History Of Louisa Barnes Pratt
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Jan 4th . . . 59. Nearly a year had passed since we left Cal to return to Utah. I was settled in a house of my own, and felt comparatively reconciled. It was announced that our visiting friends were to start early in the morning to return to their home. I felt agitated, not knowing when I might see them again; and more so because the dear child would be taken from me. They started, and we wished them a safe ride home.

[ Pioneer Settlement of Beaver ]

At that time the Beaver Creek overflowed the town; and freezing made one solid body of ice. Then commenced the skating amongst the young people. But I could not walk about at all, without some one to lead me. Brother Amasa Lyman built a house in Beaver.¹ He went into the Kanyons himself to oversee the workmen in getting out the lumber to build it. It was a severe undertaking; on account of the extreme cold weather, and the bad condition of the roads. Some of the brethren froze their feet, broke their chains and wagons; and sensibly did they realize the exchange they had made in climate and conveniences, in leaving California and coming to this forbidding country! But they made no complaints, and took every thing cheerfully.

When perplexities crowded upon them, when the Indians ran off their stock, and the wolves killed their calves and lambs then they had recourse to amusements, to dispel their unpleasant reflections. They would beat the old bass drum long and loud which was a signal for the people to gather to the tabernacle. All who desired to go thither they hastened; some dressed in homespun, and others in silks and satins; equality was the watchword; dress made no distinction. There we called on the Lord, to bless us in our diversions, to help us to refrain from evil thoughts
and words; that we might banish from our minds our annoyances, and be refreshed in body and spirit, that on the morrow we might be better fitted for the duties of life.

After the introductory ceremonies, those who chose to go forward in the dance, did so in the innocency of their hearts feeling that they were upheld by the servants of God, and those who kept the faith. No doubts rested on our minds whether the Lord was pleased, we all felt fully justified. At such entertainments we had songs, both comical and sentimental and of a religious character, appropriate to the condition and experience of the people. There was a good brass band; our musick was not inferior to that in older settlements. At first some lived in very low cabbins some in what was called "dugouts." There were two english ladies who had been accustomed to fashionable life, and who came to America wholly for the gospel's sake; they were subjected to the necessity of living in cabbins, which in their own country would not be tolerated even for pigs to live in. They could bear the change cheerfully, looking for better days ahead, because they had come here to serve the Lord.

They were my neighbors, and often cheered me by their faith and zeal for the cause, for which we had all sacrificed so much! Although we were forced to live in cabbins even in caves of the earth, as the ancient saints did, yet we tried to maintain as far as possible the habits of our more prosperous days, so that strangers coming amongst us might discern that we were not persons of low origin, but had been privileged in early life with culture, which had stamped our characters with honest principles, and a respectable bearing. To me, a great source of enjoyment was a continued correspondence with distant friends. Although I had embraced a faith they did not understand, they were not disposed to discard me; but continued their sympathy in all my trials, though believing that I was the author of my own misfortunes!

At the first, our mails were irregular and far between. At one time in Beaver after waiting and longing to hear from the old world the U S mail arrived with eight letters for me! What a feast I had! My good neighbors were called in to rejoice with me. How the contents carried us back to the scenes of former life where we enjoyed a high order of civilization and refinement! But we felt that our minds had been enlarged with light and knowledge, sufficient to reward us for all the worldly sacrifices we had made! I often met with sisters of the church who had been members almost from the first; who had been through the mob war in Missouri; driven out in the winter; lost all their accumulations for years; came into Illinois destitute of food and clothing, shared the hospitality of the people of Quincy, which they remembered with the deepest gratitude! These sisters, to whom I refer, administered comfort to my sorrowing spirit.
They seemed to count it all joy that they had been called to suffer
for the truth; seemed not in the least disheartened; all their anxiety was
that they might have grace to endure to the end, and receive their
reward. The burden of Mr. Lyman’s preaching was to inspire the people
with courage, and above all else to treat strangers well, even if we had rea­
son to believe they were our enemies.

The place was healthy, very few deaths occurred. I remember the first
that affected me. A little boy two years and a half old, an only child. The
affliction seemed doubly aggravating, on account of some alienation
between the parents and their near relatives. The young man went to his
father and entreated him with tears, to come to the burial of his child; but
he refused; it was supposed through the influence of a step mother. On
that ground he could not be justified. Strangers endeavored to supply the
offices of kindred, and showed pity to the afflicted parents! I remember
the remark, and exclamation of the poor man as the rocks were being
piled on the grave of his boy! “Oh! I long for the day when the archangel’s
trump will sound, and my dear boy will come out of the grave!”

