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1884
Horace Has Spent a Dreadful Night

As Helen’s 1884 diary opens, she is fifty-six years old; Horace, sixty-one, is nearing death. Helen’s own health is not good. In the Deseret Evening News obituary of Horace, uncredited but written by his son Orson with Helen’s help, the background for Horace’s final illness is given:1 “The first marked symptom of his final illness, was felt on the night of Sunday, June 1st [1884]. He came home from a visit to one of his sons, complaining of shortness of breath, and suffered much during the night from coughing.” He continued to work, but was afflicted by spells of faintness at his desk. After two weeks, he stayed home from work to rest, only returning on July 31st. But he could work only a few hours, and had to walk slowly home supported by a cane. In late September, rainy cold weather caused him to relapse. He rarely went outside after this. “He was unable to lie down at night, and slept mostly sitting up, with his arms and head resting against a pillow upon the table before him.”

In early November, Horace became “haggard and emaciated,” and his mind began failing also. Helen and her sister-wife Mary tended their invalid husband, assisted by their children. This is the prelude to widowhood.

Helen Mar’s monumental diary begins.

A diary kept by Helen Mar Whitney commenced June 16th 1883, 2nd book.2

Wed ^Nov^ 12th, 1884. Horace wished to be fixed in his chair last evening, at an early hour & went to sleep. Spent as good a night as usual—was ready for breakfast when I came out of my room this morning. I had a good nights sleep after drinking hop tea these two evenings. Woke early after a wakeful spell dropt to sleep & was thus late to rise. I felt very slim for most of the forenoon, but got better, & have ^done^ more work than usual, have cleaned up my room, where Juliette3 is sewing, & the sitting room where Horace is.

Br Joseph Kingsbury & Kirkman came this morning to see Horace4—in a few moments Brs James Jack & David McKenzie came, then Brs Wm B. Dougle & George F. Gibs came in.5 All were the old & dear friends & clerks
from the Tithing Offices where Horace has worked with them for so many years. I asked Horace if he would not like them to anoint & pray for him. He said yes. Br Jack anointed him & Joseph Kingsbury prayed—all laying on hands with him. He enjoyed their coming & seemed better for it. D. McKinzie, when parting with Horace shook hands and kissed him and his eyes were full of tears when he came & shook my hand. Numbers of callers have been in to see him. My niece Marian Sprague, Em Wells with her Bell & Sister Woodruff. Our Helen also came with the dear baby. Em brought me 15 cts. cash received for my books.

Horace became very tired & nervous, it being too much and the little children’s noise with the rest. Bell has sent him grapes, oranges etc & today a bottle of claret. Lillie, Gennie and Florence have gone to the theatre & I'm sitting with Horace. I took off his shoes & socks & found his left ankles had blistered in 2 places & had burst. His feet are the same, near his toes We rubbed some oil and Laudnum on & wrapped them with soft rags & dressed his feet. He layed & slept this after noon, longer than at any one time since his last relapse, & is now trying to though hard work to breathe.

Thursday, 13th. Horace is better to day. Gen took my place at half past 11 o’clock, & stayed with him till morning. I sent to see how Heber is. learned that he’s about the same very low. Joshua K. Whitney returned this evening from Logan.

Friday 14th. I stayed with H. last night. He was very nervous in the fore part. I gave him some fetty rested better for it, but seems worse to day. is very nervous. I bathed his feet & ankles and pricked the blisters, as Dr Richards directed, who I called to see this forenoon. He said he’d been expecting to hear of his legs breaking out,—could do nothing more than he had already done. said we must not put any thing on them. I came home tired completely out going there & to Coop. Br & Sister Frink came to see H. this forenoon. Br Spence & James Cushing called to see H., who talked to them so much that his nerves were in an awful plight after they left. I gave him some assafoetida again Laura Pack came in the evening—expecting to go to Logan Temple with her mother & Mary, where the children are to be adopted to their parents by sealing. Dolf stays here to night with his father. Gen & Flod are gone to the Theatre.

Saturday 15. Arose a little after 7. finding Horace sitting by the fire in the corner, talking to Dolf quite smart for him. After breakfast he took the lounge & slept quite a nap. Dr Murphy & James Jack also bro Gleason called to see him while was asleep. Dr told me how to prick Horace’s legs to let the water out—to put needles in a cork (as Dr Richards said) & go all over the parts bloated. This I did to day, & the water oozed out in every place, which relieved him greatly. I did not understand Dr Richards, as he did not explain, as Dr. Murphy did. H. is teribly nervous & excitable. I hate to leave him. Florence stays with him to night, as I must save myself to take care of him days.
Sunday 16th. H. is the lowest that he’s been at all. This morn, I found his legs had run till the cloth & his pants were wet through, and I took them off—bathed his limbs & wrapped them in dry flannel—four or five times I’ve changed the cloths, and bathed his feet twice in warm water and rubbed them also his hands, they being cold. He has felt chilled & shivered—a new symptom, which alarmed me particularly his hands being cold & one forefinger numb. I rubbed & held them in mine to get them warm. Phebe & Vie Kimball called to see him & a number of others. Phebe proposed sending to get one of Hebers morphine pills, also a quinine pill. We hated to, but consented as he was so nervous & his leg so painful. Gen stays with him to night.

