

Local Pioneer's Diary Tells Of "The Fifties"

Just 100 years ago, in 1836, Maria Graham was born in New Albany. She spent her girlhood in this thriving Ohio river town of a little less than a century ago, where her father, John Kennedy Graham, took a prominent part in community affairs as teacher, lawyer, surveyor and civil engineer. He had been a member of the Indiana constitutional convention.

The young Miss Graham kept a diary in her teen years, from 1851 to 1855, which was recently loaned by Mrs. Evelyn Shipman Mouser, of Indianapolis, to Mrs. Kate Milner Rabb, former Silver Hills resident, who now conducts "A Hoosier Listening Post" column in the Indianapolis Star.

With the diary as a basis, Mrs. Rabb has published a series of articles in The Star, which reflect much of life in New Albany in the early fifties. The Young Marie in her entries tells of the activities of the younger set and her school days at the "seminary" at Marietta, Ohio, with interesting descriptions of the journeys to and from Marietta.

Mrs. Mouser, into whose hands the diary comes, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Shipman, who moved from Galena to Indianapolis many years ago. Mr. Shipman was a nephew of Maria Graham who later became Mrs. Grant.

The first of the series of Mrs. Rabb's articles is published in The Tribune today. Others will follow.

Maria Graham's Diary Describes The "Fifties"

This is the first of a series of articles by Kate Milner Rabb in her "Hoosier Listening Post" column of the Indianapolis Star based upon the diary of Maria Graham, born in New Albany in 1836, which was loaned Mrs. Rabb by Mrs. Evelyn Shipman Mouser of Indianapolis.

"New Albany is pleasantly situated on the Ohio, a short distance below Louisville in Kentucky. It is the largest town in the state and is rapidly increasing in population, trade and wealth."

So runs a paragraph in Olney's "Modern Geography" for 1837. With the passing of the steamboat the glory departed from New Albany, but not its charm. Perhaps that is why one turns so eagerly to every bit of its early history, letters, diaries, anything that reveals something of the story of the town in steamboat days.

A diary has recently come to light, loaned me by Mrs. Evelyn Shipman Mouser of this city, which was begun in 1851 by Maria Graham (later Mrs. Grant) born in New Albany in 1836. She was the daughter of John Kennedy Graham, a man of prominence in his day in the community, a member of the constitutional convention, a teacher, lawyer, surveyor, civil engineer. Mrs. Mouser's father's mother was a sister of Maria Graham who wrote the diary and, as there were no direct heirs, the diary came into his hands.

One gathers immediately from reading Maria Graham's diary that while life may have been dull and much time spent about the fireside in some parts of the "Western country," such was not the case in New Albany and its environs. Maria, her sisters and friends were perpetually "on the go"; true it was often to church or to temperance meetings, but it was always in young company and there were many parties besides. Neither did they go to bed very early in those long ago days, as we have often been led to believe. On the contrary, Maria often speaks of getting home at 11 or 12 o'clock and sometimes even later. And she mentions no reproofs from parents over these late hours.

Those familiar with New Albany remember the beautiful circle of knobs about the city and it is interesting to see how frequently they figure

in the diary. The first entry is dated 1851, no month; the second is dated May 4. The first entry is simply: "Mary Graham and I started to school at Mt. Tabor. Mr. Charles Bremner from the East is the teacher." She was 15 at this time.

"May first. The young ladies and gentlemen of the neighborhood and school gathered at the school house; we went to Jones Knobs, a beautiful place. When we reached the summit a grand prospect burst upon our view. Away to the southeast lay New Albany. The houses looked like marten boxes, so very small they appeared. In the evening, we started home, having spent a delightful day. Mr. Bremner said he hoped our lives would pass as pleasantly as that May Day."

There is no entry then until July 4. "Spent the day at Mt. Tabor, the old Cany meeting shed was crowded."

There is only one for August: "Little Charles Shipman died today."

The next entry is on February 20, 1852. "Mary Graham and I went to Mt. Tabor to an examination. It was an unpleasant, rainy day. In the evening we went to the Hands to stay all night."

Nothing more then until April 30. "John Very came for me to go out to Julia's to stay all night. We got about four miles from town when a terrible storm came up – I shall never forget it as long as I live. The heavy thunder as it rolled through the heavens, the vivid lightning flash after flash darting through the clouds – it seemed as if the heavens were wrapped in a sheet of flame. The rain, too, poured down; my umbrella was a poor defense against the 'Storm King.'"

It was evidently the custom to celebrate May Day in this neighborhood, for on May 1, 1852, she wrote: "Morning dawned, fair bright, and a jolly crowd wended their way to Graham's Knob. Spent quite a pleasant day. When we got back to the school house the moon was shining brightly. Mr. Bremner had all of us write our names in a little book called the May Book; he said he would keep it to remember us by."

Not another entry until July 4, on which day she writes: "Spent the day at Mt. Tabor. Mr. Bremner has gone east to get married; he was married on the eleventh of July at 11 o'clock Sabbath morning (she must have meant June) at Hoboken, N.J. In a few weeks he will be back, with bride (nee Helen J. Terhune). She was lovely with golden hair in ringlets, fair skin and pink cheeks."

Nothing was written in the diary until January 1, 1853, when Maria wrote: "Took dinner at Mrs. Sabin's." Then no entry until March 26. "John Very came in with the buggy and took Minnie Jennings and I out to the examination at Mt. Tabor; had a nice time."

On March 30: "Hattie Speake, her brother and I went to Mr. Kemerer's concert at 'Woodward Hall.' The Godfrey girls from Philadelphia sang. They had splendid voices."

This is the 2nd of a series of articles by Kate Milner Rabb in her "Hoosier Listening Post" column of the Indianapolis Star based upon the diary of Maria Graham, born in New Albany in 1836, which was loaned Mrs. Rabb by Mrs. Evelyn Shipman Mouser of Indianapolis.

In the early pages of the 1851 diary of Maria Graham of New Albany loaned to this column by Mrs. Evelyn Shipman Mouser of this city, a love story with a tragic ending is sketched in the writer's brief entries.

On Saturday, 4th, 1852, she wrote: "Sunday Mr. Sneed preached his farewell sermon. 'Wherefore, brethren, give diligence to make your peace, calling and election sure.' He said it seemed as if he had almost been a father to the church.

"April 10. Hattie Speak and Maria Wheat came to see me.

"April 14. Went to the Second Presbyterian Church to hear the Bishop of Beyroot lecture: he is an Assyrian and talked quite brokenly.

"May 12. Went with Miss Annesley's school picnicking upon the Knobs.

"June. Tonight, sitting by my bedroom window the wind wafted 'the sound of sweet music' from Mr. Nutting's concert at Woodward Hall. How I do enjoy it!

"July fourth. Spent part of the day at Mount Tabor. We were addressed by your minister, Mr. Atterbury (father of the late Gen. W. W. Atterbury, former president of the Pennsylvania Railroad), Dr. Graham and Mr. Sabin. Had a happy time. At one o'clock came in home with Mr. and Mrs. Jocelyn in Lawyer Willard's buggy." (*Lawyer Willard later became governor of Indiana.*)

"July 9th. Went blackberrying.

"July 10. Went to Wesley Chapel both morning and evening.

Now comes the first mention of the romance. On August 22, she wrote: "Monday, I was sitting on the porch playing with Durette, Lucinda's baby, when R. L. Wilkinson passed on horseback. Vetty wanted to go with him. He told Lucinda to get her hat and while she was gone he said it was quite natural to pass there." (These words are underlined.) "He had just returned from the South. He told me there was going to be a large watermelon party out by their house and wanted me to go with him. I

said I would like very much to go but supposed I could not. He showed me his daguerreotype.

"August 23. Called on me to know if he could take me to church next evening.

"August 24. He called for me. We went to prayer meeting at Wesley Chapel. After it was out we went to Detrick's Ice Cream Saloon. About 2 o'clock was awakened by a party of serenaders; he was with them. They played some beautiful pieces; my favorite was 'Old Folks at Home.' The moon shone brightly.

"August 28. We went to the Second Church. Mr. Terrell preached. Lane (R. L. Wilkinson) said he was going South but could never forget me. I will not forget him.

"August 30. Have just come up to Louisa's to stay and am quite lonely. The party comes off tonight.

"September 2. This is my 'birthday' and I am 'seventeen'. It has been a long, lonely day to me. In the evening went to prayer meeting at the Second Presbyterian Church. Jane came home with me.

"September 4. Lane came and we went to the Wesley Chapel.

"September 7. We went to the Wesley Chapel. He gave me a ticket to a party.

"September 8. R. L. W. came for me. Mr. Scott took Jane and Sue. The party was given by Mr. Grant and Londer on the corner of lower Eighth and Market streets. It was one o'clock when we reached home; had a nice time.

"Sept. 9. I went to prayer meeting.

"Sept. 11. Went to the Second Pres. Church both morning and evening. Had no company.

"September 13. Jane and I went out for a walk. When we came back to Mrs. Newbanks, Sue was sitting by the front window. She told me to come in, she 'had something to tell me.' When I got in the house she gave me an introduction to Mr. Grant; he gave me a ticket to another party at the same place as the other.

"Sept. 15. Mr. Grant came for me. Mr. Harlan took Jane and Sue. It was a lovely evening, the moon shone brightly. There were not near so many presents as before.

"Sept. 16. Went to a Temperance meeting at Wesley Chapel. R. L. W. was there; spoke to me.

"Sept. 18. Sunday evening R. L. W. came as we were sitting talking. Mr. Grant came. L. asked me if he could accompany me to church I told him I had promised to go with Mr. Grant. He was very much offended and bade me 'good evening.' That was the last time I ever spoke to him. Went to the Second Church."

This is the 3rd of a series of articles by Kate Milner Rabb in her "Hoosier Listening Post" column of the Indianapolis Star based upon the diary of Maria Graham, born in New Albany in 1836, which was loaned Mrs. Rabb by Mrs. Evelyn Shipman Mouser of Indianapolis.

The 17-year-old New Albany girl, Maria Graham, some extracts from whose diary of the early fifties have appeared in this column, continues to mention her various diversions. Later she is to go to school at Marietta, O.

There was much temperance agitation in the fifties, hence temperance lectures are part of Maria's program. On Sep. 22, 1853, she writes: "Went to a Temperance meeting at Centenary Church.

"Sept. 25. Did not go to church today. Mr. Grant called.

"Sept. 28. Mr. Grant and I went down to the 'Campbellite' church. Went down to the river to see a little boy immerced" (for so Maria spells it!)

"R. L. W." appears again.

"October 2. Sunday went to the Second Pres. Church. The organ was dedicated. R. L. W. was there. The last time I ever saw him.

"October 30. Sue told me he had gone south.

"November – Minnie Jennings said her brother James was going south to stay and would be up to spend the evening with me.

"November 13. Jane and I went to a party at the 'Tabler House.' Nice time.

"November 22. Went to Wesley Chapel. Mr. Grant came home with me.

"December sixth. Emma started to Marietta, O., to school Tuesday again.

"Dec. 8. Went to the Baptist Church to hear a German missionary lecture.

"Dec. 11. Mr. G. and I went to Wesley Chapel. It was very much crowded.

"Dec. 13. James Jennings called to see me. He had just returned from the south. We went down to Wesley Chapel. A lovely night for December.

"December 25. In the morning I went to the Second Church. In the afternoon Mr. Nutting's babe's funeral was preached.

"Dec. 26. In the morning Jane, Sue, Em and McKown and I went down to Bartlett's gallery and had our picture taken. Went to Mrs. Jennings to spend the afternoon. James took Mary and I to Wesley Chapel in the evening.

The next entry is 1854. "January first. Another New Year. What has it in store for those who welcome it? Mr. H. took me to Roberts Chapel; the house was so crowded we could scarcely get seats.

"January ninth. The soldiers (presumably the militia) had a grand parade today. They went to Captain Turner's for dinner; in the evening Mr. Harlan brought a buggy for me; James Jennings took one for Jane. We went out to Mr. Piste's near Julia's to a candy pulling." It was a pleasant night. The house was full. It was the gayest party I ever attended. I went up to Julia's and Mr. H. had to drive to town by himself; he said he wished I was going back.

"Jan. 14. It is so lovely and the moon is shining so bright. I have just taken a walk down the lane.

"Jan. 18. Went to Mrs. Piste's to spend the evening with her sister, Kittie Story.

"Jan. 19. Expected to go to town today but was disappointed. In the afternoon went to town; stayed all night at Ferdinand's.

"Jan. 29. Had an invitation to Carrie Very's wedding; did not go. She married a Mr. Turner.

"Jan. 30. Started to school to Mr. Worden at Mt. Tabor.

"Feb. 5. Mr. Harlan came out to see me. In the evening we went to the Campbellite church. Dr. Field preached.

"I am sitting on the porch of Julia's. The moon, 'pale empress of the night' is sailing majestically through the heavens.

"Feb. 16. In the evening after school John and I went to town. We went to Jane's first, then to Mary's, then down to Wesley Chapel. After church we went to Sue's, stayed till ten, had a nice time. Took Jane home. When we got to Julia's it was eleven o'clock and after.

"Feb. 19. Mr. Harlan came out and spent the day.

"Feb. 20. Mr. Worden came and told us he was not going to teach any longer.

"Feb. 21. This has been a very lonely day to me – I know not why.

"Feb. 22. Went to town; took dinner at Mrs. Jennings. In the evening went back to Julia's.

"Feb. 23. Went to the school house at nine o'clock where a number of young folks had assembled. Mr. Louder and Worden made stump speeches. We all had a great deal of fun. Ruby and I went a part of the way home with the crowd from town – Jane, Ann, Mary, and their attendant, Mr. Louder.

"March first. James took me to town. Stayed all night at Abbie's.

This is the 4th of a series of articles by Kate Milner Rabb in her "Hoosier Listening Post" column of the Indianapolis Star based upon the diary of Maria Graham, born in New Albany in 1836, which was loaned Mrs. Rabb by Mrs. Evelyn Shipman Mouser of Indianapolis.

"Skiff riding" was one of the amusements of the young people in Ohio river towns years ago, and Maria Graham, the New Albany girl of the fifties, some of whose diary has been quoted in this column, mentions it in one of her entries for 1854. She also mentions the inevitable temperance lecture.

