At length the time came that we must leave our beloved Temple, Our City, and our homes. I forbear to dwell upon the solemn dread which took possession of my mind. Almon Babbit called to see me. I asked him if he could divine the reason why those who had sent my husband to the ends of the earth did not call to inquire, whether I could prepare myself for such a perilous journey, or if I wished to go or stay? His reply was, "Sister Pratt, they expect you to be smart enough to go yourself without help, and even to assist others." The remark awakened in me, a spirit of self reliance. I replied, "Well, I will show them what I can do."

Early in the spring of 1846 men came up from Indiana bringing to me the remaining avails of our farm. There were cattle, and a new wagon, well covered. It did indeed look like encouragement to undertake the journey. An order came on Almon Babbit, Committee of Church Sales, for fifty dollars, to be paid me. I saw the way opening, still I did not wish to go. My heart drew me towards my childhood’s home, where my parents still lived. I asked counsel of Orson Hyde. He said, "If the spirit directs you to go to visit your kindred, go and it shall be well with you, and be overruled for the best." I was on the point of selling my team and wagon for money to go. In the mean time the authorities (first Presidency), and a portion of the Church had started, were camped on the west side the Miss. River, suffering with cold, and deep mud. As I did not feel quite clear in my mind, I wrote to Pres’t Young, told him my intention to go back to my kindred. He did not write an answer, but sent by a brother who was present when my letter was read. His reply was, "Tell sister Pratt to come on. The ox team salvation is the safest way." He says, "brother
Pratt will meet us in the wilderness where we locate, will be sorely disappo­ointed if his family is not with us.”

Upon this I nerved up my heart and put all my energies to the test, to get ready, determined to follow the church, come life or death! Men came in from the country to buy furniture and purchase other property. I had a good lot well fenced, a house which had cost at the least $300, three hund. All I was offered was eighteen dollars. I refused; would choose to make a full sacrifice. The first thing I sold was my stove, which cost sixteen dollars. All I was offered was 50 lbs of flour, and two blankets, in amount $7.00 I accepted, though in one hour I repented my bargain.

The buyer was an insolent fellow, said so many insulting things about the people who were forced to sell their property for the merest trifle; tantalizing and abusing them for being subject to the wills of brutal men, and himself one of the same kind. The weather soon became very cold, and never did I need anything more than I did the stove. I was obliged to sit by my kitchen fireplace, a poor miserable hearth, and my heart accorded with the surroundings. It was gone, and I must dispose of all my furniture as quickly as possible! which I did for less than a quarter its real value. My wagon was packed, ready to start, when a man came from the country. Said he would buy my house and Lot and give me a yoke of oxen. I snatched my pen and paper, sprang into my wagon, made out a quit claim deed, according to my own judgement, without any guide. Just as I finished it, brother Joseph L. Haywood came up. I read the deed to him, asked if he thought it would do. He replied, “if you had consulted a dozen law books you could not have made it more to the purpose.”

He then inquired if I kept a day book. I replied in the affirmative, “well,” said he, “write it down, that your posterity after you may know what a smart mother they had.” As we finished the conversation, the old gentleman’s son came up and interfered with the trade, claimed the cattle, and the bargain fell through. I swept out my pleasant house, which I had built by my own economy, closed the doors, and bid farewell to it! I had sold one yoke of cattle for forty five dollars, fifty Mr. Haywood paid me, which fitted us up for provision and clothing. I had two yoke of oxen, two cows and a good new wagon. I was comparatively rich, and by this time began to be in fine spirits. Several of my neighbors who were not ready to start escorted me to the river, and sincerely wished me good fortune.

As I was passing down the streets of Nauvoo, I cast a lingering look at the beautiful Temple. I felt inclined to say as the poor Jews said of Jerusalem. “When I forget thee Oh, Nauvoo, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I prefer not thee above my chief joy!” I began by this time to feel comparatively happy. I am another woman compared with her who groped about the house two days ago. I believe that was the worst day of
all my life. My grief was of a peculiar nature. I did not feel willing to disclose the whole cause to anyone. The load not being ready to cross that night I went to Sister Hiram Kimball’s and slept there. I had called at the P.O. as I came down, and found a letter from Mr. Pratt, on the far distant Isles of the South Sea.¹ This gave us all great joy, for many months had passed away and not a word had we heard from him. I carried my letter where I went to spend the night, and they all rejoiced with me.

The letter contained good news. The kind man wrote he was sending money to his family, by one Capt. Hall, who belonged in Boston. He had agreed to forward it to the church. Moreover it informed us that my husband had received two letters from me which had been written two years, the first he had heard from his family in that length of time. He says he will never leave us so long again, that if he returns and is ever sent back he shall insist on taking his family.

