[Personal Experiences, Reflections]

In an adjoining Co, there were horrible things told of the robbers. One, a mexican by birth had his head cut off, carried about and exhibited. I would not sanction such a deed.

The time came to make a garden. I must oversee it, and do what I could. I hired an Indian to spade up my ground. I sewed the seeds and watered it. Mr. Pratt was then in San Francisco, and I could not learn when he intended to come home.

Mrs. Morse at length brought her daughter home in a state of convalescence, to our great joy and thankfulness. She was soon able to come to my house, staid overnight, and slept with me. I had strange feelings! I looked upon her as one raised from the dead! So near death’s door had she been. Her face was palid white, and her large blue eyes stood out with such renewed expression! She seemed to feel that she was newly born; and we gazed upon her wasted form, and felt to thank the Lord that she had been redeemed from the grave, to bless her poor mother!

The girls mother was one who had been subjected to great domestic trials. Her husband had turned away from his faith in the fullness of the gospel, broken his covenants, in the church, and had grown cold and hard towards his wife. How cruel it seems when in an advanced period of life, a poor woman has to be chastised and abused by one for whom she has sacrificed every thing even the peace and contentment of her soul. By whom she had stood steadfast through the storms and whirlwinds of her mortal life: faithful and true, in the role of poverty, laboring to sustain herself and children: and who will thank an unloved wife for all this? As I pondered these reflections in my heart the words of the prophet Isaiah came in remembrance. “Behold I have called thee as a woman forsaken
and grieved in spirit, and a wife of youth when thou wast refused, saith thy God!” Then the succeeding promise is so comforting. “For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee.” “In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment, but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy redeemer!” [Isaiah 54:6-8] So when the afflicted woman rehearsed the story of her sorrow, I referred her to the precious promises which had been fulfilled to her in sparing the life of her daughter; and which she realized with a thankful heart:

I had a great amount of hard work to do. The work on the lot was laborious, besides the care of providing for my family. I often felt it was a blessing to be thus employed. I had not so much leisure to dwell upon past scenes in my life, the remembrance of which brought pain to my heart.

It seemed to fall to my lot to console with sisters who had family trials. With regard to these of whom I write the reader might imagine that polygamy was the cause of their afflictions, but it was not. The latter of whom I shall speak, though her husband had another wife besides herself, yet she was the loved one. Her name was the same as the above mentioned, though not a relative. E. Morse’s husband was a drunkard; and when in liquor, which was frequent, he would abuse his best friend. She had no hope of his reform, and she wished to leave him with his first family and go to the valley of the mountains. I sympathized with her, and fully approved of her plan. When offering my condolence to others I measurably forgot my own sorrows. I could see in many instances their condition to be worse than mine. For though my husband was invariably gone from me, and seldom sending me any means, yet he was esteemed an honorable man; and not a disgrace to his family.

I had a kitchen built on to my house. Mr. Grouard laid up the walls before he left the place. When I undertook the finishing, the brethren were kind. Bro’s Crosby and Mills laid the floor grates. I had friends in that place, and I never knew of but one enemy. A man from the upper country bought sheep in that county, and gave me a hundred weight of wool. Of that I made beds, and felt quite proud of them. My little island boy began to be a little help, I could send him on errands, although he was not as trusty as I could wish. The 6th of March was my daughter Lois’ birthday. The 20th anniversary, I reviewed the years of her life, I said, “few have accomplished as much in the time as she has.” She had journeyed three thousand miles by land and 7000 by water.

I was continually subject to turns of melancholy, restless and tired of every thing about me. There was something uncongenial to my natural disposition. My companion was always gone from home, and I was required to maintain the character of a married woman. I felt it measurably unjust; but I endeavored faithfully to discharge my duty as father and
mother both in one; and those who knew me best all praised me for raising my daughters in a manner to be respected and beloved. I had pleasant society, kind agreeable neighbors. With industry and good management I could keep my family above want. My eldest daughters were competent teachers of the common branches, and could do well for themselves. Still they were under my care till after their marriage, and I felt responsible for the course they might pursue.

Daniel Stark's were my intimate friends. I often visited them. They built a fine house in San B. Bro' S was an ingenious carpenter. I was at his house when he was putting on the finishing strokes. I told him I wanted no such house in San B. for I did not intend to remain there always. My face was set towards Zion in the mountains. For there said I, "my friends my kindred dwell, there God my Saviour reigns."

But to return to the subject I left unfinished. I commenced speaking of [Lois] my third daughter's birthday. Besides her lengthy journeyings, she had been a teacher for one year and a half in the islands of the Pacific. Eight months in San Francisco she earned from thirty to fifty dollars pr month. Four years in San B. she had been the main dependence in household matters. She was strong and healthy, and now bids fair to live long on the earth. We made a good dinner for the occasion, fourteen were invited guests.