Monday 17th. Mary & I were up late with H. He had a bad night. I’ve changed the cloths on his legs & feet, they being wet & cold—washed him & fed him his breakfast & washed out the flannels before taking my breakfast, it being ten o’clock and I felt very little hungry. H. has been stupefied nearly all day by the opium. Jim Jack called this morning & I asked what he thought of my sending for Dr Anderson. He said he’d send for him if I wished him to. He did so, and the Dr talked encouraging if Horace could stand being again physicked. But if he remained as he is his life was very short. He said, the medicine that he was taking we were to continue, & gave him a small dose of jallop & creemataitor daily, as he could stand it. The cod-liver oil could be stopt, as Horace hates it so, & take malt instead. Told me to rub his legs with oil & laudnum, & for the sores, he proscribed a salve which I’ve attended to. His legs have run a good deal. Br’s Frink & Gleeson have called & were the first to rouse him—he recognized them.—afterwards Jimie Cushing called & he did not know him till just before he left.

Tuesday 18th. H. seems better though he spent a miserable night. I stayed with him till nearly midnight when I called Gen. & she took my place—have changed the cloths on his legs & feet, they being wet & cold—in consequence of two nights being up late. Horace has been almost entirely relieved of his breathing trouble—heart affection since the water began running from his legs. Br Jack called to see H. He was asked to send some good coal as the last was fine & poor quality. I also asked him to bring us $500 in cash when he came again. Horace seems better to day.

Wednesday 19th. Horace has spent a dreadful night. Joshua stayed with him & never layed down till 5 o’clock in the morning. His leg was painting him so I was called to attend to it in the morning. Cloths saturated, also the carpet. I attended to his leg & replaced dry flannels etc. Gave him his physic before eating his breakfast. This I’ve done each morning before eating mine. I’ve felt little able to do so sickening a task before taking a cup of coffee, or any thing in my stomach. Br Jack called to see H. He was asked to send some good coal as the last was fine & poor quality. I also asked him to bring us $500 in cash when he came again. Horace seems better to day.

Thursday 20th. Josh. and Dolf stayed with H. and he had the best nights sleep he’s had for a number of nights. His leg looks frightful—more
sores breaking out and a black spot on his shin. The water running constantly has made the flesh some softer. I felt somewhat alarmed at the black spot, but found it only on the surface—when pricking the skin blood ran out, & the Dr (who we sent for again) said it was nothing serious. He placed an instrument under his right arm to find the extent of his fever. Said he had more vitallity than he’d given him credit for.—was more encouraged this morning than at first. I told him I’d given him nearly a tea-spoonful of Jollep etc. & they had moved him twice this forenoon. He ate better to day & asked for bread & milk at night, which he seemed to enjoy. Br Jack called—brought P.C.d's & stamps by Mary’s request—and instead of $5.00 brought 10—which shows the spirit that possesses him. He thought we might want it, he said.

Friday 21st I was called early to help Josh & Dolf to set him on his chair. H. had a passage, and he ate a good breakfast for him. A dish of oat meal, a ^tea^ cup of beef tea full of bread, and cup of coffee. After that he refused to eat. Dolf went for the Dr, as I felt that he was too weak to take any physic to day. Dr sent word to take it & to get the best whiskey & keep him up with milk punch. I’ve done the latter but refused to give physic as his bowels had had another move. His left foot had been terrible all night & ^is^ growing worse, but the other was nearly free from pain. I dictated a letter to Mary that morning, ^telling that his symptoms were better and^ think- ing he might possibly get better & live though he had spent a dreadful night & looked awfully hagard & pale. But as soon as I’d undone his ^sore^ leg I gave up all hope, it was mortified, and every sore place had turned black. I told Dolf he’d better send a P.C. the ^same^ evening. He wrote one but failed to mail it to his mother. Horaces suffering was so great, I sent Dolf for the Dr to prepare something for him to allay the pain. I had Flod get a little bread & milk which her father ate from her hand as well as he had previously done. Dolf says Dr Anderson admitted to him that the black spots were bad symptoms, but still he wished him to continue taking the punch—a wineglass full of whiskey to a half pint of milk & one egg. But that with the other two medicines to be taken each hour was terrible, as he loathed the punch more & more. I said to him that I wished I was able to sit with him all night. He replied “I wish you was able to stay with me a night or two.” I am worn out & unless I rest a little at night. I told him I should not be able to be with him days, unless I slept & rested all night. This he said he knew, & hoped I’d be able to sleep. I undid and rubbed down his leg & foot ^although he hated to have me work so hard for him I ^done^ it every little while as it seemed to sooth and comfort it. Josh spoke of applying wet cloths to his foot, which I told him was my greatest remedy. As soon as I applied it he felt relieved, so I continued to wring it out of cold water every time it got warm. He was teribly nervous, so I told Gennie to go on giving him the morphine till he was quiet, & she gave it twice after that. I requested her to call me if there was any change for the worse. At half
past 12 o’clock, Dolf came & told her to go to bed in the little bed room, & she did so after some hesitation. Dolf being very sleepy droused off while holding his pa’s hand then Gen happened to go out & asked him to take some ^milk^ punch. He took it & she went to bed. Dolf called her after day break—thought his pa had taken too much morphine. Gen came for me ^being frightened^ & told him to give a table spoonful of Coffee I told Dolf I should do no such thing, to disturb him in his last moments. I took his hand & sat by him till I had to go & take nourishment, leaving Flodie to hold his hand. We sent to notify Orson, who was on his way here. He wished me to assist him in writing his pa’s obituary. I had gone & taken Horaces hand ^again^ but had to go in to another room where Orson had to retire to be quiet. I placed his hand in ^Flods^ His pulse was gone when I first saw him He slept quietly, only occasionally ^a slight^ struggle & giving a grasp at my hand. He breathed his last at 11 o clock.32 His poor leg that I’d wrapt in wet cloth had burst open & the cloth saturated with bloody water. While I was holding his hand Dr Anderson (the daughter)33 called to see him in her fathers place. I showed her H’s left foot, which was black all over and swolen, & the film over his eyes, she saw which was proof enough that it was not mor-

phine. Horace asked Gen ^in the night^ to take off the wet cloth & build a good fire, as he was cold—another proof that death had come to his relief, & still they did not know it. If I had only been notified I should have got up & watched him the rest of the night. But I knew nothing of it, though I was wakeful most of the night—sleeping only catnaps when at all. I felt much sicker that morning than I had before, and my head swimming—Crowds of

friends called in hoping to see him but Joseph Taylor, sexton,34 had him placed in a freezer to remain till Monday morning.

