



[PAGE 1]

BEAUTIFUL SNOW  
BEAUTIFUL SNOW BEAUTIFUL

By James W. Watson

BEAUTIFUL  
SNOW

O the snow, the beautiful snow.  
Filling the sky and the earth below!  
Over the housetops, over the street,  
Over the heads of the people you meet,  
Dancing, flirting, skimming along.  
Beautiful snow! it can do nothing wrong.  
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek;  
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak;  
Beautiful snow, from the heavens above,  
Pure as an angel and fickle as love!

O the snow, the beautiful snow!  
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!  
Whirling about in its maddening fun,  
It plays in its glee with every one.  
Chasing, laughing, hurrying by,  
It lights up the face and it sparkles the eye;  
And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,  
Snap at the crystals that eddy around.

[PAGE 2]

The town is alive, and its heart in a glow,  
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How the wild crowd go swaying along,  
Hailing each other with humor and song!  
How the gay sledges like meteors flash by, --  
Bright for the moment, then lost to the eye!  
Ringing, swinging, dashing they go  
Over the crest of the beautiful snow:  
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,  
To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by;  
To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet  
Till it blends with the horrible filth in the street.

Once I was pure as the snows, --but I fell:



Fell, like the snow-flakes, from heaven—to hell:  
Fell, to be tramped as the filth of the street:  
Fell, to be scoffed, to be spit on, and beat.  
Pleading, cursing, dreading to die,  
Selling my soul to whoever would buy,  
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,  
Hating the living and fearing the dead.

**[PAGE 3]**

Merciful God! have I fallen so low?  
And yet I was once like this beautiful snow!

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,  
With an eye like its crystals, a heart like its glow;  
Once I was loved for my innocent grace,—  
Flattered and sought for the charm of my face.  
Father, Mother, Sisters all,  
God, and myself, I have lost by my fall.  
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by  
Will take a wide sweep, lest I wander too nigh:  
For all that is on or about me, I know  
There is nothing that's pure but the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow  
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!  
How strange it would be, when the night comes again,  
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain!  
Fainting, freezing, dying alone,  
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for my moan  
To be heard in the crash of the crazy town,  
Gone mad in its joy at the snow's coming down'

**[PAGE 4]**

To lie and to die in my terrible woe,  
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow!

“Behold the saints, of God,  
Washed are the robes in Jesus' blood;  
Brighter than angels lo, they shine,  
Their glories splendid and sublime.



**[PAGE 5]**

"Ye simple souls, that stray  
Far from the path of peace  
That lonely unfrequented way  
To life and happiness;  
Why will ye folly love,  
And throught the downward road  
And hate the wisdom from above,  
And mock the sons of God?

Madness and misery  
Ye count our life beneath,  
And nothing great can see  
Or glorious in our death:  
Yet good unsearchable  
Is Jesus' love we know  
And pleasures springing from the well  
Of life our souls o'er flow

The spirit we receive  
Of wisdom, grace and power;  
And always sorrowful we live,  
Rejoicing evermore.

**[PAGE 6]**

Angels our servants are,  
And keep in all our ways,  
And in their careful hands they bear  
The sacred sons of grace.

Unto that heavenly bliss  
They all our souls attend;  
And God himself our father is,  
And Jesus is our friend.  
The God we worship now,  
Will guide us till we die;  
Will be our God while here below,  
And ours above the sky."

Thou art my God and all the world is,  
While thou art sovereign, I'm secure.  
I will be rich till thou art poor;



For all I wish and all I fear, heaven & earth,  
and hell are thine.

**[PAGE 7]**

“Though riches to others be given  
Their corn and their vintage abound  
Yet if I have treasure in heaven,  
Where should my afflictions be found.  
Why stoop for the glittering sands  
Which they are so eager to share,  
Forgetting those wealthier lands,  
That form any inheritance there.

Ye palaces, scepters, and crowns,  
Your pride with disdain I survey  
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds  
And pass in a moment away;  
The crown that my Savior bestows  
Yon permanent sun will out shine  
My joy everlastingly flows  
My God, my Redeemer, is mine.”

Not unto us but unto God be all the glory.

**[PAGE 8]**

The last foot-fall

There is often sadness in the tone,  
And moisture in the eye,  
And a trembling sorrow in the voice,  
When we bid a last goodbye.  
But sadder far than this I ween  
Oh sadder far than all  
Is the heart throb with which we strain  
To catch the last foot-fall.

The last press of a loving hand,  
Will cause a thrill of pain,  
When we think “oh should it prove that we  
Shall never meet again.”  
And as lingeringly the hand unclasps  
The hot quick drop will fall  
But more bitter are the tears we shed



When we hear the last foot-fall.

We never felt how dear to us  
Was the sound we loved full well.

**[PAGE 9]**

We never knew how musical  
Till its last echo fell;  
And till we heard it pass away  
Far, far beyond recall,  
We never thought what grief would be  
To hear the last foot-fall.

