Recollections of Past Days

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On the Plains

July 28–November 30, 1856

Here I well return to my Journey across the plains Many hard and severe trials we past through at the first part of our journey we seemed to endure the days travel pretty well for the first hundred Miles then My poor dear father’s health began to fail him and before we got to Florance he became very weak and sick his legs and feet began to swell some days he was not able to pull the cart and when we arrivd at Florance we put up the tent made the bed and he went to bed we did not think he could live. Franklin Richards came into the tent to see him My father said he wished to be administerd too and brother Richards and three other breathren adminesterd to him and blessed him and told him that he should get better and continue his journey and get to Salt Lake city this seemed to give him new strength and currage.

We rested there for afew hours untill three oclock in the afternoon then we Started on our Journey again to camp at Cuttlers park seven miles from Florance My dear father got up and came to the car to commence to pull with me I said father you are not able to pull the car to [below the line: day] he said yes I am My dear I am better the breathren blessed Me and said I should get well and go to the Valley and I have faith that I shall oh he said if I can only live long enough to get there and see My dear daughter Ann again she shall never go so far away from me again My sister ann left England one Year before we left she came the journey alone with her little boy she was so anxious to come to the valley that she had currage to leave home and came without any of our own family with her and My dear father fealt to greive about her so much and when he was so sick at Florance she Seemed to be his greats trouble that he would never see his dear girl Ann again but after the breatheren administered to him he fealt better and we started on our journey to Cuttlers Park to camp for the night

My father and Myself use to be on the inside of the shafts of the cart and My sisters Maria and Jane pulled with arope tied to the shafts and
Sarah pushed behind7: that afternoon we had not traveled far when my poor sick father fell down and we had to stop to get him up on his feet I said father You are not able to pull the cart you had better not try to pull we girls can do it this afternoon oh he sais I can do it I will try it again I Must not give up the breathren said I shall be better and I want to go to the valley to shake hands with Brigham Young so we started on again we had not traveld far before he fell down again he was so weak and waurn down we got him up again but we told he he could not pull the cart again that day so My sister Maria came and worked with me inside the shafts and Jane and Sarah pulled on the rope untill we got into camp:

[T]hat Night My Sister Zilpha Jaques was confined at twelve o clock8 and My sister Tamar was very sick with Mountain fever8. My sister got over her trouble quite well but another poor sister Ashton died there that night as soon as her child was born leaving the new born babe and three other children and her husband10.

[T]he next morning the company got ready to start thay the captain came to our tent and told us to be ready to start as soon as we could get ready11 there lay my Sister Zilpha on the ground just gave birth to a child she was liing on some Quilts in one corner of the tent and My sister Tamar liing on quilts in the other corner of the tent neither of the poor things able to moove the Captain Edward Marten12 sais put them up in the wagon as there was awagon for the sick that was unable to walk I ask can one of us ride with them to take care of them he Said No thay will have to take care of themselvs: then I said thay will not go we will stay here for a day or two and take care of our ^two^ sick Sisters so we was left there all alone as the company started about seven oclock that morning we was there all day alone with our sick and when night came My poor father and brotherinlaw John Jaques had to be up all night to make big fire8 to keep the wolves away from us I never heard such terrable hawling of wolfs in my life as we experenced that loansome night we was ^all^ very glad to see daylight13

[E]arly in the Morning at day break came from the Camp at Florance brother Joseph A Young on horseback rideing in great speed to our camp to see what was the cause of the big fire8 thay had watched the light all night he said he was sent to see what was the matter as he knew the company was to leave that place the Morning before when he came into the tent and saw My sister with her new born babe liing on the ground on some quilts he was overcome with seympathy the tears ran down his cheeks then he bless my sister and tryed to comfort and cheer her by saying well Sister Jaques I supose you will name Your boy handcart having begn born under such circumstances No she said I will want a prettyer name than that for him15 then he turned to see my sister liing in the opicite corner of the tent sick with Mountain fever he ask us what
Modern states’ names are included for orientation; otherwise, brackets indicate a modern name.
Map not to scale
The Loaders’ 1856 journey from Williamsburg, New York, to Salt Lake City, by rail and handcart.

The 1861 route of the Tenth Infantry from Camp Floyd to Washington, D.C., and the approximate return route of Patience Loader Rozsa, in 1866, by rail and military wagon.
we was going to do and No one to help us or acompany us to overtake the company we told him we expected to start that morning as we could not stay there any longer as we would not catch up with the company and we could not travel all the way alone he bid us good Morning and left us we got breakfast and attended to the sick and then made ready to start on our journey again we packed our handcart struck our tent packed it on My hand cart then lay My sister Tamar on that then Br Jaques packed his cart and put his wife My Sister and her two children on the cart we tied the tent poles along side of the cart our cooking utencels we tied under the cart with our days provisions.

We again started on our journey this was very on my poor dear sick father after having to be up all night no rest or sleep as I have already stated thay had to stand guard to keep the wolfes away from us it surely did proove to us that God was with us for my poor father seemed better that day than he had been for aweek past surely God gave him new strength that day for we traveled 22 Miles before we came up with the company. after we started in the Morning when we left camp we did did not expect to have to travel so far before we overtook the company I thought perhaps captain Martin would send some little help to us: but no in this we was dessapointed he did not trouble anything about us after he left us at Cuttlers Park with our sick.

After we left camp that Morning we was overtaken by Brother William Cluff he came riding very fast to overtake us after Joseph A Young got back to there camp at Florance he told the Brethren who it was that kept the fire up all night said we had Sickness in the family and could not go on with the company Br Cluff said that he would ride out away and overtake us and try to help us a little way he fetched arope with him and tied it to our hand cart then to the pumel of his Sadle and gave us arest first he helped brother Jakes away then he help My dear father and us girls for which I was very thankfull more on the account of our poor sick father than for us girls because we was young and healthey in those days nevertheless this was ahard journey on both Young and old Br cluff said he was sorrey to leave us but he had to return to his camp at Florance we thanked him very kindly for coming to help us and we reluc-tantly bid him good bye for we truely fealt that we would have liked to had his company and help untill we caught up with the company but this could not be it was not safe for Indians for a Man to travel alone.