"March 2, 1854. In the morning went down town. Stopped at Jane's. In the evening Mr. Harlan took Jane and I (Maria's grammar!) "down to Wesley Chapel to a temperance meeting. It was addressed by Mr. Echols of Virginia and Milton Gregg, the editor of The Tribune.

"March 13. James and I went down to the Priste's. Ted, Stiry, Libbie, and Mollie Prisy" (here she changes the spelling of the name) "and I went skiff riding.

"April 3. Carrie came out and she and I went up to Hamburg to see about getting a school for her. We returned in the evening.

"April 5. This evening as I was sitting on the porch I could distinctly hear the church bells ringing in town. It made me wish to be there.

"April 6. Went to town. Stayed all night with Mary Graham.

"April 7. Went with Jane and her cousin, Mr. Gilbraith, to writing school kept by Mr. Starcher.

"April 8. John took me to 'Woodward Hall' to see the play, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Little Eva looked as if she were an angel.

The next paragraph ends the romance of "R. L. W." or "Lane."

"April 18. Carrie told me today that R. L. W. had died in St. Louis with the cholera. Little did I think when I bade him good-by that Sunday evening it would be the last time I would ever speak to him. I can scarcely realize that it can be true that –

By foreign hands his dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands his noble limbs composed,

By foreign hands his cold white corpse adorned
By strangers loved and by strangers mourned."

The quotation is not quite correct, but she does not seem to notice it. And from this time on she frequently embroiders her narrative with quotations.

"May first. In the morning went to town; met a May party. Sue and Jane were along. They made me go along with them to 'Loop Grove.'

"May 6. Mary came out today.

"May 7. John took me up to see Carrie. She is boarding at Mr. Jackson's. In the afternoon we attended church in Sellersburg.

"May 8. Mother went to housekeeping again.

"May 17. Went with J. Jennings to a party at McCurdy's; had a nice time.

"May 18. Went to a temperance meeting at Wesley Chapel. Mr. Hawkins, a reformed drunkard, lectured. He was from Baltimore.

"June first. I have been thinking much today of the changes during the past year. My thoughts have been very sad.

"June 5. O. Halstead took Jane and I to the Woodward Hall to see the 'Wonders of the World.'"

One could wish she had told us if this was one of the then popular panoramas; it probably was.

"July 1. Jane and I went to Wesley Chapel to hear the scholars of the Scribner High School read their essays. We then went to the ice cream saloon and got some cream.

"July 3. In the evening we went to see the new 'depot.' It was beautifully wreathed in evergreen. The Saxehorn band discoursed some of their best music.

"July 4 has dawned as would indicate by the ringing of bells and the booming of the cannon. Went to a picnic at Point Pleasant with Jane and O. Halstead. The day was very pleasantly spent.

"July 10. S. Miller and O. Halstead got buggies and took Jane and I out to Julia's where we got some nice plums. Then we went on up to Hamburg, visited Carrie's school, then came back by the way of Jeffersonville. Had to drive down a very steep hill which made me quite nervous, but after all it was a nice trip.

"Emma came home from Marietta today.

"July 19. Jane and I went to little Charlie Young's funeral. In the evening Mr. Grant and Mr. Phillips took us to the Ice Cream Saloon.

"July 30. Jane and I went to Wesley Chapel to hear their preacher. As we came out to go home we noticed the sky looked quite threatening toward Louisville, heard a distinct roaring from that direction. It was a hurricane. It blew down several buildings and a church, killing a number of people, among them was Royce Davis whom I have known since childhood. The day dawns upon us right and joyous, full of hope and happiness. It closes – hopes blasted, hearts crushed, and bleeding tell the sad story – "All is Vanity'."

This is the 5th of a series of articles by Kate Milner Rabb in her "Hoosier Listening Post" column of the Indianapolis Star based upon the diary of Maria Graham, born in New Albany in 1836, which was loaned Mrs. Rabb by Mrs. Evelyn Shipman Mouser of Indianapolis.

In the next installments of the diary of the early fifties kept by Maria Graham of New Albany and loaned to this column by Mrs. Evelyn Shipman Mouser of this city, the 17-year-old girl tells of going away to boarding school at Marietta, O.

"August 31, 1854. Went to see the corpse of Helen Murphy, one of my young acquaintances. At the beginning of the year, little did she or I think that ere it closed she would be numbered with the dead. Surely 'in the midst of life we are in death!'

"Sept. 1. Attended Helen's funeral.

"Sept. Today I am 18 years old. This year I have had some happy hours but many have been sad for loved ones have passed from my sight forever and their bodies now lie mouldering in the tomb. Death, truly, is no respecter of persons, he claims the young and beautiful as well as the aged. Another year is hastening on and ere it closes others may be called to lay their smiles away to wear them not again'."

After this, however, she cheers up somewhat, and even admits to having "a great deal of fun" at a quilting party.

"Sept. 6. Jane, Ann and I went to Wesley Chapel prayer meeting the last while Brother Noble is their pastor.

"Sept. 12. Mr. Grant, Mr. Pennings, Jane and I went to Wesley Chapel to hear a lecture on 'Matrimony'.

"Sept. 26. Went to Wesley Chapel to hear Mr. Noble preach his farewell sermon.

"October 1. The Centenary Church bell is ringing, bringing to my heart solemn thoughts and questions. Will I ever hear its sweet and welcome tones vibrating on the air again? Now I am going away, will I ever return again? And who of the loved ones will be here to meet me if I do?

"October 2. Mr. Grant came up and spent perhaps the last evening we will ever spend together. He said he wished I was not going.

"Oct. 10. Went to a 'Quilting' at Mrs. Landers. In the evening the gentlemen came. We had a great deal of fun.

"Oct. 15. Mr. Grant, Mr. McAfee, Jane and I went up on the Knobs. In the evening we went to the Wesley Chapel protracted meetings.

"Oct. 28. Mr. Grant and I went to the Campbellite church. After the service we went to the immersion at the upper Fifth street landing.

"October 29. This morning I went to Sunday School and bid my class goodbye. Carrie came in today. In the evening Mr. Grant came up. It has been raining nearly all day so we did not go to church.

Of ties of friendship, formed on earth,
Farewell, farewell is a lonely word.
Yet how often it must be spoken,
How few but soon are broken.

The long, roundabout journey to Marietta is interestingly described.

"October 30. Monday. In the morning at half past seven, the stage came for Emma and I and we bade adieu to all our dear friends. We reached Louisville in time to get aboard the 'Eclipse'. Started from Louisville at eleven o'clock. I stood on deck and watched Louisville until it faded in the distance. The thought – all that is dear and all I love I leave behind me – brought tears to my eyes.

"October 31. Reached Cincinnati at daylight, got aboard the cars for Columbus. We reached there about 3 o'clock. Changed cars for Zanesville, where we arrived about 8 o'clock; put up at the Central House for the night.

"November 1. Got aboard the 'John Buck' for Marietta. The Muskingum is a very beautiful river. I stood on deck most of the time. The moon shone brightly in the evening. A young lady and I went up on the hurricane roof. I was thinking of home all the time. Nothing looked familiar but the 'evening star'. We reached Marietta about 8 o'clock. Professor Tenney with several of the school girls met us. We walked up to the 'Old Seminary.' The moon was shining brightly. Here I am in my room writing – very 'homesick'.

From Monday morning until Wednesday night making this journey.

"November 2. This evening we all went walking down street. Marietta is a beautiful place.

"Nov. 4. Sue Burbridge, one of the girls, has been trying to teach me the steps in a cotillion.

"Nov. 5. Sunday. This does not seem like the Sabbath to me, although have been to the Congregational Church twice to preaching. This is the church we will attend while here. Mr. Wicks is the minister and a very good one.

"Nov. 6. I have been very lonely today. I do wish I knew what they were doing at home. There are six of us boarders at present, Ellen, and Cornelia or "Nellie" Lutz as we call her. Art Meriam, Elma Allen, Emma and myself. The girls are all as lively and pleasant as can be and I could enjoy myself very much if I could throw off this 'home sickness'.

This is the 6th of a series of articles by Kate Milner Rabb in her "Hoosier Listening Post" column of the Indianapolis Star based upon the diary of Maria Graham, born in New Albany in 1836, which was loaned Mrs. Rabb by Mrs. Evelyn Shipman Mouser of Indianapolis.

"A nice walk through the 'Elevated Square' supposed to have been thrown up before the Indians were here 'ages ago', is mentioned by Maria Graham, 18-year-old New Albany girl, in her diary of November, 1854, describe her stay at the girls' seminary at Marietta, O.

"November 7, 1854. We are all sitting around the study table in the school room. I have just written a letter to Mary Graham. We took a walk to the graveyard today and went up on the 'Mound' where can be had such a good view of Marietta and its surroundings.

"Nov. 8. This evening we took a nice walk to the 'Elevated Square' supposed to have been thrown up before the Indians were here 'ages ago.' We also walked on the stockade. This has been a very pleasant day. Just been here one week.

"Nov. 9. Have just finished reading a book Maria Somers loaned me – "Ravensdale".

"Nov. 10. It is raining. We have been studying, but it is recess now and we are eating apples. Art has gone to a party.

"Nov. 11. Saturday. Em and I took a walk up the Ohio and upon 'College Hill.' In the evening El, Neal and I went to the dressmaker's for Neal's dress. Passed the college, some of the students were playing on the violin and flute. It sounded so sweetly we stopped and listened for some time.

"Nov. 12. Sunday. It is raining, a dreary day. The girls are all in the 'Young ladies parlor' except Art and I. Have been reading 'Merkland or the Self-Sacrifice.'

"Nov. 14. It is beautiful but cold. Mrs. Tenney is playing a sweet piece on the piano. In the evening after study hour at half past eight, we went out to trace Constellations.

"Nov. 15. Mr. Tenney went to the Post Office. No letters; no letters. Oh sadly that falls on the ear of the lonely school girl far, far away from home and those she loves.

"Nov. 16. Another day. Still the cry, 'No letters!' El received four or five and not one line do I receive.

"Nov. 17. Received a letter from T. G. (Mr. Grant). It was read with pleasure.

"Nov. 18. Have been writing for the paper, the 'Omnium Gatherum' this forenoon.

"Nov. 19. Sunday. This morning we all went to the Episcopal church. In the afternoon recited our Bible lessons, then went to the Congregational church. In the evening Mr. Tenney read to us until bed time.

"Nov. 20. Monday. In the evening after supper we all went out to Dr. Tenney's in the country. He played for us on the 'Seraphim'. Had plenty of sweet cider and lots of fun.

"Nov. 23. Have been standing by the window listening to the brass band on board the 'John Buck.'

"Nov. 25. Emma got a letter from Angie. She said they were all well. Mary received my letter. Got a paper from T. G.

"Nov. 26. Went to church today. In the evening Mr. Tenney read to us from Stephens 'Travels Through the Holy Land.' Went to bed at half past nine.

"Nov. 27. Mr. Tenney brought me T. G.'s daguerrotype. (This was her friend, Mr. Grant.) It is a splendid one.

"Nov. 30. This is 'Thanksgiving Day.' We all attended church in the morning and at three in the afternoon had a number one dinner. In the evening he had a little company. Mr. Woodbery played on the guitar for us. We did not retire till eleven o'clock.

"December first. In the afternoon Mr. Woodbery came and played some for us on the guitar. At three o'clock we all went over to Dr. Tenney's, had a delicious supper and some sweet music on the Seraphim. It was a lovely evening and the moon shone brightly.

"December second, Saturday. In the afternoon we all went to the 'Eleanora', a beautiful residence on the banks of the Ohio above Marietta. Mr. Woodberry rowed us over Buck Creek in a skiff.

"Dec. 3. Stayed home all alone.

"Dec. 12. Tuesday. At noon went down to the Book Store. It is thawing very fast. In the evening all the girls went down street but me. Stayed home because I wanted to think of home and the loved ones. I do wonder why Jane does not answer my letter?

"Dec. 13. After supper, Elma Allen and I took a walk down to the Book Store. It is so nice to go out after studying hard all day.

"Dec. 14. I have felt very lonely all day.

"Dec. 15. In the evening after school we all took a walk up street and along the Ohio. It is now frozen over.

"Dec. 17. Went to church. The choir today reminded me so much of home.

"Dec. 19. Emma, Elma and I took a walk along Front street. It was so cold I almost froze.

This is the 7th of a series of articles by Kate Milner Rabb in her "Hoosier Listening Post" column of the Indianapolis Star based upon the diary of Maria Graham, born in New Albany in 1836, which was loaned Mrs. Rabb by Mrs. Evelyn Shipman Mouser of Indianapolis.

The popularity of tobacco chewing must have been at its height in the fifties – wasn't it about that time that Dickens described so unflatteringly the tobacco chews in "Martin Chuzzlewit"? Evidently the habit was lectured against as well as the drinking habit and on February 10, 1885, Mrs. Tenney took the girls of her school, among them the young Maria Graham of New Albany whose diary has been quoted in this column, to a lecture on the subject. Note that the lecturer was a woman.

"Mrs. Tenney and some of us girls went over to the Courthouse to attend a lecture delivered by a Mrs. Gray on 'Tobacco Chewing,' a good lecture and her voice sounded so sweetly as she sang 'God Speed the Right' and 'Deal Gently With the Erring.' Wrote a letter to Mary Graham.

"Feb. 13. Attended church in the morning. Did not go in after noon on account of severe toothache.

"Feb. 14. Just received a letter from Jane J. She tells me Lizzie Phelps is dead. We are all sitting around the study table, each with his own individual employment.

"Feb. 17. Elma Allen's brother John and Mr. Fred Pierce (?) came and spent the evening which passed very pleasantly.

"Feb. 19. In the evening we all took a walk. The river is full of ice and it goes crashing by.

"Feb. 21. The subject of my composition today was 'Woman's Rights' in opposition to Ellen Lutz on 'Woman's Duties.' There was a large crowd of people assembled on the bank of the creek at the foot of the yard. A little boy had broken in and gone under the ice. It was a sad sight, the poor mother stood weeping while the men were cutting the ice away. It is now dark and they have not found him yet.

"Feb. 22. They found the little body today, cold and stiff. This makes the third son the afflicted mother has lost by drowning within the past three years.

"March 5. It has been some time since I have written. The wind is blowing around the house, but we are sitting by the 'Study Bible' as cosy as can be.

"March 10. We attended singing school. Mr. Ham came home with us.

