizzie ..... 9  
 Pierson, Nettie..... 99

## Index

Pinkerton, [Robert] ..... 84  
 Pinkerton, James (Mrs.) ..... 5  
 Pollok, Mr. .... 90  
 Pollok, T.A. .... 111  
 Pope Pius IX ..... 73, 75  
 Pottinger, John ..... 63, 68  
 Prentiss, Mr. .... 86  
 Presbytery ..... 30, 55, 62, 75, 85, 87, 89, 91, 100, 101  
 Pressley, Dr. .... 88, 104, 107  
 Prussia ..... 73  
 Punjab, India ..... 52

### R

Ramsey, Beckie ..... 9, 17, 45, 58  
 Ramsey, David ..... 66, 81  
 Ramsey, David (Mrs.) ..... 66  
 Ramsey, David Jr. .... 15, 66  
 Ramsey, Ella ..... 17  
 Ramsey, Frankie ..... 101  
 Ramsey, Gilmore ..... 82  
 Ramsey, Hugh ..... 15, 104  
 Ramsey, Jack ..... 21  
 Ramsey, James ..... 84  
 Ramsey, Joe ..... 54, 68, 73  
 Ramsey, John ..... 42, 95  
 Ramsey, John (Mrs.) ..... 7, 46  
 Ramsey, John Jr. .... 6, 69  
 Ramsey, John Sr. .... 62  
 Ramsey, Joseph S. .... 31  
 Ramsey, Mary ..... 21, 95  
 Ramsey, Mary A. (Mrs.) ..... 66  
 Ramsey, Mattie ..... 49, 69, 95, 97, 99, 103, 104, 110  
 Ramsey, Mr. . 7, 11, 16, 18, 20, 25, 30, 34, 36, 76, 79,  
     87, 89, 95, 96, 97, 103, 105, 109  
 Ramsey, Mrs. .... 11, 67, 109  
 Ramsey, Rebekah (Miss) ..... *See* Ramsey, Beckie  
 Ramsey, Rev. S.M. .... 53, 54  
 Ramsey, Rev. Samuel ..... 71, 91, 103  
 Ramsey, Samuel ..... 30  
 Randals, Rev. .... 54, 55  
 Rankin, [Jeremiah S.] ..... 24  
 Rankin, Jerry ..... 64  
 Rankin, John ..... 66  
 Rankin, Melissa ..... 45, 49, 63, 68, 89  
 Rankin, Mrs. [Mary Jane Sloan] ..... 24, 27  
 Rankin, Samuel ..... 64  
 Rankins ..... 79  
 Register ..... 3, 4, 14, 36, 88, 90, 100  
 Republican National Convention ..... 111  
 Reynolds, Will ..... 70  
 Richie, Rev. .... 9, 41  
 Richie, W.N. .... 110  
 Richmond, Indiana ..... 55, 81  
 Richmond, Indiana U.P. Church ..... 93, 98  
 Robertson, Mary (Mrs.) ..... 100  
 Robinson, David ..... 100  
 Robinson, Mrs. .... 112

Rock, [Leurina] ..... 20  
 Rock, Bower (Mrs.) ..... 20  
 Rodgers, Rev. .... 81  
 Rogers, Rev. .... 39  
 Roman Catholics ..... 5, 66, 80, 84, 86, 95  
 Rome, Italy ..... 99  
 Ron, Rev. Randal ..... 76  
 Ross, Rev. M.L. .... 103  
 Rossiter, Rev. .... 5, 39, 66  
 Rrishie, Rev. .... 58  
 Rush County, Indiana ..... 86  
 Ryburn, Agnew G. .... 33, 34, 35, 46, 49