Br Cluff had not left us very long we hardly was out of sight of him when five great Indians came out of acave in the Mountains got on there horses and came to Meet us thay was all painted bare naked except there brich cloth had there tomahawks and hatchet bow an arows thay stopt us in the road talked but we could not understand them when thay saw our Sick and My sister with her New born babe thay thay [sic] mooved out of
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the road and motioned for us to go on I think this was as near to beign killed by Indians as I wish to be thay was quite impodent in there Maners to us and Made fun of us pulling the handcart we was some what afraid of them and I daresay thay could see we was afraid of them at the same time we put our faith and trust in God our Father that he would take care of us and not let those Indians hurt us or do us harm I know it was nothing but the power of God that saved us from those Indians that day we was all alone traveling in the Mountains and hills all that day

[A]fter the Indians left us we traveled on for an hour or more we came to aplace were some folks had camped the fiors was still burning and we thought it was whare our company had camped but ^not^ know then that Indians had been camping there we had dinner there I warmed some grewel for my sick sisters after dinner we girls thought we would take alittle walk out from camp while father and Mother rested alittle : we had not gone far from camp when we came to four or five newly made graves and we picked up awomans green sun bonnet which we recanized as belonging to sister Williams17 who left with Mr Babet three days before we left ^the^ camp at Cuttlers Park Mr Babbet was aman that had come out from Salt L City to the states to purchas good he had atrain of some five or six loaded wagons with teems and teemsters he came into our camp he sais if we had any letters to send into the City to firends that he would take them for us as he would reach there long before we would he also said that he could take two pirsons along with him free of charge as he had plenty of room in his light spring wagon and this Sister Williams husband had alreadly gone to Utah the year previous and She had ayoung baby she told Mr Babbet that she would like to go with him he waited in camp untill Morning Many wrote letters and gave to him to take to there friends in Utah and Mr8 Williams started with Mr Babbet for Utah with the antisipation of geting to the valley before the cold weather came poor dear woman ^never^ dreaming of the sadd fate that awaited her and Mr Babbet and his Men teemsters : at the very place we came too camp for dinner was were this murder was committed by the Indians may be those Indians we meet was some of those that had helped in the murder and robery of Babbes train of good We Saw whare wagons had been burnd as there was wagon tire$ lying around near the graves there was only one Man teemster left to tell the ^sadd^ news he said Babbet was shot in his wagon the woman the Indians put on ahorse and took her away with them but he did not know what became of her child and we found the green sun bonnet it was good for us that we did not all this when those Indians stopt us in the road we would surely have thought that we would have to share the same fate as Babbet and his company shared but thank God our lives was spared and again I will acknowledge the hand of God to have been over us that day18
[W]e will now leave this camp and travel on in persuit of our company we traveled rather quietly along as the night began to draw in on us \(^{and}^\) we was geting tiard of pulling our loaded carts all day and my poor dear father feeling sick and weak and tiard and my two dear sisters so sick and tiard never will I forget that terrible loanly Night for Miles we was surrounded with prayri fires it looked as though the fires was geting so near us on boath sides that the fire would overtake us before we could find the company we traveled on the Moon was shining that was in our favor at length we saw which we thought was atent with alight in it but when we got near to it we discovered it be an Indian wickuip there was a very large dog lieing at the enterence of the tent we began to feel afraid less the dog should come at us and that would have aroused the Indians thay must have been asleep dog and all . for the dog never noticed us at all we was verry thankfull for this narrow escape from those Indians here again we had great reason to return our thanks to God our Father for protecting us from this dangerous event\(^{19}\) we traveled along very quiet for about two more miles nearly falling asleep in our harnes . then we came to abarn or stable and by the light of the Moon we saw aman standing at the door My dear father stopt and in his kind and gentle maner said good evening sir he never Answerd then father said have You Seen a company of handcart people pass this way could you kind tell me in avery rough course Maner this man Sais Yes I saw them pass father said would you be so kind to tell us were we can find them how far we will have to travel to there camp again this ugley fellow spake in the same rough manner as before he said ah it is along way from here several Miles father thanked the Man and bid him good night but he never made any reply . when we got away My dear father said I did not like \([aslan in left margin: that]\) fellow\(^{8}\) manner at all I said neither did I let us hurrey on way from him as fast as we can we did not know if there was any more nen or not in the barn and we was afraid that thay would follow us so we hured along as fast as we could travle with our two inveleads poor dear creatures and the dear little new born babe and my poor dear father so weak and tiard

[H]ow faithfully did he keep up all that long day he pulled the cart all day he had such strong faith in the blessings that that the Servants of God had pronounced upon him at Florance that he should get better and should reach the valleys of the Mountains he did get better for atime and was able to pull the cart again for two or three weeks then he became very sick and died on the 24 . \(=\) of september 1856\(^{20}\) : but here I must now return to our last days travle to find the company