About that time the 27th anniversary of my eldest daughter’s birth­
day came around, and impressed me with deep thought and reflection. I
was then far away from my parents and kindred, and felt myself a
stranger. She was now separated from me, 250 miles, with her husband’s
friend in Ogden. Mr. Wandell still lived near us; an agreeable intelligent
gentleman, but at times, oh, so sorrowful and lonely! He could get no
intelligence from his lost family.

Ann L. made acquaintances in the adjoining settlements, kept up a
 correspondence with her former associates in Cal. and appeared compar­
avely happy.

We made our own garden; in which we took great delight; but we
were continually annoyed with breachy cattle. Men were careless; they did
not realize how hard it was for poor women living alone to be aroused
late in the night to drive stock out of their enclosures, and the broken
down fence to repair. Little Ephraim was some help, when we could keep
him in sight, but to play truant, was as natural as the hair on his head.

[Visits and Visitors]

The first winter passed away, an exceedingly cold one! March was ushered
in, boisterous as the angry waves of the ocean! On the third, Mrssrs
Wandell and Swartout myself and daughter started in a carriage to pay a
visit to Lois H. my daughter, living at Hamilton’s Fort. We were under way
an hour before daylight. It was a calm morning, and we were anticipating
a pleasant ride to Parowan; but early in the day a tremendous wind storm
arose! We however reached Parowan safely, spent the night with our
friends; started early on our way; soon the wind commenced to blow in a
most terrifying manner! Several times we came near being overturned;
but we pressed our way through and made the desired haven a little
before sundown.

Miss H. H. [Harriet] the sister, was there; all were pleased to receive
us, and we were highly entertained. That night the snow fell five inches;
but as we had intended a lengthy visit, the snow did not interfere with our
enjoyment. Little Ida Frances noticing the expressions of joy, passing
from each to others joined in the general mirth, as though she under­
stood it all. The 6th day was my daughter Lois' birthday. Suitable demon­
strations were made. The 8th was the first anniversary of the
granddaughter's [birth]. So we prepared a picnic and rode six miles to
her birth place. The snow had melted away, and we spread our repast on
the ground, and while partaking, reviewed the scenes of the year that had
passed, and conjectured what might transpire in the succeeding one.

Sports of different kinds were introduced, and we spent a cheerful
day. Brother Wm Cluff made one of our number, a returned missionary
from the Sandwich Islands. It was also his birthday, so we partook of
brandy, peaches and nice cake, in honor of the two illustrious personages.
The next morning we started for home; made calls in Cedar and Parowan;
came on to Johnson's Fort; passed the first night. I do not remember ever
being more chilled with the cold in my life; but meeting a friendly recep­
tion, we were soon made comfortable and happy. The following day we
proceeded on our journey, called on our friends in Parowan. Friends of
"long ago." The meeting of them revived old memories: Crossing the
plains, the deserts, walks by moonlight, and buffalo meat.

We took leave of our friends, and drove five miles to Red creek
spent the night, and the following day drove home in good time, the
weather being favorable; found all safe, all felt our hearts lighter than
when we left home to go. What is there that sweetens life so much as
friends and friendships? Immediately after our return the weather turned
cold and the freezing was like midwinter.

On 16th Mrs. Moore set out on horseback to come to Beaver from
Cedar City; a distance of sixty miles. It was a brave undertaking, and had
the weather been agreeable she could have made the journey in two days.
But the second, she was compelled to camp with a train of freighters; all
strangers, and not a lady in the camp. She was at first greatly embarassed;
which they discovered, and being humane and generous they reassured
her, promised her protection; fitted up a wagon where she could be
retired; fed her animal, gave her a good supper and breakfast, and in the
morning she rode into town in fine spirits!

She amused us much with the relation of her adventures; and we
all rejoiced, that she was so fortunate even in her emergency, to meet
gentlemen! Truly so for had they been otherwise, her case would have been a sorry one! Sister M spent a week with us, started back; seemed excited in view of her journey. I learned from some remarks she made, that she felt a dread of meeting her husband; as he was a forward man, she did not know what humour she might find him in. I saw in her countenance a troubled look, which made me pity her. Oh, what a blessing is an amiable gentle spirit! It spreads sunshine in the home circle, and makes the most humble abode more desirable, than a gilded mansion, where sourness and hatred dwell! Freezing weather continued to the end of March; it went out like a lion!

