

**SKETCHES
Of Our**

FAMILY HISTORY ON BOTH SIDES &c. &c.

By Mrs. Anna Pritchard

**DIARY
OF
MRS. ANNA PRITCHARD**

December 27, 1854.

I am 25 years old today (the 25th, Dr. P. was 42), God grant that I may live to rear up my poor little children, in the nurture and admonition of the Lord and see them blessing and blessed.

O, Jesus, I come to Thee, accept me Thou "Meek and Lowly" Jesus, and give me grace and strength to take Thy yoke upon me and learn of Thee.

Jan, 23, 1860,

I am now 30. Time has scorched and deprived me of some of my brightest hopes. On the 2nd day of February, 1858, my husband was struck down, in the "twinkling of an eye" from the pinnacle of health, and beauty and bloom of manhood, by apoplexy and paralysis. I thought that grief would drive me mad, or kill me; but the Lord sustained me and bore me through, and Oh, God, Thou alone knowest what a bitter grief I have had since. My baby, my darling, my innocent, my beautiful, How fondly I looked forward to his birth. I looked on him as a gift from the Lord, to comfort me, for the sorrow that I had borne. But the Lord took him too. He was born July 29th, 1859. I never heard his voice. I never felt his warm breath. I clasped him to my heart and wanted to go down into the grave with him in my bosom, Oh, how beautiful, how pure, how inexpressibly calm, and sweet he looked. His image is on my soul. O, my God, sustain me, Oh, that I could have died for him. Lord God, Jesus, tender Shepherd, let me go to my angel boy. Let me be a jewel in his crown of glory, I beseech Thee, Baby, Darling, lead me to thy Lord and Father.

June 24, 1864.

The Lord has tried me again. My lovely, innocent, my beautiful little daughter, He tore from my fond heart. It is enough, O God, my heart is broken. I had a grave left for me between my two angel children. Jesus, Master, spare me the groans of agony, too bitter to be uttered, that I have suffered for my babes. Thank Almighty God that they are spared the misery that I have suffered.

Lord, let them comfort me in Eternity, my own darling babes forever.

DIARY
OF
MRS. ANNA PRITCHARD

My Grandmother Johnston was the oldest one of my family I ever knew. By referring to her Family Bible in my possession, I find that she was born September 26, 1774. Her husband, Hugh Johnston, on November 4, 1762. Her maiden name was Sally Green. She was married the 11th September, 1794. Her husband was a widower without a child. His first wife lived a few months only. I have heard him spoken of as an excellent man. He died in 1810, April 23rd. He had only been married 16 years. He left a large property and a widow and three children viz:

Mary Christmas Johnston, born 1795, October 17th

Sarah Eaton Johnston, born 27th April, 1797

Charles William Johnston, born 20 March, 1799

Grandma lived at the place her husband died at until her children were married. She then moved to Warrenton, where she remained the rest of her days. I have spent a great deal of time under Grandma's roof. She was a lady and a Christian of the most constant and exemplary character. She was a Methodist and strove to serve the Lord. She was charitable and kind, industrious and economical and remarkably neat in all things. Her house, her yard and garden, I have never seen her surpassed and very rarely equaled in neatness. She died in the 75th year of her age, on the 31st of Jan., 1848. Dr. Pritchard was her attending physician and I stayed with her a good deal in her sickness, and although I was pregnant with John, I saw her die. She was perfectly willing to die. She had no fears. She spoke often of her approaching end, and her reliance on her Maker. She said to me a few mornings before her death, "Anna, hadn't you rather die than to live in pain and suffering?" I gave some evasive answer, for I was not as well prepared to go as she was. She continued, "O, be holy and heavenly minded." Her funeral, according to her request, was preached by Mr. Campbell, whose text was from Psalms, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints". She left 14 negroes to Sally Sims and the rest of them to be divided amongst her grandchildren. Brother Hugh (*Hugh Johnston Jones*) and William (William "Buck" Eaton Johnston Jones) had each received a negro from her and they did not come in for a share. Sister Priscilla (*Priscilla Della Jones*) had also received a likely young girl, but she shared with the rest again. There were 11 legatees and ten negroes. They were sold and the amount that each legatee received was \$550. Dr. Pritchard bought a man named Isham and gave \$655.00. Sister Priscilla (*Priscilla Della Jones*) and Betsy (*Elizabeth Jane Johnston Jones*) each received \$100 from Cousin Mary Walker's estate. Now when Pa's property is divided, they are to receive \$100 less than the other children. (Father: *William Green Jones*)

Ma (*Mary Christmas Johnston Jones*) was born 1795, October 17. Her maiden name was Mary Christmas Johnston. She was married the 11th May, 1814. I was the 8th child and have, of course, no recollection of Ma's appearance in early life. But I have heard Grandma say that she was a very pretty girl and very much admired and courted. She had black hair and eyes and a good complexion. Ma is an excellent woman. There is nothing assumed about her, all is reality. She has been like a broken reed since Pa's death. So large a family thrown on her hands for guide and direction, seemed too much for her. The feelings of a Mother and Christian have enabled her to discharge her duties well. She joined the Episcopal Church in Warrenton several years previous to Pa's death. She is very charitable to all

denominations. There is nothing of the bigot in her. She does not attend preaching anywhere. She thinks it her duty to stay at home. Ma's bounty and liberality in her family amount to extravagance. She is very plain in her own dress and has few desires. But the desires of her children are almost always granted, oftentimes when they should not be. She is kind to a fault with her servants. They abuse the privileges given them and run into all manner of disobedience and theft. I candidly do not believe that there is four honest negros on the plantation. Soon after Pa's death, there was upwards of \$100 stolen out of Ma's dresser at once. It was traced to Ellen, a house servant, and a little of it recovered. And Betsy's (*Elizabeth Jane Johnston Jones*) servant, Georgiana is one of the most useful women I ever saw and the very worse rogue. Ma had a long and severe spell of sickness in May 1850. We all thought she would die. She thought so too and her mind was perfectly composed. She seemed filled with happiness. It pleased God to spare her and now she is in better health than she has been for many years. She weighs 104. I was weighed about two months ago and weighed 85, John 32 and Bob 28.

Brother Hugh (*Hugh Johnston Jones*) is an old Bachelor; he has been keeping house 15 years I reckon. He is a great huntsman; keeps a pack of hounds, horses, guns, partridge nets, etc. He is also a fisherman and sometimes fight cocks. The whole family have attempted to make him drop this last degrading practice, but in vain. Still he is an excellent man and has many friends. He is generous and charitable, upright and noble. There are few better men than Brother. He is Sally Sims' (*Sally Green Jones Sims*) Guardian and I believe would sacrifice his health and all to her welfare. Sister Sally was raised by Grandma. Ma gave her to her before she was four years old. Grandma set her whole heart on her; and raised her in great tenderness and care. She was very pretty; black hair & eyes, fair complexion & a great degree of vivacity & humor. When about twenty years of age, she was married to Leonard Swebston Sims of Nash County. In about a year, she gave birth to a daughter and died two days after. Pa was at the Virginia Springs for his health when she died. It was a shock that the family did not recover from for many years. Sally Jones Sims was born the 7th of September, 1838 & her mother died the 9th. The tenth, when the corpse started from Warrenton to the graveyard at Pa's, Ma carried the baby home to raise. I was in the carriage with her. She procured a wetnurse & kept Sally until she was about three years old & Grandma was so anxious to have her, Ma was obliged to consent for her to stay there most of the time, as long as Grandma lived. At her death, she (*Grandma*) gave Missy the bulk of her property & and left Brother as Guardian. Ever since the child's birth, Betsy (*Elizabeth Jane Johnston Jones*) has taken almost a mother's interest in her. She has done nearly all her work & paid every attention to her. Mr. Sims has seemed to cast the child off & and is, to all appearance, destitute of affection for her. In 1846, he married Miss Martha Harrison of Nash & moved to Georgia & they now have three children. Sally is very large for her age & far advanced in her studies. She is fine looking and intelligent.

Sister Priscilla (*Priscilla Della Jones*) was married to John White 2 months after Sally's death. He came over from Scotland at the age of 14 & and has ever been steady, industrious and economical. He is an excellent man. I have high respect for him. (Most of Ma's children call Sister Priscilla, "Tink". I never call her anything else.) They now have 5 children. Hannah Bolton (who is the most amiable child I ever saw), Willy Jones, John Thomas, Andrew Robert, & Mary Johnston & they had a sixth, a still born daughter. "Tink" is a perfect lady in her manners, upright in her principles, & and her and her Husband members of the Episcopal Church.

The next child, Mary, (*Mary Johnston Jones*) was, from her birth, afflicted. Ma thinks that the midwife, from officious haste, injured the child's back. She lived to

be sixteen years old, lacking 13 days. She was dropsical, a poor afflicted creature. I recollect her well, though I was not 8 years old when she died. I oftentimes remember that she was kinder to me than I was to her. God forgive me for it. I know she is now an angel. Lord, may I meet and live with her forever in Heaven, where there is no more sorrow, no more affliction.

My Brother, William, (*William "Buck" Eaton Johnston Jones*) was in his early youth afflicted with St. Vitas' Dance & had to be taken from school. He, in consequence, never received such an education as Pa (*William Green Jones*) intended. Humane, tender-hearted, charitable, a peacemaker. An honest man. He is a good-hearted, impulsive man. He married Martha Green the 10th of Oct., 1848. It is now June, 1852, & they have never had a child. If they desire children, let them pray to God & I believe He will grant their prayer. For Jesus tells us, "All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer believing, ye shall receive". "Heaven and earth shall pass away but my words shall not pass away". "All power is given unto me in Heaven and in earth". Help me, O God to seize these precious words and to be blessed. Help me to believe. Make me a Christian and grant the desires of my heart. I pray Thee, Jesus. Master, have mercy.

Betsy (*Elizabeth Jane Johnston Jones*) is tall and a very handsome woman. Blue eyes, dark hair and a fair rosy complexion. She is clever and accomodating in her manners. She is charitable and just, Neat, industrious, very tasty & rather fond of dress. She has had several offers of marriage that I know of; but she thinks it her duty to remain single, Ma's life. She is very much attached to Sally Sims & does a great deal for her. She is a member of the Episcopal Church but is no bigot.

Charles (*Charles Johnston Jones*) is tall, thin, dark skin, black hair & eyes. Very handsome. All Ma's children except Charles & Sister Sally & Mary had blue or hazel eyes. He was in bad health when he first grew up & the family thought he would go into a consumption, but his health is very good now & I think he is strong. Pa was very anxious to make professional men of Charles and Ned (*Edward "Ned" Jones*); but death took him (*Pa*) away and blasted that hope. After Charles got well, he expressed a desire to study medicine. Ma bought him books, clothes and fitted him up liberally & started him to Richmond to enter the Medical School there. He went off, staid in Richmond not more than a day, came back and said he did not like the place. Ma has given him a share of property & he has gone to farming on a tract of land belonging to Mr. Byars. Charles is very hasty & impulsive in his temper & I think more saving and careful with his property than Brother or Buck,

Ned (*Edward Jones*) resembles Pa in his appearance very much. He is a good hearted, steady boy. He is a mild, good-tempered, accomodating boy, He has been staying lately in Mr. White's store; but expects to go to school next session.

Mr. John Byars was once Pa's overseer. He left Pa and after staying away a year or so, came back & said he could not be contented anywhere & wanted to stay at Pa's as an inmate of the family. Pa consented & he has now been there more than 30 years. He is one of the most easy tempered persons I ever knew. I never saw him in a pet. He is slovenly even to filth. When he buys a suit of clothes, he wears it until time and filth consume it. His face is almost always smeared with tobacco juice. He shaves but rarely - and when he gets a hat, he wears it until it is worn out. Ma buys another, steals the old one & puts the new one in its place, and very frequently Ma has to buy new clothes for him & compel him to put them on. He has a good tract of land and several thousand dollars in good notes. Some years ago, his nephew, Mr. Hopkins from S. C., came to see him and tried very hard to carry him back with him. The old

man consented but after his nephew left, he never mentioned the subject. The family thinks that he will give his property to Charles. It is very uncertain.

I will now say something of myself. I am about medium height and extremely thin. The last time I was weighed, my number was 86. I have fair complexion, freckled, grey eyes and dark hair. I received the best part of my education in Warrenton. The first school I ever attended was kept by a Catholic lady, Mrs Hughes. She had a large family & a poor, sick baby. I do not believe I learnt anything there. I next went to school at home, to Miss Frances Arnold. The school was kept at Mrs. Patterson's, who lived where Wm. Powell now lives. Charles & Betsy & myself went from home every Monday morning & remained there until Friday night. My next teacher was Mr. Wilder, who taught between this place and Cousin Duke Jones'. We walked to school every morning. I went awhile at the same place to Marcellus Montgomery. I went several sessions to Miss Margaret Burcher in Warrenton, and several years to Mr. Graves in Warrenton. When I went to school in Warrenton, I lived part of the time with Grandma & part with "Tink". I liked to stay with Grandma the best. She was very kind to me & I ever felt like I was at home. I was exceedingly fond of school & books. Was never behind my class & frequently before them. I never soiled or tore my books. My desk was always neat & I was a good scholar. I never relished arithmetic nor was fond of writing in my copy book, but was exceedingly fond of writing composition. Once a week (at Mr. Graves') the girls were required to write compositions. I generally had mine prepared at home & would assist those girls who were not as ready at thought as I was. I learnt music, singing and French. I also attended dancing school for a while. Pa died when I was 15 years of age. About a month previous to his death, he bought me a beautiful Piano for which he gave \$350.00. I never attended school after his death.

Dr. Pritchard (*Robert C. Pritchard, M, D*) came to this neighborhood from Pa's solicitations. He was always a frequent visitor at Pa's. The whole family were fond of his company & always received him with cordiality. He was intelligent, well informed, courteous & in all things a perfect gentleman. But it was said that he sometimes played cards & took too much wine and all kinds of liquor occasionally - though not to drunkenness. I was always sprightly and talkative. Dr. Pritchard noticed me a good deal & before I was eleven years old, I loved him as devotedly as I do now - and many a jealous pang did I feel if I heard of his paying any attention to any lady. Pa was strongly opposed to the slightest taint of gambling or love of wine and I perceived before his death that he feared Dr. Pritchard had some other attraction besides his company. The very day that I was sixteen years old, Friday, the 27th of Dec., all of us went to Mr. Solomon's to a little party. Dr. Pritchard went also. He did not talk to me much & it somewhat mortified me; but I chatted with the other gentlemen & pretended to be very happy. It had the desired effect - it mortified him. We returned home that night & he accompanied us. He remained at Ma's all the next day. Just at twilight, we two were left in the parlor together. He seized the opportunity and made me an offer of his hand & heart. We had often before jested on the subject of marriage. I remember once he took my hand and wrote on it - Anna Pritchard. Another time while he was making up some pills, asked me, if I was his wife, wouldn't I assist him in such things. So I said to him, "Don't trifle with me". He told me that he was in earnest, that he had been thinking of it for a long time, loved me devotedly & wanted me to be his wife. I disengaged my hand from his & ran from the room. We did not speak on the subject again until his next visit, which took place in a day or two. I then gave him my consent - but told him I knew the whole family would oppose it. He did not think so, and wrote Ma a letter, stating the matter and asking her consent. He came over again & Ma would not see him but sent him a slip of paper saying in a few words she could not consent. We had many letters passed

between us. We gave and received them from each other in Ma's house. I loved him devotedly & was determined to marry him. Every member of the family was opposed to it. They tried persuasion, bribes, threats, tears; but they did not move me. I told them I would wait a year, or two years, & would go to school in that time, if they would promise to give their consent at the expiration of that time. They would not do that & we made a plan to elope. We appointed the day and the hour. I was not to go if the weather was bad - there was a little rain falling so I felt puzzled & did not know whether I should find Dr. Pritchard or not. However, I started, got a little way and returned. I thought maybe Dr. Pritchard did go & would wait for me, so I wrote a little note & gave it to one of the servants, Betsy Robinson by name, & she told Ma of it. As soon as the family saw that we were determined to marry, they gave their consent. We appointed the 30th of June, and on that day in 1846, two devoted hearts were united. Mr. Willoughby Hudgins married us. He was a favorite of Pa's & preached his funeral. We had a small company - neither of us cared for company, I do not believe that two fonder hearts were ever joined. I felt as happy as earth could make me. I wore a Swiss muslin, trimmed with two flounces & narrow lace. I had a Cape Jissamine bud in my hair - which was sent me from Warrenton by Miss Rebecca Spruill, & I planted it the fourth of July. It is now a large, flourishing bush, full of buds and flowers. I prize it very much & hope it will live a long time. We went over to Sulphur Jones' Springs, owned by our cousin, Wm. D. Jones, the 3rd of July & remained there until the first of November. Dr. Pritchard had boarded at Sulphur ever since his arrival in the neighborhood. We felt very much at home there. Dr. Pritchard did not want to leave, but I was anxious to be with Ma and the family. I attended a 4th of July celebration in Warrenton the week that we were married. Tuesday was our wedding day. The summer of 1847 we spent at Sulphur also & returned to Ma's the 1st of October.

Dr. Pritchard was born in Portsmouth, Norfolk County, Virginia, the 25th day of December, 1812. His mother's maiden name was Frances Joynes. She married Henry Pritchard, who was of Welsh descent. The first child they had to live was my husband, Robert Christian. The next, Susan Potts, who married James Brooks & lives in Norfolk. She has five children and has lost one. (Mary Frances, James Henry, Susan Elizabeth, Edward Wadsworth & Robert Pritchard). Dr. Pritchard's mother lost a son, just grown, named John. Dr. Pritchard said he was the smartest boy he ever saw. She also lost a young child named Edward. Then there was Hannah Frances, (who is single and lives with her sister) & Henry Moody - who is a physician & lives in Charlotte in this state. He had one of his eyes very much injured, when he was a child, with an arrow. He sees but little from it. He married, in November, 1847. Sarah Emily Marrow, who died in the following June. He seemed to grieve a good deal on account of her death & remained unmarried.

Dr. Pritchard studied medicine with Dr. Schoolfield, practiced with Dr. Worthington. Dr. Schoolfield said that he was the most intelligent young man in Virginia. He went to Philadelphia and attended medical school there. He practiced medicine in Virginia some, but more in Carolina. He lived in Northampton, N. Ca. when Pa wrote & prevailed on him to move to this county. While he was there, he courted Miss Mary Smith, who engaged herself to him but afterwards discarded him & married Dr. Macklin. Dr. Pritchard says that after he saw how destitute of firmness she was, all of his love for her vanished - for which I am exceedingly thankful. Dr. Pritchard came to this neighborhood in 1841, the 1st of May, & boarded at Cousin Duke Jones'. He has always got a good practice & been highly esteemed & respected. (We have now been married six years lacking a few days & I have never had any reason to complain of him.) We were anxious to go to housekeeping for some time before we could make any plan to do so; Pa's property being left in such a way, Ma had no power to secure

any land to us. This piece of land, on which our house is built belonged to the Methodist Congregation & their Church, Shocco Chapel, stood just in front of our front porch. Dr. Pritchard agreed to give them the same quantity of land adjoining Cousin Duke's tract & \$50 towards building another Church for the place. They agreed and we got the place. The piece of land that he gave in exchange belonged to Ma. He got a majority of the legatees to sign a paper conveying away the land & thus settled the affair. It was only three acres.

We came home to housekeeping the 3rd day of December 1848, John being 4 months old, lacking nine days, Ma had given us, a year before, 4 negroes & Dr. Pritchard was cultivating a part of her land. The negroes were Patsy, Caesar, Fanny (a young girl) & Thompson, a small boy. After we had been here a year or two, she let us have Aunt Sukey & Marcus, who was a child at the time, about 8 or 9 years old. In November 1847, we took Catherine, a free child, to raise for her services. Her mother was poor & lazy & seemed anxious to get clear of her. She also had several other children besides her to support. She was about 6 years old, judging from her appearance; though Jane, her mother said she was ten. I know she was mistaken for we have had her five years & she has grown rapidly in that time. Still many children of ten years are larger than she is now. She had nothing on earth; but the clothes she had on. I made her some right off. She was the best child I ever saw. She has become a little corrupted but is still a faithful servant & and I praise her more than any I have. Fanny has very often been insolent to me. She is not a faithful servant. She is very ill tempered, obstinate & impertinent & and if we were able to buy another, I would not keep her about me. I am not willing to trust my children with her. She is ill to them and they do not like her. We had a girl two years, named Sary; who nursed John and Bob. She belonged to Sally Sims. She was not very smart, but was brisk, honest & faithful. We should have kept her: but she lived very high.

The first day of March, 1849, Dr. Pritchard's sister, Hannah, & James & Susan Brooks came & made us a visit of two months. They have not been since. In December 1846, Brother Henry made us a visit at Ma's. He staid a week or two & went with us to Norfolk. Dr. Pritchard had not been to see his sisters before in seven years. We staid two or three days. Christmas Day, which was Dr. Pritchard's birthday, we attended the Catholic Church in Norfolk & heard a good sermon on the Nativity of Christ. The ceremonies, though absurd and utterly abominable to me, were impressive. The altar was ornamented with pots of geraniums and cape jessamine in bloom. I could not understand what the frequent ringing of the little bells meant in the ceremony. To impress the ignorant, of course. The Priest did not turn over a leaf of his book for himself. He had two little boys, who I believe, are called angels, who turned his leaves, & rang the bells, put out the candles & handed him a silver waiter with several little tiny silver pitchers, not more than two or three inches long, out of which he drank something. I supposed that he was taking the sacrement. We went to the cemetery in the afternoon. The only one I ever saw. What a number of dead it contains! We heard the celebrated temperance lecturer, Gough. While in the city, we visited an orangatang. It was a young one & had just died. It looked very much like an ugly negro child. We walked about the city, saw the Churches &c. I was sorry we did not go to Portsmouth, which is only a half mile off, just across the river. It was Dr. Pritchard's birthplace, but he did not seem desirous of visiting it.