[A]fter we left the Man at the barn we traveled about two or three miles before we came to there camp the Moon was hining clear and when we first see the tents then we all fealt to rejoice and fealt that we was not alone any more for we had surely fealt very lounsom all day not knowing
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the road we did not know if we was on the right road to find the company or not for we had not meet or seen a living beign all day since we saw those five Indians that stopt us in the road untill we saw that strange Men standing at the barn door as we came near the camp the guard called out who comes there we answerd friend and told him who we was he Said you cannot Make afire or put up your tent to night no fire or lights alowed everything has to be very quiet here and we will have to moove on early in the morning I told the guard that we had two sick sisters one just confind and that thay boath needed some thing warm I had alittle ^flour^ grewel allready cooked and it only needed to be warmed we had picked up alittle dry kindeling I said it will not take five minuets to Make alittle fire and warm the grewel the guard left I told him I would be carefull and not make a big fire and in afew Minuts he could come and put the fire out so he did I gave My sisters some little nurishment and we all laid down on the ground to sleep coverd with our quilts we had nothing to eat that night the last we had to eat that day was at twelve clock in the day as near as we could tell the time how ever we was all very tiard and soon fell asleep as it was past two aclock when we found the camp we did not have very long to sleep we was awakened very — early and had to travle on before we had breakfast then we camped and got something to eat this was quite hard on us as we had no supper after we got in camp . at the same time it seemed we did not suffer with hunger it seemed the Lords fitted the back for the burden every day we realised that the hand of God was over us and that he made good his [below the line: promises] un to us day by day as we know God our Father has promised us thees blessings if we will call on him in faith we know that his promises never fail and this we prrooved day by day we knew that we had not strength of our own to perform such hardships if our heavenly Father had not help us and we prayed unto God continuely for his help and we allways acknowledged ^his^ goodness unto us day by day sometimes in the Morning I would feel so tiard and feel that I could not pull the cart the day through . then the still small voice would wisper ^in my ear^ as thy day thy strength shall be . this would give me new strength and energy and thus we traveled on day after day week after week and for four Month before we reached the valley ; we would travel all day and when we got into camp we would get somelittle to eat then we would Sit around the camp fi re and sing the Songs of Zion  oh  Yes and our favorite hand cart song some must push and some must pull as we go Marching up the hill untill we reach the valley21 . . .

I am very thankfull to say that my sister ^Zilpha^ Jaques got safely over her confindment . it was indeed wouderfull that she did not take any severe cold having to sleep out doors the first night after her baby was born could not be attended to and taken care off as she should have been at such atime neither herself nor child could have proper care : and through
all this she lived and her baby too and came into the valley with the rest of the family how ever she lived through it all is a great mystery for she was a weakly delicate woman in this instance we must again acknowledge the hand of God for of her own self she never could have accomplished this long and severe journey and withstood the cold weather God Surely was mindful of her and gave her strength according to her day. Also my dear Sister Tamar that in the first of the Journey she hurt her side pulling the handcart then had Mountain fever So very bad that she became so weak and low that one time we thought she could not live we pulled her on the hand cart as long as we could until the change came and she was beginning to get some better then she and my sister with her new born babe was allowed to ride for a time in the wagon with the other inveleads.

This was in the month of September [1856] and our dear father was beginning to get very weak and food was getting short day by day his strength began to fail him. Some days he was not able to pull the cart but had to walk one evening when we got to camp he had walked seventeen miles with Mother helping him he says My dear girls I was not able to get any wood to Make you a fire and he felt so bad about it I said never mind father we have got some wood on the cart and we will soon have a fire and make you a little warm grewel we laid him down on some cuilts until we could get the tent up then he was beginning to get some better then she and my sister were allowed to ride for a time in the wagon with the other inveleads.

The next morning I got very early to make a fire and make him a little more flour grewel that was all we had to give him but before I could get it ready for him My Sister Zilpha called to saying patience come quick our father is dying and when I got into the tent my poor Mother and all our family four Sisters My youngest brother Robert ten years old and my brother in law John Jaques was all kneeling on the ground around him poor dear father realizing he had to leave us he was too weak to talk to us he looked on us all with tears in his eyes then he said to Mother with great difficulty he said you know I love my children then he closed his eyes these was the last words he ever said he seemed to fall asleep he breathed quiet and peaceful we called in Brother Loane he was captain of the company he saw father was dying he says the company will have to start soon he says you had better take down your tent and put him up in the wagon I ask him if one of us could ride with him to take care of him he said no. Then we said we would not let father be put in the wagon we would put him on the handcart then we could take care of him so we made a bed of our quilts and laid him on the cart.

That day we had a very hard journey as we had to travel through the sandy bluffs it was very hard pulling so much up hill and deep sand we
got to the top of the hill about one o'clock this was the 23 of September [1856] the sun was scorching hot so bad for my dear dying father on the top a hill not the least shade for him we had to stay there all day but very little to eat until all the company's got up the hill so many gave out and the wagons was loaded with the tents and what provisions there was some of the oxen gave out that was a terrible day never to be forgotten by us and poor father dying on the handcart he did not seem to suffer pain he never opened his eyes after he closed them in the morning it was a great comfort to us all that we had him with us on the cart as the teems had such a terrible time to get through the sand and the last of them did not get up until it was dark

The brethren came to administer to father in the afternoon they anointed him oil his lips was so dry and parched they put oil on his lips and then he opened his mouth and licked the oil from his lips and smiled but did not speak the brethren knew he was dying they said we will seal father Loader up to the Lord for him alone is worthy of him he has done his work been a faithful servant in the church and we the servants of God Seal him unto God our Father: and to our surprise my dear father "amen" said so plain that we could understand him and there lay with such a sweet smile on his face that was the last word he said "Amen" to the blessing the brethren pronounced upon him and he seemed to know and understand all they said and we ourselves thought he could neither hear or speak for Many times during the day I spoke to him quite loud and ask him if he knew me or could he hear me but he never noticed me as when Mother would speak to him he never took the least Notice and we concluded that he was unconscious but when the brethren came to administer to him it seemed that he understood all they said by saying Amen: 24

We started again from that place at Six o'clock in the evening to find a camping place so we could get wood and water it got dark long before we campt we traveled over brush and on awful rough road we did not camp until past ten o'clock we could not move poor father as he was not yet dead so we put the tent up and took the handcart into the tent and our dear father died he breathed his last at fifteen minutes past eleven a clock at Night

