CHAPTER SEVEN
In Salt Lake Valley
Memoirs, September 1848 to April 1850

[While some exiled Saints scattered into the frontier population, three movements emerged to help unify the Mormon people and get them to their destined Zion: (1) the Pioneer Company led by Brigham Young; (2) the passengers on the ship Brooklyn, led by Samuel Brannan; and (3) the Mormon Battalion led by U.S. Army officers and Mormon soldiers.

The Pioneer Company was the most important and consisted of companies which traveled westward from Nauvoo across Iowa to Winter Quarters, arriving in the valley of the Great Salt Lake July 1847. Simultaneous with the exodus from Nauvoo was the passage of some 230 Saints from the eastern branches of the church aboard the ship Brooklyn, which sailed from New York around the Horn, arriving in San Francisco 29 July 1846. Many Brooklyn Saints remained in California. Others made their way to Salt Lake Valley. At the Iowa camping grounds the third group splintered off: The Mormon Battalion enrolled at Fort Leavenworth and marched along the Santa Fe Trail westward to San Diego where it mustered out of service. Some soldiers headed for the Great Salt Lake or Winter Quarters to meet their families. Others headed for the gold fields of northern California.

President Young's Pioneer Company set the pattern for thousands of westerning Saints who travelled from staging stations in Iowa across the Great Plains to the Salt Lake Valley. Brigham Young returned to Winter Quarters in 1848 and led the companies which included Louisa and her daughters. They arrived in Salt Lake on 20 September 1848. Eight days later, 28 September, Addison Pratt, the missionary, arrived from California. The Crosbys were in Willard Richards's company and arrived 12 October 1848.]

21st day [September 1848]. Yesterday P.M. we drove our teams into the centre of town, (so called) camped on the green near the Fort, built of adobies covered with dirt. Many old friends came out to greet us, and
gave us a hearty shake of the hands. They had preceded us to the promised land and glad were we to see their faces once more!

22d day. Mrs. Addison Averet invited us to dine with her, we had a splendid dinner of vegetables. I had also green corn for my supper the first night. In the afternoon Sister Rogers came to see us, whose husband had shown us great kindness in times of distress in Winter Quarters. We had never seen her, but we felt the highest respect for the wife of him who had pitied us in our affliction. She invited us to share what conveniences she had in the way of house room; which we accepted, and found her an amiable lady. She had a good garden, and was very liberal in giving us all the vegetables we could use.

There was a large bowery built where publick services were held three times on the Sabbath day. Again we heard the voice of the Presidency and the Twelve sounding in our ears in a land we could call our own. My heart was more than glad. I was expecting my husband every day. I had heard that my sister and family were in a company crossing the plains, I knew they would soon be in. I felt that in the midst of trials, the Lord had remembered mercy.

The third day after our arrival Sister Rogers was delivered of a child. She was able on the second day to sit up and play the accordian.

[Reunion of Louisa and Addison, the Crosbys]

On Wednesday, 27th, horseback men began to come in from the camp of returning Soldiers. They informed us Mr Pratt would arrive the following day. Brother Parley P. proposed getting a carriage and taking us out to meet him. The children were greatly elated at the idea of seeing their father whom they had not seen for five years and nearly a half. Ann Louisa the youngest, said to the children with whom she played, “They tell me I have a father but I do not know him, is it not strange to have a father and not know him?” Thursday came, the day was bright. I went into my wagon to dress myself for the ride when the children came running to announce their father’s arrival! He had just come off a long journey, looked rough and sunburnt. None but the eldest daughter recognized him, the others did not seem pleased with his appearance.

So much did we seem like strangers we scarcely knew what to say to each other. Ellen turned a little pale. The youngest put her hand behind her, would not reach it forth to receive her father’s. He then presented her with all the toys, books, and curiosities he had brought her, then asked, “will you now have me for your father?” The answer was quickly given in the affirmative and they became very good friends.