### S

Sanson, Rev. .... 53  
 Schenck ..... 43  
 School No. 5 Closing Exercises ..... 73  
 School No. 6 Closing Exercises ..... 73  
 Schyler, Prof. .... 90  
 Scot, George Washington ..... 49, 52  
 Scot, Jos. .... 7  
 Scot, Marcus ..... 87  
 Scot, Mr. .... 104  
 Scotland ..... 98  
 Scouller, Rev. .... 9, 29, 34, 66, 70, 109  
 Sears, Victoria Paxton ..... 91  
 Seattle, Washington Territory ..... 88  
 Semple, Mrs. [Sarah] ..... 88  
 Senior, Rev. .... 41  
 Shaw, Dave ..... 106  
 Shaw, Emma L. .... 34, 35  
 Shaw, Vinolia A. .... 31, 33, 34, 35, 45, 49, 61, 63, 68,  
     72, 84, 90, 105  
 Sheely, Retta (Miss) ..... 30, 36, 45, 65  
 Shepherd, Mr. .... 90  
 Shiloh Congregation ..... 86  
 Simpson, [Mary Jane] ..... *See* Paxton, Samuel (Mrs.)  
 Simpson, Bishop ..... 110  
 Simpson, Dr. George ..... 30, 69  
 Simpson, Elihu ..... 34, 35, 36, 93, 105  
 Simpson, Elizabeth H. (Mrs.) ..... 10  
 Simpson, George W. .... 10  
 Simpson, Hattie ..... 5  
 Simpson, John ..... 59  
 Simpson, Josie ..... 8, 14, 41, 55, 57, 76  
 Simpson, Josiphene ..... 66  
 Simpson, Lida ..... 8, 67, 73, 76, 77, 110  
 Simpson, Lizzie (Mrs.) ..... 55  
 Simpson, Maggie ..... 62, 70, 72, 89, 93, 99  
 Simpson, Martha (Mrs.) ..... 42  
 Simpson, Mr. .... 15, 21, 25, 30, 65, 75, 76, 110  
 Simpson, Mrs. .... 11, 77  
 Simpson, Rev. E.C. .... 98, 101  
 Simpson, Rob. .... 46, 49, 70, 93  
 Simpson, Robert James ..... 31  
 Simpson, Theodore ..... 9, 10  
 Simpson, William ..... 8, 48, 59, 87

## Index

Sliver, Winnie (Tops) .....63, 68  
 Sloan, [*Mary Caldwell*]..... 79  
 Sloan, Alf..... 65  
 Sloan, Betsey ..... 18  
 Sloan, Dr.....46, 79  
 Sloan, George ..... 87  
 Sloan, James .....46, 49, 66, 68, 79, 84  
 Sloan, John..... 78  
 Sloan, Nathan..... 20  
 Smith, Albert ..... 92  
 Smith, Charlie..... 18, 34  
 Smith, Ella ..... 92  
 Smith, Emma ..... 88  
 Smith, Ettie ..... 92  
 Smith, Grace Munns (Mrs.) ..... 103  
 Smith, J.B. ....45, 46, 48, 53, 54  
 Smith, James B. ....49, 93  
 Smith, John (Mrs.) ..... 18  
 Smith, John A. .... 18, 34, 85, 93  
 Smith, Joseph..... 11  
 Smith, Mattie .....63, 105  
 Smith, Mr..... 81  
 Smith, Mrs. (aunt of Samuel Wylie)..... 16  
 Smith, Polly (aunt) [*Mary G. Paxton*] ....9, 11, 18, 34,  
 36, 93  
 Smith, William..... 5, 20, 79, 91, 92, 103, 109  
 Smith, William (Mrs.).....92, 93  
 Solar eclipse..... 57  
 South Carolina ..... 38  
 Spain ..... 73  
 Spurgeon, Rev..... 98  
 St. Giles, Scotland..... 100  
 St. Pauls Cathedral..... 100  
 Stannah, Sweets (Mrs.) ..... 90  
 Stanton, Rev..... 64  
 Stewart, Jane ..... 92  
 Stewart, Morrow ..... 85  
 Stewart, O.V. ....97, 98, 101  
 Sugar Valley, Ohio ..... 32  
 Swan, [*Emma*]..... 38  
 Swan, Maggie (Miss)..... 19  
 Swan, W.C..... 84  
 Swan, Wm. ....5, 9, 10, 15, 18, 19, 26  
 Sycamore, Ohio .....31, 55, 83, 85, 87, 101  
 Syria..... 86