That had been a very hard trying day on us all 25 and we spent a sorrowful night for we had lost and was bereft of one of the best of earthly fathers he was a man that was devotedly fond of his wife and children I can say he was proud of his children we was nine daughters and four sons. The next morning Br S. S. Jones and his brother 26 dug two graves one for my poor father and the other for a Welsh brother his name was James he had no relatives he was traveling alone to Utah 27 this was a severe trial here we had to rap My dear father in a quilt all we had to lay him in no nice casket
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to lay him away in comfortable but put into the grave and the earth thown in upon his poor body oh that sounded so hard I will never forget the sound of that dirt beign shoveld anto my poor father\(^5\) boday it seemed to me that it would break every bone in his body . it did indeed seem a great trial to have to leave our dear father behind that morning knowing we had looked upon that sweet smiling face for the last time on earth but not without ^\(a^\) hope of Meeting him again in the Morning of the resurection for he had been afaithfull servant of God and bore testimony to the truth of the gospel of Jesus Christ numbers of times and we know if we his children follow his example that we will Meet our dear father again and be reunited with him to dwell in unity and love allthrough eternity and as our dear Mother and we girls traveled that day it was a verey Sorrowfull day and we all greeved greatly . Brother Daniel Tyler\(^28\) came to us and tryed to comfort us by telling that our father was afaithfull true servant of God he said he had not strength to endure the hard journey he said father had laid down his life for the gosple sake he had died amarter to the truth he had sufferd Much but was faithfull to the last and he would wear a Marters crown . of course this was all very comforting to us but it did not bring our dear father back to us at the Same time we new that our loss was his gain . we also knew that he fealt sorrey to leave us on the plains on such ahard Journey without aman to help us to get wood or put up our tent or take it down in the Morning and food was begining to get short rations and the cold weather would overtake us before we could get to Salt Lake all this caused him to feel bad and as long as he was able to do anything he worked after we got in camp Making tent pins he Made us a sack full of tent pins he said to us girls I have Made you lots of tent pins because when the cold weather comes you will not be able to make tent pins Your hands will be so cold . by this we knew that he would not live the journey through and he also grieved to know that Mother and we ^\(girls^\) would not have any one to help us make a home or help us to make aliving Yes he had allways been agood kind husband and father good at alltimes to provide for his family . when he was well along the first part of our journey he enjoyed himself very much and he would try to encourage us girls all he could for he knew how it was for us to pull a handcart every day and he knew that I for one thought it was the hardest way we could have started on such along Journey I said when the word came to father for us to be ready by July to start by handcart to go to the valley I told father we had all got into good work and if we stay in New York untill the next spring that we could get agood outfiitt to cross the plains and not have to pull ahandcart which would have been far better and I believe our dear father would have lived and got to Salt Lake city . we would not have buried him on the plains one comfort to our Minds\(^8\) our father had a good deep grave the two kind brother\(^5\) Samuel and Albert Janes dug him
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a deep grave so that the wolves\(^29\) could not get to him and we all fealt to thank and ask God to bless our brethren for there kindness to us in our great Sorrow and berevement.

I could say many more good and great things about my dear father. but this must sufice for the peasant and pass on to more of My experience in this journey for we all surely had and past through many great trials and the Night and morniy began to get very cold about the **begining of october [1856]** we had the first snow storm\(^30\) we was then at the black hills we halted for a short time and took shelter under our hand carts after the storm had past we traveled on untill we came to the last crossing of the Platt river here we Meet with the wagon company\(^31\) thay was campt for the Night we the handcart had orders from Captain Edward Martin to cross the river that afternoon and evening here poor brother stane\(^32\) was missing he was sick and laid down to rest by the road side he fell asleep it was supposed. some of the brethren had to go back in seach of him and when thay found him he was dead and nearly all eaten by the wolves this was aterrble death poor man Br stane was aloan Man from London England as I said we had to cross the river Mother went to see Mr\(^8\) Ballen thay in the wagon company Sister Ballen gave Mother three good slicese\(^8\) of bread and Molaces for us girls

Br Nathen Porter\(^33\) from Centervill had been to England on a mission after landing in New York he was taken very sick Bro Bestan took him to his home to take care of him here we became acquainted with Br Parter my sister Maria and myself took turns in siting up at night — he recoved in health suficient to go home to Utah that season he bought amuel and road crossing the plains in the wagon company when we meet with him at the Platt river he rememberd our kindness to him through his sickness his heart went out in sympathy for Mother and us girls when we told him that dear father was dead he fealt so sorrey to see us having to wade the river and pull the cart through he took Mother on his Muel behind him telling her to hold fast to him and he would take her safely through the water then he told Mother that he would return and bring our cart through the river. this we did not know that he intended doing so we started to cross the river and pull our own cart the water was deep and very cold and we was drifted out of the regular crossing and we came near beign drounded the water came up to our arm pits poor Mother was standing on the bank screaming as we got near the bank I heard Mother say for Gods Sake some of you men help My poor girls Mother said she had been watching us and could see we was drifting down the stream several of the brethren came down the bank of the rever and pulled our cart up for us and we got up the best we could Mother was there to meet us her clothing was dry but our\(^8\) was wett and cold and very soon frozen Mother took of one of her under skirts and put on one of us and her
apron for another to keep the wet cloth from us for we had to travel several miles before we could camp here. Mother took out from her Apron the bread and Molasses Sister Ballen gave her for us she broke in pieces and gave each some this was a great treat to us and we was all hungary it seemed to give us new strength to travel on.

When we was in the middle of the river I saw a poor brother carrying his child on his back he fell down in the water I never knew if he was drowned or not I felt sorry that we could not help him but we had all we could do to save our own selves from drowning.

That night we had no dry cloth to put on after we got out of the water we had to travel in our wet cloths until we got to camp and our clothing was frozen on us and when we got to camp we had but very little dry clothing to put on we had to make the best of our poor circumstances and put our trust in God our father that we may take no harm from our wet cloths it was too late to go for wood and water the wood was too far away. That night the ground was frozen to hard we was unable to drive any tent pins in as the tent was wet when we took it down in the morning it was somewhat frozen. So we stretched it open the best we could and got in under it until morning then the bugle sounded early in the morning for us to travel seven miles as we could not get any wood to make a fire there was snow on the ground.