The scene evidently affected him, as the feelings between him and his children were coincident. It was sad to realize what a change the lapse
of years brings! Changing forms and features in the domestic circle, even to cause estrangement in long separation, which should as much as possible be avoided. Nothing short of the interest and advancement of the Kingdom of God could justify so lengthy a separation.²

Sabbath came, our daughters dressed themselves to accompany their father to the place of worship. A thousand eyes were upon us. So long had we been accustomed to receiving sympathy from those who saluted us, “I wish you much joy” (as hundreds clasped our hands) had a strange meaning. I would thank them but did not feel excited. To see the husband and father so long absent again with his family was a pleasant sight to all who had felt a deep interest for us in our great loneliness. For the soldiers who had just returned from a long campaign a feast was made, to which the “father” and his family were invited. It consisted principally of the fruits of the earth, produced in a land we could call our own, by the labor of the energetic pioneers. “The Father” took his seat on the stand, where he could see his daughters, grown up in his absence, join in the dance. It was a novel sight to him.

We soon purchased a house in the Fort of George B. Wallace, very comfortable. A young man by the name of John Eager who came from California with Mr. P. boarded with us. We had cheerful company every day in the house. What a change for us. We appreciated it and felt quite happy. Our evenings were spent in lively conversation, listening to the experience of the “missionary,” interesting tales of the Islanders, which we never tired of hearing.

When three weeks had passed away, Dr. Richards arrived with a company from the east; in which was my sister and her family. We had a house to receive them in. The amount of conversation was unparalleled. My brother-in-law had remained in Nauvoo through a mob war, had lived two years in Iowa, while I lived in Winter Quarters. Our experiences had been varied, and much of a thrilling and startling nature. It was not strange that the rehearsals were incessant.

As often as I reiterated the trying scenes I had passed through in the five years, his spirit would seem to change, as I dwelt on the benevolence of some and the neglect and unkindness of others. Towards the first he would shed tears of gratitude, in view of the latter he would appear stern and irascible. I was soon admonished to be cautious in my manner of relating incidents. I would not dare mention the name of one who had done us an injury, or had closed his ears to our complaints in time of trouble.

. . . The winter evenings passed pleasantly away. My sister lived near me. My third daughter [Lois] lived with her, as she had no daughter of her own, and but one son [Alma].

Provision was very scarce, but for the most part we had plenty of the necessaries and some of the luxuries, brought from a foreign country,
so that we were enabled to invite our friends to visit us. I had learned
not to feel alarmed when our supplies grew small, and no prospect of
replenishment. I was accustomed to remark, “One need not fear, the
Lord will provide.” It was a great encouragement to my husband to see
me hopeful and trusting.

Differences of opinion sometimes arose between us in regard to cer­
tain principles which had been revealed in his absence. He seemed to
have forgotten that the law of progression governed us. Things perfectly
familiar to me were new and strange to him. This occasioned impressions
in his mind that errors had crept into the church. And though he would
often acknowledge that I had acted wisely in my long widowhood, and
merited praise for my faithfulness, still he sometimes annoyed me with
petty jealousies, so detrimental to domestic happiness.

During the winter Mr. Pratt taught an evening school, to instruct
those who desired to learn the Tahitian language. Our children were all
sent to a daily school, made comfortable for shoes and clothes, we all real­
ized the blessing of having a father to provide for them. Spring returned.
Mr. P. engaged in farming.

[A Second Mission Contemplated]

The subject began to be agitated of his being called to return to the
Islands, with his family and several elders with a view to enlarge the mis­
sion. (Many were anxious to go with us.) It was deemed necessary to wait
till after harvest in order to procure supplies to serve us on the journey to
the pacific coast. Six families were appointed to go with us, we were all in
fine spirits. Business was arranged to this effect, land disposed of, goods
and articles we did not wish to carry bargained away. We saw no obstacles
in the way of our going at the appointed time, when lo, all taken by sur­
prise, the whole gentile world came rushing to the gold mines!