We went from Norfolk to Baltimore. I was the only lady on the boat & it was against the rules to permit gentlemen to remain with the ladies - so I was compelled to stay alone & I spent a most sleepless night & got to the "City of Monuments" about day. It is situated on the western side of the Chesapeake Bay, near the mouth of the river Patapsco. It is a large, fine city. Contains many fine Churches & public buildings.

There are two splendid monuments, the Battle Monument (commemorating the defeat of the British in 1814, when they made an attack on the city) & the Washington Monument. The Battle Monument is 55 feet high; the Washington, 163. We attended the Cathedral the 27th, which was my 17th birthday. That is a grand and imposing structure, contains splendid paintings and statues, The Cathedral is said to be 127 feet high from the base to the top of the cross of the dome. The organ is the largest I ever saw & is considered one of the finest in the United States. It has 6000 pipes & 36 stops. The music was so grand and impressive I have no words to convey my thoughts of it. Even at this distance of time, a thrill passes over me when I think of those sublime sounds, I got a dash of the consecrated water in my face. There was an urn of water at the door & all of the Catholics dipped a finger in & made a cross on their foreheads. When the Priest came in, he was preceded a little by a man who carried a vessel of water, which I suppose was consecrated. The Priest carries a brush, which he dipped in and sprinkled right & left on anyone who happened to be in the way. I got a smart sprinkle of it in my face. There were two or three finely dressed Priests present. I could not understand the prayers - they were Latin & the sermon was delivered with a foreign accent & I did not understand that. There were Sisters of Charity, attended by 30 or 40 little girls, all dressed alike and very plainly - I suppose they were pupils of the Sisters. We did not visit the Museum & Asylum. I wish we had. We took a walk through the city after it was lighted up. It looked very pretty indeed & I was pleased with the chiming of the bells,

From Baltimore we went to Washington City, which stands on the north bank of the Potomac. We passed the residence of the Venerated Father of his Country. We visited the Capitol. I was delighted with the beautiful grounds, the grand building, the sculpture, the paintings, the rotunda, 96 feet high & 96 in diameter. The Representatives Hall is adorned with a colonnade of pillars - most beautiful, called breccia, highly polished. The National Library contained a large number of books & fine national paintings. Last winter 10,000 books were destroyed by fire. Mr. Biggs, who was an acquaintance & friend, was very polite to us; also Mr. Montgomery, who was once a teacher of mine. From the Capitol, we went with Mr. Calhoun to call on the President. He was a plain, honest, goodlooking man. Mr. Calhoun took us through some of the rooms, the celebrated East Room, so called from the view it commands of the River. The city stands between the Potomac & one of its tributaries called the East Branch. The sofas, chairs &c. in that room were blue. That night was Reception Night at the President's House. We went, accompanied by Mr. Biggs. The room in which the company staid was crowded. It was lighted by a magnificent and large chandelier. We were compelled to stand on account of the crowd. I soon got tired & returned to our rooms. Mr. Calhoun called on us. He was a tall, spare man with wary, very expressive countenance, particularly his eyes, which were bright & sparkling. We saw all the great men - Senators, Representatives &c. We went to the Post Office Department & Patent Office. The models in the office were destitute of interest to me; but the Museum is truly a collection of wonders. The most beautiful sculpture, the most exquisite paintings, large numbers of stuffed birds of the brightest plumage, stuffed animals, shells, coral, rocks, all manner of Indian boats, ornaments & cloths, Turkey carpets, Atta of Roses, a sarcophagus, Washington's regimentals & camp furniture & more things I reckon than could be written in this book,

There was to be a funeral the next day of Senator Barrow & I now wish that I had staid for it; but I was so tired of seeing strange faces I longed to be back home. We did not visit the Telegraph Office, which I regret very much. All of the public buildings are fine. From Washington, we came straight home, passing through Fredericksburg & Richmond & several small towns the names of which I forget. We staid a day and a night in Petersburg, but I had seen so many finer and handsomer places, I felt no

desire at all to walk out & look at the city. I do not think Washington a handsome city. The streets are very broad and the houses far apart. I have heard it called, and very appropriately too, I think, the "City of Magnificent Distances".

We passed several forts in going to Norfolk. Fortress Monroe stands at Old Point & Castle Calhoun stands on an island constructed in the Riprap, by means of sinking stones. The Riprap is a shoal at the mouth of the James River at its entrance into the Chesapeake Bay. This grand work of forming an island & constructing a fort on it was done by the illustrious Calhoun whose name it bears. Norfolk was burnt by the British during the (*Revolutionary*) War & the little town of Hampton but these two strong Forts command the harbor & it would be a very difficult task to destroy these towns again. We passed Craney Island. Dr. Pritchard told me that in the War of 1812, Norfolk was threatened with sackage again & about a hundred men, among whom was his father, staid on Craney Island a day or two & kept the British at Bay. We also saw the ruins of Jamestown, the first Virginia settlement. We were from home for ten days only.

Our house was built by Parish and Ross. It cost Dr. Pritchard \$1000. It leaked very much and we got another set of workmen, Holt's Company, to reshingle it entirely but it was but little benefitted: it still leaks a good deal.

(Intentionally obliterated) Holy Ghost. Thou has told me to make known my requests unto Thee, that my joy may be full. O, hearken unto my prayers & grant the desires of my heart, for the sake of Thy Son, Jesus Christ. In 1852, moved my membership to Shocco Chapel. Fletcher Reid being the preacher.

John's Christening

Sunday, June 3rd, 1849, Mr. Campbell christened John at Shocco Chapel. Dr. Pritchard & me & Sister Betsy stood for him. God grant that he may ever be a devoted follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. The text was 1st and 2nd verses of 12th chap. of Romans. John squalled manfully. He wore a long frock, shirt & cap that Betsy made and gave him. He was a beautiful baby. The water was in a china bowl, which belongs to my dinner set, green and gilt. I intend to give the bowl to John. I had a good many people to dine with me. My dinner was mostly cold.

Robert Christened

On Sunday, July 20th, 1851, my second child was christened, by Mr. Allen at Shocco Chapel. Dr. Pritchard & myself stood for him. May the Lord in His mercy bestow every good thing upon our darlings. The preaching commenced Saturday. We had a sermon from Mr. Allen. The text, Proverbs, Chapter 16, Verse 32. Sunday evening, Mr. Thos. C. Campbell preached. In the afternoon, another from Mr. Allen, on Faith. On Monday, Mr. Parks gave us a sermon. I wished to get Mr. Campbell to christen Bob because he christened John; but I thought it would not be exactly courteous, as Mr. Allen was at our house at the time & Mr. Campbell did not arrive at the Church until late. Bob wore a short white jaconet muslin trimmed with edging, which I made, & the same shirt that John wore. He cried some. He was christened from a glass bowl, which was bought at Grandma's sale.

Dr. Pritchard

Dr. Pritchard is an excellent man, but does not seem to have entire confidence in the divinity of the Bible. I firmly believe in the certain potency of humble, fervent, ardent prayer. He does not. O God, take him not away in his sins, bring him into the fold of Christ right soon, I pray Thee. He is excessively fond of reading, but I never see the Bible in his hands. He says that he has read it oftentimes & cares not to read what is familiar to him. The more I read and meditate on the precious comforting, divine Bible truths, the more I desire to do so. I love my husband most ardently, most devotedly, but we are very different. He loves excitement, frolics, cards, a company, a crowd. The joys of a pure heart & a blessed home is all that I ask and desire. I thank God that Dr. Pritchard withstands the temptations of a crowd as well as he does, & that he is as good as I believe & pray that he is.

Sulphur or Jones Springs is not over a mile from here and he spends a good deal of time there. He generally has patients there, which is one reason he stays so much. Last summer, he hardly ever failed to spend a part of every day & often, the whole day. This season has been healthier & he has only gone every other day. O Lord, lead him not into temptation but deliver him from evil! I believe that he has refrained from going there this summer on account of my aversion to the place. I love him better for his consideration. Today, Aug. 3rd, he has gone to Warrenton to hear an agricultural address from Prof. Stewart.

Dr. Pritchard had a severe attack of Rheumatism of the shoulder some weeks ago. He applied Chloroform but did not perceive any benefit from it. In 8 or 10 days, it wore off. I have suffered a great deal within the last two years with neuralgia in the side of my face and neck. It never attacks but one side at a time, sometimes the right and sometimes the left. The pain was the most excruciating. Dr. Pritchard thought that decayed teeth caused the neuralgia, I had two extracted, which only caused the pain to shift to the other side. I took, for some time, carbonate of Iron precipitated, which I think helped to bring on an abortion in Nov. 1851. Nothing gave me relief & one day, in a paroxysm of pain, I consented to have Chloroform applied to the tooth. Dr. P. put a drop or two on a bit of cotton & put it in the tooth. It has been several months since but the pain has not returned. But Chloroform is a dangerous agent, & should not be used except by an experienced physician. I expect that it probably caused me a second abortion June 18, 1852.

I never in my life suffered much with my teeth until I had them operated on. In 1847, there came a Dr. Harris to Warrenton, professing to be a great dentist, but turned out to be a great imposter. He operated on a good many people & I do not think he gave satisfaction in the first instance. He bored holes in good teeth of mine, to fill up with his gold. He said his plugs would last ten years. Many of them did not last two weeks. The teeth got so tender, some of them could not be replaced. I got Dr. Skelton to replace some of them, and the fruits of Dr. Harris' work is - the tender teeth broke off. 6 broke off - 4 of them front teeth. Two of my front teeth are artificial. Soon after John's birth, they broke off & I had two more inserted in the old roots. Dr. Harris said that inasmuch as he was working on a physician's wife, he would charge only half price. His bill was \$66.00. But the plugs - 8 or 10, I reckon, came out & Dr. Pritchard paid him only \$25.00. And if he had compelled the imposter to come up to his word, he would not have had that to pay. Betsy's teeth had been well fixed by Dr. Skelton, but she had one or two that need a little something done to them, which she got Harris to do. He took out Skelton's plugs, kept the gold, put him some more, injured her tooth so much she had to get Skelton to do more work on them, & charged her \$79.00. She had, that morning, received a legacy of \$100.00 from Cousin Mary Walker's estate. She paid him, but I do not believe the law would have given him a 5th of it.

Pa's Brothers & Sisters

Pa had 23 brothers and sisters. By referring to the first part of this book, this will be explained, I do not know the names even of all of them. His full brothers & sisters, I have noticed in the first part of this book. Then there was Hill Jones, who was a Methodist preacher & moved to the southern country, had a large family & lived to be old. Bob Jones, a lawyer, a very smart man but remarkably ill. Edward Jones, an excellent, clever man, left two children, He lived to old age and left two sons, Robert & Edward. He had a daughter that died a short time before him, Martha Goode. Mrs. Rebecca Walker, was one of his sisters, Mrs. Lanier, Mrs. Brickle, Daniel Jones & Sagan Jones (who I have heard Ma say was a very violent, impetuous man) & Mrs. Abby Whitaker. There two Wortham sisters, Mrs. Polly Nicholson, who lived and died near this place, & Mrs. Nancy Marshall. Then there was John Wortham & William, Ned, Ben, Dick, Heath,

Agricultural Society, Aug 3rd, 1852

The gentlemen had a meeting & established a society. Daniel Turner, President. Dr. Pritchard, Vice President, Mr. White, Treasurer, The 5th of Aug., they had another meeting & have not established rules & yet,

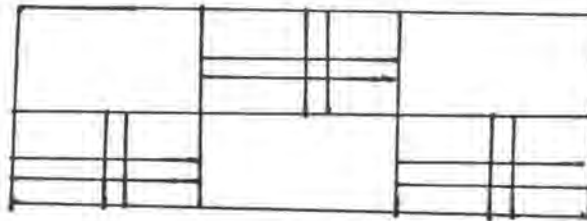
Sheriff's Election, 5th August

Poor Buck was beaten & Judkins is Sheriff again. Many gentlemen, who are good judges, think that unfair means caused Buck's defeat. Most of Judkins' friends were so unscrupulous they did not mind villainy, if they could obtain votes.

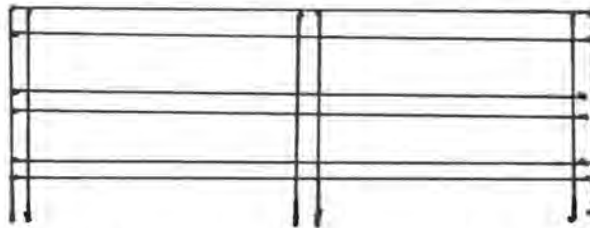
My Work & &

I am natueally very industrious but am so delicate I cannot stand work. Still, I am never behindhand, whenever I am well enough to work. And Fanny does most of my plain sewing. She knows nothing about fixing work & requires a great deal of attention. Confinement to any kind of work and writing affects my chest so much that I cannot do it. It is now the 11th day of Aug. and John and Bob each have five aprons apiece finished for winter & plenty of stockings & Bob, two new gowns. I have cloth in the house to make Dr. P. a set of shirts for next summer, which is the only sewing that I have. Catherine does most of my knitting, Before I was married, I made two bed quilts. I am very fond of that kind of work, They were of these patterns;

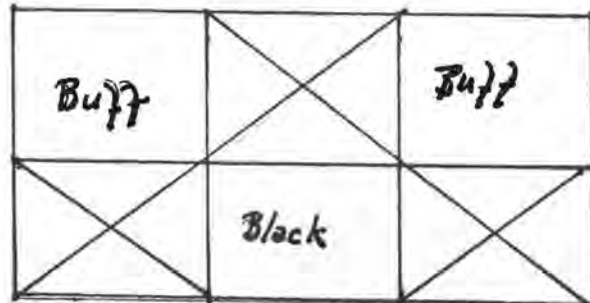
#1. This is one of many colors - all my dresses.



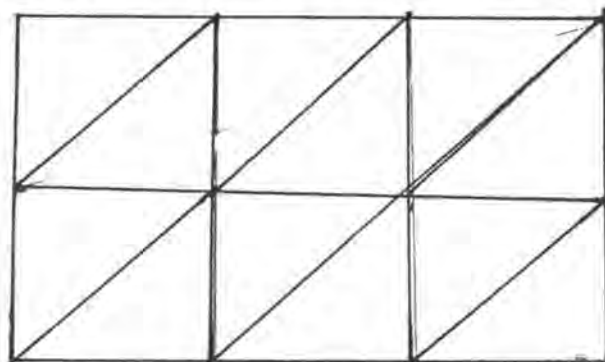
#2. The second one - made of 4 colors -



The first one I made after I was married was a comfort made of the same pattern of the first one above. The 2nd made after my marriage was made thus: It is a very pretty pattern.



The third was a comfort, made of my worsted dresses, green & black, half squares.



The fourth was an album quilt. The center piece is of white & if made by a friend generally contains her name. The half squares are white also. The four squares around the centre piece are of one color & the eight around them are of some contrast. I joined it with pink strips. That is John's quilt. The first piece in it was made by my cousin, Sally Macon Ward, & her mother brought it to me when John was a few weeks old. The next I made was an Irish Chain for my trundle bed. With pretty colors, this makes a beautiful quilt.

The next was a small star made of eight pieces and surrounded with white & joined with buff. This is Bob's quilt.

The next was made like the second pattern, only of fewer colors. The large square, green, the little square, buff & slip white. And the pieces were joined so as to run bias. The next was a comfort made only of plain squares of any color I had. They run bias and the comfort is lined with the new cloth dyed copper. I also made a cradle comfort like the first pattern & a cradle quilt of six pieces that "Tink" gave me, called pincushion & tulip leaves.

In all 12 quilts. The prettiest quilt I have, Grandma made. It was woven - Polk & Dahlias.

Betsy is now having her a carpet, green, red & blue. She dyed it herself. The warp & cotton filling, purple. The pattern, "Star in the Wilderness", Betsy does a great deal of nice work. She finished a chemise last week, the prettiest I ever saw. The yolk is scalloped & overcasted, the dots are eyelet holes. She overcasted a nightgown too. She makes Sally Sims' clothes, very nice braids & openworks & she has worked two baby sacques for the Episcopal Working Society in Warrenton. August 11 th, 1852.

August 30th, Buck killed a rattlesnake in one of Ma's barns; lying on a pile of tobacco. I wanted to see it & sent & had it brought over. The next day, it was a yard & 6 or 7 inches long and measured 7 or 8 inches around the thickest part of its body. Ma said it had 6 rattles, but I do think it had but five. It was the first snake of the kind I ever saw.

Sept. 3rd, Dr. Pritchard brought John and Bob 3 Guinea Pigs which he bought from a man, who brought them to Sulphur for sale. He gave two dollars for them. The children were delighted with them. They are right pretty - have no sign of tails, and are right much trouble.

Sept. 8th, Ma sent me a piece of shoat, a basket of grapes & some figs. Yesterday, she sent me 12 very nice herrings & 3 fine mackerel, grapes & figs & a turkey. Sally Sims was 14 years old yesterday. Next Wednesday, the 15th, there is to be a ball at Sulphur.

Sept. 10, John and Bob petitioned to go rabbit hunting this evening, I told them to go & they took Bibo, Dr. Pritchard's bird dog & went down to the wheat field & came back in about a half hour with a young hare, They were delighted, John carried him to the kitchen & got Aunt Sookey to skin and boil him, They then were tired but ate it with a great deal of relish, Dr. Pritchard spent the morning at Sulphur & has gone again, May God protect him. Lead him not into temptation but deliver him from evil, I pray and implore, O hear my oft repeated prayers for Jesus' sake, Amen.

Books That I Have Read

I have always been fond of reading; but as Pa had but few books, my reading has not always been selected. I have read all that I could obtain. Dr. Pritchard takes "London and Edinburg Reviews" & "Blackwood's Magazine", the "Southern Planter" and "American Farmer", "The South Carolinian", Petersburg Intelligencis" and "Medical Examiner" & I take the "Methodist Quarterly Review". I read more or less in all of them. The cost of all of them yearly is \$20.75.

Betsy takes "Harper's Monthly" & "The Family Friend", which she lends us.

"Count of Montecristo", "Debit and Credit", "Law's Serious Call to Holy Life" (one of the most excellent books I have ever read). I have read it three times. "Wesley's Sermons", the best sermons I ever read. "Benson's Sermons, rather dull & tiresome. "Dum's Sermons", very interesting and awakening. I vol. of "Lillotson's Sermons", very good. "Fletcher's Appeal", read it. It is very awakening. "Wesley's Journal, interesting and astonishing. "Hannah Moore" cannot be praised overmuch, as pure and moral as they can be. Read them by all means. "Female Scriptural Biography", right good. "Thomas A. Kempis' Autobiography of Lois Montir". "No Cross, No Crown", very excellent. "Dick's Philosophy of Religion", good. "Bennet's Letters". Two books on the "Evidence of Christianity", both good. "Autobiography of an Actress". "Proverbial Philosophy", a book of pretty and good poetry. "Paradise Lost", I liked very much. Very sublime & grand. "Thompson's Sermons". "Pollock's Course of Time". "Homer's Works". "Dr. Young's Works", ought to be read by all. "Shakespeare's Dramatic Works". "Pope's Works". "Byron's Poems" and some of Dean Swift & some of Burns'. None of these last should be read until the character and principles of the reader are formed. They are too seductive for young people. "The Lives of Calvin, O. H. Perry, "Patrick Henry", 2 vol. of Dr. Clark's Life. All of Scott's novels & "Prairie Bird". "The Grumbler". "Adam Brown". "Enchanter". "Disowned" Ernest Maltravers' "Harold". "Captain Paul". Mary Maturin's "Ascanio". "Countess of Salisbury". "Wuthering Heights". "Home Influence". "Mothers' Recompense". "Mothers of England". "Uncle Horace". "Romance of Vienna". "The Princess or the Beguin". "The Disinherited & Ensnared", which with Ernest Maltravers ought to be burnt. "Picciola". "Osceola". "The Bit o' Writing". "Scottish Chiefs". "Pasha of Many Tales". "Marryat's Diary". "Stories of the Sea". "Tales of the Woods and Fields". "David Copperfield". "Charles" - Frank Fairleigh. "De Valcour & Eglantine". Omalley's "Handy Andy". "Rosy O More", Paul Pry's comic "Sketch Book". May Jones' "Courtship". Tom Cringles' "Log". Agnes Serle's "Strife and Peace". "Brother and Sisters". "Veronica". "Acte of Corinth". "Anabella Stuart". "Robbers and Spanish Student", by Schiller. "Lady of Lyons". "Reveries of a Bachelor". "Children of the Abby". "Oliver Twist". "Shepherd of Salisbury Plain". "League O. Regan", Lowlified. "Georgia Scenes", funny. "Pickwick Papers". "Sea Lions".

This year, I have read "The Letters of Junius". "Florence Jackville". "School for Husbands". "Loriogh O' Brien". "The Married Sisters". The 1 and 2 Vol. of "Macaulay's History of England". "Robinson Crosoe". "A Walk About Lion". "Illustrated Astronomy". "Life of Dr. Clark". "Dr. Young's Complete Works". Hedge's "Elements of Logic". "Fisk's Travels". "Mansfield's Mexican War", a party book. "Coleridge, Shelly & Keats". Shelly's poems are atheistical & utterly devoid of morals. He was an adulterer and tried to make others so. I hope that my children will never read his writings. They are hideous, horrible, detestable, everything that is vile.

Sept. 30th. A few days ago, I finished reading "Uncle Tom's Cabin". It is an abolition work, by a northern lady. It is very evident that she was entirely ignorant of southern manners and life, I am confident that I have never seen or heard of such characters as she describes amongst the whites & the blacks. She believes in amalgamation. It is the most sickening, disgusting mass of falsehood & corruption that I ever read. I also finished a book written by a Carolinian, "Southern Life", a companion to "Uncle Tom's Cabin". This is a very silly book indeed and, in one place, as much of an abolition tendency as Mrs. Stowe's. "Arabian Night's Entertainments". "Jack Rann", I read 3 or 4 chapters in it - so very immoral I quit it. Such books are full of sin & evil to all. "Aunt Phillis' Cabin, an answer to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" & a very good work. "Dr. Clark's Sermons", these are generally excellent. "The Life of Dr. Clarke". "Life of Wesley". "Memoir of Carrops". "The White Slaves of England". Few leaves from "Fannie's Portfolio". "The Forget-me-not For All Seasons". "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul" by Dodridge. "Memoirs of Rev. Leigh Richmond". "Night of Toil". "Wilberford's Practical View".