"March 13. We went to singing school tonight. The young gentleman who plays on the 'Bass Viol' reminds me so much of R. L. W." (This was the young man in New Albany who died of cholera, mentioned in the early entries.)

"March 14. After school Emma and I took a walk on the Ohio bank, passed by the 'Stanwood House' and around by the Muskingum. When we got on Front street, we met Mr. Tenney and some of the girls; we all then walked up the Ohio; it is rising very fast. I hope it will be high when we go home.

"March 23. In the evening we all went over to the church to an Exhibition given by the Union School. I enjoyed the exercises very much. Yesterday the Baptist church burned down. It made quite a large fire.

"March 31. I am standing out on the porch. It is a lovely moonlight evening. The steamer 'John Buck' is in the Harmer Locks. The Band is playing sweetly. I don't think I shall ever forget this scene. Where are the loved ones - "Do they miss me at home, do they miss me?"

"Last evening Emma and I were on top of Mt. Moriah, the most beautiful view of Marietta to be seen from its summit.

"April 3. this evening Emma and I walked out to the Graveyard and we went up on the 'Mound.' There are forty-six steps, stone, to go up to reach the top. The 'Mound' is one of the curiosities of Marietta.

"April 5. It is raining very hard. Neal frightened me so badly today. She was inhaling some chloroform and acted so strangely. I informed Mrs. Tenney, who was very much worried about it, but it did Neal no harm. She has been vexed at me ever since and did all she could to annoy us girls at our lessons this evening.

"April 7. The Jermans (her spelling) celebrated the settlement of Marietta by a 'Torch Light Procession.'

"April 9. In the evening Mr. Tenney, Emma, Willina Burlbridge and I took a walk nearly up to the 'Cleona.' Then across the fields past Dr. Tenney's home. We had an introduction to Dr. Beckwith.

"April 10. In the evening El, Art and I went over to the Junior exhibition. The pieces and band music were good.

"April 14. In the evening John Allen came. It stormed very hard.

"April 23. In the evening after school Ellen, Neal and I went over to Harmer to see Mrs. McCoy, Willis it used to be. Harmer is a very pretty little place; stands on a rising ground where the Muskingum unites with the Ohio."

This is the 8th of a series of articles by Kate Milner Rabb in her "Hoosier Listening Post" column of the Indianapolis Star based upon the diary of Maria Graham, born in New Albany in 1836, which was loaned Mrs. Rabb by Mrs. Evelyn Shipman Mouser of Indianapolis.

Very interesting is the description of the last days of school at Marietta and the journey home as told in the diary of Maria Graham of New Albany in 1855. The diary the property of Mrs. Evelyn Shipman Mouser of this city.

On Saturday, April 28, she wrote:

"John took Elma horseback riding. She is a splendid rider. Augusta Chappelle left school today. There were several young ladies called on us. In the evening El and I went to the singing school. Mr. Ham is to give only two more lessons before going.

"April 29. Sunday. We all went to preaching in the morning. In the afternoon I remained home. Sat by the window and heard them singing at the church.

"May first. El, Emma, Neal and I started up to see Lilly Martin's paintings. El and Neal had an errand to do so told Em and I to go and they would catch up with us. Some way we got lost from each other. They going on ahead asking everyone they met if they had seen anything of two girls with an umbrella and we following asking if anyone had seen anything of two girls with hats. We did not get with each other until we reached Judge Devol's. After resting we went to the house where Lilly used to live, a very small cottage. The pictures were painted on the walls of the rooms with soot and buttermilk. They far surpassed my expectations for such lifelike pictures to be made with such simple materials. Two sides of the wall were covered with a picture of a 'Serenade' and another of a gentleman offering a lady a dagger and still another representing an open door and Lilly herself standing in it, so lifelike. Mr. Tenney said it was a perfect picture of Lilly.

"We remained a while and then came plodding back through the rain and were walking in all about twelve miles, taking in our walk in the morning (getting up at 4 o'clock) going down to the river to see Mr.

Woodbury and his bride (nee) Lida Lockwood formerly of Mr. Tenney's school go by.

"May 15. Art and L. went up to the Episcopal church to see Evaline Sullivan married. The bride was dressed in white satin and the bridesmaids in tucked swiss. They all looked lovely. The church was crowded.

"May 17. A school just passed going 'Maying'. The 'Band' was with them.

"May 24. In the afternoon we all went rambling up to 'Buffalo Lick,' had a nice lunch with a bucket of refreshing lemonade. The children enjoyed themselves swinging on grape vines. We styled ourselves the 'Darian Expedition,' the name of a book we have been reading in school. In the evening we returned home, all having a good time.

"May 25. Was awakened in the night by a party of Serenaders over at Mr. Sission's.

"May 31. This morning at half past six we girls all went over to the church to see the marriage of Maria Skinner and George Devon of Iowa. She was a beauty but her husband was quite homely. They left as soon as the ceremony was over on a boat.

"June 5. In the morning Oliver Hamilton came to see Elma; they are engaged. He was very much excited over his visit. After he left she came upstairs and told us they were going to start home the next day on the 'John Buck.' In the evening we all went walking with her, thinking it would be the last time we would have that pleasure. But Oliver came up and told her he could not possibly get off until Friday.

"June 8. In the morning about half past six, John came for Elma. We all walked down to the river to see her off; we kissed her goodbye, watched her till she got aboard the boat and entered the cabin and the boat steamed away. Dear Elma, I never expect to see her again in –

This life, this fleeting life below,
Where friends are often called to part
And hearts are filled with woe.

"June 18. For several days there has been a little hard feeling among us girls. It makes me sad.

"June 19. In the evening Mr. Tenney took some of us to the College Chapel to an exhibition of the Alpha Cappa (her spelling) Society. I had the honor of walking with Mr. Tenney. The exercise passed off pleasantly.

"June 22. The Masons had a grand parade today. They were accompanied by two bands of music.

"June 29. Mr. Thomas brought me a letter from T. L. G. (Mr. Grant). It was the first in six months. He said he had written before. I had not received them. The postmaster is a queer genius; cannot read half the directions on letters and is as likely to give them to the wrong person as not.

"July fourth. In the morning at four o'clock was awakened by the report of a cannon. As it ceased, every bell in the place began ringing and kept on with out a moment's cessation until the clock struck five. A little before nine o'clock the soldiers commenced gathering at the courthouse. At half past the marching began. First came the cavalry, a fine body of men who rode splendidly. Then the infantry, all in uniform as fine a 'sight as e'er was seen.' After them came the 'Calathumplans' a comical lot of fellows dressed in every odd and ludicrous way conceivable. The music was all one could desire. I enjoyed the day hugely."

This is the 9th of a series of articles by Kate Milner Rabb in her "Hoosier Listening Post" column of the Indianapolis Star based upon the diary of Maria Graham, born in New Albany in 1836, which was loaned Mrs. Rabb by Mrs. Evelyn Shipman Mouser of Indianapolis.

The description of the 19-year-old Maria Graham's steamboat trip home to New Albany from Marietta, O., in July, 1855 is extremely interesting, revealing as it does the methods of travel of the day and the thoughts of young women who traveled. I have been looking at a colored fashion plate in a Graham's magazine of that period whose dainty young women might well be Maria and Emma Graham on their way home. One wears a rose colored silk dress, the other a brown one. The skirts are very full (evidently worn over hoop skirts) and trimmed with many flounces. The bodices are very tight, the waists very small, each costume has a vest of white lace and the three-quarter wide sleeves fall open over very full lace undersleeves, tight at the wrists. The coal scuttle leghorn bonnets tie beneath the chin, entirely concealing the faces of the wearers, except from the front and inside the brim are circlets of flowers. One young woman holds a dainty handkerchief in her hand, the other a lorgnette. Fancy, these visions against that romantic background, the steamboat.

On Friday evening, July 6, Maria writes: "I have been lying down in Alma's room while Neal walks up and down singing. It is raining and very lonely; perhaps the last Friday I shall spend in the 'dear old Seminary.' It may be the last I shall ever be permitted to look upon the faces of those whom I have learned to love. As we go out from these walls we may never meet again.

Farewell – farewell is a lonely word
Yet how oft it must be spoken;
Of ties of friendship formed on earth
How few but soon are broken.

"Sunday, July 8. This is the last Sabbath I ever expect to spend in Marietta. It has been a very pleasant day and I have been to church

twice. The Sabbath school union is being held in the Methodist church this evening. Ellen and Neal are down stairs with their sister, Mrs. Frigart who has come for them. I am sitting here all alone – no not alone for busy thought is keeping me company.

“July 9. This evening we all went down to the ice cream saloon. Mr. Tenney accompanied Mrs. Frigart, Mr. Fred Pierce, Ellen; Mr. Lumas, Neal; Nelson Lutz, Em and I. We took our last walk up the Ohio and down by the point. We stood on the rocks by the dam. The roaring and the foaming of the water as it rolled over the dam was a grand sight to see.

“July 10. This is the last day of school. We are to be examined on our Bible lessons and in Botany. In the evening it rained very hard and no boat passed by.

“July 11. We all went down to the wharf boat and stayed there until almost 1 o'clock and still no boat. Mr. Tenney said we had better go back and stay till Monday but just at that moment a boat hove in sight from behind the island. A boy waved the flag, the boat went on below the sand bar, then turned around and came back for us. We bade Mrs. Tenney, Miss Martha Smith, her sister, and Dr. Tenney goodbye. Mr. Tenney was taking Sue and Willima Burbridge home to Georgetown, Ky. We got aboard the 'Rochester', a Pittsburg boat bound for Cincinnati and St. Louis. It was her first trip. I stood on deck until Marietta and Harmer faded in the distance.

“In the afternoon passed Parkersburg and the little Kanawha. This river has a beautiful bridge across it.

“Soon we passed the Little Hawking with a small bridge crossing it, also. This is what I call real enjoyment for the school girl after she has studied hard for nearly a year without any vacation.

“Soon we passed the famous 'Blennerhassett's island.' The traveler who now rides up and down the beautiful Ohio is often pointed out the spot that was once a 'paradise,' the island home of Herman Blennerhassett. But he only beholds desolation, the wreck of what was once beautiful. Not a vestige of its pristine loveliness remains, not a sign to tell the sad tale of those who have gone hence forever.

“The mansion was destroyed by fire and the other buildings have crumbled to dust. Untrimmed bushes overrun its evenness and rank weeds choke its flowers. It looks dreary, desolate, dead, but in its dreariness and desolation there is a moral, a sublime moral for though voiceless it speaks – 'Behold the fate of ambition'.

The reader has a feeling that Mr. Tenney expounded to his pupils the lesson 'Blennerhasset' as they passed the island.

"About half past one, we passed the Big Hawking and Hawkingsport; at half past three we passed Buffington's Island. Soon passed Ravenswood, a small village. Then Graham's Station; soon Risine, about six o'clock passed Hartford City, Masonton was just opposite. Reached Pomeroy about dusk; remained there some time. The place is about seven miles long. Dora Nye, who used to be one of the Tenney's scholars, was standing up on the bank. The girls were wondering how they could get her to recognize us. Mr. Tenney had a habit when in a study of running his hand up through his hair; we had all noticed it and told him so. He tried it and she instantly ran down to the boat. She said she was wondering who could be waving at her but she knew the moment he tried the experiment.

"After dark we all went up on the upper deck to trace constellations. Just such an evening as this was the one when we reached Marietta last fall.

"About ten o'clock we passed Point Pleasant and Gallipolis.

This is the 10th of a series of articles by Kate Milner Rabb in her "Hoosier Listening Post" column of the Indianapolis Star based upon the diary of Maria Graham, born in New Albany in 1836, which was loaned Mrs. Rabb by Mrs. Evelyn Shipman Mouser of Indianapolis.

All of the delightful experiences of steamboat travel – the visit to the forbidden pilot house, a chat with the captain, and the clerk, the meeting with agreeable travelers are mentioned by Maria Graham of New Albany in her diary of 1855 describing her and her sister's journey from Marietta.

On the second day she wrote "In the morning we went up in the 'pilot house'; passed Millersport. About 9 o'clock we reached Guyandotte. The clerk whose name was Devoe, very pleasant man, let us get off on 'old Virginia Shore' where I secured a little flower as a keepsake. Mr. Tenney took us all over the boat even down to see the engineer. About half past nine passed Burlington; it is quite a pretty looking place. About 10, we passed the Big Sandy, dividing Virginia and Kentucky; on its bank stood Catlinsburg. At half past ten we passed Ashland. At eleven, passed Ironton. About half-past twelve Greensburg. Mr. Tenney took us to the front of the boat where we had a chat with the captain whose name is Neare. About three o'clock we passed Sciotoville.

"Just before we came to Portsmouth the boat landed awhile. This is the home of Lucasta Cole and a pretty place. About five o'clock we passed two small places, Rockport and Vancepost. About six, passed Rome. At seven, two small places, Concord and Wrightsville. Half past seven, Manchester.

"I have noticed an old lady accompanied by two young gentlemen aboard; they seem to be French people.

"At nine we reached Maysville. Arrived at Cincinnati at four in the morning. Covington, opposite, seems to me to be the prettiest place of the two. It has such beautiful shade trees.

"I am now sitting in the cabin in a rocking chair, trying to content myself. It is now six and we have to remain here till twelve. Mr. Tenney, Sue and Willina have gone to get on the cars for Georgetown, the girls' home.

"We have changed boats and I feel a little lonely. Emma is reading. The French lady who sits opposite me motioned for me to come and sit by her. I complied with her request. She speaks English rather brokenly but I understood her quite well and we had a nice little chat. The boat we are now on, the 'Telegraph No. 3' is not to be compared to the 'Rochester.'

At twelve o'clock the boat started out; about one we reached Lawrenceburg, Indiana. At two, we arrived at Aurora, a lovely little place about thirty-six miles from Cincinnati. About three we passed Rising Sun. At five, a small place called Warsaw. It was here last year as we came up the boat struck a sand bar. About seven, passed Carrollton on the Kentucky River. Eight [o'clock] and are at Madison. Remained 15 minutes. It is now getting dark; we are passing Hanover. The college is scarcely visible among the trees.

* * *

"I went in the cabin and at her request sat down by the French lady. One of the young gentlemen who accompanied her came in. I arose to go but they insisted I should sit down again. He introduced himself as Dr. August LaVaque and the lady as his aunt, Madame LaVaque. He conversed as fluently in English as in French.

