

TRANSCRIPTION OF A DIARY WRITTEN IN 1870 BY DENNIS PRIEST CURTIS AS HIS FAMILY PREPARES FOR AND JOURNEYS ON A TRIP FROM ST. JOSEPH, BERRIEN COUNTY, MICHIGAN TO THE AREA THAT WAS TO BECOME KNOWN AS FREEMONT, GRUNDY COUNTY, TN

(Transcribed by Jackie Layne Partin)

At home in Levinsloar Barn on Lake Michigan Shore—8:10 P.M., cloudy and cold, some snow in the night.

January 1, 1870: A happy New year is it? Well, I will call it so. I get up when I get ready as I generally do and take breakfast. I fire one shot with my pistol at the old stable as father had begun the day by firing on the barn. I fiddle as usual while father mends my boot then we all put on our best, go down to Ed Cadwells and I start on foot for town. I meet Horace Williams and his sister coming in the wagon up by Voles Jordan's place, talk a half a minute and on we go. Dr. Pettitt overtakes me up by Mr. Williams. I ride up to Wm. Watson's with him. I leave my rubbers there and go downtown, look for E. W. and W. P. C., do not find them, put on my skates after going down to the river. I skate up the river, find no one. I am acquainted with the skating being poor and as skates ran hard, I just get back to the house as fast as I can. I sit a few minutes and I go downtown and look for Will and Ed, find Will, but lose track of him again. I go up to the house and finally the two Watson families and the Cadwell and Curtis's get together. We have a splendid supper (to which we all did ample justice) at Wm. Watsons in honor of the 18th anniversary of his wedding, the younger ones had a gay time. There were ten of them under thirteen years of age. Eddie Watson, Willie Watson, (*it appears that a line has not been caught in the copying, so the page starts with*) Watson, Bertie Watson, Emma Watson, Emma Curtis, Daisy Watson, Tillie Watson, all cousins, brothers and sisters, and well they might have a good time after supper. Ed, Will and I go downtown again. Horace comes along, and we all go over to Clocks Restaurant and take a glass of cider at Ed's expense; then Will gets aboard of "old Fan", Ed and I (*board*) the wagon and go up to the house. We go in, visit a while longer, and then the Cadwells and Curtis's get aboard with the exception of Ed Curtis who stays with the Watsons. Will rides home on "Fan". Ed and I ride home on the soft edge of the iron bound and board and have the full benefit of all the spring in the hind "ex". We call at E. S. C.'s (*another missing line*). Father builds a fire and we get warmed up. I fiddle a while and we retire.

Sunday, January 2nd, 1870

At home, 9 o'clock P. M., cool, cloudy and snowy

We get up, have breakfast. Father goes down to Ed's. I write diary, fiddle, rig up to go to Ed's, scare up a flock of quail, see Father coming and when I learn the circumstances, I conclude not to go. We sit by the stove, talk and fiddle and have dinner. Then I go up to town on foot, call a few minutes at Wm Watson's. Then I go to Ed Watsons, get our Ed, come home, stay in at E. S. C.'s and find Will making preparations to go East with his father tomorrow. I come home. Father also gets ready to go South. I fiddle in the evening. Father saws on the fiddle some. We retire.

Monday, 3rd

At home, 8:10 P.M., cloudy, cold and the wind blows.

We get up pretty early, have breakfast. Father bids us good by and starts for Tennessee. I fiddle a while and cut up my woodpile, get up a little more. We have dinner. I go down to Ed's, feed and water the cows and water "Fan" as Ed had gone to take his Father and Will to Niles. I cut up the rest of my wood, I sit by the stove, fiddle. We have supper and I fiddle more, then write diary. Mother finished her new calico dress today, knits in evening.

January 4th, 1870

At home, 8:30 P.M., cloudy, windy and snows some.

We arise, have breakfast. I fiddle a while, go down to Cads to see about the chores but find Ed, Jr. at home doing them. He got home last night. Ed Curtis come down got ten cents for his "fish float" and five for bringing in wood. I come home and fiddle, read some. We have supper. I make preparations for a bath. I write my diary. Mother, Ed and Em go to bed. I take a big massage and retire.

Wednesday, Jan. 5th

At home, 8 o'clock P. M., clear, windy, pleasant in forenoon, cloudy, cold and windy in the afternoon and evening.

I arise at eight, take breakfast, fix up and go down to Ed's to go to town with him. I find him in the barn doing chores, and we go into the house. I have an introduction to L. D. Clock's. Ed and L. D. eat breakfast and then give us some music with the piano and guitars and cornett, then Em, Ed, Lew, and I ride downtown, I sell my coonskin for thirty cents, do some trading, buy me a pair of "kids", get a letter from Uncle Ed Priest for father and some circulars from the Virginia land agents. Ed leaves his mother in town and brings Kil-Meyers home with him. I talk with him and kit. Come home, fiddle. We have supper and read the letters. I fiddle some more and write diary.

Thursday 6th, at home 8 o'clock P. M.

Cold, cloudy and some snow

I get up at eight, take breakfast, run (*line off page*) and get some wood and bring it to the house. I fiddle some, go down to Ed's and find them all gone. I help myself to a plate of pancakes and syrup, come home, get up my woodpile, cut up some, fiddle, have supper, fiddle more, write the diary and retire.

Friday 7th

At home, 8 o'clock P. M., cold, cloudy, and severely stormy

I get up when I get ready (about 8 o'clock), take breakfast, fiddle and go down and talk with Ed as he is alone; he tells me "some things". I sit around and we talk until about two o'clock, and he hitches up "Ben", and we take a sleigh ride up by the schoolhouse, come back. Ed gets ready to go to town to attend an evening party. I come home espy a rabbit on my way home. I give him a "wide berth" and come home, get the go go and shoot him. I sit by the stove, fiddle, and we have supper. I fiddle more and retire.

January, Saturday 8, 1870

At home 9:30 P. M., cold, stormy and windy

I arise middling late and Mother gets breakfast. I dress my rabbit, cut some wood, and make some wooden bed fellows or bed warmers rather and then rig for town, go down to Ed's. He says he having had his breakfast, I help him fix the wagon while he hitches up "Bill". We go to town, I run about town some and get some flour and yarn, buy a Josh Billings alminax, a foolish investment-but it can't (*be*) helped now. Ed drives around to E. P. Watsons, and gets his mother. We come home three in a seat and a cold come we have of it, too. I finally get home, find I have forgotten the salt. We have supper. I fiddle and write diary while I was at Ed's, he gave me a letter from A. V. Jordan and enclosed a picture of H. ___ Jordan and also one of Ett La Huri (*spelling ?*).

At Winslow miserable old barn 6 o'clock 15 min. P. M.

January Sunday 9, 1870, very cold, some snow at night

I get up about 7 o'clock and go down to Ed's and get some salt—as I forgot to get some yesterday. We sit by the stoves most of the day and do nothing much, but wonder where Father is. We read and I fiddle, steal two rails, make stove wood of them. We have supper and I fiddle, flute and write and write diary, fiddle more and "retire".

Monday 10, 1870

At the place we call home, 11 o'clock P. M., clear, warm and pleasant—all day and a bright moonlight night

I arise, take breakfast and fiddle, go down to Ed's, come back, get ready to go to town, go back again. He hitches the greys on to the culter, and we ride up by ____ Corrigans', then we go to town. I make a poor watch trade, buy some meal and groceries, and come home to Ed's and spend the evening at Deusenberrys.

Tuesday, January, 11th, 1870

Cloudy and rainy all day

I get up about nine o'clock, have breakfast and look for my partridge that I shot at last night, sit down and fiddle some. Ed comes up with Fan and the pung. He takes Mother, Ed and Em down home with him. I cut up my woodpile, sit by the stove, fiddle and flute until dark, then I write diary. Ed bring the folks home. Mother gets my supper, I feed and read history until after eight o'clock, then I retire.

Wednesday 12, 1870

At home, 11 o'clock P. M., cloudy and rainy, freezes at night

I arise. We have breakfast, go down to Eds, saw up three sticks of wood, come and fiddle awhile, rig for town. I foot it downtown, get two letters from Father, take dinner with E. P. Watson. I come back as far as William's and stop, read Father's letter and talk a while, then I foot it as far as Bigelow's. Ed comes along. I ride home with him, come home, fiddle. We have supper. I go down to Eds to go to Abbots, but as they have gone over to Haskills, we conclude to stay at Eds. John Bachelder comes, we talk, sing, eat apples, and raise "ned.". I receive John Bachelder's picture in the evening. I come home and retire.

Thursday 13th, 1870 at home 8 P. M.

Cold, cloudy and froze up

I get up, fuss around, fiddle. I write a letter to cousin Ellen and one to Father. Mother writes to Uncle Edwin. I go down to Eds. We go to town and I work at Shepards until he concludes to fix my watch out of courtesy. We come home and by the way, I posted the letters to Father, Uncle Edwin and Cousin Elen. I come home, eat supper, fiddle and retire.

Friday 14th, 1870, cold, cloud, some sleet, hail and rain and wind

At home 8:20 P. M.

I get (up), eat breakfast, run around and pick up some wood, cut it. We have dinner. I go downtown on foot as Ed had gone with the team before I got down to the house. "Shep" had not got the watch on time, so I leave it and ride home with Ed. Mrs. And Mr. (*Truiax—sp?*) were at Eds when I came from town. Get home, have supper, draw pictures with a pen, write in diary and retire.

January 15th, 1870, Saturday

At home, 8:30 P. M., cloudy, windy and cold

I arise, take breakfast and fiddle, spell, get up some wood and cut it up, fiddle more. We have dinner and I go down to Eds and downtown with him, get my watch, some meat and some yeast. Come home with Ed. He brings Ola with him. I ride on a board and come near having my lungs jarred loose, come up to the house, fiddle, eat super, write diary and draw some and retire.

Sunday 16th, 1870

At home, 10 P.M., cloudy and rainy

We rise, have breakfast and I fiddle and along about 2 o'clock comes a knock at the door and who should stand there but Father. He has just arrived from Tennessee. We have a talk and E. C., Jr., cousin Em and Ola Winslow come up here and we talk more. They go home, we have supper, I go down to Eds. We talk Tennessee. I and Ed sing, and he plays on the piano. I come home about 10 o'clock. Mother lets me in, I retire.

Monday 17th, 1870

At home, 11 o'clock, colder than "blue blazes", wind blows a young hurricane.

I get up, help eat the breakfast, fiddle a little, go down and visit Horace and the school, and then I go up to Eds, and he comes up to VanDeusen's. I come as far as the bar_ and come home, freeze one of my ears in the operation. I draw a picture in ink from Gody's lady book. Then Father and I get up and cut up some wood. We have supper and talk a while. I then go down to Abbotts, have a visit. Horace and Alice fool and carry on until eleven o'clock, then I come home and get Father up to come and open the door. He says it is a darned cold night. I bunk as soon as possible.

January Tuesday 18th, 1870

At home 8 o'clock P. M., very cold and cloudy, sun looks out once in awhile

I arise, take breakfast, and fiddle, fill the reservoir from the well. Then I draw the picture of a lady from "Gody's lady's book". Mr. VanDeusen calls here. He and Father talk Tennessee

awhile. We eat some pie. Father goes home with VanDeusen. I draw off our 592 acre lot, cut up some wood, fiddle more. We have supper, commence home, he eats, we talk. I write diary and retire. I read some and wash before retiring.

Wednesday, 19th, 1870

At home 8:45 P. M., clear but quite cold

I arise after a poor night's rest and eat breakfast, and Father and I go down to cousin Eds, sit and talk a while. Then we go down and call a few minutes on Mr. Williams. He invites us in. He and Father talk, and we finally take dinner, then go to town. I get some boots, and Father gets some groceries and also some hardware to take south with us. We ride home with E. W. C. He brings Em Huntington as far as her house. Father and I ride home on a plank across the wagon box, spill part of our flour. We get home, have supper. I fiddle and read a little, draw some house plots and write diary and retire.

Thursday 20th, 1870

At home 9 o'clock P. M. ,clear and pleasant, rather cool, cloudy in the after part of the day

We have breakfast. Father cuts some wood. He and I go over to Benton Harbor to see about buying horses and wagon. Father buys some feed for ourselves in Benton. He buys some powder and comes over to St. Joseph. Father buys a set of knives and forks. Then we look at wagons awhile. Father then buys some yeastcakes, a box of pens, some cloth at E. P. Watson's store. We then come home, stop on the way at Cads (*Cadwells*) part E. P. W.'s family, and there father gets a part of codfish of Cousin Emily. We come up here, I fiddle a little, and we have supper. I fiddle some, read some. Eddie and Willie Watson comes up home with Eddie and Emma as they had been down to Ed Cads. I write diary and retire. Ed and Will stay all night. I lay on the floor but do not sleep.

Friday 21, 1870,

At home 10:18 P. M. ,clear and pleasant and some clouds

We arise and have breakfast. Ed and Will Watsons, Jr. take breakfast here. Father and I go down to see about buying Aldrich's horses. He is not at home. We come back, talk with VanDeusen awhile, come home, have a lunch and then pick up stuff and made a shave horse, and the boys built a fire and cooked a mess out of doors. Mr. And Mrs. Winslow came and got their box stove and some pipe and went away. The boys Ed, Ed and Will, Tessie and Emma went down to E. S. C.'s. Will come back and slept with Ed in the kitchen. I have the whole of my nest to myself, but the boys and Tessie ate supper here. I write a letter once more to J. E. C., _____(*line missing on copy*).

