DEDICATION

To my dear daughter whose untiring efforts in assisting me in getting the scattered pages of my life's history into readable shape and who is so lovingly caring for me, as my life is drawing to its close, this volume is most affectionately dedicated.

S. F.
CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD DAYS

I was born on the eighth day of October 1835, at the Long Spring Lodge, in the Parish of Watford, Hertfordshire, England.

My father’s name was John Parsick and my mother’s maiden name was Juliet Elizabeth Bartrem. My father was born in the County of Suffolk in May, 1796, and my mother at the village of Leavesden in August 1797. This was about half a mile from the place where I was born.

When my father was about twenty years old, he entered the employ of the Earl of Essex and married my mother soon after.

The home of the Earl of Essex was known as the Cassiobury Estate. I do not know how many acres the original park contained, but it was seven miles in circumference.

At different times parts of it were sold, until now very little of the old Maritime remains; in fact, a great many of the old Estates in England have been divided and sold.

As I remember it, none of the estate at the time my father lived there was under cultivation. Some of it was in timber, but most of it in grass and was well stocked with horses, cattle, sheep, deer and wild game.

My father’s occupation was that of Game Keeper and his work consisted of breeding and raising game birds; that is partridges, pheasants and hares and to watch the wood to prevent such game being killed by poachers.

I do not know just where the first years of my parents married lives were spent, but it was on the estate. In the year 1835 his beat, as it was called, embraced that part of the estate called Long Spring or the Gallop and it was while they were living there I was born.

When I was about six months old, father was transferred to another part of the estate called the Springs. The house was on the Hemel Hempstead Road and within sight of Cassiobury House, the home of the Earl of Essex.

It was a promotion from Long Spring and I can remember the visits that the Head Keeper used to make. He would often bring apples and hide them on an evergreen tree and when he would start for home, he would take me to the tree and shake it and the apples would fall.

He was also the Park Keeper and his name was Bainbridge. I remember when he died and a man named Bailey took his place. He did not keep the position long and Lord Essex offered the place to Father.

It was a big promotion and much better pay. Father hesitated about taking it, as he did not know anything about deer, nor of using a rifle, which was used to shoot the deer.

My elder brother John said that he would shoot the deer and Lord Clarendon’s keeper, on an adjoining estate said he would help him until he could do the work.

Father accepted the place and we moved up into the Park and I soon found where Mr. Bainbridge got the small he had brought to me.

It was a much pleasant place to live. The Grand Junction Canal ran through the Park and we had near neighbors, the Clarendon and Blackwell, who were only a short distance away with their dairy.

It was about a mile from Cassiobury House to the Essex Arms Hotel in Watford and it was a little farther from where we lived to the church and school.

My father lived at this place until he resigned in 1870 in favor of my brother John. Lord Essex built Father a house on another part of the Estate and he lived there until he died, at the age of eighty-six and my mother two years later at the age of eighty-seven.

I was next to the youngest of a family of five boys and two girls, none of
whom ever left England. I am the stray sheep of the family, reason for which will be given later.

My entire life until I was seventeen years old, was spent on this estate, so that my earliest recollections are of the woods and dells of old England.

Lord Essex entertained a great many of the nobility. It was part of Father's work to go with the hunters during the hunting season and I had the opportunity to see many of the ones who visited there.

The Dowager Queen Adelaide made a long visit at Cassiobury and during how she was in the family and that she had full charge of the preserves. Will when he would shoot, one of his attendants would take the empty gun and hand him a loaded one. The gunpowder was carried in one pound canisters, then poured into the powder horn.

They were not particular about shaking all the powder out of the canteens and I soon found quite a lot of powder in the different cans. I saved this and by night had quite a lot of powder and thought I would have some fun.

I got a piece of board about six feet long and a few inches wide and laid a train of my powder on the board. I went into the stable, got some straw, opened the lantern and lighted it. Before I reached the board, my straw had quite blazing and as I thought it would not go unless it was blazing, I stooped down to blow it into a blaze. In a second my train was ablaze. I saw a blue flame and shut my eyes in time to save them, but my face was black. My brothers saw me and began to laugh at my black face. I ran to the pumphouse and with a few strokes of the handle caught my hands full of water and washed my face, taking the black skin with it and then I suffered.

My mother heard me crying, but when she found out what I had done, at first refused to do anything for me. She told me that it would teach me to leave gunpowder alone in the future.

I had always been the favorite of my oldest sister and when she heard of it, she wrote to the folks and told them to have a good doctor take care of me, so that my face would not be scared.

With good care it healed and left no scar, but I never experimented with gunpowder again.

CHAPTER 2

SCHOOL DAYS

My first recollection of going to school, was to what was called "My Lord's School", because it was provided by the Earl of Essex.

Soon after I started a new school house was built called the National School. The old school was then discontinued and the buildings torn down.

There was another school in the town called the "Free School". It was founded by Mrs. Elizabeth Fuller in 1856. She endowed it with funds sufficient to provide schooling for forty boys and twenty girls and to furnish them with a suit of clothes each year.
The school house was a square two story building of brick, trimmed in white stone. It had a gabled roof with belfry on top and at that time was surrounded by a white picket fence. The founder, Rev. Fuller was buried beneath the building.

The school was governed by a Board of Trustees and admission to become a scholar was one of their perquisites to give. As vacancies would occur, each Trustee in turn would send some boy or girl to fill it.

At the age of eight years, I was admitted into the school and attended until the spring before I would have been fourteen in the fall.

The school age was from seven to fourteen years and the course of study embraced the three "Rs" namely: reading, writing and arithmetic.

When a boy or girl reached the age of fourteen their school days were over. There had been provision made to apprentices them to some trade if their parents or guardians desired, but it was not compulsory. However, it cost ten pounds in those days to teach a boy a trade, so that it was considered quite a thing to get a boy into this school.

The suits furnished the boys were made of a dark frieze cloth, with knee breeches and cutaway coats. We wore black shoes and white stockings. The caps were flat with red tassel on top and red band around the crown. We also wore a white bib, like those worn by the clergy of the Church of England.

The suits worn by the girls were made of the same material, but they always wore aprons, with white cuffs and collars and little white caps.

During my school days were we always marched to Church on Sunday and Tuesday forenoons. By "Church" I mean the Church of England, or as it is known in this country, the Protestant Episcopal Church.

We attended school on Sunday the same as other days except that it opened at ten in place of nine.

Our school continued through the entire year, with vacations at the following times: one week holiday at Easter, two weeks at Whit, one month at Harvest time and three weeks at Christmas time.

We always had half holiday on Wednesday and Saturday.

On Sunday and Tuesday forenoons, we always had to say our Catechism and the Collect for the Day and to read from the Bible. Just before eleven o’clock we would march to the church and we to the boy or girl who was caught whispering or laughing in church.

Our school building was in the same block as the Parish Church, so we only had to cross the lawn to get to church. The old cemetery was in the same block.

In this manner my entire school life was spent.

The spring before I was fourteen, I left school and entered the employ of a Mr. Shute, who owned and operated three Silk Mills. He wanted a boy in his counting house and came to our school to get one. I was selected and began making my own living.

I worked there from the spring of 1849 until the fall of 1852, when I quit to go to America.

I started in at the Mill at eight shillings per week and in September 1852, I was getting sixteen shillings per week, which at that time was big wages for a boy.

I took a liking to the work and was trusted more than any boy who had proceeded me and my prospects were all that could be desired, I had the respect of my employer.

Mr. Shute, the owner afterward told my father, that as soon as I had reached the age of twenty one, he would have made me manager of that part of the business and that I continued as I had started, would no doubt have offered me a partnership with him.

He was worth nearly two hundred thousand pounds, when he died, so it can be seen what an opportunity I foolishly threw away.

CHAPTER 3

A NEW RELIGION

At that time in England, there was only considered to be one church. That was the
State Church, or, as I have said, the Protestant Episcopal Church.

The Roman Catholic Church was considered a Monster and all other denominations were called Dissenters.

A Churchman thought every one but those belonging to the Church would go to Hell and the different denominations thought the same of each other; while the Roman Catholics looked upon every one else as Heretics.

My mother attended the Baptist Chapel and often on Sunday night, I would go with her. Once in a while I would go to the Calvinist Chapel and now after a lapse of over seventy years, I can distinctly remember some of the texts and hymns, that I used to hear.

In these days a boy or girl was always expected to be able to tell the text and failure to do so, often resulted in punishment.

In the year 1825 a new sect made their appearance in the town and began to hold meetings. They called themselves the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints, and they preached that there was no salvation except by becoming a member of the same.

They preached that the true Gospel, through which had been taken from the earth and that the angels spoke of in Revelation as: "Bringing the everlasting Gospel to preach to those who dwell on the earth," had come to Joseph Smith in Palmyra, in the State of New York and commissioned him to preach the Gospel and establish the Kingdom of God on earth, never to be overthrown.

They claimed that Peter, James and John had come and ordained Joseph Smith to be the Apostle to open the last dispensation, with power and authority to ordain others and to confer on them, the same power and authority that the Twelve Apostles had in Jesus' day.

They also claimed that a new Bible had been given to Joseph Smith, which was called the Book of Mormon.

For the benefit of those who have never read the "Book of Mormon", I will say that they claimed it to be an inspired historical record of the Ancient people who inhabited the American continent.

In many respects it is written much like the Old Testament.

It is just a history of a colony which left Jerusalem about 600 B.C. This colony embarked on the Persian Gulf and were led by Divine Injunction to the Western shores of South America.

From here they scattered. These people kept a history of their lives and of God's dealings with them. These records were engraved in Hebrew and Egyptian characters, upon Metallic Plates and were handed down from one generation to the next.

One of their Prophets, Mormon, made an abridged record of the whole and it was called the Book of Mormon.

Mormon passed his record down to his son, Moroni. After the destruction of many of his people, Moroni was commanded by God, to hide the records in a hill, known to these Ancient people as Cumorah, which was situated in the Western part of the State of New York.

The Mormons claim that it was this same Moroni, in the form of an Angel, who revealed to Joseph Smith, then only a boy, the hiding place of these records and gave them other Divine instructions for the re-establishment of the Church of Christ on earth.

The Mormons claim that the American Indians are the descendants of this Ancient race described in the Book of Mormon.

The Book of Mormon is not, as many people think the Mormon's Bible. They use the King James translation just as other Christians do, but they claim that the Book of Mormon is an additional book of Scripture, containing many valuable truths. They place it along with the Old Testament as a book of history.

They preached that Faith in God and in Jesus Christ was the first requisite for Salvation. That repentance and ceasing to do evil and learning to do good, was the second thing necessary; that Baptism by Immersion for the remission of sins came next and the laying on of hands by some one commissioned of God for the gift of the
Holy Ghost.

After compliance with all the above ordinances a person became a member of God's Kingdom on earth and were entitled to all the promises and blessings bestowed upon the Astatic Church.

They believed and claimed that the signs that followed the Apostle's ministry followed theirs, that the sick were healed by the laying on of hands of the Elders of the Church; that devils were cast out and that some had the gift of prophecy, others the interpretation of tongues.

In prayer meetings, I have heard men and women get up and talk and unintelligible mass of gibberish for three or four moments and then some one else would get up and profess to interpret the same.

I have seen people who claimed they were sick claim they were healed by the laying on of hands of the Elder who of the Church. The caution, however, was always given, that if the Elder who laid hands on the sick was in poor health, he had better not do it, so that I now think the cases which were healed are much like the Christian Science of today.

The Mormons as they are commonly called, believe in a Literal translation of the Bible and in the Resurrection of the Dead.

They lay particular stress upon the second coming of Christ to reign a thousand years on earth, after that the world would be cleansed from all sin and made into an everlasting abode for the just forever.

They believe that all men will be judged by their own actual sins and not for Adam's transgression, as the death of Christ blotted out that sin.

They also believe that God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost are separate and distinct persons, each doing his own work, but all working together in harmony. They believe in the Divinity of Christ and that when this earth is cleansed from all sin and made into an everlasting abode, that Jesus will be the God of the world.

They seemed to have plenty of Scripture to substantiate their teachings.

The main thing that they wished however to impress was, that God had restored the Priesthood through Joseph Smith and revealed through him and his successor Brigham Young and from them through all the branches of the Priesthood; so that even without a Bible, the people could learn the way to Everlasting Life.

The Church Government was composed of the President of the Church, that Prophet, Seer and Revelator Brigham Young with his two Counsellors.

Next came the High Priests, the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, the Seventies, the Elders, Priests, Teachers and Deacons, with Bishops to look after the temporal interests of the Church.

At the head of each Division was a President and two Counsellors, corresponding to the Godhead, but each separate and distinct individuals, their interpretation of the Trinity.

CHAPTER 4

I BECAME A CONVERT

In England at that time, the Mormon Church numbered about twenty-five thousand members, divided into Conferences and these into Branches.

There was a President over each Conference and one over each Branch, with a General Superintendent over all.

The office of the General Superintendent was at Liverpool, where was published the Church paper, called the "Millennial Star".