"He said they lived on a plantation opposite Baton Rouge, La., and had been traveling over the United States. He asked if I could 'talk French.' I told him I could not. Then they wanted me to sing a little song the lady had overheard me singing in the afternoon. I excused myself. They said they wished I was going on down the Mississippi with them and said if I ever did come to Baton Rouge to be sure and visit them and they would be glad to see me and would make it pleasant for me and it would certainly be a novelty for me to see how sugar was made.

"The doctor was certainly quite handsome. His skin was rather dark; bright and expressive black eyes, black curly hair and beautiful white teeth and a black mustache. He left us a few moments, then came in with a Negro boy with a large harp who gave us some splendid music. We sat up until after ten. He gave me a paper to read a piece by a French woman. It was quite interesting.

"July 14. Saturday morning. The boat is now lying at the Louisville wharf and has been ever since last night at eleven. I got up early and

went out in the cabin and sat down by the French lady, Madame LaVaque. We had a very pleasant talk. She showed me a number of nice little presents she was taking home to her nieces. A girl was sitting at the piano playing.

* * *

"Monsier LaVaque soon came in; he said, 'Command me to do anything for you in the way of getting a hack or anything else you desire.' I told him if it was not too much trouble he might get a hack for Emma and I. He soon returned and said he had secured two, one for us and one for them. He insisted on paying for our hack too; wishing us 'a pleasant journey across the river; goodbye', and he parted.

"Their hack was behind ours all the way down to Portland where they got aboard the 'Niagara' bound down the Mississippi and we on the 'Ferryboat' for home which we reached about 9 o'clock and received a hearty welcome, especially from mother.

"Sweet as the hour that brings us home
Where all will spring to meet us;
Where hands are striving as we come
To be the first to greet us!
What is the worth of your diamond ray
To the glance that flashes pleasure
When the words that welcome us betray
We form a home's chief treasure;
O, joyfully dear is the homeward track
If we are but sure of a welcome back."

This is the 11th of a series of articles by Kate Milner Rabb in her "Hoosier Listening Post" column of the Indianapolis Star based upon the diary of Maria Graham, born in New Albany in 1836, which was loaned Mrs. Rabb by Mrs. Evelyn Shipman Mouser of Indianapolis.

The last selections quoted in this column from the diary of Maria Graham, New Albany girl of the fifties – the diary in the possession of Evelyn Shipman Mouser of this city, described her return home with her sister from a year in school at Marietta, O. Her very next entry indicates that the young people of New Albany were still finding ways to amuse themselves for on July 16, 1855 she writes:

"Tuesday, A. Hill called and gave me an invitation to a 'blackberry party' for next Thursday. I told her to call for me and perhaps I might go."

* * *

On Thursday, the nineteenth, she writes: "In the morning, Mr. J. Woodruff came for me. We went up for Jane, then down to Mrs. Townsend's. There were several ladies and gentlemen present. We started off in high spirits, went down to the Old Shipyard and remained a short time till the skiffs were brought for us. Five of us got in a skiff. A Mr. McConnel and Mr. Woodruff rowed one of them. A Mr. S. P. Stryer, Jane and I were the passengers.

"Mr. S. was a real mischief and kept teasing us all the way about turning the skiff over. After rowing two or three miles down the river we anchored, then struck out for the 'Blackberry Patch,' which we soon reached. The day was lovely and we had a jolly good time. Did not get home until dusk. As Mr. Woodruff had got muddy trying to get some flowers growing along the bank he did not take me home but Mr. Stryer accompanied me as he said he 'wanted to see where I lived' and 'wanted to get my company for the party in the evening.'

"After supper he returned. Soon Jane and Mr. Gilbert Lentz came by. We all stopped in at 'Detrick's Ice Cream Saloon,' and then went on

down to Mrs. Townsend's, had a nice time. Did not get home till one o'clock."

This and similar statements in the diary should be considered definite proof that the young people of the fifties – at least in the gayer river towns – did not keep the early hours we have been led to believe they did.

* * *

"July 21. Went down to the post office. Received a note from T. asking permission to call next Wednesday. In the evening, Mr. S. came for me and we went down to Mrs. Townsend's to an 'Ice Cream Social,' not much luck with the cream but a pleasant time otherwise.

* * *

"July 22. Sunday. In the evening Mr. Stryher came; we went over to the Second Presbyterian Church. The fire bells were ringing. Mr. S. got up and went out but soon returned. Just then the gas gave out and Mrs. Atterbury had to dismiss the congregation. Mr. S. proposed we go down to the 'Old Ship', but after going a short distance down Main street we concluded it would be too late, so returned home. He remained till eleven.

"He says he loves me; that the first time he saw me on the morning of that day we had the 'Blackberry' picnic, he remarked to a lady he had always thought God would bring the woman to him he was to have for his wife and the moment he saw me enter the house he felt I was the one.' It seems to me a very strange idea.

* * *

"July 23. In the washing tub. Someone knocked at the door. I answered the knock. Found Mr. S. standing there. He excused himself for calling so early but said there was going to be a 'Museum' and he wanted me to go with him.

"In the evening he came; we went up for Jane; then down Pearl street to the river where was anchored a small boat, the 'Floating Palace.'

On board a splendid collection of curiosities was to be seen. Among them was 'Napoleon's Family' in wax. I suppose. The statue of Josephine was perfectly beautiful. Mr. Lentz soon came for Jane so we went up to Detrick's for cream. Mr. S. says he truly loves me.

"July 26. In the evening went up to Angie's to see Mary Walker. She was so glad to see me; we had such a lovely chat. Started home at seven o'clock; just as I entered the gate saw a gentleman standing talking to mother. He held out his hand to me and I recognized T, but he had changed very much. We took a short walk.

* * *

"July 27. Mr. S. called. We started down to McCurdy's; met Jane and Mr. L., who accompanied us. We then went to Detrick's, sat out on the porch and ate cream. The moon was shining brightly and the river sparkled in its rays. Reached home at ten.

* * *

"July 28. Mary Walker came down and spent the day. A little after seven o'clock, Mr. S. came with a buggy. I got in; we drove up past New Banks where Mr. Lenz and Jane were in a buggy waiting for us. We had a very pleasant ride as far as Jeffersonville. We stopped and got some ice cream and then returned home again.

"Mr. S. says 'Why can not I say I return his love?'

* * *

"July 29, Sunday. Minnie Jennings and I went down to the 'Old Ship'. When we came out it looked so much like rain so I went over to Lucinda's and remained till two o'clock.

"In the evening, Mr. S. came and we went to the Second Church.

This is the 12th of a series of articles by Kate Milner Rabb in her "Hoosier Listening Post" column of the Indianapolis Star based upon the diary of Maria Graham, born in New Albany in 1836, which was loaned Mrs. Rabb by Mrs. Evelyn Shipman Mouser of Indianapolis.

"Spirit Rappings" were said to be much discussed in the United States in the fifties and 19-year-old Maria Graham of New Albany mentions a sermon on the subject in her diary. She also mentions a riot in Louisville, and like Silas Wegg "drops into poetry."

"August 1, 1855. Mr. S. called for me and we went to prayer meeting at the 'Old Ship,' or rather, Wesley Chapel.

"August 3. Mr. S. came and we went up to Jane's and then down to Detrick's. Jane says Will Newbanks has died in Evansville with typhoid fever. Mr. S. says I am a strange girl.

* * *

"August 5. In the morning attended the Second Church. Mrs. S. and Mr. D. were there. In the afternoon, Mr. Ran Poindexter came to see Carrie. In the evening we all went to the Second Church and heard a sermon against 'Spiritual Rappings.'

"August 6. A little boy brought me a large basket of fine peaches, a present from Mr. S.

"A terrible riot is going on in Louisville. Report, over twenty men killed and a great many wounded. From all we hear, it may be a great deal worse.

"August 7. At night, after eleven, was awakened by a band of serenaders; Mr. S. was with them. They played and sang some beautiful pieces; "My Tennessee Bride" "Old Dog Tray" and several others. I could never tire of such music. Just two years ago this month since one who is now in his grave gave me such a serenade.

Long ago, amid the stillness
Of a starlit summer night,
Sat by my chamber window,

Neath the moon's pale silver light
Listening to a voice so dear.
Long summer days shall come and go –
No summer brings the dead again.
I listen for that voice's flow
And ache at heart with deepening pain
For he has passed away.

* * *

The next entry was not made until September, and is dated

"Sept. 9, Sunday Birthday. Today I am nineteen years old. Can it be possible? I should put away childish things and childish thoughts and be thinking of a woman's duties and yet I am but a child in thought and action, though in the few brief years I have spent in this world I have witnessed much of sadness and gloom. Shadows have oftimes spanned the blue of my horizon and obscured the rays of sunshine across the pathway of life. Yet Hope, like a guardian angel, has always hovered o'er me, and cheered me on my way.

* * *

"It has always been my habit to write on slips of paper any little incidents I wished to remember before copying them in my journal that I keep for my own pleasure. I am so sorry that all from September, 1855, to June, 1856, have been lost in some way.

* * *

"1856, June 24. The Masons had a grand parade today and we have had a great deal of company. I am going to the country today to be gone until Saturday.

"June 28. Came home today. Carrie gave me a letter from Mr. J. Morehead saying Mr. S. is very sick in Boonville, Missouri. In the evening received another stating he is better.

* * *

"July 4th. Friday in the morning Jane and Ann came up for me to go to a picnic with them. Mr. W. Johns accompanied us; we went down to the Woodward Hall where a very large crowd was collected and as conveyances were scarce it was almost eleven o'clock before we all reached the 'Grove.' Loop Grove is a lovely place for a picnic. The 'Oleola Boys' looked fine; music and dancing were the program. In the evening we walked home.

* * *

"August 6. Cousin Somerville and Mr. Grant both came. It rained very hard and hailed, too.

"August 7. Mr. G. and Josephine Lewis came and spent the evening.

"August 10. Received a letter from Mr. Stryher; he is better and will return as soon as he is able to travel.

"August 13. Sunday. In the afternoon Mr. John McAfee and Joe Lewis, Mr. Grant and I walked out to the graveyard." (This was a favorite diversion at this time.)

"August 16. Hattie Brandes came up and took tea with me.

"August 17. Went down to Cousin Mary Harmonson's to help her sew. In the evening went down to Mrs. T. Just one year ago I was there to a party the eve of the 'blackberry picnic.' Mrs. T., Almeda and I sat out on the porch on a settee. The moon was shining brightly. My thoughts were on the happy past when all seemed bright and fair."

This is the 13th of a series of articles by Kate Milner Rabb in her "Hoosier Listening Post" column of the Indianapolis Star based upon the diary of Maria Graham, born in New Albany in 1836, which was loaned Mrs. Rabb by Mrs. Evelyn Shipman Mouser of Indianapolis.

The presentation of a flag to the Filmore Club of New Albany was one of the features of the political campaign of the summer of 1856. This is mentioned in the diary of Maria Graham, the 19-year-old New Albany girl, whose diary, the property of Mrs. Evelyn Shipman Mouser, of this city, has been appearing in this column.

* * *

On July 20 Mr. Grant, who on her return from boarding school had shown her so much attention, reappears.

"July 20th, 1856. Sunday. Mr. Grant came for me to go up to the John street church with him. The first time I was ever there.

* * *

"July 29. In the evening I went by for Jane to go to a small party at Mrs. T's. We all went up to the ice cream saloon, then back again; did not get home till twelve.

"August 5th. In the afternoon Jane and I went down to Hartlett's Gallery where she had her ambro-type taken for Mr. Johns. In the evening Mr. G. came up. He said Jo told him she was coming, too, but she did not make her appearance.

"August 17. Sunday. In the evening, Mr. G. and I went to the Campbellite church. After the services went up to the ferry boat landing where a young lady was immersed.

* * *

"Saturday, August 23. About three o'clock, a crowd of us went down to the 'Public Square' to see a flag presented to the 'Filmore Club.' There were thirty-one young ladies dressed in white, representing the different states. After the presentation of the flag, Gen. Pilcher of Louisville addressed the crowd.

* * *

"Sunday, August 24. In the evening, Mr. Grant, Carrie, Drue Huncilman and I went to the Episcopal church.

"August 26. Jane and I went down to the post office. I received two letters from Mr. S. He is living in New Franklin and is better but not yet well.

"August 30. Carrie started down to Mr. Dean's today to teach school.

Carrie Turner's husband's funeral was preached by Mr. Hutchinson at the Third Presbyterian Church, 'The Odd Fellows' had charge. The Brass Band was with them.

"Poor Carrie! Little thought she when she was a lively girl attending school at Mt. Tabor that she would ever have so much trouble. But such is life, transient but full of trials, and Carrie has had her share. A father's death, then in a short time her only baby boy drowned, and now in only a few weeks more a husband she loved, crushed to earth with an unexpected blow. He had been absent for three weeks, returned, had been with her a short time, and concluded he would go to see how the machinery in the new mill of Mann and Laydon worked, had not been there more than five minutes when a millstone broke, the pieces flew in all directions, one piece striking him, mashing both legs almost into a jelly. He lived but a very short time.

"Poor Carrie! She is indeed an afflicted one. Life has not been to her 'one bright summer day.' It does seem that she is sorely tried. We can not understand, for sometimes

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.
Blind unbelief is sure to err
And scan his work in vain.
God is his own interpreter

And he will make it plain.
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

* * *

"September second. This is my twentieth birthday. It seems but a few days since I was nineteen. The years begin to pass like months. This year with its sunshine and shadows, its joys and its sorrows, its longings realized and its disappointments, its meetings and its partings has passed away, gone forever. I sit here in the same place I wrote a year ago; not many changes around me, true, but many in my heart. One is far away, may he be brought safely back again is my prayer.

I ask not for a longer life
But I would like to see
The ship that's freighted with my past
Come sailing back to me.

* * *

"Sept. 16. This evening received a letter from Mr. S. He is not yet able to work and can scarcely walk. May God watch over him in his afflictions.

* * *

"Sept. 18. In the evening Emma Wyble and Mead. T. came for me to go to a 'Happening In' at Mrs. Hatfield's. We had a nice time. Mr. McDonald brought me home."

In the next entry she uses the almost forgotten expression of "waiting upon."

"Sept. 20. Went to a small party at Mrs. Townsend's. Mr. McDonald came home with me. He asked if I had any objections to his waiting on me. I excused myself."