[Ellen's Baby Emma Francelle]

Two days later which was the 8th of Mar Ellen McGary was delivered of a daughter. My first grandchild. I immediately thought of a name, but I scarcely dared mention it lest the father might not be suited I wished much to have it named our loved and lost one Emma Greville. There was no objection to the first name, the second they preferred to have Francelle. I consented and the child was named at once. Little Ephriam amused us greatly by his expressions showing his ideas of the event. He seemed impressed that an important event had transpired. The father of the child was a tobacco smoker. Ephraim says to him, "you will leave off smoking now, wont you William, now you have got a child?" We all smiled, and thought the father might feel reproved, when a boy only seven years old realized the responsibility of a man becoming a father. He laughingly answered, "I suppose I ought to."

There was something new for us all to have an infant in the family. Not a particle of clothing had the mother prepared. I had taken the precaution to prepare a suit otherwise we might have had to wrap it in a piece of cloth, as the islanders do their new born. Then there was sewing for all hands to furnish the remarkable child with changes. It was dressed in a "slip" I embroidered for her mother before she was born. My four
children had worn it for a first dress, and also for a christening dress at
four weeks old. It was a dress any mother might be proud of. Mr. Grevelle
came in from over the plains, when the child was only a few days old.
When I told how we had named her, he was affected to tears, said he
would make the child a present. Emma G. had then been gone one year,
and yet her image was continually before me. She was always on my mind
when alone. I thought of her sweet looks, and disposition; and could not
forbear sometimes exclaiming. Oh! cruel death, how could you lay pro­
strate one so lovely!" Why not take away one less beautiful! Then the whole
scene passes before me!

Then came letters from our relatives in Canada; they had just
received Daguerotyps of Sister Crosby and myself; and many comments
were reported as having been made over the pictures. Many years had
intervened since they had seen us and they could only say whom we most
resembled. I was like my mother, and sister like our second brother. Time
they thought had stamped his image heavily upon us. “No doubt we shall
think the same when we see them or their portraits.” Near this time
Orson Whitney came in from the Sandwich Islands. He congratulated
Ellen on receiving such a treasure as the infant appeared to be, and her
own extraordinary strength and vigor. He made us a short visit, and pur­
sued his journey to the mountains. We made daily use of tepid water for
ablutions, in treating the mother and child; which proved of signal bene­
fit to both.

[Domestic Affairs]

Wm Mc [William McGary] was a man for improvements. Everything
about his premises bore marks of taste and neatness. The ground was so
productive it was a pleasure to bestow labor upon it. The second year
from planting a peach pit, you would begin to have fruit. Although I did
not expect to make that a permanent abiding place I felt inspired to
make all the improvements in my power. I meant to leave a mark that
those who came after me would know some active being had been there.

Mar 18th I dreamed a singular dream. I thought some one showed
me a box, and told me there was a serpent shut up in it; bade me beware of
it. I heeded not their counsel. I took off the lid and caught the serpent by
the head; he ran out his tongue and then bit my hand; but so closely did I
hold his head be could not bite to hurt me. I [held] him so awhile then
shut him up in the box again. I made my own interpretations to myself.

I toiled in my garden every spare moment I could steal from my new
“grand baby.” The best indians I ever saw to work are in Cal. They were a
great help to me. The same month I dreamed another dream, more sin­
gular than the first. I thought I was invited to a feast, where two white
horses were cooked whole, with saddles painted on them and they standing upright on the table, ready to be carved, and served around. I marvelled, and expressed my surprise, I was told their meat was extremely good. I did not eat of it myself, but saw a company seated at the table. I wondered what strange thing was about to take place!

There was a disturbance threatening. The dissidenters and some outsiders had been jumping land on the Ranch. Mr. Lyman and Rich had bought the land and given their notes for it. These disorderly men began to fortify, expecting to be routed; placed cannon near their retrenchment. The rightful owners took no notice of it, let them make what improvements they chose.

A circumstance transpired in the neighborhood causing great excitement and regret. A mother of five daughters, mostly quite young, was found intoxicated, and senseless with liquor. It was indeed a most sorrowful sight. The little ones crying, the father not at home. My sister took the younger children home with her, and kept them till the mother recovered her senses. She then conversed with her, and asked to know the cause of her reckless course! Oh she was unhappy, and did not love her husband!

What a futile excuse for a mother to make, for drowning her senses and ruining her character; when she had a family of good children to set her affections upon; and a husband kind, even if not so brilliant as she might desire, he was not an angry man neither a drunkard. I was led to exclaim, alas, poor human nature!

[Addison Pratt’s Return to San Bernardino]

In the afternoon of the 1st day of April [1857] Mr. Pratt came home, after an absence of one year. His health was good but he did not seem as cheerful as I had hoped to see him. He had been the long voyage to Tahiti, the French governor would not permit him to visit the adjacent islands. He could only visit the branch of the church on that Island but dared not make his preaching at all publick. It was an expensive voyage, and but little accomplished. His family were pleased to see him safe back again, and he was delighted with his little grand daughter!