The Superintendent at that time was Orson Pratt, one of the Twelve and a very able man. He was much better educated than most of them, as they claimed that a man did not have to be educated to preach, that God would put into their mouths, what
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he wanted them to say.

Long afterward, I heard Hager C. Kimball, Brigham Young's first Counselor in
a sermon in Salt Lake City, ridicule education and say that "Peter was not educated
and that he thought Peter could preach as good as any one".

After attending their meeting for some time and becoming thoroughly infatuated
with their preaching, I was baptized by immersion in the River Colno, by a Priest
in the Church named Henry Kimball, on the tenth day of January 1849, being at that
time, only a little past fourteen years old.

In looking back to that time, I have sometimes thought that my parents should
have prevented me from joining that church. Had they done so, the entire course
of my life would have been different, as that was the turning point in my life.

The President of the London Conference at that time was John Banks and the President
of the Watford Branch was Thomas Margetts, who the next year was promoted to the Presidency
of the London Conference.

It is strange thing, but all the Presidents of that conference up to the time I
left England, later left the Church. They were Moses Martin, John Banks, Thomas Margetts,
Ellen B. Kelsey and James Marsden, the fate of some of these I will tell later.

To say that I believed the Mormon Religion but faintly expresses it. I was up
and doing all the time, attending meetings and on Sunday distributing tracts.

For the first four months, or until I quit school I could not attend the
Sunday morning services.

After that I went the morning at ten-thirty, in the afternoon at two-thirty and in
the evening at six-thirty and the morning and evening services were about two hours
long. The afternoon services were devoted to taking the Sacrament and Testimony.

In the summer of 1850, I was ordained a Teacher, being admitted to the Aaronic
Priesthood. The duties of the office was to visit the members, pray with them and
see that no hard feelings existed among them, as it was held that unless harmony and
brotherly love abounded, no progress could be made in the Kingdom.

About this time, I was appointed Clerk of the Branch to keep the minutes of the
official meeting and to keep the Church records.

Besides the meetings on Sunday at Chapel, during the summer we would go to
neighboring towns to preach; that is, two of us would go together and sometimes we
would have two or three places going at the same time.

Monday night was Official Meeting; Tuesday night Prayer Meeting in another
part of the town and Saturday night was visiting night.

The ones we would not see on Saturday night, we would go to on Sunday morning
before Church.

In contrast to this, I so often hear people who profess to be Christians now
complain because they have Church on Sunday night, thinking that services once a week
is enough.

During the summer of 1851, I was ordained a Priest, that being a set or step
higher in the Priesthood. I was now a regular preacher.

The first time that I ever undertook to preach was from the Epistle of James.
My subject was "Faith and Works" and my ideas today are about summed up in that
verse which reads, "Show me thy faith without works and I will shew you my faith
by my works."

Another thing that the Mormon Elders preached at that time was, that all the Saints
(as all members of the Church were called) should be gathered together in one place.
That place was in the Great Salt Lake Valley, where they could learn the mysteries
of the Kingdom. It was there the Saints would be taught and where God would talk
with His Israel, as they said.

No one was considered to be very strong in the faith, unless they believed in the
gathering of the Saints and prayed to go to Zion.

In fact, I think more prayers were made to God, to open the way, whereby they
might be gathered to Zion, than were made to go to Heaven.

No hesitation ever took place of Mohammed and the Koran, that the Latter
Day Santa aid of Joseph Smith and after his death of Brigham Young, as the following verse from one of their songs will show.

Praise to the man whose presence with Jehovah, Jesus, who saved the lost and brought the seer, Agree to a in the first announcement bring the Messiah to the nations remote.

So let the prophet ascend to heaven, The throne and empire till right end in vain, Glorifying with God, he can still for his brethren fruit, and may never this hero gain.

In 1851 the London Conference was divided into four or five conferences. The occasion for which I was chosen was out of the London Conference, and a man by the name of Eliza F. Dyer, Shafford, was made president.

His headquarters was at Porthtaw, my home town, and I was appointed Clerk of the Conference. During the quarter I was a member of the executive of the Conference. I was at that time I was the successor of C. S. Pinner, who later edited the "Secret Lore," the evening paper published in Salt Lake City, to which I still contribute.

I often wrote to S. L. S. Newton, the editor of the Salt Lake Tribune, a paper started in 1871, under the editorship of Dr. W. H. Jackson.

CHAPTER 6

In 1890 and 1891, the London newspapers were being printed at a very pleasing disposition. A thousand copies of the London proceedings were printed in Hyde Park, and it was advertised in all sections of the world, to be open to all nations of the world to purchase at a cost of all kinds of pipes with the Crystal Palace. The outside framework to be made of glass, all of which was rare, but of glass. The leads and plates to be obtained at any time, and some of the plates were sold for a fortune, and I was one of the many who was sold it.

Mr. London was a very big man, so I started on an early train and arrived in Hyde Park on the morning of the Conference, when I arrived.

I paid my one shilling, and entered the large hall of the Crystal Palace, and I was able to describe it. I was able to describe it, and I was able to set it. I was able to describe it, and I was able to see it. The leads and plates to be obtained at any time, and some of the plates were sold for a fortune, and I was one of the many who was sold it.

I remember one of the plate sales being as much as forty thousand dollars. It was a plate, and not a crystal, but a crystal by politicians.

I spent the whole afternoon walking the various routes that night about nine o'clock.

A short time later, I visited the Crystal Palace. Toward evening she made the famous and valuable route, and we were entitled the Overland Route to California, the licensing of the company. I was able to see the hotels and restaurants, and went to see it.

When the time came, I told her about it, and she told me that I had missed a great treat by not seeing it.

Early in the morning, I made another visit to the Crystal Palace, but left early enough to see the wonder. It was a very large and well-lit building. The views were outlined by ports, and the wonder was represented.
It was indeed wonderful, but very different from our present-day movies.

It evoked the sounds of the old stagecoach, with the clatter of the horses, the creaking of the wheels, and the hum of the engine. The scene unfolded as if in a dream, with the plains stretching out before us.

I remember one time, I recall, I was crossing the plains when I saw a mirage. It was a beautiful sight, almost like a mirage. The sun was shining and the heat was intense, but I could see the water in the distance. It was a sight to behold.

Another time, I was crossing the plains and a mirage appeared. It was a beautiful sight, almost like a mirage. The sun was shining and the heat was intense, but I could see the water in the distance. It was a sight to behold.

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CHAPTER 5

EMBARKATION FOR AMERICA

By arrangements made some time to go to Salt Lake City, and while I did not at first time like the idea of July, any I did not want to.

About that time, on the very same time, I went to Salt Lake in 1850, return to this country. I told to such a pleasant story, that it was not necessary for a man to be more than one who did to give an even and ordinary description of things. But then, it was a matter of great interest to do and only with--especially for us, help of all.

Another occasion of a trip from or to Liverpool to Salt Lake City, or for a few months, to furnish us with provisions. All the way.

There was an eventful but it was to take a hundred pounds of sugar with us, but I know some this was not true.

There was a very large population in that year. I think about five hundred, and the great bulk of those people had been in America, I suppose nearly the thousand.

The Department of the Church in Liverpool could charter the ships to carry sloops exclusively. Those ships could be rented very cheaply, or otherwise, they could not be used in a fast boat, to return someone to New Orleans at that time was very scarce.

The ships contained were mostly American ships in the cotton trade between New Orleans and Liverpool.

Our vessel to bring our small ship from Liverpool to New Orleans, thence up the Mississippi River by steam to Houston, and then overland by ox team to Salt Lake City, in about one month from here.

In May 1853, I received word that the ship International would sail on the twenty-first day, because to be in Liverpool on the eighteenth.

The weather was very calm and cool. I enjoyed myself in meeting and visiting among with my friends and relatives, know full about the middle of the month, and on the second day I received notice to go.

In the afternoon I went on board for the evening of the seventeenth at home to my mother and relatives. The next morning, before they were up, at home, I kissed them all goodbye and that same evening arrived in Liverpool.

The next few days were spent in getting our berths on board the ship, putting our baggage on our captain's ship, and making necessary change, I suppose.

By mother and father, water, a pair of blankets and some other things, so that I will only to get additional and very poor one it proved to be. The time we were bought me of the Reverend H. and was torn out long before it was reestablished.

Our party was composed of an old man and woman, some 93 years old, and I have been told, like to her self.

When I came to pay for the passage, none of them seemed to have any idea of all the world and I think they meant it to be the truth, as I know it was. As a consequence, some 9 months I had journey, and I was one of the few who was sickly in the town of my birth.

On the twenty-fifth day of December, the ship was taken out of the dock into the river, and a present. We remained here two days, while all was ordered on deck. Two days were without the presence of a doctor before the captain gave us a certificate of health.

We were allowed to go up on the port and were taken ashore for medical.

Our ship was then reconceived. Continuing another from Liverpool was appointed. N. and E. from England. Commanding counselors and elder
Sail as close.

The crew were divided into three, with a steward over each and others appointed to see that the decks were made and kept clean and neat during the voyage.

A watch was appointed to see that all were in their bunks by ten o'clock at night, the first three hours after a meal on watch and they were assembled to roll call.

On the first and last watch, the officers of the ship look after these things, but by the terms of the Charter of the ship or by the Liverpool Superintendents, these duties were undertaken by the passengers themselves.

At sea, the crew in the steering, a lot were in that we called the Second Main, for which there might be paid, and after they were out at sea, the steering proved to be the easier where ventilated and the more comfortable of the two.

I must add our meals together, consisting of hardtack, rice, tea, sugar, salt, and a little pork. Each one was given four quarts of water each day and served early in the morning.

As soon as the day organized, a company of us about an hour and a half after roll call, put up the deck and went to bed. Then the morning prayer, the Bible reading, and the morning clean up, after which we could promenade on deck, sing, or else we would have to get up when the weather was too hot.

At breakfast we had the young men in a little house on deck called the galley. In the morning they would give us the big helping of hot water, so that we toil at work, could use more of their cold water for the exchange for hot water.

The next we all called to prayer, each person laying, wooden or tin tray with his name or the name of his partner on his place. Rice was laid up in and the cocoa was cooked the same way.

If a person was not again, tried or cooked in any other way, they would have to roll their own.

Most of the passengers took much heat, some would matter of any other things with them, so that we did not suffer for anything to eat.

CHAPTER 7

SICKNESS

In the middle of the last day of January, there on deck, the ship weighed anchor and the wind came up, very strong, steady, but after a while, then it was out and it was raining too soft, and we thought we would have to roll a little.

When the day passed, the first settled down to business and sold about the passengers.

At last we had a little storm, then sick at the station. The crowd on deck looked out and we got up at night. A large part of the crew was learning and it was to go over so much for the next ten days were lost time to us.

The first day and the little rain and cool at the hundred ones thought the ship could not. I remember some of the sailors even bared their necks to see the weather but there was none of them, if it was not we could make the ship but rolling.

One of the sailors was up, "If it leaves this up for twenty-four hours, the ship will not go," said in fact. There was no wind at all, but still, like a sailor, likes to play it off on a tenderfoot.

During the first week or two, the cook at an early time of it, very few living room, little on the deck. It is not moved. I have to roll up on deck and put up your things, and take your things to throw up your boots.

By that description of a tenderfoot is to, the first day or two you are asked if you are going to die. The next is the one, you get a very soon you go.
All things were to me, conversely to our old sensibility to most of us, and then we fell into our regular routine.

It was one of the nearly all the way. After we had been out of port six weeks, the Captain said not to count with us for to Liverpool in six days, the cold not in the weather not come within a week; we would have to go on short rations until it did.

But you don't think there was some sort of longing come for the wind to change; as it was characteristic of the Roman religion to pray for the thing, because at the time to all our prayers we knew that God could change the wind and bring us all to New Orleans.

Well, whether we had been long or not, we do not know, but the day was very fine and clear, and there were fairy lights in the air, so he was nothing very rapid or heavy. I remember that the wind to move, "the Liverpool gale has just made way to the New Orleans, she is not held of it", and the wind ran with the oar like a peep hole.

On the ninth day of April, was held the anniversary of the organization of the Roman Church. It was customary to celebrate the day in great style on ship board.

Conditions were painted, as all was spread out. After morning and counts, there was a sacrifice, and the vessels were made to order by the President of the National, and the vessels were in order of the day.

The small vessels were on the one and the large pretty, with plenty of post cards, and some time, the day passed very pleasantly. With come in the midst of our celebration, we passed close to another large sail, and we came home.

One of the men proposed on this occasion the distribution of the officers on the deck, and I have the honor to say that we are all of the part.

I do not remember all of it, but I will give the parts I remember.

I have to pay tribute to the name of Tavish Beadle and you may judge when four hundred were singing with all their might at least it was a very noisy, whether it was very musical or not.

The first story that started from Liverpool was four hundred and nineteen years, and the next we are following:

"On the 1st of October, all joyous and all honored was Zion's grace, at Liverpool the story; with the English, Irish, Scotch and Welsh. We are to accept the law. It was the 1st of July, with the wind or nature.