Silver Spoons

Last year, Dr. Pritchard made me the present of 12 silver teaspoons for which he paid \$12.50. This spring, I gave him \$30.00 which I had made in two summers selling butter and eggs, I told him that I would give that much towards the purchase of 12 tablespoons. He had them made in Petersburg, & last week brought them from Warrenton & gave them to me. I want my children to have my spoons when I am dead, which God grant may not be soon, The price of them was \$45.26. They were made by Charles Lumsden of Petersburg. They weigh two pounds, lacking two ounces,

Oct. 7th Show in Warrenton

I was not well enough to go. Dr. Pritchard went & among other curiosities, saw a girl 10 years of age who weighed 300 lbs. & her activity was the greatest part of the curiosity. He says that she had quite a pretty face & was very active & seemed intelligent,

Dr. Pritchard did not get home until nearly nine o'clock at night and he brought me "Scott's Novels". They were not a present from Dr. Pritchard, he merely brought them from Warrenton for me. I bought them with money made from selling butter. Mr. White got them for me, when he went north, for his goods. They are in 27 volumes and the price was \$15.00., I wish to take care of them for my children.

Two Silver Butterknives

Tuesday night, November 23rd, Dr. Pritchard returned from Warren Court. He handed me a little bundle & told me there was a present for me. "Who from", I said. "From me", he replied. I laughed & said, "Well, I don't reckon it's much." But when I opened it, I found two pretty silver knives. I prize them very much indeed, as they show that my beloved husband thought of me. He gave \$5.00 for them.

Poultry & Butter Account for 1852

I had 182 chickens hatched & 120 raised. 47 more than I raised last year, Forty six ducks hatched, 24 raised., 104 lbs. butter sold, which brought \$19.13 1/3 cts, I bought with it, "Scott's Novels" and some pieces of music. I also gave the preacher \$1.00 & I bought a pair of glass celery stands, for which I paid \$3.00. For 1849, '50, '51 & '52, I have made, from butter, eggs, & melons, \$57.89 2/3 cts,

Betsy's Marriage

On Wednesday evening, the 12th day of January, 1853, my sister, Betsy, was married to John Willis Hayes. The minister was (the Methodist one on this circuit) Mr. Reid.

(Ed. note: Here someone has cut out a portion of the page in the original Diary.)

adamantine candles, one barrel of crushed sugar. Candles to dress the cakes, and at least 60 dozen eggs bought & a great many more used.

Furniture Ma gave Betsy:

1. A small bureau with oil cloth and a large glass
 2. Wash bowl, pitcher, soap dish, tooth brush dish
 3. Stew pan
 4. Chamber pot
 5. Slop bucket.
 6. 2 Pair of sheets
 7. 1 Pair blankets
 8. Six pair of pillow cases
 9. 1 Bed, 2 pillows, 1 bolster, 1 mattress
 10. 1 Mahogany candlestand
 11. 1 Oil cloth yarn counterpane
 12. 1 Flag chair
 13. 1 Trunk
 14. 1 Bureau with brass mounting
 15. 1 Painted table
 16. 2 Tubs
 17. 1 Walnut stool with worked top
 18. 1 Pine washstand
 19. 1 Bowl with small pitcher, not match to the bowl
 20. 1 Bedstead, original price \$4.00
 21. A bed with 3 pillows and a bolster
 22. A cradle bed and pine cradle
 23. A looking glass, oval, and drawer, not attached, which had been Grandma's (*Sally Green Jones*)
 24. A walnut chamber table
 25. 1 Pr. blankets
 26. 2 Pr. sheets
 27. 4 Pr. cotton pillow cases
 28. 2 Mattresses
 29. 1 Bolster case
 30. 2 "Half worn" table cloths
 31. 5 "Half worn" linen towels
 32. Little stew pan
 33. 2 Tubs
 34. 1 pair andirons
- and several other things too trifling to enumerate

John's Learning

February 12th, 1852, John is 4 years & a half old & can say all of the letters, large and small, & spells right well from the book. He counts some & can say his prayers, He has got so that you can not get him to go to bed without saying his prayers. Poor little fellow, he is sick abed now, O God, spare and bless, heal and cure my darling beloved child,

(Ed. note: Here, a chapter, entitled "Jealousy", has been obliterated)

Bob's Sickness.

April the 4th, 1853, I spent with Ma. After dinner, Bob took a nap & Catherine, I suppose, got tired of keeping the flies off of him & pulled him up. The little fellow laid down again immediately, which was very uncommon for him. That evening, Dr. Pritchard took him up to the store & out to see the colts & all night the little fellow had a hot fever; but was up in the morning. We went home after breakfast, He continued drowsy all day & in the afternoon, slept nearly all the time. That night, he slept as usual in the cradle by my little bed & begged several times for water. Dr. Pritchard got up and found that he had a hot fever & difficulty of breathing. He gave him a small dose of "Cherry pectoral" & covered his chest with oilsilk. He did not improve during the night - & although I was nearly 8 months advanced in pregnancy, I sat up several hours & from that night until the 5th of May, which was the day that Mary Frances was born, I was that child's constant nurse, and sat up with him three weeks,

The 6th, we got so alarmed, we sent to Warrenton for Drs. Macon and Howard. They arrived at dark and thought Bob's an attack of pneumonia, Dr. Howard applied two German leeches to the upper part of his back & after they dropped off, Dr. Pritchard applied cups over the bites. All of this time, the little fellow screamed and struggled frightfully. I held him & coaxed him & felt as if my very life was being torn from me & poor little John came & stood by the bedside with tears in his eyes & trembling, watched his little Brother. They took blood from him. I do not know how much - but - from his struggling, not as much as they desired. His breathing was very rapid, His pulse, 160, sometimes a great deal more & sometimes so feeble it could hardly be felt.

He never, during his sickness, was willing to be turned on his side. The Doctors said that he must not be allowed to lie in the same position - his lungs would become torbid - & whenever we attempted to move him, he would scream. His right cheek would have a deep purple spot on it, fearful to behold. He took medicine - sometimes (*every*) three - sometimes every two hours. Calomel & Opium - Antimony & Hives's Syrup. We kept boiled (hot) corn to him. An ear to each side & one at his feet. Poor little fellow, how my heart was wrung. How my soul was poured out in agony unto the only source of help, my God, & He heard me & bore me up & restored my child unto me.

The 6th, he felt cold in the afternoon & then his fever increased. The time of his feeling cold at length was in the night, about 12 or 1 o'clock. He would not remain so more than one minute & then it was very slight - but immediately his fever would rise rapidly, his pulse grow quicker - his breathing bad & his hard, quick cough worse, & that flush would appear. His skin would be dry and rough. We bathed his feet and legs in brandy & hot vinegar, & mustard.

My attentions were unvarying. Oftentimes I would think of my unborn child & wonder if I was not defrauding her of health, perhaps of common sense - & again I would pray. Dr. Pritchard sat up a part of every night & some nights staid with him all night. He generally left him several hours during the night & day & took rest in the other room, I did not leave him. The rest that I got, was by his side - lying across the trundle bed with my feet in a chair. What sustained a weak woman, heavy with child, through so much fatigue? Prayers heard and granted.

Betsy and Ma sat up until they were taken sick, Ma was quite sick sometime. We then sent for Miss Sally Cooper, who staid seven weeks & was a faithful, competent & tender nurse. Two of our servants also deserve grateful mention, Aunt Sookey & Fiora. They sat up half of every night for fully two weeks, I reckon.

Bob took no nourishment voluntarily. He never asked for anything but water & in order to sustain him, we gave him, in the place of water, ricewater, gumwater - milk & water - & flaxtea. He got so suspicious, he would drink out of the dipper & even take his medicine from it. And, from the Doctors doing so much to him, examining his chest, pulse & tongue - he oftentimes would not permit his Father even to remain in the room - so, I had another responsibility - to count his pulse very often, so I could apprise them of the changes - & to notice incessantly all the changes in all the symptoms.

Dr. Field advised that his chest should be rubbed with "Spts. turpentine". The child disliked it very much & I could never do it - except very cautiously, when he was asleep. He continued so sick so long that Dr. Pritchard put a blister over his right lung. The first did not draw on account of the turpentine applications. He applied a second, which drew very well. Dr. Macon advised Castor oil as a dressing. It was very soothing but purged the little fellow violently, Dr. Pritchard made two opium pills & I introduced them, with my fingers, into his bowels. They did not check it & we gave him an injection (*enema*), which succeeded better. The blister was a source of sufferiing to him for some time. After he was blistered, that livid flush appeared on the other cheek. And sometimes on both,

After he had been sick about a fortnight, he, one Sunday morning, said, "I ain't got nussen", very pitifully. We offered everything we could think of - toys, candles, flowers, books, preserves - but he would have none of them & continued the same words, all the time screaming & struggling. All of us tried to pacify him, I thought he would die & I sent everyone out of the room. I coaxed him, took him up in my arms & it seemed that his strength was supernatural, for I could not hold him. Dr. Howard said that he did not know what to think but feared Brainfever. The poor babe continued to scream out the same words, "I ain't got nussen". At length, he said he wanted a "battered biscuit". I had the butter brought & pretended to put some on a biscuit. He ate a tiny piece & dropped to sleep on my lap. From this time until he got well (which was two weeks, I reckon), whenever he wanted food, he would repeat the same words & if he was not satisfied, would scream and kick and struggle & thus make himself much worse. When in these fits, he was as unmanageable as a wild horse - still, he was so weak, he could not raise himself on the bed. The physicians said it was wrong for him to have a morsel of solid food; but that his crying would injure him - so we would keep roasted Irish potatoes & I would feed him sometimes a quarter of an hour & do it so slowly it would not take a piece larger than a walnut. His appetite was ravenous.

Still the cold fits, that I mentioned, which were almost momentary, did not yield. At length, I determined that I would keep my hands on his feet until the time passed,

Miss Sally kept her hands on them for a while, but I did most of the time, & sometime before the regular time of the coldness, we bathed him in hot brandy. He missed the chill & got into the most profuse sweat that I ever saw, He slept a long time. We waked Dr. Pritchard, We all feared that he would sink from weakness & gave him a few drops of brandy & quinine & coffee. From this time, the violence of the symptoms abated, but the exhausting sweats continued & excessive paleness. O, his recovery was so slow.

He had been fooled so often when he asked for water, he used to beg for "surely enough water". His appetite was wolfish, If a bird - a rabbit - a basket of young fowl was brought for his amusement, he would order someone to take them out & cook them for him to eat, Meat and grated beef was all that he wanted. We tried to fool him with a crust of toasted bread for grated beef, but could not, and were obliged to give him bird or chicken, broiled without butter. Poor little fellow, We would give him a tiny wing or leg at a meal, & a piece as large as a pea, cut very fine would be a big mouthful & we would prolong the feeding as long as possible, knowing he would cry for more. How he would smack his little dry lips & after it was all gone, would beg for "a little bit more" & then, I feared a cry. After he began to mend, he would want to sit up - but he could neither walk, stand nor sit alone & would permit no one to hold him but me, I think it caused me much suffering but I thought it best to humor him.

(Ed. note: A portion of this page was cut out.)

my bowels were disordered I had frequent chilly fits; but I believe, if my mind had been easy, I should have soon been well. I could not banish my fears & thought it best to keep my bed whilst so much excited & was confined to it for 3 or 4 days. I suffered with nausea - puked twice - had headache - and falling of the womb. I have felt it almost every day lately and take very little, almost no exercise.

Dr. Ramsbotham, in his "Process of Parturition", recommends total abstinence from exercise, (where the woman is subject to abortion) until after quickening.

This morning my baby puked a good deal. It seemed to be milk but was very yellow. Her bowels are disordered too, the operations watery & of a greenish yellow. Sometimes she has as many as six in a day. O God, spare and bless my babe! Friday, went to dinner - the first time I have been to the table. Saturday, I ate a few green peas & a small piece of sweet potato, Disordered my bowels. I have had falling of the womb ever since her birth, Monday, I ate 45 raspberries, took paregoric, Made me sick. Baby had a fit of the colic for the first time, We measured the baby's length on the mantelpiece and marked it, It is about two feet, June 1st, Miss Sally Cooper was putting up curtains upstairs yesterday. I went up there, I went again today & carried Baby in my arms. We named our daughter after her two Grandmothers.

Mary Frances

She was born May 5th, 1853. She weighted, at her birth, 5 3/4 lbs. Her clothes weighed 1 lb., so she, of course, weighed 4 3/4 lb. June 2nd we weighed her & it was 9 lbs., allowing 1 lb. for clothes. She was a good deal improved in size. At 5 weeks old, her bowels still continued disordered & she was hoarse. Dr. Pritchard gave her 1 drop of "Cherry pectoral". In the course of an hour or so, it put her to sleep; and she slept heavily nearly all day. I felt very uneasy & would rouse her frequently to suck but she would soon drop to sleep again. It checked the operations about a day, but not permanently. She seems well & I do not believe it hurts her at all. I put a piece of oil cloth on her abdomen & chest, which is very good for weak bowels and colds.

Oct 5th, 1853, Mary Frances is 5 months old & weighs 15 lbs.

Advice to Pregnant Women

In case of ruptured membranes, the best thing is absolute quiet. This I know from experience. Exercise tends to hasten childbirth. After delivery, it matters not how well you feel. Take very little exercise & do not strain the eyes and you will regain your health and strength much sooner.

Martha Jones

Died on the 16th of July, 1853, Martha, wife of Wm. E. Jones at Millboro Bath, Va., aged 29 years & 15 days. Ever since her marriage & indeed for years before, her health was bad - very bad, and she was simply obstinate about medicine. The disease grew on her so insidiously & gradually, she would not believe that she was seriously ill until death had marked her for his own. She then was past the reach of medicine; and, as a last hope, visited the Alum Springs of Virginia, where she got so much worse, she tried to return; but was able to get only 8 miles, where she died. The only friends near; her devoted husband, & Ellen, one of Ma's servants, who waited on her faithfully. Cousin Martha was an exemplary Christian, who read her Bible & tried to do her duty. She was devoted to her husband, & he cannot be too highly spoken of in regard to his treatment of her. He never gave her an unkind word & through all of her tedious sickness, he gave her medicine - fanned her - carried her in his arms - sat up with her - alone - away from home - and staid with her corpse 5 days before it was buried. May the Lord reward him!

Her relations have been the stingiest & most unfeeling I ever knew. After she was married, they sent her a negro girl - young - ignorant - awkward and trifling - a negro boy & 1 bed & 1 pair of blankets. And now she is dead, they sent word & got the negroes back, privately, without saying a word to Buck or any of the white family about it. And the girl was a tax, from the first to the last. She had a child and Ma raised it to be nearly two years old & when she left, I expect that she carried many of Ma's things with her - for she is a vile rogue.

Before Cousin Martha's death, several years, Buck broke up housekeeping & had a sale. Tom Green then got everything he had given her (except the negroes) & moreover, he got many things that belonged to Pa's estate, among which I will mention: a new side saddle, which Cousin Martha borrowed from Ma, & when they broke up housekeeping, she sent it to her Pa. They have no more right to it than they have to my watch, And they did not even give her clothes as she should have had to get married in, & after her death, they had every rag, scrap and thread, all of which Buck had bought, They never gave him or her a cent, so, far from it, they, all the while, got and kept all they could. They are close - close fistid niggards. Remember the words of the Lord about such, When Buck got back home from the Springs, he burst out into loud weeping & said, "Ma. I never crossed her." I know it was true.

Born: June 16th Sally Jones White

Born: Oct 22nd. 1853 William Hayes, weighed ten lbs. at birth

John Byars

Died, November 10th, 1853. John Byars, He was very old & has been confined to his bed three months. He seemed much concerned about religion - professed willingness to die & went to sleep calmly. He desired to be buried on his own land & marked the spot to Mr. J. Foster. And said he desired to be buried there because the trees branched near the ground & said he could not bear the idea of being buried where the trees were tall & branches high up. He also directed that there should be a wall built around him with rocks from the old chimneys that stood nearby. His directions have been complied with. He left his land to Charles & after his debts were paid - his money was divided equally between the other seven children, each share amounting to \$270.00. Charles sold the land immediately to Buck. Charles had been living there several years previous to the old man's death. The land is good & the growth pretty. Charles bought the land back the next year.

Gold Watch

Feb. 1854. I had long been anxious to have a good watch & in Nov. of last year, Dr. Pritchard went to Richmond to the "Agricultural Fair". I gave him \$20.00, which I had made from selling butter. He paid \$35.00 for me & since then, I have paid him \$20.00 more - making \$75.00 for my watch. It is a pretty watch & I hope will make a good time piece. Proved worthless, returned it & got a \$100.00 watch, Nov. 1855.

My Hog

Last year, Ma gave me a pig to kill - but I kept it & fed it from my garden & kitchen & in December when it was killed, it weighed 207 lbs., which was 40 lbs more than any Dr. Pritchard had, I charged him \$11,25 for my hog - which went towards paying for my watch.

New Furniture &c

Dr. Pritchard went to Norfolk in July of last year. Hannah White went with him. They got to "Old Point" the 4th of July & from there to Norfolk. They got back Friday night and brought his sister & two nieces, who staid until the 20th of September. Dr. P. brought me a bureau with marble slab & seven drawers, Price \$23.00., Very pretty parlor curtains, \$22.00, A black silk dress, a box of sperm candles, 3 large pineapples, A little carriage and horses for the baby, \$2.00. Two large tin water pots, for chambers, painted, one a green, the other ground with a colored vine around it. And 2 large arm chairs, wooden with a cushion in them, Also two hair pillows,

Baby's Crib. Mary Frances'

We had a crib made for the baby in Warrenton, soon after her birth. Miles made it and charged \$10.00. It has a top to it for a curtain. Ma made me the nicest mattress for it I ever saw. The hackled shucks on one side are covered with wool, on the other with cotton. It is soft, elastic & very nice indeed. It took 15 yards of mosquito netting to make a curtain.

Things Sold

Butter	1849	27 1/2 lbs.	Eggs	1849	15 1/2 dozen
	1850	74 1/2		1850	27
	1851	95		1851	12 1/2
	1852	104 3/4		1853	<u>21 1/2</u>
	1853	184			76 1/2 doz.
					\$6.32 1/2
	1854	195			\$1.25 for melons

485 3/4 lbs. of butter in all. Amount of money from things sold to 1st Jan. 1852
\$57.89 2/3.

Money Made by Me

1849, 1850, 1851, & 1852, I made from butter, eggs and 20 melons ---- \$57.89 2/3

1853 Sold 21 1/2 dozen eggs	\$ 1.92	
" 184 lbs. of butter	32.40	
" melons & peaches	5.12 1/2	
" 13 qts milk	<u>82 1/2</u>	
Equals for year 1853	\$40.27	40.27

June 25 9 lbs. of butter sent to Dr. Howard - a present)
 July 2 4 1/2 lbs sent to Mrs. Brooks - a present)
 July 15 9 lbs sent to Dr. Macon - a present)

Money for the 5 years \$98.14 2/3

Dr. P. paid me \$5.00 for posting his books
 and \$11.25 for hogs \$16.25
 \$114.39 2/3

1854

March 20 Put 10 cts & 6 1/2 in Bob's purse

How I spent my money

\$ 1.45	1852	Spent in music
3.00	"	Pair of celery stands
1.00	"	Sent Mrs. Harry Cook
.50	"	To Mr. Reid
1.00	"	Towards buying stove for the Church
.50	"	To Preacher
.10	"	In John's purse
30.00	"	Towards buying large silver spoons

\$ 40.00	1853	Towards buying my watch, cost \$75.00
15.00	1852	Bought Scott's Novels, 27 volumes
6.00	1853	Glass bowl
.50	"	Bought Mary two handkerchiefs
.75	"	John & Bob a toy
.50	"	Gave Preacher
.30	"	Gave Isham 5, John 12 1/2, Bob 12 1/2, Mary 5
1.00	"	Gave Missionary Society
2.00	1852	Year's subscription for "Methodist Quarterly"
2.00	"	2 years " for "Lady's Companion"
.16 1/2	1854	Put in Bob's purse
.80	August	" " " "
.20	"	In Mary's purse

Mary Sits Alone. Has teeth.

1854 Jan. 11th. Baby sits alone for the first time. She is sweet - so sweet.

March 6th - Yesterday. She was ten months old today. We discovered her first tooth. It is above & on the left side & made its appearance soon after the first. She had been suffering with fever & an eruption for some time, the gums seemed swelled & Dr. Pritchard lanced it a very little. The next day the tooth was out. In about ten days after, one made its appearance below. Last night she bit my breast twice. I cried out with pain and she cried like her little heart would break. She can kiss, patty cake, hold her hands to anyone, blow when she is told, and begins to crawl.

New Books

March 25th. A book pedler got here early. I went out after Dr. P. had been out there for a good while. He bought a novel in two volumes "Second Series of the Iron Mask". And, at my request bought for me "Exiles of Siberia", a moral and interesting tale. (I wrote Mary's name in it.) "Pamela", I expected, from Richardson being the author, that it was something extra, but was much disappointed. It is very poor in style and moral. It is not fit to be read. "Pilgrim's Progress". This is very entertaining, instructing, & profitable. Read it, my children.

"Scottish Orphans" is a moral and interesting story. And "Robinson Crusoe" for John.

March 31st. Another book agent here & I could not resist the desire to have some more books - but was very sorry that he had no religious works. However, I got the "Life of Josephine" - poor woman! Her wrongs were many & all inflicted by that brutal tyrant, Napoleon. I detest his very name.

"Wild Scenes in a Hunter's Life" we got principally for the pictures - to amuse the children. This book we gave Bob as John already had "Robinson Crusoe".

"Life of Lady Jane Grey" Her character, all admire & her fate, all deplore.

"Life of Mary & Martha Washington" gives us some insight into the character of the Benefactor of our Country, the immortal Washington.

August 29th. Bought at the Ladies' Fair in Warrenton, a small gift Bible - prettily bound & good print. Gave for it \$2.50.