### T

Taylor, Frank .....82, 83  
 Taylor, Rev. [*James Walker*] ..... 62  
 Teacher Institute ..... 90  
 Teacher's examination ..... 81  
 Teague, \_\_\_\_\_ ..... 46  
 Teague, Andrew..... 49  
 Teague, Will ..... 49  
 Temperance Meeting ..... 112  
 Temple, Charley ..... 58  
 Tennessee..... 76

Thanksgiving .....19, 44, 61, 98  
 Thurman, Judge ..... 14  
 Tieg/Teig ..... *See* Teague  
 Tompson, John..... 111  
 Topeka, Kansas..... 102  
 Trisse, Rev. A.C..... 12, 89  
 Tuition ..... 67  
 Turnbull, Rev. J.H. .... 107  
 Tyler-Davidson Fountain ..... 96

### U

Union .....14, 15  
 Union County, Indiana.....14, 82, 92

### V

Valandingham..... 43  
 Valley Junction, Hamilton County, Ohio ..... 104  
 Versailles, France ..... 99  
 Vienea, Indiana ..... 67

### W

Wade, B. .... 28  
 Wade, Rev. .... 44  
 Walker, Mr..... 19, 20  
 Wallace, Aggie ..... 98  
 Wallace, Col. .... 98  
 Wallace, George .....46, 49, 63, 66, 68  
 Wallace, Katie..... 97  
 Wallace, Mr. .... 61  
 Warren County, Ohio..... 21  
 Weber, Mr..... 100  
 Wellsville, Ohio ..... 106  
 Welsh, Rev..... 10, 25, 44  
 Welsher, Mr. .... 78  
 West Elkton, Ohio ..... 33  
 Western Female Seminary ..... 78  
 Western Tract and Book Society .....90, 95, 98  
 Westminster Abbey .....98, 100  
 Whalen, Rev. .... 112  
 Wheeler, William A..... 111  
 White, Mr. [*Levi E.*]..... 97  
 Whiteman, Rebekah (great, great aunt) ..... 7  
 Whiteman, Rebekah (Miss) ..... 6  
 Whiteside, Charley .....46, 48, 49, 63  
 Whittier, John G..... 110  
 Wiley, Prof. W.T. .... 107  
 Williams, James Lawrence ..... 10  
 Williams, Lewis..... 10  
 Williams, Mary ..... 10  
 Williams, Mrs. .... 81  
 Williamson, Rev. .... 76  
 Wilson, Annie .....99, 106  
 Wilson, David ..... 100  
 Wilson, Eva F. .... 66  
 Wilson, Frank [*Miss Francenia*]..... 106  
 Wilson, George..... 82

## Index

Wilson, Hannah ..... 49  
Wilson, Hannah O. (Mrs.) .....70, 76  
Wilson, Henry ..... 87  
Wilson, J.S. .... 72  
Wilson, Jennie (Miss) ..... 11  
Wilson, Joe ..... 12  
Wilson, John .....21, 76  
Wilson, Mr. ....81, 82, 83  
Wilson, Nathan .....66, 79, 99  
Wilson, R.A. ....54, 59, 64  
Wilson, Rob 45, 47, 49, 52, 53, 54, 59, 60, 61, 63, 64,  
66, 67, 68, 70, 72  
Wilson, Robert .....21, 31, 34, 35, 46, 86  
Wilson, Robert M. ....96, 101  
Wilson, Sallie ..... 90  
Wilson, Scot ..... 54  
Wilson, Susan H. (Mrs.) ..... 18  
Wright, Gilbert .....46, 49, 92  
Wright, Infant of John ..... 8  
Wright, James ..... 47  
Wright, Maggie .....55, 106

Wright, Mr. .... 10  
Wright, William ..... 8  
Wright, Willie .....55, 73, 101, 106  
Wylie, Mr. .... 105  
Wylie, Samuel ..... 16

### X

Xenia, Ohio .....5, 62, 83, 89, 90, 105  
Xenia, Ohio Theological Seminary ..... 84

### Y

Young, Abe .....46, 49, 63  
Young, Howard ..... 83  
Young, Lulu ..... 83  
Young, Oren .....46, 49  
Young, Rev. Samuel ..... 91  
Young, Sam .....46, 49  
*Youth Companion* .....3, 4, 5, 7, 87

