[Ellen, Ann Louisa’s Baby]

Ann L. soon after the death of her last one, left the unhealthy location and returned to town. Ellen went to Ogden to recover the property awarded her by the court when her separation from her husband took place. She there encountered him, though she did not meet his wife. Their meeting, as she told me, was of a painful nature. To her he confessed his rashness; and though he had a devoted wife he was far from being happy. She spent the summer with her friends there, having with her her only child; which left me lonely, with one exception, I had grand daughters to be with me, and was teaching school in my own house. Late in the fall Ellen returned bringing with her means, in goods and money to supply her wants through the winter.

During the winter my youngest daughter had a son born. She had long been afflicted with a weakness common to females, which deprived her of much enjoyment. Her husband though disposed to treat her kindly, (according to his version of the term) was not successful in accumulating; and her feeble health prevented her administering to her own necessities.

The winter of 1871 passed cheerfully away with me having in contemplation to visit the home of my childhood; in the cold region of Canada East. I had by this time increased my stock of cattle to a sufficient number to enable me to dispose of some, and make myself a comfortable fit out for the long journey. My old friend Mrs. Spiking in Cedar City proposed to accompany me to Omaha; having a long lost son in the state of Missouri. We conjointly had great anticipations! Her son had been lost to her, more than fifteen years.

She learned by accident his place of residence and determined once more to set her eyes upon him. I had been separated from my kindred
thirty eight years; many among them had passed away and to think of meeting the living ones, gave me strange sensations: knowing how much they must be changed! To think of meeting my own brothers and sisters with whom I was reared under the same roof, and finding them so changed that I could not recognize them, was a solemn dread to me! yet above all other earthly things I desired to go. My friend came in time to assist me in making the necessary preparations. Early in May, we took leave of our children, admonishing them to remember us daily in fervent prayer, that we might have a prosperous journey and return in due time.

We hired our passage to Salt Lake with Bro’ J. Hall. At the first onset an obstacle arose to dishearten us. We started in good spirits rode a little distance called to bid Ann L. Willis a good by: found her with a very sick child; The physician had pronounced it dangerously ill with inflammation of the bowels. The mother was greatly alarmed; the father was away from home, though not out of town. What was to be done? The child unless immediately relieved would perhaps not survive the coming night. Must I go and leave my daughter in such distress? The teamster could not wait for us. My daughter said, “go and promise me you will pray for me, and for the life of my infant.” Sorrowfully we turned away and started on our journey. We both had heavy hearts! Sister S felt deeply for Ann Louisa.

We were very silent, as we traveled on. I thought how shall I endure, till I can hear whether the child lives through the night? We must reach some point ahead where a letter could be sent us: no telegraphing news, at that time. We counselled together; and agreed that we would inquire of the Lord: believing He would make it known unto us. As we rode along a strange lady was walking by the side of our wagon. We asked her to ride as she appeared to be going some distance. She was conversant, and we saw she was a believer in prayer. To her we communicated our intention. She fully endorsed our belief, that the Lord would hear our prayers. The men belonging to our company retired a little distance, to camp for the night; leaving us to ourselves. The strange lady was still with us.

She kindly offered to unite with us in prayer, making the case her own. Our request was that the Lord by a dream, or vision, would make known unto us whether the child survived the night; was yet alive, and would he continue to live? We prayed in faith, believing the Lord would hear us. That night I dreamed I had the babe in my arms, his eyes were unusually brilliant, his face was fair, and he looked healthy; but on one cheek there was a little sore. I told my dream, and Mrs. Spiking says, “behold, I can interpret it! The boy is well, with the exception of one ailment, he is cutting teeth!” Had a thousand pounds rolled off my shoulders it would not have lightened me more! When a letter reached us in S. Lake, the words written were the same. “He is well, but cutting teeth!” The Doctor says, “great caution must be observed.” I then wrote to my
daughters how the Lord had blessed us and they rejoiced, and were thankful.

[Across the Country by Rail]

We tarried two weeks in Salt Lake City, visiting our friends and receiving their blessings. We went to the House set apart for holy ordinances, and attended to baptisms for our dead. Before leaving home I had written to Mr. Pratt informing him of my intention to visit our country; suggesting the plan, that he would take shipping at San Francisco and meet me in Canada or N. Hampshire; where his kindred lived. But his health was not firm, and he had not ambition to undertake the journey. We took the cars at S. L. and went to Ogden; made a short stay. I had an acquaintance there, who was in someway associated in business with the R. R. commissioners. He offered to assist us in securing a passage across the plains at reasonable rates.

There were three ladies for whom he would buy tickets to Omaha. Accordingly he got our fare reduced to $40.00 each, on first class cars; which we considered good fortune to begin with. I had never seen a R. R. Car in motion till near the time I was ready to take passage, at S. Lake. They looked frightful at first sight. I had read of so many disasters, it was natural I should fear. But when I was seated and commenced to look about me I saw the company all appeared composed, no signs of fear; so I soon felt safe; and quickly did I realize the improvement from ox team traveling. I was filled with wonder and admiration! I felt that no other method of conveyance was worthy of notice. I seemed to scorn the idea of riding after a common team. I felt as though I were a bird flying through the air, soaring above all danger.