And weeks and days are passed  
And the scenes that served forgot  
Rush through the mind like meteor lights  
As we think of the spot;  
And little things that were as naught,  
But now will be our all,  
Come to us like an echo low  
Of the last, last foot-fall.

A good poultice for inflammation of bowel  
stomach or lungs any hop yeast  
soaked soft - and sprinkled thickly  
with powdered charcoal keep  
It warm and moist.

**[PAGE 10]**

I never yet could understand  
How woman would love in vain;  
I hold it weak and wrong to love,  
And not be loved again,  
For one I must have heart-to-heart  
Deny one that, and we must part.

There be who love, or think they love,  
Without return for years:  
They waste their days in fruitless sighs,  
Their nights in hopeless tears,  
Not such am I: my heart is free,  
I loveth him who loveth me.



A Plea for Abstinence. August 26, 1882

I have come before you this beautiful Sabbath afternoon not to speak to you about political parties nor about the details of legislation. I come to speak to you, if possible, heart-to-heart, soul-to-soul, not to denounce, but if **[PAGE 11]** possible, to persuade. I come not to demand, but to plead with every one of you. I come to speak for that liberty which makes us free; that liberty which elevates body and soul above the thralldom of the intoxicating cup. We have passed through scenes which have mocked this land to its centre, on the question whether human slavery should continue on our soil.

It was but the slavery of the body. It was but for this life. But the slavery against which I speak today is the slavery of not only the soul and body and talent and heart for this life, but is a slavery which goes beyond the gates of the tomb to an unending eternity. We speak of the horrors of war, and there are horrors in war. Carnage, and bloodshed and mutilation and **[PAGE 12]** broken frames, and empty sleeves, and widow's weeds, and children's woes, and erroneous debts and grinding taxation, all come from war, though war may be a necessity for saving a nation's life, but it fails in all its horror compared with those that flow from intoxication. We shudder at the ravages of pestilence, and famine, but they sink into insignificance when compared with sorrow and anguish that follow in the train of this conqueror of fallen humanity. I see before me many distinguished in political, social and business life; and some of them I fear are today voluntarily enrolled in the great army of moderate drinkers. When you appeal to them to give the force of their influence and example to the prevention of this **[PAGE 13]** evil, their answer is that they have strength to resist – they can quit – when they please. Possible you may have, but before you all I can frankly acknowledge from what I have seen in public and private life, that I dare not touch or taste or handle the wine in the bowl. You are strong. I can point you to those stronger tenfold even than you who began as you have, and who lost in the power of resistance, before they knew they were in the power of the tempter. This demon, like death, seems to love a shining mark. He only is fortified who is determined not to yield to the first invitation. There is but one class whence he has never drawn a victim. That class has defied him and will to the end. It is we who stand, God helping us, with our feet on the **[PAGE 14]** rock of safety, against which the waves may dash, but they shall dash in vain. I implore you to come and stand with us. I plead with you to come, for I believe in the fatherhood of God and in the brotherhood of man. And when I see an inebriate reeling along the streets I feel that, though debased and fallen, he is my brother still, created in the image of God, destined to an eternal hereafter, and it should be your duty and mine to take him by the hand and seek to place his feet on the solid rock on which we stand. That is what gave such a wonderful triumph to the Washingtonians, this recognizing the duty of the individual responsibility. How many of you have gone to your fellow man when you have seen **[PAGE 15]** him on the shore of destruction and tried to save him? Not one! Not one! How dare you on your knees ask God to bless you and yours, when you have not there proved that you love your neighbor as yourself. This duty should be impressed on your souls by your ministers in the pulpit, by your writers in the public press. More than all things else in the land we need a temperance revival. Whom would it harm? No one. But come down to the individual home of the man who has become a slave to this demon. Do you find happiness thine? Do you find contentment, prosperity? Ah, no. Do you find the wife's cheek lighting up with joy as her husband comes home when the shadows lengthen? **[PAGE 16]** Ah, no: her cheek pales at the step of him who pledged her a life of devotion for the love she gave him. All things are warning you to beware of yielding to this evil. The scriptures; the men reeling in their cups; your poor houses; your prisons; the forsaken wives; all cry "beware" in the language of an imminent champion of temperance, "When drink can easily be given up by you, give it up for the sake of your example to others; if it be difficult to give it up, give it up for your own sake. Choose you this



day whether you will stand with us on this rock, defying the snares and evil, and misery, and woe, and desolation of the tempter, whether, pursuing your present habit, you will go down the **[PAGE 17]** easy descent, till at last, dishonored and disgraced, having lost the respect of others and your own self-respect, you end a miserable and gloomy life by a home in the tomb, from which there is, if inspiration be true, no resurrection that shall take you to a better land.

Schuyler Colfax

"Coming events cast their shadows beforehand."  
"I sometimes think the things I see are shadows of the things to be."  
In these are worlds of thought.  
I want the faith.  
"That bears unmoved the world's dread frown  
Nor heeds its flattering smile;  
That seas of trouble cannot drown,  
Nor Satan's and beguile."