He had much to tell us that was new and interesting about the saints on Tahiti. How rejoiced they were to see his face again, and how they regretted the restraint laid upon him, in not being permitted to visit the churches on other islands. Some of the chiefs came to see him and tried to persuade him to steal away and go privately with them. But he told them it would soon be made known and the French would bring him back and imprison him! Well, said the old chief, what if they do, it will be no more than the apostles of old had to suffer for the gospel’s sake!” A more daring elder would have gone, but Mr. P. was one of the cautious kind. He
encouraged us that Frances would come on the next stage, that however proved a failure.

Brothers Lyman and Rich were called from head quarters to go on a mission to England! were to take their families and leave them at Salt Lake. The event seemed to inspire us with new desires to go with them; we felt the place would be lonely without them.

Soon after Mr. Pratt's return, a brother Alexander called to see him, he had come from the islands with us, left a native wife there, married a white woman in San B. He had much to inquire about the natives; expressed a desire to be there and live the easy life he once lived. I discover a little something wrong in his spirit, it could not harmonize with mine. It made me feel unhappy. It seemed to me that I carried the church at Tupu'ai on my heart; and I felt an inexpressible desire for their salvation!

Oh, how grieved it seems to see those who have known the truth, and borne a powerful testimony, been sanguine in the cause; to see them waning away, as if they were tired of serving the Lord, and are ready to ask, "what profit will it be to us to sacrifice so much?" I am ready to believe they have done some misdeed that has grieved the spirit, and driven them into darkness! From such a dilemma I pray to be delivered! Or rather saved from falling there in!

The 6th of Apr. came, and conference commenced. Mr. P. gave an account of his mission, in publick. There was baptizing in the p.m., and I kept the new babe while the father and mother went to renew their covenants in the church; and I felt a spirit to pray earnestly that they might prove faithful while they lived and always honor God and his cause, and pursue a course that will exalt them in His kingdom!

[At Home, the Pickets]

It was the 17th anniversary of Ann L's birthday. Preparations were made, company was invited, a great many toasts were drunk, and blessings pronounced, to which we all said amen!

There was another woman came to me to enlist my sympathy; (besides the two I have mentioned in a preceding chapter) She was an old veteran in the church, almost from the first. Her husband had turned to be a swearing drinking man. She was bound to leave him and go to the church in S.L. She requested me to write a letter to some of the leading sisters of her acquaintance and ask them to unite their prayers, that the way might be opened for her to go! Accordingly I wrote and solicited their sanction, that she should escape from her persecutor, and flee to "the stronghold," in the valley of the mountains. She received encouragement, and went, according to her desire.
On the 9th Apr. The Stage came in from Los Angelos and brought Agnes and Ina Smith, (nieces of the prophet Joseph) but to our great disappointment Frances was not with them! No one knew the cause. Miss Josephine was a player on the guitar, and sang very sweetly. Several musicians called, and the house was full of company. They were very interesting young ladies, attracted attention from all the young people. After the death of their father their mother married a young man by the name of Picket, and located in California.

On the afternoon of the 11th the rebellious party from “Fort Benson,” (as they were pleased to call their rendezvous) came into town under arms. It was reported that Mr Sparks had come to take his children from their mother, who was then separated from him by law. But the children were secreted, and after sharp words passing between the parties, they left town. It was counted a trespass against the civil law.

It was a time of great drouth. Oh how earnestly we prayed for rain! The weather was very warm, the earth seemed groaning with thirst! There was quite a sensation created on the arrival of Dr. McIntyre’s son, from the upper Country. The Dr.’s were our particular friends, and we were expected to be partakers in their joy; and as was most natural to help entertain their only son a dashing youth who had made his debut for the first time in that City. A party at Mr McGary’s was the first introduction. Mrs. McIntyre and her son were invited, and treated with all due attention. The Doctor was not a party going man. Mr. Pratt did not much incline to them, but would sometimes go to be obliging. Mr. Wood, a companion of Mr. Mc was a splendid violinist. The presence of the two young men together with the company of the lady visitors from Los Angelos made quite exciting times.

[Withdrawal of Apostles Rich and Lyman]

To which was added the departure of the Presidency, and a considerable company for Salt Lake Valley. A company was made up to escort them to the Cajone pass, where they were to camp the first night. The visitors in town, my daughters, a number of the citizens, composed the escort. They camped with the traveling company, joined in singing and prayers, wished them God speed, and returned.

It was long before Mr. Pratt could enter fully into the spirit of leading out in managing business, and providing for the family. I had so long been accustomed to cares, that even though they bore heavily upon me, I knew not how to throw them off.

We began by this time to have grapes in abundance, and they seemed a great luxury, and a blessing. So productive was the soil that I felt
repaid for all my toil. My pepper trees began to attract notice, being the only nursery of the kind in town. I was proud of my beautiful trees!