The 1st of April we were agreeably surprized by unexpected callers from California. Two young men Merick and Abbott. The latter I had not met for many years. I remembered him a small boy, when his mother and I were pleasant neighbors. He had been taught by her to respect me, and for that reason called, to inquire of my welfare, and take from me kind words to his mother. He also made me a present of a box of tea; which was very high in Utah, and very acceptable at that time. So all the little bright spots in our every day life helped us to bear the monotony of the place, and to remind us that our days were not all dark, but sun and shade were alternate. Letters full of loving words came to us from all directions, so our hearts had not time to sink irretrievably, ere some kind hand would grasp ours, and say, "be comforted!" Bro' Lyman occasionally preached doctrine the people did not fully understand, and appreciate. We were told to say nothing about it, but to ponder it in our hearts.

Teams began to roll in from California, with goods for Salt Lake City. Often did they bring good news, and presents from our old tried friends. We were frequently reminded of Solomon’s words. “As iron sharpeneth iron so the face of a man brighteneth the countenance of his friend.” April came; too cold to plant any thing. Strangely did it seem to us, having been accustomed to make gardens in Feb. More sensibly did we realize the difference in the climate we had left, and this icy one in the tops of the mountains! Even to the 10th of Apr stern winter held her sway; the cold north wind shook the frail coverings on the cabbins, and made us long for spring once more! The 11th I remembered as being the birth day of the dear sister who died at my home in the state of N. York; of whom I have written. The reason why I was so impressively reminded of that event, was the raging of the elements! The same as on that sorrowful day, when my brother and I followed her remains, (her only relatives) to her long home!

The same day arrived my son in law, and daughter Lois with Miss H H on their way to S L City. Again I was permitted to see my granddaughter. A severe snow storm over took them here, and they were forced to remain over one day with us. They started on, cold as it was, to face the
north wind; and I was troubled on their account. Letters came from my husband and daughter in Cal; few were the words inscribed, to inspire a hope that ere long they would be with us. Myself and daughter continued to improve and labor on our Lot; contended for possession with our neighbors’ stock; which claimed a right on account of poor fences: owners seemed wholly unconcerned. My son in law and daughter returned from their tour to S L City, left “the sister” to spend the summer.

I had expected Ellen McGary to come with time, but as disappointment seemed always to be my destiny, I learned to bear it, and even to welcome it; and say with Kirke White, “Sad monitor, I own thy sway; thou art not stern to me.” The returners were in great haste would not stop to visit at all. Lois encouraged me to expect her in a short time to spend several weeks. That reconciled me to their flying call.

Soon after the U.S. Troops passed through the place from north to south. There were thieves among them. Fowls were stolen, Cooking utensils which people were accustomed to leave outside their dwellings, were taken away, to the great annoyance of some who were scantily supplied. A few articles were recovered, by following the camp, and appealing to the officers. By the time they returned every thing was made secure.

[Ephraim]

My Island boy still continued in the habit of “running away.” So I adopted a new plan to prevent him. I put so little clothing on him he was ashamed to go on the street. That would do in warm weather. Unfaithful as he was, I had a mother’s love for him; and could not endure to see him punished by one who had no legal right to do it. Mischief had been done in my brother in law’s garden: it was at once laid to Ephraim’s charge. The man came angry to my door, took the boy by the hair of his head, and with a stick in his hand administered severe blows! The boy knew not what it was for, only being told it was for mischief in the garden; which was after words ascertained to have been done by the sheep. The circumstance affected me very much. I felt that great injustice had been done the child, but I could see no way to have it righted. The boy had been often sent to drive sheep from the man’s lot; but ever after would refuse to go. I would not compel him. I felt myself injured, by having to witness such an out burst of passion! It weighed heavily on my mind for several days; but I asked for no redress.