Sunday 23rd Jack & Arnald ^have been very kind &^ aranged matters pertaining to H.’s clothes—cariges &c. taking all these responsibilities from off my shoulders. I feel very feeble. Many friends have called & offered assistance & condolence. Mary has come.—feels teribly to think she went away. But she went in a good cause. Samira Wood35 came up from Springville. Juliette came also to make Gen a dress.

Monday 24th. I felt very sick in the morning, having slept but little—forgot to mention President Taylor36 calling yesterday with Brother Angus Cannon. He apologised for not doing so before—had intended to for a number of days. bid me to keep up good heart etc. etc. I asked James Jack yesterday for ^an order^ for Mary & myself to get groceries etc. Deck38 went with Florence—purchased me a cloak ^shoes^ & other articles, also coats for Mary’s little boy He went after the order to cover them. There has been nothing left undone that love & friendship could administer. The remaining members of the old Theatricle club39 ^&^ the fellow clercks of Horace ^were^ pall bearers. Carrying him to the 18th Ward Chapel40
where services were held. A great many people had to go away—could not get in. The music & all was most comforting & sublime.

This morning after Horace’s death I felt for the first time that he had really departed, having nothing to do but sit down to breakfast, the thought that there was nothing else for me to do—that every morning it had been my first care to wait upon him & wash his face & hands & prepare him some breakfast—of late, had been till ten o’clock before I could take my own, and now there was nothing for me to do. I had to leave the table & go out to give free vent to my feelings. Orson & Zina came down in the evening. O. asked me what we expected to do for a livelihood. I told him I knew not, but trusted that the Lord would still provide in some way. He said he was to become City treasurer, & would do all he could for us. I told him I did not want him to, but for him to save his means & build him a home. But if they still wished to board with us they could come, now pa was gone. He said they’d have to board somewhere I told him they could take the east parlor and bedroom, which was agreed upon. Bud & wife—his mother, Ell & Deck—had been in previously, expecting to see Orson, but did not stay long as he was not here. Juliette came this morning & helped us prepare for the funeral. Very kind in her. Samira has helped us too. She gave me 4 skeins of red stocking yarn. She went home to day.

Tuesday 25th. I was taken last night with deathly spells, feel very sick in consequence. We sent Dolf to get some meat at T. Off. for dinner. Not finding bro. Joseph Kingsbury came home without any. We had none, so I put on my things—Sister Samira also, I went to see if I could get any—put on my new coat to go on to the Co-op to exchange it for a larger one. I got a check from clerk of $2.00 on meat market & sent it home by Mary’s Fay. I exchanged my coat for one better suited to me, being prettier still, & for $25.00—the other was 30. It tired me out to wear it. We went into Ex. Off. to see Em. While there I had an awful bad spell, they were frightened. Em held camphire to my nose. As soon as I could I told her, I never used any thing. She was frightened, she said I looked so white. I had hard work to get home. Samira returned to Springville in the afternoon. Helen came up to day—Was taken with a chill ague in her left breast. and I wouldn’t let her go home—Worked over her till 11 o’clock before I could leave her and babe.

Wednesday 26th. I left Helen with George & slept in the little bedroom—had only a tolerable night. Helen, I found better, thank the Lord. I’ve no appetite & feel very badly though I’ve had but two faint spells through the day, felt too sick to sit up all day—my cough is very bad & wearing upon me.

Thursday 27th. Thanksgiving day. Zine & Orson furnished turkey & other eatibles and dined with us. Helen is all right to day—George gone hunting. I called on Heber, who was not so well, having been too smart yesterday—has been better for 2 days back. I hardly felt able to walk there but knew the out was necessary, as my spirits are down. A sad day, this, to
me, my heart is like lead & my body sick, but, of course, will pass off in

time. Florence has gone to take dinner at Dinwoodies with Henry’s

mother & family. Orson & Zine to brother Wells, to a family gathering—

Gennie’s gone out for a walk. Helen, Lillie & myself left alone with baby.

George has just returned.

Friday 28th. I feel better to day—though have had a number of faint

spells, but do not affect one so severely as they did. Orson & family came to

breakfast & took dinner here Sister Frink and Zine’s sister Maxfield—

also—which served to pass the time alway less lonely. Helen is here still &

George ^came^ to dinner. She went home ^this^ afternoon. Orson came

in the evening with tickets to James A. MacKnights lecture on Bonapart’s

captivity—urgd me to go & shake off my gloom.

Saturday 29th. Lillie, Gennie & myself attended MacKnights lecture. It

was upon the United States etc.—quite interesting. Two of the tickets were

complimentary from Mac—and O. gave me mine. Lillie stayed with me last

night—built ^me^ a fire this morning & I took my bath. Went out &

found it lonely—only Lill & Gen to sit down to breakfast with. We wished

O. & Z. would come down, & did not wish in vain—they came, though late.

We ^have^ had family prayers, as we’ve been accustomed to whenever O.
took breakfast here. I went to Coop ^to day^—got seven y’rs black cloth

for myself—Called at Ex. Off. Em. gave me $1.00 received for my books at

Granger.—Went into T. Off. met Joseph Kingsbury, spoke to him about

our condition & about getting some ^carpenter^ work done on my house

etc. Got some meat at the market & came home. Orson & family ate din-

er here. He & Bud met here to look over their pa’s papers—found the

deed to mine and Mary’s places & other interesting things. I’ve had

^more^ deathly spells today than any previous day. feel sad & sick from the

same, and my mind ^is^ troubled over Flod’s leaving school, after the great

effort that I made to get her and Lucy started. Bud says he went & had

their names taken off the role. He was not aware that I sent Florence to

school & expected to pay the bill.