January, Saturday 22nd

At E. S. Cadwell's, 10:00 P. M., cloudy and cold with rain in the after part of the day and at night

Ed and Will Watson, Jr. take breakfast here. Father goes down to VanDeusen to see about the Aldrich team, but as he has gone toward town with the team, Father and I start for town expecting to meet him, but he passes and goes to VanDeusens. We go up and make a very bad bargain for the horses and wagon for \$300. Then we go to town. I pay \$1.04 for st____. Post a letter to J. E. C., and Father buys a six dollar crosscut saw and \$5 worth of seat springs, some bolts, and band iron. We call at Williams and talk awhile. I dig up some strawberry plants. Josie asks me if I had been stealing their strawberries. I told her I had only been taking a few. Father and I then come home. I sit down and fiddle. We have supper and go to fiddling again when E. Cadwell comes and asks me to go downtown with him. So I go, and a darker night I never saw. I went to Watson's store, got our springs and band iron. We came back, stop at "Text's" and leave some 3 dogs meat. I spend the evening at Eds and stay all night with him. I got two letters while we were in town for Father from a Cumberland County land agent.

Sunday, Jan. 23rd, 1870

At Home, 6:30 P. M., cloudy and cold

Ed and I get up about 10 o'clock A. M., fuss around awhile. Father comes; we commence to eat breakfast and Frank Eldredge comes. We talk awhile. Frank suggests something which leads father to think the horse trade may be 'noncompus'. We talk awhile and Father and I come home, bring our band iron and springs home. We have supper. Jessie Watson is here, she and Emma go down to Eds to stay all night. Father goes to see Marr about the horses. I read some and write my diary for three days. Father comes home and says there is only \$25 on the horses and that it will make no trouble.

Monday, Jan. 24th, 1870

At Home 8 o'clock P. M., cloudy and cold

We have breakfast, Father and I go to Aldrich's and get the horses and drive up here. Father pays Aldrich \$300 for the horses and wagon. He pays Father 50 cents for our small tub. We try to make a fiddle trade with him, but we cannot agree within a dollar. We drive down to the road. Aldrich gets out and goes home. Father and I go to town with our team and Father pays \$2.75 for shoeing the horses and \$1.28 for oats. I pay ninety cents for a knife. Father hands me \$3.00 for some purpose. We come home on the way Father stops at Styles and pays \$1.25 cts. for some water proof paper to cover

wagon with. We come home, take care of the team, have supper, I fiddle, write diary, went out and took a look at the horses, come in dead, retired.

January, Tuesday 25th, 1870

At home, 11 o'clock P. M., cloudy, cold and snows, some sun shines some, and it thaws, freezes at night

We get up Father goes to work to fix the wagon. I cut some wood. Mr. Abbott calls and talks with Father. Mr VanDeusen calls, does not come into the house. I get onto "Bill" and go to town, pay \$1.00 for violin strings and \$1 for sugar, \$1 for some buggy spring irons, 35 cents for stuff at the bakers and \$.60 for meat, 10 cts. for some braid. I see Mr. Williams, have talk with him, start to come home and stop at Mr. Williams to buy some butter, but they will not take any pay, bless their good hearts. They are friends I shall always remember. They invite me to call again before I go away. I get home at last. Pretty well convinced that I have ridden "Bill" about enough for once. I take care of my horses and have supper, go down to Eds and go with Ed to VanDeusens where he gets a couple quarts of milk. Then we go to Abbotts where we spend the evening very pleasantly. We then return to our homes and retire, and I do at any rate, and I suppose he did the same.

January, Wednesday 26th, 1870

At home 8:20 P. M., cloudy, snows about three inches deep and is cold

I arise, take care of my horses. We have breakfast. Father and I look up some timber to rig our wagon for traveling. We work all day at it, do not get along very fast. Father breaks a bit; I go down to Eds and borrow one. Come home, do chores, eat supper, fix the wagon seat. I write diary. Mother soles a pair of over socks for Emma. Father reads. I look at the horses and retire.

Thursday 27, 1870

At home 8 o'clock P. M. clear and cold

We get up, take breakfast, tinker at the seats awhile. I take care of the horses, harness them, and Father and I go to town; he buys some cloth and gets some breeching for the horses. I sell my skunks "Pile" for \$.50 and buy 14 cents worth of bread and 60 for meal. We come home, have some dinner, get some hay at Eds. Father and I then go to the creek and get some poles and make some hoops for our baggage wagon and come home, do the chores, eat supper, I fiddle and retire.

Friday, Jan. 28th, 1870

At home 8:35 P. M., cold and cloudy

We have breakfast after I had taken care of the horses. Father and I get up some wood and cut it up, and Mother, Ed and Em go to VanDeusens. Father and I work at our carriage top, and I go down and ask Ed. W. Cadwell to do a couple of errands for us, and he was just on the point of starting to town as I got down there. I come back; we work at the top until the boys come up from the "V's" and invite us down there to supper. Father gets a bundle of hay. Horace meets us as we step out of the barn. He comes up home with us, and we talk awhile. We fix up our top some more. Horace starts for the road, and I go and show him the road. I call on Ed a few minutes and come home, torment my fiddle awhile, write diary and go to bed.

Saturday, Jan. 29, 1870

At E. S. C.'s, 8 o'clock P. M., cloudy and cold

We have breakfast and go to packing goods as fast as possible, work at packing until about 4 o'clock when our goods are once more ready for shipping and marked for Tracy City, Tenn. Mother and Ed and Em go down to Eds. Father and I hitch up the horses, bring our trunks down here, then put the horses in VanDeusen's barn and take up our quarters at E. S. C.'s, take supper here and talk. Ed and I bunk together.

Sunday, Jan. 30, 1870 at E. S. C.'s, 8:40 P. M., snows in the morning and until about 1 o'clock. It stops snowing, but remains cold and cloudy.

Ed and I get up at 8 o'clock A. M. We eat breakfast and take a wash up and shave. Ed plays the piano and I fiddle, we have some fun. I "bust" a string, and we have supper after which we and Cousin Ed and Em rather have a pow-wow about going to town, and Ed and I take a short-sleigh ride, and I feed my horses some corn and Ed and I come back and the women have decided not to go to town, so Ed and I go to VanDeusens to see about the horses, find that he has taken care of them. Then we come back and go down to Bachelders, spend a rather dry evening, come home "grub up," and I write diary. Ed scribbles the name of the stations on the Hudson B. RR.. We eat some apples and retire.

January 31st, 1870 At E. S. C. and no one here but Father and I

9 o'clock P. M., cloudy and cold, snows some during the day, is colder at night

We arise and I see to our horses, and we have breakfast; then Father and I go and get our horses, hitch into Eds bobs and take our goods down and leave them in the warehouse at the dock, come back, stop at Eds and have dinner, go up to Winslow's barn, get our carriage top and some things, carry them to VanDeusens and bring Eds bobs home, put

the horses out and Father goes to look at Calling's wagon, and I go up to school and call on Horace awhile. Come back to VanDeusens and water and feed the horses and then Father and I come here, take a little to eat. I fiddle, write diary and Father bunks on the lounge while I write the folks have all gone to town, and Ed. W. Cad. has gone over the river to a party at McAlister. I received a letter from cousin Ellen Ranger today. After writing diary, I sit and think awhile, retire. Father bunks on the lounge. Ed gets home at about 4 o'clock in the next morning.

February Tuesday 1st, 1870

At E. S. C.'s, 8:50 P. M., cloudy and cold, but moderate toward night.

I am awakened by Eds returning from the party at 4 o'clock A. M., roll over and take another snooze, and am ordered up to take some ham; come down to find a bare table, but Ed gets breakfast as his mother did not come home last night. We eat and Father and I go up to VanDeusens and fix up the carriage top, work at that until about half past 1 o'clock, come to the house and take some grub, and I go up and call on Mr. Williams' folks and go to town. See Ed up by William Watsons with Em Huntington in waiting for mother and Cousin Emily and Emma. I go down and get a receipt for our goods of P. E. Jennings, W. H. Morrison's freight agent. Then go to E. P. Watsons and bid the children good-bye and then to W. H. Watsons, take supper, bid Cousin Eliza and Cousin Will's family good-bye, then go up to Benjamin William's folk awhile and bid Mrs. and Mr. Williams and Josie and Clemmie good-bye. Come down to Eds, talk awhile and write my diary and talk a while and retire.

February, Wednesday 2nd, 1870

At E. S. C.'s about 11 o'clock P. M., cloudy and cold

I go and take care of my horses after we have taken breakfast. Father goes over and we fix the wagon top, and I harness up and we bring our "caboose" up here and hitch on to the bobs. Father and I then go to town. I go and see Jennings, but get no satisfaction. I see Mr. Wright and Mr. McWhorter down there. I come onto them rather unexpectedly and did not recognize them at first and was slightly confused. Father buys a few trinkets. I buy a bottle of ink. We come back, have been back but a little while and just get at dinner, when E. W. comes from town and brings his Father who is just returned from the east. Father and I finish fixing our buggy. I go up and take care of our horses once and then come back and sit about unto about half past six; then Ed and I go up to Abbotts. I carry the fiddle, but Ed takes a notion that he can play so much better than I and that the fiddle won't cord or something or other, so we do not make it go very good. We play the game of authors and tear the cards up pretty well. I bid the folks goodbye. I bid my

friend Horace a good-bye and Ed and I come home and read the Harpers Weekly and go to roost, talk until along in the small hours then go to sleep.

**OUR FIRST DAY ON THE ROAD
THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1870
ON THE ROAD TO TENNESSEE**

At a house about three miles from Niles, 7:45 P. M., clear but chilly

We arise at about 7 o'clock A. M. and take our last breakfast at Ed Cadwell's, and we get our stuff aboard for "Hotel Wagon". I go up to VanDeusens, get our horses and hitch them up and bid Cousin Emily good-bye. E. S. and E. W. had gone for ice, so we did not get time to bid them good-by, but I guess they didn't care much about it. We sail along until after five o'clock, then Father tries to get someone to keep us overnight, but we try a dozen or more places, but they are all unhospitable, but at last we light on a man from Missouri and get our horses put-out well taken care of and I fed, and we get a good supper. Ed and Em play with the children and have a gay time; our host and Father talk and I write diary. We talk awhile and retire about 11 o'clock 30 minutes and make a pretty good night's rest.

February 4th, Friday, 1870

At Lakeview Hotel, 8 o'clock P. M., cloudy and cold until about 10 o'clock, then the sun shines during most of the remainder of the day

We arise and find our horses taken care of. We have a good breakfast, get up our team and Father pays our host \$4.00 for keeping us and our team. We start out and Father begins the day by trying to trade wagons. We then drive into Niles (a city of probably 15,000 inhabitants). We spend about 2 hours trying to trade wagons. Father buys a stove, some pipe and a frying pan for \$4.35 and a pair of boots for Ed for \$3.50. We then come to South Bend where we spend about 2 hours fooling around to trade wagons and feeding the horses. Then we drive on until about 6 o'clock. We try to find a place to stay all night, but without success until we arrive at Lakeville, a small one horse place with about two dozen houses, and after hunting around awhile we find the tavern, a sort of a broken down affair where we get a pretty good supper. The house was kept by two sisters, and the son of one of them as I suppose. I do not like the appearance of things, and we get most of the stuff out of the wagon and put it into the house. We got out to the barn and see to the horses and go in and talk awhile with some of the boarders, then we retire and I do not sleep hardly any all night.

Saturday, February 5th, 1870

At a house between Argos and Rochester in Ind., 8:15 P. M., cold, cloudy in the morning thaws some during day, quite pleasant, freezes some at night.

We arise pretty early, sit by the stove and take care of the horses. We have breakfast. Father pays \$5 for our board, lodging and horse feed. Father bought a bottle of ether to put on Nell's shoulder as she had galled it yesterday. We drive on through some very fine country and about noon we drive through Plymouth, a fine stirring business little city about as large as S. Bend, and we stop while father buys a half bushel of corn for 50 cents, and some bread for 25, and beef for 56 cents. Then we drive on about 2 miles and unhitch, feed the horses. Mother and Emma go on afoot, and Father and I fix up the wagon some, and we hang up the guns and hitch up and proceed overtake Mother and Em, take them in, and we drive on; we pass through a village by the name of Argos, a moderately sized country town, 8 miles south of Plymouth. Father stops there and gets some candles. We try to stay some place all night, try to get our horses kept and decide to stay in the wagon if we can only have our horses taken care of, but we finally light up on a man who agrees to keep the horses, and he says it is so cold that he will not allow us to stay out, so we take our own feed into the house and mother cooks our supper. We eat and the folks nearly talk me crazy on the war, the Generals, Tennessee fruit, &c, &c. Ed and Emma amuse themselves with the children as there are five of them from 11 years of age down to 5 months. Our host and hostess are folks, I should think, about 55 years of age, are very sociable and agreeable. We have a very pleasant evening. I write diary, we go out and grain our horses and bring in our blankets, soak my feet, write more diary. Father and I make a bed of our blankets on the floor and have the best night's sleep we have had for many a night.

Sunday, February 6th, 1870, on the road to Tennessee in the wagon between Fulton and Logansport, 9 o'clock. P. M., clear and pleasant all day, very keen cold in the morning and freezes at night.