I had not conceived an idea that any thing could cause me to feel so elevated! I had all my married life been emigrating farther west. From Canada to the "Holland Purchase" in [New] York State: thinking then I had got too far West! From thence to Indiana, into the howling wilderness, where the tall maples grew closely at my door. From that point to Illinois, on the Mississippi, and on, on, to the Rocky Mountains! Keeping ahead of Rail Roads: till at last they overtook me! I rejoice that I have lived to witness the ingenuity of man; in the construction of any thing so wonderful! I was greatly amazed on the cars, in discerning the variety of spirits. A place above all others to study human nature. As soon as it was announced that there were ladies from Utah in the Car, a curiosiy was at once excited. Some few there were who would shun me. Others were attracted, would draw near, show a desire to converse.

The gentlemen generally railed me about our peculiar doctrines. The principle of polygamy they were loud in condemning. Then I would
ask them if they believed the bible. "Certainly we do," would be the reply. Well I would say, you read the Psalms of David, and you honor him in every sentence: the holy effusions of his soul poured out are like the teachings of the blessed Saviour. You do not pause to think how many wives he had: and that it was said of him he sinned not, except in the case of Uriah's wife, because he took her unlawfully. And even in that case the Lord was merciful, and blessed Solomon who was her son, more than all the wise men of the east, and instructed him in building His House.

I found it the better way to avoid argument as much as possible, but would testify boldly to what I knew to be true. I was constantly thinking of the improvements that had been made in the years that had passed since I crossed the plains in 48 with an ox team, being nearly four months on the journey. Then I could go from Ogden to Omaha in two and a half days. The tunnels through the mountains astonished me! the scenery, the beautiful fields of grain, the little gardens coming almost up to the Rails in some places, filled me with admiration! I felt that I was in a world of enchantment! I would exclaim, "What can not hands of men do?" Then I remembered how men of old commenced to build a tower to go up to heaven! and the Lord said, "Let us go down and confound their language, and hinder their work," As though there was a possibility of their accomplishing their design.

A bridge over the Mississippi at Rock Island a half mile in length, excited my wonder, and amazement! Another specimen of what men can do! Crossed the old Missouri at Omaha, in a flat boat; the waters muddy as ever. I called to mind how I dreaded to drink of it when sick at Council Bluffs! Nothing on earth at that time seemed so desirable as clear cold water! At Omaha I parted with my friend Mrs. Spiking and she went to Unionville, Missouri. Chicago was in her glory, I greatly admired it. I made the acquaintance of a widow lady who had come from California, belonged in Rochester. We had much conversation; and she introduced me to a Presbyterian Clergyman. As soon as he learned I was from Utah he was very reserved and silent. I could see prejudice in his eyes, and on his knitted brow, so I took no trouble to draw him into conversation; as the lady had expected.

I was alone, without a protector; yet I felt safe, and perfectly at home. The conductors were kind and attentive. I reached Rome, NY where I had to remain over night, and change Cars. It was eleven p.m. when I went to the Depot. I knew not where to find a hotel, there was no coach waiting. As I was talking to a lady passenger in the Depot, a gentlemen standing near overheard our conversation. He accosted me in a kindly tone and offered his assistance to conduct me to a hotel; where, he assured me, I should be well entertained and brought to the train in due time in the morning. I queried a moment, "shall I go out on the street
with a stranger at this late hour?” I looked intently at him, I discerned in
his countenance an honest expression; and said to myself, I can trust him;
for I am advanced in years, and he is young man; he can have no other
motive than showing kindness to a lone woman.

And so it proved. He told the landlord my history; that he must see
that I was conducted to the train by 6:00 in the morning. I had a beautiful
room, conveniences for bathing; and every necessary attention. Was
called in time, a dish of tea prepared, a coach to take me to the train. So I
went joyfully on my way.

At a Depo where the passengers were detained an hour or two I met
some very talkative people. A lady who said she lived in Palmyra NY, at the
time Joseph Smith found the gold plates. She had never any doubts of the
truth of that. She knew the plates were found, as was reported; but she
had never before seen a mormon that belonged to the church which
originated in the finding and translating the characters on the gold
plates. She was pleased to meet me.

At the same place there was an elderly gentleman who seemed dis­
posed to ridicule every thing pertaining to the marvelous work, as believ­
ers esteem it. I heard him for a few moments. I then gave him a searching
look and said; sir, We all hold our religion sacred, no doubt you do; we do
not like to hear our religious faith ridiculed! I can assure you my religion
has cost too much for me tamely to submit to hear it maligned, and con­
temptuously spoken of!” The man felt the rebuke and apologized. He said,
madam, I beg your pardon; I am glad I have met you, and heard the
explanations you have given on the subject: it has removed in some
degree my prejudice.” The same gentleman asked me if I did not feel
timid considering the advanced period of my life to undertake so great a
journey and no immediate protector?

“Oh no, I replied, “I have trusted in the Lord all my life and he has
taken good care of me, I am willing to trust him longer.” And now said I,
“I will tell you what my faith is. If a disaster was hanging over the train, I
believe I would have warning, either by a dream or vision in time to make
my escape.” “Well indeed,” said he, “that is first rate, I am glad you have
such faith.” So we parted in friendship, after what I considered the insult.