Sunday 30th.—Beautiful day, but sad & sick do I feel. Went ^to^ after-

noon meeting with Mary & her mother & Dolf. While eating dinner, after 4

o’clock, we discovered the old mill ^built by my father^ on fire—everything

was excitement, & the street filled with people. We understood it to be full

of flower—burned up—Water being so scarce that the fireman worked

for a time^ to little ad^vantage^ John & Josh Whitney came in the

evening after all had become quiet. I was in a sad way also Lillie—faint

spells came on me faster & more severe in the afternoon & evening. I

asked Gen to sing—she did so, which soothed my heart aching. John sang

some of the hymns sung by his mother, also a song or two of the olden
time. All of it did me good. I forgot, Sister Zina Young called in the early

part of the eve. and sat a while. Gen went with her to see bro. Heber—

found him worse. Phebe said he was invariably worse every Sunday.
Monday Nov [Dec.] 1st Feel no better, death has not let go its grip on my feeble frame, and "my trials seems" are not to be made lighter, but heavier—Am weighed down to the very earth—still, the Lord is my friend, & "as I'm nearing the end of my earthly life I should not repine for "There is sweet rest in Heaven" awaiting me, and there I shall enjoy my "home sweet home" with nought to molest or make afraid.

Tuesday 2nd. I tried last eve. to write to Bro. Abraham wrote half a sheet & went to bed—Sleep, balmy sleep, forsook me—a wakeful night ensued till near morning, when I droused into troubled slumber. When I awoke this morn, my head was aching to burst and my heart heavy with sorrow. I prayed all night for wisdom & a willing heart to yeald obedience to whatever was required at my hand—to do what's best. But my feelings are unchanged, & I feel that the Lord does not require me to sacrifise what He has bestowed for my comfort during the few days that I shall sojourn here to finish my last testament. I "have" had to give up & lay down for a while, & my head feels better for it, have done a little knitting. Had a call from Sister Howard in the afternoon, also from Sister Egan, & her husbands daughter, who was named for me. I feel very feeble in body.

Wednesday 3d. I had a tolerable nights sleep—had 2 or 3 wakeful spells—have kept my room most all day. How I prize it & how could I do without it? The only resting place left me to make life endurable while I remain This is the first day that I've been free from those deathly sensations. I have done quite a lot of knitting this evening—have tended prayers & now must retire.

Thursday 4th Had a call this morning from brother Charley Oliphant, Brigham Young's nephew—"This is a lovely day after a night of wind and dust." Have spent a pleasant time with Sister How, at her home "this afternoon." Sister Rees & M.S. Kimball were there—came home at 9 o'clock—found the dining room full of young folks listening to Gen. reading Tom Sawyer, and Orson & Zina sitting in the front room where they have settled.

Friday 5th. Last night I retired to bed, but not to sleep—hours passed before I could settle myself and then my slumbers were broken—felt sick this morning to pay for it—have hard work to eat anything. The skies are cloudy & threatening somewhat. Storms must come to water next years crop. Florence is sick to day in my bed—Sister Taylor, counselor to Sister Horn, called to see me.

Saturday 6th—Cloudy. Dan Davis called & brought $1.75 for books sold at Bountiful by Sister Sessions—brought back twenty two. I'm used to trying to clean my room. Flod took the broom from me & finished sweeping though she is still feeling badly. Lucy W. Kimball called this afternoon. I invited her to come & stop with me all night when convenient—Said she would soon. My heart is sad & heavy though I struggle to shake it off.

Sunday 7th. I slept but little last night. Spent it in prayer for grace & strength to bear, & forbear & to rise triumphant above "my temptations, &
that which would mar my peace, if possible, & sicken me of life. Sister Lucy
came near night to stop all night—had a pleasant visit—She said my sad coun-
tenance haunted her all night, & she feared that I would sink under my feel-
ings if I didn’t try to shake them off. “Troubles never come single.” I’m not
only bereaved, but sick & my peace disturbed by the ill feeling and spirit that’s
manifested towards me, by one, towards whom I’ve shown nothing but kind-
ness—I suppose it’s because I did not give up my only quiet room, & resting
place where I wish to do a little more work with my pen, as well as to rest my
worn out body and brain. I hope for the privilege of returning the compli-
ment by doing good—heaping coals of fire upon her head before I take my
exit from this stage, which is my worst wish, and may Heaven grant it.

Monday 8th. I’m feeling better. This is a lovely day though cold.
Juliette came to make my dress for nothing, but I shall pay her, for she
needs it to provide for her children. Orson brought an invitation from E.
B. Wells, for me to attend a social gathering of sisters at her house, this
evening. I got ready and went at twilight—Was the first one there.