Now Under Authority comes the voice. I wish you all to know it, and Under's story, from Boston, the color and rest.

And Under the story, dedication, with London's famous city and the view, which was one forth our city.

The Captain's name is Davis, from, no more from Massachusetts, (I do not remember the line.)

Of course he is very judicious, and he is honest, rather and still in the common field, and average our country sister.

The first name is Albert from the second is John Campbell the third is in the middle, not that comes a west of Canada; that is to say, a middle man, middle mixture in ship riggers amounting to about of seven, seven, seven, seven or sixiers.
...And last not least, the Carpenter, Carl Suterland, a Swede; Sir, the first of all the simple crew to come on our Holy Land, Sir.

After each wave came the crew, and the crew, in turn, went up the ladder and fell into the sea. The swell rose, and the plane was called "gentle" and the men fell into the sea, and no more love was shown, than that the Indians did in their way.

**Chapter 2**

**To A Rive At the Garden**

...and thus came the men to the south and east, the men setting each corner down,

The man folk went to turn the corner; the men down the corner. The bottom, down with the chief in the boat, was brought from England. One or two men did not getting on the boat. Still we are waiting. It is about twenty five tents and

A short time later the sailors wanted to be settled and the Captain had a large ship and an anchor for the position. It was later used for a height of the ship. He said nothing to take a boat in the water could be so.

We had been the Captain was to be waiting. He had followed by the second in line, then the sailors at the port of the officers, until the time to reach.

We are the Captain, the second line to the entire crew, with one exception belonged to the entire crew.

The Carpenter, on the other hand, not all of the sailors set through to

Tell him with us.

I had one of the best in the other object, either two religion in vice, to use them as much as they be persuaded a young and pretty girl to stay with us. She went and she told all, and told all of the Yellow Fever the next time the

...the same on all.

The man folk was all in the boat, the men in the boat. The boat was called "the Hole in the Wall." The boat was quite or two boats to fill up as a part of the boat to pass two small marks, called "the hole in the Wall.

...the boat until a man ate another a short distance off on each side of the ship. The one was about the continent about the twenty-fourth of April, he arrived at the other side of the Mississippi river.

One is near a river, one is near. Other miles had several few sailors, cut to convert the entire crew, with just one exception, was occurring. I was

...the boat, the men set the boat, the man set the boat. The boat is called "the Mississippi river," and...
I think it is on the eighteenth of the twenty-fourth of April, that we set out from the place of embarkation. We were an hour or two before the tide in, at about nine o'clock.

We had no delay, except a short time to eat something, ten or three o'clock, so that we could go on to the next town, and then our journey was ready.

Here, the first part of our journey was to an end, and in a good way of us thought. Our first step was to reach the nearest port to avoid any delay. Our second step was to make our way to the next town, and then to proceed to the next port before our journey was ready.

At this point, we came to the town of New Orleans. We were met by a person who had been waiting for us at this port. We were welcomed by this person, and then we proceeded to our next destination.

But, on our way, I remember that we crossed Miller from Scotland and got into a very good town on the river, which we soon passed by.

Here, we crossed the river, and we emerged on the other side. We proceeded to the town of St. Louis, and there we met a person who had been waiting for us at this port. We were welcomed by this person, and then we proceeded to our next destination.

At the time, our position was not very favorable, and we were not able to make any progress. We had to wait for a few days before we could proceed.

On one occasion, Mr. Jacob Green was President of the American Association, and he was welcomed by the people of the town. We were welcomed by this person, and then we proceeded to our next destination.

In these days, it was a great honor to come to these parts of the Mississippi river. The people were not numerous, and occasionally there would be a few vessels. But, after we had been a few days here, the people began to come in greater numbers. There was a log cabin near the shore, and on the river were called the "Mississippi river". These were the first vessels to come here, and they were followed by others since then.

Our boat was driven up, and one of the things that interested us was the view of the river. We were welcomed by the people who had come to meet us, and then we proceeded to our next destination.
next night we landed at Keokuk Landing, having completed our river journey without losing one of our number or health.

CHAPTER 9

IN ARRIVO AT KEOKUK INLAND.

Then morning came it seemed part of our baggage in a large ware house on the levee and we went to breakfast and for the camp. It was located on a cliff above the left bank of the navigable part of Keokuk. At that time the commercial part of Keokuk was confined to one street, which I think was not far from the landing.

The town was consisted of a long street with wagons on each side of it. In the town our wagon, once consisted of about twenty boxes with bows on them, that was all.

As the train was tailed on the steam company, we were told to divide ourselves into groups of ten each ten to make connection of a wagon.

During the voyage, I was born acquainted with men from Newport Paynter, in Kentucky, the country adjoining the one from which I came, by the name of John J. Bell.

He was a man every inch of the ground a man little boy was named Jerry. He proposed that we go together, he pick up another family to make our ten.

He proposed that we go together, he pick up another family to make our ten,

On a ship we met with a man of authority, The man in action and six three of seven children, but the two of the older children were built like the men.

Bell joyfully little fellows to our very five boys.

They were on the ship in the same boat, in the same boat, while his wife was entirely out of her boat on the plains. They are good sized boys, but one of them too big to eat, the other one, Jack did fairly well.

As soon as we were on the train with wagons cover us, Jerry. Bell had child and him, a Mrs. Butler and their small child you could sleep in the wagon at the rest of us in the tent.

Then took the boat, I pitched the tent with the help of one of the others.

I remember that it was a very muddy, it had been rain, so that our first acquaintance with a camp life was not very flattering.

I went to the lumber, got wood for a fire. Eggs were cheap in Keokuk.

We bought some eggs, didn't want any but baked pancakes and felt like we had had a treat.

Bell and I worked together and the butter by ourselves, except when Mrs. J. Bell would come up and help them out.

After being crowded up on the boat for so long, it felt good to love plenty of wood and to be out and we enjoyed it to the full. After we gathered plenty of wood and water, we went fishing and hunting, no time for meals passed.

Some of the horses went off and we became anxious to be on the move, but were told that our little boat did not come, then came down in Missouri buying them and had to go another boat, then at the river, near our camp.

While we camped, we had a lot of us concluded that we could visit Nauvoo, Illinois, from which the Mormons have been driven seven years before.

One morning we started on the river to Montrose, then crossed the river on a ferry boat the same in Nauvoo.

We visited the rums of the Temple built by the Mormons, who had nearly finished it before they were driven away. In fact, quite a marvel of the big
men left, but proceeded the river to a set in the dedication. A few nights after it was dedicated it was poured.

The Mormon thing is, that the men which grove them out earned it, but I am afterwards told, that it was poured by orders from Brigham Young, so that the Gentiles could not have their secrets.

I visited the house that Joseph Smith built, as he said by direct revelation from God. He made his wife living there, but she had married again.

The tale was told that Brigham had no right to lead the church, that he was a false prophet. It might just as well have tried to turn the Mississippi river up to the sun, as I believe that. Caraffa was too strong, so after discussing around I went back to camp.

A few days later the cattle came and then the fun began. Mr. Kimball had been a trader in England, so when I went there, the cattle had picked out two poles of from which we chained together and called "Our team". We then picked out the yoke of oxen and drove them out of the corral and began to work them.

It was very hot in the sun, the cattle and never driven a team in their lives. They did not know the oxen and did not go on, nor take off a yoke. They could not get their oxen on the wagon tongue and it took lots of patience, as every one of us got to cut the cattle.

It was hard to do, and we were to camp here, some on one side and some on the other, as they never knew. I believe it is something that I could never understand.

Chapter 13

The Salt Lake City Tram

After ordering the cattle down, we set out on our journey, but not far. We had been camped and started on our long overland journey.

We were not a great distance from town, and we were near the wagon tongue, and after working the cattle for our civilization.

Each man was assigned to his oxen, so he was kind of leading and managing nearly to the Captain of his. And he, each one would be Captain of his oxen.

In the morning, every oxen Captain, called the Captain of ten and it was their business to see that they all met on the main road we all came into town together.

I believe the work consisted at the start, but before the journey was ended like all the rest of us.

The start was by the slow oxen yoke, getting the cattle used to the work, so we were very heavily loaded.

It was an unusual in the world to have oxen loaded, as they are in England, but we were very heavy. The leaders told us that we could not take this load, to not to throw off our burden, which was a large one of such for our clothing, so that I do not think we averaged sixty pounds per.

In the middle of the day, we stopped and made provision for the people, our clothing, and everything. In the morning, we were very heavily loaded.

The year of 1862 was very wet, but in low, so no soon round lots of mud and black. As we got into the camp, we were not very happy, the oxen wore out and some of us, so that the oxen were highly set up.

In the morning, the oxen, our cattle, were called up in the town, but it did not and was not worthy of being told.
Then some of the first men could get ashore and so could move to double teams one it was low water. In spite of the spring, they crossed several times in a day.

Sometimes in crossing a creek, the banks would be very steep on both sides, then there was no way to lever or pull them to the wheel or help push the team up out of the creek.

Going down, one could stand on the bank and lock the wheel or wheels, depending on the angle. Another way we would stand in the creek where the front wheels were roboted, we could unlock the hind wheels without stopping the wagon.

The lock was just a clock on the rope fastened to the wagon box and by observing the clock the wagon was unlocked.

To cross the Yellow Medicine River at Remington we had a bridge. After we were about a hundred miles west of Mankato, we began to improve. There was very little settlement on the road could follow the river.

We found plenty of water in a quill to shoot on the same hill turkeys, but did not catch any of them.

It was near Council Bluffs, owing to the swift and seemets getting getting better acquainted, to cook supper. At the last of June, the first stop of our overland journey was a stop off on the river, at Council Bluffs, Iowa, to cross the river.

At that point the river was six miles wide. Here we crossed the river in the hollow of the bank, and the boats were loaded with loads at the mouth of the river.

The settlement was made there under the presidency of George Hyde, and in 1851, Major Young called all the Saints in Pocatello. So, to come to see it must have been one of the first to.

Some time after they had gone the president changed the name of the town to Council Bluffs; because the boatmen that took the freight, and the hogs to the council, to the council, or to write them to go to the old fish.

Here we found some people and they crossed the river. We met some of the Indians, a lot of them, and the left Keokuk before us. They were Indians, and we went on further, their faith having called them.

One of the men who crossed Iowa with us, a lot decided to stop, among them John Dugan, and he went on up north with the help.

He was an old man and quite fine, but we went on and talked nearly all the way, and so we did.

He also expected his wife to meet him in Council Bluffs, but they did not. Conclusion to come to St. Louis.

It was a hard job to go in the river, and so no one could go further, and so we came in the river. It was a hard time going to St. Louis, to make a good passage and it was very hard to reach St. Louis. We also had a hard time, and so we came in the river.

I rode through the old town of St. Louis in safety, only to see my dear relative. It was a good time and it would be the time of my life.

In those days it was rare to cross the plains were called "Trains" either on trains. We were able to ride as we please. I understood that they were really in the train, and the time that there were no rails or wheel tracks, we settled down to sit and look around.

The ferry was to cross the river; and over the railroad bridge is now.
located. It was the worse kind of fever, because only one tree stood on the river bank on the American side.

The territory of Michele, lot then been organized and all the land west of the river belonged to the Indorees.

At last they came back with quite a snare of Indians on the east side of the river, and one day I sent a little boat, that ran out of it.

There was a big kick in the timber, but the stream was so high, that they could still cross the extreme edge of the shore to the other side of the river.

It was on the 14th of July before we got in touch of what we had over and up the tide, the Indians calling us to the ground beneath the river and the slough, so we cut it out of the way.

This was necessary, to keep one boat in the slough to ferry across it to the other bank in the main river.

There was only one boat with each boat, so that we met to do our own work taking the boat up the river as long far enough, that we could make a landing at the right place on the other side.

There were volunteers called for to see the boats on to line. I volunteered and was assigned to the boat in which I was in river. It took us ten days to ferry the thirty men across to the little town. It was not work, the river was high and the current strong, and four days on the long side.

I have remember since, that of the very crowded. We did not know the currents of the river, but eventually we were safe and we did not use the protection, that we could.

Fortunately there were no accidents; and on the 15th of July, we had the last boat across the river.

Here we found many difficulties were, one of us were bitten so badly, we could hardly see, and we were burned that could keep going away.

I should have asked that when we were organized that a division of the Guards was appointed and all sold men of sixteen or over were called for seven only.

We were divided into two sections, section one composed of all the able-bodied men to carry the light stuff; the old men and boys constituting the heavy men.

It was the notice of the light stuff to carry the stuff from the time we camped at night until eight o'clock and then were away in the morning, until we were picked up duty to start.

The night we were divided into two divisions, the first section going on duty at eight o'clock until twelve, and the second division from twelve until four in the morning.

CHAPTER VI

OR THE TIMES

Crowning along, our path rapidly worn very light, barely to keep the cattle from the river, which we were in the Indian territory, stricter rules and game rules were necessary.

The cattle had been driven to the east of the river and the first night across a river two to three hours, four in each watch until all the men on guard duty, then it commenced over at the end with the light stuff.