There were threatenings of a mob when the company started north, but it all fell through, and the escort returned in fine spirits. The stage Coach agent offered the visiting ladies a free passage home. They had received a missive from their mother where in she complained of feeble health; the eldest daughter, one of the most dutiful girls in the world, resolved to go immediately would not be enticed to stop a day longer, not even for the offer of having a young gentleman to accompany them home. “Duty before pleasure,” was her motto. It occasioned quite a disappointment, when the young gentlemen called and found “the singing birds had flown.” Every Stage coach that came in we looked for our daughter Frances; her father assuring us it was her intention to come soon after he left. But we looked in vain.

[Ephraim]

I often had great trouble with Ephraim, had to punish him severely for telling lies. It gave me great pain, for I loved the child, and desired above all things to be merciful and forbearing towards him; but I felt it a solemn duty to teach him at any cost to be truthful! It grieved me sorely when any of the family lost patience with him, and would petulantly remark, “There is no prospect of making an honest boy of him.” I had hope, and so I struggled on. I thought of the long weary years I had watched my own children, and with prayers and tears had labored to stamp upon their hearts a love for truth, and justice! To teach them to regard others rights as their own. Without a father to aid me, (except at short intervals.) I had brought them to maturity, and they were not likely to disappoint my hopes. I felt assured that I could take a child even of another blood, and by a similar training make him even as my own. A son of my own had been denied me, and I felt I must have one in him! I was the only being who had natural love for the poor boy, and when I saw others show a hard spirit towards him it had the effect to draw him nearer to me. He clove to me with all the ardor of childlike affection that any of my own had ever done. But waywardness was woven in his nature. You could not make him understand that there was any sin in taking fruit from a persons trees without leave, if they had plenty left. “Why,” he would say, “They have enough, they’ll never miss so few!” I saw plainly that I must be held responsible for the child’s nature, for his organization as though I had made him myself. I had nursed him in infancy had taught him to lisp his first words, carried him in my arms as though he had been born my own. Not so with his “father Pratt,” he saw but little of him, his own father nothing.
[May Day, 1857]

We were accustomed to make excursions in large companies to City Creek, six miles from town; where was a beautiful grove of trees, and a good place to catch fish. On May day in 57, Mr. P. and some others went on the day preceding, camped over night to catch fish for the whole company. Each family provided a variety of cookery, of a most excellent flavor, which when spread on the ground beneath the shade of the towering oak trees made a delightful appearance! We all seated ourselves on our blankets while we partook of the luxuries, which had been provided by many different hands. President Cox gave thanks to our Heavenly Father, for his signal mercies the past year; in bringing us together again on a similar occasion, to acknowledge his bounties bestowed upon us; and that so many of us were still alive to give thanks!

After the ceremonies were over the carriages were arranged in order with the musick ahead to drive home. As we drove into town the bystanders raised their hats and made their most humble obeysance, cheering us and admiring our imposing appearance! There was a grand ball at night at Mr. Daley’s opposite our dwelling. Dr. McIntyre’s called, and we all walked over to see the party. A splendid supper was set, everything in high toned order.

On the 6th the two young men Wood and McIntyre called to take leave of us and to express their extreme satisfaction in regard to their stay with us, and promised another visit in the fall. They went away cheerful, with their hats trimmed with flowers; said they should preserve them till they reached their home near Sacramento. William McGary took leave of his family, and went with them with a view to get business more lucrative than could be obtained about home. We were sorry to see him go.

[Visitors and Visiting]

The departure of the three merry hearted men, made a great breach in our social circles. The vacancy was partly filled by the arrival of Mrs. Hall from San Gabriel: with a beautiful little boy, named Obed; and a Spanish servant girl, to wait on him. Mrs. H. had never been in the place before, and we had enough to do to escort her about to see the wonderful improvements that had been made on that “Stock Ranch,” in so short a time! She admired every thing. We felt paid for presenting scenes to her, she had so just an appreciation of every thing in nature, and art.

Mr. Worden a very scholarly gentleman, had been teaching a writing school; he closed, and Ann Louisa got the premium! We had not expected A.L. would win the prize for being the best writer. It was not
awarded for the perfect style of writing alone, but for the entire neatness of the book; not a blot had been found. The prize was a beautiful picture! So her friends were all pleased.

Mrs. H. had her own carriage, and we rode over the Ranch. At Mrs. Jacksons the floral lady's retreat, she was more than delighted. The whole botanical realm seemed spread out before her, and called forth her loudest admiration! Sabbath day dawned and we took her to the house of worship. Capt. Hunt held forth in his usual style; not refined, or systematical, but appropriate and very energetick. The lady found no fault with our preaching although she was not of our faith. After the services were ended, we took a ride to another beautiful flower garden! A family by the name of Dodge, from Boston Mass.