Tuesday 9th. I was late home last night—Had a very pleasant visit and
meeting—every one spoke—All were women but Bp Atwood,70 who spoke &
dismissed with prayer. I felt very tired & sleepy, & hardly able to walk
home—^ was wishing for some way of conveyance—but started afoot with
Sisters Hyde & King71—when coming up main street, saw brother
Faringston72 with his coach, as if waiting for some one—bowed & passed on.
In a moment after, he came up & asked if I’d ride home. I accepted the invi-
tation with a grateful heart, after asking if he was going home and he said
“Yes.” I did not feel that I could add to the already big bill run up when H.
was alive. He asked who these ladies were—when I told him, said he wished
I’d asked them to ride. I would liked to! I told him but didn’t feel at liberty.
It seemed curious to get in alone, I told him, where I’d rode with Horace so
many times, & it brought many things back. I was fearful of being too late this
morning & hurriedly dressed & ate a little, and was off—a few minutes after 9
o’clock—Met the carriage coming for me with Em. Wells in it, though she
did not go with us. She handed me $3.00 in greenbacks received from
Sister Robinson of Coalville,74 for my books and she did up a bundle
of them for me to take with me. They were all sold—brought back $4.50 in
cash—found $2.75 cts, at home, sent by Sister Freese,75 for books that
she had sold for me. Had a call this evening from 3 of Wm H. Kimball’s daugh-
ters, Minnie, Solnie & June.76 This has been quite a profitable day for me. I
heard, through Emmaline Wells, that Dr Norton was married to Br Benson
of St George.77 When will wonders cease? I forgot to mention an old due bill,
that Josh. W. found in his father’s papers—“Due H.K. Whitney $17,16 cts on
settlement of all account up to date—Nauvoo, March 11th 1843.”

“Taylor & Woodruff.”

Then, Br Taylor was editor of Times and Seasons, and Horace one of
the printers.
Wednesday 10th. Another lovely day—had a good nights sleep—feel better for it, though my cough is troublesome & my body enfeebled.—Had to lay down since writing the above feeling prostrated—was better for it so that I’ve done some work—sewing & knitting in the afternoon.Talked with my Florence about sitting up so much nights, & how it was injuring her health, & how she’d look back with sorrow & regret after I was gone, that she had not heeded my council & reproofs etc. After a little she came to my room & put her arms around my neck weeping—she’d thought over the matter & concluded to try & obey me & retire early at night, and take care of her health as I told her I had very little to tie me to life—sick & sorrowful & oppressed in other ways, till I could hardly bear up under it. then to have my children careless & disobedient grieved me as they could little realise till they had children to pay them back. My heart was melted with gratitude to my Father for His kindness in hearing my prayer. O, that my supplications may continue to ascend up into His ears, in behalf of my loved ones whom He has placed in my charge, that not one of them may be lost.

Thursday 11th. Felt feeble & sorrowful this morning—better afternoon. finished a pair of stockings & knit a little mitten for Fayette told Racy (whom I called to try it on) that they were for a little boy who had no pa. He wanted me to give them to him, but when I said, again, that they were for a poor little boy etc., he said “give them to Fay, he hasn’t got any pa.” I intend knitting him some too, but want them both to be surprised on Christmas day. This has been a very cold day. I received a P.C. from Sister Robinson, at Coalville, full of sympathy, having learned of the death of my husband, & informing me of the money sent to Sister Guchron by letter, for me, saying that she had not sold my books, but thinking I would need the money, sent it me. Very thoughtful and kind in her. “A friend in need is a friend indeed.” My Father has promised that I shall never want, & I never expect to. My Orson sent to ask me to come and eat some oysters for supper. I accepted and ate hearty. It’s done me good. My cough is terrible this evening—Zina sent Racie with some losingers for me to take.

Friday 12th. My cough troublesome in the night—has made my body sore with straining—appetite delicate. Built a fire in parlor this morning, & pasted paper over the cracks between the upper & lower sashes, to keep out the cold. Have done some knitting, & mended Lillie’s old dress Wrote a P.C. to Sister Robinson assuring her that her kindness would never be forgotten etc. Dolf came up to day & asked me for his pa’s hat. I let him have it, & then bethought me of his knife & gloves which he had asked for and received. It hurt my feelings when I learned, through his mother, that he only wanted this one to wear every day to save his own, when his pa’s hat is almost a new one & a fine one too.

Saturday 13th. I drank Hop tea last eve. to make me sleep—but it did not operate till morning I was sleeping nicely till late, when Em. Piper came to exchange $5.00 in gold for silver—small change. I’ve written two
letters to day—feel like my head was a fountain of tears to night, as I sat reflecting over the past and present—the change that has come to me within the last 3 weeks—I’m having a rest intermingled with trials that have come unbidden to my door. I must now prepare things to retire, as it’s ten o’clock.

Sunday 14th. Rested good after I got to sleep—Arose and made my fire—took my bath, & went to breakfast.—Ground is covered with snow—Winter has at last set in, and the flakes still falling. I have read President G. Q. Cannon’s excellent discourse, delivered in Provo, Sunday, Nov. 20. Also read considerable more in News and Exponent, my eyes tired out. In the evening Mary Ellen Kimball called in, also Tessie K. called to see us—said her pa was very bad—M. E. & I had an interesting talk. In speaking of the Book of Mormon, I said, I had wondered & enquired where Father’s old Book of Mormon was & couldn’t find out. She informed me that father gave it to Sister Laura Pittkin and she gave it to Sara Noon before she died, and before Sarah died she gave the book to Mary Ellen, who said she would let me take it to read, as I told her I could not read the new edition any more, because of the print being so fine. Orson gave me $18.50 cts towards paying for Lillie’s shoes. I gave him 2 five dollar gold pieces found in his pa’s purse. This makes $100 that he left—part of which is my cow money, that he promised to get me another with. But it will go to pay his debts, if any is left, it will be devided between Mary & me.