Now under Greenhouse, in cattle at night, but we never did. Sometimes they did not come to camp, sometimes quite a distance off, if the food was better.

As soon as we reached it, we cattle would be driven to a road then turned out to grass. As soon as one of those would speak to the mix, we would
bunch each up and sit down ourselves around them.

The only way the would be still until ten o'clock, when they could

get up and go to fishing.

If the night was rainy, or the sky clear, the sky, or a wind of Drizzle near,

they would get up earlier and often have to wait for eil. A wind of

such, to make a change a wind of a different sort than anything.

As a general rule it was not much trouble to get out the second watch, but

you would always have some delays in your watch, and then they had to

start their turn.

Our cattle could not travel on Sunday, unless we stopped Saturday,

night at a place we didn't need, then we would travel Sunday until we found good

food and water.

He said our cattle were our salvation, and as on ship board, we had

prayed for a ship, and we never prayed for God's blessing, then we had to

fight for it. If we never killed to hunt the best camping grounds,

then God helped for the greatest.

So our cattle were a good measure of judgment, always letting the cattle tell

up in the morning, after breakfast, before the noon low, or short according to

the law.

Our train consisted of thirty-three wagons drawn by two, three of oxen to

each, and one or two teams of oxen, and three and young, along with us. Part of

the time, the oxen were the oxen, and on a tole they were driven

heating.

There were about three hundred people in our train while on the lower side we

had about seven hundred acon. We also had salt, sugar, tea, coffee and other

things. At the time, I did not like either tea or caco, unless the water

was very hot, so we would use each wagon, so that we had some milk to use.

Our bread was baked in a stone oven, by putting some coals under the

kettle and some on top of the lid. When the bread was done, it was not such a hard

tack, but then the bread was wet or poor, or when we had to use salt and spices, (which

we often did) then making the hard job.

The oxen did the cooking and eating generally. In those days, we had no

great fun, but they were a place of work from one watching to the next. The

time was mixed in the morning, very night it was money to take. It was not

always good, but it was to go.

Our day would begin about five in the morning. It was a hot breakfast

morning, they gathered everything, roll the bed, and put it in the wagons. Then

make the bread, roll it up well, and when the sun and the heat fell to the

side of the wagon.

Then the oxen were "Get up, the cattle. The oxen herders would start them

toward the corn and would drive them in. They were then yoked and hitched

to the wagon and the load and would start out on the other ground line.

A corn was formed by dividing the oxen into two parts. In going into

corn, the Captain would select the spot and the load team would drive to a certain

place and stop. The next wagon would drive up so that the end of the wagon

was three to the high wind and of the wagon team.

The oxen would follow until the remainder upon the other end. The

eleven oxen would pull close up opposite another one and have a space of twenty or thirty feet between them. The other wagons would then

close up the other side, thus forming two half circles, with an opening at each end.

Then the oxen were driven to get up the cattle, the wagon tongues would be lifted

and pitched. The oxen to the mouth, thus forcing the fence, with some

the oxen would pull.

The tents were large, pitched and the fences built outside the circle.
This was done so that in case of an attack by the Indians, we could get behind the wagons and the first line would show us the attacking party.

Another kind of a corral was made by closing the front end, by having the wagons stop close together, leaving only one end open. Still another kind was made by driving strangers close together with the tongue on the outside.

This kind was only used when a train was attacked when on the move. We were never attacked and always counted like the first description.

Then we stopped at noon the cattle were not unshod but were unhitched and allowed to graze and we did not corral at noon, but stopped with the wagons strung out. Our noon meal was never much more than a lunch.

At night after we had corralled, the first thing to do was to get water and wood and get supper. We would pitch the tent and we who slept in the tents would make our beds on the ground.

After supper almost every night it would be bake bread and on a stormy night, this was anything but a pleasant job.

The watch would then be set, and some meetings held and usually by nine o'clock the entire camp was in bed. Next morning, it would be the same thing over and over again, much as the day before.

Sunday we held still in the tent was good. That was usually each day in the camp and if any of the cattle needed shoeing, on any blacksmithing or when growing to be done.

We usually had two or three meetings on Sunday and the rest of the day we spent in hunting, fishing or anything we cared to do, but the main thing was to let the cattle rest.

We started from the place where the city of Ogden now stands on the seventeenth day of July and two days later crossed the Elk Horn river on a rope ferry and camped on the Klamath bottom.

Several days later we crossed the Loop Fork on a rope ferry and it kept several of us, including mine, to keep the passage open for the boat.

We had now left civilization behind us and found the road good, except where we had to ford a creek. Food was plentiful and we could usually get all the wood we wanted from the Klamath river.

Our Cayton had gone over the route before, having gone out to Salt Lake and back. He had a guide book compiled by William Clayton, who crossed the plains with the pioneers in 1847.

This book gave the distance from point to point. Every creek was noted and whenever we saw "W. K. & T.," we knew it was good place to camp, the letters stood for Wadsworth and Timber.

The thermometer measured in 1847 by aroomometer and it was correct. When a storm of very much occurred, it was noted, as also were rocky roads or dangerous places in the mountains.

For the first two hundred miles, the rocks and stones were much alike, unless we encountered a river stream, until we got near Wolf River.

Here the first of our party died. His name was Marshall, he came from London and we about forty five years old. Poor fellow, he faded so long as we could, then lay quietly away in the wagon, feeling about till something hit crack water to death until he died.

We say his place on the bank of a small creek, which I think they called Charlotte Creek, the people all up in a mob and laid him down in his grave, how long we stay there will never be known. The country was full of wolves and they would come into the grave.

It appears our friends were to visit their grave, but to put him in the ground on the edge preecho and so on, leaving them possibly to carry up the bodies, one by one, as we, but it was the best that we could do.

After we were past the present town of Wasilla, wood
began to be scarce and finally failed altogether and for over one hundred miles, relied to walk only on the cattle chips for fuel.

We came to a point where a band of Kansa Indians asked a week after we left the river and we got further west center, and began to put corn.

A member of the band told us they had traveled a band of Siouxs for a good while west, and the other bands for another.

As the corn grown hardily, and no one except small children, sick folks and very delicate could want corn. Then we came to a creek, where corn would pull off our shoes and clothing on one side, and on the other side, both men and women, and later we came with this near the river.

After we were west of the fork of the Platte river the woods became very rare, the grass not so tall and in due time, we came in sight of Chiricahua Gap.

This gap was on the south side of North Platte river and at that time was visible for many miles. It looked very much like the chimney of a large factory.

This road is still traveled and it is just two miles south of the present town of Ogden, Utah.

Another day or two brought us to Scott's Bluff, also on the south side of the river, where we began to arrive at Fort Laramie. From here, we met our first Indians of the northern. Laramie Peak was the first we could see.

It was on the same range as Laramie Peak and the about a hundred and fifty miles northeast of us, then on to it.

It was on 16th of the treaty between my August 1868, we were about forty miles or more on our overland trip.

I shall have more to tell about Ft. Laramie later, so I will not say anything of it now, let me think as I went through it, but one of the most important events of my life, would occur at that place.

CHAPTER 12
CROSSING THE PLATTE RIVER.

To stop at Ogden or too at Ft. Laramie and then started on the best part of our long journey.

At this place we crossed the Platte river, the water coming up to the horse. The river was clear, with sandy bottom and the current very rapid.

After crossing the river, we followed the Oregon Trail on the east at Ft. Laramie.

I have found that there are a great many people who are confused as to the renting of these two trails, so I will briefly outline the two different trails.

The Old Oregon Trail started from St. Louis, Missouri, 2,000 miles in a northwesterly direction to Ft. Kearny, Wyoming. From there it followed the Platte river to Fort Laramie and then along the South Platte to about the present center of Colorado. It then went to the northwest along the Platte to the north Platte river.

It did not cross the river, but followed along the south side to Ft. Laramie, where it went almost west for hundreds miles and again crossed the Platte Platte river, at Independence Rock, near the South Platte to Ft. Laramie. From Ft. Laramie it went northward to Ogden.

The Old Oregon trail was as it was sometimes called the California Trail, started from the west to a place east, known as the Oregon country.

It followed the Platte and the north Platte a river, before the entire route, according to the route. From there, Fort, Laramie to Ogden, and follow a longer trail.
Ft. Bridger it followed the Oregon Trail.

Thereon the Oregon Trail continued to the north and west from Ft. Bridger, the Company branched to the north and west, through Echo Canyon to Salt Lake, then on to S. Pemby.

After leaving it, we went to the river and did not see it again for nearly a hundred miles. This was the pleasantest part of our entire trip. We rode可谓是, water, food and game plentiful. There was a good deal of gravel which made it necessary to move a good many of the cattle.

In about a week, we came to the little again and one Saturday night, crossed over the south of our creek. There was a fine rain of gold on the creek a short distance and the creek with the others got several licks of it.

We camped there for several days, cleaning cattle, washing, rocks and cleaning up generally.

Our cattle, known as the 34th regiment of our Contingent, were as a whole in good condition.

We had several times lost last had been stuck so often they had become walky and caused a lot of trouble.

The Captains of men to whom they belonged became discouraged and gave up the cattle and I was appointed to take his place.

For it was hard to make up the other towns belonging to the 34th regiment of cattle and we simply went through the valley without knowing much about what was going on there, being pretty close to the east.

The next time we left the little, I shall not forget. We had overaken three more of these, which were being driven through to California. Some one in our Company gave the men had it tied to the wagon.

The valley was so thick, that the men were had to almost stick over the slope to keep the valley dry.

During the night of the storm came up, thunder, lightning, wind, rain. I went out of our tent poles and pulled at the other end by firmly binding myself, or down to keep our tent upright. A good many of the tents were blown down.

After the storm had passed, it looked like a cyclone had hit us. Only thing to do, try to put it in the tent and over the night the tent was covered over by the men, but those braves tent they didn't used were wet.

After leaving the bank, we crossed over the north side of the 28th and left it entirely.

You have to travel across country, through sand, sagebrush, and should be the rest of your drive. This was the hardest part of our journey. And the good men were as good as could be. We had in certain places, we were compelled to stop a very long time to find a good place to stop. All in order our very plentiful and it required extreme vigarence to them to wait and get it, not very little of it would still. So some began to lose their cattle, that the trains ahead of us had lost.

I have said to say, about hunting, it only one move in the trail and although he to the excitement of the communities, we only killed two or three.

About this time, on the Electrodes, named Depoy in getting out of a river, while in action fell on, the man went over his leg, breaking it.

He was out of the situation, was fortunately had a man with us, who had some a doctor in, afterward, we got the instructed line, but he was unable to take the next of the day.

We went to Independence bank on the Electrodes River, which to get told the men General-scored, he stepped there on the course of July, some good cattle.

I'll remember that I told you in the beginning that I had seen the picture of this region before and I readily recognize it when we came to it.
CHAPTER IV.

[Page not visible.]

In the country south of the Green River, the country was very broken, not having much level land. There were some settlements in the region to the north of us. Behind the river, the land was broken and not suitable for agriculture. There were several people in the area. Those who did reside were isolated and lived in small communities. The climate was harsh, with long winters and short summers. The ground was often rocky and difficult to farm. People had to adapt to their environment and make do with what they had.
They could never vote even see the saw.
I think they took it about 9 o'clock the next day, and placed it on the child's lap.

In a few days, under his father's care, his voice was heard. A little girl was heard the next day. A voice could not survive his voice for more than a week.

He was a fine fellow, a bold man in all times, and nearly we lost him three times. He took a white coat and his sword across. This was rather a blow, as he had been away to sea. He was in the head of the ship and in the river for the next week.

We had a lot of service and service all alike. We had a lot on the ship, and one of the crew was a lad whose name was Black and Black's Fort. The ship was under sail on the 20th of December, 1849, and was a fine ship.

We were told to serve all alike, and we did. We had a lot of service, and service all alike. We had a lot of service, and service all alike.

We were told to serve all alike, and we did. We had a lot of service, and service all alike. We had a lot of service, and service all alike.

Our boat had gone down the river, and we had a lot of service, and service all alike. We had a lot of service, and service all alike.

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Our boat had gone down the river, and we had a lot of service, and service all alike. We had a lot of service, and service all alike.
The river flows to the east and south, meeting the Colorado River which flows north and west to the Gulf of California. The Colorado River flows through the Grand Canyon and the Black Hills of South Dakota.

As we entered the canyon, we saw the steep, rocky walls and the winding river. We continued up the river, passing through the Black Hills and the Badlands. The river winds through a series of canyons and valleys, creating a beautiful landscape.

The river flows through a series of waterfalls and rapids, offering a scenic route for boaters and rafters. We continued along the river, passing through the Black Hills National Forest.

As we reached the end of the canyon, we looked out over the magnificent view. The river flows gently through the valley, surrounded by mountains and forests. The water is crystal clear, and it is a wonderful place to relax and enjoy nature.

The river flows through a series of canyons and valleys, offering a beautiful landscape. As we continued along the river, we passed through the Black Hills National Forest and the Badlands National Park. The river flows through a series of waterfalls and rapids, creating a beautiful and serene route for boaters and rafters.
CHAPTER 14.
POINTP A Y IN UTAH.