As I failed in getting the cow as I had expected on the west side of the river, I went back to Nauvoo to obtain one from the tithing office. I went direct to brother Haywood’s as he was the man who had charge of business. I was agreeable surprized in finding a pleasant company assembled to celebrate the 5th anniversary of their marriage. I was on the point of making apologies for intruding. Brother Haywood placed me a chair at his right hand, at the same time repeating the passage of scripture which runs thus. “Sit thou on my right hand until I make thine enemies thy footstool.” I felt honored, and free to partake of their bounties which were large. I spent the night, obtained a good cow to take back. A man going over the river kindly offered to drive her, and everything conduced to banish gloominess from my mind and make me reconciled to undertake the ambiguous journey.

I reached my home which was on wheels; found the children all cheerful. Brother B. [Busby] informed me that the company had been waiting sometime for him, and were disposed to start on and leave me; but he told them he would not move till I was ready to go. May 31st, pitched our tents between Farmington and Bonaparte. At the latter place we bought flour best quality, $1.25 per hundred. Bought Ellen a shawl $2.50.

[Across Iowa, Summer 1846]

Across the Des Moine River the boat was drawn by pullies. I was in great fear that the ropes would break. We got safely over, and my driver called to see his mother, whom he had not seen for some little time, having been with his father in Nauvoo. She was opposed to his going on with me, unless the family were ready and could join our company. A scene ensued. I plead with his mother, told her I thought it would be unjust to detain him there and leave me without a teamster, when his father had
given his full consent for him to go with me. Tears were shed by both parties, till at length my pursuasions prevailed, and we moved on with the company, which was then small. That night camped where there were forty wagons. It looked cheerful after travelling all day over a desolate country, and intolerable roads to salute a large company of our brethren.

It became necessary to have my wagon overhauled, goods repacked. For that purpose everything was taken out and put in the tent. It being late in the afternoon, there was not time to replace them before the dusk of evening. No signs of rain till we were all locked in the arms of morpheus. Then suddenly the loud thunders began to roar! Fierce lightnings flashed! I knew my tent would not shed rain, and I dreaded the consequences of a hard shower more than I ever did in my life. I prayed most fervently that the storm might pass over and do us no harm! Suddenly the clouds began to disperse, the thunder rumbling in the distance. I looked abroad and saw the clear sky. I felt a glow of gratitude I shall long remember.

I found great pleasure in riding horseback. By that means I could render some assistance in driving the stock. There was in the company a comical fellow by the name of Ephraim Hanks. He had charge of the loose cattle, was a dashing rider, gave me lessons in that art, till I became very expert. He assumed the name of title of Captain, gave to me that of Comodore. I was quite proud of my title, arose early in the morning mounted my horse to help gather up the stock. It was air and exercise, besides amusement, which kept my spirits brisk. We camped on a creek which I shall name Musketoe Creek, for the want of a more suitable name, and that could not be, for the insects are worse than the locusts of Egypt. Our friends who were behind overtook us at this place and the camp was organized. The brethren met by themselves, organized and chose a president without the aid or counsel of the women. This evening, the sisters propose to organize themselves into a distinct body, to prove to the men that we are competent to govern ourselves. If they set the example of separate interests, we must help carry it out.

June 6th we started early, thought to accomplish a good day's drive. The loose cattle were very unruly and hindered us. We have in our company a young man whom the girls have named "Green Horn." He blundered into a mud hole and broke his axle tree. So here the whole crowd must be hindered to wait for repairs. My eldest daughter said to him, "had your head been right side up, you might have saved us all this delay." He submitted to the jokes very patiently as the loss was general. My two cows are very docile, and willing to be driven, but we have one in the herd our Capt. says is not a Mormon! She has nothing of a gathering spirit, seems determined to go back, and he says "if she was mine, I would never
take her to Zion." While waiting to repair the broken wagon one of my
cows had a young calf. This was an amusement to the children, as for a
few days he would have to [be] carried along in the wagon. A beautiful
creature he is! White as snow, with a few red spots.

While the company was staying encamped, I took a horseback ride
to visit a camp of Saints two miles ahead, found them to be a company
from Laharpe Illinois. They invited me to eat and drink with them when
they learned who I was, and treated me with true politeness. On my
return I found a good kersey [light weight woolen] blanket in the road.
When I reached camp and gave a history of my adventures, I was highly
complimented. Thus something in the line of social enjoyment was con­
tinually transpiring to cheer our hearts amidst all the trials. My horse
came back on the gallop, which occasioned some merriment, as he was
very dull going out.