At Ogdensburg on Lake Ontario, two ladies came on board, bound
for Boston; respectively named, Mrs. Melissa Branson, Mrs. Joseph Heart.
They came to my seat when they had learned that I was a “Mormon
woman,” from Utah.” We entered into conversation, and they became
much interested. The first mentioned requested me to write her from
Canada. Accordingly I wrote to her from Dunham, and gave an account
of my meeting with my relatives after a separation of thirty eight years.
She replied in a most friendly manner, and I regret to say, I did not con­
tinue the correspondence.
When I reached St. Albans V T. I began to meet people who knew my relatives in Canada. They seemed pleased that I was going to visit them, after such a succession of years. The Cars took me within fifteen miles of my old old home. Then I took passage in a stage coach that conveyed me to my eldest sister’s door. I passed the old homestead where she lived when I left the country. Her son owned the place by inheritance, and then occupied it with a large family. Every thing looked natural about it. The fruit and large shade trees I so much admired in my early childhood. In that dwelling my sister’s two sons were born.

Reminiscences of early life rushed upon my mind in a rapid succession as I rode along, gazing eagerly at every inch of ground. The Coach driver understood how long I had been absent, and that I wished to surprise them, by my sudden appearance. He knew Mrs. Baker’s place of residence, and having a curiosity to hear the salutation when she would find me out, alighted from the Coach and went in. My sister hearing a knock at her door, arose from her bed and bade us walk in. I could see but one natural feature; and had I met her in a strange place we might have remained as strangers for an indefinite length of time. She had met with an injury by falling from a carriage and being run over by one wheel, which dislocated her collar bone; causing it to protrude giving her a stooping posture.

I said to myself, “can that be the bright agile woman I once knew to be my eldest sister? Oh the ravages of time!” I addressed her in a cautious manner, saying, “Madam could you permit a poor traveling woman to stop with you a short time to rest herself till she can find where her friends live, and send for them to come?” She replied very faintly, “I am a widow woman in poor health not able to wait on anyone. I fear you would not be comfortable.” I answered, “Oh, I will not make you any trouble.” By this time I had taken a seat and she was seated near me! The Coachman stood in the door, I stept to the table and we talked about the fare and I paid him, exchanging a few words, Mrs. Baker then inquired, “what are the names of your relatives that live in this town?”

I said, “I have a brother here whose name is Joseph Barnes.” She stared me in the face, “Joseph Barnes indeed!” Perhaps you are Louisa Pratt! are you?” I replied, “Yes, Levina I am!” She burst into a flood of tears, and caught me in her arms! The coachman took his leave. She confessed that at first she felt suspicious that I might be an imposter, and while I was talking to the driver she thought silently, “that cannot be a bad woman, she has a pleasant voice.” She seemed chagrined when it was known among the friends that she had treated me coolly at first; but she lived almost alone and was very aged.
It was soon made known in the neighborhood, that "Mrs. Pratt had come from Utah," and the friends came crowding in to see me. They were all certain they should have known me, anywhere; but I do not believe they would.

I met those who were my companions in youth; some, I might have remained in their company a week, without the least supposition that they were persons with whom I had once been intimate, unless it had been betrayed in conversation. My eldest sister's husband had been three years in the spirit world. Half the pleasure of my visit was lost because his place was vacant. He was a man greatly beloved: had he been living, he would have spared no pains to have made my visit pleasant. My sister was a hearty mourner; would dress in nothing but black; though professing great resignation to the events of Divine providence, a sure and certain hope of a resurrection to eternal life! The Episcopal house of worship stood on the same spot where in early childhood I was wont to go on Sabbath mornings; rebuilt almost the exact type of the ancient one; doors fronting the same direction.

Near the South door as I entered, I saw the great white marble stone inscription, "Sacred to the memory of Stevens Baker," "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, from henceforth, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." That stone and the spot where it stood, seemed of more value to this bereaved woman than all the world beside! Through the grave yard I walked reading on the head stones the scores of names once familiar and dear to me. Some who had been buried from sight twenty and thirty years. I could remember when but a few tokens were to be seen on all the ground where the departed ones lay then, multitudes lifted their white caps, as if saying, "here we lie sleeping!" From the graves of my father and mother and a dear sister I plucked leaves and flowers, pressed them in a book and brought them with me to Utah. Sacredly will they be preserved, while my lamp of life holds out to burn.

A few days passed in reviewing antiquated places about my "old old home!" My youngest brother was living in the house my father built when I was but twelve years old. He was a youth but eighteen when I saw him last; now a grey headed man an emblem of the ravages of time. He was a bachelor, with a widowed niece to keep his house. The house inside had undergone repairs; outside it appeared the same, except showing signs of decay. Oh, the old familiar haunts! The foot paths where in childhood and youth I was wont to stroll, cull the wild berries, all so vivid in my recollection, I could not think it possible that three score years had passed into eternity since first my nimble feet tripped over the pleasant grounds, and then almost two score since my eyes had rested on them.

To the woods I went where my father and brothers made maple sugar, as far back as I could remember. I sat upon the same old rock by
the side of which they hung the large iron kettles to boil the sweet water extracted from the trees. The old rock was covered with moss; which told how many springs had come and gone while it had faithfully been serving its owners. Thousands on thousands of pounds of sugar had been made against its impregnable sides, and it not the worse for its usage.

I looked at my brother, and thought how he had grown old alone; no wife or children to call his own. It seemed to me he would have borne his age better, had the spontaneous affections of children been mingled with his own love. He was not willing to admit that his life had been less happy; reasoning that his freedom from care had measurably supplied the want of connubial felicity. I could not appreciate or endorse the argument. He partially consented to the proposal to come to Utah with me when I was ready to return, but the dread of so great a journey appeared to dishearten him; so accustomed had he been to home life. He was highly esteemed for his honestly and benevolence. He seemed kindly disposed towards me, notwithstanding my strange views and belief as he thought. So with many others of my relatives and early acquaintance.