November 1855. Bought Miss Leslie's "Receipt Book" & "House Books"

1856. Methodist "Hymn Book" & "Discipline" & 2 works on Baptism by Roper.

April 12th. I was much amused with Bob this evening. A little negro child, Britton, of his own age, was sitting on the back porch steps near by Bob - & was making a very ugly noise. Bob looked at him seriously & said, "Brit, you are the ugliest child in the world". I laughed and said, "He is right ugly". "Yes, Mama, he is so ugly, let's have his neck broke".

April 17th. Easter Monday. We have had a series of hard frosts- which may have destroyed all of our peaches, apples, pears, plums & cherries. And, today, we have had snow - off and on all day. Snow, hard and fast. The weather is very cold indeed for the season. Real winter. I expect that the strawberries are killed now.

April 18th. Heavy white frost. Cold, dark & threatening all day.

Whooping Cough

Feb. 5th John took it. Mary, (10 months old) the 17th of Feb. & Bob the 17th. Each of them had fever at the commencement & seemed quite sick. The fever lasted about 3 days. The cough arrived at its worse about the third or fourth week, and did not begin to abate until two full months. And did not leave them in three months. Poor little ones. They had a right hard spell of it. I thank God that it is over. Bobby's eyes were weak, & the baby's quite sore. It is always worse at night. Many a night, it seemed to me, that they coughed almost incessantly. Whooped loud and often. The baby seemed as if she would strangle; would whoop seven times without ceasing. We gave them Cherry pectoral, but did not think it was very beneficial. We also gave them a mixture.

"Night of Toil"

This is a right interesting account of the labors of the first missionaries in Tahiti & some of the neighboring southsea islands. It is written for children. If they read it attentively, it will not fail to instruct & profit them. Betsy loaned it to me.

July 31st. This evening, John attempted to help himself to a basin of water. He threw the bucket down, which lit on his head like a hat. He was a laughable sight, drenched & streaming water, & very much frightened indeed. I undressed and rubbed him down as quick as possible & sent him out in the air to dry.

"Be wise in the choice of books; shun everything of the romance & novel kind: & even in poetry, keep to what is useful & instructive. Always think before you speak. If any proposal is ever made to you in which you hesitate in how to act - first, say to yourself, "How would God have me to act?" - secondly, "What would my parents have me to do?". He says that he owed his conversion to reading Wilberforce's "Practical View of Christianity" & this, after he was a minister. I borrowed the book from Sister Priscilla.

Extracts from "Memoirs of Legh Richmond"

"It is a point of practical wisdom to preserve a medium between indolence and over effort. The editor cannot but consider that exertion beyond the limits assigned to human power as little better than a moral suicide. If good men were to satisfy themselves of the sinfulness of overstrained activity, they would submit to the rein for conscience' sake."

"Books are good or bad in their effects as they make us relish the word of God, the more or the less, after we have read them."

Leighton says, "Let thy soul roll itself on God, & and adventure there all its weight".

"Sensibility is often in danger of becoming too acute from accumulated trials. If not duly regulated, sensitiveness of feeling preys upon the heart, & undermines the health." Legh Richmond was the author of several tracts. The best and most famous are "Dairyman's Daughter" & "The young Cottager".

"Rise & Progress of Religion in the Soul"

This book is by P. Doddridge. I borrowed it, together with "Life of Wesley" & "Memoir of Carvosso" from Betsy. They are all religious, good books.

"Arabian Night's Entertainment"

July 31st. This week, I finished reading this volume; unabridged. I do not think that any young persons, whose characters are unformed, should read it. I was astonished to find it a mass of impurity. Almost every story is filled with wickedness and obscenity. Some of them are not, & the little abridged volume will do no harm. But this should be registered by all.

Legislature

Dr. Pritchard is a candidate for the commons. I do not suppose that he cared for my approbation, or he would have consulted me. I knew nothing of it until it was too late, or I should have plead with all the eloquence that anticipated desolation could inspire. He went to April Court, staid three days - declared himself a candidate. Came home and told me of it. I went into the parlor, locked the door and poured out my heart in agony unto Him, who can help. I prayed to Him who can foresee, to grant whatsoever was for my husband's and his family's good. If it is for the best, I do not cease to implore Him to grant that he may be elected. If not, I implore Him to frustrate all designs & help my husband to look on his defeat as for his good. Dr. Pritchard has attended all the tax gatherings, nine or ten in number, and at almost every one staid away at night; sometimes two nights. He went to town last Monday - got back Tuesday. Left Wednesday & I do not expect him back until tomorrow. Six days - and this election takes place Thursday. Of course, he must go to it. O, I so much fear that this is the beginning of a lonely life for me, O God, O God, help me. He was a candidate for Congress in 1846, but I begged him so hard he withdrew. I was his bride then. I love him devotedly now, as I did then, but my influence has waned. Lord, make me equal to the requisitions that are made on my body & my heart & save me from despair. Be a Father & a tender Mother unto my poor babes & help me to roll my sorrows and burdens on Thee, who art strong & willing to help.

Election

Dr. Pritchard was defeated, which I look on as the Lord's work. O God, interpose Thy strong arm and help me in all things as Thou hast done so oft, I humbly implore Thee. I have heard many gentlemen of standing and influence say that Dr. P could easily have been elected had he pursued the course of Jenkins & Williams. But his object in being a candidate was to put down the drinking, bribery, betting & other corruptions attending the electioneering - of the country - & this accounts for his defeat. Cousin Nat Martin told me he never knew anyone to conduct himself with more dignity - & that he did not believe there was ever a gentleman who had retired from a canvass with as little sacrifice of dignity & self respect. At any rate, the most respectable part of the community voted for him. I trust and pray God to help us all.

Sheriff's Election

My brother, William, was a candidate, opposed by Judkins. The election was a tie &, at Court, was decided by the Magistrates. They number 36. Buck's majority was 6. The people seemed enthusiastic for Buck.

"Wilberforce's Practical View"

August 1854.

This is an excellent book. The author, an Episcopalian and M.P., also an abolitionist. The careful, prayerful perusal of this book must bring a blessing. I borrowed it from "Tink"

Oct. Fanny Fern's "Leaves for Fanny's Little Friends". This is an entertaining and moral little thing but her ideas are clothed, almost always, in slang. I bought this from a book pedlar - also, "Lynch Expedition to the Dead Sea and Jordan". This last is more interesting than I expected to find. Full of information that is novel.

October. Besides Fern's "Leaves for Fanny's Little Friends", I read "Mable Grant", "Anna Ross" & "Cheerful Chapters". These I read in Norfolk. They are Sunday School books - religious & entertaining. I also read "Night of Toil", another Sunday School book Betsy lent me.

November. "Mary Lundie Duncan". Good book. Bet lent me. "Alone", a moral novel "Lewis Arundel" & "The Lost Heiress". I think novel reading very injurious to the mind & heart & always feel worse for reading them.

October 21st, 1854. Died. Aunt Sukey. Aged 60. This was an excellent servant & her loss grieved me much. She had lived with me nearly 4 years - and was my main help and dependence. She was a good milker - made soap - tried up fat - cleaned tripe - stuffed sausages - worked the garden. Excellent spinner. Tolerable midwife. First rate hand to make & mend coarse clothes. And in her young days, an excellent plougher & field hand & washerwoman & scourer. We all have our faults & although she was always a favorite servant - she had thievish propensities which she would occasionally indulge. But I sincerely believe that in her last year, she had repented and truly changed. She was sure to attend preaching every opportunity & often talked of religion to me. I believe she is at rest. She was free from deceit. I cannot say the same for any other negro I ever had. I do not think she ever laid up a day until her last sickness. She had an attack of pleurisy in June - which I thought proceeded from getting wet. She recovered from this enough to walk about & do a little light work. She was, from this time, very much afflicted. Her eyes swelled & were almost sightless. Her tongue, and one whole side, partially paralyzed & her speech, very much impaired. She desired very much to go over to Ma's to her children & I let her go. There she died. She has two children at Ma's - Della & Jimmy, both younger than I am. She had two other daughters, - Polly, who belonged to "Tink", died when about 16 - & Tracy, Charles sold in the autumn of 1853 to Tom Christmas - a speculator. Her husband's name is Joe, who is living & belongs to George Lunsbell. He is peaceable &, as far as I know, a good negro.

Fairs That I Attended 1854

Oct. 4th & 5th. Took the children and went to Mr. Hayes' and from there to Henderson and returned there that night. Back to Henderson the next day. Attended a party at Alley's that night & came home next morning. I enjoyed myself & spent a pleasant time. There was some very pretty needle work exhibited & several very handsome quilts - also some nice homespun. Betsy sent some 6 or 7 large bottles of beautiful pickles - & would have taken a premium - but it was a Granville affair & she lived in Warren. She also sent a box of starch, nicer than any that could be bought from the stores in Henderson or Warrenton.

Oct. 17th. We attended the Raleigh Fair. Mr. Hayes - Betsy and Missy, Dr. Pritchard, John & myself. We left our other children with Ma. The cars were crowded - every inch of space - even on top - & we could not find a place to stop in Raleigh. After much coaxing, we got a man named Roberdeau to take us in for one night & allow us, for a very exorbitant price, to lie on his dining room floor, crossways, on a wretched straw bed - covered with our shawls. The next two nights we had very good quarters at "Lawrence Hotel". The strangers in the city were estimated at 3000.

The contributions in every department were numerous and handsome. The dust was suffocating & ruinous to apparel. I got a two dollar premium on seven jars of fruit jelly. Kenneth Rayner delivered the address. There was a fantastical parade one day, which pleased John hugely. They called themselves the "Don Quixote Light Infantry".

We visited the State House twice. John & me & Mr. Hayes went on top. I felt frightened and I think it very dangerous. I would not do it again. The State House is universally conceded to be a very fine, superior & handsome edifice. But I was astonished to find the grounds attached, totally unimproved & the halls to be destitute of works of art. There was indeed one painting of the Father of his Country & a small representation of the long ago destroyed statue by Canova, of the same. This is a showy and neat building & seems roomy and neat.

The schools had holiday that day to attend the Fair. We saw a good many of the blind. Their eyes look wretchedly. Heard one of them read. Saw one of the mutes, a very intelligent looking girl of ten or twelve years. There is also an insane asylum nearly completed. This is about a mile from the city. We went into Turner's Bookstore. Agreeably to promise, I bought Bob a "red book", "Sandford & Morton" & gave \$1.25 for the same. Dr. P. bought the little boys a drum apiece. We attended a service at the Episcopal School, St. Mary's, Mr. H. Clay Ligon, our gallant. There was a crowd here. The girls gave us good vocal and instrumental music combined. The reception room is large & the walls profusely decorated with paintings. A full length portrait of Bishop Ravenscroft, also one of the resident, Bishop Ives, in the act of confirming 4 young ladies. I forgot to mention a very showy and large painting exhibited, by Copeland, "Old Rip Wide Awake". This is a representation of the State Fair. Old Rip - a large, ragged-bearded, gray, old man - flat on his back, just aroused from his long nap - gazing around at the crowds & improvements in utter amazement. The two principal figures are full length females (awaking Old Rip), young & very beautiful in their forms & faces. There were 6 or 7 portraits by the same painter. Two of the men that I had seen - one of them only once, the other twice. I knew them at once. Bishop Atkinson & Mr. Dums. We left Raleigh Friday morning, staid in Henderson that night & got home Saturday, about 12 o'clock.

Went to work with all my might to get ready to start to Norfolk on Monday. Went to Warrenton Sunday evening and got to Norfolk Monday night. Tuesday, the Fair in Petersburg commenced & at the same time, one in Norfolk. Dr. P was one of the Vice Presidents of the Society & started there Tuesday morning. I saw very little of the Norfolk Fair. The grounds had more & prettier improvements than the Raleigh grounds but the contributions were nothing to compare to ours, neither in number or quality. The collection of flowers was greatly superior - 10 times as many in Norfolk as in Raleigh. I also saw the quilt that LaFayette slept under in 1824. Blue ground - silver pattern woven in. Monday, November 30th, we witnessed a balloon ascension from the grounds, by Elliot. The Hydrogen gas was generated in 14 barrels. These all emptied into one by means of pipes. The gas was there cooled & conducted to the balloon by one pipe. When it was sufficiently inflated, a married lady got in & ascended the length of the ropes. I thought very little of this part - & that it required but a small amount of courage for this feat. She staid up but a few minutes. Then Elliot got in & detached the ropes. He found the ascension rather slow, took off his coat & threw down his boots and flag. He was out of sight several times - but this was owing to clouds. When up at the highest, the balloon seemed the size of my hand. He came down about two miles from town - the descent was almost as visible to us as the ascent. At least half the people, who witnessed it, were outside the enclosure & of course, did not pay. The trees and hillsides - windows and pailings were alive with people, black and white.

My visit to Norfolk was cheerful and pleasant. Mrs. Brooks attends to her cooking herself a great deal & I never in my life saw nicer rolls than she has. I attended Church 4 times and went to Catholic Vespers once while there. Mr Doggett preached - he is a very excellent preacher. I also heard Mr. Roper preach in the Granby Street Church. The Baptists have a handsome Church there. It is painted very dark brown, has one tall steeple with a brassen trumpet on top & 12 or 14 lesser steeples around it. The two Episcopal Churches are neat & appropriate & the City Hall is a handsome structure. My principal delight was looking at the river. It is such a beautiful stream - such a wealth of shipping lying around. But, they with the wharves, though they add to its wealth, certainly mar its beauty. I walked down and watched the waves the high and low tide & several times.

I went over to Portsmouth one day. It is a dirty, dull looking place - compared to Norfolk. Mrs. Brooks, John & Bob went too. I told her I wished to see the house that my husband was born in, but she took me to the Church where his parents rested. She told me that it was the oldest Church in the place and Methodist. It was a large unpainted, old, but strong looking building, in a quiet, unfrequented street. The graves were at the extreme edge of the side of the Church; his parents & Brother John. The gates were nailed up. There was a large hole under the gate. It looked like the work of hogs. I asked my little Bob to crawl under there and brake me a twig off the graves. Him and John both went under & brought one. They got very dirty & the growth of "trees of paradise" was so thick, I feared snakes, but they got back safe. I prepared some of the leaves & planted the largest twig in the garden. I went to the cemetery in Norfolk. Everything about was neat & suitable & so awful & impressive. dressed out in cedar, bay-box &c.

I bought John a whip and Bob a cane, .25 - a basket, .75 - worsted comfort, 1.00 - rigolette, .75 - 4 pomegranites .25. Gave Ned & Bob Brooks .25 apiece, paid hackman .50 & Boatman .06 1/2. 1 collar for me, 1.25 - 2 handkerchiefs 1.50 = \$7.06 1/2.

John's Attack of Pneumonia

Nov. 10, Friday was a fine, pretty day and the little ones out as usual. At dinner time, John came in and threw himself on the trundle bed. I asked him if he was not hungry. He said "Yes" and please have him some apples brought up, that he was so tired & after a little, he said he was sick. He ate the apples & ate dinner - after which we rode over to Ma's. Bob had been quite sick for a day or two & we had been very uneasy about him. As soon as we got to Ma's, before we got to the door, Ma remarked that John looked very badly & was "a sicker child than Bob". He seemed dull but, after a little, got some hickory nuts & figs & ate them. Soon afterwards, he had a hot fever & went to bed & I was afraid to take him out & wrote a line to Dr. P. to let him know it. He came over there & thought his sickness proceeded from overloaded stomach altogether, as he had several days previously eaten heartily of raw artichokes & the day before, eaten of apples, figs & hickory nuts. He gave him calomel. He had a scorching fever at night & great thirst - so much so that I waked his father to apprise him of it. The next morning, he got up & ate partridge and soup for his breakfast, dressed, but looked so weak, lay down on a pallette by the fire. Took castor oil. Dr. P came home. About 4 o'clock, the little fellow was suffering the most intense & distressing pain in the left side of his chest - every breath was a groan. I sent straight for Dr. P., who still thought it overloaded duodenum & the pain in the lung, sympathetic. The pain grew more frequent & worse. By night it was almost incessant. How those quick, feeble, sharp groans pierced my heart.

I could not lie down. I asked Dr. P. to send for Dr. Howard. He agreed & I snatched up the stump of a pen & wrote, as near as I can recollect, these words, "Dr. Howard, Our little boy, John, is violently & dangerously ill. Please come to see him as soon as you can, at Ma's. We are under a thousand obligations to you. A. Pritchard". The rain was coming down in torrents & everyone in the house, except in our chamber, asleep. I then went into the front room & waked Henry & told him to go and tell Uncle Jack to come to me. (Ma & Sally were in the next room to the front room, we, in our room.) He could not find him. Ma heard the noise & went out in the back porch. Just as she got out of bed, she sent for & called & got Harry & sent him to town for the Doctor. As soon as the boy started, I assisted Dr. P to bleed the child, from his arm. He took a good deal of blood, then gashed & cupped the chest, where the pain was. He was a good deal eased, but seemed no better. Dr. P. gave him more opium & calomel & commenced injections (*enemas*) next morning & continued them off & on for two days. Gave him as many as 18 or 20, I reckon in that time, all of them simple salt & water, except the last two which were starch.

The rain poured & continued to do so until in the night. Sunday, it faired off. Dr. Howard got there about 11 o'clock, perhaps a little sooner. They did not pronounce the disease pneumonia until the next day & then said it was progressing. As soon as they were decided, the first treatment was discontinued & antimony given every two hours. Dr. Howard staid Sunday night - returned Tuesday morning & staid until after dinner. Dr. H. said John must be leeches. Dr. P. sent Thompson to Dr. Fields & told him, if he could get no leeches there, to go to town and get some from Dr. H. - The boy came back about an hour, by sun, with a bottle of common leeches. (We had sent to the ponds that day but could get none.) We moistened John's breast with chicken blood, but they would not bite. Dr. H. said he always stuck a needle in a negro's finger to get blood, but said he never used common leeches. (We sent the boy straight to town & he got back a few minutes past 10 o'clock at night with a quinine bottle of German leeches. How glad I was to see them!) Before, we made two more efforts to make the common leeches seize. Each time, I had one of my fingers scratched for the purpose. The first time, Dr. H. scratched it with a needle. He was not willing at all to

do it - wished to have one of the negroes or his own in preference to mine - but I insisted. The next time was as unsuccessful. Dr. P. scratched my finger with a lancet & got blood, but the leeches would not bite. The lancet scratch is much less painful than the needle. The German leeches were active & three of them soon filled & dropped off. Poor little John. How weak & white & pitiful he looked! How it smote my heart to behold him! He bore it all like a hero & the pain was so far subdued that he did not groan. I sat up that Sunday night 6 hours, watched my child, wept and prayed & the Lord heard me.

He was confined to his bed ten days & sick, though lying about 4 besides. I did not take off my clothes in more than a week. Sat up every night. I would sit up two hours, give John his physic & if I felt tired, Dr. P. would take my place the next two, but if I did not feel very weary, I would sit up half the night & Dr. P. the other half. We continued this until our little one got better. He complained of thirst & begged for water a great deal during the violence of the attack. We gave him gum water & pure water, occasionally, but never as much as he craved. Sunday and Monday nights, as Dr. H. suggested, we used warm salt bath up to the knees for 30 minutes. Kept a bag of bran or herbs or flannel wrung out of hot vinegar to the chest. He had no appetite and took nothing until after the 7th day, then his appetite was craving - but not wolfish, as Bob's was after an attack of the kind. Dr. H. said that Bob's was an attack of the right & John's the left & that the first rarely recovered. Ma sat up with John the best part of one night & it made her sick - a long and tedious attack of cold. She had a similar one from sitting up with Bob. When Dr. P. wrote to Dr. Field for the leeches, he invited him, as a matter of form, to come over. He came over twice & staid a few minutes but made no suggestions and done nothing. We staid at Ma's just a fortnight.

Catherine Runs Away

Thursday morning, 2nd day of Nov. (We got back home from Norfolk the day before.) Catherine, as usual, got up to make the fire. The baby was crying to get up &, as C. had been out a long time, I had her called. She did not come. I sent to look for her but heard not a word or trace of her in a month, and have not and never intend to make an effort to get her. She carried a large bundle of clothes, many of the articles not hers. She carried off a new pair of excellent shoes, which we bought for her when went to Norfolk, 1 handkerchief, 1 sacque & two aprons, which I lent & had not given her (they being what I keep in the house for anyone I choose to put on), Patsy's new chemise, two frocks, 3 underskirts, 1 chemise, 2 pair stockings, 3 pr. shoes, & many other things. This girl had been with us since Nov. 1847. She was about six years old, barefooted, not a change of clothes, dressed in 5 ct. calico & badly frostbitten. Her mother had several smaller children & was very anxious indeed, for us to take her. Every winter until last winter, she was laid up for weeks with sore feet and hands - frostbitten - so bad off she was almost helpless. She, also, for the first three or four winters, had asthma very badly. One winter she scalded her neck & was helpless for a month, & last winter, she had the whooping cough very badly. From good eating, clothing and sleeping, she had grown and was large & fat & strong & just as she was able to do something to remunerate us for the trouble she had been, ungrateful creature, without any provocation, ran away.

We heard afterwards that she had gone to Littleton, where her mother was living. I do not think that she would ever have left us but for the trip to Norfolk. We pass Littleton Depot & Willie White heard her say that some woman had been talking to her about me. I may be wrong - but I suspect Emily Chapman, a yankee woman who was at Mr. Brooks' the whole time we were there. We were sincerely glad, after we thought of it, that she had left. She was a thief and utterly destitute of truth or principle & without doubt, the laziest & most gluttonous & the filthiest creature I ever saw. We made no effort to get her back. Ma sent us Buck's girl, Amy, in her place, to attend to Mary - which was all that Catherine ever pretended to do.