7th day [of June]. Nearly ready to start again. Phineas Young passed
our Camp this morning, in from C. Bluffs, on his way to Winter Quarters.

Last evening the ladies met to organize. Mrs. Isaac Chase was called
to the chair! She was also appointed President by a unanimous vote. Mrs.
L.B. Pratt Counsellor and scribe. Several resolutions were adopted. 1st
Resolved, that when the brethren call on us to attend prayers, get
engaged in conversation and forget what they called us for, that the sisters
retire to some convenient place, pray by themselves and go about their
business. 2nd if the men wish to hold control over women let them be on
the alert. We believe in equal rights. "Meeting adjourned sine die. [sine
die]" We have to let our "Calf baby" ride in the front of the wagon, but he
is so very handsome, and so gentle, he is no annoyance.

8th day. Yesterday we travelled over the most intolerable roads! It was
a query in my mind, how the first company going as they did early in the
spring ever forced their way through so much mud! I was led to exclaim,
what is there in all the world the Mormons will not attempt to do?

We were compelled to create our own amusements. When we
camped near a level spot of earth where water had been standing and
dried away, the young men would propose a dance. The older ones feel­
ing the absolute need of diversion, would accede, as it would cost nothing
and would most likely cheer and enliven us on our wearisome journey. In
the midst of our amusements we did not forget our prayers. We have
large campfires around which we all gather, sing songs, both spiritual and
comic, all very appropriate.

9th day. Last evening Brother Markham camped with us on his way
back to Nauvoo, to bring on a load of provisions. He informed us the
“Twelve” had gone on to Council Bluffs. We have very little hopes of over­
taking them. I begin now to admire the country, such a beautiful rolling
pararie!
10th day: Last night we camped on the bank of a creek about a hundred miles from Nauvoo. The last house we shall see for the present, and that not a house, though a hut, where the inmates keep ardent spirits and bacon. The spelling on their sign is “flower” for flour, “baken” for bacon. We laughed at their lore. Have just struggled through a three mile mud hole and have arrived again at a Mormon City, of tents and wagons, white with black spots emblematical of the lives we live in this world of change. We work hard to live and we earn our enjoyments by the sweat of the brow. What a pity, that any poor man should be without land to till, when there is so much lying vacant, so beautiful, good and productive! Sister Eldridge and myself have had a long ride on horseback, taking a view of the country and admiring it.

Sometimes I feel cheerful. Again it comes suddenly to my mind how far I am going from home, parents, and every relative I have in the world! But the Lord has called us, and appointed us a place where we can live in peace, and be free from the dread of our cruel persecutors!

12th day. Yesterday for the first time my wagon had to be dug out of the mud. One wheel ran off a bridge. It made racking work, broke my table which was tied on behind. This morning our company broke up: three started back to Bonaparte after flour, left their families encamped to wait their return. The rest pursued their journey as usual, are now 55 miles from the main camp. Last evening there was great sport in our camp. The young man we call Capt. dressed in woman’s attire, danced to amuse us. Several in the crowd did not know who it was, thought it was some strange lady who had come in from another company.

June 15th: We have at last arrived at Mount Pisgah. Look around to find myself a location. Poor people! here they are in the sun without houses. I pity them! May the Lord reward for all their sacrifices. I have just returned from a long walk have been taking a survey of the place entire. On the Bluffs is a beautiful grove of oak trees. Beneath the towering branches we can pitch our tents and be sheltered from the sun’s scorching rays. Several little cabbins begin to make their appearance. The P.O. is laughable. A little log pen 10 by 8 covered with bark.

18th day: I have at length got my habitation moved up into the mount; my tent pitched under the shade of three oak trees. The children are delighted. A pleasant family by the name of Hallet are very near. The man is gone with the Pioneers, and the poor woman is sick.

23rd day. The wind is blowing a heavy gale: it seems as though the very heavens would come down to earth! The tent is pinned down, or it would be carried away. The elements are in great commotion, and my mind is dark and dismal! I think, “what if we have to wander forty years in the wilderness, as the children of Israel did!”
25th. We have just experienced one of the severest storms of thunder and rain, I ever knew. We are all drenched out. So here we are wading in mud over shoes, trying to get our breakfast. We moved our beds into Mrs. Hallet's tent the succeeding night where [we] slept quite dry.

4th day July. Went to a wedding party; had music and dancing; a thunder storm to wind up the celebration.

5th day. Elder Little arrived from New Hampshire: he came to my wagon early in the morning, informed me he had brought the money my husband had sent me from the Islands. This was good news, as I had been waiting for it, to pursue my journey.