We arise, I take care of the horses. Mother gets breakfast, we eat, get up the horses. Father pays \$1.50 and we start on, come to Rochester a considerable of an Inland City, a nice little place of about 4000 inhabitants. Father buys 10 cents worth of bread, 50 cents worth corn for the horses, 40 cents sausage, and cheese 35. We drive on and halt about 1 o'clock and feed the horses. Mother makes tea; we eat a lunch and proceed and are told that we are within 10 miles of Logansport, but as it is near night, we get an old man to take our horses in. We take care of them and have supper in our wagon, have a good supper of bread and milk, we get our stove up, have a nice warm place in our wagon. Emma tumbles out of the wagon to help the cause along, but is not seriously hurt, and today we drove over some of the worst road I ever had any dealing with in the afternoon.

After we get over the excitement of Emma falling out of the wagon, I write my diary using an inverted half-bushel for a desk. We try to sleep, but do not much sleeping as we are rather cold and in an uncomfortable position and to take the thing all around, we make a miserable night of it.

Monday, February 7, 1870

At a house thirteen miles south of Logansport, keen cold in morning, grows warm through the day, but freezes some at night.

We get up as early as propriety will allow, and we build a fire after I have sawed some wood with a little backsaw. I take care of the horses, and we have breakfast and Father pays .50 cents for having the horses kept and the two quarts of milk we had for supper last night. We drive into Logansport, a very nice city of considerable size where Father buys some corn and provisions for ourselves. We drive out of town on a nice pike road on which Father has to pay 30 cents toll. We drive out 5 or 6 miles and feed the horses, and we have a pretty good dinner cooked by the roadside after which we proceed as before and succeed in getting a place to stay after trying several times. Mother gets supper at this house, and they sit by the stove and talk, not stove but fireplace. We passed by several nice farms and through lots of nice farming lands. We cross three quite large streams at Logansport and two of them on covered bridges, also cross a railroad in the evening. I write my diary. Mother and the children sleep in the house, and Father and I sleep in the wagon. Have a pretty good nap or rather a good night's rest.

Tuesday, February 8, 1870

At Burlington Hotel, Ind., 7 o'clock P. M., clear and pleasant in the morning, but clouds up in the afternoon, thaws through the day so that the roads are quite muddy; signs of snow at night, the air very chilly in the evening.

We arise at about 5 o'clock. Father goes to see about trading wagons. Mother gets breakfast in the house where she stayed last night. We eat, a Mr. Wood comes and looks our wagon over and after a good deal of talking, he agrees to trade for \$10. and our chain, so I hitch on and go up and trade wagons. We get one a considerable lighter than ours, come back to where we stayed last night, splice the box, put our old top on and set sail, come 5 miles over a muddy and clayey road. Arrive at Burlington, a small village of about perhaps 200 inhabitants, but not much of a business place. We put up at the Burlington Hotel, have the horses cared for and I write diary on a table in the gent's sitting room. One clumsy fisted fellow upsets my ink, but I pick up most of it with my knife and proceed without further interruption. After writing diary, some of the boarders come in from meeting and discuss the unsoundness of Universalism. Father and I have a

bed upstairs on a two story bedsted. We have some fun over the scarcity of feathers in our pillows.

Wednesday, 9th, 1870

At Mr. McCoy's house on the road to Tennessee, 26 miles from Indianapolis, 8:20 P. M., clear and pleasant all day, wind chilly.

We get up and have a breakfast of ham, potatoes, bread, cracked corn, molasses, apple butter, baked apples and coffee. We hitch up. Father pays our good-natured landlord \$3.00 for our lodging, breakfast, and horse feed. We ride most of the forenoon over frozen ground, stopped in Michigan Town (a one horse affair). Father bought some crackers and tough sausage and eggs. We then drive on about two miles this side of Michigan Town, stopped, fed the horses corn. We have our dinner of bread and eggs. Father and Mother have tea. I take hot water with sugar. We drive over some of the most abominable road during the day I ever saw. It was mostly an old worn out plank road part of which had been torn up and through a clay country; about 5 o'clock we drove through another one horse town by the name of Kirklen where Father buys some crackers. We drive on a mile or two. Father goes into a house to see if he can get Mother, Ed, Em and the horses kept over night, but they haven't room for the horses, and we come on about a mile and a half where we get in. We put the horses in and make the discovery that I had left the halters where we stopped at noon. We sit by the fireplace and talk with our host and hostess, a couple of good old folks about 55 years old. They have three small children and a son of about 25 years of age. The house is a sort of a southern building of two apartments, a fine place in the end of each, one window in the room we were taken into. Father and I take care of the horses, and I write diary in the house on a stand by the fireplace. Mother fixes the sweat pad to Nell's harness and father's overcoat. Father and I sleep in the wagon and Mother sleeps in the house.

Thursday 10, 1870, at D. Hessong's about 6 miles out of Indianapolis, 7 o'clock 10 min., P. M., clear, warm, and pleasant during the forepart of the day, cloudy in the afternoon and night, froze at night and mornings.

We arise and take breakfast, a first rate breakfast. We take leave of our kind host and hostess, and ride over some more very rough road which kept us well shook up. We ride on. Father buys some corn of a man on the roadside who says he has been in the same fix and that he knows how it is. We stop on the road, have some lunch. Father makes a couple of rope halters. Father then goes over across the lots to a little town and gets some castor oil for 70 cents and some bread. We grease the wagon, and come on three miles further, and we get on to the Indianapolis Pike, drive on and put up at a Mr. Hessong's and take care of the horses. Mother gets supper, we eat and the children have a gay time

with a couple others about the same ages. Father and Mother talk with the Old Lady and Gentleman. I write diary, we go out and finish taking care of the horses, go in the house, talk awhile and Father and I retire to the wagon. He says he does not sleep very well. I dream about my old school and schoolmates.

Friday, February 11, 1870

At a house 5 miles south of Greenwood, warm and spring like, cloudy to smokey and looks like rain

We get up after a middling good night's rest, take care of our horses, have a first rate breakfast got up by Mrs. Hessong, we do it justice and then we hitch up. Father pays our clever host \$1.75 for Mother's, Ed and Emma's lodging and breakfast for all of us and stable and feed for our horses. I drive through the city which I think a somewhat dirty one. Father goes through the town and makes inquiries and buys some provisions. We drive out on a pike about five miles, take a dinner in a hickory and ash grove. We have boiled potatoes, fried sausages, tea, bread and butter. We come on about five miles and come to Greenwood, a neat little village with 3 churches, and a nice two story school house, and other buildings in proportion. We then, Father and I, get out and go on foot. The dog gets behind. Father goes back after him. We walk along through about five miles of clay after we leave the pike at Greenwood. We see two ladies on horseback which appears to be the style here. We come to this house and Father asks a woman in the doorway if he could get a span of horses, a woman and two horses (*I think he meant to write two children*) kept here overnight; the answer was, "you can go to the barn and see the man if you can get room for the horses, you can stay in the house I reckon," so Father sees the man at the barn, and we unhitch and put up the horses and give them hay. Then we come to the house, we find two Dutch men here who passed us on the road. They have supper; then mother gets our supper. We eat it and Father, the host and the two dutch men discuss the war and the Generals. I write diary, the elder of the two Dutch men is pretty informed and smart. It is quite interesting and amusing to hear him talk. Father and I make up our bed in the wagon and retire. We sleep pretty well until the horses get to making a noise, and we have to get up to see to them, but there is not much the matter only the stall was narrow and the floor slippery.

Saturday, February 12, 1870

On the road to Tennessee, 3 miles below Edingburrrough, Ind. and at a house by a good fire. Clear and pleasant, but grows colder during the day, a bright moonlight night.

We get up and start off as usual. We go a little way, after Father has payed his bill of \$2.00 onto a little village on the railroad where we shorten the tongue to the wagon. Father gets a little blacksmithing done for which he pays 75 cents, then he gets some

irons fitted onto some new whippetrees for which the fellow charges the liberal fee of one dollar. We come on through a pretty nice country over a pike road most of the way. We come to a nice little city by the name of Franklin, a very neat, pretty and lively little city containing 3 churches, some nice schoolbuildings. We pay 15 cents toll, and drive over some very crooked pike for which we pay a 25 cent toll. Father has a few words of conversation with the toll gate keeper who was a woman, but she was as good at a joke as he was. We come over some very nice country, and by some very handsome sugar groves. Father buys a jug of milk on the road, and we stop the wagon, feed the horses and we all have a dish of bread and milk. Mother and Ed and Em goes off to a log house and warm up while the horses (*have*) their supper or dinner rather. We then harness up and proceed through Edinburg, a considerable of an inland city. We go into the place over a nice little river on an iron bridge. I see folks like their whiskey in this place on Saturdays. We come on two or three miles. We eat our supper on the wagon. We meet a man and inquire of him and the only objection he offers to the straight road was that there was a “right smart” hill climb. We drive on until we come to the hill when we all get out. I drive the horses up hill. I get in and drive on until we come to a place where there are three large dogs ready to receive us with open mouths. Father finally gains a hearing and we hear, “I can keep you I reckon.” So Mother and Ed and Em go in. Father and I unhitch and we go in and wait until they finish their supper. We find a good fat old couple of clever folks and four children from 16 years of age to about eight. 2 boys and two girls, boys about 16 and 12 years of age, the oldest girl about 14 and the younger about eight. We put the horses in a log stable and feed them hay, come back to the house. Father and Mother talk with the old lady and gentleman. I write diary, the children get out an old flute. I play some and the children carry on and have a gay time. I finish writing diary for the evening. The old lady tells about her son who had been in the army and was now among the Indians. Father and the old gentleman discuss state debts, lands, deeds, politics, and Tennessee farming lands. I feed the horses and Father and I make up our bed in the wagon as usual and retire. The dogs sing us to sleep. Mother, Ed and Em sleep in the house.

Sunday, February 13th, 1870

About four miles south of Seymour in the old wagon, 10 o'clock P. M., quite cold in the morning, clear with keen chilly air, but grows warmer through the day, but clouds up and looks like rain.

We arise when we feel like it. I feed the horses, go in the house and sit by the fireplace until breakfast is ready, then we eat as usual, have a very good breakfast, then we take leave of Mr. Winged's folks and ride along over some very good level road of a mixed sandy and clayey soil. We drive through Columbus a “right smart little city” to use the natives phraseology; then we come over a nice piece of pike through some very nice

country along side the Jeffersonville R. R. Father stopped and bought a half bushel of corn of a man who lived beside the R. R. who said he had had \$500.00 worth of horses killed by the railroad and that he had never had a cent for them. We then drive on until (*we*) come to a piece of woods top of a hill where father builds a fire and brings water. I take care of the horses. Mother gets dinner, we eat and proceed through some very nice county which was mostly sandy. Then we cross a ferry consisting of a raft drawn across the river (which was the south fork of the White River) and a small flatboat which was propelled by a man pulling on the rope. We cross into a one horse town by the name of Rockford. Then we drive over into Seymour, a nice little city where two railroads cross. We run over sand hills to get into Seymour. Then we drive into a lower country where the sand runs into clay again. Father goes up to a house to see if we could stay overnight, but he is told to keep out of the yard or he would be bitten by the large dogs which come rushing at him. So we proceed through a clay mudhole. I stop at a large house, find no one but a small black dog, then I call at a large brick house, find no one, but a Dutchman of whom I can learn nothing. I leave him in disgust. We pass an old castle like looking building which was guarded by a large and a small dog. The smaller of which I fire a chunk of clay at; then we proceed to the next house where I succeed in getting our horses a stable and feed, and we all bunk in the wagon, but do not sleep as well, all of us, as we might have done under better circumstances.

On the road to Tennessee, Jackson Co., Ind.

Monday February 14th, 1870, At Mr. Verdes, 18 miles south of Seymour, Ind., 8 o'clock P. M., cloudy and rainy all day, foggy at night.

We are awakened by a thunderstorm. I go and feed the horses and return to the wagon. We have a breakfast of beef sausage and bread, bread, butter and sugar. Mother goes into the house, so does Ed. And Em. Father pays 50 cents for the keeping the horses and I hitch up. We get aboard and proceed through mud and rain, and red clay like the red clay of Winnebago County, Wis. We pass through a little one horse town containing an old broken down brick kiln, a boot shop, a blacksmith shop and two places where they keep a double handful of stuff to see and two or three other buildings. We come on until we get to a house that suits my looks. I see the old gentleman, he sees his "old woman" and they say we may stay, so we put out the horses and all go into the house and sit by the fireplace. The old lady brings in a pan of good apples, and we are told to help ourselves which we do to the full extent of our capacity. In this family there are four girls at home. The younger one of which is sick with the lung fever, a girl about 13, the other about 15, the next 17 and the last about 22 or three. We sit and talk and read until about 4 o'clock; then we have a good supper consisting of biscuit, butter, sausage, ham, potatoes, sauce, preserves, and pie, &c. I take care of the horses. We sit in the house and write my diary while the old lady talks about her boys in the army, and they show us their pictures, and

then Mother, Ed and Em go to bed. The old lady and jent and Father discuss the different doctrines while I write diary. Then Father and I retire to the wagon and Mother, Ed. And Em to beds in the house. Father and I do some tip top sleeping.

Tuesday, February 15th, 1870

At a house 29 miles from Jeffersonville, Ind., 9 o'clock P. M., clear and pleasant, clear moon light night and frost at night, cloudy in the morning and rainy, but clears toward night.