This is the 14th of a series of articles by Kate Milner Rabb in her "Hoosier Listening Post" column of the Indianapolis Star based upon the diary of Maria Graham, born in New Albany in 1836, which was loaned Mrs. Rabb by Mrs. Evelyn Shipman Mouser of Indianapolis.

The young people of New Albany in the fifties evidently enjoyed themselves, according to the diary of 20-year-old Maria Graham, and there must have been plenty of young men for these parties. On the Sunday after Mr. McDonald had asked Maria if he could "wait on" her, she wrote.

"September 21. Remained at home. Minnie J. came up awhile.

"Sept. 22. It is rather cold today. Mother has gone out to Mary Walker's and I am home alone. I am thinking of one who is far away.

Long months have vanished fleetly,
Since we parted at life's stream,
But remembrance of thee sweetly
Steals o'er my happy dream.

* * *

"Sept. 24. Went down to Mrs. T's. There were eight or nine couples present. Spent quite a pleasant evening and if _____ had been there would have enjoyed it better."

* * *

"No more entries until March 6, 1857.

"Saturday, March 6. Mr. Moorehead came to see me; he had just returned from Franklin, Missouri. He said a great deal against S., and told me to have nothing more to do with him.

"March 15. Have been staying up at Angie's. She has been quite sick. Today I came home to stay.

"March 29. Mr. G. and I went up to spend the evening with Jane. Mrs. Newbanks has moved from Pearl street to her own house again.

"April 1. Went to a party at Mrs. Townsend's.

"April 2. Went up to spend the evening with Annie Graham.

"April 6. Mr. G. came up to bid me good bye. He is going to Rockport to work.

* * *

May. School No. 8. This is one of the most disagreeable days I ever saw. Raining steady all the time. I am in a little school house on the side of the Knobs. I had a terrible time getting here; the mud is over shoe tops. The children have all gone home to dinner. In pleasant weather I should love to ramble over these hills but it is so dreary now. I am in hopes I can go home in the stage tonight as it comes from Corydon. Carrie is sick and I am teaching for her.

The day is cold and dark and dreary
And I am lonely, sad and weary
If I were only home I would be glad.

* * *

No more entries then until July.

"July 4. Mr. Grant and I went to the Osceola Fire Company picnic at Loop Grove. It rained very hard and turned quite cool.

July 20. The girls started to Madison on a visit today."

No more entries then until September.

"September 22. Just one week ago in the morning a little after seven o'clock, Mr. T. L. Grant and I were married by the Rev. Mr. Atterbury. There were but four persons present besides our family. At half past eight we went over to Louisville, stopped at the 'Commercial House.' The proprietor, Mr. Buford and his wife were such pleasant people. Mr. G. and I took quite a long walk. The next morning we walked quite a distance. I enjoyed it very much. In the evening we came back to New Albany, took supper at his aunt's, Mrs. Myers, and stayed all night.

"Sept. 24. The Thursday after we were married we went to board at the 'McCormick House.' There was too much confusion all the time, day and night. We did not like it at all.

"October first. We went to board at Mr. John Bolens on lower Seventh street. They have a number of boarders besides ourselves. It is much pleasanter than where we were before. I believe I would rather go to housekeeping.

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home – Home, sweet home.

* * *

For a period of eight years, Maria wrote nothing in her diary. Then in January, 1865, she wrote:

"Poor forsaken Journal! Can it be possible that nearly eight long years have elapsed since I last wrote on thy fair pages?

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And ever brought to mind?
Sad is my heart as I recall the past tonight.
And I murmur, half unconscious.
Is the dream of girlhood over.
Has my life's last bright star faded.
Leaving darkness evermore?
Ah, these mournful words find echo
In my bosom's inner gloom,
Seeming to my soul like voices –
Voices breathing from the tomb.

"Ah, me: how these human heart strings of mine do moan and ache as I think of my little Nora darling who died on the 23rd of December, 1859. Other dear ones too have passed away, among that number, Anna Schively. How I loved her! Little did I think when she left us on that glad morning for a visit to Cincinnati that she would be brought home a corpse in less than two weeks. She died of typhoid fever, September 7, 1864.

And she concludes the entry with a poem to Anna.

Maria Graham's Diary Describes The "Sixties"

This is the 15th of a series of articles by Kate Milner Rabb in her "Hoosier Listening Post" column of the Indianapolis Star based upon the diary of Maria Graham, born in New Albany in 1836, which was loaned Mrs. Rabb by Mrs. Evelyn Shipman Mouser of Indianapolis.

The New Albany diarist, Maria Graham, who married Thomas Grant when she was 19, describes a visit to Cincinnati in June 1865. In her April 14 entry she mentions the celebration over Fort Sumter and in the next the assassination of President Lincoln.

"April 14, 1865. Four years ago today Fort Sumter was surrendered to the rebels and our Stars and Stripes were torn down. Today our glorious old ensign will again float proudly to the breeze. This will be a day of public rejoicing all over the country. At 6 o'clock this morning all the fire bells began ringing and 100 guns were fired in honor of the occasion. The soldiers, Odd Fellows, Masons and citizens had a grand parade and at night a general illumination. The streets were crowded with people too happy to remain indoors. Oh, this is truly a glad day to me and I do rejoice from a full heart at the approach of "the dawn of peace" –

"April 15. Oh, what an awful change since yesterday! The news, the dreadful news: Our noble and kind-hearted President Lincoln has been basely assassinated. He was shot at Ford's Theatre in Washington City by John Wilkes Booth, the tragedian, an event unequaled in the history of nations. Truly in the midst of life we are in death. The nation's 'Gloria in excelsis' is changed to the 'miserere.' The whole land will mourn as one man. This day will be sadly memorable so long as this nation shall endure. Such a life and character as was that of Abraham Lincoln will be treasured forever as the sacred possession of the American people.

Divinely gifted man,
The pillar of the people's hope.

* * *

"April 19. This is a dark and gloomy day in New Albany. All business is suspended and most all the houses are draped in mourning. Memorial services were held in all churches. I went to the First Presbyterian Church to hear Dr. Safford. He compared Lincoln to a second Moses; as he was about to enter the Canaan of Peace he was called to die."

After a few more entries, she writes on the 14th of June of her Cincinnati visit:

"Sue Shively and I started to Cincinnati on a visit. Tom (her husband) and Charley Shively went with us as far as Louisville (We stopped in to bid our preacher and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Julian good bye.) In Louisville we got aboard the General Lytle; it was quite a large boat and full of passengers."

(We could wish that she had written more about this boat which was one of the finest of the large New Orleans packets.)

"Miss Hattie Snyder of Aurora came on board; she had been visiting at Mr. Chris Wolf's in New Albany. We offered her a share of our state room. We did not retire until twelve, waiting for the boat to reach Aurora.

"We stood out on the guards most of the time, viewing the beautiful scenery spread out on either side of the Ohio. My thoughts went back to nine years before when I, a light-hearted girl, just emancipated from school, sailed down this same river to my own loved Hoosier home.

I thought of the days departed
When life seemed all fair and bright.
When no clouds obscured my sunshine
And Time trod for me on flowers:
Ah my life is changed and weary
Since those bygone joyous hours.

I would I could go on to Marietta and visit the old seminary where I have spent so many happy hours.

* * *

"June 15. I do not know the time the boat reached Cincinnati but about six in the morning Mrs. Clark and Frank came to meet us. We got

into a hack and were driven to 481 Race street. In the evening we took a walk in the Park, a very short distance from the house. It is quite a lovely place.

June 16. Mrs. Clark, Sue and I visited the school where Frank is teaching. It is a very large building. The principal, Mr. Strunk, and the other teachers are very pleasant.

"We were taken through the different rooms. They had some recitations and some gymnastic performances for us. Then music and singing in Miss Black's room. She is an intimate friend of Frank's and a very sociable lady. There came up a hard rain so Miss Black and Frank sent out and got some cakes and we had a lunch in Miss B's room.

"At 2 o'clock we visited Ed Prichard's school, then went to see his father's family. They are very pleasant people.

"We had quite a good view of Cincinnati from the hills.

* * *

"June 17. In the evening Mr. Ed Prichard called on us. A little after 7 o'clock Menter's band played in the park, some splendid pieces. There was a very large crowd assembled. We stood by the fountain."

This is the 16th of a series of articles by Kate Milner Rabb in her "Hoosier Listening Post" column of the Indianapolis Star based upon the diary of Maria Graham, born in New Albany in 1836, which was loaned Mrs. Rabb by Mrs. Evelyn Shipman Mouser of Indianapolis.

In the early entries in her diary for 1867 Maria Graham Grant of New Albany, some extracts from whose diary have appeared in this column, writes principally of attendance on church, and the 'Mite Society' and "sewing bees." On March 12, 1867, she mentions a possible flood.

"Went down to see the river. It is rising very rapidly and bids fair to be as high as it was in 1847." It had snowed a great deal in the preceding months – once she mentions that the snow "is over shoe-top high" and again "the deepest snow we have had in years."

Nothing of especially interest until May, when she went to an exhibition.

"The exhibition for the benefit of the church came off tonight. Everything looked lovely. On the platform an arch was erected and twined with evergreens and flowers. Fancy hanging baskets and pictures were hung among the evergreens.

"The singers and speakers all did credit to themselves. The raw Englishman trying to learn our language (by Mr. Ben Deacon and Miss Lil Akin) brought down the house. Little Lillie Brown's temperance song, "Poor Little Bessie" was sung sweetly. "The Village Parsonage" was acted well and the "Washer Woman," a comical piece by a little girl and boy, was received with great applause. I appreciated more than all a song by Belle Oatman, "I Wandered by the Brookside."

* * *

"June 17. Went to the 'Floral Festival' of Ashbery College, in the Music Hall, the first time I was ever in the building.

"July 4. The John Street Sunday school had intended going picnicking on the Knobs, four miles away, but it rained so hard the trip was

abandoned. In the afternoon Ida Tomlin, Sue Schively's cousin from Philadelphia, Tom and I went out to the fairgrounds. I never saw so many small boys drunk as were there. It made my heart ache to think what miserable lives of crime and disgrace they would lead.

* * *

"August first. In the evening went down to DePauw Hall to hear the Rev. Mr. Hill, the Centenary preacher, answer Rector Carver, the Episcopalian.

"November 2. Tonight Mr. Ben Deacon opened a singing school in John street. I am going to attend and think I will like it very much.

"Nov. 7. Today we moved to our own house. I think I will like it, but it is very far up town – upper Thirteenth between Spring and Market.

"Feb. 18, 1868. Belle Oatman and Mart McCulloch were married tonight. We were at the wedding; the supper was fine.

* * *

"July 4th. The John Street Sunday School had a picnic at Hugh's Grove six miles below New Albany on the Kentucky shore. There was an immense crowd from the different schools of the city on the boat. The day was the hottest of the season.

"August 15. Went to hear Col. Nelson Trusler, secretary of state, speak at the Republican stand.

"August 24. Heard Colonel Thomas H. Nelson speak. He was one of the most eloquent speakers I ever heard. Everybody seemed delighted with his talk.

"August 25. The largest crowd yet turned out to hear Governor Conrad Baker speak.

"August 28. Went to hear Thomas M. Down speak. The 'Fighting Boys In Blue' and 'Grant Guards' were out in full force and very enthusiastic.

* * *

September second was her birthday – she was thirty-two, and she took the occasion to review her life – its joys and sorrows and to quote some poetry.

"September 8. A fine silk flag was presented to 'The Fighting Boys In Blue' followed by a speech from Mr. Aleck Dowling. The torch light procession was grand. It looked as if every person in the city had turned out.

"Sept. 12. I was out most of the afternoon with Sue Schively and Laura Beck soliciting money to purchase a flag for the First Ward Club. Succeeded pretty well for these hard times.

* * *

Sept. 19. Ever since last Saturday some of the ladies of the First Ward have been collecting money and making a flag. We are making it at the Florence Sewing Machine office of Mr. Robert McDuff on Bank street. The flag is ten by twenty-two feet and will soon be finished and –

Floating high above us, glowing in the sun,
Speaking loud to all hearts of a freedom won.
Who dares to sully it bought with precious blood?
Gallant lads will fight for though theirs should swell the flood.

This is the 17th of a series of articles by Kate Milner Rabb in her "Hoosier Listening Post" column of the Indianapolis Star based upon the diary of Maria Graham, born in New Albany in 1836, which was loaned Mrs. Rabb by Mrs. Evelyn Shipman Mouser of Indianapolis.

The "ladies of the first ward" of New Albany must have been very busy with politics in the fall of 1868, even though they did not have the vote. Maria Graham Grant, born 1836, some extracts from whose diary have appeared in this column, tells of some of their activities.

* * *

"Sept. 25, 1868. This afternoon was quite cool and we trimmed up the first ward stand beautifully with flowers and evergreens; the old walnut tree back of it hung full of mottoes and transparencies. At night it was a perfect blaze of lights." (As these lights were probably all candles they would seem very dim compared with our lights today!)

"Five of us ladies sat upon the stand; we were dressed in black and wore Union badges and were a representation of the ladies of the first ward. I was selected to present the flag to the club through Mr. William Farrell. After it had been swung to the breeze, the Hon. D. C. Williamson made an excellent speech.

* * *

"Sept. 26. Judge Hughes spoke at the Pearl street stand. There came near being a fight between the 'White Boys in Blue' and the 'Fighting Boys in Blue.'

"Sept. 31. Went up to Jeffersonville at the grand Republican rally. There was a tremendous turnout from all parts of the country, a grand time sure enough. We took supper at Brother Sullivan's, the Methodist minister, and remained to the speaking at night.

"Oct. 10. A great Republican mass meeting was held in New Albany today. I have been hard at work ever since last Monday; the house has been full of company most of the time. I had to superintend

the dressing of thirty-seven young ladies. They looked real nice and pretty in the Union colors. The procession was the largest ever seen in New Albany. After parading the principal streets, they went to the fairgrounds. At night a torchlight procession, then a short speech at the first ward stand by Colonel Gill of Kentucky. Nearly twelve when we got home.

* * *

"Oct. 13. – Election day. Everything passed off quietly notwithstanding all the threats made.

"Oct. 15. Went over to John street to see George H. Cook and Rosa Young married. They looked very nice. Brother J. D. Rogers married them.