**[PAGE 18]**

"Be thou in fear of the Lord all day long."  
"I want to be little, more simple, more wild  
More like my blessed master, and more like a child.  
More watchful, more prayerful, more lowly in mind  
More thankful, more gentle, more loving and kind.  
I want to have more wisdom that comes from above,  
I want my heart filled with the purest of love;  
I want my faith stronger, my anchor, hope sure,  
And like a good soldier, all hardness endure.  
I want to be stripped of all human pride;  
All malice and anger I would lay aside;  
From sin and from bondage I want to be free,  
And live, my dear Savior, live only like thee.  
While suffering, enduring, in duty believe,  
Forgiving, if any my spirit should grieve'  
Remembering at all times what Jesus did say,  
And set out anew, and begin a every day.  
My treasure in heaven I want to lay up,  
Where nothing will enter to rust or corrupt;

**[PAGE 19]**

Where no thief, or robber, will venture or dare  
My heart, my treasure I want should be there  
My faith, my hope, my love, and my zeal,



I want there deep-rooted, and inwardly feel,  
My light I want clear that beholders may see  
How faith and good work in sweet union agree.  
When time is not more, there from earth I'll remove  
To dwell in the regions of pure light and love.  
With Jesus my Savior and all holy men.  
I'll sing hallelujah forever, Amen"

The middle verse in the New Testament is the 14 verse of the 14 chapter of Acts.

**[PAGE 20]**

John P. Brady gave me a black walnut box of quite a small size.

#### A Thought Suggested By The New Year

The more we live, the more brief appear  
Our lives succeeding stages;  
A day in childhood seems a year  
And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,  
Ere passion yet disorders,  
Steals, lingering like a river smooth  
Along its grassy borders.

But, as the care-worn cheek grows wan,  
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,  
Ye stars, that measure life to man,  
Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath,

*[poem continues but this page from the diary is missing]*  
*And life itself is vapid,*  
*Why, as we reach the Falls of death,*  
*Feel we its tide more rapid?*

*It may be strange -- yet who would change*  
*Time's course to slower speeding;*  
*When one by one our friends have gone,*  
*And left our bosoms bleeding-?*





*Heaven gives our years of fading strength  
Indemnifying fleetness;  
And those of Youth, a seeming length,  
Proportion'd to their sweetness.*

*by Thomas Campbell*

**[PAGE 20: # duplicated]**

Sunday, January the 1<sup>st</sup> 1888

Cook dinner with Mr and Mrs Axley  
John went to Sunday School –  
was a cloudy day—cleared off in the evening.

Monday-2<sup>nd</sup> Jan. Clear – bright – day  
John went to Loudon I washed  
(Esqrs) Hammontree & Connor come from Loudon, spent - the night - with us.

Tuesday-3<sup>rd</sup> Bright day  
John went to Loudon.  
Mrs. Cogart spent the day with me. –  
Had a very pleasant day.  
Went – to - Mrs Sam Cogart's in the evening

Wednesday 4 cloudy warm  
I sewed? all day  
John went to the country to a burial.  
Mrs. Sam Cogart was here a little while in the evening.

Thursday the 5 cloudy warm misting rain

**[PAGE 21]**

Friday Jan. 6 warm and sunny  
Scoured Mr. Harris come eat dinner with us  
John went to Dickey's and Ransins bought Boy a whistle and chestnuts  
Ham's moved in

Saturday Jan. 7 cloudy, windy, warm  
John's gone to Loudon  
Hattie Harris come staid all night with us.  
John come home just at night got his superintendent fee paid for the buggy & harness, had 40 dollars left

Sunday Jan. 8  
Raining turned cooler



John went to Sunday School.  
I staid home all day a dark gloomy lonely day.

Monday Jan. 9  
Raining – cool  
School opened with 18 pupils.  
Rained all day  
Churned patched cooked.

**[PAGE 22]**

Tuesday Jan. 10  
Sunshine  
25 pupils at school  
lost the little room key  
had a long hunt for it  
John scolded and the day was very unpleasant.  
Hattie Dickey called in the afternoon  
Shelled corn  
Sent to mill

Wednesday Jan. 11  
Clear cold morning  
Washed till 12 o'clock, then cooked dinner  
finished up my washing and sprinkled down cloths to iron in the afternoon  
clouding up

Thursday 12  
Ironed all day.  
Sleet in the evening turned to rain cold  
Hattie Dickey spent the night here

Friday, Jan 13  
Raining

EUGENE HYDEN

**[PAGE 23]**

Saturday Jan 14  
Washed the kitchen finished by chair? tidy  
baked a cake  
John went to church at night  
Alice Routh staid with me.  
Browned coffee baked cake.

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Sunday 15

John went to church to Sunday School  
Rain all fore noon  
I stayed at home all day  
cooked dinner had chicken  
Mr. Dickey Mr. Harris ate dinner with us

Monday 16

cloudy cold freezing sleeting big sleet-  
Rain all day  
opened 50 pound sack of flour

Tuesday 17

Raining all day. Sleet melted off  
Rosa Wilcox staid all night with us.  
Received a letter from Grandma.