We take leave of Mr. Verges's folks. Father pays him a dollar and a half and buys a half bushel of apples of him. We drive on until we come to a little muddy ferry where we come up with a couple of families moving from Ohio. They have some very nice iron "ex" wagons, nicely covered with oil canvasses. They have springs under their wagons and very nice teams. We cross the ferry and Father pays 20 cents. I drive over the creek bottom road. Then we come where the mud is too thick and stiff to think of riding, so Father and I "hoof it". Mother drives; we go through a miserable little place called Little York, and it was little too. Father bought 5 cents worth of nails. We come on away further. We stop and feed the horses. Mother gets some tea as father had built a fire. We eat some dinner and proceed until about eight o'clock, and we put up at Henry Richers as I suppose (after having tried two or three other places), and we take care of the horses and we take care of the horses and sit by the fireplace and toast our shins. Then Father and I retire in wagon as usual, sleep like logs as we generally do.

Wednesday, February 16th, 1870

3 miles from Charleston, Ind, cloudy all day and chilly.

Father buys a shoulder of pork after we had had breakfast and we hitch up. Mother drives and Father and I walk as the course is very clayey and hilly with streams with slate stone banks and gravelly bottoms. We stop by one of these streams and have our dinner of bread, fried pork, water and tea. We then drive on until after dark when Father made out to get the team into a shed where they say they can keep the horses. The man comes home and tells Mother and the children to come in the house, so they go in and Father and I take care of the horses, then go into the house and eat a few of a pan of apples they set before us. We get well warmed up and go out to our wagon and go to bed. Father has a chill and fever of ague. I sleep very well.

Thursday, February 17th, 1870

Arrive at Garrs in Kentucky, 9 o'clock P. M., cloudy all day, grows colder through the day and snows at night.

We are wakened by the rain pattering on our wagon covering at a southern house 4 miles from Louisville on the Salt River turnpike, 9 o'clock P.M. We take breakfast at the house where we stay last night. Father did not eat breakfast, and we harness up and make off through awful mud for three miles; then we come to Charleston, quite a city place where father buys some whiskey and quinine. I buy a "chimney corner", and we drive on over the pike into Jeffersonville where we ferry across the Ohio River on the steamferry, "Shallcross". Father makes some inquiries about a boat passage to Nashville, but we can make out nothing but a pretty heavy charge. We then proceed to the depot on the way. We encounter a city chap who wants to sell a watch, but we don't want the watch, so we go to depot and make out nothing satisfactory, so we proceed to the plantation of Mr. Garr, a southerner who had once been a slaveholder. He is a very good sociable sort of a chap, but he does hate a "niger". We get in with him and stay. We have a good supper and the folks talk. I write diary. We all retire in one room where we have a fireplace filled with coal. We sleep very well.

Friday, February 18th, 1870

At Davis's in Kentucky, 10 o'clock P. M., clear and cold all day, a bright moon light night

We arise. I go to the barn and find that Garr has fed the horses, so I come back to the house. We have a good breakfast and hitch up. We water the horses and proceed over a pike road of rock. At noon we stop and feed the horses beside the Ohio River and go into a house where we find some pretty fine folks. We sit by the fire a while and hitch up and proceed cross the Salt River ("a little muddy affair") on a hand ferry run with oars and proceed over a crooked stone pike that winds around the hills until about 7 o'clock. We arrive at the house of one Mr. Davis, a southerner who we afterward learned was a pretty tough case, but he turned his horse out of a poor log stable and let us turn ours in and feed them and go to the house, sit by the fire awhile, then have some salt pork and hot biscuit. Then we sit by the fire and try to talk with Old Hawkins who was an old "Decesh", had owned one negro but lost him by the war which he said was caused by the abolitionists. He said he had lost \$20,000 by the war, but we afterward learned the Negro was all he had ever owned. He was deaf, so I do not talk with him any more than I am obliged to. Father and I retire in the wagon and Mother and the rest of them in the house.

Saturday, February 19th, 1870

At the Widow Jacksons, south of Elizabethtown, Ky, 11 o'clock P. M., cloudy and cold, grows colder toward night, and snows and freezes.

We have a breakfast of cornbread, bacon, biscuit, butter and eggs, pay \$3.00 and take leave of the dirty, ignorant Davis family and drive over the pike to Elizabethtown where

Father puts our trunks in the care of the Express Agent to be shipped to McMinnville. Father then buys some bread, butter and little basins. We drive on and along toward night we try to get in, but we go to the ford and dare not cross it at night under the circumstances. So we go back and finally get in with the Widow (a very fine lady) and her tenants: the young man turns their horses out and puts ours in. We give them what oats there is in our wagon, and we then give them some corn and go into the house. Father and I go in with the two young men and one of the young men's wife who are the Widow's tenants. We make a bed on the floor of our blankets, and Father and I bunk on the floor. Mother, Ed, and Em go in the widow's room.

Sunday, February 20th, 1870

Bakon Creek, Ky, in an old log building that was built for a tavern and had been used for a hospital 10 o'clock P. M., cloudy and very chilly and cold all day.

We take leave of our kind friends at the Widow's and proceed. We ford the creek at Olin. The water comes into our wagon box and freezes the horses tails stiff about as soon as they are out of the creek. We drive on over a very rough clay and rock road all day. Stop at on pady shantee where we get warm. I try to buy corn and hay, but without success. Finally I find a man who has corn and I manage to get a bushel by going about a half mile for it and paying a dollar. Then we go on a ways further and try to get kept at every place on the road, but there appears to be a scarcity of hay and feed. We come to the village of Mule Spring, a place containing about three houses nearly as many miles apart. We finally arrive at Bacon Creek, a place of seven or eight houses and after trying a while, we make out to get a stable of one man for horses and some oats in the bundle for them, and a room up in the upper story of a large log house where we build a fire in a stone fireplace, roast one side and freeze the other. Mother gets supper, we eat and I write diary while Mother makes up beds with our blankets and some bedding they furnished us, and we retire and sleep middling well.

Monday, February 21st, 1870

At Dr. Hodges about a half mile out of the village of Caverna, formerly Horse Cave, 10 o'clock. P. M., clear but keenly cold all day.

We arrive and Mother gets breakfast by the little stone fireplace in our cold room. We eat and take our departure as speedily as possible. We drive on about a half mile. Father buys some hay of a fellow, and we proceed over a few miles of red clay road through a forsaken and neglected appearing county. Then we come on to the stone pike again and wind around among the hills. We see a flock of quails by the roadside. Father took my gun and killed two of them. We drive on through some better looking country and come to the town of Munfordsville, a place of about 800 or 1000 inhabitants. We leave the

town by descending a very steep hill. Then we cross the Green River on a hand ferry run by a Negro who was very moderate about it—that is as far as time is concerned. Then we climb another steep bank and come into a small collection of dilapidated buildings where Father buys ten ginger cookies for 20 cents. Then we proceed through some very fine country over the rock pike, come to a place where we see a Negress cutting wood. We see an old man at the gate with a white hat on. Father asks him if we can go in and warm. He replies, “yes, but we have not got much fire as it is so warm today”. I thought if he called this a warm day, I never wanted to see a cold one. We proceed through very fine country with plenty of hills and small mountains and splendid farms until we reach the village of Horse Caves recently renamed Caverna. We pass on and put up with a Dr. Hodges (a dentist). We have supper with them. They have a black cook and also a black man servant. I put the horses in a structure of small logs and large spaces, which was full as cold if not colder than outdoors and feed them. Mother and the children stay in the house. Father and I build a fire in the wagon, sit and warm awhile, then retire, do a good job of sleeping.

Tuesday, February 22, 1870

In a Negro cabin on a plantation 10 miles north of Bowling Green, Ky., 11 o'clock P. M., cold, cloudy and snows all day, grows warmer (throughout) the day.

We leave Dr. Hodges at 10 o'clock (as soon as we could get our breakfast and get off), ride over a clay road through good but mountainous country, pass through Cave City which had recently been visited by a tornado, the effects of which we see in trees torn up by the roots, buildings strewn in kindling, wood-like fragments, rail fences scattered as though the rails had been sowed broadcast and whole piece of woods torn to pieces. We drive out of this into a place called Junction, which is a little railroad station at the junction of one finished and one unfinished railroad. There are about a dozen buildings in the place. There is one grocery at which father bought some crackers, sugar and eggs, and we then proceed and strike the stone pike again at this place. We stop about five miles out of town, build a fire, cook and eat dinner, feed and water the horses, hitch up and drive on until about 6 o'clock and get permission to put the horses into a good stable and ourselves have the use of what used once to be a slave cabin. Mother, Ed and Em go in the house and warm while Father and I take care of the horses, sweep the shanty and build a fire in the big stone fireplace and stop up some of the largest of the spaces between the logs with our horse blankets. We go into a cave-like well which a Negro girl shows us and get some very nice water and have a little supper. Mother puts part of our pork boiling. Ed goes to bed on the floor, our bed consists of some hay and our blankets. Mother and Emma take the wagon seats for theirs. I write two days diary and retire.

Wednesday, Feb. 23rd, 1870

At Hardon's, 10 miles north of Franklin, Ky., 9 o'clock P. M., cloudy and cold all day.

We arise about daylight. Mother gets breakfast in the Negro cabin by a fireplace. I get up the team and we are off as soon as our breakfast is over. We travel through some very nice country, see a plenty of negroes, mules, and men on horseback, drive into Bowling Green over a rough stone pike road. We see some fortifications on the top of the hills around the city. Father stops there and buys bread and other Baker's goods, gets some money changed and buys a coarse comb, and we then drive through a toll gate where Father pays 25 cents then we proceed to the top of the hill, and Father goes and buys a half bushel of corn. I go on a foot for a half mile or more. Father drives the team out to one side of the road and we feed the horses and grease the wagon and proceed until we think we have gone far enough for one day. We meet two men, one on horseback, the other on foot. We make inquiries of them for a place to stay over night, one of them says he keeps people sometimes, and said he guessed he could keep us if I would go and see what his woman said about it, so I went and saw his woman, a mighty handsome little woman too, she was, she said we could stay. We turned around, drove our wagon into the house yard or wood yard rather, put the horses into good barn and feed them well with chopped oats. We go in and warm. Mother gets our supper in Mr. Hardon's dining room, have two wenches to wait upon us; Mother, Ed and Emma have a room and a bed up in the chamber of the big three story brick building. Father and I bunk in the wagon and do some good sleeping.

Thursday, Feb. 24, 1870

All in the wagon 7 miles from Galentine, Tenn., 10 o'clock P. M., clear and pleasant all day.

We have breakfast, got at Hardon's by their servants, have a good breakfast with a plenty of apple brandy; we take leave after Father pays our host \$3.00 and ride over the stone pike through fine country as usual, pass about the nicest fairground I ever saw then we pass into the city of Franklin, Ky., a nice little city where Father stops and trades a little. I have one picture taken, and we arrive on and cross the Tennessee line about 5 o'clock P. M. Drive off the pike onto a mud road for Galentine. We drive by one Negro shanty through a piece of woods, come to another place where a man has nothing, and we stop beside the road and make a place for the horses, pick some leaves and bed them, feed them, make a fire in our stove and I write diary, and we all bunk in the wagon. Father sits guard half the night and keeps fire at two o'clock. Father turns in and Mother takes his place at the stove.

Friday, February 25th, 1870

At H. S. Dobbs, 2 miles south of Gallatin, Tenn., 9 o'clock P. M., cold and frosty in the morning, thaws and becomes very pleasant in the afternoon.

We arise. Father hunts up some water while I hew some kindling from a fence rail and get stuff for the fire and get the horses taken care of. We build a fire out of the remains of an old brush heap and some fence rails. Mother cooks our breakfast of pork, tea and bread. We eat and proceed over some very rough clay road through woods mostly and make frequent inquiries for Gallatin and horse feed. Father finally succeeds in getting some corn leaves for fifty cents. We then come onto a gravel road off from the clay ridge into a very fine country, and Father gets a big bushel of corn here and a dimes worth of hay. We drive down by a nice limestone bottomed stream where we stop and feed the horses. I go to two houses for milk and molasses, but get none, so we eat a bread and butter dinner, hitch up and proceed through some very delightful country with nice neat large farms and romantic hilly scenery until we reach the nice neat and lively little city of Gallatin. The streets are all of rock and the sidewalks are stone and brick. Father buys some molasses and cookies and apples. We drive out of town and eat our evening meal in the wagon as we ride on and feast our eyes on the beautiful scenery around. I ask one man if he can keep us over night, he says he can not as he has no horse feed, but he says the next man would keep us. So I go for the "next man". Meet a man in the yard who says he thinks it a good chance as one of the old gentleman's daughters had got married and gone and there would be a plenty of room. So I go up a "right smart" hill through a cedar grove to the house and knock several times. Finally a young man come to the door and I put the question "can we get a span of horses, a woman and two children kept over night here, to which I receive the answer "I reckon you can." Then turning to the old man he says "can't he dad?" The old gentleman comes and sees about it and says "yes come on", so we drive up around the house, unload the human freight, who goes into the house while Father and I and the old gentleman take care of the horses. We then go in, sit by the fire and talk with the folks. The old jent has a son (at) home married, has two daughters who I should think were in their teens, one of them is lame, and a boy about the size of my brother Ed whose name is Ed too. He has also an Emma about 15 years old. We talk awhile, then the old man goes out as far as the fence with us to keep his dogs off. Father and I sleep in the wagon and Mother, Ed and Em in the house.