California, was the emigrants watchword! Every thing imaginable
[was] being brought into the Mormon Forts for sale; at almost as low
rates as goods could be bought in N. York City. Their teams were jaded,
wagons broken down. Now, they wanted fresh animals, and pack saddles.
It was a fine chance for trade. We could hear of great destruction of prop­
erty and strife on the route to California. It was deemed advisable for the
missionaries to defer their contemplated adventure till the excitement
was over. Thus were we held in suspense most painful to endure! For
myself I had no fears of trouble on the way, my trust was in the Lord. Our
friends seemed fearful and solicitous. President Young would not coun­
sel Mr. Pratt to take his family, would only consent that he should take
them on his own responsibility, if he had faith and courage. I felt it was all
the liberty he need ask.
The council at length proposed that Mr. P. should go with his wife and leave the children. The idea to him was preposterous! He could not consent to it for a moment. The children were frantically opposed! Frances the second affirmed with great emphasis, "You cannot leave me I will run behind the wagon and cry all the way to California!" The idea was soon abandoned. There now appeared something left for us to decide, which we could not do. We resolved to go and lay our case before the President and ask him to decide for us. It resulted in counsel for the family to be left again, the "elder" to go by himself. I remarked to Sister Young, in a humorous tone, "If I am left again I shall choose another man." She replied, did not believe I would, I had been faithful so long. Says, "you are not in earnest." "I am more than half so," I answered. She sympathized, said what she could to comfort me. I felt aggrieved and weighed down with sorrow.

We went to our home and informed the children of the decision. They commenced weeping, and continued in tears nearly the whole time for three days! The second girl wept incessantly. She had overheard what her father had said about leaving us and "going out free." She did not like the sound. She came to me with the very serious air, saying, "Mother, I have concluded to stay and let you go rather than you and father should part." I refrained from smiling at her sincerity; I saw the struggle she was enduring. I told her I believed all would be overruled for our best good. We would trust in the Lord, however trying it might be. The following day was solemn. We were all in tears. The scenes of other years came before me, when I had my family to provide for and little or no means. My heart shrank from the repetition of past trials.

While in this disturbed state of mind the Twenty Fourth July drew near. A great celebration was on hand. Preparations must be elaborately made for a great feast. With my saddened heart how was I to perform my task? The day was anticipated as one of great joy, being the day on which the pioneers landed in Salt Lake Valley. I had my part to act. Could I affect to be cheerful when my fate was not decided, and I was held in cruel suspense? My heart trembled like a leaf in autumn, ready to fall to the ground! The day preceding the celebration brother John Brown and wife came to see us, and spend the night. I assumed a cheerful appearance, as they were friends for whom I had a high respect. I arose early in the morning ate a slight breakfast, and before seven o'clock we were on the way to the bowery.

I had pain in my head, and was otherwise indisposed. All was life and animation. How is it possible thought I, that one can be sad in such a place as this. The processions all in uniform, was an admiring sight. The music was exhilarating in the highest degree. The tables were spread with the choicest varieties of things produced from the richest soil, and by our
own hands labor. I was seated at the table, which extended through the entire bowery. The sight was grand! Not a mouthful could I eat. I rushed out of the crowd, went in to a tent and laid down. So oppressive was the heat I could not remain there. I went back to my seat and determined to rest there to the end of the exercises. The speeches and toasts were exciting. I was forced to smile, even to outbursts, and to my surprise I found myself a partaker in the meriment.

I made a mighty effort to banish everything else from my mind, except the pleasant scenes before me. I began to be interested in what I heard, and ere the close, I was quite free from pain. No sooner had I reached my own home than I set my table, made coffee, had a variety of every thing good, and ate a hearty meal. I seemed to enjoy the food as a sort of revenge for not being able to eat any thing at the feast. I began trying to be reconciled to have my husband go and leave us again. Exciting stories were told about robberies on the route. I had no fears. Frances would often say, “Pa will not be so safe to go alone. The robbers would be more likely to plunder a lone man, and take his team from him, than they would if he had his family. They would pity a poor woman and children!” Poor child, said I, you know but little about robbers. A few days passed in suffering suspense, and word came to us from elder C. C. Rich to call at his house.