"There is a great deal of excitement on account of the election returns. Governor Baker has won the day. The roaring of cannon and bursting of rockets give expression of the joy of Republican hearts."

After several entries concerning minor affairs she returns to the subject of the elections.

"Oct. 28. In the morning, Mrs. Genung, Ruth Greenaway and I with the assistance of some gentlemen trimmed the first ward stand beautifully. By 2 o'clock, the hour at which Schuyler Colfax was to speak, a vast crowd had assembled. I had a seat on the stand where I had a good view of the speaker's countenance. No one could see or hear him without being won to respect and even love him. His speech was a perfect characteristic of the man, a true Christian statesman.

"After he was through a great rush was made for the stand to shake hands with him. I had the privilege of an introduction and shake hands also. At night went down to the Pearl street stand where he again made an address.

"October 29. Went to hear General Nat Kendall, a splendid speaker.

"November 5. The 'Fighting Boys in Blue' and the 'Grant Guards' had a torch light procession in honor of the election of Grant and Colfax.

"November 26. Thanksgiving day. In the evening went down to the Centenary church. Short speeches were made by different ones; they were very entertaining.

"November 29. In the morning I got up about five o'clock. The moon shone so brightly. It was a beautiful scene. If it were not for the trials and suffering of life this would be indeed a paradise.

"November 30. – Emma started for Florence, Alabama. She seemed sad at going away but anxious to go. At night I went to class meeting."

Emma, it is explained later, went to teach for the Freedman's Bureau.

This is the 18th of a series of articles by Kate Milner Rabb in her "Hoosier Listening Post" column of the Indianapolis Star based upon the diary of Maria Graham, born in New Albany in 1836, which was loaned Mrs. Rabb by Mrs. Evelyn Shipman Mouser of Indianapolis.

The next entry of Maria Graham Grant tells of a terrible steamboat accident.

"Dec. 8, 1868. The past week has been one of sorrow and disaster. On last Tuesday night Mrs. Genung, who lives next door, was suddenly taken very sick and on Thursday morning about 6 o'clock breathed her last. I had no thought of this for she was such a healthy looking woman, very lively and so full of fun the day we trimmed the stand.

"Mr. Genung telegraphed to Pittsburg to her friends. Her mother and brother started for New Albany. At Cincinnati they got aboard the ill-fated steamer, the 'United States', bound for Louisville. It and the 'America' collided near Warsaw and both boats burned. The 'United States' had aboard a large shipment of petroleum, which burned so rapidly that most all the passengers perished, the mother and brother among the number. Their bodies were never recovered.

"Among the number killed was Mrs. Seabrook, whom I have known most all my life; her body was found but not in a condition for her friends to see.

"This terrible event occurred on last Friday, the fourth of December. No one was lost on the 'America'. Last night and today have been extremely cold, a raw north wind blowing.

* * *

"December 10. At night went down to Music Hall to see 'The Drummer Boy of Shiloh,' including tableaux. The different characters represented were by home talent, each one doing credit to himself. The proceeds were for the benefit of widows and orphans.

"December 12. Another horrible thing to record in our once quiet city. Last night about three o'clock the Seymour Vigilance Committee numbering about seventy-five, entered the town, surrounded the jail, shot

the sheriff in the arm and getting possession of the keys hung the three Reno brothers and Anderson, the railroad conspirators who were held as prisoners in the jail. Persons who saw the bodies the next day say that they presented a shocking and a sickening sight."

* * *

The next December entries describe the weather – cold and snowy and she writes that they "went over to Carrie's for Christmas dinner." The New Year's entry is the conventional sentimental one – buried hopes, regrets, etc., with some poetry.

"New Year's day, January first, 1869. The Old year with its joys and sorrows, its sunshine and its shadows, has passed away." The seventh day of the month she mentions as being so warm that they have no fire, but in a few days it is snowing again.

* * *

On January 28. 'Went down to Heimberger's gallery with Carrie to have her photo taken. Stopped at Dr. Gibbs's office to see him; he has been quite sick and looks so badly." On February first she hears of the death of one of her teachers at Marietta Seminary, which she attended in 1854. "I read an account of Prof. Tenney's death in the New York Evangelist. He died at North Hampton, Mass., with nervous prostration. He gave up teaching in the Old Seminary at Marietta in 1861 and moved to Northampton, where he formerly lived. He was a noble good man and a kind and faithful teacher. Gone from labor to reward and his works will follow him."

No entries for a month, and then in March she tells of a donation party.

"...for Brother Clippinger's folks. The house was crowded with their friends and all had a happy time. Over two hundred dollars in money and goods was realized, showing that the pastor and his family are appreciated in New Albany."

On the next Sunday at Sunday school "Brother Jocelyn, an old superintendent presented each teacher and scholar with a copy of a song called 'The Army of the Lord' to the tune of 'Shall We Gather at the River?' The whole school sang it for him.

"May 19. After prayer meeting a motion was made to hold a strawberry festival. Carried.

"May 21. Sisters of the church met in small room to talk it over. Decided to hold it in DePauw Hall.

"May 24. We met in the hall and went to work.

"May 27. The hall presents a beautiful appearance. Everybody who has seen it thinks it is the nicest thing of the kind ever got up in New Albany.

"May 29. The Festival closed tonight. All hands are pretty well tired out, but satisfied with the result. Cleared, three hundred dollars."

This is the 19th of a series of articles by Kate Milner Rabb in her "Hoosier Listening Post" column of the Indianapolis Star based upon the diary of Maria Graham, born in New Albany in 1836, which was loaned Mrs. Rabb by Mrs. Evelyn Shipman Mouser of Indianapolis.

"The grandest sight I ever expect to witness this side of heaven occurred this afternoon – a total eclipse of the sun. I could not help but exclaim 'O Lord, what is man that Thou are mindful of him?'"

Thus wrote Maria Graham Grant of New Albany in her diary on August 7, 1869. Later in the month, on August 24, she quotes Dr. Clapp's weather record:

"This has been the warmest day for thirty-four years according to Dr. Clapp's thermometer. At half past eleven a.m. it registered 102." Dr. Asahel Clapp of New Albany was the celebrated scientist who, from the time of his going to New Albany about 1819 until his death in the sixties, kept an accurate weather record.

Ice cream and cake were still the popular refreshments among the young people and on the evening of September 5 Maria notes that

"...we went down to the Florence Machine Company where Mr. McDuff had invited a number of his friends to eat ice cream and cake. The Florence machine was one of the very early types of sewing machines. It was said to do fine work but was so complicated that when it got out of order, which was frequently, it was difficult to find a workman who could repair it, hence it was soon outstripped by the simpler "Wheeler and Wilson."

On January 1, 1870, Maria records the trite fact that the year has seemed short – "but such is life" and follows it with a poem:

Alas! And what is that?
Our days and minutes flee
On wheels more swift than eagles wings;

Our life's a clock and every gasp of breath
Breathes forth a warning brief, till
Time can strike
At Death.

Early in January smallpox appeared in New Albany and Maria's little nephew "Bob" became ill with it. "He is badly marked," she writes after having seen him when recovering at the window.

On April 7 she notes: The colored population are celebrating the fifteenth amendment proclamation today. They assembled at the upper market house where addresses were made by several white men. Mr. Malone, the colored preacher and an original poem was recited by Col. T. G. Morrison.

While the weeks were all filled with parties and "socials" the event of 1870 to Maria was her trip to Evansville as a delegate to the state Sunday School convention held there in May. The minister, Sue Shively, and Maria were the delegates from the John Street Sunday School. On the morning of the 7th she wrote: "On board the 'Morning Star' [this was a well-known Ohio river steamboat for many years] we are having a nice time. Last night we had some singing from 'Musical Leaves.' We did not retire until after twelve o'clock. Everybody aboard so very sociable. At eleven o'clock this morning Brother Cushman preached an excellent but brief sermon from the words 'No man careth for my soul'. In the evening we landed at Evansville.

"Brother Hill met us and told us to go up to the Walnut Street Presbyterian Church and we would be sent to our respective places. Sue and I were sent to Mrs. Keen's on Oak street. They were very pleasant people and had a lovely home. At night the opening services were held in Trinity Church. The addresses were delivered by C. N. Sims. Mrs. Coolidge from Princeton sang a solo. She had a splendid voice. After the services were over Dr. Andrus, pastor of the church, married a couple, Mr. Feltz H. Meadows and Miss Sue Bedford.

"May 8. The morning and afternoon exercises were held in the Walnut Street Church and at night in Trinity.

"May 9. In the morning at Walnut. In the afternoon a Children's Mass Meeting was held in Trinity. The large church was crowded and very interesting short speeches were made by Mrs. Coffin, Colonel Ray of Indianapolis, and others. Chaplain Lozier gave a short lesson on 'The Five P's' – presence, punctual, prepared, patience, pious. In the afternoon Mrs. Keen ordered her carriage and we had a nice ride through the principal streets of Evansville. Will Clark, who was staying in Evansville, took supper with us. At night the closing exercises were held in Walnut Street Church, as that was more accessible to the river. The singing by Professor Foote and Mrs. Brewer of Chicago was a regular treat.

"The large audience seemed spellbound while they sang Hood's 'Bridge of Sights' (one more unfortunate) with much power and feeling. Afterward they sang 'The River of Time.' The utmost silence prevailed until the last note died upon the air; then a perfect storm of assembly, showing the efficacy of music is touching hearts. The convention closed with singing 'Blest be the tie that binds.'

"At the conclusion of the meeting we started for the river, where we got aboard the "Tarascon" [another long-famous steamboat] for home which we reached Saturday morning. I never experienced a more delightful trip in my life."

Maria Graham's Diary Describes The "Sixties"

This is the 20th of a series of articles by Kate Milner Rabb in her "Hoosier Listening Post" column of the Indianapolis Star based upon the diary of Maria Graham, born in New Albany in 1836, which was loaned Mrs. Rabb by Mrs. Evelyn Shipman Mouser of Indianapolis.

Long walks were part of the diversion of the young people of New Albany during the sixties and seventies and Maria Graham Grant tells in her diary for 1870 of a walk on the Knobs on Aug. 13. "In the afternoon a crowd of us younger folks went up on the Knobs. Although it was a long walk we had a fine time."

It was easy, there, to "go a piece" with departing friends. Maria tells of a brother and sister who had been visiting them from Cincinnati. When they started home on the steamboat, "Sue and I went over the river with them. We crossed over the bridge, then down to the Louisville wharf, and aboard the boat where we remained a while."

Maria's birthday was on Sept. 2 – she was 34. A few days later. "In the evening went out to Mollie Turner's to singing school. The Woolen Mill band was there and played some sweet pieces."

Most of this year is a chronicle of church meetings, mute societies, Sunday school varied by an occasional evening party. The next year begins in much the same way. On Oct. 9 is the note:

Oct. 9, 1871. Dispatches say Chicago is burning up.

Oct. 11. The accounts given of the fire are terrible. Great loss of life and much suffering. The papers say the great fires of London and of Moscow do not compare with it."

Dec. 24th. Christmas eve. We had an entertainment in the church for the Sunday school. A large tree hung with the things for the school looked very pretty. A splendid Christmas dialog 'Under the Christmas Tree' by adult members of the school was greatly applauded. A piece recited by little Flora Hester called "Annie's and Willie's Prayer," was given

with so much expression that at its close a general acclamation burst from the audience. Taken all in all, it was one of the most enjoyable Christmas entertainments ever held in John street. Every one asked to take part did so willingly and cheerfully. I believe this is the secret cause of success in any undertaking in life."

On February twentieth Maria with the minister and his wife and "a number of others" went through the prison at Jeffersonville.

"It was a sad sight to behold so many men and some of them mere boys, dressed in the convict's garb within the barred walls. It made my heart ache to see the way they had to go in to get their dinners. I wondered what the feeling of each one could be as they thought of what they might have been and what they are. I know each one has a soul as precious as mine."

Sunday school picnics were frequent in those days and on July fourth the John Street Sunday School had a picnic at Graham's Grove on her former home. "Emma and I went over to the old home place, she writes. "It is all so changed; very few things look like they did when I was a child." Most of the next pages are filled with accounts of death of friends and relatives. On December 26, 1872, she writes: "Snowed last night and is still snowing. The sleighs are sailing past full of happy people. I do feel so sorry for the poor overworked horses."

Maria's mother died in 1873 and she gives the date of her birth, July, 1800, in Seneca county, New York. She came to Indiana in 1816, the year Indiana became a state and was married to John K. Graham in 1822. They lived in the country until 1845 when they moved to New Albany.

"The High School commencement was held on May 23. Notwithstanding it looked very stormy without, within the opera house everything looked bright and cheery. It was crowded to its fullest extent. Willie Beharrell was valedictorian. He did splendidly. His voice could be heard in the remotest parts of the house. Everyone thought he did credit to himself."

Maria always mentions the late hours they kept – late for that day. On May 27 they went to a wedding – Annie Turner and Eugene Thomas. “They were married in John street, then went out to James Turner’s where a nice supper was prepared. The Woolen Mills band discoursed some fine music. Did not get home till 12.”

On August 17, 1873, she tells of going to a camp meeting. “Brother Igleheart’s folks, a number of others, Tom and I went out three miles (the other side of Greenville) to a camp meeting. The ride was delightful and the scenery grand, as went over the Knobs. When we arrived at the grounds there were several thousand people there. We were too late for the morning services. We took dinner with Brother Wilkes’s folks in their tent. At half past two Brother Hestor preached a sermon on “The Resurrection of Christ.” We did not reach home till after dark.”

Maria Graham's Diary Describes The "Seventies"

This is the 21st of a series of articles by Kate Milner Rabb in her "Hoosier Listening Post" column of the Indianapolis Star based upon the diary of Maria Graham, born in New Albany in 1836, which was loaned Mrs. Rabb by Mrs. Evelyn Shipman Mouser of Indianapolis.

The centennial year, 1876, was ushered in at New Albany, Ind., by the firing of cannon and ringing of bells, according to Maria Graham Grant whose diary contains the following entry:

"December 31. Just at midnight the fire bells began ringing, the cannons booming and whistles blowing to welcome in the centennial year. The streets were thronged with people and by the noise and excitement one would suppose it midday rather than midnight. The weather is very mild."

And again on July 4, 1876, she wrote: "Last night at twelve o'clock the fire bells rang out loud and clear ushering in the centennial year of our country's freedom." New Albany's efforts at celebration stopped here, it would seem, for there is no other mention of the centennial year in the diary.