We had a good many sick people more than could ride in the sick wagon as he had traveled the plains so many times having been on several Missions Captain Marten thought he would be the right man to put in charge of the sick and bring them safe to camp but this arrangement failed the poor Man misstook the road and they got lost the captain started Br. Ward out of camp along time in the Morning before the Main companies started so that they should be able to get to camp before we arrived there it was a terrible day it snowed and drifted and the wind blew all day we traveled seven miles and when we camped there was no sign of Brother Ward and his sick brethren then Captain Marten called for some of the brethren to go back and find the company of drivers and when it was getting dark they returned bringing in Nineteen all frozen I never knew if that was all that started out in the Morning or not.

Now I must say after we got to camp we found we had to go along way to go for wood so My sister Maria and myself went with the brethren to get wood we had to travel in the snow knee deep for nearly a mile to the cedars we found nothing but green ceder as all the dry wood on the ground was covered over with snow I asked one of the brethren to cut me down a shoulder stick so he kindly gave us quite alarge heavy log My sister took one end on her shoulder and I raised the other end on to my shoulder and started back to Camp we had not gone very far when we
boath fell down with our load the snow beigm so deep made it very hard
work for us to get back to camp with our load but after much hard work
we got there my Mother and sisters was anxiously awaiting our return for
thay was boath hungrey and cold in the tent

[A]s soon as I could get get [sic] some wood chopt I tryed to make
afire to make alittle broath as I had an old beef head I was allways on the
look out for anything that I could get to eat not only for Myself but for the
rest of the family we got of the skin from the beef head chopt it in peices
the best I could put it into the pot with some Snow and boiled for along
time about four oclock in the after noon we was able to have some of this
fine Made boath I cannot say that it tasted very good but it was flavord
boath with Sage brush and from the smokey fi re from the green ceder
fire so after it was cooked we all enjoyed it and fealt very thankfull to have
that much it would have tasted better if we could have alittle pepper and
salt but that was aluxury we had been deprived of for along time

[A]fter I done with My cooking the beef head for that day I took
the pot into the tent for thay was all anxiously for there dinner and sup-
per together for after we had eat what we could the remainer was left for
the next day I put the fire into the bake oven and took it in the tent and
we all sat around it to keep [in left margin: as] warm as we could we young
folks had drank our broath My Mother was still drinking her\^ the captain
of the company came with two other breathren and fetched poor brother
John Laurey\^ to our tent Since my poor father died this brother had staid
in our tent as he had no friends with him he was alone he was one of
the poor Inveleads that was lost brother toone\^ said to Mother give him
somthing warm Mother said I have alittle hott soup Patience made for
us I will share with him thay left this brother with us to take care of we
tried to give him alittle with atea spoon but we could not get the spoon
between his teeth poor dear Man he looked at us but could not Speak
aword he was nearly dead frozen

[I]t got dark we rapt him up the best we could to try to get warm
but he was two far gone we all laid down to try to get warm in our quilts
the best we could My My [sic] Mother and myself and sister Jane in one
bed My sister Tamar Maria Sarah and my little brother Robert in the
other bed and poor brother Laurey in his own bed poor Man he had only
one old blanket to rap him \^in\^ we had a buflow roab this he had over
him after we was in bed it was a dark loansome Night he commenced to
talk to himself he called for his wife and children he had previously told
me that he had awife and nine children in London and that thay would
come out as soon as he could make money enough to send for them he
said he was counseled to come to this countrrey first and leave his family
in England for atime he was told that he could earn more money in this
countrrey than in England he was a taylor by trade and had never been
acostomed to working out doors poor man I doubt if he had lived to come to Utah that he would have made but very little money working at is trade for in those days there was but very little call for Taylers as there was but very few people could afford to employ a Taylor to make there clothing and another thing there was but very little cloth in Utah Some folks was able to get to get own made geans and the Sisters generly made all there husbands and boys clothing as they had nothing to pay for tailoring to be done

[In the night we could not hear him talking any more . I said to Mother I think poor brother is dead I have not heard him for the last hour Mother ask me to get up and go to him I got up but everything in the tent seemed so silent and then was such as sad feeling came over me it was so dark and drear that I said to Mother I cannot go to him She sais well get back in bed and try to get warm and wait until day light of course we did not sleep early as it was a little light I got up and went to the poor man found him dead frozen to the tent as I turned him over to look in his face never can I forget that sight poor man I told mother that he was dead she said go and tell Brother Toone I went to his tent told him Br Lawrey was dead he said well he will have to be buried he told me we would have to rap him in a quilt I said he has no quilts he has only one small thin blanket and we cannot spare any of our quilts as we had already used one to rap my dear father in when he died So we rapt him in his own little blanked and the brethren came and took him away to bury him with eighteen more that had died during the night:

[What a deplorable condition we were in at that time Seven hundred miles from salt Lake and only nine days full rations that Morning the Bugal sounded to call us together the captain ask us if we was willing to come on four ounces of flour a day all answered Yes we had already been reduced to half pound a day well we return to our tents I had left the remainder of the beef head cooking on the fire the next tent to ours was Br Saml Jones and sister Mary Ann Greening was traveling with Sister Jones and family sister Mary Ann was at her fire cooking something I don’t what she had to cook I am sure she had but little . we look around towards the Mountains and she called out oh Patience here is some californians coming and as they got nearer to us I told her no they are not californians it is Br Joseph A. Young from the valley he was accompanied by brother Hanks or James Furgerson I cannot say which it was of those two brethren with there pack animal they came to our fire seeing us out there Br Young ask how many is dead or how many is alive I told him I could not tell with tears streaming down his face he ask whare is your captains tent he call for the bugler [End of writing tablet] to call every body out of ther tents he then told the captain Edward Martin if he had flour enough to give us all one pound of flour each and said if there was
any cattle to kill and give us one pound of beef each. Saying there was plenty provisions and clothing coming for us on the road but to Morrow Morning we must make a move from there. He said we would have to travel 25 miles then we would have plenty of provisions and that there would be lots of good brethren to help us that they had come with good teams and good covered wagons so the sick could ride. Then he said that he would have to leave us; he would have liked to travel with us the next morning but we must cheer up and God would bless us and give us strength. He said we have made a trail for you to follow. He bid us good bye; the brethren had to go still further seven miles to the Platt river as the wagon company was still camped there and they were in great distress as there teams had given out so many of them and there provisions were giving out and getting very short.