8th day. Sister H. Silver and myself went across Grand river to visit Mrs. Bullock. We invited Bros. Benson and Little to accompany us. We had a fine agreeable visit, came home by moonlight. The ensuing morning I invited to breakfast Messrs B. Young, W. Richards, E. T. Benson, J. C. Little. H. Silver was with me, and we rehearsed the incidents relating to our visit the preceding day, which occasioned some mirthfulness, and made the time pass pleasantly away. Soon after we had an evening party in the open air. The said gentlemen took an affectionate leave of us all and went on to the Bluffs. A little before their departure, recruiting officers came there, to enlist men for the Mexican War. 500 men were demanded; quite a number were taken from that place. The young man who had driven my team to that point, remained there as his parents had arrived. I had engaged another by the name of William Sterritt, a kind and faithful young man. I was in great fear that he would be called to go as a soldier to the war. I made a request of brother Heber C. Kimball that his name might not be written on the list. He promised me it should not.

"Father Huntington" and C. C. Rich were the Presidency there, two as good men as ever took upon themselves the name of Latter Day Saints. When I was imposed upon, they interposed, and caused restitution to be made. When I heard the news of Father Huntington's removal from this sphere I said, "a righteous man has gone to receive his reward for all his noble deeds, his integrity and faithfulness."

16th. Last evening called on Sisters Markham, E. R. Snow, and Dana. They all seem resigned to the times and circumstances. I wish I could. I pray earnestly for submission. Now preparing to leave Mount Pisgah. People all around me are taking chills and fever.

July 29th. A sorry time it is. Many are sick. Sister Hallet is very low. I have for some time had charge of her babe seven months old. Last night I had a serious exercise with her, was up and down alternately. She refused all consolation. At length my bedstead (one I had made myself) broke down. I then made my bed on the ground. There was a bottle of bitters standing near. I thought perhaps a few drops might lull the child to sleep. She struggled much under the operation. I then gave a dose of cream.
thought if the poor child could speak she would tell me I would kill her with kindness. I felt sorrowful on leaving the sick woman and the babe, as the other members of the family were also in the same condition, not able to help each other.

Aug 1st. Left Mount Pisgah with an agitated mind, sorrow for the afflicted ones and regret that any one should wish to wrong me, and have to be compelled to act justly.

3d day. Camped by a beautiful stream, where we found a spring of clear cold water. O, how delicious! The first cold water I have tasted since my arrival in Mt. Pisgah. At that place the water was fearful! It oozed through marshy ground where it was supposed buffaloes had been mired, and buried. We met brother Hallet on the way returning from the Bluffs, informed him of the sickness of his family; entreated him to make all possible haste to get home! He seemed much affected with the news, assured us he should lose no time, neither did he, but was soon taken sick, and the first news we heard he was gone! Likewise a little girl twelve years old, and the babe! oh! the sickness was terrible! The next place was an Indian Village. They flocked around us with corn and cucumbers; it looked delicious in our sight. We purchased of them, paid them in sea bread.

9th day Sabbath. Camped on the broad prairie, near bro Felshaw and Wooley. Not a tree to shelter us from the scorching sun. It seemed that we must dissolve with the heat! Our cattle left us and we were obliged to remain through the day. The next day found the cattle, went on a few miles. The young men were sick, not able to drive teams or cows.

11th day. For the first time my cows were missing. I found them, lying down in the bushes after going over a great portion of the range. Camped on “Musketoe Creek,” nearly eaten alive with insects. The creek is miry, cattle drink with great difficulty. This country never could have been designed for human beings, the water is so poor! Here and there we find a little spring.

10th day. We are through with another musketoe night, were just on the moment of starting when J. Fox’s horse took to his heels and away he went. How long we shall be detained is uncertain. I intended to have described a bridge we crossed a little west of Indian Village. Not much to the credit of the many teams which have passed over, or rather their owners. It is very long, made of large logs, very uneven, one side being two feet higher than the other. It took one team a quarter of an hour to cross over. In the midst of all the perplexities, my health continues good, and that of my children, who seem to enjoy the journey. My oxen and cows do not incline to stray at all; they really appear to understand that they have a duty to perform. I have much to be thankful for.

A long time has elapsed since I have written in my journal. A crowd of cares caused by extreme sickness in my family, has prevented me.
When I last wrote I was on the road between Mt. Pisgah and Council Bluffs. We traveled in company with brs. Truman and Fox.