[Lone Louisa]

Ann L. soon left me and went to S L, intending to visit her sister in Ogden. When she was gone, I had no child in the place. Oh, the utter loneliness that came over me! I was taken sick soon after A L left me. My
truant boy ran away; so there I was alone, not able to help myself. True, I
had kind neighbors, but that did not satisfy me. I wrote to Lois, informing
her of my condition; and she came immediately. Never was I more thank­
ful to see any one; I so much needed her help and company. She brought
the dear child, and staid several weeks. Her husband had gone north at
the time, and a friend came on purpose to bring her. I felt to thank the
man heartily, and I told him he should be blessed!

Unwelcome news came to me, that Ann L, who had left home to visit
in S Lake had through some inadvertent act, had sprained her ankle, was
quite helpless; had been taken from S L City to Ogden, on a bed. She was
with her sister, slowly recovering. I was also informed that my son in law
was about moving his family into S L. It was sorry news to me, as the injury
would in all probability retard her return. I had hoped to see her at home
on the 24th of July, the 12th anniversary of the entrance of the Church into
S Lake Valley. We had an interesting course of exercises in Beaver.

The 30th Mr. Hunt came from north, and my daughter Lois had to
leave me. His sister H. had been married to Mr. J Mayfield; and they were
all resolved on going back to California. So I must give Lois up to go so
far away! I nerved up my heart, and thought I would see how bravely I
could bear it! I walked out, went to my sister’s house, kept tolerably calm,
till the shades of evening drew around me.

I then returned to my own deserted dwelling. I could not there
remain; walked out into the street, looked north and south. A sense of my
sudden despoliation rushed instantly upon me, and I gave vent to the full­
ness of my burdened heart! I exclaimed! What cruelties do I have to bear!
Every child I have is gone! My last and only one I can claim, is disabled and
cannot come to me! I went to my bed with an aching heart, and my eyes
swollen with weeping! In the middle of the night I arose, went out into the
bright starlight and bathed my head in the cool running water; It soothed
me, and I laid down on my pillow and fell asleep. When I awoke for a few
moments I felt calm. Then suddenly my grief returned! I complained in
my spirit! “new sorrows are constantly springing up in my path!”

I had a pet sheep, we named him Bill. We thought him very know­
ing. He yielded us 7 pounds of wool at one shearing. He was almost like a
child about the house; would come in when allowed and eat off the table.
One dark night I heard a noise of something running. I arose dark as it
was and went to the coral. I found my poor old Bill was gone! I remem­
bered hearing the bars in front of the house shake as though something
was trying to break through. I then knew it was “Bill,” fleeing from some
ravenous beast; and Oh, how I regretted not running quickly to the bars,
to let him in; he would have rushed into the house in an instant, and
been saved! I returned to my bed, but not to sleep. I arose at the early
dawn and went on the street. Not five rods from the house lay my poor
pet lamb, torn in pieces by a cruel wolf! I mourned the fate of the poor thing! which after being loved and petted so long must come to such a cruel end!

The following week a large company went to north Creek for a ride and picnic. Returned at evening; and had a cotillion party in the schoolhouse. I attended, with others, and assumed a cheerful air; but it was false coloring. I was doubly alone! Even Ephraim was gone. I had sent him to help Lois make preparations for her journey. So I communed with myself, and resolved to set my heart lightly on every thing liable any moment to be torn from me! I dwelt in immagination on that exalted sphere, from which I felt that I had fallen, in coming to earth! and contemplated the time when I should regain that lost estate. I sometimes thought my annoyances of a domestick nature relieved my mind of too much deep reflection, and varied the channel through which my feelings ran, and made them more bearable.

In the height of my mourning over my absent children, and my losses, I must be aroused in the middle of the night to drive stock out of my garden; perhaps a dozen head, breaking down my corn just in the milk, and ready for use; trampling my vines into the ground, destroying the young squashes and melons. Then instead of chastened sorrow, a feeling of resentment and indignation filled my mind, to the extirmination of every thing else. The owners I denounced careless and unjust, to allow their cattle to destroy the labors of poor lone woman! The cows understood letting down bars with their horns, which sometimes were secured with pins and chains. I would go to the owners of the stock, they would promise to take care of the breachy animals; perhaps the following night the trespass would be repeated; till the Bishop would interpose, and peremptorily forbid a repetition of the offense. I felt there was one command I should fulfill. "Work out your salvation with fear and trembling." Certain I was that my temporal salvation would be wrought out to that effect. After an excitement of that kind I could not sleep quietly for several nights.