We went fully expecting a communication of some importance. The moment I was seated I fixed my eyes intently upon his, and was ready to listen with intense interest! He at length remarked thus, “I have been talking with President Young and it is now decided that brother Pratt shall remain at home until next spring.” Joy too great for utterance sprang up in my heart. I thought what glad tidings it would be to our four daughters. I wished to be the bearer of the news, but there was a listener, who ran before us and informed; and ere we reached home they had been to nearly every house in the Fort to tell the news. The friends rejoiced with them and when we entered the house they were sitting cozily around the fire talking it over; their countenances beaming with delight. Mixture of joy and sorrow, is life!

[Addison Recruited for the Jefferson Hunt Party]

Congratulations from the friends were repeated over and over. Plans were laid for the winter. Three weeks had passed away and no vision had crossed our minds that another trial was at hand. A company of emigrants came in bound for California, the south route. They had engaged Capt. Hunt to pilot them through an unexplored region. It happened one morning while I was preparing breakfast that Capt. H. called at the gate and requested Mr. P. to wait on him a few moments. In an instant I
suspected what was in contemplation. It ran through my veins like electricity. I said to myself, "he is soliciting company for the expedition." And so it proved. C. C. Rich and A. Pratt were chosen to help or accompany Capt. Hunt in piloting the emigrant train through the Southern route to the Pacific. Again our hopes were prostrated. It seemed cruel in the extreme, but not a word was to be said.5

It was for the gospel we were called to make sacrifices, we must have, like, "Moses," respect for the recompense and reward. We were in no situation to be left. No house built on our city lot, wood at a great distance. I ground down the rebellion of my heart, determined to let it break rather than murmur at my fate. I expressed my entire willingness to have my husband go. In some parting lines I wrote, "Now I am fully reconciled to say adieu." My daughter says, "O, Mother it sounds too willing; do change it a little!" Accordingly I did, writing, "I must try to be resigned." I felt great anxiety about the children. They were now at an age to need a father's counsel; were often inclined to disobedience, and though not decidedly stubborn it required much reasoning and expostulation to guard them against the influences of giddy companions!

The 4th of Oct was the day appointed for him to start. All was bustle and confusion, a very little time allotted for preparation. I happened to say something in the tone of complaint, my companion having already more on his mind than he knew how to bear, gave me short answer, and appeared exceedingly irritated! I felt for a moment that heaven and earth were combined against me. I indulged in a profusion of tears, struggled to suppress them, resolved to cherish no unkindness in my heart towards him. He gave us the parting hand, and at the instant I felt quite comforted. By the generous aid of some brethren from California he left us means to sustain us through the winter. He had been gone a half hour or more, when a sister Thomas, an intimate friend of his, called to bid him farewell. She wept sorely, when she found she had come too late. I knew he had to call at Brother C. Rich's. Thinking he might be detained there I proposed going in pursuit of him.

We did so, found him on the street. Sister T. with kind words gave him a parting blessing, which he returned, they made their adieus, and we walked about with him till he was ready to leave town. We parted at the corner near Orson Spencer's residence. The children were with me, and we made our way back to our lonely dwelling. Brother James Brown though appointed on the mission was not ready to start with the company, but would follow on. He walked home with us, seemed much affected in view of our bereavement. He bade us a kind good night, and we were again alone. I struck a light in the house, but so vacant did it seem we all sat down outside. The light was burning in the empty room; truly it was like the night of death.
Brother Johnathan Holmes lived in a room adjoining, the kindest people in the world. I urged the children to go with me to sit awhile with them, but no, they would indulge their grief in silence. I left them weeping, and went in for a few moments relief. They were full of sympathy, and kind expressions, assuring me of their unvarying friendship, which ever after proved firm and unshaken. When the evening was far spent we went into our desolate house. Soon the children feeling exhausted sank into profound slumber. Then it was I gave vent to the feelings of my heart in a torrent of complaints. I wept, I groaned, I prayed, exclaiming “will my sufferings never come to an end?” I felt free to indulge my grief because there was no eye or ear to witness it. I retired to my bed, but not to sleep. Nature’s sweet restorer would not come to me. I arose in the morning pale and languid. My sister Crosby spent the day with me. She entreated me to be comforted, to acknowledge the hand of God in whatever fell to my lot.