John's Attack of Typhoid Fever

Thursday night, Dec. 14th, when we got ready to go to bed, we discovered that John had a hot fever. He had eaten fried peach pie for dinner & Dr. P. thought it was caused by that. He gave him a dose of ipecac - he puked repeatedly - threw up a little pie. His fever abated some & next morning he got up. Fever continued, much worse at night - breathing rapid - a catch to it. Complained of pain about his side - soreness about the stomach. Kept his bed all day Saturday - very high fever, worse at night. Took Spirits Nitre & ipecac & calomel occasionally. Sunday, he was up all day, though no better, but he did not leave his bed again until the next Tuesday, Dec. 26 - 10 days. This was Typhoid Fever. His bowels were very much disordered indeed - & painful. Most of the medicine that he took was to check this. He was not violently sick but the fever and dysentery continued, & so pale & so thin - nothing scarcely but skin and bones. Dr. P. sent for Dr. Howard to consult with him. He came out & staid all night - recommended an addition of potash to the bismuth which he had been taking before. He took quinine the 25th & 26th. Dec. 28th, He is up today & lively but so pale & thin.

"Sanford & Merton"

John went with us to the Raleigh Fair, & Bob staid. I promised him a pretty thing & he asked to have a red book. So, I went to the bookstore to look for one & saw the above, two copies, a red & a blue. I gave \$1.25 for it. This is a moral & practical story. It has long been written, but the abolition author has lately made some very objectionable additions to it. Many of those parts on slavery are false & exaggerated & all objectionable, trying to infuse poison in the minds of the young, under the cloak of morality.

Christmas, 1854

Poor John, sick abed - but, with the other children, very anxious to have his stocking filled & anticipating much fun. I went to town for a little book apiece for the boys & a doll for Lady Bird. It was a sweet little crying babe & I dressed it in white. How little Mary did nurse it! Dr. P. went to town Saturday & bought the boys a monkey timberjack apiece & Sally Sims sent Mary a perfumed pink emery basket. Christmas Eve, the boys had their little baskets hung up ready for Santa Claus, & Mary had her little blue stocking. I read them the Christmas poetry about Santa Claus, which every child has heard - & after answering their thousand & one questions, & coaxing them to sleep, I filled their baskets. I made John a blue de laine pincushion, his name & birth put on with salmon braid; & Bob a red one, trimed with blue gimp, his name & age put on with pins. I put a whole paper of small English pins in the two cushions. I put a cake of rose soap in Mary's, a little tiny vial in John's & next morning, an hour before day, they were emptying their baskets. I had turkey, custards & cake for Christmas - which I always celebrate as Thanksgiving Day. I gave John some little presents for the negroes, but got none myself. A vest for Harry because he went to town for the Doctor to see John, in the night & rain. A cravat for Mark, gloves for Amy - & some good things for Primus - he hung up his stocking over night & was delighted to find ground pease, figs, cake, popcorn & biscuit in it next morning.

Bought Hannah

January 2nd, 1855

Dr. Pritchard went to Louisburg & bought, from the estate of John P. Andrews, this woman, who is Caesar's wife. She was sold for debt & they said she was only 31 years of age. We hired her in 1854, & she was very anxious indeed for us to buy her. She came as soon as she knew she had to be sold & begged Dr. P. to buy her - said she would rather belong to him than anyone she ever saw. She came to me, also, & begged me to try to get him to buy her. Dr. P. said he thought she was worth only \$300 but he would give \$400 & not a cent more. She went home on Christmas & learnt the day of the sale & was so afraid that Dr. P. would not learn it - she walked straight back to tell him. The day of the sale was cold & disagreeable & Dr. P. said he would not go, if he had not promised the negro, for he was certain she would go for more than her value at the present prices; but he went & as soon as he had arrived, Hannah went to him blubbering & imploring him to buy her. She went for \$500 & he bought her. She said she had been parted from two husbands before.

"Fox's Book of Martyrs"

Jan. 13th

Emphatically a book of horrors. Every kind of misery & torture that fiends could devise were inflicted on men, women, children & babes, ripped from their mother's bodies - by the Catholics - for their difference of religious opinion from their own unscriptural doctrines. I read this book as a matter of history. It was indeed a task. Many nights I dreamed of the horrors that poor humanity was compelled to bear from the hands of these ruthless fiends, calling themselves Christ's flock. The last third of the book, compared to the first two, is free from bloody details. Betsy lent me this book. Mr. Hayes attended a book auction in Warrenton & bought a number of books. "Moore's Works", "Miss Landan", "Burns", "Cyclopedia of Agriculture", "Thompson & Pollock", Vols. I & II of "Macaulay's History of England".

Moore's Works

"Lalla Rookh" is entertaining & the poems are fine. Many passages in the "Veiled Prophet of Khorshen" & the "Fire worshippers" strike me as very applicable to the Catholic Persecutors described in the "Book of Martyrs. I have never read the author's life & from the spirit that pervades "Lalla Rookh", my impression is that he was a libertine, a voluptuary - given up to the pleasures, even criminal, of this world. "The Odes of Anacreon" are detestable, sickening.

Reading in 1854

On referring to this book, I find that I have read 24 volumes in the year - not including two vols. of Scott's Novels, "Woodstock" & "Chronicles of the Cannongate". I have his novels in 27 vols., 20 of which I have read. The last mentioned one is not so interesting as most of them, being short stories. The 26 vols. allows one for every two weeks in the year. And besides this, I have read the 12 numbers of "Blackwood" & "Harper" & the Sunday School Paper, - & several other papers & agricultural magazines.

Fowls Raised in 1854, Butter &c.

I find from reference to my book, that I raised last year:

60 chickens. Had 95 hatched & set 382 eggs. Gave Tink 60 eggs - Ma. 13 = 73. Sold, 150 & had 57 to disappear. These amount in all to 662.

Set 84 duck eggs, hatched 54, raised 17.

Set 84 turkey eggs, hatched 27, raised 8.

Set 31 eggs, hatched 21, raised 13, geese.

Butter: I sold 195 lbs., 41 lbs at 25 cts = 10.25 & the rest at 20 cts. My account against Mr. White for butter is _____.

I find that the 12 negroes laid up 143 days last year, 82 of which Fanny laid up. Fanny is the most insolent, unprincipled servant I ever had in my life.

I had 153 yards of cloth woven last year, 107 for the negroes - 12 yards of flannel, 14 yards of jeans & 20 yards of white counterpane.

Jefferson's Notes on Virginia

This book was written in 1781, in answer to questions proposed by a foreigner of distinction. It treats entirely of Virginia, its history & state & is an interesting work, though so meager compared to the extended information that may be acquired on the same subject, at the present day. It gives us a correct knowledge of the Indians of that state - that probably we might fail to find in any other work. This book comes from the pen of one of our most illustrious Presidents & Patriots.

This book belonged to Pa & has a few words written by him on the margin of a leaf, towards the end.

Paley' Natural Theoly

This is an ingenious & deeply interesting, instructive work. All should read it. It cannot fail to interest & enchain the deepest thought to which the reader is capable. I read this work this spring, most attentively, going over much of it twice.

Mary's Affliction

The very day that Mary was 2 years old, the 5th of May, 1855, at bedtime of that night, she commenced crying violently & complaining of her knee, saying that "Amy hurt it - she pinched it & bit it". We rubbed it but it continued to grow worse every hour & by the 2nd day, she could not walk one step or bear her weight on her feet. We were in the deepest & most intense distress about her. Dr. Pritchard said that it was white swelling & that, if she ever walked again, he feared that her leg would be shortened. He treated it very actively & for that disease. Used iodine & mustang liniment, hot herbs & Gray's ointment. The child persisted in saying that Amy hurt her knee, & I reckon that she had hurt it, though she declared that, if she had done so, she had no knowledge of it.

From the first, Dr. Pritchard said that, though the child complained altogether of her knee, that he knew that the hip was the seat of the disease & that the pain in the knee was only sympathetic, & by the third day, the pain disappeared in the knee & was confined to the hip entirely. The poor babe suffered intensely. The slightest & tenderest motion would almost cause spasms. It almost broke my heart. The Lord only knew my grief, & He heard my prayers & turned my sorrow to joy. We did not allow Mary to eat anything but fruit while she was sick & indeed she neither asked for it or seemed to desire it & strange to say, though she lived on strawberries & sugar for 4 or 5 days, her bowels were not disordered at all.

Dr. Pritchard sent to town for Dr. Howard but he was not there. I was so much fatigued that we sent for Miss Sally Cooper to help nurse Mary. By the end of a week, her leg was so much better, she began to stand & to walk a little & continued to grow steadily better. Sometimes her leg would give away & she would fall suddenly & right often would complain of her knee, but it has now been nearly 5 months since her attack & we hope that all danger is over.

Episcopal Convention in Warrenton
May 16, 1855

I had given out all idea of going to the Convention on account of Mary's leg; but it got so much better that I concluded to go - & so had to go to work as hard as we could. Miss Sallie worked hard & I hired Emily Lloyd to make Mary a white frock & pantalettes to match. We got fixed. I sent Thompson to Mrs. Cooper's for Miss Sally's things & we got there the second or third day & staid 4 days. I went to preaching every time. I wished to stay at home with Mary half of the time, so that Miss Sally could go, but she would not consent to it. So, she staid & nursed Mary, who now seemed entirely well.

(Ed. note: Here, a portion of the page is torn out.)

He came in, leading a little mulatto child by the hand. Our little Mary was asleep in her crib. He went in there & waked her up & told her that there was a little maid that he had bought expressly for her. He gave \$400 for her. Borrowed the money from Cousin Nat Martin to pay for her & sent his crop of tobacco to Cousin Nat to pay him. This little negro was sold as being 4 years old, which I expect was correct. She was & is stout & wellgrown for that age & has been very well since she has been here. She had a sister, older than herself, named Letty, that Mr. Sledge of Warrenton had bought. Dr. Pritchard was very anxious to get her also - & offered him \$50 for his bargain - which he accepted, but his wife was not willing to give her up & they begged off. I shall try to raise her up, a useful servant for my child.

(Here, the remainder of the page is torn out.)

Death of My Brother

William Eaton Johnston Jones

1/2 After 12 O'clock A. M., September 13th, 1855

Aged: 32 Years & 3 Months

Poor Buck! There never died a man more lamented! In every capacity, he acted the man & the honorable gentleman. He had been sick five months. The first I heard of it was in the spring of the year. He went out to Green's Pond fishing, got very warm, drank plentifully of ice water & had an attack of Bronchitis. He was Sheriff at the time & I have no doubt that the rascality of Jim & Kemp & Tom killed or helped to kill this honest man. These men had involved themselves to more than the amount of their property and were exercising themselves to cheat their creditors, to evade the law, & to keep their money. And the physicians told my poor brother that he would die, if he did not rest & submit to active treatment for a day or two. He was so strong & fat, & the people pushed him so much for his services, & from the nature of his disease, he could not lie down. So, he continued his labors & exposure & one cold night, actually staid in a porch all night trying to catch one of the villains. And he had been at Ma's only one week when death struck him. But he did not die this time. He was in the greatest agony at times; at other times, senseless from the pressure on his brain.

This was July 26th. He was excessively & agonizingly sick from this time to August 6th. His cough had been horrid from his first sickness until this dreadful attack of the 26th. As soon as he became senseless, it left him entirely & did not return until the violence of the symptoms subsided. It then returned tenfold more violently, & at every attack of coughing, he had the most horrid, awful pains in his left eye & temple & became totally blind in it, which continued until the last; and his right arm became powerless.

From August 6th, he improved a little. All of the Doctors told us it was but temporary. Poor fellow! He hoped he was recovering, would talk about it, & grieve over his blind eye. Sometimes, he would lean on Nelson, his faithful servant, & walk about in the house, & sit in the porch a little & tried to hope he would grow better. He continued in this state about two weeks, when he commenced & continued to grow worse, until he died. His hands & legs were very much swollen, as large as they could be & caused him a great deal of trouble.

After the pain in his eye & temple subsided, he suffered very much about his heart. Every time he would cough, Nelson would press his hands over his heart with all his strength, which relieved him a little. He spit blood continually the last two or three weeks & wasted away to a skeleton. His right side was very much drawn, Poor Buck, I know that your blessedness now more than compensates you for your misery here.

He thought & talked a great deal about death & eternity. Gave directions about his burial, spoke of religion frequently. I believe he is at rest. The day of his death, he had a minister sent for, but he was so weak & talked so badly, he did not see old Mr. Wingfield after he got there. We were all very anxious to have him buried in the family burying ground; but obeyed his last request, to be laid by his wife. All during his last attack, he was unable to say what he meant. He knew what he wanted to say, but could not say it, & oftentimes would tell us that he could not talk. For instance, he would call his foot, his "shoe or boot". He was very much afflicted indeed, suffered a

great deal, but to the very last, showed the most tender concern for all about him. Was polite & kind. One day he said to Ma, "Ma, I am sorry for you". We all thought that he alluded to the grief that his death would produce. I do not think that it could be possible for a servant to show more devoted faithfulness to a master than Nelson showed to Buck every moment, night & day; & oftentimes, in the presence of the family, friends & visitors, Buck would look at Nelson & tell us how faithful & devoted he was to him & he would express his gratitude & thankfulness.

I staid with my poor Brother a great deal, & went to see him almost every day. I rarely missed a day, but towards the last, his condition was so bad, oftentimes, I could not see him. There never was a man who received more attention. There was, nearly all the time, a crowd there to see him, & it was not to his advantage. Seeing so many confused him & his friends had to be asked not to come. And, if any did come, they had to be denied the pleasure of seeing him.

An Episcopal minister, by the name of Norwood, preached the funeral sermon - a plain, good, consoling sermon. There was a very singular coincidence that I will mention. The last sermon that Buck's wife ever heard, was preached, June 20th, 1853, from these words, "But some men will say, 'How are the dead raised up - and with what body do they come?'" , preached by Newman F. Reid at Shocco Chapel. The sermon impressed her so forcibly that she wrote down the text & the day of the month in the back of her Bible. From these very words, her funeral was preached, by the same man, the next month; & from these very words, my Brother's funeral was preached, two years after, by a man who knew nothing about Cousin Martha's funeral text.

Ma had a tombstone put over Buck. When I remember all that good man suffered & bore so manfully, & called on "Lord, Lord" so oft for help; I think of what Jesus tells about that house that was founded on rock, "And the rain descended & floods came, & the winds blew, & beat upon that house; & it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock."

Nothing less potent than a mother's love could have sustained Ma all that she underwent. Poor Buck, sometimes at night, would say, "Ma, don't leave me. I shan't be with you long." And when he noticed that she was weary, he would tell her to come & lie on the bed with him & would say, "Ma, get closer to me. I shall not be with you long". Several times during his sickness, Ma found him on the floor on his knees in prayer. Poor fellow, he humbled himself to God, when he could not have got back in the bed unaided to save his life. And twice, towards the last, he tried to get up & fell on the floor. I believe that he was then trying to kneel down. The Lord has rewarded him. He, one day, said to Ma that he was 32 years old & had never had a fight. Few men can say this. He was emphatically a peacemaker & a man of peace. Jesus tells us that such are "blessed for they shall be called the children of God". He was humane and benevolent to a fault, for he always helped with might & means when called on, & and the lazy & trifling often imposed on him.

At the November Court succeeding his death, my Brother, Hugh J. Jones, was elected Sheriff to fill out poor Buck's term. Buck was a very handsome man; very tall & large; fleshy; complexion, florid; dark hair & blue eyes. I have his Daguerreotype, which is a copy of one that was taken after his health was bad; but it is a good likeness, except about the eyes. They look small & drawn. All of Buck's features were manly.

The night of poor Buck's death, I shall never forget. From the 26th of July, he could not lie flat down on account of his breathing & the last week or two, he had to be propped almost straight up & fanned & rubbed almost continually. His feet & legs

were so large that there could not be found any socks large enough. We knew he had been dying all day. Betsy was making him some socks. I went into the room as noiselessly as possible; but his hearing was, & had been all the time, most acute. He said, "Go out, Anna. Go out, Anna". He permitted Betsy & Ma to stay in the room by him; & Nelson, fanning him. His brothers staid in the next room. He did not talk at all.

At 1/2 after 12 o'clock, he said, "Lay me down". Ma laid him down & went into the next room & told us he was dying. I went in there instantly - he was dead - Nelson was fanning him. Dr. Pritchard got in at the same moment. He took his arm, felt his pulse & told Nelson that it was not worth while to fan him anymore. I felt his poor hands. He looked peaceful & composed. Next morning soon, Betsy gathered her lap full of sweet white roses, cape jessamine & citrens & covered our poor Brother's remains. I know he is happy. Did not his spirit smile at the last tokens of tenderness bestowed on him? And Nelson was there, fanning him, lest a fly should light on him. I looked at him again. My two little boys begged to see "Uncle Buck" & they went up & looked at him & told me, "Mama, he didn't scare me." Everything was sweet & peaceful. We knew that he was at rest. "There the wicked cease from trembling, & the weary are at rest." And I sat down & watched by him. After the sermon was over, I believe everyone present went in to take a last look at him that they all loved.

From a boy, he never had an enemy, & from a boy, though he was the personification of health, he had been afflicted. He had an attack of St. Vitus Dance when he first grew up, & was a long time sick. Dr. Pope attended him; shaved & blistered his head; & then with ointments, kept his neck & back sore. When he got well, his hair grew out grey & continued so. In 1847, he had a spell of ill health, which lasted him about a year, & came near dying. He was subject, also, to the most violent coughs, when he had a cold. One day a short time before his death, he said to Dr. Pritchard, (I was present.) "Dr., this is an old thing, this pain that I have had since last spring. I remember of having it when I was a boy". He had every attention, comfort & luxury that money could command. Dr. Macon saw him frequently during his sickness, and Dr. Howard attended him at first; but, from the state of his own health, he went to Philadelphia, which was the cause of Macon's being called in. This was while he (*Buck*) was in Warrenton. After he came to Ma's, Dr. Pritchard went to see him twice almost every day. Ma sent for Dr. Macon, when he had that bad attack. We did not believe he could do any good, but wished to do everything. Dr. Howard had not returned when we sent for Macon & when he did return, Buck requested Ma to send for him & asked Dr. Howard to come to see him occasionally. He did so & acted politely & kindly as could be.

If love & attention could have saved him, he would be here now. All of the Doctors concurred in calling his disease, that of the heart. The beating of his heart was fearful; immense, painful jerks.

I can see his large chest heave. I can feel those agonizing beats. Lord, how hard to see your own flesh & blood in the agonies of disease; dying so slowly - in such distressing torture - & man unable to help. I can never forget the beating, the heaving, the jerking, the despairing efforts of that noble heart to retain its young life. The Doctors said that the aorta of his heart could not be larger than a goose quill & hence, that mighty throbbing. He did not complain. He would say, "Lord, Lord"; oh so pitifully! And the Lord, only, knew the agony of his body & the submission of his heart. He could not lie down. He would sit, hours, straight up in the bed, his head on his breast, his breathing so rapid. During the whole of his sickness, his breathing was very rapid. Distressingly, painfully, incessantly rapid. There was no ease for

him. He had appetite & craving for fruit & cooling drinks, as cider & lemonade, but was permitted to eat nothing but milk & mush. He obeyed the Doctors strictly. Poor fellow, if he had done so three months sooner, he would be with us now

The Lord knew best. He took him home to his inheritance. Lord, may I meet him there? Lord, let us be a united family in Heaven. Sometimes Buck would be lying quiet & still; (when his head was so much affected) & he would call his departed wife, "Patty", as if she was by his side. And would call Mr. Byars, who died two years before, & called repeatedly a negro boy, Peter, who had been dead years. A better man there is not in this world. O, my Brother, my Brother. I have some of his hair. I got Mr. Jordan Foster to cut it off for me. I want to have it put into a little pin, in the shape of a heart.

Buck's Property

He left 6 negroes. He sold two that Pa gave him, & two of his own, & the man that Grandma gave him died, & a likely woman & 1 of her children that he had bought. He left no will because he knew that his debts would take his property. His wife had been a great deal of expense to him. He had to borrow money to carry her to the springs & so far, from her father helping him, he was a decided drawback. His wife's father went to the springs the summer before she died, borrowed Buck's buggy that had just been repaired, went in it, used it all the summer, & did not even pay for the repairs. All of his actions toward Buck from 1848 to 1855 - 7 years - were as bad & worse than this. After Cousin Martha's death, her father took back the two negroes that he had given her, & did not even pay their Doctor's bill, & the woman had been nothing but a tax, for she had had a baby & he had been taken care of two years. And after they broke up housekeeping, her Pa got almost everything they had - things Ma had given them, for next to nothing.

1855, Dec. 5th.: The property was sold. Dr. Pritchard bought Amy for \$800 & Emily, \$660. We, afterwards, sold Amy. Charles bought the boy, John; & Mr. Hayes bought Patience. Ma bought Martha.

(Ed. note: The next portion was intentionally obliterated.)

Moved to Warrenton to Live

July 16th, 1856

It seems that Dr. Pritchard has always had a desire to move to town to live. His principal reason seemed to be; to enjoy society. This desire was frequently expressed & urged; but I could never consent. At last, I thought it might be for the best, & consented. John was, the 12th of this Aug., 8 years old, & I thought, ought to be in school. Dr. Wilson, who was a practicing physician, died. Dr. Macon took to drink & Dr. Howard's health was bad. So, I submitted to come. But, Oh! It was tearing my heart strings to quit my home, that I had so fondly fixed, & dearly loved. We lived there six years, were well fixed, & had done all the work ourselves. We dug up the trees, built the houses, dug the well & icehouse, planted two orchards. I looked on it as my home in life & as my grave & it was a bitter trial to leave it. My three little children had gardens that they had planted & nursed with their own poor, little hands. It was home, the scene of sorrows & joys. I prayed to God not to let us leave it, unless it was for our good & He permitted us to come - and He doeth all things wisely & well.

Dr. Pritchard bought a lot, built & owned by Nat Green. Gave \$2827 for it. It does not contain quite three acres of ground, no shade trees except two oaks at the front gate, in the street. No one ever lived here. There was a garden house, which Dr. Pritchard paid \$5.00 to get moved; a smokehouse; & one outhouse, a single room. The dwelling contained two basement rooms, both of which took water. The plastering, all around near the floor, had fallen from dampness. The doors had to be taken off & be trimmed. The keys were gone & four panes of glass. On the first floor, there were two rooms & a passage & front porch. The parlor key was gone, no key or latch to the basement door. The front porch was not lathed or plastered. Two rooms upstairs. No key or latch to the portico door, 4 panes of glass gone.