**[PAGE 24]**

Wednesday Jan 18

Cold windy cleared off.

Thursday 19

Cold clear day.  
Worked on my quilt.

Friday

Cold, clouded up  
Washed cooked dinner  
Mr. Wilson dined with us.  
Got some rice and apples.

Saturday 21

Cloudy snowed some in the morning  
Campbell elected Esqr.  
Mr. Wilcox & Mr. Martin dined with Will  
He suppered with us.  
Ironed, churned, cooked etc bought-cabbage head from Porten,  
had some for dinner

**[PAGE 25]**

Sunday Jan 22

Cloudy gloomy lonely day  
John went to S. S.

---



I staid at home all day  
Wrote to papa  
Tom Harris here in the forenoon

Monday 23<sup>rd</sup>  
27 years old today\_  
Cloudy gloomy weather  
Sewed on my quilt\_  
John P. Griffitts came to spend the night  
Oh, that I could have lived like I wanted to –  
Lord help me to be contented\_

Tuesday 24  
Still cloudy, cool, breezy.  
Sunshine in the afternoon.  
Mr Griffitts spent the night with us

**[PAGE 26]**

Wednesday Jan 25  
Cloudy rain – cleared off in the afternoon  
Mr Griffitts left went on the uptrain  
Eugene weighed 27lbs  
Mr. Axley gave us mess of sweet potatoes  
Got coal out

Thursday Jan 26  
Clear windy night cold  
Washed nearly all day am very tired with pain in my shoulder  
Heard from home

Friday Jan 27  
Clear cold pretty  
Ironed

Saturday Jan 28  
Cold clear  
John went to Loudon.  
Washed off kitchen dining room – scoured etc  
Lineberry girls were here

**[PAGE 27]**

Sunday 29  
Clear & cold

---



John & Eugene went to S.S.

Monday 30  
Cloudy sprinkled rain  
peiced quilt (sp)  
made sack for hams

Tuesday 31<sup>st</sup>  
Hung up meat  
Warm sunny in the afternoon

Wednesday Feb-1-1888-  
Beautiful day  
Washed  
Called on Mrs McCrary & Mrs Sparks  
Mr Lenoir called  
Mr Wilson come  
Spent 50 cents for stamps & envelopes

**[PAGE 28]**

Feb. 2  
Thursday – Bright –  
John started to the country  
Spent 5 cents for Eugenes dog – went to Jones store -  
got a paper of needles price 5 cents  
1 dozen egg, price 15 cents  
Wrote to Independence

Friday Feb 3  
Went to office  
got one letter and paper  
Raining  
Mr. Wilson dined with me.  
Went home in the evening

Saturday 4  
Raining hard in forenoon  
did not rain in afternoon  
John come home.

Sunday Feb 5  
Cloudy rainy  
John went to SS  
Gloomy lonely day  
McDonalds girls here in afternoon



**[PAGE 29]**

Monday Feb 6  
Cloudy gloomy day  
Mr. Martin borrowed 10 dollars  
Pieced on my quilt

Tuesday 7  
Cloudy & sunny  
Heard from Ella that Mollie was very sick.  
Wrote to Hendersons

Wednesday 8  
Cloudy been raining

Thursday Feb 9  
Clear pretty day  
Washed and washed off kitchen browned coffee

Friday Feb 10  
Ironed all day  
Heard from Mollie she was better  
John went to Mr. Martin's Mill & Hattie

**[PAGE 30]**

Saturday  
John went to Loudon  
from Loudon to Knoxville  
made Eugene an apron  
washed some  
Alice Routh stayed all night with me – cloudy

Sunday 12  
Cloudy  
Went to S.S. and church  
Mr. Jerrelway? Preached  
Went to Mr. Rouths  
John come home from Knoxville  
Mollie was better

Monday 13  
Beautiful day  
Sid Sparks called  
Went to Mrs. Bells she was sick



Went to Mrs. Axleys she was sick  
Got some bran  
had apple pie for dinner

**[PAGE 31]**

Tuesday 14  
nice day  
washed  
wrote home  
Eugenes little chair come

Wednesday 15  
Pretty day  
Ironed

Thursday 16  
Pretty day

Friday 17  
Beautiful day  
Planted lettuce & mustard & cabbage  
John went across the river  
Hattie Harris staid with me.

Saturday Feb. 18  
Fine day –  
bought six pound sugar. Made a cake.  
Scoured porch, kitchen & dining room.  
churned  
Hattie Dickey staid all night with me

**[PAGE 32]**

John come home after supper

Sunday Feb 19  
Cloudy very windy  
Went to Sunday School & church  
John staid at home to keep the baby  
Bro. Bugle preached a very good sermon  
Text "and this is the victory that overcometh the world even our faith" – 1<sup>st</sup> John Chapter 5 – part of verse 4.