[Rendezvous at Cottonwood]

Towards evening, to our great surprize the young man H. Blackwell who had started with Mr. Pratt returned. Said they were detained at Cottonwood on account of a lame ox. They had sent him back to get another. I asked, “why did Mr. P. not come himself?” He replied, “He did not wish to have the parting scene repeated.” I sat down immediately and wrote him a letter. Truthfully I remarked, “Had you returned yesterday it would have given me greater joy than your presence did after a five years absence!” No sooner had the letter gone, than I resolved to go myself, thinking he might be detained there several days. I mentioned my intention to Brother Holmes. He fully approved of it, and said I should have his horse to ride.

The distance was ten miles and although I had been there I did not know the way. I made ready early and rode out into the street. Brother Horace Eldridge saw me and inquired, “where are you going?” “To Cottonwood, but I do not know the way.” I told for why, and he kindly offered to go with me. He was on his horse, and we rode on briskly together. We talked much of the unexpected departure, and of the uncertainty of our overtaking the company. My heart vibrated with hope and fear. As we drew near John Brown’s I saw the covered wagon and knew it. Mr. P. was in the yard yoking the cattle to move on. He seemed greatly surprised to see me. We went into the house and very soon our eldest daughter arrived from Provo, where she had been with others on a visiting tour.

As soon as she alighted from the carriage we discovered she had received an injury. Her head was bandaged, and one eye was bruised and swollen. Her father raised the bandage to examine her eye, was moved to
tears at the thought of the narrow escape she must have made. We all
dined together at Brother Brown's. The company then started on to go a
few miles and camp. Mr. Eldridge returned home. J. Brown offered to go
with me, and we rode with Mr. Pratt to his camping ground and staid over
night. Early in the morning we bade him farewell, himself and compan­
ions invoking the blessing of God upon us. They started on their danger­
ous journey through a trackless wilderness and we hastened back in time
to breakfast with Bishop Crosby's. I began by this time to feel quite cheer­
ful, the burden on my heart was lighter.

[Winter of 1849–50]

Brother J. Brown escorted me back to my home in the Fort where the
friends greeted me with smiles, feeling assured at the first sight the excur­sion had done me good. My recruited spirits reflected on the children,
and we felt more like ourselves again. We turned over our blessings,
counted and found they were many. We had $65.00 in money, grain to
last us through the winter, besides two fat cattle. Conference commenced
that day, I attended the next. I looked over the congregation, noticed
there were several missing; and though I felt lonely, it was not a feeling of
dispair. A brother came to board with us and furnished our wood. He was
help and company. About the middle of winter he became uneasy,
wanted to go where he could make money. We felt sorry to have him
leave us, entreated him to stay.

He told us he had engaged his brother to get wood for us; he failed
to do it, and we were left without in cold stormy weather. Then it was
Brother Jonathan Holmes showed his friendship for us in an act of kind­
ness few men would have performed under the circumstances. He was a
shoemaker, accustomed to keep indoors in cold weather. He took his
team, went eight miles to get a load of wood for us. I felt grateful indeed,
and never can I forget it. The people commenced to make feasts, to invite
their relatives and friends; and a few would remember a poor lone
woman like me, whose husband was on the opposite side the globe,
preaching the gospel. Generally those were invited who were able to
return the act of civility, contrary to the injunction in scripture. “When
thou makest a feast, call in the poor, the halt,” &c.