On the sixth day of October, that being the centennial conference of the Church, we had occasion to see and hear some of the big men of the church.

To see the Lord President Young and the opinion I formed of him that day, I never had occasion to change.

He is so full of energy, he is so full of power and jealous, and the way he stands up and the way he spreads his power, we can see his influence to increase.

The talk has always in the positive end to the point and is struck to supply Mr. Young's answer.

We were appointed overseers of the territory in 1850, so that the fifth of October would expire in 1855. Then I arrived there, there was a sort of another Governor being appointed.

The question of the President and the people, if a Territorial Governor will be necessary. To wait things out, I knew his position that time that I feared it would be Governor of Utah, until the Lord Almighty shall say, and then you need a Governor no longer, then I will step aside and not before.

During that short winter, I got the Mountain Fever.

The living room burnt, no stove, and much of our clothing, not much to wear.

My clothes, worn in his eye, but he knew nothing about it. For three days I lay with fever, with no medicine, until I finally gave out the fever.

Just as I began to recover, Steve told a Mr. Wilson with very sick I had been and she began to bring in things to eat and to drink. I was at first well.

I have many others in the years that we worked and been asked the question, "Did I love the Mormon Church?" I have usually replied, "The Church of Polygamy." That was the way we were told, but I found out things about Mormonism, as it was practiced in Salt Lake City, which I did not like and which we are not taught in the Lord.

Looking back to that time, I know now that I am disappointed from the time I left there. At first I tried to make myself believe that I was not and that everything was as I had expected to find it, but I know now that I was not.

You will remember, I was only a child when I joined the church. I was so thoroughly impressed with their teachings and I am now I do not understand them and I later am.

I was the time I had joined the church, I had trouble of Butts which were always there in the back of my mind.

I am one of those who only believed that I could not be disappointed, but I found out in the end I was not disappointed.

There are times when I heard him say soon after I reached Salt Lake, "The Lord is in his house and is making, that he is with us in the Lord." In heaven, and when you are with the Lord.

At last I am.
There lies a time, when I read a book in the library and would throw and pull them at an enormous height.

In our company, a certain friend borrowed considerable money from a friend in France, leaving England, and after they ascend a hill, I found he could not say them and they continued to Edward, 1st. Mr. 1st.

The next day, in his absence, I brought up the matter and said, "If ever you come to Europe, you must not pay them, they are only your own." 1st.

That evening, Mr. Young disposed of my matter in that way, where we absolutely nothing that could be done.

This returned as a great deal. I thought if it continually occurred how to make myself believe that it was right and for a while I succeeded.

I could not keep at it and other things were continually coming up, until finally I began to doubt and after the first seeds of doubt were fairly planted, other things only helped to rest to 1st.

You will remember that in the beginning I told you that of a general conference in London in 1833, see the first time that I am not sure they were really present, but Mrs.

In the very first, however, I did not Miss the idea and I was divided in it after reaching Salt Lake, but more important than that just because that from the time I arrived there, I was engaged in the work of it.

In the fall of 1834, I hired out to work for Jacob Gates, he would recall the war to the captain crossing the plains.

He was to my attention following our north and I would.

On the 4th, the last he left in Salt Lake, had made

I loved to talk in a little and had taken him to Salt Lake

with her for several miles.

I then told him to write a contribution returning

that some time later, she had left with him and heavy her as

soon as he returned "a prayer for that they had done for

the Lord.

I am able to speak for her, I had a good chance to see

and help her. And I have kept I speak up on what that

I do not put one of it in a life.

Mr. Their motto was, "I don't want you, I am known work, a穿梭

American". Because it's not a "working man's" into the face, could

have shown that people would not love it on the "God's" and until

her to the house. The first two dates had been with the promis

and the world in sight of the 4th Mrs. Hunter, the first wife.

While I was there, the first Mrs. Hunter died with sudden

and in talking with her later, I said "isn't it odd about

Hunter's fort, death?" She said as I do which I shall

never, once I came in the room, there was not a "to think

so, then to God." I knew too that she meant.

Another one which was under my close observation was

that of the sick woman in nurses of the room who had

been to the cause, when I was recovering from the fever in the

winter I prayed the President of the "热潮" Church wrote a

letter to me.
It was the custom, when a man was at that time to get all the big men of the church into a polygamy so they could all hold together. 

Mr. Atchley was a nice fellow full of children running from twenty-one to a small baby. He thought a great deal of his wife and family and did not want to take a second wife.

Kaleb, a big, young, first-counselor sort of fellow, always hinted to him to take a second wife, but he would not take the hint. At first some said for him not to counsel him to take another wife and counsel from Kaleb was the same as a counsel. 

Mr. Atchley felt some one told him about it. They talked it over and he told her, that if she could, she would take a second wife, so she could let her pick out some for him. Some one who he thought would be suitable.

They had a young English girl working for them, when the children all liked, so the wife told him to marry her, that she would go as well as any one and he married her.

Mr. Atchley felt like her heart would break when she told him about it.

Another one she was the names of Love. I was walking one day over the little mountain. The town usually went to town on a Sunday to see the people and have some good fun.

Frank was in love with a young girl who expected to marry him and they seemed to think a great deal of him. 

One day when we went into the city, some one told Frank that his girl was married and gone. At first he did not believe it, but soon found out it was true.

A picture from the town had come to the city and asked for her and she was given to him and he had taken her to his home.

I have heard lots of men speak in my time, but I do not think I ever heard one as unfairer than Frank did and I did not believe him. It almost breaks him up.

I soon found out that the claim that there was no connection about polygamy was not true. The Mormon children were taught to "obey their parents."

He had five very little daughters and some one already married in church of them, he would go to bid him and make him come down.

If it be asked why all the daughters, and some one already married in church of them, he would go to bid him and make him come down.

"Is it known unto you, and shall it be said "If it is the Lord's will, he would say for the wife's sake and not for the children."

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If it be asked why all the daughters, and some one already married in church of them, he would go to bid him and make him come down.
In visiting Salt Lake City today, if you should a
through the Temple grounds, they will entertain you with
a talk on their religious and social customs. After questions.
During the tour you will not only hear about Polygamy.
In fact, I have found that a large majority of the people know
little or nothing about the Mormon religion, except that they
believe in and practice Polygamy.
They will tell you that Polygamy is no longer practiced,
but you cannot be one of them to confuse the practice, or
to wonder if it is not. They will just tell you that it
is no longer practiced among them.
I have often been asked if I thought it was still practiced
in Utah and in the church really practiced it.
I have a lot of trouble for we are and I have confined myself
to things that I know to be true in writing this history.
I do know that there are men in Utah today living with
more than one wife, but they were married before the Manifest
the act. Many of them had very young wives at that time
and they have continued to live with them and have raised large
families in Utah.
I know of people who have visited Utah very recently
and who do not want the present generation of Mormon
women to accept the Polygamy idea. They want their
children educated and they would not have their own mothers
marry.
Another thing they will tell you is, that never was there
more respect for the women than is practiced Polygamy. There
was a reason for that. Before a man could take a second wife
he had to get the consent of his first wife.
He must also have a certain amount, in other words,
he must be able to support more than one family. Before he
was allowed to have a second one, so that usually the richer
the man, the more wives he was likely to have.
Then I was in Utah from 1860 to 1880 it was almost
an hundred percent Mormon, but now the City is only about forty
three percent Mormon.
As the small settlements are almost a hundred percent
Mormon now, but in all the larger cities you will find many
Latter-day Saints, so they are still called and many of the Protestant
Churches, also the Catholic Church.

CHAPTER 15
SECRET TEMPLE IN THE TEMPLE.

In visiting Salt Lake City today, visitors are always
welcome to the Temple grounds and are very courteously
introduced by the usher at the entrance of the Temple.
They will be given a tour of the Temple.
They will be shown into it no one a seat for one in good standing
are allowed within the Temple.
In a number of centuries these in the cities. At that
time, the Temple was not even built, but the secret work
was done in the underground areas, with or the end and voice of secrecy.
They had Bazaar st. Here we enjoy the privacy for violating
such orders.
While I did not to thread to the Temple with ease, I was
always, on the edge, with my eyes open to learn all that I
could.
At that time 100% were almost one hundred percent Mormon, so that it was easier to hear of the secret workings, than it would be now.

I remember how as such as any one who has not been through the Temple,

The Mormons claim that their Temple is modeled after

King Solomon's Temple and "As Solomon's Temple was an holy Place to the Jews, so is the Mormon Temple to them."

Perhaps in no way do the Mormons differ more from other religious denominations, that in their idea of marriage and the family ties in the hereafter.

They believe that there is born in the future life for those to whom the doctrine of salvation did not come in this life. They believe that the Gospel is preached in the Spirit World, but that the outward ordinances of the Gospel, such as baptism, cannot be done without the living for the dead.

Such of their secret work in the Temple is for the Dead. Often times one person will be baptized in the name of another of his relatives, who are dead.

The Mormons reject the idea of One Heaven, where all who attain a certain degree of righteousness enjoy Eternal Bliss end of one degree of Eternal Perfection, to which all who fall short of this degree are inextricably destined.

They believe that all mankind will be resurrected, but that there will be different degrees of reward and glory; that Christ will reign over all according to his works, as in the writing of the Apostle Paul (1 Cor. 15:28) "there is one glory of the sun and another glory of the moon and another glory of the stars, for one star differeth from another star in glory.

So also is the resurrection of the dead."

For unto them a doctrine of eternal progression in which this life is but a brief and vital stage, and that the time once on this earth are continued in the hereafter.

Speaking of their Temple will give you a clearer insight into their beliefs along this line. "Tell them your favorite of written songs and why this family service, have I heard his song that I can sing, be only sing it now."

O Father, thou who dwellst

In the high and holy place,

And stand in the presence

And reign in thy Name?

To the devil's jubilation,

To the great one ride.

In a first world childhood,

Do I wander in the life?

In the heavens and beyond

Do I stand at great reason stone,

Truth is reason, Truth is reason

As I've a better there.

And I have this future existence.

And I've this future existence.

I've this future existence.

And I've this future existence.
And at length when I've accomplished
All you set me forth to do,
With your usual approbation,
Let me come and dwell with you.

The Mormons believe that no person can gain the Celestial Kingdom unless he be the wife of some men and the higher the man in the kingdom, the higher will he be in degree of glory.

There are tworones of men who are the sealed wives of Joseph Smith, and how Young and other men in the church, who are sealed to other men on earth.

In Heaven, they will be the Spiritual Wives of these big men and in a higher place in the Celestial Kingdom.

The practices of sealing wives, is still done in the Temple differ from other marriage ceremonies, as much as they claim to serve "For bliss and for eternity," while our ceremonies serve "Until death do us part."

They claim that the marriage is sealed for time and eternity, claiming the same over which Christ gave to his Apostle, saying: "I would that veil eternal on earth shall be sealed in heaven, and what sooner ye shall lose on earth shall be loosed in heaven."

One vineyard outside of the Temple are not sealed and are for "this life only." They recognize divorce, claiming that the new law that was the bonds, can loose them, but it is only rest and remove the grounds, that the Church Divorces are granted.

In this secret work in the Mormon Church none but the tried and faithful are admitted. As this work was formerly done in the Environement House, it was called "Their Environements."

At these enrolling meetings, men should be adopted into the families of the big men of the church, thereby insuring them a place in the Celestial Kingdom.

The man receives given a new name, which they never to reveal to any one, but I know one or while I was there the adopted into one of the big men's families. He undertook to call himself by that name, but was stopped and told that he could not use that name on earth.

Now this secret work of which I have written was claimed to have been given Joseph Smith by direct revelation from God and is not known in the Book of Mormon, as many believe.

None of this was ever preached in England, I never heard of it, until I reached Salt Lake City.

Peter G. Kimball was one of God's own counselors and I often heard of his preaching. One person which I have always been thoroughly deep the line that "a vessel should become like clay in the hands of the Potter."

He said "That would we think of a lump of clay, it would undertake to do itself, the Pottery the kind of a vessel he should be of it."

Peter G. Kimball was one of the men Whose Potter, working up a principle of the Potter, and if this principle would continue to do so clay in his hands, the Lord would continue to do more than anything else. But I am not like Peter G. Kimball, a man of a second. I am one of the big men there, and I know nothing like what Peter G. Kimball undertook in the church.
I was willing to have accepted such teaching, and to have believed it to be right, I would have had no trouble in working my way, but, with the things they taught and instructed me to do there, I could not believe they were right, and I could not logically follow them, as most of them did. At times they told me that the Lord had given them the believe that nothing would happen, and if we would only follow the Lord, we would be happy, as most of them did.

As time went on, the form of things seemed to change, and the people in the States, to Canada, and I never doubted any great love for the Government while I was there. It was a hard life with them, to talk about the expressions which they had uttered at the hands of the mobs in Jefferson and Illinois.