I met those who were pupils in my school when I was young. They had grown grey headed, had large families, children married. They treated me with great respect, invited me to their homes to be entertained, introduced me to their children, and grandchildren. I was amazed and interested. One, a bachelor, had preserved a school ticket I had given him in his childhood, 45 years. Keeping it in his bible for a place keeper.

[In Defense of My Faith]

I went regularly to the church where I was accustomed to go in my youthful days; heard the same lessons from scripture read, which were as familiar to my ears as the alphabet; having heard them nearly every Sabbath day for twenty years. The old Episcopal priest whose name was Charles Cotton, had long been gone to the better world; and another in his stead whose name was Godden was installed. He was cold and unsociable with me, because my religion differed from his. My aged sister was a favorite with him, but towards me he was cool and reserved. There was a Sabbath school celebration, conducted by the said Clergyman; I went with my kindred. I availed myself of an opportunity to converse with him upon the subject of our faith. I accosted him in friendly tone and drew him into conversation. I began by referring to the circumstance of his having shown an unwillingness to admit me to the communion table, when I had come to the altar by my sister's request. His reply was, "oh, we cannot fellowship mormons." I said to him. "Sir you do not understand our doctrines, if so, you could not possibly condemn them without denying the scriptures!" I
can assure you the doctrines of the Latter Day Saints are purely apostolical. You my dear sir, do not preach the fullness of the gospel; you only preach it in part. You do not say as Peter did on the day of Pentecost, when the people cried what shall we do to be saved? Repent and be baptized for the remission of your sins, and you shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. You do not tell them that the signs shall follow them that believe: that they shall heal the sick, cast out devils, speak with new tongues, take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not harm them."

"This sir, is what the Elders of my church preach; promising everything in the Lord’s name, according to the faith that is exercised." I then went on to tell him of instances I had known where the sick had been healed, the lame made to walk raving maniacs restored to reason, bearing my testimony faithfully, to the truth of the great “Latter Day Work.” He seemed softened; said he believed I was a true christian, and that the Lord would feel after me and in his own due time bring me back to the only true church. I replied, “should I return to your church I should turn away from a great light to a little one.” Our interview ended; he treated me more cordially ever after.

Meeting with persons contemporary with myself in youth, it was admitted by all that I had borne the wear of time better than they had. I had gone the world over, endured all the toil and sufferings it would seem possible for a mortal to pass through and live; they had remained permanently in their own native town, seldom having been more than fifty miles from home, and yet I was both physically and mentally more active than they. I had kept pace with the spirit of the age was not so stereotyped and old fashioned. My health had been preserved by observing the laws of life. I had never weakened my nerves by dosing with drugs and patent medicines. Cold water had been my remedy for all diseases, diet, and fresh air important preventatives. Besides my religion was a more cheerful one than theirs. I had sought to keep my heart mirthful in the midst of my greatest sorrows.

Although my friends did not receive my testimony in full, in regard to the coming forth of the “Latter Day Works” yet they were pleased to listen to my rehearsals, where in the power and goodness of God in delivering his people in times of their great distress had been clearly manifested. They dared not deny the promises of God to those who trust in Him. And yet, how could they believe that a people so dispised and maligned by the christian world could be the heritage of the Lord! Whom he had gathered out of every nation from the power of their enemies, and planted them in the vallies of the mountains in a hiding place, while His indignation is passing over the earth abroad! Why could they not remember that the ancient Saints had all manner of evil spoken against them?
I went to visit my two brothers living in adjoining towns: the elder two years my senior, was a methodist local preacher. He looked old was very grey. He did not however, like some religionists manifest a spirit of prejudice and unkindness. In all his conversation with me he showed a truly christian spirit; with one exception. I thought it his duty to investigate the work, which I testified to him had been revealed from Heaven, in this our Day; even the “Fullness of the everlasting Gospel.” He showed no disposition to find fault, but was contented to go on in his old way. His fourth wife, (three dead) was an adventist. That sect professes the belief that the Saviour is liable to make his appearance at any hour. Whereas the Latter Day Saints believe the time is drawing near, and great preparations must be made. In a special manner, must a Temple be built, in Jackson County, Missouri.

They say, “he will come as a thief in the night.” And so he will to those who do not believe in modern revelation. The apostle says, “we are not children of Darkness that day should overtake us unawares.” The wise virgins will have their lamps trimmed and burning and be ready to go forth to meet Him, even at the dead hour of night. But to return to my brothers. The above mentioned is Cyprian Barnes, the second son born to my parents. The third, Lyman Franklin, B lived in the township of Broom; the same that married the friend of my youth. Our meeting seemed a strange scene; we knew not what to say. What I felt most impressed to exclaim, would have been, “why how strangely you look! Can you be my very old friend?”

After a few days friendly intercourse they began to seem a little familiar; but their manner of life had been so widely diverse from mine, we could scarcely sympathize on my subject. Their children pleased me. They were types of their father and mother as I had known them forty of fifty years before.

[An Accident]

I was delighted with one source of enjoyment in Dunham, where I was reared. Almost every family owned a horse and buggy. I had great pleasure in riding about. My youngest brother, (Joseph by name) kept a splendid animal to drive. Emily Barnes my niece, who was house keeper at the old home could drive, and take me wherever I wished to go. The roads are exceedingly narrow in that country; not more than half the width that they are in Utah; Besides they are thrown up from the sides to the centre; to drain off and make the roads dry.