Monday Feb 20  
Raining in the forenoon. Cloudy in the afternoon.  
Mended pants

---



Wrote to Cami?  
Got a quarter sack of flour from Porter

Tuesday Feb 21  
Cloudy cooler  
Crotheted (crocheted),  
cooked chicken for dinner  
churned - parched coffee  
opened flour  
got letter from Papa

**[PAGE 33]**

Wednesday Feb 22  
Cloudy & sunny etc  
Washed cooked dinner  
Got first number of Blade  
Heard from Mollie she was worse

Thursday Feb 23  
Cloudy warm  
Ironed nearly all day

Friday Feb 24  
Raining till 3 o'clock in evening  
Made newspaper pocket –  
Churched – cooked dinner etc

Saturday Feb 25  
Raining Cloudy windy  
Baked cake  
Mr. Humphreys here –

**[PAGE 34]**

Sunday Feb 26  
Clear cold clouded up – getting colder  
John Eugene went to S. S.  
All went to Mr. Wilcox's spent the day very pleasantly.

Monday Feb 27  
Cold getting colder  
Worked on my crazy tidy cur-a shoulder of meat –

Tuesday Feb 28  
Very cold frozen clear & sunny

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Wednesday Feb 29  
Clear warmer  
Washed  
Wrote to Grandpa & ma

**[PAGE 35]**

Thursday March 1<sup>st</sup> 1888  
Warm windy & sunny  
Mrs. Axley called in the forenoon  
ironed in the afternoon  
Got 50 cents worth of coffee

Friday March 2  
Clear  
Patbaught? Fixed front fence  
Scoured kitchen \_\_\_\_\_ & washed off dining room  
baked a cake  
parched coffee

Saturday March 3<sup>rd</sup>  
Very pretty day.  
Baked cleaned up etc  
John went to Loudon  
Got 20 cents worth lace at Axley's  
Finished chair tidy  
Prof. Wright come  
Bro. Bogle took supper with us.  
John got washbowl & eggs.

**[PAGE 36]**

Sunday March 4  
Very pretty day.  
John & Eugene went to S. S.  
All went to church  
Bro. Wright preached a good sermon  
He? took dinner with our camp  
was here before train \_\_\_\_\_  
went home on train.  
Dr. Shipley came after supper - staid all night.

Monday March 5  
John & Shipley went to Loudon  
Cloudy cool



Mrs. McDonald called also Mrs. Nan Lineberry  
John came home about 4 in the evening.

Tuesday March 6  
Cloudy cold  
Nothing new and strange to record finished my quilt – pieced 5 squares – cut undercloths

**[PAGE 37]**

Wednesday March 7  
Cloudy cold

Thursday March 8  
Washed, pretty day.  
Went to Mrs. Nelsons saw her Dave Nelson & wife.

Friday March 9  
Ironed all day  
Beautiful day.  
Heard from home.

Saturday March 10  
Cloudy raining  
Sowed cabbage tomatoes  
Mr. Martin, Wadkins & Frank Foster took dinner here.  
Mr John Griffiths came on the evening train  
bought sugar 50 cents worth  
got 5 cts worth cabbage & gallon oil

**[PAGE 38]**

Sunday 11  
Cloudy cold  
John Mr.Griffitts went to S. S. & church  
Mr McConnel preached at Presbyterian church.  
Cleared off in afternoon

Monday 12  
Beautiful morning night cool  
Mr. Griffitts took charge of the school  
John gone out to electioneer  
Wrote to Papa –  
Went to Mrs. McDonalds –

Tuesday 13  
Cloudy windy cold – cleared off in the evening

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Got eggs & rice at Axleys -

Wednesday 14

Clear windy and cold -

Washed got done about 11 o'clock

Cooked dinner

Eugene staid at Mrs. Rouths till dinner -

Mrs. Routh come in evening -

Churned

**[PAGE 39]**

Thursday Mar. 15

Clear not quite so cold

Ironed in the evening

Got corn meal

Friday Mar 16

Clear & beautiful

Planted radishes beets and peas

Saturday Mar 17

Cloudy windy

Washed off kitchen & dining room

Churned

John come in the evening

Parched coffee

Sunday Mar. 18

John went to Loudon

Clear beautiful day.

Called on Mrs. Bogle

Took a buggy ride in evening.

Monday Mar. 19

Cloudy windy

John went off

Got 10 cents worth eggs & 5 cents worth ginger

**[PAGE 40]**

Tuesday Mar. 20

Warm cloudy

John come stayed all night.

Hard storm about 10 o'clock in the night.



Wednesday Mar. 21  
Cooler windy  
Wrote to Grandma Sewerd

Thursday Mar. 22  
Cold snow storm windy cloudy and cold  
Mealy come to wash  
a cold night.

Friday 23  
Very pretty day  
ironed  
Mr. Griffiths went to Athens

**[PAGE 41]**

Saturday Mar. 24  
Cloudy windy  
John come home  
Washed off kitchen dining room etc  
Baked a jelly cake.