## End Notes

From Nettie's Journal: 1874 Thursday July 9<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ These are golden days this summer, I expect; if I only knew it. We are all at home together. How long this may be the case, I do not know. But in all probability we must some day be scattered, far apart perhaps. Then perhaps we will look back with pleasure, to these halcyon days, when brothers and sisters met with father around the family altar; when we were all young and scarce touched by a care, or sorrow. Soon the boys will be men, and the little girls young ladies. ....I wonder, sometimes, who shall first be called home from our household band. Shall he be far away, and the rest here, or shall he be here, and the rest far away. But what ever befalls us here, let us hope we shall all meet in heaven an unbroken band.

The first to leave the "unbroken band" was Mother Margaret Ann Paxton Harper who died December 21, 1876, a few months after Nettie's last entry, at age 47. The next summer on August 11, 1877, Nettie died. Lizzie died on June 24, 1880. It is assumed that, as Nettie wrote so often, that "consumption was the disease". All are buried in Hopewell Cemetery along with Samuel "Haddie" & an infant son who died in 1861.

Irene became the fourth wife of Thomas McQuiston, and they were the parents of Cora Talitha, Clayton Harper (married Pearl DeArmond), Marion Miller (married Elsie Coulter), & Maytie Irene McQuiston. Irene also raised Robbie, Lina, & Florence, children of her cousin Talitha & Thomas. Rob married Anna Belle Weed in 1887. Lina died in 1883 and Florence died in 1892. They are buried in Hopewell in the Row 10 near their mother, Talitha. Thomas died October 5, 1909, and Irene died November 9, 1912. Both are buried in Hopewell Cemetery. Irene was the only Harper child to remain for her entire married life in the Morning Sun area.

Nate went to Sedgwick County, Kansas sometime in 1879 and married Fannie Brownlee in 1883 in Kansas. They were the parents of Nellie, Charles, & Bessie. Nate died January 5, 1893 and is buried in El Paso Cemetery, Sedgwick County, Kansas, along with his daughter Nellie who died in 1903. Fannie then married her deceased sister's husband William Culter. Fannie died in California in 1943. Charles died in California on September 17, 1964. He and his wife Kathryn Wichman Harper are buried in Fairhaven Memorial Park in Orange County. Bessie married Ralph Kirkpatrick and died in Idaho March 3, 1933. Both are buried in Canyon Hill Cemetery in Idaho.

Charley married Eliza "Ella" McClanahan in 1882 in Preble County, Ohio. He was an elder in Hopewell Church. They were the parents of Frank, Harry, & Elmer. They all moved to Orange County, California in 1905. Frank died before 1920, Charley died in 1930, and Ella died September 23, 1939. Elmer died in 1959, and Harry died in 1965. Charley, Ella, Elmer, and Harry are all buried in Fairhaven Memorial Park in Orange County, California.

James G. Harper married Laura Fleming Doughty on September 26, 1883. James G., Laura, Sarah Jane, & Mina moved to Kansas in 1886. James, Laura, & Mina returned to Ohio in 1887 and later moved to Richmond, Indiana. Laura died in 1903 in Hagerstown, Indiana, and is buried there. James G. Harper died in Michigan at the home of his daughter Mina Harper Hice on December 1, 1907. His remains were returned to Ohio and buried in Hopewell Cemetery.



Sarah Jane died while in Kansas on April 21, 1886, and is buried in El Paso Cemetery, Sedgwick County, Kansas.

Susie or Sue married John Brownlee, brother of Nate's wife Fannie, on May 7, 1890, in Sedgwick County, Kansas. Sue was in Kansas in 1885 and had taught school. They had a daughter Lois who was born in Kansas in 1893. They all moved to Orange County, California before 1910. Sue died December 12, 1938, and John died on February 16, 1943. Both are buried in Fairhaven Memorial Park in Orange County, California. Lois married Manson Durham and died in California in 1974.