My niece and I had started on a tour to my methodist brother’s residence. A furious dog came barking and frightened the horse, and he gave a sudden start, threw the carriage off the elevated ridge and down
we went below. I was badly hurt, but not seriously. A thought occurred as I was going over, "my children have forgotten to pray for me this morning! It was an injunction I had left with them, that they should not forget me in their morning and evening devotions one day in my absence. Fortunately for us we were near a dwelling; the man came out and righted us, and we pursued our journey. We reached my brother's and told of our misfortune. I was very lame. I could not call on my brother to administer to me by the laying on of hands, so I asked him to pray; which he readily consented to do.

In his prayer he said nothing concerning the accident, and my injury: it was purely spiritual. He appeared to be addressing a being who did not understand temporalities. I afterwards told his wife, that I believed in telling the Lord what we wanted; and I wished the prayer to be an importunity that I might be speedily healed of my lame-ness; and sustain no permanent injury by the accident. She agreed with me, that it should have been thus indited, to be appropriate. Remedies of various kinds were applied and I slowly recovered. I wrote to my daughters and grandchildren what had befallen me, and I think they acknowledged that they had sometimes been remiss in their duties, which I had so explicitly enjoined upon them.

[Nephews Admired]

My aged sister had two sons, her only children. One lived on the old homestead his father occupied when I left that country; but my sister had a home delightfully pleasant in the village. A farm of six hundred acres was the portion of each son.

The elder son Wm Stevens Baker lived three miles from his mother's residence. Many a pleasant ride did we have over a beautiful road to the country seat of that son, who had wealth and comforts around him; an excellent wife, and seven children, nearly all full grown, and living at home. It was an agreeable sight to see them all seated around the family table. I looked at that father, and thought what admiration I felt for him in his infancy! The first time my eyes ever beheld him perhaps I thought he exceeded in beauty all the infants I had ever seen! I was then fifteen years old, and he was the first grandchild born in the family. I was his first teacher; from me he learned the first rudiments of his native tongue. He had come to middle age with correct habits, and a mind well stored with useful knowledge. His wife an amiable intelligent lady; his children finely organized and well disposed, disciplined, and educated. I could tell of his childish pranks whereby he amused me so much in his childhood; and with mirthfulness we recounted the scenes which years multiplied had not been able to obliterate. The scenery between his residence and his
mother's was picturesque and delightful. Such a growth of large trees along the road, besides orchards and cultivated fields. A few old buildings remained the same in outward appearance. My mind was constantly filled with thoughts; reminiscences of the past crowded my imagination.

Three months and a half I spent in visiting my relatives and old neighbors; recounting to them my great experience in the different countries where I had lived; my joys and sorrows, trials and tribulations through which I had been called to pass: and out of which the Lord had brought safely to rejoice with them again in the home of my early life.

It was marvelous in their eyes, and they were constrained to say, "It was the Lord's doing! They all seemed rich in this world's goods; many of them in splendid buildings grandly furnished; beautiful pianos; children all taught the art of music. I told them I was richer than they were. I felt that in free thought, knowledge and understanding of the laws of God I was far richer.

The time drew near that I must leave. My poor old sister looked sad; She was certain we should never meet again in this world. I tried to avoid a scene: proposed returning after going to my brother's to pack my things, when there concluded to write her a farewell letter and start on my way. My youngest brother accompanied me to Swanton V T. I took the Cars to Malone N Y.

Sept 25 1871. I left the old Cedar House. I turned and looked behind me as I walked to the carriage and secretly I said, "farewell old habitation; the abode of my father and mother thirty five years! Farewell old trees, whose branches shaded me when my heart was young and felt no care. Year by year your petals will put forth leaves to gladden the birds that sing in your branches; but I shall see you bloom no more! The sweet songsters that will sport among leaves will greet my ears never again."

As I have said, my brother brought me in his carriage to Swanton, on the side of Vt. When I took my leave of him I felt sad and more like weeping than at any other parting. I considered his lonely life; how his years would wear away, and when he came to the close of his earthly pilgrimage he would leave no progeny to bear up his name.

[At Malone, New York]

I had relatives in the City of Malone, whom I designed to visit. Children they were of my respected friends Simon and Clarisa Stevens: of whom I have written in the early part of my history. I met a lady on the cars who knew the families I wished to find; she kindly offered to conduct me from the train to the residence of Mr. George Stevens; whom I remembered a boy fifteen, then a man past fifty. I contemplated a novel introduction. The lady, my guide, did not know my name, it would devolve on me to
introduce myself. It would have something romantic about it. As we neared a stately building walking and gazing at the surroundings, a gentleman accosted me in these words. “Are you not Mrs. Pratt from Utah?” I replied, “if I am how should you know me?” He answered, “kindred spirits always know each other.”

The lady was dismissed with thanks, and the gentleman conducted me to his dwelling and presented his cousin to his wife and daughter. He was living in ease and affluence, I knew he inherited nothing from his father, that he had acquired all by industry and economy. We soon exchanged histories, and he told me how he came by his wealth. He referred to the integrity of his father, of his struggles to sustain a large family in a hard country. He had worked faithfully for his father till of age, went to California in the gold excitement, made the best use of his acquisitions. We then commenced to discuss our religion. He wished me to give him an unvarnished account of the origin of my faith, in all its varieties. “The Latter Day Work” as it was called, which the world was so ready to condemn.