Monday 15th. Feel tolerably well to day—Racie was left with me & slept with me all night. This morning he said he wished I lived with them. I said “don’t I?” he said, “No you dont live in there, you live in the other room & here.” I asked him what he’d like for a Christmass present—He opened his eyes wide & said “A little dead dol in a coffin”. I told him I didn’t think he could get one unless it was made of dough—Queer child.

Tuesday 16th. My Helen’s baby came up & spent the day—left babe with me afternoon to go with the girls to buy Christmas things—it cried bitterly before she returned. I’ve done a hard days work—tending baby, mending Lill’s dress and knitting—besides another task done in the morning—looking over things that pertained to Horace & putting things to rights. George & Em. Pyper were up here, & their baby. Rainy weather instead of snow, rather disagreeable And Lillie is down in body & mind—Came in the evening to get me to pray for her. I called the girls to prayers, and then administered to Lillie, using consecrated oil. My own head is
aching from over work, & little sleep. Received a letter of condolence from my cousin—Libbie Walling dated Victor Dec. 8th.

Wednesday 17th—My head is aching—slept poorly Orson informed me that he’s stopt the Dt News today as he thought we could not stand the expense $10. a year. I felt as though I’d be loosing another dear friend, I told him & there were but few comforts left me. He said I could continue to take it if I felt disposed. I returned to my room & bethought me of my books—went & asked if he didn’t think Penrose would take them for pay. He said he would ask him—thought likely he would. I felt grateful that I had published another book to assist myself with—to the Lord be all the praise I asked Dolf to get one of the children to go over to the Off., where there were, most likely, letters for us—he did so and I received one from bro. Sol dated Dec. 6. It was filled with interesting items, and words of comfort, as he’d heard the sad news of Horace’s death. He was then on a mission with Apostles B. Young & Heber J. Grant, travelling in Sonora, Mexico. The place they were in is Hermosillo—They were going to carry the gospel to the [blank] of Lamanites, & to find a place of safety for those who are persecuted & imprisoned for obeying Gods command—to enter into the Holy order of matrimony. He is wrapt up in this great & glorious work which the Lord is hastening—every sign goes to prove this fact.

Thursday 18th—Sat up too late trying to knit—till I felt sleepy—couldn’t sleep till nearly midnight—woke this morning wild with nervous head ache—couldn’t rise till I took some toast & coffee—got up as Juliette had come to finish my dress—Went to bed again—pain grew worse Orson came in my room, at noon—found me distracted with my head—offered to administer to me—I told him I’d be glad to have him. He did so anointing my head with oil—I am now able to sit up & write, thank the Lord. Orson told me he had been to bro. Penrose & he would be pleased to take pay for News in my books, but proposed a cheeper way—would like me to write for the paper occasionally as I had sometimes written for Exponent, in defence of this work, or polygamy—and the News should go on as usual. I would be pleased to pay for it in that way, I told Orson, if I could get back my strength of body & mind to be capable of it. I feel still more that the Lord has remembered his handmaiden in the days of her affliction & that His promises will not fail—that my last days should be the best. My treasures are laid up in heaven, where, I’ve been told, that I should be enthroned in the presence of God, and also that here I “should be honored of God and by man,” and no power should stay the blessings pronounced upon my head by my dear father in my Patriarchal blessing, & at various times. But O, how weak & unworthy I feel, and dependent upon His arm to lead me and to sustain me in the midst of this dark world of sorrow and disappointment.

Friday 19th—Lillie came & made my fire this morning. I laid awake so much that I feel very poorly not able to sit up much. Orson is also very unwell from a cold. The wind has been blowing all night & is still. I felt better
Solomon “Sol” Farnham Kimball, in 1890; his first wife, Zula Pomeroy Kimball (left); and second wife, Caroline Fillerup Kimball (right). Helen Mar was probably closer to Sol than to any of her other siblings. *From The Life of David P. Kimball* (1918), courtesy of Special Collections and Archives, Merrill Library, Utah State University.
after noon ^we^ done a little knitting. Juliette came to finish my dress. I gave her one of my late pamphlets—told her I would pay her for her work. Orson came to me a few minutes ago & enquired what she was doing here so much. I informed him that she offered to make me a dress for nothing, but I should not let her as her needle was the only means she had of providing for herself & children. He said that was right, but there was need of our being economical as there were so many debts to pay—he’d just learned that pa had borrowed over $2.00 of Carl’s portion to pay for the pipes—to bring water to our doors last Fall. He told me he wished I would go & talk with President Taylor. I told him I would be glad to do so as soon as I was able. He said he would commence New Years & pay me $50 a month. If he does this he will be doing well. I think we’ll get along but cant see exactly how—feel gloomy as there are other debts of his father’s to be settled, & I feer that my calculations about Flod going to school will be frustrated. Bud has given her notice that their Dramatic Club is to perform soon, & she can earn a little money on the stage. I gave her to understand that she must not go to rehearsals on the Lords day if the rest did, as I would not countenance it. Weather rainy and dreary. Flod gone to rehearsal & Gen to Quire practice.

Saturday 20th—Another long ^and almost^ wakeful night— am sick for lack of sleep—head aching & nearly discouraged— My mind troubled on ^our^ present circumstances, and this ^has^ furnished food for reflection to keep me awake When taking my first nap, poor Lillie came to me crying & woke me, so I laid for hours thinking—have not suffered so for a great while, with an empty stomach—distressed me all night. I felt better after taking dinner with cup of tea—have finished R’s mittens & knitting Toodle a pair—tired out & had to stop. Brother & Sister Dousenbery came to night to Zina’s. I told her she & Orson could take my room & let them have hers, & I could sleep up stairs with the girls. She disliked my leaving my bed, but I told her I could, & that was the best way O, if I could find sleep I would not care where I went. Lord grant me this blessing I pray.