Mina married Wilbur Hice in Wayne County, Indiana on June 6, 1899. They met while both were working at Richmond State Hospital and returned to farm in Wilbur's native Michigan. They were the parents of Howard who was born in 1902 and Bernard who was born in 1904, both born in Michigan. Mina died on February 19, 1933, in Eaton County, Michigan, and Wilbur died on March 8, 1938, in Florida. Both are buried in Maple Hill Cemetery, Charlotte, Eaton County, Michigan. Bernard died in 1991 and was the last living nephew of Nettie Harper. Bernard remembered his grandfather as having a long white beard. Bernard remembered his mother, Mina, saying her only memory of her mother was that she wrapped her apron around her little bare legs to protect them from the heat when they sat in front of the fireplace. She also remembered "Auntie" who lived next door as stern and affluent. Mina remembered: She could afford cheese. She cut the rinds so thick, then tossed them out in the grassy lawn. If the children found them—well, why not? The grass was clean and the chewings were good. Sue Harper Brownlee had wrote to Mina when her son Howard was born expressing the hope that he wouldn't find great aunts as difficult as had been her childhood experience.

"Auntie" Sarah Paxton Graham was born in Rockbridge County, Virginia and married Samuel Graham in Virginia in 1816. She died June 7, 1878, and is buried with her husband who died September 26, 1850, in Hopewell Cemetery.

**NINETY-THIRD**  
**ANNUAL EXHIBITION**  
 OF THE  
**PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY,**  
**Of Morning Sun Academy,**  
**March 24, 1870.**

—:—

Morro:—“*Eruditio Melior Quam est Divitiae.*”—(Money makes  
 the Mare go.)

**PROGRAMME.**

MUSIC.....The Rogues March.

P R A Y E R .

MUSIC.—The popular melody.....Old Hundred.

ORATION.—Be what you are; if a humbug say so.

W-ine J-ug Owens.

MUSIC.—Medley.....Pop goes the weasle, etc.

ESSAY.—Life—Always take it cool.....Romping Elliott.

MUSIC.—.....She danced like a Fairy.

RECITATION.—Dies irae—Iu wrath punch him on the snoot.

Green Gourd Wallace.

MUSIC.—.....Kiss him for his Mother.

ORATION.—The Mind—your own business.

Ra-zor Apparatus Wilson.

MUSIC.—The feller that looks like me.....J. W. Harr-ass.

RECITATION.—Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud? Be-  
 cause I am purty.....Lazy Rankin.

MUSIC.....The Girl of the Period.

ORATION.—Whatever is, is right; you bet...Little Tommy Lybrook.

MUSIC.....Listen to the Humbug.

ESSAY.—The pleasures of Memory—Stolen Sweet-meats.

Muly Johnson.

MUSIC.....Mother did Wollop me.

ORATION.—Non quo, sed Quomodo—Not where but when.

Sam's-A-Buck.

MUSIC.....Yaller Gail that winked at me.

ESSAY.—Charmes of Nature—Lords of Creation; Nonsense! Shaw.

MUSIC.....(At first) I met the as a Stranger.

ORATION.—The two Ways—i. e.: to Dock's and back.

Come Eennytime, Demand.

MUSIC.....(But now its) Meet me at the gate, Charley.

The performance will close by a Grand Walk-Around, performed by Prof. Marshall, Miss Johnston, Temple, and other small-fry belonging to that celebrated Opera Troope.

Persons attending this Exhibition must do so at their own risk, as the Society will not be responsible for the loss of buttons, bursting of suspenders, or corset strings, or any other *dam-age* that may arise from laughing at the ludicrous performance.

# Mathematics

## Chapter 1: The Language of Mathematics

Mathematics is a language that uses symbols and logic to describe the world around us. It is a tool for understanding and solving problems.

The language of mathematics is built on a foundation of numbers and operations. We use numbers to count and measure, and operations to combine and manipulate these numbers.

Mathematics is a discipline that requires precision and attention to detail. It is a subject that is both challenging and rewarding.

Mathematics is a subject that is essential for many careers and professions. It is a skill that is highly valued in the modern world.

Mathematics is a subject that is constantly evolving. It is a field that is full of discovery and innovation.