Accordingly, I did, and when he had heard me through, he pronounced my religion “a good one.” He says, “I can see nothing wrong or unreasonable. Your religion is as good as mine.” He seemed to have an established belief, although belonging to no sect. Every thing was directed by a wise overseer, who would bring good out of evil, order out of confusion, and every man to his proper level, All affliction was designed for good, in the economy of our all wise Father.

This man had two brothers and a sister living in the place, to whom I was introduced, and who treated me with great respect, as a kindred of their beloved and revered parents. Mrs. Lawrence the sister whom I remembered when a little child five years old was then a responsible lady, mistress of a large mansion, presiding with dignity over a well trained family. Mr. Lawrence was in the mercantile business, thriving and prosperous; a kind genial companion; they seemed like kindred in very deed. All younger brothers had pleasant homes and agreeable families. They seemed to regret nothing, except that their parents could not have lived to see their children all comfortably situated. I assured them their parents would look from the spirit world with complacency on their well doing and rejoice that they were virtuous prosperous and happy. The mother of Mr. Lawrence, an amiable widow lady was living with her son. She was much interested in all I told her concerning the “marvelous work,” in which I was engaged. It was truly gratifying to me to converse with her, and feel how free she was from prejudice, and what a spirit of charity she had for her fellow beings!

While in Malone I went to a County Fair. Besides exhibitions of almost every kind to be thought of, there was a balloon to ascend. I had
never seen one before, and the size of it astonished me! The floral Hall exceeded anything I had ever seen of the kind in beauty and variety. Seven thousand people were on the ground. I was so wrapt in admiration that I wandered away from my friends and lost sight of them. They were searching for me while I was inquiring for them in vain. We could not find each other. I took passage in the coach going to the Depot, and was taken to my friend's door. I found there had been great inquiry after me, and even concern; but the lost was found, and the event afforded a subject for merriment during the evening.

[At Moira, New York]

When ready to pursue my journey Baker Stevens accompanied me to his eldest sister's residence in Moira; a distance of ten miles. She was the eldest member of that family. She had been twice married, fortunate in both choices. Her first husband died in middle age. She wedded another, twenty years her senior; but so kind and indulgent, in her failing health, with a competency to keep her above want, he was entitled to her highest respect. She had in childhood and youth been a favorite in my father's family, and an example to all who knew her. Her early piety was remarkable, and her obedience to her parents won for her the highest esteem. She had a brother and sister living in the place, with large families; all esteemed for their high toned morals, and well ordered lives. It came to my mind, that this family of children were blessed for their faithfulness and submission to their parents. The younger sister had been named for me; and in infancy when she was initiated into the Episcopal Church I was her Godmother. She inclined to me, and listened to my teachings; and when I testified of the things which had been restored to men on earth in this generation, she treated the subject with candor and consideration. She gave me encouragement that she would some day join me in the valley of the Rocky Mountains, where she could be more perfectly taught concerning the "great Work of the Latter Days.”

[En Route Home: The Chicago Vicinity]

I took my leave of my kind relatives and came on the cars to Chicago; three days after the first great fire. Oh! it was horrible to behold; There was no Depot; and the flames were still ascending from the beds of coal, which mocked the power of the engines that were playing upon them. The eldest brother lived forty miles from Chicago, at Bristol Station. The 11th of Oct I took passage for that point, and reached there in the dusk of evening. My aged brother and family were seated around their supper table. I enter alone and silently. In a moment my brother exclaimed. “It is
my sister Louisa Pratt!" He was expecting me to come having heard I was in Canada: otherwise I cannot believe he would have recognized me. He looked strikingly natural; more so than my other brothers did. I felt inclined to keep my eyes riveted upon him, so pleased was I to see how well he had born his age. His children were gone from him to homes of their own, except the two younger ones, a son and daughter. Every thing appeared prosperous around them. Their eldest daughter married and living near; her husband a responsible intelligent man. I thought within my heart, "here is another instance of a child being blessed for faithful­ness and obedience to parents."

Such was the character of my elder brother [Horace]. When he was forty years old he married a woman twenty three, by whom he had eight children. She was an intelligent lady of good parentage; and proved a discreet and prudent wife, and mother.

My second sister lived eighty miles on the Illinois Central. My brother and wife proposed going with their traveling carriage to convey me there. Accordingly we set out. The country on the way was delightful. Beautiful farms and orchards; the scenery was enchanting! After two days travel we arrived; found my aged sister much changed in appearance, being very hard of hearing. Her sons and daughters were grown and had large families except the youngest one, a daughter, married and living with her, and had no child. They had named her Ellen, in honor of my eldest daughter. I admired the daughter for her amiable and loving temper, but she had failing health. For several years she had been laboring under an incurable disease, the asthma. Oh, how my heart yearned over her! How much I wished that she could come home with me, become a believer in the fullness of the gospel and have faith to be healed by the power of God, through the administration of those holding the priesthood! But I knew it would not do to urge such a thing, her friends would not consent to it. My brother and wife went home and left me to return on the cars. I visited her eldest son whose name is Frederick Lockwood. Well did I remember the time of his birth, his infancy and early childhood. He was termed "a crying child." We talked of the sleepless nights he caused his mother to pass. He remarked, that he believed he was born to mourn, and forever have a sorrowful life! He was a thriving prosperous farmer; abundance crowded his labors! But his wife the glory and pride of his life was torn from him by death! Afterwards an idol daughter, an only one. Then a son grown to manhood, his chief dependence for help and comfort, was struck down by lightening insight of his house! A sadness of heart seemed seated on his countenance. I could not avoid thinking how much he wept in infancy! He seemed more inclined to listen to my teachings than many of my kindred, more attracted to me; and for him I felt an abiding sympathy, as for an own son. He had married a second wife; had made
a wise choice. I endeavored to convince him that notwithstanding his bereavements he had been blessed; that his experience would benefit him in the life to come.