I have mentioned the death of brother Hallet, and two children. I now hear that his wife has followed him; likewise a sister Gould, member of the same family (who were my pleasant neighbors beneath the oak trees,) both gone to their long home! Brother Sterritt was faithful and good to us. We got along smoothly till some began to be taken sick. Brother Fox was first attacked with intermittent fever. At the Bluffs his sister and niece were both laid on beds: the latter died with only a week's illness, a girl 15 yrs. I was also seized with the same disease, brought on by washing in the hot sun without a shelter. Others besides were taken; and we were all admitted into a Sister Henderson's house, a kind lady she was! We were in the woods, low on the bank of the river, we could feel no air stirring. We had no cool water, the warm river water was sickening. I offered to pay five dollars to anyone who would go to a certain cold spring and bring me a jug of water. They said it was too far to bring it, it would get warm on the way. I believed cold water would cure me. I believe it now. When I had partially recovered, we started to go to the main camp. 18 miles west side the Missouri.

There were so many teams ahead of us we had to wait nearly the whole day for our turn. I was extremely weak! There was great confusion on the boat, the cattle were frightened. I was terrified, and it caused my fever to return. There was a dreadful hill to climb as we drove off the boat, deep mud, and at the top thick woods. It was dark, and we dared not drive on. Had no place to pitch the tent. So there we must remain till morning, muske toes beyond endurance. I, with a raging fever, the four children with me on the bed. The ferry man’s wife lived at the top of the hill, in a little cabbin.

[At Winter Quarters, Fall 1846 to Summer 1848]

At twelve o'clock that night the good woman hearing groans of distress, came with a light to my wagon. Had a light shone down from heaven it could not have rejoiced me more! She instructed the elder daughters to remove things from the front end of the wagon, set them outside on the mud, make themselves a bed separate from mine, that their “mother might have some chance to rest.” They did as she directed, and I was more comfortable. Besides, she brought me a cup of warm coffee, and something to eat, which greatly revived me; and enabled me the better to fight muske toes. The driver was out herding the cattle; came to us early in the morning. No poor mortals were ever happier to see daylight appear! We told him our adventures during the night, and we all pronounced blessings on the Good Samaritan. That day we drove on,
camped at night by some cold springs. Now, thought I, will be a good chance for me to get all the cold water I can drink! I resolved to make up for the past sacrifices.

The children were told to bring a large coffee pot full, and place at the head of my bed, in the tent. I felt that a great luxury was to be enjoyed. I drank lavishly through the night. The following day [I] was conveyed to camp half dead with cholera morbus! The sisters thronged about my wagon, all anxious to do something to relieve me. One proposed brandy and loaf sugar. I told her if she would bring it in a glass tumbler, with a silver teaspoon, I would take it, but would not drink it from a "tin cup!" She laughed heartily, and made haste to bring the medicine according to directions. It had the desired effect, and I was better. But that was not to be the end of my sufferings. The shaking ague fastened deathless fangs upon me, from which there was no escape! I must bow my head and submit to my fate.

I shook till it appeared to me my very bones were pulverized! I wept, and I prayed. I besought the Lord to have mercy on me. The sisters were moved with sympathy. They assembled at my tent, prayed, anointed me with oil, and laid their hands upon me. Although I was not wholly restored, I was comforted, and enabled to bear more patiently my distress. I had money to hire a good nurse. A faithful one she was. She was always cheerful, even merry, which was better than medicine. Sometimes myself and three children would all be shaking at once. The nurse would go from one to another to administer relief in every possible way; held the watch to let us know how the time passed. We knew the moment when the agitation would cease, and our systems became tranquil. Then the fever would succeed, which would last nearly as long, but less painful to endure.

I at length got my chills broken, was relieved for a short time; but a cold rain storm and exposure, caused a relapse. I was in my wagon, my children all sick in the tent, except the youngest daughter six years old who escaped it all; and was able to wait upon the others, which she did to the admiration of all who knew how faithful and brave she was. A cold dreary winter was before us. I hired a man to build me a sod cave. He took the turf from the earth, laid it up, covered it with willow brush and sods. Built a chimney of the same. I hung up a blanket for a door, had three lights of glass to emit light. I built a fire, drew up my rocking chair before it, and that moment felt as rich as some persons (who have never suffered for want of a house) would to be moved into a costly building. Thus we learn to prize enjoyments by sacrifices.