[Ann Louisa at Home, Lois’s Family in California]

The 27th Aug. Lois my daughter from the Fort, and the newly married sister, Mrs. Mayfield, came to pay us a farewell visit, before starting to California. I was pleased to meet them once more. As we were enjoying a picnic at sister Crosby’s, news reached us that “Mother Hunt,” and Ann Louisa, were in sight of town; coming from the north. The former, to see her children before they left, and my “lame girl” coming home! Great was our surprise and joy! The carriage soon drove up to the door, and we had them by the hand. The following day the visitors made calls, took leave of
their friends. I bade Lois farewell, as cheerfully as I could; gazed long upon my little girl Ida, and thought, how much she would be changed, when I saw her again.

On the 10th Sept. Mrs. Hunt returned, having bade her children farewell at the Fort; they to go south, and she to journey to the north. She was a tender mother, warmly devoted to her children. She bore the separation cheerfully. I would try. I was every day expecting my daughter Ellen to come from Ogden. Frequent opportunities were afforded; she seemed never to be in time. I was vigorously engaged in gathering and securing what I had raised; and often referring to the losses by breachy cattle. Ann L was long afflicted with lameness in her sprained ankle, which caused the heavier burdens to fall on me. The 6th of Oct. came; the elders South went to Conference in S. L., and returned; brought cheering intelligence from the saints; how the spirit of the Lord was poured out in such effusion, that the participants wept for very joy!

A large company of the people of Beaver went up to receive blessings in the House dedicated for that purpose; I felt that I could run on foot behind their wagons, so anxious was I to go with them! But I could not leave my poor lame girl, to take care of everything. I got a new floor laid in my house and continued making improvements; the better to keep my mind occupied. I was often led to exclaim, what a struggle is life! The moment we stop combating obstacles, our living runs out. One must rise early and late take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness. Dr. McIntyre sent me a letter, complaining of enui, and unhappiness: he had like myself left his companion in California, she choosing to remain with her only child. I wrote in reply, and endeavored to cheer his heart with comforting words. I can say soothing words to others when I see them cast down, even when I need comfort more than they.

10th Nov. was my birthday. Fifty 7th anniversary. Bro’ and Sister Cox came to spend the day, and I went out to buy beer. Returning, I met Mr. Wandell; invited him to call, and partake of the refreshments; he did so, and drank a toast. He would not quite desire that I might double my years on earth, but as long as I was permitted to remain, he hoped I might be hole and healthy, and have plenty to eat and drink. Bro’ Cox also drank, adding to the aforesaid, many hearty expressions of genuine friendship. Other friends contributed, and the time was merrily spent.

[Ellen’s Tragic Loss, Return to Beaver]

A few succeeding days passed peacefully. When lo! Another dark cloud arose. Ann L. went to the P. Office, returned with two letters. I grasped them eagerly! One was a yellow envelope trimmed with black! Where the letter was sealed, was imprinted a heart with thorns entering it; a true
emblem of the heartrending tidings the letter contained! From my children in Ogden. 2

Their dearly loved and only child had died! She had fallen backwards into a tub of boiling water! The same little tub in which she had regularly been bathed almost every day of her life! Her mother had only turned her head for a moment, not thinking her so near; when the fatal accident took place; which brought anguish deep and lasting, to every heart who had known and loved the darling child! The agony of that hour in which I read the sad intelligence will be remembered while my thread of life is lengthened out! The grief of my poor afflicted daughter sank deeply in my heart! The whole night through, I wept incessantly! I felt my spirit wandering away above the earth, in search of the little bright cherub; inquiring among the angels “had they welcomed my darling to their blest abode!”

She was three weeks lingering after the accident and they would not inform me; hoping she might recover. I blamed them, for had I known it I could have taken the Stage and gone immediately! The poor child cried for grandma to come and see her! She was two years and eight months old. When friends called to inquire how she was, she would answer, “poor Emma is all burnt up!” My mind seemed inflexibly moved to despair, to think of the poor little form having to be laid away with sores! I felt, that could she have died a natural death, I could have borne it with christian fortitude. But to dwell on the form I had so much admired, and see it despoiled of its beauty, ere it could be committed to its sacred resting place; too far it led me to compare the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and to exclaim, what is humanity more than these!