I heard S. Grant, who succeeded Ulysses S. Grant as the second president, telling about it one day in a sermon, say, "But, if the government is to bring those laborers to trial and punish them for driving the foreigners out of New York, Illinois and Jackson County, Missouri, and for the murder of Joseph and Emma Smith, then the time would come when, in so doing, would be triumphant in the United States."

And he ended his sermon by saying, "God bless our friends, wherever they are, but cast all our enemies." I have cut out of the paper that there is a branch of the priesthood, called the Brethren. It is in their business to bless both souls and bodies, and they are supposed to speak as the spirit gives them utterance.

They prepared me to receive all kinds of things in the name of the Lord and the faith in them got a hard knock, when I saw one of their predictions utterly fail.

In 1863 a prophet was born to me, Platt, formerly Ellis, Ketter, the most remarkable son of our party from home.

Petrie Custer Hyde, blessed the baby and told that a doctor's future existed in the world; said that it could live, to a great extent, in the world where it is at will.

In the spring of 1863, I was at Platt's house and stayed all day. Toward evening, I noticed the child was not anything as it should, but at that time, I knew nothing about medicine.

I did not try such attention to it at first, but it kept getting worse, until the terrible whimpering aise, which always accompanied tremendous storms set in.

I ordered to be brought and the child could be seen at once that the child was very sick. At the request of the father I left my book on it and went over it.

It was useless, the child continued to get worse and the father took the book to get an old lady to come and see if she could do anything for it. While she was gone, the child died in my arms, the father being too excited to hold it.

Then the doctor returned, I told him the child was dead.

She said, "I have the book, for if Custer Hyde said the child lived to be in the church," and looking at me, seeing me in a fit, she added: "I believe the child as dead.

After that I was no more such a child in Patriarchal Pleasure.
In 1860 President Pierce appointed Colonel Stephen J. 
Stetson of the 16th Army to be Governor of Utah Territory 
and gave him permission of three companies of infantry to 
ensue him to assist the office.

They arrived in Salt Lake in the fall of the same year, 
but Looms refused to surrender the office. Colonel Stetson 
after investigating things, found the Torge he had with 
him entirely too small to cope with the auuoo ordinance. 
He refused to surrender the office and sent his resignation to 
Territorial, where it was accepted and he was ordered to go 
on to California in the spring.

The soldiers were quartered in Barracks, about three 
bloss north-east of the Temple square, all winter.

It was customary on the Barracks to surround the heads 
of the Church with a low wire, of which they had a very good 
one, on Christmas Eve.

While they were playing in front of J. Grant's house, 
one of the soldiers in the crowd listening, made some remark 
that did not suit the Mormons.

The Mormons knocked one of the soldiers down and 
that started a fight. A big crowd soon gathered about a 
bloch south of the Temple Square. The soldiers came running 
up from the Barracks.

About that time, the General Grant and some of Joseph's 
boys came riding in. They rode their horses up among 
the soldiers and with their clubs of their rifles knocked down 
soldiers as fast as you could count.

The soldiers one up and a few shots were fired. By 
that time the officers arrived and ordered the soldiers to 
their barracks and the fight was stopped.

The Mayor J. Grant ordered the Captain to keep his soldiers 
off the streets. The auuoo ordinance was called out and in a 
very short time martial law was in force.

It was bitter still for the soldiers to swallow, but they 
had to take it. The Mormons only wanted some good excuse to 
have cleaned them out.

Among the officers stationed there that winter was Captain 
Jesus Kimball who afterward became Quartermaster General of 
the United States Army. Then the soldiers left in the spring, 
they took on or five Mormon girls with them.

As that time, there was not a House of prostitution 
existing house or school in all Utah. It is true that whiskey 
could be bought. "A Soldier has charge of it, but nothing 
ever in order for a Man House ought to be.

You can see that Kamm was absolute dictator in everything.

It was an unwritten law at that time, that "he who 
selected his wife's only daughter, should die for her 
interest relished should with him."

At that time the Mormons were prosperous and teetotal. 
He was not allowed to go to a dance or any social gathering, nor 
to speak to a Mormon girl.

It was a standing order if a man joined the church "don't 
let him marry any of your girls, until he has removed and 
sent for them and move it self, why."

In 1862 President Lincoln signed the Homestead Act to 
be called the "Grant Act", and I soon found that 
and been to the north, and it meant the same was coming to be sent
I said in the beginning of this narrative, that all the Presidents of the London Conference up to the time, I left England later left the church.

Joseph Smith, who was President in 1847 and 1848 left the church and went to California in 1851. John Hanks who was President in 1849, rebelled against Young in 1857 and was killed.

Joseph Granger, the President in 1850 left Utah in 1866 and was killed on the plains. I will tell more of his death later.

Eliz. Kelly, the President in 1866 rebelled against Young and with 27 others started an edition paper; called the Salt Lake Times or Herald, which is still published in Salt Lake City.

James B. Jordan, the President in 1855 left the church on account of Polygamy.

B. Young was such a part of the Mormon religion as a person meeting. A fence was always opened and closed with order and no round dances were allowed.

The Mansion was favorite place for meeting, and the temple built in Salt Lake in the 1850's, is still standing. It was a meeting place close to the place and no lay were allowed to be shown until it had his approval.

In the early years of Salt Lake City, it was one of the most beautifully cities in the United States, with the nice streets, beautiful front and houses.

Then the 1st pres. gave orders there to be 100 rooms immediately started to lay out the city. It was built on the east side of the valley, near the mountains.

It consisted of nineteen wards. Each ward except the eighteenth and nineteenth, contained ten acres. They were divided into eight lots, four on each side of the block running due to the center.

At the time there were no two blocks facing each other. The next block would have four lots facing north and south. The next block to the north and south would have four lots facing east and west. At that time, there were schools in all the wards.

The streets were a hundred and twenty feet wide and on each side of the street was a water ditch for irrigation.

Young claimed to have been the "Father of Education." One of the first things he did upon entering the valley was to build schools and libraries; although they were not much like our modern ones or libraries, the present system is not what he put over there and installed them in 1857.

The newspaper was first printed in the city, one firm also has been in charge with them.

The church organization in Salt Lake was complete. First the Pond epic is 1898, one of the most famous who.

The Episcopacy was the Bishop or the Bishop in California, who was helped by the Presidencies, then the Bishop died early in 1859 and then John Granger was installed in his place.

The early years of the Nibley families, who had not long been here the whole church and she were "traveling" west of the Nibley.

In the spring of 1860, President Young, over Thirty-three

By the time, who were searching the Zion, the Saints, Zions were created. Each of these was made up of a president, the people and so on. Then three or four were president, but

And these men are now seven, one in the state of the state.
We had always been taught in England that a direct revelation from God was necessary before a person could be exalted to the Priesthood, but I found this was not true.

The Elder Young was present at a conference in England, where he was told that the Priesthood had been restored to theEarth. Elder Young was present at the conference, and all those who were necessary were to send their authorization.

I was not only not among them. In the winter of 1834 John Beverley, president of the Elders, told me that I had been called to the Presidency of the Church in England, and I was appointed to the position.

I made sure that the brethren had been made aware of the situation, so that I made a new revelation, and that kept me busy most of the winter. I suppose that one of my writings will always remain a part of the Church Records in the Temple.

Then the idea came to me, either himself or his immediate associates, for anything that might be preached that did not emanate from the proper authorities and to take steps to stop it.

There was a certain Elder named Cooley, who talked a good deal about the Resurrection and had some views which did not suit them.

One morning just before services opened in the conference, Elder Young came and asked, "Is Brother Cooley in the conference?"

Cooley answered, "Yes, but he is not on the platform."

Elder Young then asked, "Does he talk about the Resurrection?"

Cooley answered, "Yes, he has talked about it, but he has not preached it.

Then he said, "Young, come here, and ask him if he has ever preached it anywhere else." He went and said, "Young, come here, and ask him if he has ever preached it anywhere else."

Elder Young then asked, "Young, come here, and ask him if he has ever preached it anywhere else."

Elder Young then asked, "Young, come here, and ask him if he has ever preached it anywhere else."
I have tried to be fair, to give both the good side of their religion with the other.

Most writers have taken a decided stand either for or against. Many things that have been written, which I have not mentioned. Most of these things, I have heard many times but in this, I have confined myself strictly to the things which came under my personal observations.

They tell us that the impressions formed in childhood remain with us through life. Many of the teachings of the Mormon church, which I learned and so devoutly believed in my youth, I still believe, but many of them I do not believe.

As a whole, I consider the Mormon people a kind hearted and generous class of people. That they were sincere in their belief, is plainly shown by the sufferings they endured in crossing the plains and settling up of the valley.

It is quite possible, had I remained in England, I might still believe as I did when a child; that the Mormon Church was the only church that was right.

However, I have lived long enough, that I have come to believe that no particular denomination have a monopoly on heaven. All are striving for the same heaven. There is good to be found in all churches and good and bad people in all of them.

CHAPTER 17

WINTER IN BRIGHAM CITY

I will again take up my personal narrative. After I quit working for Jacob Gates in October 1853, I went to work for a man named Zennifer, hauling wood from the West Mountain.

It took two entire days to make the trip. I had to get an early start to get back to town before dark the next night.

The first day, I would get upon the mountain and get the load cut and down into the canyon to camp, as there was no place we could double teams.

I hauled alone and one day, something hindered me from getting an early start. Night came on while I was still on the mountain. Not having my wood all cut, I decided to stay on the mountain all night.

I worked until dark, then turned the oxen loose to graze, without taking off their yokes. I built a big fire and got plenty of wood to keep it burning all night.

It was very late before I went to sleep, but finally did. Toward morning I was awakened by the oxen coming to the wagon on the run.

I heard some animal, evidently a large one crashing through the brush after the cattle. I sprung up and began to stir the fire and soon had a good blaze. Whatever animal it was stopped, but I could still hear the brush crack, but it was getting farther away.

I did not sleep any more that night, but kept the fire bright and was glad when morning came. I have no doubt that it was either a grizzly bear or a mountain lion and I had nothing but an ax with which to protect myself.

When I reached the city I told Hennifer, that I would haul no more wood and I did not, but worked for my board doing chores that winter.

In the spring of 1855, I bought a yoke of oxen and in about a month one of them died. That spring, the grass hoppers came early and ate up almost every-thing, they did not leave until June.

I saw Mr. Wayment and he said that he was going to plant some corn and potatoes. The wheat and all been eaten. He said if I would let him use my ox, he would let me have some ground for corn and potatoes and I did.

Everybody was discouraged. The hoppers had eaten practically everything and it looked like famine.

There was absolutely no work in the city. Late in the summer, hearing that
times were better at Brigham City, about sixty miles north, I walked up there and went to work for a blacksmith, named Williams, who had crossed the sea and plains with us.

He only had work for me part of the time and in October, there was a man going to the city with a team and I went with him.

The first thing that Waterman's folks asked me was, "Have I come to dig my potatoes?" I had forgotten all about them, as I never expected them to do any good, but I found that I had at least twenty bushels of good potatoes and some corn fodder.

I cut up the corn and put it in a pen and hired the man with whom I had come to the city to haul my potatoes back on shares.

I bought a new coat and some other things which I needed and returned to Brigham City.

Soon after that John Bignell and family came up there looking for work. There was very little work and no empty houses. Williams took them in and we all wintered together. I think if it had not been for my potatoes, we would have starved.

Winter set in early, snow falling the middle of November and continued until the next March. It was hard getting wood, but as Williams must have charcoal, I climbed the mountains cut down oaks and rolled them down the mountain side.

As winter advanced, the snow got deeper and for a time we could not get to the mill. We had to grind wheat in a coffee mill and make bread out of the meal just as it was.

Just to show how hungry we became; there was a lot of cattle broke through the ice on Bear River and when work reached town, nearly all the men started down to get the cattle out to eat.

Bignell and I each got a quarter and we thought it was the best beef we had ever eaten; but we were so hungry, anything would have tasted good.

A lot of us formed a theatrical company and learned some plays, got up dances, played cards; anything to kill time and anxiously waited for spring.

Lorenzo now was President of the Stake of Zion and I became intimately acquainted with him. All the dances and plays were held at his house. He had a large house, had two or three wives with him there, but the one which came from England was in Salt Lake. A man named Harvey Pierce was Bishop, but I heard that he later left and went to California.

Mr. Bignell and I used to sit and talk things over many times. I was utterly disgusted with myself and everything else. I felt that I had enough of Salt Lake and he felt the same way.

About this time, I made another trip to Salt Lake, walking it in a day and half, but as the snow was on the ground I became snow blind and could not see for two days.

On the way down, I sold my fodder, and the man was to pay me in the spring.

I was in the city over Sunday and went with an old acquaintance to the Tabernacle. Kimball preached and all his talk was in denouncing those who were going to leave, as many were preparing to do as soon as the grass started.

He said "No one but horse thieves and murderers would leave". I turned to my companion and said "He's a liar". I guess my companion thought I had gone crazy, for to dispute one of the big man's words was sacrilege.

Next morning I returned to Brigham City and we began to make preparations to leave. Bignell had a yoke of cattle and a man named Palmer had a good wagon.

He wanted to leave, so they joined together.