Sunday Mar. 25  
Raining in the morning.  
Ha\_\_ & Cleo Come  
Rained all night –  
Cut my last shoulder of meat

Monday Mar. 26  
Still raining windy  
Cleo went home  
Parched coffee –  
Had headache all night

Tuesday Mar. 27  
Cloudy.  
John went off.  
Went to McCrarys got 5 cents worth of pins & 5 cents worth matches  
Have headache and feel badly  
Cut John pair of pants worked on pants

**[PAGE 42]**

Wednesday Mar. 28  
Cloudy

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Sewed on pants  
Feel very sick  
Raining hard  
John come home wet  
Got some medicine for me

Thursday  
Cloudy  
John went to the country  
Still sick –

Friday Mar. 30  
Clear warm  
Meal washed  
John went to Loudon.

Saturday Mar. 31  
Ironed some  
John went to Loudon  
am sick  
Got \$1.00 worth sugar & chicken 23 cents

Sunday April 1  
Clear & warm  
Mr Williams come.

**[PAGE 43]**

Monday April 2  
Warm nice day –  
John went to Loudon  
Mr Griffiths gone home  
John come home in evening  
Rosa Wilcox spent the evening with me.

Tuesday April 3 – Wednesday 4  
Planted beans radishes beets

Thursday April 5  
Windy  
Mealy washed, planted potatoes – ironed  
Planted corn

Friday 6  
Cloudy raining  
Ironed



Saturday 7  
Clear warm & nice  
Baked teacakes  
Washed off dining room & kitchen  
Bought 1 dozen eggs & 5 cents worth soda  
John went to the country

**[PAGE 44]**

Sunday 8  
Clear & Bright  
Went to church  
Kitrell preached  
Mr. Janeway  
Mr Mrs Hasler & Annie Dickey took dinner with us.  
Mr. Clendening & wife – Rosa Wilcox and Miss Fling called in the evening –

Monday 9  
Clear  
Mr. Mure? Come in the evening  
Got ½ sack of flour

Tuesday 10  
Raining hard.  
Creek up  
Sewed  
Bought two aprons at Axleys

Wednesday 11  
Clear  
Mr. Mure gone to Loudon.

Thursday 12  
Cooler clear  
Washed  
Worked in the garden

**[PAGE 45]**

Friday 13  
Clear cool wind blowing  
Ironed  
Parched coffee

Saturday 14



Clear –  
put out cabbage tomatoes

Sunday 15  
Clear warm  
Went to S. S.  
John went to Loudon  
Eugene & me went to Mrs. Allens

Monday 16  
Nice day  
Plated sage & flowers

Tuesday 17  
Nice day.  
Mr. Pardue took dinner here.  
Mrs. Bogle & Mrs. McDonald came in the afternoon.  
Mr. Henderson came to stay all night –  
Cut one of my big hams.

Wednesday 18  
Clouded up looked like rain did rain a little shower  
Papa & bob

**[PAGE 46]**

come. Mrs. Nelson come  
Put out some geraniums.

Thursday 19  
Clear.  
Papa & Bob went home.  
Mrs. McCrary come.  
Put out some geraniums

Friday 20  
Cooler  
Mealy washed  
I scoured kitchen porch etc  
Parched coffee

Saturday 21  
Frost  
Cool killed tomatoes and some beans –  
Got some butter  
Baked tea cakes –



Ironed –  
Proff Fox come from Loudon

22  
Cool clear  
John Fox & Eugene went to S. S.  
John took Mr. Fox home in the buggy after dinner  
Eugene & I took walk met John and come back in buggy

**[PAGE 47]**

April 1888

23  
Clear & bright –  
Worked in the garden

24  
Clear & cold  
washed the

25 Wednesday  
Ironed  
Mrs. Camp here in the evening.

26 Thursday  
Bright –  
Lizzy Robinson spent the day here.  
Mr. Kitrell took dinner with us.

**[PAGE 48]**

May 1888

August 21 1888  
Windy cloudy  
Mr. Breeding brought 1 bus peaches  
Wrote to Hary Rausin?  
Canned 10 cans peaches  
Got letter from home

Wednesday 22  
Clear & Bright

Thursday 23  
Washed made baby some drawers

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Breeding send 1 bus peaches  
Canned 3 cans

Friday 24  
Filed 3 more cans peaches  
Ironed.  
Alice staid till after diner  
John come home on the down train  
Opened sack flour & cut ham

Saturday 24  
Made peach butter, fixed to go so New Hope  
scoured etc  
Got sugar from Campbell

Sunday 25  
Went to New Hope heard good sermon  
Saw great man people

**[PAGE 49]**

Monday August 27  
John went to Loudon before breakfast  
Mr Hostes eat breakfast with me  
Went to the school house  
Sent Mrs Lenoirs pictures home  
Miss Hattie Dickey started to Texas,  
Mr & Mrs Hostes took supper with me  
Bought 1 gallon oil 15 cents 1pound butter 15 cents

Tuesday the 28  
Worked on my dress  
John come home  
Mr Griffitts came with him, spent the night with us.  
Bought 1 dozen fruit cans \$1.50 paid for basket 40 cents  
Went to Mr. Sparks.

