Summer vacation! How much I wish even a vacancy
I thought to meet him in these two words. These books are
gone before one knows it; nothing done of the many things
postponed to be done at this time. We have had three or
four long letters from Mr. — describing his visits to around
his. Kindly received everywhere, & engaging indeed.

June 24th. To day 5 years ago, my most dear, most beloved
I mourned for you, entered upon the rest for which you longed.
I drew near to lose the memories of reflection which this
anniversary I inward this whole season of the year brings me.
I do trust I shall always meet it with thought, fond tender
disposition, never forgetting, never repining; blessing God
that I had such a husband. Blessing, in my hope of his death; Blessing, in my hope of meeting him again
putting my whole trust & confidence in Him who is the husband
of the widow, the father of the fatherless.

July. Have been writing more than reading this vacation. The
college is unexpectedly. Pit. On the 4th the negroes had a
grand celebration. The whites looking on good naturedly. They
had a grand procession — perhaps 1000. I made them a banner
at their request — this choice of words being on one side
"Respect for former owners." On the opposite, "Our Edge is in the Air"
made of pink & white umbrellas & looked mighty pretty. Mrs.
Guthrie made them an address at the P.O. Jordan Ebenezer read
a part of the immortal Declaration. They all marched out to
the dinner provided by themselves & set up a piece of ground 4th
from the Craig's for their schoolhouse. There they made speeches
for themselves — in good taste it is said — showing a good temper.