They lived in a low small cottage, neatly whitened outside, and almost hidden from view by the tall shrubbery and fruit trees. Then the flowers in such variety, and abundance! The people were not at home, but as we could not afford to lose our trouble in going there, we gathered each a bouquet, and thanked them for the same. We felt as little Ephraim did when he took fruit without leave, "they had enough left." On the 12th the carriage was brought to our door for us to ride. The horse tied by the reins to a shade tree. He pulled backwards, till by some process the box was hauled over the tree, and broke off all the large branches; yet the carriage was not broken. We rode over a rough road to a friend's house. Every bridge and mud hole, Mrs. H. would tremble with fear; and entreat us to let her get out and walk over.

Again as we were riding out when more than a mile from home, the tyre run off one wheel unobserved, till we had gone a considerable distance even till two spokes were broken and the fellies were scattered in the road. Mrs. H. at this accident was much excited! Mr. P. had stopt behind, and sent the ladies ahead to be their own teamster. There was no alternative but for us to leave the horse and broken carriage and walk back. This we did carrying the "little ones" till we met Mr. P. (hastening on to overtake us) and informed him of the disaster; at which he smiled aloud, and remarked, "it might have been worse," counseled us to walk on, and he would bring up the rear with the horse and carriage. The following day found us exploring for wheelrights and blacksmith's; to get repairs made as soon as possible, that the lady might be on the move towards home, before another accident would occur.

The carriage was at length repaired, Ellen concluded to accompany Mrs. Hall to her home; a gentleman engaged to drive, and they started in fine spirits. After they left us we felt lonely, so we visited Mrs. McIntyre; to offer our condolence in that her only son who made her home so cheerful while he staid, and who was the idol of her heart, had gone back to his home in Upper Cal, and we all felt the loss of his company. Mrs. Mc was a
remarkably cheerful woman, when things went well with her; and she even had the tact of concealing a breaking heart beneath a smiling countenance. The Dr. her husband, was a low spirited complaining man, who really felt the need of more sympathy than is generally bestowed on one of that type.

A few days passed and I received a letter from Ellen and Mrs. Hall, containing an account of their journey to San Gabriel. Little "Obed" had cried terribly! Mrs. H. had been sick on the way, but they arrived safely; sent a pressing invitation for me to come in the next stage. I felt not so much inclined to go, as I had cares at home that seemed to tie me there. Mr. P. from having been from home so many years had out grown the practice of bearing the burden of providing for the family. We were accustomed to having a great number of visiting people at the house; often to spend several days; there was a necessity for a frugal manager to keep supplies on hand and see that the table though not furnished luxuriously, was at least respectable. I however after counselling with my family concluded to go.

Accordingly on the 10th June I left San B. in the stage for San G'l arrived safely the 12th found Ellen and her babe at Mrs. Hall's well, the latter very sick, or rather with a hard cough which seemed threatening. We sweat her with sage teas put bottles of warm water in her bed which relieved her. The stage came in from Los Angelos and Mrs. Picket was aboard going to San Bernardino, and Oh, we wished so much to go with her! but we were not ready, and did not like to leave our friend in her low condition; so we promised if possible to go the next train. Accordingly we took leave of the family where we had been kindly entertained and went on the way to Thompson's Hotel, to await the arrival of the Coach; but when it came in it was loaded to the brim! and though great were our entreaties, we could not be taken! We were sadly disappointed, but made the best we could of it. Mr. Hall hearing we were detained, sent his carriage for us to return to San G'l.

Mr. Hall was one of the most faithful men in the world, to a wife! No mother could be more attentive to an infant in sickness, than he was to his wife. I formed a resolution at once to make an effort to have something effectual done for her recovery. Being a great believer in the cold water practice, I immediately resorted to that: praying earnestly that the means used might be blessed. As the lady was weak from her long illness, we took the chill from the water, making it about blood warm, at the first; bathed her in a large tub. I never in my life saw any thing have a more visible effect. She began to mend immediately. We followed the application for three days and had the pleasure of seeing our friend decidedly improved. On the 17th the coach came in without passengers, and we had everything in readiness to go.

I had almost forgotten to mention how much we were amused with the two children. Mrs. Hall's little "Obed Nye" was a perfect beauty; past
one year with the exception of my deceased, darling Emma Grinelle, he was the most brilliant and attractive. Ellen's little girl Emma Francelle, nearly the same age, was almost his equal; and what interested us so very much, was their attachment to each other. The delight they would manifest when brought in contact, was the common subject of remark. We considered it an omen, that in some sphere, either in this world or another their fates would be linked together. We reached home in safety, found all right, with one exception; the weeds had overrun my garden. I had lost time, but felt not to regret it, as I was assured I had done good to my poor friend. So I set about clearing my garden, and soon saw a commendable improvement.