We had a well of excellent water dug, which cost \$_____. Stables built, \$120.00. And a nursery, passages & backporch. Two rooms under the new part, not dug at all & two closets in the nursery. This building will cost \$750 when complete & I fear more. Dr. Pritchard sold our place to my brother, Ned, for \$4000.00. But, it is now March 3rd, 1857 & the papers are not yet drawn up & signed, although Ned is there, farming.

I have moved most of my bushes & tried very hard to fix this place. When we moved here, I had just found out that I was pregnant & very much feared a sixth abortion. But the Lord heard my prayers.

Dr. Pritchard came to town Monday with some of the negroes & the first wagons & I staid until Wednesday morning & packed everything. Missy assisted me a great deal. We packed every article, crockery, books, bottles, clothes, furniture & felt completely wearied out. Ma packed my piano. We had Ma's wagon & servants every day for four days, & Charles' two horse wagon 4 days, & servants. I had one of Ma's women help me move. Ma & the children came here in Ma's carriage. One servant came in my carriage, with a pair of Ma's mules to it & her carpenter, John, driving. John staid 4 days & assisted me a great deal; put up hooks, put up furniture & curtains, put latches to the gates & many other things. I also had Betsy's woman, Lissy, to stay several weeks, who scoured & washed windows & paint, & done a great deal for me. I left my Cook (Patsy) at home & tried to get along with one woman here; but it pestered me to do it & Ma sent one of her women down to cook for our negroes & sent Patsy to us. Our negroes staid at our place until Christmas, when Ned took possession. And we hired Caesar & Emily to the man who done our building, John Waddell; & hired Isham to

one of our old neighbors, James Rodwell. The others, we have on the lot with us.

The 6th of Jan, 1857, we had a sale of our hogs, horses, cattle, farming utensils, my turkeys, ducks & some fowls &c. When I left my home, I was so weighed down with grief, I could not bid anyone goodbye. It was the 16th of July. I was not well enough to go again until the 20th of November, 4 months; & then it filled me with sorrow to look on all that I had left. Lord grant that it is all for our good.

November 25th, 1857.

Today, my widowed sister, Mrs. Hayes (*Elizabeth Jane Johnston Jones Hayes*) went to the Courthouse to qualify as guardian & administrator of her husband's estate. I also went & relinquished my right to our farm that we sold Ned. My sister, Mrs. White (*Priscilla Della Jones White*) went to relinquish her interest in the same land. The deeds &c conveying the land to Ned are signed & recorded.

John Goes to School

(To Mr. Graves, the same I went to for several years.) He started late in the fall of 1856 & went only a few weeks.

Bob goes too. The 16th of Feb., 1857. We started them both, to the Methodist College, in the other end of town, in the very house that Mr. Graves taught in, when I went to him. And the same Mr. Campbell, who preached Grandma's funeral & christened John, is now my little boys' teacher. God bless them in their teacher, & bless him in them, for Christ's sake.

1857, Sunday, Feb. 22nd.

My little boys start to Sunday School. Bob started crying. The poor little fellow did not know what to expect. But they came back pleased & were very willing to go last Sunday. Mrs. Mary Green, a widow with two sons, daughter of Mrs. Sally Cook, is their teacher.

1857, March 1st. Moved My Membership

Of the Methodist Church, from Shocco Chapel, to Warrenton. Mr. Theophilus Moore is the pastor of both Churches. We have him to thank for a very good choir in our Church, as well as the Sunday School.

Doctors Robert C. Pritchard & Wm. T. Howard

Entered into a mutual agreement to practice medicine together; sharing equally expenses, profits & losses. Commencing, November 1st, 1856. Dissolved, January 1st, 1858.

Catherine Augusta White. Born January 14th, 1857. Weighed, with her clothes on, 8 1/2 lbs. & was a very pretty baby. Sue Eaton White born, 1858

Tremendous Snow Storm

1857. Saturday, January 17th. About the middle of the day, large flakes of snow fell for a few minutes. It then brightened up. After sundown, the night set in, windy & dark as pitch. The wind howled, moaned, whistled, and sighed. At 10 o'clock, the snow commenced falling - or rather - pouring down & continued all night & all day, Sunday, without ceasing. It was an awful night. The wind was fearful, the cold biting. The snow was driven in every direction. Water on our mantle in a very warm chamber was solid ice. Eggs, near the fire, were frozen & bursted.

Sunday, the snow fell in blinding clouds all day. The wind was, if possible, worse than during the night. It bursted open the shutters & drove the snow through crevices, too small for rain. At the bottom & top of the joints of every door & window, the snow poured in &, in the direction from which the wind blowed, the snow under every door & window was several inches deep. In one of our upstairs rooms, there were three panes of glass broken from one window, & although the shutters were tightly closed, & there was a very heavy curtain hanging up, the whole room was covered with snow.

During Sunday night, the snow ceased falling, but Monday was just as bad a day as Sunday. The wind had not abated in the least & the snow was so dry, it blew about in clouds, absolutely blinding. Traveling was out of the question. In many places, the snow was 8 or 10 feet deep. In other places, there was none. The average depth was 2 feet - at the lowest calculation. The weather was the coldest ever known in the south. We kept constant fire in our room, & our breath would freeze to the covering. People, who attempted to walk, would fall every two or three minutes. The snow from our kitchen door had to have a ditch cut in it for a passway.

Tuesday morning, a pitcher of water, that sat over the fire all night, (& it was closely covered) was a solid cake of ice. Wednesday night, the wind arose about eleven o'clock & an inch of snow fell during the night.

Last winter the weather was said to be the coldest that there had been in 20 years, & the thermometer was 20 degrees colder than last winter. The newspapers were filled with records of suffering & death from freezing and want of wood. The snow storm was general throughout our whole country; and for many days the thermometer was 10 degrees below zero. There were no mails brought for about two weeks. Milk, kept

in the corner by a steady fire, was solid lumps of ice. A week after the snow, not a particle of thaw. We put the inkstand on the hearth, & sat by the fire to write, & as we took out the ink on the pen, it froze. After a fortnight, there was a little passing about, but I suppose the snow lasted two months. I have kept the newspapers of the time (that we took) that the children might read of the severe cold of January 1857.

Betty Jones Pritchard

Friday, at 5 minutes past the first hour of the day, Darling little baby. How her first cry thrilled through my heart! My first thought was for her & not for myself. She was a beautiful, perfect, little thing. Very dark blue eyes. Head full of very dark silken hair & very fair. She weighed 6 1/2 lbs, at a week old. The clothes, that she had on, weighed a pound, which left 5 1/2 for her. I took violent cold the night before her birth & suffered with pain in my face & shoulders, & had a hard, frequent cough, which did not leave me for 4 weeks.

As soon as day broke, the morning of Betty's birth, I sent out to let Ma hear from me & to ask her or Betsy, my Sister that I named the baby after, to come & bring a wetnurse for my little one. Betsy came & staid a week, & brought Charity, a servant of Ma's about 18 years old, with her first child - 9 weeks old. Her baby has the thrash & I tried very hard to support my babe from my own bosom, on that account. I kept my stomach distended & myself in a continual perspiration, from the amount of teakettle tea that I drank. But I gave so little milk. The day that Betty was a week old, I thought she had better have a sore mouth than to be hungry, & Charity nursed her until three days before she was 8 months old. Tink (*Prisilla Della Jones White*) came & nursed her 3 or 4 times during the first week.

Miss Sally Cooper was with me two weeks before & staid two weeks after her birth. I suffered so much with my breasts! The Lord only knows how I suffered. I got up when my baby was 9 days old. She took sore mouth, immediately, from Charity. I had a great deal of fatigue from her, & my cough harassed me very much. She was as good a baby as was ever born, but all babes require many attentions & much trouble - if they are properly cared for. I had hard knots & burning, shooting pains in my breasts before I got out of bed, but applied hot whiskey & water, which relieved them.

After Bettie was 4 weeks old, I thought I would try to get rid of some of my wrappings. I took off a padded mantilla & put on, in its place, a thin debase cape. I was taken with a hard chill & hard lumps in my breasts, and for two months, my sufferings were most intense. I firmly believe that timely attention would have saved me all this affliction. An abscess formed in the left breast, next to my arm, & was 4 weeks coming to a head. Drs. Pritchard & Howard made various & numerous prescriptions, stinking pilasters, & plasters so poisonous the baby was not only forbidden to suck, but I was afraid to sleep for fear that I would get so much under its (belladonna) influence, I would never wake. And then, Dr. Howard said the only chance to scatter it was to produce an artificial bowel complaint, & that I must take 3 doses of Epsom salts everyday & eat nothing, lie flat on my back, bare the breast & keep up cold applications. I wanted no food. I was so weak I could scarcely walk. I could not take the salts but took a sedlitz powder three times a day. This treatment did no good, only weakened me. The next prescription was leeches. They were applied to the poor, swollen, hot breasts. Two glutted on blood until they dropped off & I had to

exercise all the self control I was master of, to keep from going into fits the whole time they were on.

All did no good & they said to keep up hot applications until the breast was ripe to open. I used bran poultices & one Sunday, Dr. Pritchard stuck his lancet in it. Oh! the pain, the agony I endured. God grant that I may never have it again. In a week or ten days, I had a second chill & there was a second formation of matter. And the right breast, that had an abscess & had been opened at John's birth 9 years before, got sore, mattered & discharged from the old scar, at the same time that the left one was so bad. And with these troubles, I got the thrash in the nipple. It broke out thick, with white bumps, exactly like the baby's mouth. These bumps cracked & ulcerated. There were four holes, eating sores, around the nipple, where it joined the breast. They would soon have been well, but for the irritation of sucking. The pain was intense, past describing. I tried everything; sage tea with alum & borax & honey was soothing, but warm mutton suet caked on was the best, as it prevented the friction of sucking from destroying the healing, but this was by no means a cure. I had, at last, to use lunar caustic. The Doctors told me that this was an exceedingly dangerous remedy to the babe, & must be used with the greatest caution, always applied after sucking, & have the breast well cleansed before nursing again. A hard lump remained in my breast for some time, but it has disappeared entirely, as far as I can perceive.

Died: John Willis Hayes

Nov. 3rd 1857

He died from chronic diarrhea or consumption of the bowels. He was taken early in the year, in March or April, and Dr. Pritchard told him at the time that, if he was not prudent, his disease would kill him. But he was as imprudent as he could be. He disregarded the advice both of physician & friend. By the summer, he was very bad off indeed, and determined that he would go to the Rockbridge Alum Springs, & spend some time. Dr. Pritchard told him, then, that if he would obey directions, he could cure him, but that, if he kept on in his imprudencies, he would certainly die. He returned from the springs but little, if any, improved; & was more imprudent than ever; eating any & everything he desired; lemonade, watermelon, fat shote, ash cake, ice cream &c.

By the beginning of fall, he was utterly prostrate. His bowels were so loose, he had no control over them; having, in the course of the night, 10 or 15 actions on his bowels, & more during the day. He came to town, to our house, 12 days before his death, to be with Dr. Pritchard. But his prudence came too late. He was the merest skeleton I ever saw & looked awful. The day that he died, he told his sister, Mrs. Cheek, that he thought he should get well. He died in the night. Betsy had been with him a day or two before his death.

His funeral was preached at our house, by a Methodist minister, Mr. Peter Joyner. He was buried at Ma's. Betsy did not stay to the funeral, & neither of his sisters were there. His father had been in his dotage for several years & had hardly enough sense to comprehend that his son was dead. He went to Ma's to the burial.

John Willis Hayes
(Son of J. W. Hayes, deceased, & my Sister, Betsy, his wife)
was born Dec. 20th 1857.

1858 Dec. 25th

Moved out here between Warrenton & Macon Depot, to our farm, bought from Henry Twitty a year ago. We had no idea, at the time of buying it, of ever living here. But Dr. Pritchard's paralysis rendering him unable to practice medicine, he turned his attention to farming. The house has been built 60 years & is a complete shackle, as is the whole plantation. The farm contains ___ acres & Dr. P. bought a piece of woodland adjoining it from Jos. B. Batchelor, Esq. containing ___ acres, for which he paid \$1300. We owned a beautiful lot in town & I hated so much to leave it. It had every convenience. We had added to & improved the house very much. Had built stables & a corncrib, dug a well & built a well house. The water was as clear as crystal & cool as could be. Our lot joined the Male Academy grove. Our boys went there to school & the teacher, our young kinsman, John E. Dugger, boarded with us. There, we were convenient to Churches & Sunday Schools & Mary was nearly old enough to start school. O, how I hated to give up our beautiful lot & so many privileges & advantages. Lord, provide for us. Thou art rich & all powerful. To Thee belongeth the earth & the fullness thereof. Help us & give us Godliness with contentment.

Jacob Parker bought our lot, giving \$3600, which did not cover our expenses.

Jan. 21st 1863. Moved back to the dearly beloved home, that we built & settled. It was a portion of my father's land. Dr. P. sold it to poor Ned. After he died (*Ned*), I prevailed on him to buy it again. It was during the war. Confederate money had depreciated very much & the land sold for \$37.50 per acre. There was between 6 & 700 acres. Ned's & my portion. Betsy kept her part. We found the place much out of repair, both the house & lot & icehouse. We sold the old Hawtree farm for \$20 per acre, to Dr. O. F. Manson. We sold about half of our furniture to help pay for this place. My refrigerator, parlor chairs, marble top centertable, embroidered window curtains. Two lamps, each with 32 glass drops. 1 bed, 3 bedsteads, 2 brass candlesticks, parlor andirons, my beautiful set of green & gilt dinner china, mahogany dinner table, 2 rocking chairs, washbowl & pitcher.

Born: July 29th 1859

Our Angel Boy

O God, let me go unto my babe, My Darling, My Beautiful, Angel Babe. Would to God, that I could have died for thee.

"An angel in the book of life,
Wrote down an infant's birth,
Then added ere, he closed the page,
Too beautiful for earth."

"And when the reaper, Death, passed by,
He read the words & smiled,
Then folded in his icy arms,
That lovely little child."

"The mother wept! but angels sang
With soft & glad accord
They welcomed the transplanted flower
In the garden of the lord."

"The mother wept! She will not weep
When all her years have run
And at the gates of Paradise
She meets her little son."

"An infant Soul, kept pure & bright,
From every earmark free,
A babe to bless the mother's sight
Through all eternity!"

Anna Pritchard
Nov. 23rd 1859

The last time that I ever saw my sweet baby, he was in my Sister Betsy's arms. She carried him, in her carriage, & laid him in the family burying ground. I told her to have a place left by his side, for me. "There, sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise. "I would not live away, no, welcome the tomb." I dread not his gloom. Lord, when I am released, Thou wilt give me back my babe, my Darling, my Beautiful, my sweet blessed angel.

Had this little one lived, his name would have been "William Jones". He was the largest, finest baby I ever had. Never can I forget that lovely, innocent, holy face. O God, purify me & let me go to my darling little boy. O, let me be a jewel in his crown of rejoicing. His lovely little head was covered with black hair. O, my Baby, my lovely, my beautiful.

Born: June 24th 1864

Our Angel Daughter

O, how I looked forward to her birth! How much pleasure I anticipated. But my Darling, Lovely beautiful little girl is gone. The Lord has her in His bosom. She was very beautiful. Very perfect. Like my angel Boy. Both expressly like their Father. Every feature, every member perfect & beautiful. Her little head full of beautiful hair. I laid her in my bosom. I laid the nipple on that dear little mouth. I put the little cold hand between my breasts & wept the saddest, bitterest tears that I ever wept in my life. O, that little pure, holy, lovely, beautiful, innocent face. O, my Babe, I would gladly have suffered death to have saved thee. But thou art saved from the cares & sorrows of this wicked world, & I am left to weep. O God, purify my heart. O, let me become as a child &, when Thou art done with me here, let my Babes come for me. O, let them hail me as Mother, Mother, & let me live with them forever. I named my Darling, "Nannie Jones". & had a place left for me, between my two darlings that never knew sin, sorrow, care or tears. Blessed Babies!

Blessed Redeemer, Thou tender Shepherd, who wept with Mary, when she lost her brother, O, pity me. Lord, two of my children have gone before me. Grant that the trees may wave over me many years before any of my children shall die. Grant that never may I forget my angel Babes, but that the whole aim of my life may be so to live as to go to them, O, God, have mercy on me, for Christ's sake.

"Sunday" Journal Buena Vista

June 1849 Sunday 3rd day of the month.

Today I had my child, John Calhoun Pritchard, christened by Mr. Campbell, a Methodist minister, at Shocco Chapel. The text was at the 12th Chap., Romans 1 & 2 verses. O, God, protect & bless my Boy all the days of his life. After this mortal life, accept him with Thee in glory. And, wilt Thou bless me & my Husband & give us grace & spiritual knowledge, that we may be enabled to raise up our child to the Lord, both by precept & example. My Sister, Betsy, Dr. P. & myself were his Sponsors.

Today, I had more company dine with me than I have ever had before. My dinner was cold, entirely, except chicken, hominy & bread. Dr. Arington, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Russel, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Foster, Mr. Southerland, Brother William & Charlie & Betsy, Mrs. Jordan & three children.

Sunday, June 10th 1849

In company with Ma & Betsy, I attended the funeral of Thomas Green. His death was very melancholy indeed. He had just grown ill; was all health & vigor. He left his parents & (in company with William Watson), went on a visit to the south. The cholera was then raging in all of the cities situated on or near water. Tom Green fell victim to it & died at Augusta in Kentucky. It was a terrible shock to his family. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Willoughby Hudgins, of the Baptist Church. The text was the 56th verse of the ninth chapter of Luke.

Mr. Hudgins preached my Father's funeral in 1845. Married me in 1846. Married my Brother William in 1848. Preached Tom Green's funeral in 1849.

Sunday, June 17th 1849

Today, Dr. Pritchard & I & our Boy spent the day over at Sulphur. The Sabbath is a day for prayerful retirement & not for visiting & frivolity. God grant that I may spend my next Sabbath with more profit to my soul. Be with & protect us this night, & grant that we may serve Thee better & better every day, until Thy laws become our choice & delight.

A. P

Sunday June 24th 1849

Today, I have staid at home & spent most of the time in reading religious books & papers. I do earnestly long for the Lord in spirit & in truth; but I do not feel such joy as I have felt. Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove, descend into my heart & give me more joy & consolation than I have ever felt. There was preaching at Shocco Chapel today, but I did not know of it in time to go.

Sunday July 1st 1849

Mr. Campbell filled his appointment at Shocco Chapel this morning. I am sorry that I was not well enough to attend. It was sacrament day. Dr. Pritchard went & says that he preached an excellent sermon. I spent the day with Ma. In the evening, we had a cloud & a smart blow, but very little rain. The weather turned off very cold indeed for the season. I commenced teaching my Brother Joe spelling, reading, writing, & arithmetic last Friday. I hope that my efforts to learn him will be successful. He is one of the best children that I ever knew. May the Lord God in Heaven preserve him so & give my Boy as sweet a disposition as my little Brother is blessed with.

A. Pritchard

Sunday Night July 8th 1849

Today, I have spent as usual in reading. Great God, when shall I feel that I am Thy child? O take me not away in my sins. Spare me, good Lord, & let me see salvation. Speak & it is done. I know Thee, that Thou art strength & power. In mercy, help me, Jehovah. Open mine eyes. Heal up my wounds & grant me piety & humility, I do fervently implore Thee. Great God, hear my prayer I beseech Thee. Hear my prayer, O Lord.

This week, we have had our house reshingled. It was done the first time by Parrish's company, and there was at least thirty leaks in the house. This time, Holt's company (consisting of seven young gentlemen & three negroes) were employed; & the work

seems to be thoroughly done. We intend to have our backporch (which was put up by Bragg & Kimble) latticed up, which will make it a delightful place.

Anna P.....

Sunday, July 15th 1849

Spent the day in reading, mostly religious subjects. I do earnestly desire grace and that witness of the Spirit which Mr. Wesley tells us of. Lord, when shall I receive it? Grant that it may be very, very soon.

There's a little girl at Ma's, Sophronia, as sick as I ever saw anyone. Her disease is a nervous one of the brain. It is a hard and bitter task for a mother to see her child die, God of Heaven, grant that I may never be called on to bear such a pang. I was, this evening, watching the poor worn out Mother of the child; as she stood by her bedside. And I know that, though her skin was black & her feelings uncultivated, yet her anguish was intense. And her Father was standing by. Poor old man. I pray that the God that gaveth, may spare your child to be a comfort to you in your old age.

Sunday July 22nd 1849

The poor little girl, Sophronia, breathed her last on Thursday. She is now an angel of Heaven, I believe. God grant that we may all be so in another world.

My Sister, Priscilla, gave birth to a daughter yesterday, the 21st. She named it after Ma. Mary Johnston. God grant that she may lead a life of virtue & piety. Ma has gone to see her. I was not well enough to go,

Anna P.

Sunday 29th July 1849

Last Monday, I was sick enough to be abed all day. Tuesday, I went over to Sulphur to call on Mrs. Eaton & daughter, who are connections of mine. Soon after dinner, my sister, Betsy came by for me to go to Warrenton with her to see Ma, who was sick & had sent out for us. I was very much alarmed indeed, for Ma never lies down unless she is really sick. We started off immediately & soon got to her. We found her quite sick, but much better than she had been. She had a slight attack of cholera. The Lord be praised for sparing her life! The cholera has raged throughout the whole of Europe & all of our large cities for some time. Thousands have been swept off. The times have indeed been fearful for sinners. How many have gone unprepared! There was a very violent case in Warrenton, but it did not prove fatal. Mr. Wilcox, my old & respected schoolteacher. He was just home from a trip to the north, where he was exposed to the scourge, in all its violence. Lord, visit us not with Thy vengeance.

In mercy, stay Thy hand.

Sunday Aug. 12th 1849

Last Sunday, I spent with Ma., Cousin Martha & Buck spent the day there also. They stay at Ma's a great deal, for housekeepers.