Mathematics is a subject that is both beautiful and powerful. It is a subject that can help us understand the world and ourselves better.

Mathematics is a subject that is essential for our lives. It is a subject that we should all learn and appreciate.

Mathematics is a subject that is full of wonder and excitement. It is a subject that we should all explore and enjoy.

Mathematics is a subject that is both challenging and rewarding. It is a subject that can help us achieve our goals and dreams.

Mathematics is a subject that is essential for our lives. It is a subject that we should all learn and appreciate.

Mathematics is a subject that is full of wonder and excitement. It is a subject that we should all explore and enjoy.

Mathematics is a subject that is both challenging and rewarding. It is a subject that can help us achieve our goals and dreams.

Mathematics is a subject that is essential for our lives. It is a subject that we should all learn and appreciate.

Mathematics is a subject that is full of wonder and excitement. It is a subject that we should all explore and enjoy.

Mathematics is a subject that is both challenging and rewarding. It is a subject that can help us achieve our goals and dreams.

Mathematics is a subject that is essential for our lives. It is a subject that we should all learn and appreciate.

Mathematics is a subject that is full of wonder and excitement. It is a subject that we should all explore and enjoy.

Mathematics is a subject that is both challenging and rewarding. It is a subject that can help us achieve our goals and dreams.

Mathematics is a subject that is essential for our lives. It is a subject that we should all learn and appreciate.

Mathematics is a subject that is full of wonder and excitement. It is a subject that we should all explore and enjoy.

Mathematics is a subject that is both challenging and rewarding. It is a subject that can help us achieve our goals and dreams.

Mathematics is a subject that is essential for our lives. It is a subject that we should all learn and appreciate.

Mathematics is a subject that is full of wonder and excitement. It is a subject that we should all explore and enjoy.

Mathematics is a subject that is both challenging and rewarding. It is a subject that can help us achieve our goals and dreams.



Page No. 123

SCHEDULE 1.—Free Inhabitants in Israel Township in the County of Preble State of Ohio enumerated by me, on the 21 day of Aug 1860. David Patton Asst Marshal  
Post Office Broome's Run. 255

1	2	3	Description.			7	Value of Estate Owned.		10	11	12	13	14
			4	5	6		8	9					
Dwelling-house—numbered in the order of visitation.		The name of every person whose usual place of abode on the first day of June, 1860, was in this family.	Age.	Sex.	White, black, or mulatto.	Profession, Occupation, or Trade of each person, male and female, over 15 years of age.	Value of Real Estate.	Value of Personal Estate.	Place of Birth, Naming the State, Territory, or Country.	Married within the year.	Attended School within the year.	Who cannot read and write.	Whether deaf and dumb, blind, insane, idiotic, pauper, or convict.
		James Bell	1 M						Ohio				
		Sarah "	12 F						Ohio				
		Alvin "	18 F						"				
1015	1017	James Harper	30 M			Farmer	1200		"				
		Priscilla "	22 F						Ohio				
		Clémentine "	8 F						"				
		Anna "	6 F						"				
		Nathan "	5 M						"				
		John "	3 M						"				
		Reannah "	2 F						"				
		Sarah "	7/8 M						"				
1016		Rebecca Weaver							"				
1017	1008	Sarah Ferguson	60 F			Widow	2000	400	Pa				
		Elizabeth Harper	18 F						Ohio				
1019	1009	John Brown	60 M			Farmer	8000	1400	Pa				
		Pray "	58 F						Pa				
		Martha "	32 F						Ohio				
		Calvin "	20 M						"				
		Pray "	16 F						"				
		Elizabeth Brown	88 F						Ireland				
		Samuel Hershman	21 M			Farmer			Pa				
1019	1010	John Simpson	42 M			Farmer	10000	1400	Ohio				
		Martha "	32 F						"				
		Charles "	26 M						"				
		Priscilla "	18 F						"				
		Calvin "	10 M						"				
		Robert "	5 M						"				
		Elizabeth "	8 F						"				

Main body of handwritten text, consisting of several lines of cursive script. The text is very faint and difficult to read, but appears to be a continuous paragraph or list of entries.