On October 24, 1876 – "At fifteen minutes after twelve at night we felt quite a shock of an earthquake."

The records for the next years are largely of deaths and of church meetings, but on January 3, 1879, she records that "Last night it was terribly cold. The thermometer was down to seventeen below in some places." And the next day: "This morning the air was so full of frost, it hung in great festoons from the trees. The thermometer was down to seventeen below zero. The oldest inhabitants say they never experienced such weather. The snow has lain on the ground for over three weeks."

In October of this year the family followed the usual custom of going over to Louisville to the exposition. "We enjoyed ourselves looking

at everything," she writes, "but the trained birds, dogs and cat and man shot out of a cannon delighted Willie more than anything else."

On October 9, 1880, "The Republicans had one of the grandest torch light processions and illuminations was ever had in New Albany."

"October 16. The Republicans had another fine illumination and torch light procession to celebrate the election of Porter for Governor. The illumination and fireworks at the residence of N. T. DePauw were particularly fine.

"June 28, 1881. In the evening Louisa, Minnie, Rosa McCord, Jamie McCord, Carrie, Belle, Minnie, Lucinda and Emma were here for supper. After supper we all went out to look at the comet. It is a very beautiful one and so large. Astronomers say its tail would encircle the earth one hundred and sixty times.

"July 2. At half past nine o'clock this morning President Garfield was shot by a wretch named Guiteau and it is supposed that he is mortally wounded.

"Sept. 20. President Garfield died last night.

"Sept. 21. So many of the houses are draped in mourning and everything seems so solemn and sad reminding me of the time when Lincoln, our first martyred President, lay dead.

"Sept. 23. The bells of the city are all tolling as the funeral of President Garfield takes place today in Washington.

"Sept. 25. Sunday. Throughout the length and breadth of the country in all the churches sermons are being preached or addresses made on the death of Garfield."

An important event – the laying of the corner stone of the Indiana and Kentucky bridge.

"Oct. 29. This is a big day, on account of the laying of the cornerstone of the Indiana and Kentucky bridge and the first spike was driven and rail laid on the Louisville, New Albany & St. Louis Railway; two grand enterprises. Although it is very windy, it looks as though everybody and everybody's families are out.

"New Albany is fast becoming a 'city of larger growth' and it is surely as healthy and moral a place as anyone would desire to live in."

Evidently the sewing machine was a novelty to the diarist for on November 30, 1881, she writes: "Aunt K. came up to spend the day. She

did a great deal of sewing for me on the machine as it seems almost impossible for me to learn."

"June 12. At night Laura Beck and I went down to the Second Presbyterian Church to hear Dr. J. J. Hight's lecture to the college girls (DePauw Female College); subject, 'Beauty for Ashes.'

"June 15. Went down to the Opera House to the commencement exercises of DePauw College. Belle recited 'The First Settler's Story,' by Will Carleton; Puss Moynahan's 'Reserved Young Man' was real cute. 'The Death of the Old Squire' recited by Carrie Vance was real thrilling."

Maria Graham's Diary Describes The "Eighties"

This is the 22nd of a series of articles by Kate Milner Rabb in her "Hoosier Listening Post" column of the Indianapolis Star based upon the diary of Maria Graham, born in New Albany in 1836, which was loaned Mrs. Rabb by Mrs. Evelyn Shipman Mouser of Indianapolis.

A runaway horse seems rather a mild form of accident in these days of automobiles, but in horse and buggy days it was different. Maria Graham Grant of New Albany, whose diary beginning in 1851, has been quoted in this column through the kindness of its possessor, Mrs. Evelyn Shipman Mouser of this city, tells the story of a runaway. The date of this entry is July 7, 1882, some years after Miss Graham's marriage to Thomas Grant. With some others, the family had gone out to a picnic at Mrs. Grant's old home and had wandered over the old mill where she had played as a child.

"In the evening," she writes, "we started for home; had gone only a short distance, a little past Mrs. Lawson Very's, when the horse began backing and turned the buggy over, throwing the occupants all out but myself. I saw what was coming and sprang out before it went over. I shall never forget how I felt when I saw Tom under the buggy looking so strangely. I thought his skull was fractured. Lucinda was so stunned, I thought she was dead. Her shoulder was badly bruised. Louisa's arm was slightly hurt and a large lump was raised on Willie's head. We soon got straightened up. A boy from Mr. Very's brought another horse, hitched him in the buggy and drove us home, leading the mean old white horse that had been the cause of all the trouble."

* * *

In September Mrs. Grant started her little boy, Willie, to school.

"September 4, 1882. We started Willie to school today. He cried so and did not wish to go. I felt so badly to have him leave me, but when he came home at noon he could hardly eat his dinner, he was so anxious to get back to school."

In October, 1882, she took "the log cabin quilt which I had pieced for the sewing society to the meeting. It is quite pretty." On the 29th she and her husband and Willie took a long walk, "It was such a lovely day. The trees are just beginning to take on their beautiful red, golden and variegated coloring. I think of the four seasons, autumn is the most delightful. We stopped to see Mr. Briching, who is dying of consumption." Almost every entry mentions someone ill, dying or dead with the "consumption."

On January 4, 1883: "James and Mollie Turner down in the afternoon and stayed to supper. After supper they sang such a pretty piece called "Will you love me when I'm old?"

The next entries tell the story of the freshet of 1883.

"February 13, 1883. The Ohio is rising rapidly, destruction vast and general seems inevitable.

"February 14. We took a ride around on the street cars. The back water of Falling Run looks like a broad river. The water has swept everything before it. We went up on Fawcett's Hill; the view from there was grand.

"Feb. 15. We went up on Fawcett's Hill again. A vast sheet of water is to be seen. Water to the right of us, water to the left of us; houses and most everything else imaginable go floating by. A grand sight but also a very distressing one. Old residents say it is higher by two feet than it was in 1832. Jeffersonville is almost submerged and a great deal of Louisville. The water is nearly to the second story of Brother Kistler's house.

"Feb. 16. We went on the street cars down to Bank street, then out to the depot; the back water had come in it quite deep. We then walked on down Spring street to West Eighth, where the water now covers the car tracks. In all directions we could see houses turned entirely over or tipped up. One large brick house fell last night. As we walked up Main street and stopped at the crossing we could see the river at one end of the back water at the other. In the evening we went up on the hill again. Water is still rising and every little while houses go drifting by. A distressing picture but one of peculiar fascination. We went up nearly to the Y. Water covers the Silver Creek bridge. What terrible want and suffering will be the experience of countless thousands!

"Sunday, February 18. The river is falling some. Brother St. Clair preached from the text, 'All things work together for good to them that love the Lord,' He spoke of a great number of disasters, Ashtabula, Chicago and the present flood. He seems to think such thing bring out the better feeling of men; it makes them more charitable and unites them closer in the ties of brotherhood."

No more mention of the river until May 6, when she wrote: "In the afternoon we took a walk up the river bank; everything looked so lovely and the birds sang so sweetly.

This is the 23rd of a series of articles by Kate Milner Rabb in her "Hoosier Listening Post" column of the Indianapolis Star based upon the diary of Maria Graham, born in New Albany in 1836, which was loaned Mrs. Rabb by Mrs. Evelyn Shipman Mouser of Indianapolis.

On August 2, 1883, Maria Graham Grant wrote in her diary that "President Arthur, Robert Lincoln, General Phil Sheridan and Gresham passed through New Albany. Tom, Willie, Carrie and Minnie went to see them. I stayed home to prepare dinner."

"On September 22: In the morning we went over the river to see the Southern Exposition; it is an immense affair. We went through the buildings, then out through the beautiful grounds surrounding it."

"In the art gallery was a picture that attracted my attention more than all others – 'Early Trains.' It represented a young girl with her bundle of clothing starting out in the world to make her own living. The face was so full of sweetness; on one side the rays of the sun seemed to tinge her cheek so brightly."

The next week they went again to the exposition. "It was not a very pleasant day and after we got there it rained most of the time. We waited outside quite a while to see the huge balloon go up, but were disappointed. We walked around downstairs, then went upstairs and remained till the electric light was turned on making the building almost as light as day. We then walked out the art gallery which was crowded. We did not go in but walked around to the Fourth street entrance and took the street car to the depot. On reaching there we were told the Chicago train was on the track and they did not know when it would get off as the rails had spread. We took a Portland avenue car and came down to the ferry. It was very dark coming down the bank to the boat. We were truly glad to get home again."

The next entry of interest concerns the Christmas entertainment of the Sunday school.

"December 24, 1883. Last night it rained hard and this morning the snow and ice are nearly all gone.

The Sunday school had an entertainment at the church consisting of singing, recitations and tableaux. Little Rilla Burd in a large frame representing a 'living picture.' Sister Crawford and Lida McFall, a Youth, and Old Age, were perfect as were 'The Three Graces' – Jennie Holbrook, Aline Peters and Katie Southwick. The 'Three Spacegraces,' – Jemie Lyons, George Dishman and Eugene Sittason, looked comical indeed.

"December 25. Willie and I got Tom an easy chair and a cup and saucer. I got a nice stove for the middle room and a pair of arctics. Willie received some small presents. It seems almost as quiet as if it were Sunday. The old town seems as if it were deserted. The children are all so remarkably quiet for Christmas."

"January 3, 1884. Yesterday, last night and this morning is a perfect blizzard. Thursday night a snow storm set in gently and beautifully at first, but toward morning the cold blast whistled fiercely enough. Toward the close of Friday afternoon the storm increased and the cold became intense. The winds did not abate till after three o'clock a.m. but by five it had ceased howling, leaving a clear sky with the thermometer hanging all the way down from 18 to 24 below zero. The coldest night ever known in New Albany, so the oldest inhabitants say.

"January 5. Such a snow as now covers the ground is not often seen in this locality and everybody who can get a horse of any description and a pair of runners seems determined to make the most of it. Willie has been taking his dinner to school with him for the last two days which affords him great delight."

On February 6, 1884 she wrote: "Another flood is coming. The rise since Monday evening has been rapid. Today the water has been coming up at the rate of five inches an hour.

Feb. 8. Took a walk up Dewey street. It looks distressing to see so many homes again under water. In the evening we went around the city in the street cars. The valley of Falling Run looks like a vast colored sea. Many houses are covered, some half way up, some to the eaves, while many others are being moved from their foundations. The flood extends up the valley to the head of the stream and is working its way slowly but surely into the premises of those who before the flood of 1883 deemed themselves far above high water mark.

"Sunday, Feb. 10. Went to Sunday school and Brother Kistler was not present. He had to watch his house and mill both being surrounded by water. It has been raining constantly for over a week."

On the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth she wrote, "Still raining", and on the fourteenth, "The first clear day for weeks. In the evening took a walk down Spring and out to Main and up. Nothing but water."

"Feb. 15. We walked up nearly to the bridge over Silver creek; as far as the eye could reach, nothing but water. It had made a cut-off and was flowing over the railroad and rapidly filling up on the other side. The view from Butler's hill is one of desolation."

"Feb. 16. About half past ten o'clock we went down Spring street to lower Eighth, out to Main then down to the water where we got on a flat and went over to the Knobs where we had a grand but heart-sickening view of the situation. One vast expanse of water stretching for miles and miles away with the tops of trees and houses now and then protruding, some houses turned over, others sweeping on the destruction with the might torrent. After remaining there awhile we came down, crossed over again, went up Main street to upper Fifth street where we got on a flat and went on to the "Frank McHarry" where people by the score were getting aboard. Capt. Irwin had, at the request of many citizens, been induced to make an excursion up to the I & K bridge. Then down five miles below Albany to Middle Creek. I can not find words to express one half of what I saw but in only seeing one can begin to realize what a mighty power there is in water or what a destructive element it becomes out of its proper channel."

"Jeffersonville is almost entirely submerged as is also Clarksville, Shippingport, Portland and lower New Albany. I hope I may never see such a sight again."

This is the 24th of a series of articles by Kate Milner Rabb in her "Hoosier Listening Post" column of the Indianapolis Star based upon the diary of Maria Graham, born in New Albany in 1836, which was loaned Mrs. Rabb by Mrs. Evelyn Shipman Mouser of Indianapolis.

Maria Graham Grant of New Albany, Ind., whose diary from 1850 to 1921 is in the possession of Mrs. Evelyn Shipman Mouser of Indianapolis, makes a brief mention of the result of the election of 1884.

"Friday, Nov. 7, 1884. The Democrats are making a terrible noise. They say that they are 'painting the town red' over the election of Cleveland and Hendricks, the first President they have elected since Buchanan. He was elected in 1857 – twenty-seven years ago.

"It makes me feel very blue as I have so desired for years to see James G. Blaine – President of the United States. God may have a purpose in permitting the defeat of the grand old Republican party that has weathered the political storms of so many years."

The next afternoon she and Willie went upon the Knobs to visit a friend. "The place is real pleasant," she writes, "but it is so tiresome getting there. We had to go up 120 steps before we reached level ground. There we had a lovely view of New Albany below."

"Nov. 12. In the evening the Democrats had another celebration and illumination.

"Nov. 13. At 12 o'clock went down to Centenary to see Mary Watkin and Ferd Walker married. The altar was filled with beautiful flowers and vines. The bride and groom looked very handsome.

"Nov. 24. In the evening we went down to the opera house to a concert given by the McGibeny family. There were fifteen of them. The music was wonderful; they brought out of the different instruments.

"Dec. 9. Tom bought an organ from the 'Morning Star Lodge' for Willie." (Willie was now 10 years old.) "I do hope he will learn to play on it for music in the home makes it so cheerful.

"Dec. 24, 1885. Had the usual entertainment in John street consisting of tableaux, recitations, singing, a tree and refreshments.

"Dec. 31. Willie took his first music lesson. Miss Mollie Richardson is his teacher.

"Jan. 17, 1885. In the evening Lizzie Jackson and two children, Eva and Florence, Miss Lula Barlow, Willie's teacher, Carrie Hanmore; his last years' teacher, Ida Ellis, and Brother Easley were here for supper. Just as we were through, Will Jackson came. After supper we had music. Lizzie played Elsworth's Funeral March (Mr. Guest's favorite), Will played "Lincoln's Funeral March" and some other pieces, after which we all joined in singing." Rather funereal taste in music!