1852

The first time I attended preaching in the year 1852 was on the 17th day of January at Shocco Chapel, There was only 18 white persons & 8 or 10 negroes. The text was from Paul's Epistle to the Colosians 1 chapter & 28 verse, "Whom we preach, warning every man, & teaching every man in all wisdom; that we may present every man perfect in Jesus Christ". Our preacher was Mr. Reed. His sermon was preached entirely from the first three words of the above verse, namely "Whom we preach". He told us that the true Gospel was, Jesus Christ, & Him crucified. He preached Christ as God, as Prophet, as King, as Apostle, as High Priest, & as man.

He is indeed, as I can testify, a merciful Father that heareth & granteth fervent & sincere prayer, Lord God, in the name of Thy Son, I implore Thy blessing now & forever on me, on my husband & on my children,

Anna Pritchard Jan. 17 1852

2nd Time

Feb. 15th 1852

Mr. Reed was the preacher. The weather was very cold indeed, but our congregation was much better than on the last preaching day. The minister dined with us. His text was the 6th chap. & 14 verse of Galatians. "But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ". He told us that the cross of Christ was the nucleus around which the hopes of all Christians were centred. That it would carry us contentedly through the world, resignedly through death & take us safely to Heaven. He said the "Cross of Christ" was not only our greatest hope, but our only hope for happiness, and that its influence is elevating on individuals, on communities & on the world. We all know that this is true. Christianity elevates, purifies & ennobles. It is the only road to happiness. It smooths our path through life. It carries us unharmed through the snares of the world. It softens the dying bed and wafts our souls to Heaven. But we cannot retain true piety without prayers, faith, patience & perseverance in well doing, humility, & gratitude to God.

O God, give me true piety. Let me taste Thy mercies, Let me grow in grace. Strengthen me in good. Lead me not into temptation.. Have mercy on me, Thy creation. As a wife, as a Mother, as a Daughter, as a Sister, as Mistress, reform my life, Give me wisdom to know my duty & strength, patience & perseverance to perform it, Bless my Husband. Bless my children, I beseech Thee. O make them pure & honest & just & benevolent & kind & merciful & pious all their lives. Bless them, O God. Help me that I may love & train them aright. Sanctify my love for them. Bless them with health, happiness, friends & comforts. And, finally, gather us all around Thy throne, never to part. Amen.

A. Pritchard

Feb. 29th 1852

This is leap year & today is the 5th Sabbath in the month. It will be many years before February has 5 Sundays again. Today, Solomon Kimball's funeral was preached, at the Crossroads, by Patrick Smith, a Baptist minister. Dr. Pritchard went. I did not go. Mr. Kimball died the 27th of January. Poor fellow, he could not resist his desire for drink & it caused him pain & misery & carried him to his grave. God grant that my children may be temperate and true followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, all of their days. Today, I read the first 8 sermons in Mr. Deem's "Twelve College Sermons". I have read them before, but they are well worthy of a second & third perusal.

Anna Pritchard

28. "Come unto me all ye that labor & are heavy laden & I will give you rest. 29. Take my yoke upon you & learn of me, for I am meek & lowly in heart, & ye shall find rest unto your souls. 30, For my yoke is easy & my burden is light". Matthew XI chap. I find these words full of comfort to my heart. What a great invitation to the waters of life. Come, & I will give you rest. Will any one tarry? These words are from the author of Truth. The Eternal God. The Rewarder of the Meek & Lowly. His words never fail. Seek Him & He will come unto you. He will lead you & when death releases you from earth, He will give you a crown of glory, a palm of victory & happiness eternal. Draw nigh unto God & He shall draw nigh unto thee.

Sunday March 15th 1852

Anna Pritchard

March 15th Sunday

The Body of Man is the temple of God, It is the house in which the soul dwells for a season. When our souls are called to God, our bodies will decay for a time, but the words of inspiration tell us that in the last day, our bodies shall be raised & again our souls shall dwell therein to be forever blessed & forever damned. "It is meet & proper, in this world of mortality that we are often reminded of the frail materials of which our bodies are composed". "Dust thou art & unto dust shalt thou return". These are the words of God.

It is said that the Egyptians always placed human skeletons in their rooms of feasting to remind their guests of their mortality. That in the hours of mirth & gladness, they may not forget that a day would come when they, too, would be skeletons. "If any man defile the temple of God, him God will destroy". All drunkards, gamblers, sensualists, liars, slanderers, swearers, & those who frequent theatres & houses of bad fame & Sabbath breakers - all of these are defilers of the temple of God - and, unless they repent & seek earnestly & desire prayerfully to tread the path of virtue, God will destroy. Shall a man disgrace & degrade the temple of God & be held guiltless? We must strive to "glorify God in our body", which is His. God dwells in His temple & blesses those who earnestly strive to glorify Him, but those who neglect His voice & those who pollute His temple shall die the second death.

We see many toiling day & night for worldly comforts, fame, or wealth, who never seem to think of death & a future state of reward or punishment, according to the deeds done in the body. Let them turn in their ways & learn piety of the word of God. If a minister is guilty of error or folly, how severely is he censored! Consider, o man, hast thou not a soul too? How standest thy account with the Judge? If an unfortunate woman fails, yields to the seducer, & loses her purity & her peace, how quick are all to close all pity & all feeling for them. But God is no respecter of persons, & though man still countenances the seducer, while his victim is branded with ignominy, He will punish the defilers of His temple with justice. Man has an account to render as well as woman, and the male adulterer & the adultereess will be punished alike.

God is ever present with all. Is the gaming table a fit place for man to carry His Holy Spirit? Is the theatre, that "threshold of Hell", a place that Eternal Virtue loves? Is the house of drinking & debauchery the place of Purity? Every one that frequents or visits these places are defilers of the temple of God &, unless they repent in season & do good works, shall be destroyed. My friends, when you are tempted to turn to bacchanalian revel, the companionship of the degraded, & the chamber of her whose "house inclineth unto death and her path unto the dead", - Oh! remember that you take God with you, that you invite the Holy Spirit to witness your degradation, your crime, your deeds of darkness, that you are defiling that which to defile is to destroy.

In the hour of temptation & sin, let these solemn words sound in your ears, "If a man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy". If young men would sometimes in their hours of sin & temptation remember & think of their earthly parents, they would oftentimes be turned to repentance & prayer. Daily, from the first day that I knew that I was pregnant with my first child, I have prayed to God (with tears oftentimes) to guide & bless my children. O God, in mercy, hearken unto the voice of my supplication. O, bless my children & shield them from sin. Make them Thy followers in true holiness all the days of their lives & blessed by Thy name forever. Amen. The above quotation is from Mr. Deem's sermons. Text 1 Cor. III 17.

Third Time

March 22 Sunday. Attended preaching at Shocco Chapel. The weather was quite cold but we had a good congregation, I dined with Ma. Mr. Sutherland, Wm. Brodie, Wesley Williams, Bob Cheek & Brother dined there also. Mr. Reed's text was from Jeremiah chapter 23 verse, part of the 5th "a King shall reign & prosper & shall execute judgement & justice in the earth". The first part of his sermon was badly delivered. He made a great many baulks & blunders, but he warmed with his subject & got very interesting & quite eloquent towards the middle & last. I think, if Methodist preachers would adopt the very excellent plan of writing off their sermons & lay the manuscript before them as a kind of prompt when their memory should fail, their preaching would be much more interesting & impressive &, consequently, more effective.

I read several of Mr. Deem's excellent sermons today. I always feel happier after religious reading & meditation. I have read a good many religious books in my life. Mr. Law's "Serious Call to a Holy Life" is one of the best books I ever read. This year, I have read (for the second time) "Mr. Deem's Twelve College Sermons" & :

"The Letters of Junius"

"Florence Sackville"

"The School for Husbands"

"Torlogh O'Brien"

"The Married Sisters"

The first two volumes of "Macaulay's History of England"

Have nearly finished Robinson Crusoe, which I find is very interesting & religious.

We take several periodicals also, all of which I read more or less. Viz:

"Blackwood"

"Edinburgh & London Reviews"

"Methodist Quarterly"

"Medical Examiner"

"Southern Planter"

"South Carolinian"

"Petersburg Intelligencier"

Betsy takes "Harper's Magazine" & "Family Friend". We read them also. My reading has not been selected. I have read all the books that Dr. Pritchard had & all that I could borrow. These are all that I can think of now:

"Wesley's Sermons",

"Benson's" & "Deem's",

1 vol of "Tillotson's",

"Fletcher's Appeal",

"Wesley's Journal",

Hannah Moore's Works

"Female Scriptural Biography"

Thomas Kemp's "No Cross, No Crown"

"Bennett's Letters"

Two books on the "Evidence of Christianity"

"Proverbial Philosophy"

"Paradise Lost"

Thompson's Seasons"

"Course of Time"

"Homer's Works"
 "Shakespeare"
 "Pope's Works"
 Most of "Byron's"

Some of Burns & Swift, Byron & Shakespeare contain a great deal that is beautiful but more that is not fit for the age of woman.

I have also read:

"Lives of Calvin"

O. H. Perry

P. Henry

"Kenilworth"

"The Pirate Praire Bird"

"Grumbler"

"Adam Brown"

"Enchanter"

"Lucretia"

"The Disowned"

Ernest Maltraver's "Harold"

"Toc"

"Captain Paul"

Mary Maturin's "Ascanio"

"Countess of Salisbury"

"Wuthering Heights"

"Home Influence"

"Mother's Recompense"

"Mothers of England"

"Mothers & Daughters"

"Uncle Horace"

"Romance of Vienna"

"The Princess of the Beguin"

"The Disinherited & Ensnared", which, with Ernest Maltravers, ought to be burnt.

"Picciola Osceola"

"The Bit o' writin Scottish Chiefs"

"Packs of Many Tales"

"Marryatta Diary"

"Songs of the Sea"

"Tales of the Woods & Fields"

"David Copperfield"

"Charles O' Malley"

"Handy Andy"

"Rory O' More"

"Paul Pry's Comic Sketch Book"

"Tom Cringle's Log"

Agnes Serle's "Strife & Peace"

"Brother & Sisters"

"Veronica"

"Act I of Corinth"

"Arabella Stuart"

"The Robbers & Spanish Student" by Schiller

"Lady of Lyons"

"Biblical Antiquities"

"Reveries of a Bachelor"

"Children of the Abbey"
 "Oliver Twist"
 "Shepherd of Salisbury Plains"
 "Teague O'Regan"
 "Georgia Scenes"
 "Pickwick Papers" Mag.
 "Jones' Courtship"
 "Sea Lions."

This year, 1852, I have read:
 "Deem's Twelve College Sermons"
 "Florence Sackville"
 "School for Husbands"
 "Robinson Crusoe"
 "Letters of Junius"

(Last week, I finished making a comfort of plain squares. The comfort is marked No. 10. This winter, I have made a star quilt of new calico, an Irish chain for the trundle bed & a large comfort. Counting the 5 comforts I have made in my life - 11 quilts. April 5th 1852. Anna Pritchard)

"A Walk About Tion"
 "Illustrated Astronomy"
 "Life of Dr. Clark"
 "Dr. Young's Complete Works"
 Hedge's "Elements of Logic",
 No. 1 & 2", Methodist Quarterly Review"
 "Dr. Fisk's Travels"
 "Mansfield's Mexican War"

I have also read all the numbers of "Harper's Monthly Magazine", beginning at Jan.

4th Time

Sunday, April 18th. Was a very cloudy, unpromising day, but the meeting house is so near, I went & carried John & Bob. Dr. Pritchard went also, and we were repaid. I do not think I ever heard a better sermon. The text was the 1st verse of the 5th chap. of Romans, "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ". I have never heard the plan of salvation made so plain & impressive before. I do not think I shall ever forget that sermon. It brought tears to my eyes & many tears to Cousin Angelina's, and I think, from Buck's conversation the next day, that he was impressed by the sermon. We had a hard rain during the preaching. The preacher & Mr. L. Smith, Mr. Hayes & Mrs. Sutherland dined with us.

Last Monday, Easter Monday, Tink & her family dined with me. I made the children some Easter eggs, which pleased them a great deal. Wednesday, John's cat had kittens for the first time. They were four in number. The first one came several hours before the rest, & was smothered to death. The others thrive. Last Friday I went to Warrenton & bought me a new bonnet, a purple gingham, a grass skirt, pair of gloves; John, 2 pink jackets, 2 hats; Dr. Pritchard, a new hat, coat, vest & 2 handkerchiefs.

Last week, my dog, Lion, bit Marcus twice, though slightly. I was afraid he might do worse & I consented that Dr. Pritchard should kill him, although it grieved me a great deal.

Today, which is Tuesday, 20 April, I had a carpet for my dining room put in the loom, 40 yds, over at Ma's. Evelina Peebles is in to weave it. It is cowhair & wool mixed, 4 ounces of wool to a pound of hair, Mrs. Cook was so kind as to dye it for me. The warp & cotton filling is yellow, 1/4 of the cowhair is green & 1/4 red. The figure is Kentucky Beauty, And I am to pay 12 1/2 cents a yard for the weaving, which will come to \$5.00.

Dr. P. is away from home today, at Wm. Brodie's sale. His father did not mention his carriage & books & a few other things in his will, and they are to be sold for a division between his two heirs, granddaughters. Dr. Pritchard bought me two large jugs of honey, very cheap; a beehive, mortar, pair of large scales & 7 weights, & "The Life & Sermons of Dr. A. Clarke", 5 volumes, & a pair of cart wheels.

Monday May the 9th 1852, The first day of May, we attended a party & celebration given by Mr. Turner's scholars (about 83 in number) in Warrenton. They had a queen. She was crowned & presented with a sceptre. She then made a pretty little speech in poetry. They then had some singing & marching, after which, most of the young ones repaired to the Academy & danced. The celebration commenced at 5 o'clock P.M. The whole company was invited to stay for supper, which came off about nine o'clock. It was very pretty, very plentiful & nice. They had a very tall & beautiful Maypole. It had a wreath twined around from top to bottom, and hoops were hung several feet apart from top to bottom. They were twined with evergreens & flowers & fastened with strips of blue, pink, & white cambric. The bottom hoop was the size of a hogshead & they gradually decreased in size. The top one was a keg hoop. I carried John & Bob, who staid until dark. John thought the Maypole was the prettiest tree he had ever seen & was anxious to gather flowers from it.

Last week, we had a cow to get into the mire, She was in it two days before found, She is still living but beyond hope of recovery. She has a little red cowcalf about a fortnight old. We have been giving it milk from a sucking bottle. It sucks heartily & seems to be thriving. It is very gentle & will jump into the house at three bounds. Its name is Betty.

Saturday, the 7th of May, Mrs. William Rodwell gave birth to twin sons. They came before the time & were very small. She suffered a great deal, & the baby last born died soon after its birth. The other survived only two days, Ma was with her at the time.

I had strawberries the 5th of May & have had them every day since. There is a great many on the beds.

I forgot to mention a marriage that took place at the celebration. The parties were Mrs. Stanfield & Mr. Brandt. Both music teachers. The company knew nothing of it until it was all over. Only two of the large company knew that it was to take place, Mr. & Mrs. Turner & Mr. Jordan (who married them) were the only persons who knew that they were to be married that night. Mr. Brandt has three children & Mrs. Stanfield, one. When his little daughter was told that he was married, she cried a good deal. Mr. Brandt is extremely ugly. His features are not bad, but he has a disease of the skin (on his face) which renders it unnaturally red.

May 10. The cow died the 10th. The calf eats (from a bottle) readily & is not much trouble. I had 2 hens to come from their nests yesterday, one with 9 & the other 7 chickens. We had a dish of fine strawberries today.

On the 2nd day of June, I finished a bedquilt. It is made of large green squares, small yellow squares & white strips.

Yesterday, Friday 18th of June 1859 - after 5 weeks pregnancy, I had a third abortion. I took a very fatiguing walk Sunday, which I think was the immediate cause of it; though exceeding nervousness & excitability was the true cause. This is the third time that I have had the hope & prospect of offspring dashed from my grasp. O my God, grant that it is the last. I acknowledge Thy one bow to the rod. O my God, do not strike again. Sow the seeds of wisdom in my broken & contrite heart. Help me to take up Thy cross, to deny myself & follow Thee. Strengthen my resolves to serve Thee. Help me to fulfill them. Give me patience, forgiveness, forbearance, kindness, consideration & mercy. O Lord, Thou seest my heart. Thou seest my sorrow for my sinful passions & my desire to lead a new life. O help me in my desires. Without Thee - o what am I - nothing but weakness. Cast the devil far away from me. O Lord, Thou has planted in my bosom a desire for offspring. Be pleased to gratify that desire right speedily. Grant that I may never again lose the fruit of my womb. Bless me with pregnancy. Grant that I may go my full time. Bless me in delivery & in the fruit of my womb. O God, grant my desire.

Friday June 25, Dr. Pritchard walked out this morning & brought home, in his hand, a terrapin, about the size of his fist. He tried to scratch the initials of his name & the date on his shell, but it was so hard he did not succeed. He had him put into the cellar to catch mice &c. John went out into the woods in the morning to gather flowers. After dinner, he complained a good deal of itching & begged me to see what it was biting him. I stripped him & found 43 chiggers on him. They are so minute they have to be taken out with the point of a needle. I picked them out & greased the bumps & heard no more complaint. After dinner, John came running to me & said he had "swallowed a marble, but had taken a drink of water & it did not hurt him".

Monday 28th. The marble has not come from him that I know of but he seems very well. Yesterday, I read the Book of Job. It is a beautiful poem & comforted me much. O God, have mercy on me & bless me, I do implore Thee.

5th

There was no preaching the third Sunday in May & the third Sunday in June, I was sick & could not attend. But the 4th day of July, there was preaching at Shocco Chapel, by a Baptist minister, Mr. Smith. It was the funeral of Rial Pinnell. The text was from the 34th Psalm 19 verse.

6th

This was the funeral of little Mary Jones, six years old. She was the oldest child of Cousin Joe & Lucy Jones & died on Sunday, the 11th of July. Her disease was diarrhoea. She had been sick 10 days. Her disease was entirely cured & she sunk from exhaustion, O God, grant that all our children may be spared to ripe & blessed old age

in the Lord. Mr. Rix preached. We got there so late (Ma & Me), I heard only a part of the sermon, which was very good. The text seemed to be, "Prepare to meet thy God".

7th

Saturday, July 17th. The morning was rainy & though it was appointed as the commencement of a two days (quarterly) meeting, I had no idea that there would be preaching. Dr. Pritchard went down there &, after a while, came back saying that the preacher was there. Him & Me & John walked down there & heard a good sermon from Mr. Reed, from the 84th Psalm 11th verse. There was only 13 white people present & 3 negroes. Mr. Read, Cousin Joe Jones & Dr. Ward dined with us.

8th

Sunday. There was a large congregation & we had two sermons from Mr. Read. The first from the 4th verse of the 8th Psalm & the second, on prayer. We carried our dinner; a piece of lamb, some sliced ham, 3 chickens, light bread & cornbread. Betsy carried a whole ham, a half of lamb, a bag of biscuits & bread & a box of cakes, a pot of cucumbers & many potatoes & onions & 4 chickens. Mrs. Ward had her dinner with us also, a ham & rolls & cakes. I reckon that 40 people dined at our table, perhaps more. Cousin Lucy had her baby, Patty Clark, christened. The poor little thing crowed & jabbered the whole time. Today, my Church membership was transferred from Warrenton to this place. God, grant that I may be a devout, sincere & humble member. There was a collection taken up for the support of the preachers. I gave 50 cents. John behaves very well indeed in Church. He has been going a year or more & has always behaved well. Little Bobby stays in the carriage yet & is a good boy. He says his prayers almost every night & does it sometimes with but little assistance. He was 2 years old the 10th of this month, this being the 18th. Dr. Pritchard did not go into the Church today, but staid out to electioneer for Buck, who is a candidate for the Sheriff's place. O God, be pleased to bring my husband into the fold of Christ & grant that, right soon, we may kneel together around the communion table. Bless our children. Preserve us long in the enjoyment of the manifold blessings thou hast given us. Bless us with piety & health & finally accept us for Christ's sake. Amen.

Dr. Pritchard is just recovering from a severe attack of rheumatism in his right shoulder. He suffered a great deal &, for more than ten days, I have been assisting him to dress himself & have washed his face & combed his hair for him. He has gone this evening to see a sick negro at Solon Sutherland's. My love for him, the choice of my affections, is as fresh & strong as it was the day that we were united.

We have, this summer, had a long & severe drought. Everything was suffering a great deal. But, last week, we were blessed with a plenty of rain, which has revived the face of all nature. Last summer, we had a destructive spell of dry weather; but we hope that the rain came in time this year to give us plentiful crops. A. Pritchard

"And when I'm to die
Receive me, I'll cry
For Jesus has loved me
I cannot tell why.
But this I can find
We two are so joined
That he'll not be in glory
And leave me behind."

January 27th 1861

The last time I wrote in this book, was 1852, July 18th. How many, & what sad, sad times since then! A sea of troubles has swept over my poor stricken heart. O Lord God, help, have mercy, & pity on me! Strengthen me to know, & help me to do my duty, to renounce the World & pursue that straight path that leads to glory & joy,

Since I wrote before, my Brother Buck has been laid in the silent tomb, His wife went before him, two years. My husband has been, for nearly three years, a poor paralytic. I have laid a Babe, that I hoped would be a comfort & joy unto me, in the tomb. And now, my Mother, oh My Dearest, good, kind, lovely Mother, has left me, in this cold, heartless world. O God, who hast said that Thou wouldst never desert us, O help, love me, save me, & let me go to my Mother. Turn my children unto Thee. Draw them into Thy fold, & let them meet their parents in Heaven, I beseech Thee. My Dearest Mother ascended to her rest, January 9th 1861, at 20 minutes past 2 o'clock, in the morning. Cousin Lucy Jones went before her. She left this world of trouble the 30th of Dec. 1860,

When I wrote in this Journal before, I had only two children, Since then, I have had three; two daughters, Mary Frances & Bettie Jones; & a beautiful Baby Boy. The Lord would not let me keep him, Jesus, give him to me in Heaven, I pray Thee. O God, hear me for Jesus' sake,

"O, for a closer walk with God
A calm & Heavenly frame
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb"

This morning, John & Bob each read a chap. in the Testament. I then read 10 pages in Clarke's Commentaries on Baptism & the first part of Luke's Epistle. I then read several religious newspapers. After dinner, my nephews, Willie & John White, came out & said their Father sent them to say that Tuesday was appointed for my Mother's Legatees to meet at her house. Willie asked me to send his Mother a name for her Baby, her 11th child, & 6th daughter. I told him to tell her to name her after Betsy and he said they talked about it. It was born Tuesday, the 22nd,

"I saw my Darling in calm slumber lying
His still, pale face, so beautiful in death;
So like sweet sleep, that, hushed from tears & sighing
I looked and listened for his gentle breath.
His little hands, so white & thin, were folded,
Clasping the purest flowers, that love could bring
Never was marble in such beauty molded -
God could only make so fair a thing."