[The Marriage of Lois to John Hunt]

Sabbath, June 28th [1857], as I was sitting alone in my room, Mr. John Hunt called, and asked my consent to marry my daughter Lois. It was a shock to me though I had reason to expect it. How thought I can I give up my main dependence. Lois had been a faithful daughter to her parents, and I knew how much she would be missed in the family. But as I believed the young man was honorable and true hearted and that he was her choice, I could not refuse. Preparations were immediately made for the wedding, which was to take place on the Fourth of July. Some “unpleasantries” transpired in the intervening time, though trifling in their nature served to grieve Lois, and spoiled all the enjoyment for myself; proving the old proverb true, “The little foxes spoil the vines.” Something touched my sensibilities and I felt my spirit fall. I went to Sister Cox's and spent a few hours, felt a little relieved. Bro and Sister C were both so filled with love and sympathy. There was something soothing in their voices and words; they were like the rays of sunshine in a cold and stormy day.

On the memorable Fourth the people assembled early at the Bowery. Every thing looked cheerful. The tables groaned with luxuries, a great many toasts and speeches, cheers succeeded and dancing brought up the rear. What I enjoyed was, walking about, and saluting old friends. The exercises closed at five and we returned home and Lois was married in the evening. The house was crowded with guests, more than could be seated. Lois chose her father to perform the ceremony, but at the instant required he was attacked with pleurisy! so violently, he was not able to stand. Pres't Cox took his place. There was one blunder made. Ann L. was in her room finishing her dressing, expecting to be called in time, but was forgotten! We were all very sorry about the mistake, as she should by right have been brides' maid; but the groom's sister being older, and her intended present, the honor was confered on them. Ann L. seemed
grieved and displeased; did not recover her usual cheerfulness the whole evening. There was a grand supper across the street, at the young man’s sister’s; everything in the best style. Lois’ father was not able to attend. I could only go in for a short time, as he needed my attentions every moment, so severe were his pains. Bro’ and Sister McIntyre spent the evening with us, which made the time more endurable. It was sad, when contrasted with what should have been. The scene closed, and I realized that I had but one girl left; to help bear my burdens, and to be my companion when her father went from home. She then seemed doubly dear to me.

[Women’s Natural Rights]

At that time a new book was advertised, entitled “Mary Lynden.” I was soon in possession of it, and it seemed written expressly for me. I drank into the spirit of the author, who by intuitive perception saw a brighter future dawning for woman! Wherein she would be permitted to live a higher and a purer life; and be the owner and controller of her own person; understand the laws of her being, and be protected in her natural rights; never compelled to violate the best affections of her heart, for the sake of conformity to a false custom. The author professed to have written a true life, both private and publick. How few have done that! I had female friends who had secret sorrows, and who often came to me for sympathy; to them I read in my new book, and they felt inspired to hope for a happy future wherein children would be born pure; which the gospel also promised us, and it made our hearts rejoice!

We rejoiced that woman dared to speak in defence of her sex; to utter sentiments pure as breezes from the world where sin cannot enter, bidding us hope for the day when men and women would know the laws that should govern their lives and be constrained to abide those laws, that they may give life to pure and holy beings: “Sons and daughters of an everlasting redemption!” How many females have suffered martyrdom to pure and holy desires! Their best and holiest affections have been crucified! We glorify our Father in Heaven that he has set his hand to redeem us in these “Last Days”. That light has come to the world and we have been the happy partakers! Woe to those who reject that light! and greater woe to those who having acknowledged and accepted, turn, and trample it under their feet! From such men let innocent women be delivered!

From hence forth I live devoted to reform, in the social condition of my poor unfortunate sisters of humanity! My three daughters were often together with me, and we mourned for the absent one, who did not come as we had expected.
[Troubles Abroad and at Home]

Just at that time the sorrowful news reached us that bro’ Parley P. Pratt had been assassinated by the hand of an enemy! We met in groups and mingled our sympathies for the church and his families in Salt Lake City. A mighty champion in the cause of truth had fallen! We talked of how much he had preached and written! How many hearts had been made to rejoice at the sound of his voice, souls redeemed, which had it not been for his indefatigable labors, might have remained in darkness forever.

We rejoiced that though gone from our sight he yet lived in his writings! which would be glad tidings of great joy to many honest hearts, seeking after truth! We believed a happy reception met him in the spirit land; and we exclaimed, “peace be to his memory forever!” I read his jubilee song and reflected on what a vast amount of labor he performed in fifty years; both mental and manual. He was impressed that a season of rest awaited him; in his song he bids a thankless world farewell, and said he should labor no more abroad: now he has gone to have a great jubilee, with the martyred prophet, and all the faithful saints who went before him!

On the 12th of August I was sick with a fever. Likewise Ellen had an attack near the same time. Immediately we resorted to the pack sheet, and cold baths; a most effectual remedy for a fever. In two days the fever was broken.

While I was quite weak a letter came to me from my husband’s sister in N. Hampshire, couched in bitter terms against our “leaders,” and the doctrines taught by them. Even rejoicing at the death of Parley P. and justifying his murderer! The letter was calculated to wound me, but I knew it was her ignorance and the natural enmity of the human heart towards the things of God; and I would not allow reply; that was, to remind her that the same spirit crucified the Saviour, and put to death the apostles and holy men of old; that we should be cautious about condemning any thing we did not fully understand. After some reasoning, her spirit softened a little.