Saturday, Feb. 26, 1870

At Thorten's Wagoner's Stand, 2 ½ miles from Lebanon, Tenn., 10 o'clock P. M., cloudy, most all day, clouds up and rains at night.

We get up about 6 o'clock. The old man whose name I afterwards learned to be H. S. Dobbs comes out, and we go and take care of the horses and they go to the house and have a breakfast of cornbread, sorghum, molasses and pork. We learn that Mr. Dobbs

had been a rebel. He said that was the reason why they would not let him vote, but Rebel or no Rebel he was a pretty fine old man. I think he treated us first rate. Father pays him \$3 and we proceed and cross the Cumberland River on a horse ferry, run by one horse and two Negros, then we come over a clay road a few miles. We pass some very fine country, one cotton press and several cotton fields. We then come onto a gravel pike road though some rocky country which is very well watered and wooded, then through some beautiful cedar groves onto the Nashville and Lebanon turnpike where we find some more nice farms and streams, one of which we stop by, eat our dinner and feed our horses. It is a nice clear stream with a limerock bottom which minds the fields, valleys, fields and woods. I write J. Bachelder a letter and enclose a picture while mother gets dinner after which I hitch up, and we drive on aways through nice county until we stop and get Bill shod. Drive through a few miles more until we come among the cedars where the soil is very shallow and in many places the limerocks show above the ground. We proceed through about 3 miles of Cedar groves until we drive into Lebanon, a quite a nice little city, with rows of cedars on each side of the street. I stop and post a letter to John Bachelder. We then drive on through the cedar groves for about four miles, and we then find a change of country here in the cedars are not so plenty. We get up at Thorten's Wagoner stand where we sit by a fire awhile, feed the horses. Mother and the children sleep in the house. Father and I sleep or try to rather, in the wagon, but it rains very hard. There was a colt running around in the barn loose, and he ran against the wagon and jammed around until I got up and drove him back into his stall, lay down awhile and the wind gets the doors open and swing them around and I have to get up and shut them. Then I lay and snooze awhile longer.

Sunday February 27th, 1870

At the house of Mr. Moore within 23 miles of McMinnville, 10 o'clock P. M., clear and pleasant all day with a strong breezes.

We get up for another day's drive after a very broken night's rest, take care of the horses and wait around until about nine o'clock when we have breakfast. Father pays his bill, and we take leave of Shorter's which I don't call a very inviting place and we proceed over a stone pike through a pretty interesting country. We see many folk, mostly young folks going to church on horses. We stop and take dinner by a stream which flows over a nice gravel and rock bed with a green bank. We pass through the village of Alexander, a rather smutty little place containing four steepled buildings, one of which I take for a courthouse and the other three for churches. The place is located on rough, rocky country and surrounded by the same. We drive on to Liberty another little dirty village containing three or four drinking saloons. We leave this place and cross a covered bridge over a rocky banked and bedded stream. Father buys some hungarian hay for the horses, and we begin to come among the mountains. We drive through a deep valley between

two small mountains. Then we begin to “raise snow hills,” we do by a winding road around a succession of hills one above another. We have a view of the valley, streams, farms and hills and rocks and other romantic scenes in the valley below. When we have gone up a mile or two where we come to where the pigeons are flying across the road by the millions to go to roost, Father and I shoot into them a few times and kill three, and proceed up the hill until nearly to the top where we leave the pike and come on to the clay road. When we have “down grade” and after several trials to get a place to stay over night, we put up with one Mr. Moore who turns his mules out of a pole crib, and we put our horses in and feed them, then shut them in and the hogs out with a rail pile. We go in, sit by the fire a few minutes and then Father and I retire to the wagon.

Monday February 28, 1870

In the woods by a clear running brook, 2 ½ miles north of McMinnville, 10 o'clock P. M., clear, cool and pleasant

We hitch up and drive through woods most all day, camp at noon or stop rather and Mother cooks our dinner by a nice clear brook with a muddy bottom. We eat, my knife drops into the fire and burns the handle off—my luck exactly. We then proceed but by the way one more item worthy of remark, while Mother was getting dinner, Father went to a house to buy some corn, and the Father of the old man Father bought the corn of was living and was 106 years old. We drive on and I do not take much notice of the country only that it was hilly, and we had a clay road. We stop at night by a clear rocky bottomed creek that ran murmuring over the rocks through (*the*) valley. Father goes up to the house (*at the*) top of the hill and buys some meal and bread of the folks up there who Father says are northern folks while I take care of the horses. We build a fire and Mother makes a kettle of mush, and we get about ready to eat when two drunken roughs come, warm themselves and talk about as mean as the law requires. They swore they were rebels and tried to pick a fuss, but as Mother and the children were or would have been apt to get hurt, if we had had a muss, we said nothing in defense and they got onto their horse and mule and rode off yelling. We finished our supper, picked up things. I tie the horses to the wagon wheels, and we all bunk in the wagon box. I do not sleep much and to help the cause along “Nell” gets her nose in, and I have to watch her, other ways we make a pretty good night of it.

Tuesday March 1st, 1870

At the Widow Dikes at the foot of the mountain, 9 o'clock P. M., cloudy and cold, snows some in the noon, we have some sunshine in the afternoon, cold and freezes at night.

We feed the horses. Mother cooks our pigeons, and we have breakfast and drive up a rough steep hill and drive into McMinnville where I miss my gun, and I go clear back to

where we camped and on my return I find a Dutchman with it. I give him 25 cents for his trouble and go on. Father gets his trunks that he expressed at Elizabethtown, and we get aboard, drive down to a considerable stream, which we had to ford where we take a woman across. Then we go it up hill and down hill all day, cross several pretty clear streams, some of them nearly up to our wagon box. Father buys some corn and leaves for the horses and we drive on and stop, feed the horses and take some lunch while Father goes in and talks with one Mr. Bill. We hitch up and proceed through the same style of country until we are among the mountains. We try to get a place to stay, but can not make it out until we get up to the foot of the Cumberland Mountain. We stop at the Widow Dikes, put the horses into a pole barn and feed them, sit by the fire. Father has a chill. Mother and I make up our bed in the wagon and Father comes out and as there is a cow around the wagon, he throws a rock at her which hits our stove pipe. We retire and have a very comfortable night of it. Mother and the children sleep in the house.

Wednesday, March 2nd

At Lockharts Tenn., clear and chilly all day, 9 o'clock, P. M.

Mother comes to the wagon and tells father to come and cut some wood which he does while I feed the horses and arrange things in the wagon. We have breakfast with the widow and start out. All start up the mountain on foot, but me. I drive up to Barsby (*Beersheba*) Springs at the top of the mountain where they all get in, and we go it again up hill and down through mud and over rock until we drive into Altamont, our county seat, a small place. We meet Mr. Lockhart here, the man who Father bought his place of and who is to be our neighbor and our host for a while. While in town Father goes to the post office and brings me a letter from Elva. We are talked to by the folks in town; we then drive on out by "our place". When we come to Lockharts and put our horses in his stable and unload our wagon into his house and take care of our things, rip the cover off the wagon, cut some wood and fuss around, sit by the fire. We have supper and I write diary for 4 ½ days while Father and Mother reads, and we go to bed in the north end of Lockhart's house in their beds.

Thursday March 3rd, 1870

At Lockharts 9 o'clock P. M., cloudy and cold all day, rained at night.

We arise at about 7 o'clock and I feed the horses, look around some outdoors, sit by the fire, and then we are invited to a breakfast of corn bread, biscuit, venison boiled and fried, and fried pork, we do it justice, and then Father and I take our guns and compass and start out to go around our land. We start out and go to the southeast corner and run around by compass and on our way around we saw five deer. We come back, eat some supper and then fuss around a while and I commence a letter to Horace Williams. Mrs.

Lockhart gets supper again and I have to eat more just to please the company. I write all the evening and we all retire to the same quarters as before and make a good night's rest.

Friday March 4th, 1870

At Lockharts, 9:15 P. M., cloudy in morning, some rainy, it clears up and the sun looks out through clouds some in the middle of the day. The sky is clear in the evening, but clouds during the night.

We get up, feed the horses, have breakfast, hitch up the team and Father and I get aboard and go to Tracy City, the meanest and dirtiest little place on earth. We find our goods have not come. We wait an hour or so for the train to come, but no train. Father buys some sugar and flour, and we come home over a very rough road, put out the horses, borrow some fodder of Lockhart to feed them on and we have supper. I fiddle and flute awhile and then go out to the board kiln and flute for Lockhart and his carpenter a while then come into the house and retire.

Saturday, March 5th, 1870

At Solomon Meeks in Burrough's Cove, 9 o'clock P. M., cloudy most of the day, the sun looks out once in a while, a clear starlight evening.

We are awakened by the Sheriff calling for Lockhart. He and his carpenter are taken to go and take a Mr. Johnson up the road. They borrowed our guns. Mrs. Lockhart got our breakfast after which we hitched up our horses with nothing but corn for breakfast, and we go in search of food for them. We drive off down the mountain by the old road and drive until afternoon, then we find a man away back out of the world, who lets us have 10 bushels of corn and 100 bundles of fodder and while the horses are feeding the woman sends father and I a couple of turnovers. We eat them and hitch up and get as far back as Solomon Meeks near the foot of the mountain by the new road. The old man lets us have a fence corner to put our horses in, and they share their humble supper with us. Father and I bunk with the old jent.

Sunday, March 6, 1870

At Lockharts, 6:50 P. M., rainey all day

We arise about 5 o'clock. We have some rain to commence with and some thunder. Old Meeks' daughter "Martha" got us a breakfast of hard fried pork, eggs and hot biscuit. We have nothing to pay and start off up the mountain by the "new road", have a mighty hard pull for the horses, but we get up and into the woods, miss the road and wander around in the woods in the rain, get back to Lockharts about 3 o'clock P. M. We put our feed in Lockhart's barn, unhitch the horses, put them out and fed them. We have supper which

Mother got in our room after which I feed the horses and write diary. Father gets up some wood. Lockhart comes in and talks with Father. Mother goes in and talks with Mrs. Lockhart.

Monday, March 7, 1870

At Lockhart's, 2 o'clock next morning, cold and cloudy, freezes at night.

Father cuts some wood down in Lockhart's woods. I hitch up and draw 2 loads to the house. Then Father and I go to the house from thence to town and we get the horses shod and wagon repaired. Then we come home. We saw about two hundred men on horse back in town; most of them were drunk as it was election day. Saw some symptoms of fights, but no fights. We get home, have supper and the folks retire. I write to Horace until 2 o'clock and then retire.

March 8th, 1870

At Lockhart's 9 o'clock P.M., cold, cloudy and few flakes of snow

Father gets up and feeds the horses, and we have breakfast, then hitch up and go to the sawmill, get a load of lumber, draw it onto Father's lot. We then come to the house and have dinner, feed the horses, fix the wagon. I get another load of lumber and Father cleans the stable, puts in bedding for the horses, and I do my usual evening chores, have supper, write some lumber bills and write my diary. I retire.

Wednesday, March 9th, 1870

At Lockhart's 10 o'clock P. M., clear and pleasant all day

We have breakfast and I hitch up and go for more lumber. Father goes over to Nunley's for potatoes. I draw one load up to our place and come down and eat dinner and draw another load, the two loads make a little over 800 feet. Father made a bargain for about ten bushels of potatoes and comes home and cuts some sill timber for our new house in the evening. I flute, fife, and fiddle. The young carpenter comes in and listens awhile, and then we go in and hear Lockhart fiddle, then turn to our quarters. I take a wash up by the fireplace and retire.

Thursday, March 10th, 1870

At Lockhart's 9 o'clock P. M., clear and pleasant, clouds up and promises storm before long

Father and I take the team over to Smarts and get the potatoes. Father pays Mrs. Nunley \$10.00, and we come home and have dinner and feed the horses and take our potatoes up

to our lot and dump them. I then go up to the mill and get 300 feet of lumber, come back and stack the lumber on some pole that Father had fixed for the purpose. I take a load of wood aboard, drive home, take care of the team and cut up the load of wood. Father comes from taking care of the potatoes. We have supper. Mr. Lockhart and his young carpenter come in and talk and I write diary.

Friday, March 11th, 1870

At Lockharts 9 o'clock P. M., cloudy and rains

Father and I get aboard the wagon and go to the big town of Altamont. Father buys a keg of nails and gets measured for a pair of boots. I post a letter to H. B. Williams, receive one from E. W. Cadwell. Father buys a few trinkets, and we drive home in the rain. I get home, put the horses out and write to Ed, and that is about the aft of the day's work. I retire about 10 o'clock.

Saturday, March 10th, 1870

At Lockharts, 9 o'clock P.M., cloudy and rainy

Father went up to our lot and got under some boards to keep out of the rain. I arrange things in my satchel and write some. We have dinner and Father and I go up onto our lot, cut down and hew one 24 foot chestnut stick for our house. It rains, we get wet through once more and come to the house, cut some wood for the fireplace. We sit by the fire, eat supper and Father goes in and talk with Lockhart's folks. I flute awhile and retire.