After the brethren had left us, we felt quite encouraged. We got our flour and beef before night came on and we were all busy cooking and we felt to thank God and our kind brethren who had come to help us in our great distress and misery for we were suffering greatly with cold and hunger.

When night came, we went to bed. We slept pretty comfortably more so than we had done for some time. We felt a renewed hope. We were all glad to make a move from this place. It seemed that if God our Father had not sent help to us that we must all have perished and died in a short time for at that time we had only very little provisions left and at the request of Mr. Marten we had come on four ounces of flour a day for each one to make the flour last as long as he could. I don’t know how long we could have lived and pulled our handcart on this small quantity of food. Our provisions would not have lasted as long as they did had all our brethren and sisters lived but nearly half the company died and caused our provisions to hold out longer.

Accordingly we struck tents in the morning and packed our carts and started on our journey again. It was a nice bright morning but very cold and clear. The snow was very deep in places. It was hard pulling the cart. I remember well poor Brother Blair; he was a fine tall man who had been one of Queen Victoria’s life guards in London. He had a wife and four small children. He made an cover for his cart and he put his four children on the cart. He pulled his cart alone. His wife helped by pushing behind the cart. Poor man; he was so weak and worn down that he fell several times that day but still he kept his dear little children on the cart. Poor man; he pulled the cart as long as he could. Then he died and his poor wife and children had to do the best they could without him to help them. The poor children got frozen. Some parts of their bodies were
Part of Patience Loader’s dramatic description of her handcart experience from page 175 of the autobiography’s second notebook. Courtesy of the L. Tom Perry Special Collections, Brigham Young University.
all sores but they all got in to Salt L City alive but suffering wether the children lived or not I never heard as they went north of the city and our family went South.

I will say we traveld on all day in the snow but the weather was fine and in the Middle of the day the sun was quite warm Some time in the after noon a strange Man appeared to Me as we was resting as we got up the hill he came and looked in my face he sais is You Patience I said yes he said again I thought it was you travel on there is help for you you will come to a good place there is plenty with this he was gone he dissapeared I looked but never saw where he went this seemed very strange to me. I took this as some one sent. to encourage us and give us strength

We traveled on and when we got into camp there was five or six of the brethren with there wagons camped there they had been and got quantities of wood and they had already made about dozen big fires for us and there was plenty of lovely spring water that was a great treat to us for the last water we had seen was when we crossed the Platt river we had nothing but snow water and that did not taste very good as we had to melt it over the camp fire and it tasted of Sage brush sometimes ceder wood smoke we felt very thankfull to our brethren for Making us these good fires and suppling us with wood so abundantly I reply Must say that I was very thankfull for since our dear father died it had fallen on me and my sister Maria to get the most of our wood and I thought it was so good that we did not have wood to get that night after such hard pulling all day through the Snow and it was nearly dark when we got in camp it seemed good to get a pound of flour again that Night the brethren fetched out some provisions and clothing but they said they had not got much to give us as they did not know how long they would be there that they would have to wait untill the wagon company was heard from these brethren was very kind and good to us did everything they could for us.

This place was Willow Springs here it was that poor William Whittacur died he was in the tent with several others in one part of the tent he and his Br John occupied and the other part of the tent another family was sleeping there was a young woman sleeping and she was awoked by poor Br Whiticar eating her fingers he was dying with hunger and cold he also eat the flesh of his own fingers that night. he died in the morning and was burid at Willow Springs before we left camp.

That day we traveled a good many miles we meet several wagons load with provisions x clothing from this time we began to get more to eat and some shoes and warm under clothing which we all needed very much some worse than others I was thankful to get anice warm quilted hood which was very warm and comfortable I also got apar of Slippers as I was nearly barefoot we still had to pull our handcart for atime as there was not wagons sufficient for all to ride only those that was sick could ride
but every day or two we would meet teems x wagons and those that was the most give out was taken into the wagons

When we campt one evening a brother from the valley came to our camp fire he enquired of me if I knew if there was afamily by the Name of I cannot remember the name but I well remember the circumstance I told this brother that there was the two children living the father got discouraged and staid at Laremy and the Mother had died at this the poor man broak down he said she was My poor dear sister as soon as I heard of the trouble and distress of this handcart company I Made ready to come in Search of My poor sister and family he said whare are the two children I directed him to the wagon thay was in as he wanted to take them to his own wagon he said he had fetched afeather bed and good warm blankets and quilts for his Sister to keep them warm and provisions for them I told this brother that thees two poor boys had sufferd severly with cold and hungar Since there poor Mother died . one Morning as we was geting ready to leave camp I saw those two dear boys the Eldest was eleven years old I believe and youngst not more than four or five years the Eldest was crawling along on his hands and knees his poor feet was so frozen the blood runing from them in the snow as the poor thing was making his way to the sick wagon the other poor dear child crying by his brother side his poor little arms and hands all scabs with chilblains and scarcely anything on to cover his body this good brother there Uncle ask me if I knew any good Sister that will come and wash and take of there old clothing he said I have plenty to keep them warm and good bed and blankets Sister Reed was standing near by she Said I will wash them and make them comfortable and She washed thees two poor boy there Uncle made them anice warm bed in his wagon and this was the last I saw of them untill we arived in Salt Lake City thin I was told that thay was boath living and that there Uncle had taken them to his home north of the city many Years after I heard that thay was still living and doing well then thay was grown young men I was also told that there father came in search of his two boy he was then geting old and wanted to come and live with them but the boys did not feel very good towards there father for leaving them in such a helpless condition .