I paid a five dollar gold piece for building my sod house, 10 x 12. An old ox with a lopt horn, had the habit of hooking everything that came in his road; greatly did he annoy me, by throwing down my chimney. It had several times to be rebuilt. Sometimes just as I was preparing a meal, and
almost famishing for refreshment, down would fall my chimney. I knew not which to condemn the brute or his owner. I tried to refrain from cursing either. My mind was wholly occupied about my diet. I had so far recovered that I desired nothing on earth so much as to satiate my appetite with some luxury. There were no vegetables in the camp, for this reason nearly all were afflicted with scurvy, a terrible disease! I pined for vegetables till I could feel my flesh waste away from off my bones! I would have given a yoke of oxen for a cheese, had one been brought to my door.

About the middle of winter I began to recover my health. I could walk a half mile. I went forth from my cave in the earth, gazed abroad on the face of nature, and breathed a new atmosphere! I went to the store of Messrs. Whitney and Woolley to get articles I had sent money to St. Louis for, by them. They had lost the bill and would not let me have the goods. Returning after dark I fell on the frozen ground and sprained my knee. I had to be helped home and was thrown on my bed for two weeks, only being removed to have my bed made. My limb swelled to an astonishing size! Continued swollen during the winter. The pain I endured I will not attempt to describe. For several weeks I went about on crutches. At length my chimney entirely failed, and I moved into what is called a “dugout,” five feet under ground. It was a very damp unhealthy situation. There I had the scurvy.

A long cold rain storm brought more severely again the chills and fever. These with scurvy made me helpless indeed! The air in my cellar was too confined. I resolved never again to complain of a cold house and fresh air. I had willows laid upon the ground, then a thick carpet spread double, straw bed, and lastly feathers. I could feel dampness through them all. On examination I found my carpet and straw bed were quite wet. I left the place and determined to sleep in it no more. I went into my wagon, a heavy rain came on, I was forced to keep closely covered which caused me to sweat profusely for three days. This broke my chills, and I began to recover. Oh! how sweet is sympathy to a poor afflicted soul! While living in the “den” under ground, Brother Anson Pratt, (P.P.s brother) came to see me. When he saw the condition I was in with my four young children on my heart and hands, he sat down and wept a long time.

His tears seemed to comfort me. He says, “I will go and see if a room cannot be found for you.” There was none to be had. In the midst of our sufferings there was something always to cheer us. The most of the Twelve had gone with the first Presidency to explore a Country beyond the Rocky Mountains. The leading men who remained did every thing in their power to keep life and spirit among the people. Picnic parties were encouraged; the poor brought out to eat and drink; the best the place offered was set before us. We listened to the strains of cheerful music, met and conversed with old friends whom we had known in days brighter
and happier than those. Our hearts were made to rejoice in anticipation of a time to come when we should greet each other in a goodly land, away from our cruel oppressors.

I now determined to add one more to my many efforts to buy me a dwelling above ground. Some were beginning to go to the mountains with their families. I found a cabin to be sold for five dollars. I made the bargain and moved in to it. I thought in that I could keep dry in a rain storm; but I was mistaken. The first thunder shower I caught a barrel of water in my fire place. I went about making repairs. I hired a floor laid of split logs hewed, which cost six dollars. So there I dwelt in an eleven dollar house. I had a six lighted window, felt quite exulted! I had cause to look up. I was well. My daughters also were by this in good health. The eldest [Ellen] could teach a juvenile school, assist me in providing for the family. The second daughter [Frances] was unusually smart to do outdoor work. She could make garden, take care of the cows in winter. Sometimes when charity was cold she chopt the wood, with a little help from the kind neighbors.

Many of my friends sickened and died in that place, when I was not able to leave my room, could not go to their bedside to administer comfort to them in the last trying hours, not even to bid them farewell. Neither could I go to see their remains carried to their final resting place where it was thought I would shortly have to be conveyed. The Lord had more work and suffering in store for me, and I lived, with all my children, to be a witness of his faithfulness to those who trust in him. I had a bowling built in front of my house where I could seat twenty-five pupils, which my daughter and I taught with pleasure and profit. In speaking of the faithfulness of God towards those who trust in him, I now recall an instance I would not forbear to mention, which took place while I was destitute, and unable to labor.

On a time when I was out of means to buy food, I went to Col. Rockwood with a request that he would buy a feather bed of me, which I offered for $12.00. He was preparing to go to the mountains with the pioneers, had not the means to spare. I remarked to Sister R. that I had nothing in my house to eat. She replied, “You do not seem troubled, what do you expect to do?” I answered, “Oh, no, I do not feel troubled. I know deliverance will come, in some unexpected way, and when I see you again I will inform how it came.” I walked home, and on my way called at brother J. Busby’s. [I] said nothing of my circumstances. He began inquiring about an old fashioned iron crane I had brought from the State of N. York. Said he, “if you will sell it, I will give you two bushels of corn meal, and take one to your place this evening.” I then mentioned what I had said to Mrs. Rockwood.