On several occasions I was very much grieved, being forgotten and
neglected at festival associations by those on whom I had a claim for
friendship and attention. I would at such times endeavor all in my power
to find an apology for them, rather than believe it intentional, cruel as
their forgetfulness might appear. I could not endure that the ardor of my
attachment should be cooled towards them. Ah! how much grace do we
need in our hearts to enable us to respect the injunction of the Apostle!
“Mind not high things but condescend to men of low estate.” I often asked, “why should the reverses of fortune, occasioned solely by obedience to the gospel subject one to indifference on the part of others living under the same law, who happen to be more fortunate. Independent of my own experience personally, I have observed it in many instances. I was never without sympathy, a balm for incurable wounds!

When the winter was over, the man who had left us in cold weather, returned having been in great difficulties with Indians and deep snows, enduring great fatigue, and making nothing. By this time we had become accustomed to struggling on alone, as we had done in former years, and it was not to be expected that any man would involve himself with the care of another man’s family without a suitable remuneration. In my loneliness my old friend Joel Parish did not forget me. He sent his son sixteen miles with a load of wood. Likewise Brother Thomas Tomkins sent the same distance to my relief. At one time when I had solicited wood from the bishop of my Ward and was refused, on the ground that there were others more needy than I was, I wrote a note to Bishop Addison Averett, of another Ward, informing him of the circumstances. He came immediately with a carriage load already cut for the fire. Thus did I learn the difference in the dispositions of men.

[A Visit from Sister Mary Ann Young]

On a certain day in the month of March Sister Marian Young called at my house to inquire how I was feeling, and whether I had any request to make of President Young. So distracted were my thoughts I knew not how to answer her. She asked, “have you a desire to go to your husband?” I dared not say I had, so great was the dread of such an immense journey. I could not choose between the performance of it without my companion on the way, and another five years widowhood! I told her Brother Tomkins had offered to take us to California in case the Church decided to send us to the Islands. As soon as she heard that I saw she favored my going, and I regretted telling her. I trembled alternately, sometimes fearing I might be sent, and again that I might not. Could I have received an affectionate letter from my husband encouraging me to come it would have tranquilized my mind.

I found my spirit growing rebellious; imagined my trials greater than any other woman’s ever was. I imagined my companion was glad to go from home because I could not always manage to please him. From the indulgence of that unhappy spirit I suffered more than from all the privation and poverty I had passed through. I laid my cause before the Lord, and plead with Him to let the day dawn, and the day star arise in my heart. I besought the sisters who pitied me to pray; which they did with
fervor, and assurance that all would be overruled for my good. Conference
drew on; I knew my fate would be decided. A thousand miles travel over
an unsettled country, 500 miles voyage at sea, to labor among a people
distinct from my own.

I saw there was but two ways, stand alone and assume great self
reliance, be father and mother both to my children, create means to sus­
tain them, live crowded up in a Fort, a complete mudhole in wet weather.
If I was sent to the Islands, my daughters, the elder ones now nearly at a
marriageable age, must be taken from their associates, to a foreign land.
For myself I would not decide, but earnestly sought to know the mind and
will of the Lord. In conversations with Dr. Willard Richards, I remarked to
him, that were I an elder I would never consent to stay so long from my
family, that I would go deliver my message as speedily as possible, and
return to fulfill my domestic obligations. He smiled, and though he did
not in words concur, I knew he felt the justice of my sentiments. I was
between two great fires; which ever way I turned I would encounter the
flames. I wrestled in prayer, my friends prayed for me, and all their
prophesies were that I would go to the Islands of the seas, to join my com­
panion. There I should be blessed in teaching children of nature whose
minds were dark, to know and love truth.

[Louisa, Daughters, and Crosbys Called to the Mission]

1850, 6th of April. I attended Conference. I listened to the first dis­
courses, they were comforting. At length the appointments were given
out. Brother T. Tomkins was appointed to go to the Islands and take
Addison Pratt’s family! I heard no more. An indescribable sensation per­
vaded my whole system! Several persons were appointed to go with us, in
whose society I could not foresee much pleasure. At intermission I went
to President Young’s. I talked with Sister Y and urged the promise I once
had, that if I went my sister should go with me. She promised to use her
influence, and the succeeding day my brother-in-law was appointed on
the mission. I had thought if that was done my mind would be relieved.