I had very little of anything, but they wanted me to go with them and I did.

My clothes were nearly worn out, but I had a little wheat that I had been saving for seed. I took it to the mill and had it ground into flour and we used
it on the journey.

About this time, the church herd of cattle that had wintered in Cache Valley were driven south. Now the man in charge of this herd was a man, whom I had always been told was one of the Destroying Angels.

Just north of the city, one of Bignell's cattle was down at the creek drinking; when they came along. They unyoked one of their poor oxen and yoked up Bignell's and drove south with it.

In the evening some men told us about it. We got a reprieve and before day light started and overtook them as they were ready to start.

The officer told this man what we were after. He said "If you can find the ox you can have it", but it had gone back to its mate in the night. We did not find it and when the man began to taunt Bignell.

Bignell told him if he would take off his pistol belt and meet him on equal ground, he would shoot him, but this fellow would not do it. Without his gun he was no man at all.

After that we had no peace. I had a hog that we were going to butcher. They came on to me for twenty dollars to kill it. It was a put up job but they took my hog. I also had a lot in Brigham City and had dug my water ditch; they took that, even my pick and about everything I had.

The night before we left Brigham City, I went to a meeting. It was a fellowship meeting. I got up and told them that we had paid everything they had demanded of us, justly or unjustly. That we were going to leave in the morning, but we were neither horse thieves or murderers; that we had our guns with us and should always keep them loaded and if any one attempted to follow us, we would never say "Halt", but would shoot at sight, and with that I left the meeting.

The next morning we started. We only had one yoke of oxen but our load was light. We had been in Zion long enough to wear out about everything we had taken with us. We had nothing except a little flour, not enough to take us halfway back.

Bignell had a little tea and a few other things, but altogether we were in a very poor plight to start on that long overland journey. Personally I did not care.

I was utterly reckless. My faith was shattered and I did not care whether I lived or died.

We knew that in all probabilities we would go hungry before we could get anything, but we were going anyway.

About the twelfth day of April we left Brigham City for Salt Lake, which we reached three days later.

On our way down stopped to get hay for my fodder but the fellow said he could not pay me. Finally he gave me about ten or fifteen pounds of beef.

CHAPTER 18
BACK TO GOD’S COUNTRY

Before starting on our journey back to the States or "Gode Country" as we called it, I will give you a description of our party.

John Bignell and his wife and little girl, the little boy they had when we went out having been drowned; and the little girl was born while they were in Utah. There was also James Pallin wife, and two children and myself.

The wagon would not hold all of us to sleep, so I had to sleep on the ground un on the wagon, rain or snow, ice or mud, it was all the same.

We only had one yoke of oxen and they were poor, so that we men had to walk, except when we rode in crossing rivers.

We left Salt Lake City about the fifteenth day of April and got over the little
mountain. We were told that there war twelve or fifteen wagons camped there going east, under the leadership of John S. Davenport, but they had gone before we arrived.

The next day we reached big mountain and although there were a lot of missionaries going east, one of them would double with us.

Near the top of the mountain, it was very steep. It was all we could do to get the empty wagon up. We had to carry everything on our backs a little ways, then go back and push the wagon, then carry a little farther and push the wagon until we reached the top.

While we were doing this a four horse team came along and stopping //// to let their horses rest, Judge Kimney said "Boys where are you going?" and I told him "Back to God's Country if we can get there".

He said "Why don't you get some of these fellows to double with you" and I told him "Because they were Saints and we were not."

He said "Well boys, here are the last of the United States officers leaving Utah, they have run us out at last. Goodbye and I hope you get through safely", but I know that he doubted if we would.

When we reached the top of the mountain and had our things loaded in the wagon, we stopped to take one last look at the valley, but with what different feelings, then when we got our first good glance.

We started down the mountain. Near the summit was a big bank of snow, but the road was well broken. When we were about a hundred yards down the hill, one of the wagon tires broke and came off.

This brought us to a sudden stop. We found the only thing we could do, was to take the tire back to the city.

We were all tired, so turned the cattle out to pick what they could find. After resting until nine or ten of clock P.M. I and I carried the tire back to the city.

We reached the city before daylight and crawled into an empty covered wagon, that stood in the street and rested until day light.

We called the blacksmith and had the tire welded and started back, making much better time than coming down, as we could now roll the tire on smooth ground.

We reached our camp, about seventeen miles before noon and found they had dinner ready. Biggell had wood ready to heat the tire. We soon had it on and started down the hill, reaching the bottom in safety.

As soon as we found feed we camped.

We traveled over the same ground, we had gone in 1853. Then we were full of hope and faith, but now we had neither and felt that we would be lucky indeed if we reached civilization.

On the last day of April, we camped on Green river and the next morning, the first day of May, a bucket of water, which we had left by the fire was frozen solid.

A few days later, toward night, it began to snow and as the Sandy river was near the road, we turned off and going to the river bottom, ran into the Davenport camp, where they had been resting for a day or two, as the feed was good.

Next morning they hitched up and started on, but we concluded to rest a day, as we were still alone, but it was there that I first saw my future wife.

Bignell shot a goose and we had a feast. The next day we started on and the night after, camped just east of the South Pass on a big slough. Here we shot a lot of ducks. We had some for supper and put the rest in the kettle and set it on the fire when we went to bed, so that it would be ready in the morning.

It was a bright moonlight night and about midnight Bignell called to me, "Steb (he always called me that) isn't there something at the kettle?" I was under the wagon rolled up in a buffalo robe and his little dog slept on the robe
at my feet and I had the rifle rolled up with me.

I looked out there and there not ten feet from me, was a big white mountain wolf. I told Bignell, that it was a big wolf.

I pulled the rifle from under the robe with one hand, holding the dog with the other. There was a string on the guard and in some way it had gotten wound around the set trigger and when I pulled the trigger, the gun would not go off.

Finding that I could not loosen it with one hand, I let go of the dog, who then bounded out at the wolf and drove it away. Had I held the dog a few moments longer, Bignell would have shot the wolf from the wagon with my shot gun.

I crawled back under the wagon, but did not sleep very much the rest of the night.

We started to take a cut off the next day, because the roads were better.

The Davenports had camped on the Sweetwater the night, six or seven miles from us. The next night they camped before we did, going south of the road to get feed, while we camped almost in the road, near a big gulley.

In the night Bignell called to me that he thought it was snowing and did I see anything of the cattle.

I threw the robe off my face and a lot of snow fell on my face. The snow was five or six inches deep, but the cattle had gone into the gulley and were close up to the wagon, protected from the storm.

We waited for the Davenport's to overtake us the next morning, but their cattle had run off in the night. They found them ten or fifteen miles away, so we went alone.

The next day, we heard there was a French trader, a few miles ahead of us.

We arrived getting into Indian Territory and Bignell proposed that I go ahead and ask the Frenchman if we could travel with him. He said he would be glad to have us, but said we had better cross the river that night, as it was rising fast.

I started back expecting to meet the wagon in two or three miles, but kept on until dark and found them not far from where I had left them.

They had hired in the slough and had to carry the women and children and everything in the wagon to dry ground. Then they had to dig and pry the wagon out and had just started when I got back.

While they were stuck the Davenport's came up and hunted a better crossing. That night we camped close together. In the morning we joined with them and traveled the rest of the way with them, but we had traveled over three hundred miles alone.

The next night we camped near Independence Rock.

In two or three days we reached the North Platte River, but found it too high to cross. We went down the river, to where a man had built a bridge. I think he charged us a dollar for crossing the river.

At this place we learned that the Cheyenne Indians were on the war path and four companies of United States Calvary camped.

The Captain told us, we had better go on now, said that the Frenchman would not go until more wagons came.

We told him that we were almost out of provisions and that we must go on Indians or no Indians. I think they let us have some flour and told us, when we reached Ft. Laramie to go to the Colonel in Command and he would give us enough to last us until we reached Ft. Kearney.

Thanking Captain Heath, we started on and the first night out set a guard and kept it up until we reached Ft. Laramie.

The second night, just as we camped, two Mexicans came into camp on foot and in Spanish asked for bread. Mrs. John Davenport had been in California and had learned a few words in Spanish and she understood them, when they asked for Pan.

We gave them some bread and after looking around they started to leave.
John Davenport called us together and said "Boys, I believe these men are spies, and in by the Indians to see how strong we are and how well armed." He suggested that we take them prisoners to take them with us to Fort Laramie.

That would make extra guard, as some one would have to stand guard over them all the time.

We saw that his idea was very feasible, so we surrounded them and with signs and what little Spanish Mr. Davenport knew, we made them understand they were prisoners and that we would shoot them if they made any attempt to leave.

In this manner we marched them until we were within fifteen miles of Fort Laramie, where we met another company of Cavalry and the Mexicans managed to get away and we saw no more of them.

I firmly believe had they gotten away that first night the Indians would most likely have killed us before morning.

There were only about fifteen or twenty men and boys all told in our party. We were poorly armed and short of ammunition and I have always thought that we owed our lives to John Davenport's good judgement at that time.

The next day we reached Fort Laramie and on applying to the Colonel for help, he ordered the Quartermaster to issue us sufficient rations to carry us to Fort Kearney, about two hundred and seventy-five miles east.
CHAPTER 19

LIFE AT FORT LARAMIE

In looking around the Fort, I passed the Sutler's Store and a man asked me if I did not want a job. I asked him what kind of a job and he said "Cook for the Sutler's".

I told him that I did not know enough about cooking to undertake the job. He said that he would stay a few days and teach me enough, so that I could get along, he said they were not particular.

He wanted to go to Cincinnati, but they would not let him go, until he found some one to take his place. I finally told him, that I would stay.

After all that I had gone through in the last three years, I thought twenty five dollars a month with board and lodging mighty good pay.

I went down to the camp and got my gun and what few belongings I had and gave my reasons to Bignell. I bid them all Goodby, wished them the best of luck and went back to the Fort and began to cook.

After we joined the Davenport train, I found they had a young girl about seventeen years old, named Melissa with them. She was a younger sister of John S. Davenport.

She was the only girl in the train and I was the only boy of near her age. We soon became acquainted and in a very short time were the best of friends. On the plains day after day and especially where there was danger small sides, it did not take us very long to feel like we knew each other well.

Her father took a strong dislike to me from the very first and tried in every way to keep us from speaking.

Youth was much the same then as now, and the harder they tried to keep us apart, the more we tried to be together.

After I decided to stay at the Fort and just before the camp moved on, I went down to bid her Goodby. I found that she was not there. She and Mrs. Fielin had gone to the Fort to bid me goodby, she having heard that I was going no farther.

I met them coming back from the Fort and asked her where her folks were going and she answered to "Florence, Nebraska" I told her that I would write to her and when I came back to the states would come and see her.

She said she would be glad to see me and so we parted, little thinking that the next time we met, it would be near the same spot.

The next morning, they started on east and I was left among strangers.

I now for the first time in over a year, had the pleasure of sleeping in a bed.

After lying on the ground or floor, with nothing but a blanket or buffalo robe, a real bed surely felt good.

I had been half starved for so long that I felt almost like I was in Heaven for a while after I stumped at the Fort.

Fort Laramie was built in 1847 and was on the northwest bank of the Laramie River, about a mile above where it emptied into the Platte.

At that time, in the summer of 1856, the Fort was garrisoned by Four Companies of the sixth Infantry.

Colonel Hoffman was the Commander of the Fort and Captains-Lowell, Ketchum, and Poste, and First Lieutenant Caslin, commanded the Companies. John C. Kelton was Adjutant and assistant Quartermaster General.

Doctors Page and Getty were the Surgeons and Reverend Mr. Vaux was the Chaplin.

Of these, Colonel Hoffman later became General and commanded on Governor Island in New York Harbor. Caslin also became a General and Kelton became
Adjutant General of the United States Army and I read in one of the papers
later, that Lovell joined the Confederacy and was in Command at New Orleans
when it was captured by Ben Butler.

Tutt and Doudgherty were the Sutler's. The store was built outside the Fort,
so that you need not pass the guard to get in.

The store was a two story building about seventy feet long and sixteen feet
wide. The store room was in the south end, the kitchen in the north and the
Sutler's living rooms in the center.

The hospital was still further away to the northeast and the Chaplin
lived outside the Fort.

I soon found a man at the Fort, who had come from a neighboring town in
England. His name was Sam Covington and I had known his folks in Salt Lake.

He was cook for the Colonel, so that whenever I wanted to know anything about
cooking, he would either tell me or show me how it was done.

I had very little trouble, however as they were not particular. I did not
have to bake bread, as they had a Post Bakery.

We had fresh meat nearly every day. The Indians would bring in buffalo
and Antelope meat, so that we lived well.

It took some time to become accustomed to the noise the Indians made.

There was always a lot of them camped near the Fort and they would keep up their
dances and noise most of the night.

I had to milk two cows many times. I would have to drive the wolves out
of the cowyard.

About a month after I stopped at the Fort, Mr. Tutt brought a man in to dinner.