Another Family by the name of Holiton both father and Mother died leaving four or five children the Eldest daughter a fine young woman anan eighteen yers old was So frozen had big wound in her back her sufferings was so great that she died after we got to Salt Lake city . another poor girl eleven years old father and Mother both did of hunger and cold but there little dughter lived to get to Salt Lake but her poor feet was so frozen that boath had to be amputated above the ankle this poor was crippled for life I saw her several years after and She was agreat sufferer and had to go under another operation and have the bone taken of still
further up the leg as the flesh and bone was still roting I don’t know if she lived through the second operation or not poor afflicted girl.

[T]he brethren that came to Meet us was very kind and good to and as wagons and teams arived our hand carts was left and we could ride in the wagons and Sometimes we could sleep in them one day I well remember we had avery hard days travel and we came to Devels Gate that night to camp the snow was deep and terrable cold freezing when we got to camp we found several big fiars there was several log huts standing there and Several brethren from the Valley was camping there Brother Joel Paresh was cooking supper for the rest of the brethren we was all so hungary and cold many ran to get to the fiar to warm but the brethren ask for all to be as patint as possable and that we Should have Some wood to make us afiar so we could get warm brother george grant was there he told us all to Stand back for he was going to knock down one of those log hutts to Make fiars for us for he sais You are not going to freeze to nigh now he called out again stand back and said this night I have the strength of a giant I never fealt so strong before in my life and at once he raised his axe and with one blow he knocked in the whole front of the building took each log and Split in four peices and gave each family one peice oh such crauding for wood Some would have taken more than one peice but Br grant told them to hold on and not to be greedy there was some that had not got any yet he Said there is one sister standing back waiting very patintly and She must have some I called out Yes brother grant My Name is Patince and I have waited with patience he laugh and said give that sister some wood and let he go and make afiar I was very thankfull to get wood I had waited So long that my clothing stiff and my old stockings and shoes seemed frozen on my feet and legs My poor dear Mother was sitting down waiting untill we got back with wood to make afiar as soon as we could get this log cut in peices we soon got our fire going and took of our wett stockings and dryed them ready for Morning and we had to wait Some time before we got our flour for supper

[D]uring the time we was waiting agood brother came to our camp fiar he ask if we was all one family we was six in Nomber Mother answerd Yes we are all one family she told him we was her daughters and the boy was her youngest Son he ask Mother if she had no husband she told her husband had died two Month ago and he was bured on the plains he had been standing with his hands behind him then he handed us anice peice of beef to cook for our Supper: he left us and came back with a beef bone he said here is a bone to make you Some Supr and said dont quarel over it we fealt suprised that he should think that we would ever quarel over our food Mother said oh brother we never quarel over having short rations but we feel very thankfull to you for giving us this meat for we had not got any meat neither did we expect to have any
Devil’s Gate, a prominent landscape marker in central Wyoming for westering immigrants. Photo courtesy of Veda Hillyard.
W]e camped here for two days or rather two nights and it was reported around camp that we would not have to pull our handcarts any further that we would leave them at Devels gate and that we would all be able to ride in the wagon\textsuperscript{s} this was dileghtfull news to us to think to think [sic] we would not have to pull the cart any more I fealt that I could still walk if I did not have the cart to pull . but oh what a dissapointment the next Morning we faunt it was only those could ride that was to sick and weak to pull there carts and so we girls all pretty well in health we had to start out with our cart again as we started out from camp there was quite anomber of the breathren from the valley standing in readyness to help us across the streem of water with our cart I was feeling somewhat bad that morning and when I saw this Stream of water we had to go through I fealt weak and I could not keep my tears back I fealt ashamed to let those breathren see me sheding tears I pulled my old bonnet over my face so thay Should not See my tears one brother took the cart and another

helped us girls over the water and said we should not wade the cold water any more and tried to encourage us by saying soon we would all be able to ride in wagons.

[W]e traveled on for some few miles then we came to the Sweet Water there we had to cross we thought we would have to wade the water as the cattle had been crossing with the wagons with the tents and what little flour we had and had broken the ice so we could not go over on the Ice but there was three brave men there in the water packing the women and children over on there backs names William Kimble Ephrem Hanks and I think the other was James Furgeson those poor brethren was in the water nearly all day we wanted to thank them but they would not listen to my dear mother felt in her heart to bless them for there kindness she said God bless you for taking me over this water and in such an awful rough way oh D_m that I dont want any of that you are welcome we have come to help you mother turned to me saying what do think of that man he is a rough fellow I told her that is brother William Kimble I am told they are all good men but I daresay they are all rather rough in there manners but we found that they all had kind good hearts this poor Br Kimble Staid so long in the water that he had to be taken out and packed to camp and he was along time before he recoverd as he was child through and in after life he was always afflicted with rhumetism.

[A]fter we was over the sweet water we had to travel some distance to a good place to camp in between the mountains we had a very nice camping place here we remained for nine days as we had to wait until more provisions came to us what supplies had allready been sent to us had to be left for the brethren that had to stay all winter at Devels gate as the cattle had nearly all gave out both in the wagon company and our company and a great deal of freight had to be left there at Devels gate until spring and we was on four oz. of flour a day nearly all the time we was in camp on the Sweet Water but the morning we had orders to leave there we was told to leave our handcarts we was all very glad to leave the cart but we had to walk for several days before we could all ride in the wagons it seemed good to walk and not have a load to pull through the snow we got dear mother in the wagon to ride and we girls was Young and we was willing to ride walk until such times as it was convenient for us to ride.

[D]uring our Nine days camping on the Sweet water Many of the stout young men went out and got rawhide and anything they could get to eat on one occasion I got a bone gave me with scarcely any Meat on it I was cooking it to make a little supe for breakfast and the brethren from the valley came and ask to go to there camp and sing for them So we left mother to see to the cooking of the bone the brethren had cut down logs and formed seats for us all around there camp fire but they said they
Inside Martin’s Cove. Here the Martin handcart company sought refuge during the winter of 1856. Photo courtesy of Veda Hillyard.