Sunday, February 8th 1861. Hermitage.

Lord Jesus, help my feeble desire for Thee. Lord Jesus, save us & our children. Lord Jesus, save our people from War, Merciful Redeemer, save us from Death & Hell, I implore Thee,

Today has been like spring. I have had a pain in my chest today. Have read three chapters in the Testament, & one in Clarke's Commentaries. Also a sermon from the text, "O Lord God of Israel, why is this come to pass in Israel, that there should be today, one tribe lacking in Israel?" I found the sermon in the N. Y. Observer. It was preached on Boston, on Fast Day, by Dr. N. Adams. It is a very pretty sermon, & very correct in principle. I have read three religious papers today & the "Farmers' Journal". O, for a closer walk with God. O, for salvation for my family, myself, my brethren & my servants. Lord, let me Thy humble follower be. I pray Thee.

July 27th 1868 1/2 after 4 o'clock P.M.

Virginia Wright Pritchard was born.

The last & best beloved child of Dr. R. C. & Anna Pritchard.

Sept. 27 1870 at 2 o'clock P. M.

The Lord took this beautiful flower, this lovely Babe away to Heaven.

Aged 2 years & 2 months.

She was too pure & holy for the sinful earth.

Charles Johnston Jones

Died, Jan. 4th 1873. He had been a victim of heart disease for 10 or more years. He went to bed, as well as he had been for some time, (ate a hearty supper). The next morning, was found dead in his bed. He lived, at the time of his death, 4 miles from Petersburg, had moved there at Christmas, from Warren County, N. Car. He was 45 years old, last November. He leaves a widow; one son named Eddie, the oldest. Then follow Mary, Elvis, & Alice.

Hugh Johnston Jones, died

Easter Monday, 11 o'clock in the morning, March 29th 1880, of Heart Disease. The same disease that my brothers, Charles & William had.

He was born July 11th 1815. Was never married.

Died, Jan. 6th 1880.

Infant daughter of John C. & Lissie Pritchard, of brain disease.

This dear Babe was born December 5th, 1879. Was a fine, healthy, beautiful child. She is buried at the foot of my dear, precious child, Mary Pritchard Smith.

Finis

Hayes Pedigree

Newell

John Hugh Hayes
B.
D. April 14, 1814
M. 1775.

Sarah Willis
B.
D. Sept. 15, 1824

William Hayes
B. Jan. 15, 1777
D. Aug. 19, 1858
M. Dec 10, 1806

Martha Harrison
B. July 14, 1780
D. Oct. 12, 1847
Daughter of Charles
Harrison & Elizabeth
Smith Harrison

Sallie Hayes
Died in Youth

Harriet Hayes
B. Apr. 3, 1808

Susan Hayes
B. Dec 1, 1809

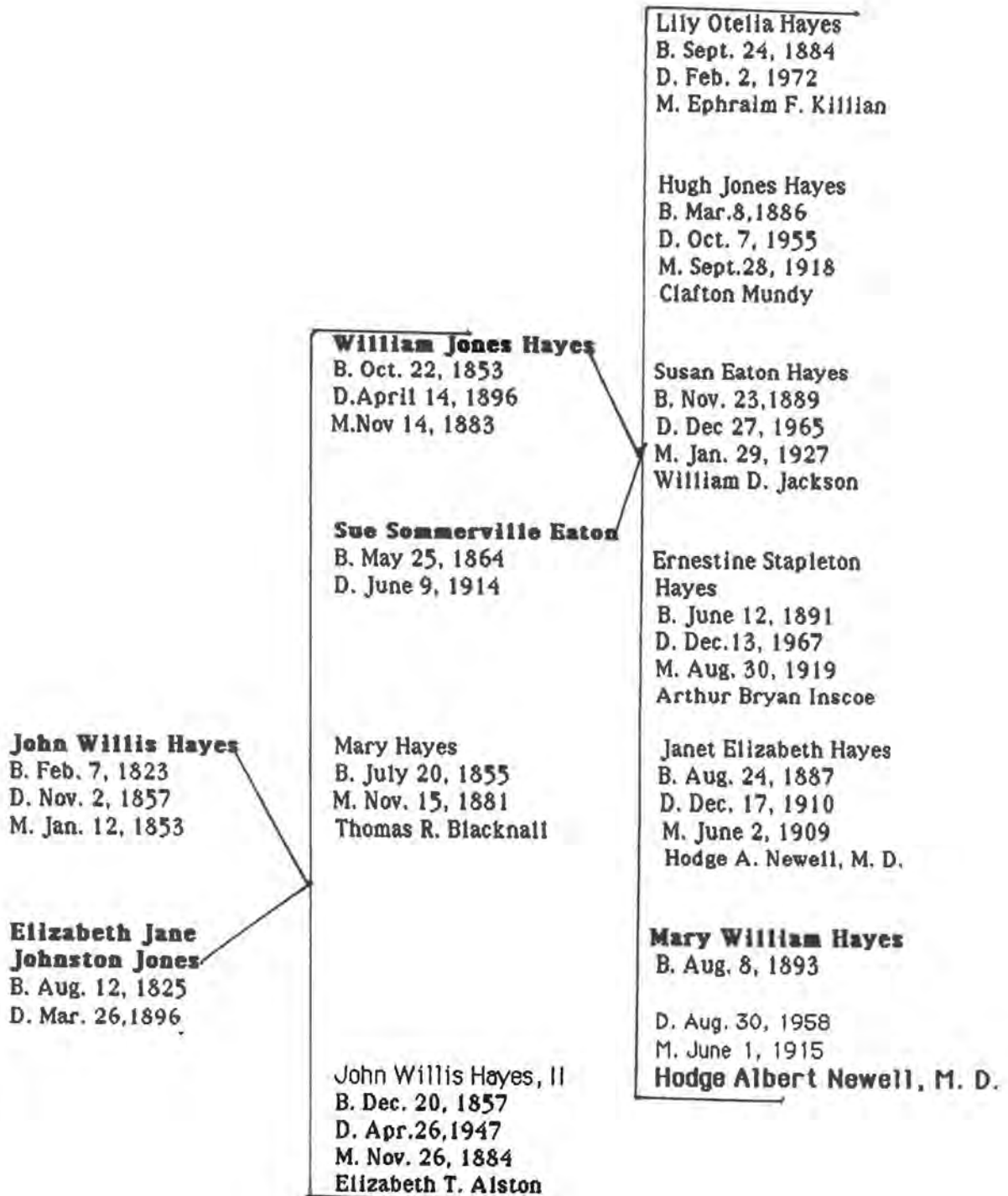
Hugh W. Hayes
B. Mar. 9, 1812

Sarah E. Hayes
B. Sept. 10, 1814

William C. Hayes
B. Apr. 13, 1818

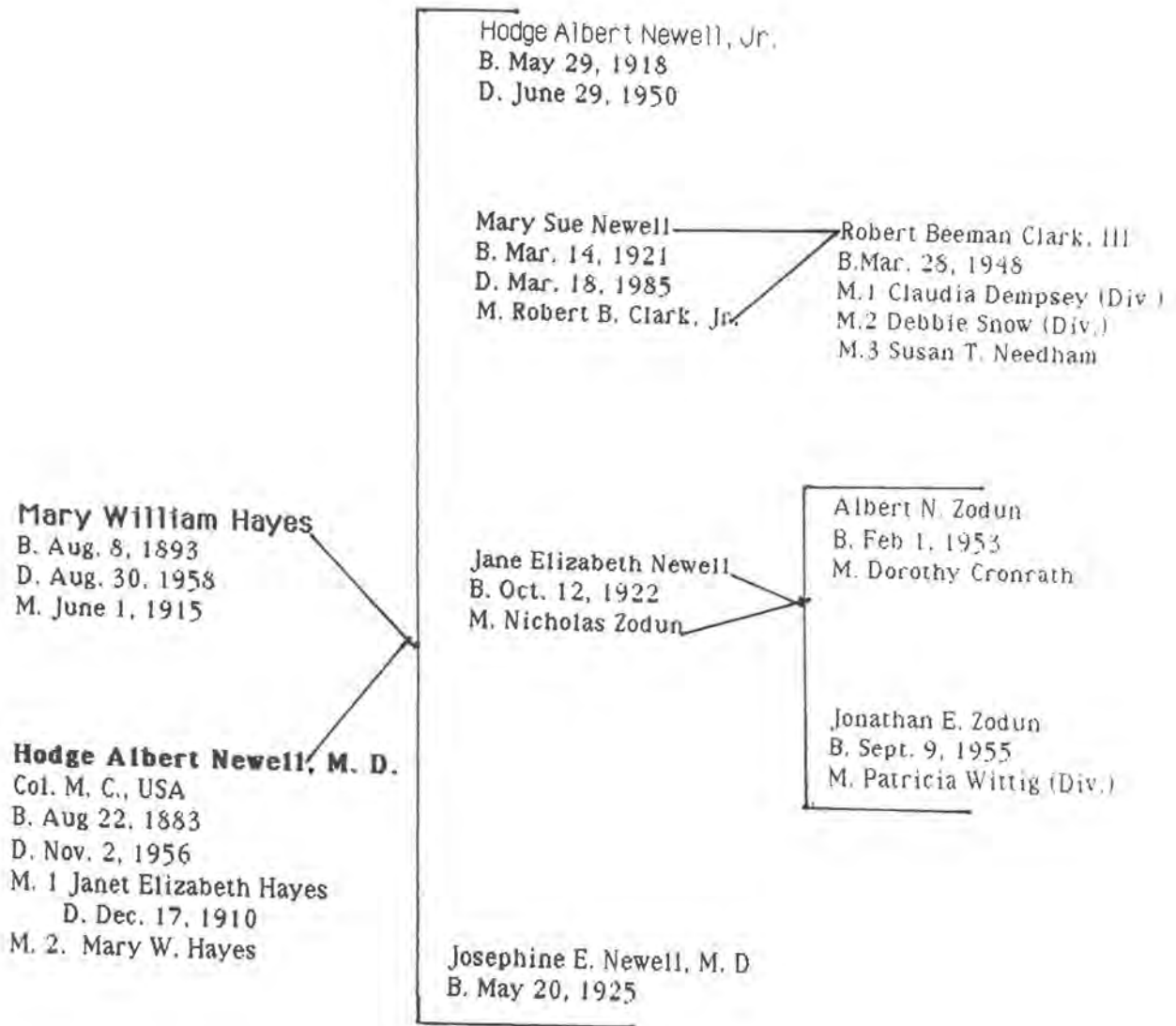
John Willis Hayes
B. Feb. 7, 1823
D. Nov. 2, 1857
M. Jan. 12, 1853

**Elizabeth Jane
Johnston Jones**



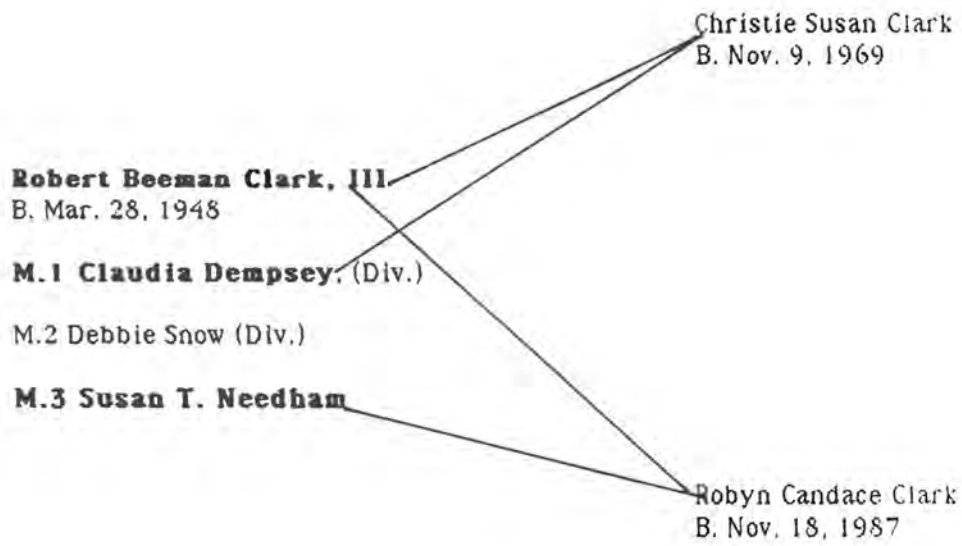
Hayes Pedigree

Newell



Hayes Pedigree

Newell



Hayes Pedigree

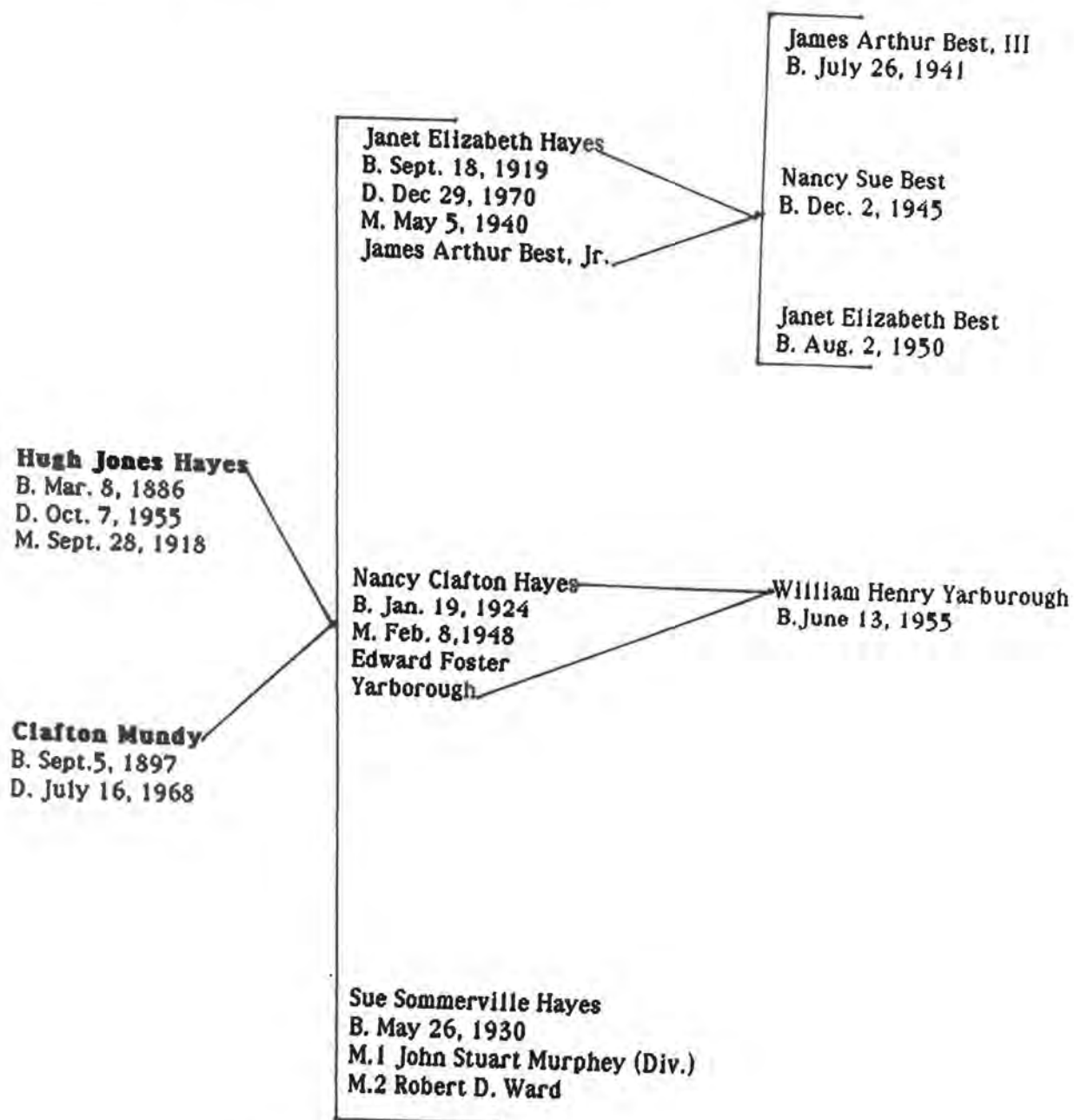
Newell

Albert Nicholas Zodun
B. Feb. 1, 1953
M. July 27, 1974

Dorothy Marie Cronrath
B. Feb 18, 1950

Elizabeth Anne Zodun
B. Sept. 26, 1977

Michael Albert Zodun
B. May 30, 1980



Lily Otella Hayes
B. Sept. 24, 1884
D. Feb. 2, 1972
M. Aug. 18, 1910

Ephraim Frederick Killian

Sue Eaton Killian
B. Mar. 11, 1915
M. April 14, 1935
Clyde Dellinger

Emily Sue Dellinger
B. Jan. 26, 1936

Clyde Dellinger, Jr.
B. March 19, 1939

Ephraim Frederick Killian, Jr.
B. March 13, 1926
M. March 20, 1949
Nancy Simons

Timothy Scott Killian
B. Nov. 8, 1955
(Adopted)

John Jones

Wife unknown.

He was one of the judges who condemned Charles I to be beheaded and upon the restoration of Charles II, John Jones had to flee for his life. He came to Virginia.

Edward Jones

In 1738, lived on Shocco Creek, Edgecombe County. (Is now Warren Co.), after leaving Gloucester Co., Va. B. 1695 D. 1750

Abigail Sogan

Was the first white woman in Warren County. B. 1702

Abigail later married Thomas Cook but had no issue by Cook

Sallie Jones
M. Mr. MacLemore

Obedience Jones

Priscilla Jones
D. 1763
M.1 Gideon Macon

Children:
Harrison,
John (Vet. Valley Forge)
Nathaniel (B. 1758)
Gid Hunt, Ann Hunt,
Sallie, Martha.&Mary

M.2 James Ransom (Sheriff)
Children:
William, Abigail Sogan,
Heixie, Betsy,Drucilla,
& Seymour

James Jones

Rebecca Jones

Sogan Jones
Children:
James, Drewry, Samuel,
Nancy.& Mollie

Daniel Jones

Edward Jones
M.1 Mary Hill

Tamer Duke Wortham
(A widow, 2nd marriage)
Twin sister of Nannie Duke
Christmas Jones
Daughter of: William
Raleigh Duke, a kinsman of
Col. Wm. Byrd of Wistner, and
a kinsman of Sir Walter
Raleigh. The Dukes and the
Raleighs intermarried.

Robert Jones

Mary Hill
First wife of
Edward Jones

Edward Jones
M.1 Mary Hill
M.2 Tamer Duke
Worham

Tamer Duke Worham
(A widow, 2nd marriage)

Twin Sister: Nannie Duke

Christmas Jones

Daughter of:
William Raleigh Duke,
a kinsman of Col. William
Byrd and of Sir Walter
Raleigh. The Dukes and
the Raleighs intermarried.

NOW, please refer to
HAYES CHART, Page 2 etc.

Hill Jones
(Methodist Minister)
M. _____ Boddie

Edward James Jones

Robert Hill Jones
(Attorney General)
M. Elizabeth Baskerville

Sugan Jones
("Violent, Impetuous Man")
Mary Jones

Rebecca Jones

Sarah Jones

Abigail Sugan Jones

Daniel Jones

Joseph Bromfield Jones
B. Jan. 7, 1836

William Green Jones
B. May 30, 1791 M. May 11, 1814
D. Aug. 2, 1845
M. **Mary Christmas**

Johnston
B. Oct. 17, 1795
D. Jan. 9, 1861

Father: Hugh Johnston

B. Nov. 4, 1762
D. April 23, 1810
M. Sept. 11, 1794

Mother: Sallie Green

B. Sept. 26, 1774
D. Jan. 31, 1848
(Moved to Warrenton)

Priscilla Tamer Jones
(Moved to Texas &
married a man of
"wealth, means and
grandism.")

Betsy Jones
M. _____ Hunter from
Mississippi. Had 10
children

Priscilla Della Jones
B. Sept 24, 1819
M. John White, (Immigrated
from Scotland at age 14.)
Children: Hannah Bolton,
William Jones, John Thomas,
Andrew Robert, Mary
Johnston, Sallie Jones,
Hugh Jones, Katherine
Augusta, Sue Eaton, &
Lizzie Sheffield

Hugh Johnston Jones
B. July 11, 1815
D. March 29, 1880

Edward "Ned" Jones
B. July 7, 1832
D. Aug. 23, 1862

Charles Johnston Jones
B. Nov. 26, 1827
D. Jan. 4, 1873
M. May 23, 1860
Alice Tannahill

**Elizabeth (Betsy) Jane
Johnston Jones**

B. Aug. 12, 1825
D. Mar. 26, 1896
M. Jan. 12, 1853

John Willis Hayes

Sally Green Jones
B. Oct. 18, 1817
D. Sept. 9, 1838
M. Leonard Sims

Mary Johnston Jones
B. Sept. 24, 1821
D. Sept. 11, 1837

William ("Buck") Eaton
Johnston Jones
B. June 12, 1823
D. Sept. 13, 1855

Anna Jones (DIARY)
B. Dec. 27, 1829
M. Dr. Robert C. Pritchard
Joseph Bromfield Jones
B. Jan. 7, 1836
M. Lucy Plummer