Word was sent, that the sorrowing mother was coming immediately home. The 7th day of Nov was the day of doom, the child’s decease! The birthday of my daughter Frances, then in California. The 10th of the same month was my own, when I had visitors in my house, all trying to make merry; congratulating me for having lived so long! That day the sorrowing parents were inditing the letter to send me, and calling it the sadest day of their lives! Little do we know when we are indulging in mirth whose hearts are breaking, at the very moment!

December had now set in, it was fearfully cold! The Creek had overflowed its bounds; up to my door and all around the premises was solid glare ice! Every night we listened till a late hour to hear the rumbling of wagon wheels; Long did the time seem to us, and still more tedious would it have been but for warm hearted friends, and pleasant neighbors.

I could not forget the impression I received when I last embraced the dear child in Parowan. It was prophetic. A spirit whispered, “you will see her no more.” Dark as our days were, they were not all darkness. I had an own sister to console me; sympathizing and kind; full of faith in a merciful
providence, which all things for the best good overrules. She helped to bear the sorrow. Two kind English ladies, sisters in the church, (of whom I have written,) respectively named, Willis and Bettenson. They were women of character and faith in a bright future; always ready to partake either of joy or sorrow, with their fellow beings. Our blessings were not under valued; neither did we murmur, and complain that God was not merciful; but with the Psalmist we affirmed, “Though He slay me yet I will trust in Him!”

The singing of spiritual songs had a soothing influence. St. Paul said, “if any are merry let them sing psalms!” I have proved it good to sing when afflicted. The 21st Dec. my children arrived from Ogden. I was rejoiced to see them alive and well: I scarcely dared trust myself to speak of the absent one! My daughter nerved her heart to comfort me; and by so doing was measurably consoled herself. After the first interview we were enabled to converse on all the particulars relating to the solemn event, with a tolerable degree of composure. For some cause, I could not tell why, I felt the blow was aimed at me! I felt that my heart had been too much set upon the child; and long had I been convinced that the Lord was not angry with me for sinning against His righteous laws, for I had been willing to sacrifice all the day long!

Christmas came around; we attended religious exercises, and heard many comforting things spoken by the elders of Israel. We were invited to the Bishop’s, to spend the evening. A small band of music, with an elegant supper, were chiefly enjoyed. My son-in-law Wm McGary, was a skillful musician; my nephew Alma Crosby, a good violinist. Ellen, played the flutina admirable! Bro’ Crosby played the flute. On New years the Brass Band came from Parowan, and there was a great concert, held in our Tabernacle. The songs and recitations were delightful! All these amusements helped us to recover our former cheerfulness, and enabled us to bear life’s burdens a little longer.

[Teaching School]

On the 3d of Jan 1860 my daughter Ellen McG commenced teaching school, assistant to Wm Paul Smith. Employment was good for her. Her husband went on a freighting expedition to California, with Capt Hunt. So E. boarded with me. Shortly after I engaged in the same school. It was a severe task. The children in the great moves had been sadly neglected; how they will be redeemed is unknown to me.

At that time there was a continued shaking of the earth; A rumbling as of distant thunder, for some days. Several females were greatly terrified!

There was a continual passing and repassing from S. L. to Cal; which afforded us many opportunities to renew old acquaintance. Strangers would call upon us, whom we had no knowledge of at first sight, and after
a little inquiry find them to have been the children of some dearly remem-
bered old friends, who of all others we desired the most to hear from! 
Such scenes were among the bright spots, which enlightened our pathway.

When sister McIntyre in Upper Cal, heard of our great sorrow, She 
 wrote us a letter of condolence. And well could she sympathize having 
 had a dear boy thrown from a horse and brought home dead! In pitying 
 her, I half forgot my own pain. A loving gentle spirit has power to comfort 
 and bless. She was a dear good woman; to bind up the broken hearted, 
 was her chief delight.

The school wore heavily upon me, both in body and mind. I under-
took the task with a firm resolve to see an improvement in the children, 
both in their studes and common demeanor. I was not disappointed.

On Feb 21st Mr Dibble exhibited in Beaver the paintings represent-
ing the assassination of Joseph and Hirum Smith in Carthage Jail, Ill. 
Likewise the scene of the Nauvoo Legion when last assembled in that 
City, and the Prophet making his farewell address, previous to his leaving 
for Carthage; where he was slain. I had not seen the paintings for many 
years; and the busts which are an exact likeness, I had never seen before. 
Oh! how vividly it brought back that awfully solemn event, when those 
mighty men fell.