The weather was excessively warm; the heat sometimes seemed too intolerable to be endured! Mr. Pratt was never at a loss for amusement. Although generally employed at his trade, when at home he invariably found time to go on all the hunting excursions. To hunt bear, deer, turkey, ducks, any kind of game. I could never rejoice in taking life. If a squirrel is on a tree, and I see him skipping from branch to branch, although I know his flesh is good for food, I do not wish him molested. I choose to let him enjoy his liberty, and I will dine on vegetables, without meat. We had human life in all its varied forms and features; plenty smiled around us, we had beautiful fruit.
A brother Haskins came from Salt Lake, a great singer of songs! Songs of a most amusing character. Many pleasant evenings were passed in his company. He called his songs "the songs of Zion!" although many of them were comical.

Pres'ts Lyman and Rich were gone; the place was lonely without them. I had a sister living near me; she generally had a cheerful spirit; viewed the hand of the Lord in whatever took place. I could say with the psalmist. "Mixture of joy and sorrow I dayly do pass through." When for a few days things moved on smoothly, and I felt that heaven was smiling upon us, then some poor friend would want my condolence; some unhappy scene had transpired; a beloved perhaps an only child would be snatched away and Oh! no sorrow wax ever like theirs! Then I must weep and pity! Go with them to see their treasure deposited in the silent grave: pause to read the inscription on my dear Emma's headboard; feel for days like a being walking among the tombs! Then again the sunshine of peace would come into my heart.

Aug 21st mail came in brought letters from Frances P. Dyer, and Wm McGary. An urgent request for Ellen to go to upper Cal. to join her husband. I could not by any persuasion consent to have her go. She would not have courage to go alone with her child; her father would be constrained to go with her. The money was sent to bear her expenses, but I could not endure the thought that she must leave me and take the dear child from my sight! I felt that I had no treasure to part with; it was all I knew how to do to make life bearable with what I had. I wished to encourage William, but he had a good home there, could do well in San B, and it would be so much happier for us all. Mr. Dyer owned a house and 25 acres of land on that Ranch. The house furnished with every necessary article, yet he had gone and left it, because he could get more lucrative business in San Francisco, and the region round about.

They requested their furniture sold, and the money sent them. I took the responsibility on myself, and disposed of it to their satisfaction. The house was left long without an occupant, the indians had broken in, carried off what they wanted and damaged the furniture. I often passed the dwelling, and wondered why people cannot be satisfied to do well; without that restless desire of doing better! I often went to visit my eldest daughter whose husband was absent and desired her to come to him; but the more I was with the child, I felt devoted to her more ardently! I would look into her bright blue eyes, listen to her happy noise as she caroled when I went to the house, and felt that all the gold in California would not tempt me to part with her!

I had two daughters to visit. Lois' home seemed rather pleasant, her husband's sister Harriet H. boarded with her, a very interesting young lady; which made the time pass more cheerfully, as Mr. Hunt carried the
mail to S. Lake and was gone much from home. His mother was my friend, a woman full of faith and good works. We often held sweet communion and walked to the House of God in company.

Oct 2nd Lewis Newel came in from Salt Lake brought letters from my old friend C. Hutchinson. She entreated us to come up to the mountains, and be gathered with the Saints; that fearful things were anticipated; our enemies were laying plots for our overthrow!

The same messenger brought news of the terrible calamity that befell an emigrant company coming on their way to Cal. A band of Indians had pursued after them, massacred the whole company! The news caused a terrible excitement! Unbelievers began at once to blaze about, that the Indians had “Mormon allies;” and a few began to be vindictive towards the saints in that country; as though they could be confederate when hundreds of miles from the scene! On the 6th Oct. at the time of our Conference Bro’ Wm Mathews just in from settlements, gave us a full account of the horrible deed; perpetrated by the Indians, according to the best of his knowledge. If he believed they had “white allies,” he was careful to conceal it. Had he intimated suspicion of that nature, our indignation would have known no bounds!

In the midst of our horror and astonishment, Wm McGary returned from Upper Cal; and our minds were a little diverted from reflecting on the unhappy circumstance. Wm having learned that his wife inclined to stay at her own home, made a speedy return.

He appeared happy and satisfied; pleased with the improvement of his little daughter, who had gained suprisingly in size, wit, and beauty, in his five months absence. The fruit and shade trees had grown so much; he was delighted with every thing, and thought in future he should appreciate home.

Then came Sisters Cannon and Sargeants from San Francisco bound for Salt Lake. The latter I had heard of for twelve years, but never saw till then. She sail’d from New Bedford, with her former husband Mr. Lincoln, on the ship Timoleon, with Mr. Pratt on his first voyage to Tahiti. Mr. L died returning to the coast of Cal; was brought into San Francisco for burial. His widow married Mr. Sargeants; who being an unbeliever in our faith was not disposed to go to S. Lake. Next landed a vessel at San Pedro, from Australia; with a large company of Saints to join our ranks.