It was a source of regret that I could not converse with my sister understandingly, on account of her deafness. What a joy would have come to her heart could she have understood and believed my testimony concerning the “Latter day Work.” Her husband was less inclined to avail or contend than she was; wishing the subject treated with respect for my sake. Prejudice which had before borne great weight on their minds was measurably removed; and I had a peaceful visit with them. We laid aside our creeds, read the bible, sang and prayed together. I bid them farewell with very little hope that I should ever meet them again in this uncertain life.

I took the cars for Chicago, arrived there after an absence of two weeks. There were a thousand men at work; clearing away the debris and preparing to commence building. Bones of children burned were found in the ruins. There was no Depot; a blunder was made, partly my own inattention and I was taken seven miles out of my way. I took the coach and went back. A gentleman in the coach learned the mistake I had made and took the liberty to counsel me. He says, “madam, if you are traveling alone you must be on the watch; know where you wish to go and see that you get started in the right direction; remember the cars never wait for any one.” I thanked him, and he engaged a man to conduct me to the street where my trunk was left, get another coach and take me two miles, where the cars would start for Bristol Station, the town where my brother lived. I was set right at last, and went on my way rejoicing that the mistake had ended so well. I reached the place in good time, found my brother and his wife waiting to receive me as I stept off the Car.

A few days I spent with them, conversing with my brother on the subject which most vitally concerned me and which he could not gainsay; even the ushering in of a new and last dispensation, to bring about the gathering of Israel and the restitution of all things spoken anciently by the prophets, and again in these days confirmed by the voice of the Lord, authorizing men to speak in his name. My soul yearned over him as we communed together! I besought him never to utter a reproachful word concerning this “great work”, but to pray earnestly for a witness in his own soul of the truth of it, that he might not remain in doubt and uncertainty. He assured me he would not contend against a doctrine whose adherents clung so fervently to the scriptures as did the Latter Day Saints. I took an affectionate leave of the family, and embarked on board the cars with my face set towards home.

I had relatives on the way whom I desired to visit. The first, not a great distance, and I had hoped to reach there before night set in, feeling doubtful about finding the lady’s residence. On the way a shaft was
announced broken; an hour passed while making repairs. I was very anxious and uneasy. I imagined myself alone in a strange place in the darkness of night searching for the house of a friend. A young man sat near me in the car, steped off before me; was standing near and helped me down the steps. I inquired whether he could direct me to a Mr. Trouslot's? (a French gentleman to whom my cousin was married.) He commenced by naming the streets and corners I must pass. What a predicament to be in thought! No coach at hand. The young man remarked, "madam, I fear you would not find the way alone, I will conduct you there, and assist in carrying your baggage." I had ordered my trunk put in the baggage room, but woman like had quite a load of other things. I gladly accepted his offer, and thanked him heartily, although not willing to ask the favor of him. I found he was acquainted with the family, and felt that he was doing them a friendly turn by his politeness to me.

I was soon ushered into the presence of my relative whom I had known a young lady in Nauvoo. Her husband I had met once before, a cheerful friendly gentleman. The joy they both expressed on seeing me, amply repaid the youth for conducting me thither, as he affirmed to them, in return for their repeated thanks to him. I learned his name was White, and I wrote the incident in my journal. I had a delightful visit with my friends, left them with many blessings exchanged, and came eighty miles to Osceola, Starke County [Ohio].

In that town I had a relation by the name of Lois Thompson. She was a woman dear to my memory and I had not seen her for twenty five years, having parted with her during the fiery trials in Nauvoo. She was living two miles from the R. Road. I was directed to call at the store of a Mr. Blazzard, who would procure for me a conveyance to the residence of my friends. I did so, and found the merchant a kindly disposed man. He left his brother who was acquainted with persons in Utah, to entertain me, while he went out to engage a passage for me; found an agreeable one, and I was soon on my way, feeling grateful for the kind attentions paid me by strangers.

I was joyful on meeting my relative, for she was a believer in "the fullness of the everlasting Gospel," as it had been revealed to us in this era of the world. She had been prevented from coming to the mountains through an unbelieving husband. I spent several days with them; had sweet communion with my friend, and her amiable daughter, their only child left of six. Mr. Thompson though an opposer to our religious faith, was kind and agreeable towards me. I had a happy visit, bade them farewell, with an assurance from my relative that she would never relinquish her claim and desire to come to the gathering place of the Saints, whenever the Lord would open the way. That was my last stopping place. I
had paid my passage to Omaha. Mrs. T'n came with me to the Depot, saw me on board the cars. Willingly would she have consented that her daughter should come to Utah with me, that she might marry among the Saints; so great was her faith in the Latter Day Work! But her father would by no means consent. I could not blame him, she was his only child.