## BUYING CHEAP

Nettie Harper

Mr. Eldridge had one particular failing, at least in the eyes of his family, and that was buying things which could be of no possible use to him, simply because they were cheap.

He regularly attended every sale, or auction, held within several miles of his home; and invariably returned, as Mrs. Eldridge said: "laden with such trash as nobody else would buy," and all because they were cheap.

"He might have set up a furniture store long ago," the old lady continued, "with the old chairs, tables, bedsteads, etc., which he has purchased, just because they were going so cheap."

These were piled up in the woodshed, strewn over the back yard, and a much larger number than was convenient, found their way into the kitchen, and about the only use Mrs. Eldridge could make of these, was for kindling wood; and chairs, tables and bedsteads sometimes disappeared in a way that was wonderful to Mr. Eldridge. And if, as his hired man said behind his employer, "all the old plows and farming utensils scattered about the barnyard had been new, Mr. Eldridge might have made his fortune."

Expostulation was in vain. Mrs. Eldridge could in no way persuade her husband to give up his habit of buying cheap things.

"You are the laughing stock of the neighborhood, Mr. Eldridge,

and I wonder you do not see it yourself."

But Mr. Eldridge did not see it in that light, and so paid no attention to the entreaties of his better half.

In the matter of dress it was no better. Mr. Eldridge's coat was almost always of some old fashioned cut, which he had somewhere come across, and purchased it because it was so cheap. And many a dress, of a style prevailing in his grandmother's day, as Mrs. Eldridge said, had she been compelled to wear, because her husband had purchased it for her "since it was," as he thought "decidedly cheap." But Mrs. Eldridge knew better, for the money thus spent, was often sufficient to have purchased a neat, plain dress.

"I wonder what decidedly cheap thing Father will find today?" said merry Will Eldridge one day, when his father had gone to Hudson on business.

"I don't know. I suppose he will be here soon. Yes, yonder he comes up the road," said Mrs. Eldridge.

"Why, what has he got on his head?" cried Will rising and going to the window.

"A new hat, I do declare," groaned his mother.

"A relic of his ancestors two centuries ago," said the fun loving boy, roaring with laughter.

"Oh, dear, dear," said Mrs. Eldridge, as her husband alighted at the gate. "He must never wear that hat out of this house."

"Oh no, Mother; don't say a word about it. I know people will laugh at him; but perhaps it will do him some good."

Mrs. Eldridge concluded to do so, for she had a good deal of

confidence in her merry, but clear headed son. Just at this moment Mr. Eldridge entered the room, and at the same time, caught the merry twinkling in his son's eye, and the frown that lingered on the brow of his wife. But not a word was said about the hat, which he removed from his head, and placed on the hat rack. A conversation was begun, but not one word was said on the subject of the hat; and Mr. Eldridge was not a little surprised at the turn affairs had taken.

The next day, Mr. Eldridge having occasion to go to the village, brought out his hat and waited while his wife gave him a list of purchases to be made. He did not seem to be in his usual hurry. He was really wishing she would say something about the hat; but no, she did not; and just then Will, who had just come in, put his handkerchief to his face, and ran out of the room to hide his laughter. Mr. Eldridge's face grew red, but he determined not to begin the subject.

The first thing that greeted his car, as he drove leisurely into town, were the words, from a group of ragged urchins:

"Hello, Daddy Eldridge! did your hat come down to you from Noah's ark?"

Now Mr. Eldridge was particularly sensitive about his hat, and this cut exasperated him not a little. As he drove through town, groups of idlers bowed and smiled, and burst into laughter as soon as he had passed. But Mr. Eldridge tried to persuade himself that he did not care; and hurried on to the post-office. Well he wore that hat like a hero; and I think that he was as glad as his wife, that the hat proved

almost worthless, and soon needed replacing by a new one.

But the crowning act, the most unbearable of all was yet to come. His daughter Amelia was soon to be married, and a silk dress was considered necessary. Happening one day to be in Hudson on business, he called at the large retail store of Smith & Bro., to make a few purchases. Not being in a hurry, he was leisurely examining the rich dress goods, thinking that he might find something that would do for a present for his wife or children. Just then the thought came into his head, that he might look at the silks, and report to Amelia what he had seen. The polite clerk produced several pieces, among which was one with a sky blue ground and red flower. This the clerk told Mr. Eldridge, "was a splendid bargain, and as it would be fashionable the coming summer, would certainly please any lady. And then it is so cheap, only a dollar a yard."