"Feb. 18. We all went down to the Odd Fellows Hall to the Colfax memorial service. They were quite interesting.

"Feb. 23. In the evening we went down – to the opera house to hear Dwight Moody, the evangelist. The house was filled – scarcely breathing "room". Mr. Moody talks rapidly and with great earnestness, and seems very sympathetic. Prof. Towney and wife did the singing. They sang one of the sweetest pieces I ever heard. All the day long it seems ringing in my ears – "Oh, Glory to Jesus, My Soul Is Redeemed!"

"March 4. We went down to the opera house to hear Philip Phillips, the "Singing Pilgrim." How I did enjoy the singing and the stereoscopic views to illustrate the songs.

"May 1. Tom was forty-nine to-day. Several friends baked nice cakes and came in the evening and took him by surprise.

"May 3. This is a delightful day. Slightly cool but everything looks so fresh and bright. The trees are loaded with bloom in which the busy bees are humming and my favorite birds, the catbirds, are singing their sweetest notes as they fly from tree to tree. After all, this world contains so very much of heaven.

"May 27. In the evening we went down to the opera house to hear Paul Smith in his popular monologue entertainment. It was fine.

"July 4. Quite a number of us went out to Mr. Fred Turner's to a picnic – a lovely day and the place was so nice for the occasion. The large beech trees and apple orchard made a delightful shade.

"July 23. Gen. U. S. Grant died at a quarter past eight this morning.

"August 18 and 19. A lawn party was held in the church yard. Quite a good crowd in attendance. The music furnished by Gordon and sons was splendid.

"October 10. This is a beautiful day. Louisa, Julia, Em, Willie and I went out in the country. We stopped at Bub's to dinner which we

enjoyed greatly and then went up to the dear old farm, my childhood's home. Forty-two years have made many changes, yet the cellar and some other little nooks look nearly the same. We went through the woods pasture and got covered with Spanish needles as we used to do in the days of long ago. Willie got some hickory nuts and walnuts from the trees and he enjoyed seeing his mother's old home. We came back on the Green Valley road though we did not have time to go up to Scott's graveyard where Father and Mother rest but we got a glimpse of it as we passed by. It was after five when we got home.

"Nov. 13, 1885. We went down to the Second Presbyterian Church to a concert given by some of the pupils of the Blind Asylum. It is wonderful how proficient they are in music. Charles Hansen is one of the pupils. He is an expert on the organ." This is our Mr. Hansen of the Indianapolis Second Presbyterian Church.

This is the 25th of a series of articles by Kate Milner Rabb in her "Hoosier Listening Post" column of the Indianapolis Star based upon the diary of Maria Graham, born in New Albany in 1836, which was loaned Mrs. Rabb by Mrs. Evelyn Shipman Mouser of Indianapolis.

There was much temperance agitation in the eighties and in her diary Maria Graham Grant of New Albany writes of attending many meetings. On December 12, 1886, she wrote:

"In the afternoon we went down to the opera house to a temperance meeting conducted by Mrs. Celeno Hulcee of Louisville. The house was crowded. Mrs. Hulcee has for two weeks been holding meetings in Mascotte Hall. I have been attending a number of times. She is certainly a talented speaker, having great power over her audience, holding them almost spellbound. Some five hundred have already signed the pledge, among them some of the hardest drinkers of the city. Many of the illustrations she gave were of scenes she herself had witnessed and were extremely thrilling."

* * *

"January first. Willie is twelve years old today. We gave him 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' with which he is delighted.

"May fifth. Mr. W. C. DePauw died very suddenly of paralysis in Chicago.

"June 17. John Street Sunday School had a picnic at the Short Line Park twenty-three miles back of Louisville. A large crowd went; it required eight passengers and one baggage car to carry them. The ride was lovely and the park just the place for a picnic. All seemed to have a good time.

"July first. The W.C. T. U. had a moonlight excursion on the steamer 'Music.' We did not get back till nearly twelve.

"July fourth. Remained home and quilted on my log cabin quilt.

* * *

"July 25. In the evening Em, Willie and I went up on the Knobs to see the water works. There are three large reservoirs containing the water that supplies the city. We talked awhile with Brother and Sister Deramore who keep the place. Then we came back another road, sat down under a large oak tree and ate our lunch, then came to the point overlooking Main street and sat down several hours enjoying the scenery, then came up to Eighth street where we got on the cars. Was very much surprised to meet Frank Clark of Cincinnati and Mrs. Cochrane on the cars. They said they were coming up to my house. Frank said she was only going to stay a week. She is not much changed in looks.

"July 27. Tom took Willie up to Jeffersonville to see a boat launch. He came home delighted with what he saw.

"November 4. I have been reading father's diary from 1825 to 1841.

"November 11. Meltie Richardson is giving Willie a lesson, such a sweet piece called "Dream Land."

"November 15. Made mince meat; kept Willie and me busy most of the day.

"Nov. 19. In the evening we went down to the W. C. T. U. rooms to hear Narcissa White lecture on Temperance.

* * *

"December fifth. A convention of the W. C. T. U. is being held. An address by Mrs. Helen Gougar and talks by others. Mrs. Gougar is a very pleasant speaker. At night the meeting was held in the Second Presbyterian Church. The address was by Susan B. Anthony. Ever since I was quite young I have had a desire to hear Susan B. Anthony and Lucy Stone.

"December 12. We went to the Music concert at the opera house. Mons. Musin is a great violinist.

"December 23. The annual Christmas entertainment was held in John Street. A piece called 'Wedding Voices' requiring about twenty-two characters was on the program. Eddie Mays and Hattie Osborne were the principal characters.

* * *

"January 22, 1888. Neither one of us was at church. At night Brother Mallett told the congregation he had changed his belief somewhat and was going to the Episcopal church.

* * *

"Feb. 20. Went down to the opera house to hear the temperance lecture, T. E. Murphy, a son of the world-famous Francis Murphy. He is small but mighty and full of enthusiasm. The opera house was crowded to its fullest capacity.

"February 24. Tonight the opera house was crowded. Hundreds are singing the pledge and taking the blue ribbon.

* * *

"March 19. We went to the opera house where I have been attending one of the greatest temperance revivals ever held in New Albany. It is wonderful what an influence Ed Murphy has over the people. Six thousand have already taken the pledge.

"March 20. Quilting my 'Ocean Wave', the last quilt I have on hand.

"March 22. The last temperance meeting at the opera house. It was truly a grand one. More like an old-fashioned revival speaking meeting. Most all of the preachers of the city and a number of others spoke.

"March 23. We went to a lecture at the opera house by Ed Murphy, subject, "John Bull and Brother Jonathan.' It was splendid.

"March 25. The track for the Daisy street cars is being laid out Thirteenth street."

This is the 26^h of a series of articles by Kate Milner Rabb in her "Hoosier Listening Post" column of the Indianapolis Star based upon the diary of Maria Graham, born in New Albany in 1836, which was loaned Mrs. Rabb by Mrs. Evelyn Shipman Mouser of Indianapolis.

"November 25, 1885. Mr. and Mrs. Kahl, Tom, Willie and I went down to the Fourth Street skating rink to see 'Andersonville or the Scout's Last Shot' given under auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic," wrote Maria Graham Grant of New Albany in her diary, extracts from which have appeared in this column from time to time. The diary is in the possession of Mrs. Evelyn Shipman Mouser of this city; it was begun in 1851. "It was a very thrilling piece and all with one exception engaged in it was amateurs. It was quite a success.

"Nov. 26. Thanksgiving. We had a large turkey for dinner which took all the forenoon to cook. In the afternoon we went down to Heimberger's and had our pictures taken. In the evening, we went to the Social at Brother Hannon's."

The pictures were not very successful. On December twelfth she writes: "In the afternoon Willie and I went down to Heimberger's for our pictures. Willie's is just fine; Tom's is quite good, but mine – well, I never could have a picture taken with any expression.

"December 15. Tom got up a surprise on me. The house was crowded, mostly by young people but a few were married ones. All seemed to have a good time at my expense.

"December 26. In the evening the yearly entertainment for Christmas was held for the John Street Sunday School. The program was carried out well and consisted of several dialogues and recitations interspersed with singing. 'The Train in Mars' and 'How They Kept a Secret' were very good indeed.

"Dec. 26. Tom got Willie a nice chair and a book for music and me a set of teaspoons and a glass dish and several other little things. In the evening we went up to Mrs. Kahl's to a birthday surprise for Mr. Kahl.

There was quite a large number present and everybody was in the best of spirits. The supper was a regular feast."

She records a blizzard in January, and on February 15, writes: "The most beautiful snow I ever saw covers the earth this morning, making it look like some fairy scene. The trees and shrubs bent down under their weight of glistening white.

"March 25, 1886. We went to the Third Presbyterian Church to see Brother Easley and Mildred Hill married. After the ceremony a number of friends went to the residence of Mrs. Hill, mother of the bride, where refreshments were served. The presents were numerous and some of them were beautiful.

"April 7. Marie Beck and I went up to call on the bride. She is very pleasant and quite pretty.

"April 20. The view from our back window upstairs is like a picture; the apple trees are in full bloom.

"June 11. We received Minnie Belton's wedding card. She and Will H. McDonald will be married on Wednesday the sixteenth, at 5 p.m.

"June 20. Mary sent for me to come down; she had received some of Minnie's wedding cake to be divided among the friends. It seemed odd to be eating cake made a thousand miles away.

"July 3. We walked over the Sand Island bridge. It is a stupendous structure. The walk was long but hundreds are coming and going all the time as it is free for all for several weeks.

"July 11. The prizes to be awarded to the Sunday school classes for bringing in the most money were awarded this morning. Mr. McCammon received 'Platform Echoes,' by Gough. Brother Easley received Whittier's Poems and James Turner received 'Villette' by Bronte.

"July 20. Sue Barr's folks, Ida Ellis, Tom, Willie and myself went with the Wesley Chapel picnic to Sugar Grove. The ride down and back on the steamer 'Music' was delightful but it was very warm in the grove.

"August 26. Thursday we went out to the camp. A vast concourse of people were there, some estimated ten thousand, others thirteen thousand. Anyway the crowd was simply immense. About half past five there was a sham battle. If that was a representation what must the reality be? How can any one escape in a real battle?

"August 28. Tom and Willie went out to the camp today. I could not go.

"August 31. This evening a distinct shock of an earthquake was felt.

"September 1. The news comes that Charleston, S.C., was nearly destroyed by the earthquake and other places badly shaken up."

This is the 27^h of a series of articles by Kate Milner Rabb in her "Hoosier Listening Post" column of the Indianapolis Star based upon the diary of Maria Graham, born in New Albany in 1836, which was loaned Mrs. Rabb by Mrs. Evelyn Shipman Mouser of Indianapolis.

Church meetings and political meetings Maria Graham Grant, extracts from whose New Albany diary begun in 1851 have appeared from time to time in this column, never failed to attend so it is not surprising to read the following entry.

"September 14, 1888. A delegation a thousand strong went from New Albany to Indianapolis to see General Harrison. Tom, Willie and I went. The cars were jammed. After reaching Indianapolis we hurried to the Park where Mr. James Atkinson introduced the delegation to the General who made a short speech and we had the privilege of shaking hands with him. Several pretty pieces were sung. We ate our dinner in the park, then went to see Roberts Park Church, Meridian street and Plymouth, the court house and state house, an immense building very finely finished. Professor Geeting, formerly a teacher in our school has an office there." (*Superintendent of public instruction.*) "It commenced raining so did not go any where else, but stopped at the Sherman House and had our supper there, then to the depot and aboard the cars. Did not reach New Albany until four o'clock in the morning. Slept a couple of hours then went to Sunday School and stayed for preaching.

* * *

"October 11. In the afternoon Ida Ellis and I went down to the Lincoln League rooms to help the decoration committee for the Blaine demonstration.

"Oct. 15. Raining. Tom and Willie went down to the Windsor Hotel to see Blaine and General Hovey, governor of Indiana. Willie came back and said for me to get on the cars and come down as soon as I could get there. I was down before ten o'clock, shook hands with Governor Hovey, then went into the parlor where I met Joe Fairchild from St. Paul, whom I knew when a child and had a little chat with him. A little after ten, Blaine

arrived. There was a great rush to see the great statesman whose peer is not to be found. I had the pleasure of shaking hands with him. He said, 'I always like to shake hands with the ladies. God bless 'em!' He stood at the entrance and made a short speech while fully five thousand or more blocked up the street in front of the hotel. In the afternoon notwithstanding the weather was so inclement, there was a very large procession, from twenty to twenty-five thousand visitors in the city. Blaine, Hovey, Corporal Tanner and others made speeches from the stand on Market street between Eleventh and Twelfth streets.

* * *

"November sixth. This is election day.

"November 17. The Republicans had a big time – torch light processions, and illuminations. Over three thousand pounds of red fire sold before dark.

There must be those who remember the mild Christmas of 1888. She wrote:

"In the afternoon we went over the Louisville and up to Somerville Heights. The day was more like Spring than Christmas."

On April 17, 1889 - Mrs. DePauw returned my call.

"May 31, 1889. One of the most appalling calamities that ever occurred in this country, the breaking of a dam causing the destruction of Johnstown and some other places in Pennsylvania. Terrible loss of life.

"June 19. Sunday school picnic at New Providence in Borden's Grove near Borden Institute which we were permitted to go through. It would take a solid week to look at the curious specimens there as one would desire.

"July fourth. Tom, Willie and I went out to the fair grounds to the Sons of Veterans picnic. A large crowd, considerably mixed; poor enjoyment.

* * *

"Nov. 26. Mr. Belton went over the river and looked at the writing desk I had bought for Tom for a Christmas gift. He said he thought it was a nice one.

"December 26. I received a dozen lovely white cups and saucers from Tom and several other little articles. I gave him the antique oak writing desk I had locked up in the parlor for two weeks." (*Showing that the parlor was still a sacred little used spot.*)

"January 19, 1890. I am not able to go I am very hoarse with the Russian influence. LaGrippe or grippe as it is now commonly called; a disease that seems to be spreading all over the country and very fatal in many places.

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"March 27. In the evening hours half past eight o'clock, a very hard storm came up. The wind blew fearfully. The lightning was the sharpest and most ominous I ever saw. A terrible tornado struck Louisville and sloughed its way through several squares leveling everything as it went and killing a number of people, probably a hundred. The storm seems to have extended over several states."