[The Utah War and the Call: “Liberty to Act Free”]

The general topic of conversation was, of events which seemed presaging in those days. One and another prophesied, that we should all be called to leave that place before a year passed away. The Australian brethren had lively faith; they made our meetings spirited and interesting. Elders
were in the company whom I had known in Nauvoo; and had not seen their faces for twelve years. Old memories were revived!

The publick prints began to team with slanderous reports about the church at S. Lake, which annoyed us to hear, although we believed every statement false! There were whisperings of impending ills; some were troubled, others felt secure, trusting wholly in a divine providence which had so many times delivered from danger and death! To be in suspense, and feel unsettled, is terrible, to one who has not a firm trust in the great Deliverer!16

The 1st day of Nov. two elders from Australia preached to the people. Their discourses were comforting and instructive; filling our minds with animated hope. At the close, a stranger, calling himself Potter Christ arose, called on the people to listen; proclaimed he was the "Ancient of Days!" Said he was immortalized; had passed from death into life; that he should no more taste death. He further said, in sixty one he would lead the elect back to Jackson County, Missouri, and build the Temple there; then the tares and wheat would be separated. The people listened to him for a short time, and then turned away; believing him to be insane. He succeeded in getting a very few to believe on him, and soon left the place.

[The Breakup of San Bernardino]

People began now to advertise their places for sale. The prevailing spirit was, "sell out and go to the vallies of the mountains." I looked over my beautiful place, and thought of the hard labor of body and mind it had cost me! How in the darkness of night when all eyes in my dwelling were closed in peaceful slumber, I had gone out alone to water my trees! Now they were just beginning to reward me with luscious fruit, and cooling shades!

Must I go and leave them! There was no compulsion, every one was at liberty to act free; either to go or stay. I felt my heart bound with cords of love to the church! With the Saints I must go! The organization would be broken up, there would be a community of strangers. My heart was filled with tossings and sleep departed from me! I could have borne all cheerfully, had my husband felt valiant and brave. A spirit of melancholy seized upon him, which bowed him to the earth! I was compelled to assume a cheerful courageous appearance to comfort and sustain him; which I tried to do, when my heart felt like a withered leaf?

There was continual excitement throughout the entire settlement. Trouble was anticipated at head quarters. The counsel was for the scattered branches to gather in. Report said, government was plotting against us; what our destiny would be was not clearly shown, but we knew, that no weapon formed against us would prosper, however much we might have to suffer for the cause of Christ. I was not alone in my troubles, others there were who needed sympathy and encouragement. Sister McIntyre's
heart was divided between her husband and only child. The former bound to go with the church; the latter owning a Ranch in the vicinity of Sacramento, could not leave without great sacrifice. She seemed between two fires! duty inclined her one way, parental affection the other. Such was the state of her mind she could be no comfort to me.

My children would all go but the one in San Francisco; and when she heard we were going, her grief knew no bounds! Her husband though a member of the church, did not realize the necessity of going at a sacrifice. It was rumoured that Buchanan would send an army to Utah to extirminate or drive the people from the Territory; that they would explore till they found a hiding place; even the “secret chambers” which the prophet alludes to: or would they stand their ground, resist their enemies, and depend on the Lord to fight their battles? Mr. Pratt was a warm, patriot. He could not sanction for a moment any thing like rebellion against a “republican government!” But where was the boasted liberty, if we must forever be harrassed on account of our religion? The sorrow on his mind deepened, till at length be declared his intention to send his family and remain behind.

Entreaties were vain; he forbade our pursuasions. He would go to San Francisco; encourage Mr. Dyer to come with him and bring our daughter the ensuing year. He would not ask us to go with him as he was not fully convinced that it would result in the best good for us all. I then commenced my entreaties that he would keep the place in his possession, and fit us out with the other property; let us go with the relief teams sent from Utah to help the people. To that he would not consent; as he wished to go from the place, and hold no interest there, when the present inhabitants were removed. The house and two lots, had cost us sixteen hundred dollars. $1600. Six hundred was all we could get offered for it. That was better sold than many places, even at that low price I could think of nothing but a great shipwreck at sea! To see the beautiful furniture packed on to old Spanish carts, sold for a mere song, freighted off by those uncomely beings who had no use for such things, in their old homely dwellings. Oh that oblivion might forever cover that scene! As Job prayed that the day of his birth might be blotted from remembrance, so have I prayed that the trying scenes of that disolution of an organized body of honest industrious citizens, who had made themselves happy homes by hard labor and economy, might be succeeded by something so great and glorious, that memory would deny it a record in her archives! And if the blame is found to rest with a threatening Legislature, let them pay the debt; and it will be a heavy one! Mr. McIntyre came from the Upper Country to help his father and mother prepare for their journey across the desert. He prevailed on his mother to go home with him, and wait till he could settle his business and go with her. He had become the suitor of my daughter Ann L.