Intelligence came to us that Mr. Pratt was leaving the Upper Cal; 
and coming to San B. He would meet my soninlaw Wm. McGary, and 
Pres’t Cox: they would be certain to encourage him to come up with 
them. Hope sprang up in our hearts! Ellen struggled on with her school; 
looking forward to the close, when she would be relieved of a great bur-
den; groceries were scarce, and sold for high prices. A present sent me of 
a pound of tea, rejoiced the hearts of all the elderly ladies in my circle. 
Sugar we used very sparingly. Molasses we had plenty; made from our 
own cane. A blessing it was in those hard times. Truly we called ourselves, 
“Pioneers of Latter Days!”

On the 21st of Mar. [1860] I closed my department in the school. I 
had the satisfaction to know that my exertions had been blessed; that my 
pupils had made a creditable improvement; and what I had done was 
appreciated. I felt weary and worn, and thought to rest and refresh my 
mind. But it was not good for me to have leisure. When my energies were 
not taxed to their fullest capacity. I thought too deeply; lived over my past 
life, and groaned over my bereavements. I blamed myself for repining. I 
knew it was wrong; yet I would not admit that I was responsible. I said, I 
might as well be held amenable for being born into a world subject to so 
many ills; In that I had no agency. How could I help mourning over the 
fate of a fallen world! To mourn was my meat and drink! I was not afraid 
the Lord would be angry with me, “He was merciful, and full of pity, to 
those who loved and served Him.”
From my husband’s sister in N H I received a letter expressing her surprize that I should come to Utah without my companion! I read the spirit of the letter, which I felt bordered on reproof. I replied in a most pathetic manner! Assuring her that if she knew all the circumstances attending our removal to this country, and all I had been called to suffer, that no chastising word would ever escape her lips! But to the reverse; all the powers of her feeling heart would be employed to comfort and console!

Mr. Mc Gary returned from Cal with Capt Hunt’s train, but Mr. P. still remained, to breathe sea air, where he desired to be. The train camped in front of my door, and there was a barrel of whiskey rolled out, and offered for sale. All the sons of “Bachus” in town rushed to the spot! I never was more disgusted than I was, to see sensible men pay such devotion to an article, which causes wise men oftentimes to act like fools.

[First Trip to Salt Lake City]

Myself and daughter E. had been preparing to go to S. L. with William Mc when he returned. The train moved on, and we were to get ready, and overtake them. Every thing packed in ample order, thinking we were the same as started to our chagrin, and surprise, one of the mules was found to be missing. Wm traveled perhaps forty miles, made diligent search, but all in vain, finally concluded an Indian had taken him off. After much perplexity we got under way traveled nearly the whole journey alone; had some interesting visits on the way. At Provo I met Mrs. Mary A. Pratt, Parley P’s first wife whom I had not seen for twelve years. She recognized me in a moment, and we had pleasant conversation together then she bore us company to Battle Creek, where she had a daughter living. After an interchange of many endearing sentiments we parted; she remained, and we went forward on our journey. Made Mill Creek, in due time, where I had a distant relative, who pursued me to stop and visit my old friends in that region.

My children were opposed to my staying, but arguments prevailed; I remained; and went to see my dear old friend. Mrs. Daniel Russell. She had been to me a loving neighbor in Winter Quarters, when cold and hunger stared me in the face! I could never forget her; and in my long absence she had buried a kind husband and was then a lonely widow. So I went to her house and that day May 7th [1860] was ten years from the day I left S. L. City to go the north route to San Francisco. Sister R. went with me to the City eight miles, and we took lodgings at Bro’ Horace Eldridge’s and from thence visited our mutual friends throughout the town. In reviewing old acquaintance I was often reminded of the resurrection; when we shall clasp the hands of those whom we had not expected to meet.
On going to the Tabernacle and listening to voices so familiar to my ears ten years before strangely was my mind exercised! I was bewildered with joy, mingled with solemnity indescribable! The same honored men stood up in the defence of truth, testified as I had heard them a hundred times, that the great “Latter Day Work” was begun on earth; which prophets long ago foretold; which would in time make an end of sin, and bring in everlasting righteousness! I gazed at their familiar faces, saw how their locks had whitened, and yet their faith in God was firm and unshaken. I felt that I had been to another world and come back to tell what there was behind the veil. I went to Pres’t Young’s and spent a day. The house was large; wholly built in my absence. Mrs. Zina D. Young took me through all the apartments. At evening I was invited into the large parlor for prayers. There all the wives and children were assembled.