[To Omaha and En Route to Ogden]

I came to Omaha, where I must buy my ticket to cross the plains. I went to the agent at the landing; he would give me a pass for $75.00 to S. Lake. I told him I could not afford to pay that price, my means would be expended before I could reach home! that I had a long hard journey to perform after making the trip to S. Lake. Well, said he, “I have not the power to reduce the fare, but you go to the Superintendent Mr Sikles, whose office is two miles from the Depot; the coachman will take you there for one dollar; that gentleman will readily reduce the price when he learns your circumstances.” Accordingly I went, allighted before a spacious building, walked up two long flight of stairs, was ushered into the presence of a kind benevolent looking gentleman, who immediately noted my appearance, and accosted me in a courteous manner. I told him I had come to present my claims before him, as a pioneer of the Union Pacific Rail way. I had crossed the plains in 1848 with men who were searching out the best location for the great enterprise. I had helped to make the first settlement in the great Basin of the Rocky Mountains! I had grown old in hardships in helping to subdue the soil of a rough country, “ought I not to have some privileges, at least to travel the Road at a moderate price?” He replied in a most kindly tone, “Indeed madam you should have; and what can you afford to pay? I answered, “I came from Ogden to Omaha for forty dollars.” “You shall return for the same; on a first class Car.” I thanked him and bade him a friendly good morning.

I could afford to pay the coachman one dollar when I had saved thirty five. I was soon on my way with nothing to regret, but the disappointment in not meeting my friend Mrs. Spiking to return with me. She had been unfortunate in visiting her long lost son; She found him hardened against the truth, and the faith for which she had endured many things. In her zeal and earnestness to prevail on him to return with her, she irritated his mind by pressing the subject of her religion to warmly upon him, thus exciting opposition, amounting to persecution. He even burned her books, which she testified to him were truths revealed from heaven by the ministration of holy angels in this dispensation, of the “fullness of times.” She was detained in Missouri, having loaned her son money, which he could not refund at the required time. Application was made to Pres’t Young, and he sent for her to come with the emigration train.
The History of Louisa Barnes Pratt

I had a safe and speedy passage to Ogden, had several conversations with persons unacquainted with the private history of the Latter Day Saints, as a united body. A Mr. Lathrope from San Francisco had been to N. York and was on his return. We conversed long together. I told him of the great deliverances the Lord had wrought out for the people: how they had lived by faith and trusted in an almighty arm which had been stretched out continually to save from despair when threatened by their enemies. The special incidents I related to him seemed deeply to interest him, and he remarked emphatically, "I think the subject demands the attention of every candid and sensible man!" He affirmed that I had enlightened his mind more in regard to "the marvelous work," as it is termed by its adherents than any other person had done, since he had heard the sound of "new revelation," by the mouth of one claiming to be a prophet of the Lord. (I pressed the subject of investigation upon him.)

I reasoned that a man of understanding like him should not suffer a subject unheeded to remain, which was creating such excitement throughout Christendom as the one I had been endeavoring to elucidate. He acknowledged the truth of my remarks, said he would visit S. Lake at his earliest opportunity, and make the acquaintance of the leading men in the Church. We parted at the Depot in Ogden; and I went about to visit my friends in that City; who were all apparently delighted to witness my safe return, to listen to the adventures of my journey. After a few days I took passage for S. Lake, again had the pleasure of greeting old friends, and hearing from home.

[Salt Lake City and Home to Beaver]

I spent three weeks in S.L. City, was there on my 69th birthday, at the dwelling of J.A. Browning. All complimented me on the physical improvement apparent in me; all decided that I was ten years younger. The rest from labor and care, the excitement of change, combined to enliven my spirits and give vitality and animation to my nervous system. I had accomplished that which I had contemplated for many years, learned something more of my genealogy, obtained names from my kindred, which would be desirable when I was permitted to perform a work for the redemption of my ancestors, who were called from this life before the Latter Day glory dawned upon this benighted world!

There was a City Lot which had belonged to Mr. Pratt before he was sent the second time on the Island mission. In the time of our lengthy residence in California it had passed into other hands. I went to President Young, to solicit his influence that it might be restored to me. It was occupied by an aged brother who had for several years held peaceable possession. Pres't Young said he would see that half the Lot was given to me; that
the occupant was old and he would not like to have him expelled from his home; the land had not then been purchased from government. I consented to the proposal, likewise the occupant was satisfied. I put in my claim at the Land Office, appointed an agent to do the business for me.

I was preparing to come home; it was late in the season and the roads were never worse. It was expensive coming in the stage coach, besides I would be obliged to ride three nights in succession. Mr. Musser Super't of telegraph line, was sending a man on business for the line, and offered me a passage gratis.

The traveling would be slow, but I would have the privilege to visit my friends on the way. I thought the offer a generous one and accepted it. The young man was in no hurry, was hired by the day; kept with his team free of expense at the bishop’s in the settlements, I had all the opportunities I could desire to call on my old acquaintance, but the journey seemed longer than to go round the world on the R. Cars. Never was my patience more exhausted. I reached home the eleventh day late in the evening. The night being dark the driver had difficulty in finding the way to the street where my residence was. My daughters were expecting me, were assembled with neighbors and friends, to greet me with a hearty welcome home! They assured me they had been faithful in remembering me in their evening orisons, had prayed that the Lord would return me to them in peace and health; and thus had it come to pass; and we thanked and praised Him for the same!