Entrance to Martin’s Cove from the trail. Photo courtesy of Veda Hillyard.
had nothing to give us to eat as they themselves were short of food well we sang and enjoyed ourselves for two or three hours and then we went to our own tent when arrived there our fire was out and Mother was gone to bed and my ten-year-old brother was also in bed. Mother said I fetched the pot with the soup we said all right. Mother we staid longer than we ought but the brethren did not want us to leave but we told them we would go and sing for them another night. We were so hungry we had nothing to eat. So we went to bed but Mother said it is to bad you have nothing to eat and it makes you more hungry to sing you had better not go to sing for the brethren again but I must tell you that I got so hungry that I took the bone out of your soup and picked the little meat of it and put the bone back into the pot. It seemed that I could not go to sleep without telling you for I knew you would not find anything on the bone in the morning we told her that was all right. We felt glad that our dear Mother found a little bit to eat and we all went to sleep and slept comfortably and warm until morning not withstanding it was a terrible cold freezing night. Then we got up and prepared our bone soup for breakfast. We did not get but very little meat as the bone had been picked the night before and we did not have only the half of a small biscuit as we only was having four oz. of flour a day this we divided into portions so we could have a small piece three times a day. This we eat with thankful hearts and we always as God to bless to our use and that it would strengthen our bodies day by day. So that we could perform our duties and I can testify that our heavenly Father heard and answered our prayers and we were blessed with health and strength day by day to endure the severe trials we had to pass through on that terrible journey before we got to Salt Lake City we know that if God had not been with us that our strength would have failed us and our bodies would have been left on the plains as hundreds of our poor brothers and sisters was I can truthfully say that we never felt to murmur at the hardships we were passing through I can say we put our trust in God and he heard and answered our prayers and brought us through to the valleys:

I remember on one occasion when we were camping on the Sweet water the same brethren came to our tent and ask us girls to go to there camp and sing for them again. My dear Mother told them she thought we had better not go to sing that night it made us still more hungry to sing and we had nothing to eat after we came back to the tent they felt sorry for us but they could not give us anything for they was short of provisions themselves until they got supplies from home.

That night was a terrible cold night the wind was blowing and the snow drifted into the tent onto our quilts that morning we had nothing to eat if we got up not until we could get our small quantity of flour. Poor Mother called to me come Patience get up and make us a fire I told her that I did not feel like getting up it was so cold and I was not feeling very
well So she ask My sister Tamar to get up and she said She was not well and she could not get up then she sais come Maria you get up and she was feeling bad and said that She could not get up with this. Mother sais come girls this will not do I believe I will have to dance to you and try to make you feel better poor dear Mother she started to Sing and dance to us and she slipt down as the snow was frozen and in a Moment we was all up to help our dear Mother up for we was afraid she was hurt she laugh and said I thought I could ^soon^ make you all jump up if I danced to you then we found that she fell down purposely for she knew we would all get up to see if she was hurt. she said that she was afraid her girls was going to give out and get disscuraged and she said that would never do to give up

[W]e none of us had ever fealt so weak as we did that morning my dear Mother had kept up wounderfull all through the journey before she left England she had been in delicate health for many years she had not been able to walk amile and after we started on our journey to Utah She was able to walk all across the plains only some times we put her on the hand cart to rest her alittle after we left the sweet water whare we campt for nine days she was able to ride in the wagon we was so glad to get Mother in the wagon if we girls could not ride it did us good to know that Mother could get arest and not have to walk in the snow any more and when we got into campt that night the good brother that award the wagon told us that we could sleep in his wagon and he would make a hole in the snow and make his bed there he thought we would be warmer in the wagon we made our bed there but we only had one old quilt to lie on and in the night I woke up and called to Mother I am freezing the side I had laid on was so benomed with cold Mother got up and helped me out of the wagon there was some big fi ars burning in several places in the camp and lots of the sisters siting and sleeping near the fi ar to keep warm. So I went to the fi ar and staid there the remainer of the night in the morning we traveld on again as usul one great blessing we had more food to eat we got our pound of fl our a day and sometimes alittle meat and very soon we was all able to ride insteaad of walking and we could stay in the wagon at night after we baked our bread we put the hott coles in our bake kittle and took in the wagon and that made it quite comfortable and warm for us to sleep in

I can well remember how kind the breathren was to us poor dis-stresed looking creatures I think we must have looked a very deplorable set of human [cramped writing ends here] beigns to them when thay first meet us camped in the Snow When Joseph A Young first arived in our camp the tents was half coverd in Snow oh how thankfull and delighted we was to see those two breathren what brave men thay must have been to start out from Salt L City in the midle of winter in search of us poor folks that was away back campt near the last crossing of the plat river ^\(\text{when}\)
thay left the city thay did not know how far thay would have to travele in
the snow before thay would find us

[When the word came to President Brigham young on Sunday he was in the Tabernacle in Meeting those days the people use to go from
the settlements by teem to attend meetings and when the word came that
there was handcart company and wagon company back on the plat river
with scarcely any provisions and that Many was dieing with hunger and
cold Brigham Young told the people this Message had come to him and
he also called on all the Men to take there teemS and Wagons and gather
up all the food and clothing thay could get and start out at once and not
to come back untill thay found the people he said that if thay did not go
that he would go himself and he started out himself with the breathren
he got as far as the big Mountain he took cold and the breathren pre-
vailed on him to return back home then he gave orderS for every body
to go to work and bake bread and gather up all the clothing and quilts all
thay could get together and every teem and wagon that could be got was
loaded and Sent out every day the road was kept open by teems coming
to us every day with provisions and clothing of some kind66

[A]fter the breathren came out to us there was not so many deaths
My Sister MrS Jaques dear little two yearS girl died Near Fort Bridger
she rapt her in a blanket or quilt and fetched her into Salt L. City and
she was burid in Franklin D Richards [below the line: lot]67 I well remem-
ber that when we campt in Echo Canyon that Sister Squires was con-
find in the morning she had alovely baby girl and thay named her Echo
the morning she was born the father was runing around camp enquiring
of everybody if thay had apin to give him to pin something around the
baby but I dont think that he was able to get one the breathren fixed the
wagon very warm and comfortable for Sister Squires and boath her and
baby arived safe into the City .