Wednesday 29  
John went to Loudon on morning train  
Raining.  
Aunt meal washed gave her 25 cents  
Mrs. Campbell & Nan Carpenter here

**[PAGE 50]**

Thursday 30

---



Cloudy  
Made 1 gallon preserves and filled 1 can of peaches off our tree  
Gathered 1 gallon grapes to make sweet pickles

Friday 31  
Raining  
Ironed some  
Peeled some peaches  
Got cinnamon & cloves 10 cents  
John come home.

Saturday Sept 1<sup>st</sup>  
Raining  
Miss Nan Carpender took dinner with us  
Went to Athens on the train  
Wide mosquito ban/bar? Cash 75 cents  
Made grape sweet pickles

Sunday Sept 2<sup>nd</sup>  
Went to Mr. Campbells in evening.

Monday 3<sup>rd</sup>  
Made peach sweet pickles, filled one can of peaches  
John went to Loudon  
Got a letter from mother  
Gather grapes to make wine  
Made Eugene a pair drawers  
Got 10 cents worth camphor

**[PAGE 51]**

Tuesday 4  
Raining  
Strained grape juice for wine  
Got 1 bu. Peaches finished canning peaches

Wednesday 5  
Sunny forenoon but hard rain in afternoon.  
Aunt meal washed  
Breeding brought 1 bushel peaches peeled them to make butter.  
Rausin brought 2 hogs  
Jennie Rausin & Mr. Pole married today.  
Got 1 pound butter price 19 cents a pound  
Made ½ gallon peach preserves.  
Wrote to John.

---



Thursday 6  
Raining till 12 o'clock.  
Made 2 gallons peach butter  
Eugene staid at Mrs Rouths all day  
Got 1 dollars worth sugar at Axleys.  
Got letter from Papa grandma & uncle George.  
Train ran over Mr. Jones cow and killed her.

**[PAGE 52]**

Saturday Sept. 7  
John & old Ike? art? Grass wood etc  
Cloudy and raining  
Ironed in afternoon

Sunday Sept 8  
Went to church  
Bro McDonald preached a very good sermon,  
Went to Mr. Axleys in afternoon to eat watermelons  
John went to Robinsons to see the cow.

Monday 9  
Clear bright day  
John went to Loudon  
Sewed all my bed clothes made over old dress

Wednesday 10 (incorrect date – skipped Tuesday)  
Beautiful day  
John come home  
Mr. Isles & daughters come spent the night with us  
Spent 25 cents washing

Thursday  
Pretty day  
John & Eugene with to the fair  
I ironed all day

**[PAGE 53]**

Friday September 14  
Clear in all forenoon, hard rain in the afternoon  
John gone to Loudon was in the hard rain  
Bought 13 cents worth buttons

Saturday 15  
Raining all day

---



Bought 1 ½ pounds butter 25 cents a pound

Sunday 16  
Cloudy in forenoon  
At home all day

Monday 17  
Cool Sunny.  
Lineberry girls come brought us beans.  
Colored my old dress over,  
Bought 1 chicken 12 ½ cents  
Bought 2 packages of diamond dye 20 cents  
John come home staid all night.

**[PAGE 54]**

For neuralgia – boil a handful of lobelia in half pint water, strain & add a teaspoonful of fine salt – wring cloths out of the liquid & apply very hot until the pain ceases

Coffee cake – ½ cup butter, 1 cup sugar 2 eggs ½ cup molasses ½ cup cold coffee 1 teaspoon soda in the coffee 1 teaspoon each cloves cinnamon & mace

**[PAGE 55]**

Cakes

Spongecake, 3 eggs 1 cup 1 cup flour 1 teaspoon baking powder flavor, soft-ginger cake 1 cup molasses, 2 ½ cups flour ½ cup hot water 3 tablespoons butter 1 tablespoon soda in the molasses 1 egg, 1 tablespoon ginger & cinnamon Dleicate (delicate?) cake, 1 cup butter 2 cups sugar 3 of flour ½ cup milk whites 6 eggs, 1 ½ teaspoon baking powders, yellow cake ½ butter 2 cups butter ½ cup sweet-milk yolks 6 eggs well beaten teaspoon baking powders, Whites 4 eggs 1 ½ cups sugar ½ cup butter 1 cup sweet-milk 3 cups flour 1 ½ teaspoon baking powders Silver cake 2 cups flour 3 cups butter ¾ cup sweet-milk ½ teaspoon baking powders whites 8 eggs