Thus in many instances have I been relieved, when apparently there was no prospect before me of help from any quarter. Many there were
who would divide their last morsel with one in want, but humbling it is to an independent mind to ask of those who have nothing to spare. I make a record of these things, that my children and others who may read these memoirs may be admonished to trust in the one, who is all powerful to save! Almighty to deliver! At times the weight of cares I have upon me, the anxiety for the proper training of my daughters, seems insupportable. I nerve up my heart, and determine to live till my husband returns, that I may have one more day of rejoicing in my toilsome and weary life!

After I had been deprived the privilege of attending publick worship for eight months on account of ill health, I at length was permitted to go. It seemed to me the heavens were smiling upon me. In the afternoon I attended a prayer meeting. The sisters laid their hands upon my head and blessed me in a strange language. It was a song; a prophetic song! Mrs. E. B. Whitney was interpreter. She sang in our tongue. That I should have health, and go to the vallies of the mountains, and there meet my companion and be joyful! I was then fully expecting him to come to that place, before I could with my family undertake such a journey. I still desired to hold on to that belief, but was admonished by those who heard the prophesy, to accept the contrary and strive to be reconciled. I felt the undertaking to be impossible! I saw no way whereby I could obtain means to fit my children out with what would be indispensable.

[Across the Great Plains, 1848]

President Young said I must go, that I must do what I could, and he would assist me. When I had decided to go, and asked strength and courage of the Lord, means came flowing into my hands. Things I had thought of no value, that I should throw away, were sold for a fair price, to those who were not of our faith, or who were not prepared to go at that time. The President ordered my wagon made ready, a thousand pounds of flour was allotted me, a yoke of oxen in addition to what I owned, a man hired to drive my team. Fifty dollars worth of store goods was appropriated to clothe myself and children, this with what I obtained by my own economy made me very comfortable. I began to feel myself quite an important personage! It was hard for me to wave the dread of (as I felt,) a never ending journey!

I gave my eleven dollar house to a neighbor who moved it across the river, to Canesville, I started on the dreaded journey with a saddened heart, affecting to be cheerful as far as possible! My good teamster was not permitted to continue with us, having been sent back to Iowa to bring on families left behind. The one hired was a stranger. The question whether he would be companionable, or agreeable, could not be a consideration, however important, it might be to us so immediately concerned. We were organized in President Young's fifty wagons, with Captains of tens, a head
commander over all. Six hundred wagons in the whole company, travelling three abreast. As we made our own road, we could easily make a wide one. We camped at Elkhorn River more than two weeks, waiting for others to join us. We were thirty miles from our starting point. While we lay encamped a sister by the name of Taylor died with the measles.

It was a sorrowful affair! She left a husband and four children to bewail her loss. To make a lone grave by the way side at the beginning of our journey caused our hearts to flow out with sympathy for the poor young girls, left to pursue the wearisome route over the deserts without a mother. The company were generally healthy, even those who started on beds were soon able to enjoy the amusements accessible to all, such as climbing mountains and picking wild fruit. The gloom on my mind wore gradually away. When I had been three weeks on the way there was not a more mirthful woman in the whole company. The grandeur of nature filled me with grateful aspirations. The beautiful camping grounds, which were so clean, that one was led to conclude no human foot had ever trodden there. So green was the grass, so delightful the wild flowers, so umbrageous the grounds on the banks of the rivers!

The president counselled us to rest from traveling on the Sabbath day. He said, “write it in your day book when you travel on Sunday, then notice your success through the week, and you will find more time lost through accidents than you had gained by traveling on the day appointed for rest.” We were convinced of the truth of his remarks, were willing to rest from our labors and assemble ourselves together for publick worship. Sometimes the whole camp of six hundred wagons [would] be within visiting distance. Then indeed it was like a city of tents and wagons. The cheerful campfires blazing at night, far away from the civilized world, reminded us that our trust must be in the Lord. He who clothes the lillies of the valleys, and notices even the little sparrows, would assuredly watch over us.

When we came to the Buffalo Country we were full of wonder and admiration. Nothing could be more exciting than to see them in large droves or herds, marching as orderly as a company of soldiers. Nothing seemed to daunt them. If they were headed towards our traveling companies, we would make a wide passage for them to cross our path, and they would march along so majestically with their great bush heads, turning neither to the right or left, not seeming to notice us at all, while we would stare at them with breathless anxiety, thinking how easily they might crush our wagons, and do us great injury were they to become furious. The men would not fire upon them when they were near us, but follow them to their haunts, capture one, kill, and haul it to camp with two yoke of oxen. The meat would keep sweet without salt, till perfectly dried.