I found I was mistaken. I now felt to blame myself for my solicitations.
She had a pleasant home, and was comfortable. Her home must be sold to
make the necessary preparations. She was tranquil and unmoved. A short
time was allotted us to make ready. I was extremely weak. My good friends,
Holmes, stood by me in every time of trial. My daughters had all they could
do to pay farewell visits and receive calls. Sister H. kindly offered her assis­
tance to do every thing that seemed burdensome to me, thus proving her­
self a friend in time of need. Sister Daniel Russell spent days with me,
aiding by her agreeable conversation to strengthen and encourage me. I
disposed of various little articles which it was impracticable to take with
me, which gave me great pain to part with. Some of these were curiosities my husband brought from the Islands, dear to me beyond description. The circumstances attending the disposal of them occasioned me a reproof the most cutting of any I ever received in my life.

I betrayed a childish spirit owing to the great weakness of my mind at that time. The person did not understand my situation, it was not in my power to maintain that dignity and self control that the friend had expected of me. My friend Sister Holmes deeply sympathized, and felt that I was unjustly reproved. I told my grief to Sister John Taylor; she tried to soothe me, and heal my wound, but Oh, my heart was sore! The dear woman had discerned my anguish and entreated me to confide my secret to her. I loved her from that hour.

The hearts of many seemed open to assist me. I saw a rising interest in my welfare. Homes were offered my eldest daughters if they would remain with the church and let their mother go, but all the generous offers were unheeded by them. The novelty of the journey, and the prospect of meeting their father prevailed over every other consideration. I was very successful in obtaining supplies for the tour by land, in San Francisco we were assured we should find liberal hearted Brethren who would fit us out for the sea voyage.

[Farewells, Blessings]

May 7th [1850]. Left the old Fort. We sold our ‘Dobe room for $25.00. Started at 5 o’clock, after a day spent in bustle and excitement, buying, selling, parting with friends, giving and receiving gifts. With great reluctance I bade them farewell. True friends have they been to me, tried and proven. I thought in the morning it would be impossible to get my goods packed to start, [so] they were tumbled in without order, and when the last article was deposited I felt a thousand pounds weight roll from my heart and shoulders. Sister Glover had presented me with some tea in a glass jar, it was set loose in a trunk not locked. The trunk [was] placed on a large chest in front of the wagon. All unconcerned, we let the wagon start. Down went the trunk. Everything fell on the ground, the jar broke, and behold, all my tea was spilt in the sand. I did not think it worth a moment’s thoughts, compared with the great things in contemplation.

We made a call at President Young’s, found supper ready. We partook of their hospitality, and Brother Y. blessed me. He said I was called, set apart, and ordained, to go to the Islands of the sea, to aid my husband in teaching the people. That I should be honored by those with whom I travelled, that all my wants should be supplied. That no evil should befall me on the journey, that I should lack nothing. I should have power to rebuke the destroyer from my house, that he should not have power to
remove any of my family, that I should do a good work, and return in peace, many other things. All which he sealed upon my head in the name of the Lord.

I thanked them for all their loving kindness, bade them farewell, and we drove to the Warm Springs, and stopt with Brother William Hendricks. Some of the friends came with us there, and spent the evening. We were kindly entertained, and the following day a company of young people travelled fourteen miles with us. We called and spent the night with those who had been our benefactors in troublous times. The good old people, Joel Parish and wife, loaded us with blessings, shed tears at the remembrance of our past sufferings, and prayed earnestly that we might be protected on our long journey till we should reach in safety the desired haven. Brother J. Holmes had just then moved into that settlement. He came to me and said, "Have I in every thing done as you wished me to do, and can you carry a good report to Brother Pratt of my faithfulness?" I assured him he had done all and more than I could have presumed to ask, and I prayed that blessings might follow him all his days, and I knew brother Pratt would say amen!