Sunday March 13th, 1870

At Lockharts 9:30 P.M., clear and pleasant

Father goes out and takes a view of the country. Mother and Mrs. Lockhart take a walk. Lockhart goes off with Baldwin to a lawsuit. I spend the day in writing a letter to E. C. I help do Lockhart's chores and finish the letter in the evening.

Monday, March 14, At Lockhart's, 9 o'clock P. M., clear and pleasant, a few clouds in the P. M.

I do the morning chores and Father and I get out some axhelve grindstone, *cranls* and beetle handle timber. We then go up and cut two 18 foot sticks, trim and ross them, come home and eat dinner and then go up and cut and hew a 24 feet stick, hew one of the 18 feet sticks and come to the house, do the chores and flute a little. Father and Mother talk with Mrs. Lockhart. I retire.

Tuesday, March 15th, 1870

At Lockharts, 9 P. M., cold and stormy

I write L. P. (?) Hunt in the forenoon as it storms too hard to take the team out. Father goes up to the lot and cuts some wood. I hitch up, get two loads, feed the team and eat dinner. Then I go and get a load of 304 feet of 16 feet-boards, come to the house and put up the team, eat supper and finish the letter to Lydia and retire.

Wednesday 16th

At Lockharts 9 o'clock P.M., frozen hard in the morning, cloudy and cold, clear moon light night and freezes

I go for more lumber. Father goes down to the mill with me and from there across to town. I load up, go home, unload, come down feed the team and eat dinner. I then go back as far as Griswolds where I find Father with a pair of new boots and a molasses cup filled with sorghum molasses and his ax which he grind there while I turned the stone. I go and get a load of 342 feet of flooring one foot wide. Father goes home. I come down and unload, do the evening chores, music a little, have supper and retire.

Thursday, March 17th, 1870

At Lockharts 9 o'clock, cold and froze up in the morning but clear and pleasant through the day

We have breakfast. Father goes up to the place and stacks his lumber and cuts wood, and I take the team and go up to *(the)* mill and *(load)* 416 feet of bats, drive to our place, unload the lumber and put on a load of hickory wood which Father had cut. I bring it here, take care of the horses while Father unloads it. We have dinner and I go and get a load of one hundred and forty-four feet of flooring, a plank of 17 ½ feet for sash and seven slabs, come back to our place, unload. Father fixes up a place to stack more lumber while I bring down another load of wood, and fix the wagon for a trip to McMinnville. When I take care of the horses, sit by the fire and flute, *(I)* have supper. Father comes and gives the horses another feed. I lounge about awhile after supper and retire.

Friday, March 18th, 1870

At J. W. Lockharts, 9 o'clock P.M., clear and pleasant all day, cloudy at night

Father takes the team and starts for McMinnville. I finish the breakfast I had commenced before harnessing the horses, and then I cut up our wood, go up to the place, stack the remainder of our lumber and cut one tree, come to the house, have dinner and go back

and chop all the afternoon. Ed piles brush; I come to the house pretty sore at night, fiddle awhile and have supper, write diary for three days and retire.

Saturday, March 19th, 1870

At Lockharts, 11 o'clock P. M., warm and pleasant all day, clouds up in the evening, looks like rain

I arise, eat breakfast and go up into the woods and chop a little. Ed piles some brush; I come to house and eat dinner, go up and cut down and trim out a few more trees, and about 6 o'clock a red haired and red faced man comes along and talks awhile in a discouraging way. I close business for the day, come down the road with him. He is not a very talkative person. He goes his way. I find mother and Mrs. Lockhart on the porch. Mrs. Lockhart tells us the fellow I come along with helped to murder a Negro and that he was one of a sort who did not want northern people to come in here for fear that their hunting would be damaged by our clearing. I help do Lockhart's chores as he had gone "down the mountain" for corn. I have supper, fiddle and retire and in bed until about 10 o'clock when Father returns from McMinnville with a load of flour, corn, potatoes, a grindstone plow and some fodder and iron. I put out the horses. We retire and stay retired for the remainder of the night.

Sunday, March 20

At Lockharts, 8:50 P.M., warm, hazy, cloudy and rains all night

We arise. We feed the horses, have breakfast and Father and I go and look at Lockhart's old place, come to the house and Father gets out a grub hoe handle. Mrs. Lockhart, Mother, Father, and Em go to look at another old place. I wash, shave and write Angelina La. Gest a letter and commence one to Uncle Dennis Priest. The folks come. Mother gets supper and I fiddle, we eat supper. Lockhart comes with his corn and another old man come and stays all night with Lockhart's folks. Father and I write a few lines to S. R. Hughs, supt. of the C. and M. L. S. RR., and to P. E. Jennings, his freight agent. Go and scare a calf out of a choking fit, talk awhile, the family retire. I write two days diary and retire also. The woods are on fire tonight, but I think the rain will extinguish it.

Monday, March 21, 1870

At Lockharts, 9 o'clock P. M., clear and pleasant and cloudy in the west toward night

Father and I go up to our lot and get out sills for a stable. Lockhart comes along and scores a little. I then score the remainder of the day. We come to the house about 2 o'clock and have dinner and feed the team, go back and finish hewing the sills. The

German comes over and talks awhile, and when Lockhart returns with his load of lumber, he stops and draws our long sills down to the place and Father and I then finish the short sills and hew a chestnut stick for plates, and we split that and come to the house. I feed the horses and we have supper. I shut the horses up as Lockhart think they might run off. I then borrow some Cincinnati Weeklys, read a while. James McCullough comes in and talks awhile, asks me to fiddle which I do awhile. He then goes to his quarters. I put up my music and read some more, then retire.

Tuesday March 22nd, 1870

At Lockharts, 9 o'clock P.M., clear and pleasant

Father goes up and frames the timber to our stable. I go to Altamont, post three letters, get a fro and a wedge and get some beetle rungs made. I buy me another blank book for a diary, drive down to the mill and put on a load of slabs, come home, feed the team have dinner and go up to the lot where Father and I get part of the stable together. We then come to the house and I shut up and feed the horses. Then we have supper. I fiddle a spell and then write diary while Father reads, give the horses their corn and retire.

Wednesday, March 23

At Lockharts, 9 o'clock P.M., clear, warm, and pleasant

Father and I go up to our place and burns off all around our boards and where we are building our stable, so that if the woods catch on fire, we are safe. The teamster Dutton comes along and tells me to hitch up old "Spotty" and go and get our goods as they are at Tracy. We put out the fire, come to the house, feed the team and take a lunch. I hitch up and we go to Tracy over rough road and through woods most of the way. Father pays \$42.28 freight on the goods. We put the big box, the tool chest, and stove aboard, and come home, unload and unpack, find things alright. We find Lockhart's folks quite surprised by the goods when they return from Altamont. We have supper and I flute and fiddle.

Lockhart and Jim come in and

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This is where the diary of daily events ends in this volume. A note at the top of the page says, "Continued in Vol. 2". I am sickened by the fact that no one has ever seen Vol. 2. I have no doubt that many of my own relatives and those of my husband are listed in that volume. How unfortunate for all of us Grundy County people that this volume has been lost to us and the Curtis family. In transcribing this diary to the typewritten pages, I tried to stay true to Dennis's actual statements. Occasionally for clarity I inserted a word in italics, and the spellcheck on my word processor corrected some words as did I. But spelling and correct

usage of grammar were not my goal in transcribing this work. The Curtis family has the original diary for their descendants to treasure, but this paper will be a wonderful aid for those Grundy County researchers as well as others in other states. This volume does have pages on finances and a few personal notes which I will try to transcribe in the following pages.

EXPENSES OF OUR TRIP TO TENNESSEE

DATE	ITEM	COST
Feb. 4	Lodging, supper and breakfast, feeding horses	\$4.00
Feb. 5	Lodging, meals, horse feed	\$5.00
	Bread, beef, wire and ether	\$.95
	Corn for horses	\$.50
Feb. 6	Lodging, horse feed, food and 2 qts. milk	\$2.85
Feb. 7	Keeping horses overnight	\$.50
	provisions	\$1.83
Feb. 8	Boot on a wagon trade	\$10.00
	Hay and shelter for horses, lodging for Mother and children	\$1.00
Feb. 9	Lodging for all, breakfast, feed and shelter for horses, gargling oil	\$3.00
	Provisions and corn	\$1.75
Feb. 10	Lodging and breakfast, feed for horses and grub	\$3.50
Feb. 11	Lodging and breakfast, stable room and horse feed	\$1.75
	Provisions and apples	\$1.95
	Toll	\$.38
Feb. 12	Lodging, breakfast, horse feed, toll, repairs on wagon	\$2.25
Feb. 13	Keeping horses overnight, lodging for Mother, Ed & Em, breakfast	\$2.25
	Toll	\$.05

	Corn	\$.35
	Ferrying across the south fork of White River	\$.20
Feb. 14	Keeping horses overnight	\$.50
Feb. 15	Keeping horses, Mother, Ed and Em, breakfast, and sup.	\$3.00
	A half bushel of apples	\$.50
	Ferrying across a little muddy creek	\$.20
Feb. 16	Staying overnight and a hog's shoulder	\$4.35
	Half bushel corn	\$.25
Feb. 17	Keeping horses, breakfast and lodging	\$1.75
	Whiskey, quinine &c	\$.90
	Gingerbread &c	\$.20
	Toll	\$.45
	Ferrying across the Ohio River	\$.30
Feb. 18	Lodging, supper and breakfast, keeping of horses	\$4.40
	3 tolls and ferrying across the Salt River	\$1.05
Feb. 19	Lodging, supper and breakfast, keeping horses	\$3.00
	2 tolls; 5 pint basins of butter, bread and cake, eggs and corn	\$1.90
Feb. 20	Lodging, keeping horses	\$1.35
	One bushel of corn	\$1.00
Feb. 21	Room, fuel, stable room, and horse feed	\$2.50
	Ferrying Green River	\$.75
	Ginger cookies	\$.20
	Hay	\$.50
Feb. 22	Supper, breakfast, Mother's, Ed & Em's lodging	\$3.00
	Keeping of horses	\$.50
	Eggs, crackers & sugar	\$.82
Feb. 23	Use of Negro shanty,	\$1.15

	stable, horse feed & toll	
	Bread bakeries	\$1.25
Feb. 24	Mother's, Ed's & Em's lodging, stable, feed, and breakfast &c	\$3.25
	Candles, bread	\$.35
Feb. 25	Corn, hay, molasses, toll, cookies & apples	\$1.80
	Some cornstalk feed	\$.50
Feb. 26	Keeping horses, lodging, and breakfast	\$3.00
	Shoeing bill	\$.60
	Ferrying the Cumberland	\$.50
	Toll	\$.45
Feb. 27	Keeping horses & breakfast, staying overnight	\$2.75
	Gingerbread	\$.20
	Toll and hay for horses	\$.65
Feb. 28	Stable, room, one bed and breakfast	\$1.25
	One half bushel of corn	\$.50
	Meal, bread & cookies	\$.15
Mar. 1	Corn, fodder	\$1.60
	Express on trunks	\$6.25
Mar. 2	Lodging for Ma, Ed & Em, breakfast for all	\$1.00
Apr. 3	Sugar, coffee, salt, &c	\$.40
Apr. 7	Maple sugar, hasp, plough fixings	\$1.75
	12 bu. feed wheat	\$10.00
	Welding brake iron	\$.05
Apr. 10	Glass, nails, sugar, putty & apples	\$3.85
Apr. 17	¼ lb of tea @ \$2.50	\$.63
Apr. 20	Bacon, sugar and nails	\$2.95
	Plow irons	\$.75
Apr. 29	385 lbs hay	\$9.00
	Meat, tea & sugar	\$2.10
May 6	Window sash, soap, sugar, pork & molasses	\$4.40

May 8	Flour, corn, bacon	\$20.75
	Blacksmithing	\$.75
	One ham & repairs on shoe	\$1.95
May 18	Dry goods and groceries	\$8.75
May 28	Groceries and broom	\$2.25
	Blacksmith bill	\$.50
	Shoemaker bill	\$1.00
	For making out & the acknowledge- ment of a deed	\$1.35
June 6	Blacksmithing, sugar & honey	\$2.35
June 7	Ezekiel Smartt for splitting rails	\$6.70
June 9	Coulter and bacon	\$2.50
June 18	Groceries, &c at Northcutts	\$4.30
June 21	Ezekiel Smartt for splitting 515 rails	\$5.15
June 27	Sugar and bacon	\$1.50
July 2	Bedsteads, dry goods, groceries, Shoes, horseshoes, feed, flour, &c at Jasper, Tenn.	\$34.80
July 4	Butter at Northcutts	\$1.00
July 6	Mutton of M. Nunley, butter & milk of Mrs. Lockhart	\$1.15
July 21	1 ½ bu. potatoes at Colony	\$.50
July 23	Butter and eggs at Mrs. Lockhart	\$1.05
	3/8 bit at the colony	\$.35
	½ lb. tea	\$1.00
Aug. 3	Provisions at Altamont, honey of Zeke Smartt	\$4.95
Aug. 4	Oats, wheat & potatoes from Sequatchie	\$5.75
Aug. 13	Sugar, bacon, envelopes, &c	\$1.70
Aug. 18	2 bushel potatoes	\$1.20
Aug. 21	Flour, meal, oil, brush, bacon, Brandy, &c	\$7.15
Aug. 28	Lantern, bacon, paper &c	\$1.47
	Butter, milk, soap of Mrs. Lockhart	\$3.00