Sunday 21st. Stormy day. I rested more last night than the previous—How much I thought of last winter when I occupied the upstairs and Horace was there with me so much. To day has been spent looking over my desk of papers & letters—casting some to the flames. Orson spent some of the day in my parlor writing—read to me ^a sketch of^ Father Whitney’s life, which he is writing for the Contributor its splendid. Joshua Whitney spent the evening here.

Monday 22d. Every thing is clothed in their snowy robes—beautiful to my eyes, but the weather is mild & the snow ^fast^ melting away I feel better, & have done some work & reading. Had to pay $6.00 ^& 25 cts^ in cash for a load of coal which came to me, by mistake of Deck’s—telling the man to take it to H.K. Whitney, instead of to Mary Whitney’s, as he should have done. I sent $2.00 by Flod to buy a cup & saucer for O.F. Wh.—Christmas gift, & bibs for Zine & Helen’s baby. I gave one dollar & fifty cts to Flod to
get her a pair of corsets. I hear that Heber is very low—he is being tapt to
day.\textsuperscript{99} Also hear that bro. Abraham is not expected to live.\textsuperscript{100}

\textbf{Tuesday 23d} I heard that Heber was very low—went to see him towards
night found him better than reported, though he is in an awful condition—
Phebe had not slept any the night previous—I took the \textit{News} containing a
sketch of Sol’s letter to me.\textsuperscript{101} Heber was pleased to hear it. and also to see
me. I had spent the day in knitting mittens for Christmas gifts for boys

\textbf{Wed. 24th}. Heber was not tapt till to day. He stood it better than anticipated. Ive been working hard all day, & all the rest. Brother Wm\textsuperscript{102} called at
the door to see me—was on the way to Heber’s to witness the operation.

\textbf{Thur. 25}. The \textit{merry Christmas} is here, but pa is not—After arising the
first salutation was little Racie, in his white night-garment, bringing me a
beautiful gift from his mother—white embroidered shawl, with rich lace
edging, for my shoulders—all her own handiwork, also a white silk hand-
kercchief—which serves as a healing balm. The next was a lovely \textit{table spread}
from Florence which she put on the table in the parlour where I received
Helen & George & baby—They presented me with a beautiful \textit{lamp} for
the parlor table, and Gennie had knit a moss mat to put it on. Ella came with a
very nice white silk handkerchief for me—the most presents given me for
years, at one \textit{time} Orson gave Mary \textit{Whitney} \$10.00 in gold, as a
Christmas gift. I gave him a beautiful Coffee cup and saucer—china—Gave
Z. a linen handkerchief, baby bib, & stuff for white apron All I could raise—
\textit{also} gave my Helen apron and baby a bib. Gave Gen a set of silver
plaited table spoons & tea spoons—sugar spoon and also knives & forks,
which I bought of a Jew. I’m told that they are not good, but that is yet to be
proven. I only paid \$5.00 for them any how. I gave Lillie 4 little tea spoons—
pure silver, what remains of 6 given me by my mother many years ago—the
other six she gave to my niece, Helen Vilate.\textsuperscript{103} To Flod I gave a dollar & fifty
cts to get her some \textit{corsets}. I gave Racie his red mittens, when he came to
bring his mothers gifts, & he ran to her & said, “Arnt you glad now Mama
you wont have to knit me any mittens.” She had told him that she’d have to
do so—at the same time she knew I was doing it I gave Toodle & Fay
theirs—all were tickled & ran home to show them—I had nothing else to
give but my 2nd book on plural marriage. I gave one to Mary, \textit{one} to her
mother, one also to Ell and Em. and one to George & one to Helen—of the
ones that I had bound—also prepared a couple to send Caroline \textit{Kimball}
and to Tom’s wife.\textsuperscript{104} We had a turkey & other good things for dinner, but I
had hard work to eat as I relished nothing till evening, felt hungry & ate
bread & milk and piece of mince with a relish. We passed a pleasant but
quiet Christmas. There were packages of candy sent from Coop to both
houses, & Chickens & beef from the Tithing Office, and the children
received more presents than they ever did before—The widow & fatherless
were remembered and those who were sick & in indigent circumstances, in
the different Wards were provided with the necessaries & comforts of life. I
had a dream, I thought our enemies had gathered together & began firing upon the houses of the Saints. Myself & family had sought refuge inside of beds laid on the floor. After the first attack was over ^we arose and^ Mary Kimball\textsuperscript{105} came in to bid us good bye—tried to persuade me ^& children^ to go with her, over on the side of the ones who were fighting us & were bound to wipe us out she said. But I replied “No Mary, you are doing the very thing that I dreemed you did years ago—leaving us & going on the enemies side and you are now fulfilling it.” This was true. I dreemed the same thing two or three different times and felt sad over it. Mary is a good heartet woman, but has lost all the light that she ever had of the gospel and takes no ^daily^ paper but the dirty lying Tribune.