No place ever seemed more heavenly to me! Pres’t Young then offered up petitions in behalf of his family and the church. After which he took a seat and conversed a long time. He inquired with apparent solicitude about “Bro’ Pratt.” I gave him an account as favorable as possible. He talked of the state of affairs as they then were. Of the resolutions before the House of Congress: which was to send commissioners to negotiate with the Mormons, buy out their possessions and let them go out of the Republick. But said he, “we shall not sell our possessions, but remain upon them, and trust in the Lord to protect us!” He invited me to make a long visit in both houses. That night Ellen returned from Ogden, and I was happy to meet her; so lost and lonely did I feel, when my children were all gone from me.

Every day revealed old acquaintances, almost passed our of mind, amidst the multitudes of new ones I had formed in the ten years. I walked over that City, wondered and admired! When I left it, not a house was built, worthy to be called a house. Then the lofty buildings were towering up in every direction. Large orchards on almost every lot. A flourishing populous city. I was led to exclaim, “what cannot the hands of men accomplish!” I also learned of much that poor women had done, who had like myself been left alone with young children; their husbands sent on missions to the four quarter’s of the globe! Their faithfulness will most certainly be rewarded. Mrs. Eleanor Pratt was then living in the City; the last wife of Parley P. Pratt, and the one who was traveling with him when he was assassinated.

I made her acquaintance: an interesting brilliant minded woman. She gave me a full account of the sad tragedy in Kansas. Likewise of her troubles with her first husband in San Francisco. Mr. Mclain was a violent opposer to the “Fullness of the gospel,” which she assayed to believe in, and did embrace. He took her children from school without her knowledge, put them on board a vessel, (though very young,) and sent them to New
Orleans; to his relatives. When the fatal news came to her ears, she was like a distracted woman! She immediately took another vessel, and followed them. She remained with them one year: attempted to steal them away; was followed by policemen, and they were taken from her on the sea. After several years she went again; recovered her children, was on her way home; when a mob came upon her, slew her husband, and took her children!

My daughter E and I had many seasons of joy. Our friends were never weary of hearing us rehearse our experience on the Island of the Pacific. Amidst our joy we must of necessity have sorrow! As twin sisters they go hand in hand. Our dearly loved Irene Pomroy died suddenly. She was brought in from a country residence for medical aid, died the third day; even before we had an opportunity to see her. Her right arm had been amputated. And there was the end of our lovely and gentle friend! Youthful and blooming was she, though the mother of eight children. It was a solemn sight to see her husband approach the sacred spot where lay the lifeless form of his faithful and devoted wife. He arrived too late to receive her parting blessing. Her arm which had been preserved in ardent spirits, was brought and laid in its place. And Oh! She was lovely, even in death! Her mother, and her family of children came to see her buried. Many tears were shed, over the group of little mourners. The grandmother was a blessed woman, and she pitied and consoled the children. The deceased had suffered two years with a cancer on her wrist. But in her death there was peace! She had remembered her creator in the days of her youth.

Afterwards I went with dear sister Whitney to the Endowment House. It seemed a peaceful retreat, where every commotion of the soul is hushed! I felt that I could hear the soft whispering of angel voices in mortal ears! I met many whom I greatly desired to see, in that house. I had a severe cold, which seated on my lungs and weakened my whole system. Brother Joseph Young with several others laid their hands upon my head; and pronounced upon me the blessing of life, health and strength! It was the promise I most desired, and I went away with a light heart, and elastic step. The following morning I felt quite well.

We soon took leave of our friends, and started for home. Ellen came with me, Mr. McGary went to Montanna. With one exception we had a pleasant journey. A terrible hail storm came upon us. When we were quite a distance from a settlement. Our carriage cover was a poor protection, when the rain was coming down in torrents! We were drenched through, but we found large hospitality in Payson: dried our wet clothing, and resumed our journey. Made home in six days. Ann L. was alone, and rejoiced to welcome us. The neighbors were all eager to hear us rehearse our adventures. We left S. L. on the first day of July, with Mrs. Samuel Woolley. I rested two weeks, and commenced teaching school.