Sept. 5	Sugar, leather, yeast & port	\$4.25
	Taxes state & county J. & D. P. Kuntice	\$7.58
Sept. 13	Wheat, boats, oats, lodging supper And breakfast	\$15.30
	Shoeing horses and shoes	\$1.70
Sept. 14	Hens, bacon, oil	\$3.25
Sept. 15	A cow and calf	\$25.00
Sept. 17	Shoeing Bill, condition powder	\$.65
Sept. 18	A cow and calf	\$32.00
Sept. 21	Mutton of M. Nunley	\$.15
Sept. 24	Medicine of Dr. W. T. Parker	\$.45
Sept. 28	Goods of H. B. Northcutt	\$8.78
	Brandy & blacksmithing	\$.35
Oct. 2	Beef of Haddly	\$2.65
Oct. 9	Corn (2 barrels)	\$4.00
Oct. 10	Nails, spikes	\$1.53
Oct. 13	Shoeing horses, corn, fodder, brandy & matches	\$4.60
Oct. 15	Lime	(pd on 16 th)
Oct. 16	Bolts, ext? coffee, sugar	\$6.45
Oct. 22	7 acres of corn, 1 ½ bushels sweet potatoes	\$35.75
Oct. 24	Eds boots, some beef	\$2.60
Oct. 27	Accommodations at Crouchs	\$1.00
Nov. 5	Salt, sugar, mackerel	\$1.00
Nov. 18	Stovepipe, blocking chalk & nails	\$1.45 & \$2.00
Nov. 19	One pound of tea	\$1.60
Nov. 26	Rope and oil	\$.55
	Blacksmith bill	\$.25
Nov. 27	Venison of Mat Nunley	\$.85
Nov. 28	18 bushels of apples of H. Donaldson	\$5.40
Dec. 1	Dry goods, groceries, &c at Jasper	\$23.25
Dec. 2	Lodging, breakfast, bacon, &c	\$3.50
Dec. 4	Sugar at Northcutts	\$1.00
Dec. 6	Nails, needles, blueing, &c at Colony	\$1.10
Dec. 12	10 lbs no 3 nails at H. B. Northcuts	\$1.00

Dec. 17	A lamp chimney & half gal. of oil at H. B. N.	\$.50
	Shoeing Nell	\$1.75
Dec. 30	To J. W. Lockhart for sheep & hogs	\$20.00
	10 bushel wheat & grind	\$11.75
Dec. 31	Sweet potatoes, molasses, fodder, cloth, 3 pr. stockings	\$7.20
	H. B. Northcuts, nail, sugar, tea	\$2.35
Jan. 3	H. B. Northcuts, ker. oil,	\$.40
	Shoeing Bill and m. planes	\$5.80
Jan. 9	Corn, fodder in Burs. Cove	\$5.00
Jan. 11	At H. B. Northcuts, soda, nails, cinnamon ½ lb, chimney	\$1.97
	One bottle of Berry Davis's pain killer	\$1.00
Jan. 19	Bar of soap at Northcuts paid	\$.15
Jan. 26	3 lbs 8 penny nails	\$.24
Feb. 4	Two barrels corn, stack of fodder	\$10.85
Feb. 5	Nails, oil, tea, at H. B. N.	\$1.47
Feb. 7	Blacksmithing and potatoes	\$2.70
Apr. 7	Repairs on boots	\$.50
Apr. 20	Violin string	\$.75
	Postage due on letter	\$.0?
July 2	Violin strings	\$.10
July 21	Diary Book	\$.50
	Stamps	\$.25
	Postage on 2 papers	\$.04
Sept. 28	Paper postage	\$.22
Nov. 3	Pocketknife, shoeing Bill	\$1.30
Nov. 5	Postage	\$.25
Nov. 10	One G violin string	\$.10
Nov. 12	Four binds of fodder	\$.10
Dec. 1	Stockings, caps, pencils and string	\$.50
Jan. 9	Postage stamps	\$.30
Jan. 26	Violin string	\$.20
Feb. 18	Violin string	\$.25
May 2	Payment on boots	\$2.25

July 27	Mending boots	\$.15
Aug. 12	Sent for a dictionary	\$1.00

There were several little sections of the diary which had notes that didn't exactly fit in sequence, so I will just present them as I come to them.

CASHED RECEIVED: Jan. 6—for coon skin-----\$.30
 Jan. 24—received of Father-----\$.30
 Jan. 28—of Dr. Webster for
 Skunks pile-----\$.50
 Sept. 13—buy a pair of boots-----\$5.00
 Oct. ?—fiddle strings-----\$.20
 Dec. ?—one ream note paper,
 one quine bill cap en-
 velopes, commercial ink--\$ 2.50
 Feb. ?—23 stamps & pens-----\$.25
 May 2, 1871—Father pays toward
 a pair of boots for me-----\$3.00

BUILDING MATERIAL FOR HOUSE AND STABLE

Two loads of slabs-----\$.64
 103 feet lumber @ \$10 per m.-----\$1.03

A SHORT PAGE OF BUSINESS NOTES:

Summary of Cash Account—1870	Date:	Items	Received	Pd.
	Jan.		\$2.46	\$23.88
	Feb.		0.00	1.45

Mar. 4	for $\frac{3}{4}$ days	1.00	.75
	work on		
	H. ? Donaldson		
Apr. 20, 1871			
	Carrying Sanders		
	To Altamont	1.00	.68
May 2	On Boots		
	Carrying Sanders		
	to Altamont	1.00	2.25
July			.89

FARM IMPLEMENTS AND FEED, SEED, STOCK &c, Dr.

Grindstone, plow, two shovel plows, iron for beetle rings, door fixings, 2 sacks of flour, potatoes, 3 dozen bundles of fodder, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ bushels of corn, lodging, supper and breakfast and grub hoe, a hoe for Eddie-----\$34.40

Blacksmithing-----	\$ 3.45
Groceries & lamp chimney-----	\$ 1.65
Corn & corn fodder-----	\$12.50
Oats & corn fodder & lodging-----	\$ 6.25
Flour and sugar at Tracy-----	\$ 1.75
Cedar basket, coal oil-----	\$.70
Meal, molasses & cup-----	\$ 2.40
Nails & boots-----	\$13.40
Ax, brush, scythe & sugar & whetstone-----	\$ 4.15
Bolts, salaeratus (?), cream of tartar-----	\$.40
Seed potatoes-----	\$10.00
Eggs and one hen-----	\$.65

A sinige note: A. P. C. Bonte, 97 Third St, Cincinnati, manufacturer of rosewood and gilt moldings.

Letters mailed:

Lucretia Priest, Menasha, Winnebago Co., Wis.

March, 19th Miss L. F. Hunt, Menasha, Winnebago Co., Wis.
March, ?? Miss M. A. Priest, Tenth Lancaster, Worchester Co.,
 Mass.
March, 22 Dennis Priest, No 120 River St., Troy, N. Y.
March, 22 Miss Angelina LaGest, Menasha, 3 Winnebago Co.,
 Wis.
March 22 S. R. Hughs & P. E. Jennings, St.
 Joseph, Mich.
March 28 Mrs. Lillie Otis, Butler, De Kalb, Co., Ind.
April 06 William Cavell, Angola, Steugen Co., Ind.
 H. T. Carpenter, Angola, Steuben Co., Ind.
 W. P. Cadwell, Troy, N. Y
April 28 J. E. Covell, Angola, Steuben Co., Ind.
May 2 William Priest, Menasha, Wisconsin
May 2 Miss B. H. France, Bucklin, Linn, Co., M. D.
May 15 E. W. Cadwell, St. Joseph, Mich.
May 15 Benj. Williams, St. Joseph, Mich.
May 28 L. F. Hunt, Menesa, Winnebago Co., Wisconsin
Jan. 14 J. Curtis, Cumberland, Cross Co., Tenn.
Jan. 14 Edwin Priest, Middletown, Conn.
Jan. 14 Mrs. George Ranger, Howell, Livingstone, Mich.
Jan. 22 J. E. Covell, Bulter, Ind.
Jan. 25 George A. End Co., Christianville, Mecklenburg, Va.
Feb. 11 E. W. Cadwell, St. Joseph, Berrien Co., Mich.
Feb. 26 John Bachelor, St. Joseph, Mich.
March 11 H. G. Williams, St. Joseph, Mich.
March 19 J. E. Covell, Butler, Ind.
March 19 E. W. Cadwell, St. Joseph, Mich.

Letters received:

Apr. 20 Angelina La Gest, Menasha, Winnebago Co., Wis.
Apr. 20 H. G. Williams, St. Joseph, Mich.
Apr. 20 J. D. Bachelder, St. Joseph, Mich.
Apr. 28 L. F. Hunt, Menasha, Winnebago Co., Wis.
May 3 Mrs. Lillie J. Otis, Butler, Dekalb Co., Ind.
May 15 Lucretia Priest, Menasha Co., Winnebago, Wis.
May 15 Wm. Covell, Angola, Steuben Co., Ind.
May 15 W. P. Cadwell, Troy, N. Y.
May 28 H. G. Williams, Fort Sully, Dakota
May 28, 1870 J. E. Covell, Angola, Ind.

June 1 B. H. France, Bucklin Co., Mo.
June 4 H. F. Carpenter, Angola, Steuben co., Ind.
June 24 J. E. Covell, Angola, Ind.
July 21 E. W. Cadwell, St. Joseph, Berrien Co., Mich.
July 25 J. E. Covell, Angola, Ind.
Jan. 7 A. T. Pardon, Wayland, Mich.
Jan. 12 J. Curtis, on Rail Road, Kentucky
Jan. 12 J. Curtis, Tullahoma, Tenn.
Jan. 14 W. P. Cadwell, Troy, N. Y.
Jan. 31 Mrs. Geo. Ranger, Howell, Livingstone, Mich.
Mar. 2 J. E. Covell, Butler, Ind.
Mar. 11 E. W. Cadwell, St. Joseph, Mich.
Apr. 7 E. W. Cadwell, St. Joseph, Mich.
Apr. 7 S. R. Hughs, St. Joseph, Berrien Co., Mich.
Apr. 20 J. E. Covell, Angola, Steuben Co., Ind.

EXTRA NOTES PROBABLY BY DENNIS' FATHER AS FOLLOWS:

“1888, Estate of D. P. Curtis; Dr for taking care of his wife from January 1888 sixteenth until May twenty first when she died, eighteen weeks night and day (*it appears that a note of \$216 was penciled in on the margin*), burial expenses coffin (*\$15 written in margin*); paid for whiskey and brandy and wine \$3.25; dress for burying her in \$3.00.

The name Joseph K(H or C)endmen appears also—maybe he was the doctor.

1888 July 9th, I went to Chattanooga to see to the things of D. P. Curtis & with an ox team; expenses going and coming were \$3.20.

Was gone eleven days; expenses while there \$6.00.

Sold coal to Joe Hender toward our board that belongs to the estate of D. P. Curtis, \$2.00.

Collected house rent of Curtis (*not sure of this name*), July 16, \$2.00.

Sold household goods, got the money, \$1.50

1888 Goods sold on July 16th, one stove, one mattress, table, bed, six chairs,

cupboard, sp????, platter, sugar bowl, creamer, six cups and saucers, butter dish, broad as, dis????, quilt, pillow, bucket, ???, shovel. (*The items marked with question marks probably can be read in the original diary, but the copy I am reading from has run the lines off the page.*)

1888 Dec. 7th going and coming, Chattanooga, gone one week, paid my own money \$5.50.

March 26, went to Chattanooga, come home April 1st .

Items listed in front of diary as follows:

This appears to be a list of towns the family came through or stayed in overnight on their way through Kentucky and Tennessee: Olin, Mule Spring, Bacon Creek, Munfordsville, Caverna, Cave City, Junction, Bowling Green, Franklin, Stephenville, then in Tennessee, Gallatin, Lebanon, Alexandria, Liberty, McMinnville.

This would be a good place to list the places through which the family traveled as Dennis listed in his diary:

Starting in **St. Joseph, Michigan**, probably in a little township called Lincoln on the shores of Lake Michigan: St. Joseph and Niles.

Then in Indiana: South Bend, Lakeville, Plymouth, Argos, Rochester, Fulton, Logansport, Burlington, Michigan Town, Kirklen, Indianapolis, Greenwood, Franklin, Edinburgh, Jeffersonville R.R., White River, Rockford, Seymour, Jackson Co., Little York, near Louisville on Salt River turnpike, and Charlestown.

Then in Kentucky: Garrs, beside Ohio River, south of Elizabethtown, Olin, Mule Spring, Bacon Creek, Munfordsville, Green River, Horse Cave (later *known as Caverna*), Cave City, Junction, Bowling Green and Franklin.