Nothing I had ever seen amused so much as watching the buffaloes. As well as I loved the meat, when I saw the men pursuing one intending
to kill him, I always wished in my heart he might elude them and escape with his life. I have seen them wade into the deep water almost over their backs. Knowing the men could not follow them prompted by instinct they were impelled to strategy like human beings. I felt it a crime to destroy the life of such knowing animal. The Platte River country was beautiful. The women in small companies were often seen walking on its banks by moonlight, bathing in its waters, our hearts at the same time glowing with wonder and admiration at the beauty and sublimity of nature, alone in a great wilderness, far from the haunts of civilization, none but an occasional red man wandering along in search of game to gaze on the beautiful scenery and pluck the wild fruit.

On Sweetwater we camped for two weeks or more to recruit our teams, but it proved fatal to many. There being alkali in pools about on the range, the cattle drank it and several of them died. While we remained there teams were sent by the pioneers from Salt Lake to meet our company and help us on our journey. This gave us new courage. My daughters wore out their shoes, and I made them moccasins of buckskins. We had many rambles on the steep hills where we could overlook the surrounding country. The men talked of the great future when the "Iron Horse" would be wending his way over the silent vallies and through the Rocky Mountains; and thus pave the way for teeming multitudes to locate on the beautiful pararies! We traveled hundreds of miles without seeing a single tree.

When at length we came to a lone cedar tree we stopt our teams, alighted, and many of the company walked quite a distance for the pleasure of standing a few moments under its branches. Looking up we saw something lodged among the thick boughs, apparently for concealment. The boys tore it down. Wrapt in a thick buckskin, or rawhide was an Indian papoose. There was a horn of powder and I think a knife. The men caused it to be replaced. A strange idea of burial have the poor savages.

Independence Rock was another novelty. The size was immensely large and rather difficult of ascent. A thousand names were inscribed on the rock, which proved we were not the first adventurers. Freemont had been there, also the pioneers to Salt Lake Valley. We left our names with the rest, and as we descended, in a crevice of the rock was water dripping down into a spring.

With much exertion we crowded through a narrow passage, and got to the spring, and drank our fill of the sweetest coldest waters, I have seldom tasted. O, how delicious to the taste in a hot day! After being for months obliged to drink river water (and sometimes from sloughs) to come to a cold spring to quench our raging thirst was a luxury we could appreciate. Although we had been compelled to leave Nauvoo we did not feel like outcasts. We realized that our Heavenly Father had made a
beautiful world, and desired that his children should enjoy it, and if our enemies would not allow us to remain neighbors to them because of our being peculiar in our religious views, we found by launching out into the wilderness, how much romance and beauty there was in nature, where she dwelt alone!

We found there was room for all. It is wisely ordered that those who are not congenial to each other can separate, and live, not as enemies. As we drew nearer the place of destination our hopes began to brighten. Rumors from the camps already landed in Salt Lake Valley came out to meet us with cheering news. A little Scotchman told us that soldiers from the Mexican war were on their way home, coming in the north route from California. That intelligence had reached the pioneers that Elder Addison Pratt was in their company. He says to my daughters, “I shall hasten my return, and go out to meet the battalion boys, shall see your father before you will, shall have the pleasure of informing him that his family are in the company and will soon be in the valley.” Our hearts began to swell with joy in view of the prospects that were before us.

Aug 19th day. Still travelling through Canyons, deep mudholes, willow brush, big rocks, steep hills, objects that seem almost insurmountable. Still nothing impedes our progress! Slowly we move along, gaining a little every day. We find an opening every night for camping, clean and pleasant. I feel now as if I could go another thousand miles. Frances our second daughter makes her fire the first of anyone in the morning. It is her greatest pride to have people come to her to borrow fire, and praise her for being the lark of the company. Going through the willows a slat was torn off the chicken coop and the only surviving hen was lost out. We did not miss her till we camped at night. When the children found she was gone they could scarcely be restrained from going back on foot to recover the lost treasure. “Such an extraordinary hen, that knew the wagon where she belonged and laid all her eggs in it, and had travelled a thousand miles!”

20th. This morning arose with cheerful spirits, anticipating the arrival of our Camp in the desired haven. We begin to think of green corn, cucumbers, how delicious they will be to the poor fasting pilgrims! We have ascended an eminence, where with a spyglass we can see the great Salt Lake in the valley of which the Saints are located, our hearts leap for joy!
Tahitian translation of the Book of Mormon