**[PAGE 56]**

Donuts, 3 eggs 2 cups sugar 1 tablespoon butter a large cup sweet or sour milk 1 nutmeg 1 scant teaspoon soda  
Fruitcake, 2 ½ cups sugar 1 cup butter 1 cup sweet-milk 4 cups sifted flour 5 eggs ½ teaspoon soda 1 glass wine 1 glass brandy 3 teaspoons of cinnamon 1 ½ teaspoon clove, 1 nutmeg 1 pound raisons or currants, Coumant?  
Teacakes 5 cups flour 1 butter 2 eggs 1 heaping teaspoon baking powder ½ cup sweet-milk 1 cup dried currants roll thin bake in quick oven  
Cocoanut cake, yolk 6 eggs 2 cups white sugar, ¾ cup butter 1 cup sweet-milk, 3 ½ cups flour 1 teaspoon soda 2 teaspoons cream tartar, whites 4 eggs, bake in layers, for the icing grate 1 cocoanut, beat whites 2 eggs 1 cup **[PAGE 57]** sugar mix thoroughly and spread when the cake is cold. Short cake, 3 cups flour 2 of milk 2 eggs 1 tablespoon butter 2 of sugar, 3 teaspoons baking powders, Ladies cake  
Peach cake, 3 sheets as for jelly cake, cut peaces (peaches) in thin slices prepare cream by whipping sweetening and adding flavor put peaches between cake pour cream over. Icing 3 teaspoons of sugar beaten with white of 1 egg



Articles of food of which the guest is expected to help himself should always be presented on the left side, Slaw dressing. 2 tablespoons cream 2 sugar 4 vinegar, beat well and pour over cabbage cut fine and salted

**[PAGE 58]**

A passionate being who only knows how to love and to weep made to be adored, or bruised

Criticism, that dry and burning wind which wither the most vigorous plants to the root. All that is beautiful is holy.

**[PAGE 59]**

Cold water

Oh! Had I the wings of a dove

Soft soap put 1 gal. of grease in a vessel pour 2 gallons boiling water over it add one can Lewis' Lye & stir let it stand 3 or 4 days & boil it will make a cup in 1 hour

P Please

P P

**[PAGE 60]**

Strawberry Shortcake

To 1 quart of flour add ½ level teaspoonful of salt and 3 teaspoonfulls heaped of baking powder sift 3 times, work a level table spoonful of butter into the four make into a dough with one pint of cold milk. roll? the dough thin cut in 2 equal parts rub the top of each piece with butter place the second on it, cut in to cake and bake quickly.

A sweet strawberry cake prepare a good cake dough use small pans put in enough dough to cover the bottom set in the dough, points down as many berries as can be thus placed without touching each other, drop a pinch of sugar on each berry and put over them a spoonful of dough bake in a moderate oven

**[PAGE 61]**

Make a very stiff frosting of whites of eggs and sugar When the cakes are nearly done, spread the tops thickly with frosting and set in large strawberries large end down return to the oven 5 minutes

Strawberry pie – Line a dish with good puff paste and set in the oven till it is half baked thru put in enough sugared berries to fill the crust pull narrow strips of crust over the top and finish baking cream pie – beat ½ cup flour ½ cup sugar & yolks 3 eggs together & stir in 1 pint boiling milk bake the crust pour in the mixtures frost the tops & brown

[Torn page]

. . . When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the [diary beginning in the middle of page] struggles and temptations it has passed. The brief pulsations of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the tears of regret, the feebleness of purpose, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends. The scorn of a world that has little charity, the desolation of the souls sanctuary, and the threatening voices within – health



**[PAGE 62]**

[page torn] gone, happiness gone; even hope, that stays longest with us, gone, I have little heart for *anything but thankfulness that it is not so with me, and would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hands it came.*" Longfellow in Hyperion

"Thanks is a little word but it has much meaning when it has a heart behind it."

**[PAGE 63]**

HARPS Cake filling

Put 1 cup of sugar in a saucepan  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water let simmer until the sugar is dissolved add white of 1 egg beaten to froth half cup chopped raisins a tablespoon of cocoanut flavor with vanilla

Pumpkin Pie

1 pint pumpkin 1 pint sweet-milk 3 eggs flavor with nutmeg & ginger sweet to taste

For the complexion

The white of one egg beaten with rose water to a cream add 1 granule of alum 1 g. of sweet almond oil beaten to a paste paste on a cloth & put on the face all ought to wash off in the morning with warm water, then wash in cold water rub briskly with a towel

**[PAGE 64]**

Apple Sweet Pickles – 1 teacup vinegar 2 of sugar make a syrup adding clovers & cinnamon, put in apples cook till tender, put in jar & pour syrup over them

Vinegar pie – Stir 1 pint of hot water on the beaten yolks of 4 eggs 1 cup sugar  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup thick paste of flour & water 2 tablespoons cider vinegar season with lemon beat whites put on top of pie

Milk frosting – 10 tablespoons sweet-milk 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups sugar let boil six minutes take off stir till white spread quickly – cure for felon equal parts soft soap unslacked (unslaked) lime & turpentine

Sweet pickles – any kind of fruit have it free from water put fruit in jars until within 3 or 4 inches of top pour cold cane syrup over put in few cloves tie a damp brown . . .