Mr. Eldridge thought of letting Amelia ride over and see it herself; but he feared that it might all be sold before she had a chance to do so, and it would be a pity to lose such a bargain, so he allowed the clerk to do up the whole thirty yards, which he assured Mr. Eldridge was the quantity required for a fashionable dress.

With a light step he entered his home that evening, and going up to his daughter, placed the package in her lap, saying:

"Here, Amelia! is a present for you."

Amelia's heart gave a throb, & she glanced at her mother with a troubled face, while she proceeded to undo the package.

"Why, Father!" she cried, dropping the roll of silk on the floor, the tears starting to her

eyes. "Why Father, what do you mean?"

"Why I have bought you your wedding dress, does it not suit you?" he cried in astonishment.

"Father!" cried Amelia and her mother, "What did possess you to do so? I would rather be married in my grand-mother's wedding gown, than in such a dress as that."

"Why, what is the matter with it?" said her father.

"Matter," sobbed Amelia, "don't you see it was old fashioned before I was born?"

"Oh, but the clerk told me it was going to be fashionable this summer."

"Oh the clerk told you a whole-sale falsehood. This is a piece they have had in the store for twenty years, I doubt not."

"How much did you pay for it?" asked Mrs. Eldridge.

"A dollar a yard."

"And how many yards?"

"Thirty."

"Thirty!" cried she, "why, that's almost twice too much."

Mr. Eldridge was horror struck.

"Well I'll certainly never buy another dress," he said.

"We shall be particularly glad," said his wife.

Well the end of the matter was, Amelia declared she would sooner be married in calico than in such a dress and so Mr. Eldridge had to furnish twenty-five dollars more, which procured a neat tasteful dress.

As for Mr. Eldridge's purchase, when it had been dyed a black color, a plain dress for both Amelia and her mother was made thereof.

Mr. Eldridge was not entirely cured of buying things because they were cheap, but he ever after allowed the family to purchase their own wearing apparel.

Interesting Resources:

[www.units.muohio.edu/mcguffeymuseum/student\\_exhibits/site/nettie%20harper's%20diary/webpage/homepage.html](http://www.units.muohio.edu/mcguffeymuseum/student_exhibits/site/nettie%20harper's%20diary/webpage/homepage.html)

A website created in a class project by Kiley Orchard, a Miami University student in 2007.

“Fifteen-year-old Nettie Harper began recording the events of her life on May 12, 1867. Nine and a half years and seven diaries later, Nettie had successfully charted her daily activities, dreams, and struggles, as well as significant historical information regarding her home in rural Preble County, Ohio. Explore this website for more information regarding Nettie's life and what can be gleaned from the journals of this young aspiring writer.”

[www.findagrave.com](http://www.findagrave.com)

Grave sites and other information of many of Nettie's ancestors and descendents as well as others mentioned in her journals can be found here.

[www.historichopewell.com](http://www.historichopewell.com)

Website of Hopewell Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church now known Historic Hopewell

[www.pcdl.lib.oh.us/marriage/search.cfm](http://www.pcdl.lib.oh.us/marriage/search.cfm)

Genealogical & Historical Records of Preble County, Ohio

[www.uturn.org/Easteregg/index.htm](http://www.uturn.org/Easteregg/index.htm)

[www.oldoregonphotos.com/photographers/andrew-b-paxton/two-girls-from-albany-c-1867.html](http://www.oldoregonphotos.com/photographers/andrew-b-paxton/two-girls-from-albany-c-1867.html)

Photographs by Andrew Bower Paxton, Nettie's uncle

The Complete Records of Hopewell Church, 1808-1915, compiled by Marjorie Paxton Palmer

Inscriptions Recorded from Stones in Hopewell Cemetery in Israel Township, Preble County, Ohio, compiled by Homer Hays Irwin, 1971