Then in Tennessee: Gallatin, Cumberland River, Nashville/Lebanon Turnpike, Alexandria, Liberty, McMinnville, (*Tarleton at Widow Dykes, Beersheba Springs and on into Altamont where he met a J. W. Lockhart who then took the family to his home in what was to become known as Freemont.*)

CURTIS FAMILY BIBLE RECORDS

(Transcribed by Jackie Layne Partin)

BIRTHS

Abel Curtis was born February 14th, 1741

Sarah (*Neale*) Curtis was born December 8th, 1748

Daniel Priest was born January 29th, 1775 (*the date was first written Jan. 26, 1785, but written over with the date above*)

Lucretia (*Sizer*) Priest was born November 9th, 1783

Daniel Curtis, June 11th, 1778

Abigail (*probably Carpenter*) Curtis, Feb. 13th, 1780

Chauncey—July 6, 1807

Martial—June 8, 1809

Stephen—April 2, 1811

Egbert—December 16th, 1812

Abigail—September 28th, 1815

Carleton—August 18th, 1817

Jairus—May 11th, 1823

Jairus Curtis—May 11th, 1823

Mary Elizabeth Priest—March 29th, 1825

Dennis P. Curtis—October 17th, 1847

Jane Curtis—August 28th, 1849

Edward Lewis Curtis—August 24, 1858

Emma Eugenia Curtis—October 31st, 1860

Notes by Jackie Layne Partin following:

- ❖ **Abel Curtis** was born in New Milford, Litchfield, Conn., on Feb. 17, 1741. He was the son of Elnathan Curtis born 10 Apr. 1712 in Windsor, Conn. and Rose Weller born Apr. 1714 in Guilford, Conn. Elnathan and Rose moved from New Preston, Connecticut to Stockbridge, Mass. around 1763. Abel married **Sarah Neale** (born 1748) in 1767 in Alford, Berkshire Co., Mass. They had the following children: Samuel, Lucy, Iram, Avery, Orra, Jerusha, Daniel, Asa, Harvey, Hannah, and Barnabas. Abel was twice a volunteer for Berkshire Co. Regiment in the Revolutionary War. For the work at hand, we will choose to work through their son **Daniel Curtis** born June 11, 1778 in Stockbridge, Mass.
- ❖ **Daniel Curtis** married **Abigail Carpenter** who born Feb. 13, 1780 in Stockbridge, Mass. She was the daughter of **Abner Carpenter** born June 15, 1744 in Bristol, Mass. and **Lydia Brown** who were married May 28, 1771 in Stockbridge, Mass. Daniel and Abigail had seven children: Chauncey, Martial, Stephen, Egbert, Abigail, Carleton and **James Jairus**, all of whom were born in Stockbridge. Jairus married in 1844, and he and his new wife Mary lived with his parents. Then the next year Abigail died and Jairus lived on a few years with his father. Daniel died in 1861, and he was buried in the Stockbridge Cemetery. **Chauncey Curtis** married Fanny and had at least four children: Theodore, Lavinia, Egbert and Anna Lou. Chauncey retired as a grocery merchant, and he died in 1873 in Stockbridge, Mass. **Martial/Marshall Curtis** married Lydia, and they had at least four children: Murray, Winfield, Homer and Julia. Marshall was a farmer in Stockbridge in 1850, but by 1860 he was living and farming in Oakland, Alameda, California. In 1880 Marshall was a physician and was sick with a “fever”. His son Winfield was a miner, but listed as a cripple. There was a nurse in the house to help with someone. It appears that Marshall’s descendants were few and stayed in California. **Stephen Curtis**, a lawyer by trade, married Mary and stayed in Stockbridge, Mass. Together they had six children: Matilda, Lavina, Abby, John, Sarah and Fannie. In 1900 Stephen was an 89 year old widower. He remained in Stockbridge until his death. **Egbert Curtis** died at the age of 26. **Abigail Curtis** died at the age of 24. **Carleton Curtis** did not marry until around 1858 when he was around 41 years of age. He and his

wife Julia Lambert had two daughters, Jane and Maria. Carleton stayed in Stockbridge near his brother Stephen and worked as a farmer. They received their mail in 1860 at the **Curtisville Post Office** in Stockbridge, Mass. The last child **James Jairus Curtis** was the one who moved to Tennessee and is the one we will work through.

- ❖ **James Jairus Curtis** was born May 11, 1823. His family was living two doors down from Daniel and Lucretia Priest in Stockbridge, Mass. before 1850. This is where he found his young wife **Mary Elizabeth Priest**. Mary was born in Connecticut, but her family had moved to Massachusetts. Jairus and Mary had four children: **Dennis Priest, Jane, Edward Lewis and Emma Eugenia**. Dennis and Jane were born Stockbridge, but Ed and Emma were born in Freemont, Steuben Co., Indiana where the family had moved around 1855. Jane died in Freemont at the age of six and was buried in Freemont. (*It is my belief that the area in Grundy County, TN known as Freemont was named by Jairus Curtis in memory of the place where his daughter was buried in Freemont, Indiana.*) By 1870, Jairus had moved his family over into Michigan where they lived on the shore of Lake Michigan in the vicinity of St. Joseph in the Lincoln Township. (*When I read the diary, I got the notion that they, more or less, moved there to prepare to travel South to Tennessee. I don't get the feeling that St. Joseph was really "home."*) This was the time period when Dennis' diary began.

- ❖ **Daniel Priest** was born in Harvard, Worcester, Mass., on Jan. 29, 1775. He was the son of Job Priest (born Mar. 12, 1756) in Harvard, Worcester, Mass. and Martha Butler born in Stowe, Mass. In 1805 he married **Lucretia Sizer** born Nov. 9, 1783. She was born in Middleton, Middlesex, Conn. Her parents were Daniel Sizer and Mary Dewulf. Daniel and Lucretia Priest were the parents of **Mary Elizabeth Priest** born March 29, 1825. Mary Elizabeth married **James Jairus Curtis**.

MARRIAGES

Jairus Curtis to Mary Elizabeth Priest, June 9th, 1844

Dennis Priest Curtis to Ollive Sutherland, Dec. 25th, 1872

Edward L. Curtis to Phebe Ann Adams, Jan 1st, 1889

Pleasant H. Rogers to Emma E. Curtis, Nov. 4th, 1893

R. A. Nunley to Miss Clara E. Curtis, Jan. 29th, 1893

Notes by Jackie Layne Partin following:

- 1) Jairus' full name was **James Jairus Curtis**
- 2) **Olive A. Sutherland** and Dennis P. Curtis were married 26 Dec 1872 in Cass County, Indiana according to Indiana Marriage Records. They were living in Logansport, Cass Co., Indiana. Logansport was one of the towns that Dennis wrote about in his diary. Just maybe he met Olive on the journey down to Tennessee from Michigan. They had two children, Clara E. and George E. Curtis. Clara is written about below. George E. Curtis married and lived for awhile in Sparta, TN, but later divorced and moved to Muskogee, Oklahoma where around 1906 he married an Indian woman by the name of Ellie. They had two daughters name Beula E. and Eva. That marriage didn't last long, and George's daughters stayed faithful in care for him until his death. The last account of the daughters were that they were living and working in Huntsville, Alabama.
- 3) **Phebe Ann Adams** was the daughter of **Solomon Wildman** and Susannah Rowlett Adams. She was born in Prairie Point, Wise County, Texas. She like her husband Edward Lewis Curtis had traveled many miles in a covered wagon. With her family she journeyed from her birthplace to Indiana and then down to the area that became known as Freemont, Grundy Co., TN. I can only imagine that storytime at nights around their fireplace were wonderful.
- 4) **Pleasant H. Rogers** was born in Grundy County, TN. He and Emma had no children. After Emma's death at a young age,

Pleas's sister and her daughter and granddaughter continued to live in the house with him.

- 5) **Clara E. Curtis** was the daughter of Dennis and Olive Curtis who died in 1887 and 1888 respectively leaving Clara in her teen years. I assume that Jairus brought his granddaughter to Freemont, TN to live with him and her grandmother Mary Elizabeth. This would explain why she married a man from Grundy Co., TN and not one from Hamilton County where her family had lived before their deaths. Clara and Robert had three children: Emma (born ca. 1893 in Grundy Co., TN), John Dennis (born Aug. 26, 1898 in Grundy Co., TN) and Allison Nunley (born May 9, 1902 in Grundy County, TN). Clara died between 1910-1920 probably in Yell, Arkansas where she and Robert were living in 1910. Robert married a woman named Nora. In 1920 Robert and Nora were living in Muskogee, Oklahoma. Allison was 18 and still living with his Dad; he died in March 1974 in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

DEATHS

Abel Curtis, July 3rd, 1829, age 88-5-11

Sarah Curtis, April 5th, 1831, age 82-3-29

Abner Carpenter, November 29th, 1831, age 88

Lydia Carpenter, July 26th, 1828, age 75

Daniel Curtis, January 31, 1864, age 86-7-20

Abigail Curtis, March 19th, 1845, age 65-1-5

Egbert Curtis, August 26th, 1839, age 26-8-10

Abigail Curtis, February 1st, 1840, age 24-4-3

Chauncey Curtis, February 1st, 1873, age 65-6-25

Daniel Priest, August 26th, 1855

Lucretia Priest, March 16th, 1864, age 81-4-7

Jane Curtis, November 27, 1855, age 6-3, Fremont, Indiana
(This is a response to a query I made to archives in Fremont, IN concerning the gravesite of little Jane, “Little Jane is buried in the Fremont Cemetery, which is right in town. It’s a little south of the main crossing street, about half way to the grain elevator. I will make a note of the spelling of her father (*Jairus not Dairus*) in my cemetery book.”)

Dennis P. Curtis, Dec. 30th, 1887, age 40 years- 2 months-
13days, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Emma E. (Curtis) Rogers died near Tarlton, Tenn., Feb. 7th,
1897, age 36 years-3mo.-7 days

Mary Elizabeth (Priest) Curtis, Altamont, Tennessee, died
Nov. 25, 1893, age 68 years- 27 days

(James) Jairus Curtis died near Tarlton, Tenn., Jan. 20, 1896,
age 72 years-8 mo.-9 days

Deaths added by Jackie Layne Partin

Carleton Curtis died in Stockbridge, Mass., 01 Sept. 1896,
79 years-8 days (*Jairus’ brother*)

Julia Curtis died in Stockbridge, Mass., 03 Sept. 1901, age 77
years-3 mo.-13days (*Julia Curtis was the wife
of Carleton Curtis*)

Matilda Curtis died in Stockbridge, Mass., 06 June 1897, age
71 years-5 mo.-13 days (*Matilda was an
unmarried daughter of Stephen C. Curtis*)

Stephen C. Curtis died in Stockbridge, Mass., 27 Jan. 1907,
age 95 yrs-9 mo.-5 days (*Jairus' brother*)

IDENTIFICATION OF CHARACTERS IN THE DIARY

John W. Lockhart=the farmer who sold Jairus land to build his house on. John was 32 years old when the Curtis family came to live with him and his wife Elizabeth Caroline while their house was being built. At that time the Lockharts had no children, but in April 1871 they had a son named Henry Douglas Lockhart who became a physician in the community. Henry and his wife Cleo had two children, Lucille and Henry Douglas, Jr. Elizabeth Caroline died between 1910-1920. John W. was living alone in 1920, but by 1930 at the age of 92, he was living with his daughter-in-law Cleo and grandson Henry. Dr. Henry Lockhart had died between 1920-1930 in the Flat Branch area.

Henry Schaerer the Young Carpenter/the German= Henry probably came to Grundy County with the Swiss Colony settlers in 1869. Being nineteen years old, single with no immediate family, he acquired work with John W. Lockhart as a carpenter. He was boarding with the Lockharts in 1870. Another German, Henry Geissler, became the Curtis' neighbor by 1880. Henry Geissler is the lone grave on the new Grundy County High School property.

Edward Star Cadwell=a forty-four year old fruit grower living in Lincoln Township near St. Joseph, Michigan in 1870. Edward, his wife Emily (*Watson*), his children **Edward Watson** and **William Pearson** were born in Connecticut. Lucretia Watson was living with them at the time, and she also was born in Conn. I believe that Emily and Lucretia were sisters. I believe this family is related to the Curtis family. Edward S. Curtis moved his family to New York City where he and his two sons became conductors. In the diary it is stated that the Cadwell, Watson and Curtis families got together for a family celebration.

Horace Williams=son of fruit grower Benjamin Williams. Horace had three sister, Josephine, Gertrude and Clemetine.

L. D. Clock=18 year old jeweler apprentice. He is the son of Argalus Clock, owner of an eating house in St. Joseph.

Lillie Otis= in the sent letter list was probably Lydia Otis who was twenty years old in 1870 and lived in Freemont, Indiana. She was probably a classmate of Dennis from his years in Freemont

Sanders=either Jairus or Dennis took Sanders to Altamont on two occasions and charged \$1.00 for each trip. I believe this Sanders was my husband's gg-grandfather George Carrell Sanders aka Uncle Dick Sanders. He lived in the same area with Jairus. Dick was a well-liked man and involved in much of the goings on around the mountain and valley.

Solomon Meeks=one of the five Meeks brothers who populated Grundy County, TN and beyond. In 1870 Solomon's wife was dead, so his daughter Martha made the food for Jairus.

Smartt= Ezekiel and Effie Cope Smartt were near neighbors also. It was from Ezekiel that potatoes were bought for the Curtis spring planting in 1870. Ezekiel and Effie are my gg-grandparents. Their son John's daughter Maggie Myrtle Smartt Meeks was my maternal grandmother.

Widow Dykes=the old lady at the foot of Beersheba Springs in Tarleton who kept Jairus and his family for the last night on their long journey before they reached the Lockhart place. She was probably Nellie Dugan Dykes widow of John Dykes who was one of the sons of Isham Dykes, Sr. In 1870 the elder Isham Dykes was still living at the age of 96 in the Tarleton area. One of my ggg-grandmothers, Malinda Dykes Perry, was a daughter of Isham.