\textbf{Sunday 28th.} I was taken very sick—awful griping towards Friday morning—having to get out of bed in the cold—being alone, I took a severe chill, & it lasted for hours—then fever came on and I was very sick all day and night, though the fever went off at night, but I was in pain from my head down to my feet. Gennie gave my feet a hot bath & I took some pills—which opperated before morning—Flod staid with me and kept a fire. She could not sleep though till near morning. Orson nor Zina knew how I was till evening when learning they came in—O. was so taken up with writing he never thought any thing of my absence from the dinner table—he had enquired for me at breakfast & supposed, he said, that I was tired & had not got up—Z. had been gone all day. Mary nor any one down there knew that I was sick till they heard of it at eve ^after^ which she came in to see me. I had foolishly eaten a piece of mince pie—that being the only thing ^to which^ I could lay my first attack Yesterday I was so dressed, but spent a sick day   went into the dining room & sat there while mine was cleaned—the door was on the swing, so I took cold in my ^head and^ neck, & last night got up and put a wet cloth & flannel around it—felt almost ready to give up, that I should not get well, as my cough has ^been^ incessant & all together calculated to discourage me. E.B. Wells called at our gate & asked to see me; but being informed, by Z. that I was sick till they heard of it at eve ^after^ which she came in to see me. I had foolishly eaten a piece of mince pie—that being the only thing ^to which^ I could lay my first attack Yesterday I was so I dressed, but spent a sick day   went into the dining room & sat there while mine was cleaned—the door was on the swing, so I took cold in my ^head and^ neck, & last night got up and put a wet cloth & flannel around it—felt almost ready to give up, that I should not get well, as my cough has ^been^ incessant & all together calculated to discourage me. E.B. Wells called at our gate & asked to see me; but being informed, by Z. that I was sick, sent word that I was invited to Sister S. M. Kimball’s\textsuperscript{106} to a surprise Monday eve—dount know as I’ll dare to go out—wish I might though. I am much better with the exception of coughing, than I expected to be last night. I had two peculiar dreams last night—signifying trouble & sickness. I thought Mary Whitney and myself were living near each other but not where we do now. She was down in the basement of her house and was confined with a babe. My house was up on a little eminence, east of hers. I was in great trouble of my own, as well as anxiety on her account. Water had began running into my house from some quarter—seemed like from the south ^and I could see my carpets rising on the water^ but in the midst of it I ran to see how Mary was getting along—found her around doing her work—the 2nd day ^after^ the birth of her babe having to go up & down the stairs, and this troubled me so I told her it \textit{would not do}, she would
surely be sick again, but she said there was no other way. I could do noth-
ing—had to go back to see to my things that were being flooded. The 2nd
day my carpets & all was covered—people had gathered around looking
on. I had come to the conclusion that I would have to leave my house &
was just in the act of pulling up ^the corners of^ my front room carpet,
when Robbert Burton,107 who was standing with his wife (Maria) looking
on, stept up to me & said I need not do it, explaining ^that they had^ dis-
tested in some way, that the water wouldn’t rise any higher, & it would
now go down. Toward morning I dreamed of being out to Bingham ^or
some ming place^ with quite a crowd of people. I was younger, and was
short and fatt—my hair long and more heavy than Florence’s. My lower
limbs were chubbie, like Em Pyper’s ^this I noticed as^ I was just rising in
the morning, & was dressing my feet and tried afterwards to fix my hair—
had had some difficulty in getting the room cleared of men, who were
coming & going, long enough to give me the chance to rise & dress. I had
attracted some little attention, while there, from ^some of^ the male por-
tion—rich miners, etc., and after making my toilet, one came up & placed
several pieces of gold coin (of various sizes & shapes) in my hand, as a
token of his admiration. At first I thought nothing, but in a second I
thought differently And turned around, facing him, & informed him in an
indignant tone, that I was a married woman, and my husband was in Salt
Lake. The words were hardly out of my mouth, before the gold was out of
my hand—he grasped it about like a cat would a mouse, and left me stand-
ing—peculiar dream but most of it has gone from me—the same as has the
other dream—two in one night—The first one I related to the dinner
107

Monday 29th. Felt sick this morning—cough worse through the
night—couldn’t sleep only by snatches—late before I closed my eyes—was
taken with awful distress in my right breast—up into my throat—caused by
wind—got up and fixed soda in water, which gave relief—I had to go back
to bed before eating ^breakfast^—head was bad—had tea brought & my
coffee taken away, & every thing, but bread & a little sauce. My head felt
relieved by the tea. It is now snowing. I’ve given up going to Sister
Kimball’s to night. Near noon I was taken with slight chills, followed by
fever—made me feel very sick all night with this wearing cough, being very
discouraging. My Helen came up with baby, through the snow, to see me—
thought I must be worse, she said.
Tuesday 30th. Have not got rid of head ache ^yet^—have been in bed much of the day. We were cheered with a ^good long^ letter from our Charley, this afternoon. He’s now in St. David, where he expects to spend the winter. He thinks there are good prospects before him, & he’ll be able to assist us some—had not heard of his pa’s death, but Dolf has received one written later, informing him that he’d head the sad news, and what a shock it was to him. I began feeling better toward evening. Wrote a P.C. to Sister Snell\textsuperscript{108} of Spanish Fork, Bp’s wife, apologizing for keeping her Album so long. Gen. had written to Charly before his letter came, and added more to it. I mailed two books of mine, (on Plural Marriage) & sent them to day, to Caroline Kimball & to Tom’s wife, as a New Years token of remembrance. Last night, when taking my first nap, I had an awful struggle with a woman. (there seemed to be a man near by.) She was trying to convince me that I could not get out from under her power—that I had given myself to the powers of darkness, and they now claimed me. I thought it something like witchcraft, and wondered in my mind, while the contest was going on between us, if I had done any—such thing, and given them any claims upon me, but I never yealded an inch to her. I fought till I conquered, and the coast was cleared, when I thought, Well, if I had given way to that doubt, and yealded to her instead of struggling on, she would have had me. The place seemed to be in a forest.\textsuperscript{109} This is another good omen for me—the Lord heard my prayer last night, and these dreams ^are^ to encourage and increase my faith, which is not all that I desire it to be, or I might be healed I think.

Wednesday 31st. Feel stronger to day though my lungs are sore from coughing. This is the last day in 1884. I commenced an article for the Deseret News, in response to Brother Penrose’s invitation.