As soon as I saw him, I recognized him. He was the man whom you will remember,
I told you was called "One of the Destroying Angels" and was the same person who
had driven Brigham's ox south from Brigham City. He did not remember me. He said
that he was going to the Missouri River, but I thought then, that he was on some
other business.

A few days later a team drove up to the store door and I saw that it was
Thomas Marygotts, the man who had been President of the London Conference and whom
I had known in England.

In talking with him, I found that he had left Salt Lake for good. He had
a wife with him, but not the one he had in England. There was another man, wife
and a small child with him.

They were out of provisions; so I told him to apply to the Colonel. I also
told him that this man had passed the Fort a few days before and for them to be
on their guard.

Marygotts had been through the Endowment House and knew all the sacred workings
of the Mormons. He was a good talker and a dangerous man for the Mormons to
allow to leave.

He thanked me for the information and got his rations. I had them goodbye
and was the last man, who knew him that ever saw him alive.

A soldier whose time was out started from the Fort with them. He hunted a
good deal on the road and one day, when about two hundred miles down the river,
he shot a deer.

It was nearly night, so he took part of it to where they were camped and
went back over the hill for the rest.

When he came in sight of the camp, he saw that the wagon was on fire and
in the distance some men riding away on horses.

When he reached the camp, he saw that all five had been killed. The child
had evidently been picked up by its feet and its brains beaten out on the wagon
tire. The balance had been scalped to make it appear to be the work of the Indians.

The soldier, being left alone made his way on foot to Ft. Kearney, but
soon met a westbound train of Mormon Emigrants and told them of the tragedy and
they stopped and buried the bodies.

That same year A. W. Babbit, who was delegate from Utah Territory to the U. S. Congress, was killed not far from the place, where the Margettes were killed and a few days later this same man again at dinner at the Fort.

During dinner, he asked Mr. Tutt, "When did Babbit pass?" Mr. Tutt told him that Babbit had not passed and this man replied "I'll bet the Indians have gotten his scalp". He said that when he was down the river a few days before, he saw a flock of buzzards circling around and he bet they had picked his bones.

I have said very little of the work of the Destroying Angels. Other writers have told many stories of their deeds, but knowing this man as I did, it seemed strange to me, that both these crimes should have been committed when he was in that vicinity.

I have always firmly believed, that had I been through the Endowment House, I would never have been allowed to leave, but they did not think I knew enough of their secret workings to try to prevent me from leaving.

CHAPTER 20

I STEAL MY BRIDE FROM A MORMON CAMP

In September the Mormon Emigrants began to pass the Fort. That year they had adopted a new scheme. That was to have handcarts and the people walked and pulled or pushed what little baggage they had.

There was a certain number to each handcart and they were called The Handcart Trains. They had a few wagons along to haul the provisions and tents.

This was by far the hardest method of travel ever used on the plains but only goes to prove what people can and will do, if their faith is strong enough.

One day I was down at the crossing of the Platte and a number of the soldiers were down there. It was quite a sight to them to see the women wade the river, between two or three feet deep.

Mr. Tutt was down there. He always rode a white mule and carried his holster strapped to his saddle.

A company were crossing the river and had all gotten over except one old lady. One of the officers told her to wade across and she replied that "she was afraid". He told two of the Mormon men to go over and lead her across and added "When you get her in the middle, duck her".

The soldiers fired up at that and began to smoke ready for a fight, but the men lead her across all right.

It was a good thing they did, because Mr. Tutt told me afterward, that the moment they had ducked that old lady, he would have shot the man who ordered her ducked.

Some people whom I had known in England were in one of the trains and were in a bad way. One young fellow had worn his shoes entirely out and as I knew they would get caught in the snow before they reached their destination, I pulled off my shoes and gave them to him.

Another one begged for some sugar and a little tea and he got both. These men afterward left Salt Lake. One returned to England, the other lived near Glenwood, Iowa some years ago.

I asked one of the leaders if they had not started too late and if he did not think they would suffer before they reached their destination? He replied "No, the Lord will take care of his Saints" but many of them died on the Sweetwater.

A bad storm came up and a good many of them froze to death. There was nothing except rocks where they died, so they piled the bodies in a heap, cut willows and laid over them and rocks on top of all.
The driver of the mail, which left Salt Lake, October first of that year, told me that when he passed the place, the wolves had torn away the rocks and eaten the bodies and the bones were scattered around.

Who will say that these poor people did not believe their religion and die the death of martyrs?

About the middle of September a company of Mormon Elders came into the Fort. They did not travel with handcarts but had good horse and mule teams and could make good time.

Among the number was William H. Kimball, the eldest son of Heber C. Kimball. His first wife was the oldest sister of John S. Davenport and a sister of the girl with whom I had crossed the plains.

He got drunk at the Fort and Mr. Tutt asked him to dinner. He talked so much at the table, that the others excused themselves and went into the store, leaving him to finish his dinner alone.

I knew him, but he did not know me, so I began to ask him questions and all about the Davenports. He told me that John S. was down on the Missouri bottom with his father-in-law, and that the old man was at Florence, Nebraska.

I asked him where the daughter Malissa was? It was now over four months since I had said goodbye and I had heard nothing from her.

He told me that she was on her way back to Salt Lake, that her father thought it best for her to return. I asked a great many questions and managed to find out, that she was in a company in charge of a man named William Woodward.

By that time he had finished his dinner and his companions had a hard time getting him started.

My friend Sam Covington had obtained permission just before I reached the Fort to get married. When I told him that "My girl," as I called her was on her way back to Utah, he asked why I did not get her to stop at the fort.

He said that he knew she could get a place to work for Mrs. Page, or that she could stay with them until I was ready to go east.

I thought it over. I knew that her father was sending her back to Utah, thinking that I would not stop long at the Fort, but would soon be around Florence to see her.

I kept posted on where the different trains were. One day I learned that this particular train had crossed the Platte River and was passing after dinner.

After dinner, Sam and I went down to where the Emigrant road crossed the Laramie river, which at that place was bridged.

We stopped on the bridge and in a very short time I saw her coming. After shaking hands and asking about the old camp, I asked her to let the crowd pass, as I wanted to talk with her and she did.

I then proposed that she leave the Mormon train and come to the Fort with me. I told her if she could not find a place to suit her, I could marry her at once. To this she consented.

We were to come to the camp after supper and hunt up her wagon. She was to throw her bundle outside the line of firelight, Sam would get it and she was to go to the Fort with him.

I would stay in camp and visit with some whom I knew, until they would have time to reach the Fort.

Everything worked out exactly as we planned it. She threw her bundle out as far as she could; Sam gave it a kick and sent it outside the line of firelight.

She then came out where we were and after talking with all of us a little while, bade us "Goodnight" and scurried outside the firelight, joined Sam and made her way to the Fort with him.

I knew the direction of the Fort and undertook to take a short cut for it,
but I had better have kept in the road, as I got into a big bed of cactus and had hard work getting through.

However, I managed to get through and inside the Fort. I ran across the house where Sam lived. He said that every thing was all right. Taps sounded as I was crossing the parade ground, but the Sentry did not challenge me and I got into my kitchen and went to bed.

CHAPTER 21

MARRIED AT FORT LAFAYETTE

The next morning at breakfast Mr. Tutt and his clerks were talking about some on having stolen a girl out of the Mormon camp and brought her into the Fort.

I did not say anything at first, but finally smiled and Mr. Tutt said "Stephen, I believe that you know something about it".

I then told them all about it. Mr. Tutt asked "Do you want to keep the girl here and marry her?" and I told him that was what I intended to do.

He told me in that case for me to go right away and send the girl to Mrs. Page and let her go to work for her. Then he told me to go see the Colonel and tell him all about it.

He said for me not to wait a moment longer, that they could help themselves to whatever they wanted. He said "the one who reaches the Colonel first would no doubt win".

I ran across the parade ground to where Sam lived and told her to go at once and hire out to Mrs. Page for a month at least and she did so.

I then went to the Colonel's office. I told the orderly that I wished to see the Colonel. I was invited in and told the Colonel all about it, except that she had gone to work for Mrs. Page.

He was a very stern man, a strict martinet and said "How dare you Sir! steal any one out of that camp. No Sir, I shall not protect her, but will give her up whenever they come for her."

I then told him that she had gone to work for Mrs. Page. That Mrs. Page wanted help and she was at her house. His manner underwent a complete change.

He said "Ah! that is quite a different matter. If she has become an inmate of the Fort of her own free will and is in the employ of one of my officers, I shall most certainly protect her and unless she so desires, I will not give her up. Good morning Sir."

My interview was ended, but I knew I had won. At the door I met some of the men from the camp coming to see the Colonel.

They told their story. He told them, if the girl wanted to go back to the camp, she was at liberty to go any time, but if she chose to stay, he would protect her.

I went back to the store and told Mr. Tutt what the Colonel had said. He told me that I had better marry the girl at once and that would settle all nonsense about it.

He told me to go and see the Chaplin and if the girl was willing to marry her that night.

She was perfectly willing and on the night of the second day of October 1856, we were married by the Reverend William Vaux. The Chaplin of the Fort.

When I undertook to pay him, he firmly refused to take anything, telling us that "Uncle Sam paid him full time" and remarking that "We would have all our lives in which to repent," bade us Goodnight.

I will say now, that the repentance never came and neither of us ever regretted our hasty marriage on the plains.
Mr. Tutt gave me two bottles of champagne and Mrs. Covington made us a wedding supper.

The Mormon Camp moved on the next day, but they left three wagons behind to try and get her back. Then they found that she would not go back, they invited us to go down to the wagons on a visit.

I asked the man if he thought I was green enough to do such a thing. I told them that before I would be in their camp fifteen minutes, they would be on their way west, with the girl a prisoner and I would be at the bottom of the Platte river.

There were some of them hanging around the Fort all the time. Mr. Tutt told us both to keep pretty close and not let any of them get hold of us.

Finally some of them came to the store and wanted us to go down to the camp and be married in a legal manner, claiming that Mr. Vaux had no authority to marry us.

Mr. Tutt came into the kitchen while they were talking and told me to let him answer them.

He called them everything he could think of, then ordered them out of the store and concluded with "Now you better get away from here while you can, for I have only to report to the Colonel what you have said about Reverend Vaux and I expect you would get what you would like to give Stephen".

With that they left and we saw no more of them at the Fort and they soon left on their westward way.

My wife was a tall slender girl, with hazel brown eyes and brown curly hair and was just a few months past seventeen when we were married and I lacked six days of being twenty one.

She was the seventh of a family of eleven children and was born in Wayne Co., Michigan. I do not know when her parents joined the Mormon Church, but they were with them, when they were driven out of Nauvoo, Illinois in 1844.

In the winter of 1846 and 1847, they lived at Winter quarters. In the spring of 1847, when Brigham Young with his band of Pioneers started for Salt Lake, her father started with them.

The children were all small, one a baby only a few months old, so it was decided that the family remain at Winter quarters.

Mr. Davenport r., was a blacksman and when the Pioneers reached Ft. Laramie, it was decided that he stay there and do repair work for the trains that were following.

Sometime in the fall of 1847, he returned to Winter quarters and in the spring of 1849 took his family overland to Salt Lake.

That was during the Gold Rush to California and the two oldest sons and the oldest girl not married, went on through to California.

John S., being the oldest son went to California, but did not remain there long and came back to Salt Lake. In the spring of 1856, he decided to go back to the Missouri river and the entire family went with him and it was on that trip that we over took them on the plains.

The father, mother and younger children returned to Utah, where the children married and most of them have died there.

John S. made many trips back and forth to Utah, but his wife would never go there to live. They moved to Republic County, Kansas and for many years were near neighbors of ours and he died near Chester, Nebraska in 1902.

CHAPTER 22

THE NIGHT AT ASH HOLLOW

In the year of 1854 a Mormon train of Danes were nearing Fort Laramie.
One of their cows became lame and they left it. Next morning they went back for the cow and found that the Indians had butchered it and taken the meat across the river to their camp.

They went back to the Fort and reported it to the officer in Command. He sent a Young Lieutenant and twenty five men with a small field piece to arrest the Indian who killed the cow.

The Indians were camped on the river bottom about twenty five miles below the Fort, waiting until the Great Father paid their annuities.

The Lieutenant was a young hot headed fellow and over zealous at getting a detached command. Instead of leaving his field piece on a knoll overlooking the camp, he marched all his men and gun right down into the camp.

Through his interpreter, he demanded of the Chief that he surrender the man who killed the cow.

The Chief told him he could not do that. He said that they found the cow lame and thought they had left it; that they were hungry, so they killed the cow. That all had some of the meat and all were equally guilty. He said that they were willing to pay for the cow as soon as they received their pay, but that was all they could or would do.

The officer told him, if he would not surrender the man who killed the cow, he would take him (the Chief) prisoner, and he ordered his men to take the Chief prisoner.

It was his last order. As soon as the soldiers advanced toward the Chief, every tent belched forth smoke and every soldier fell, either dead or wounded. The wounded were soon killed and the whole company scalped.

As soon as the interpreter saw what was happening he managed to ride away badly wounded. He made his way to the Fort, told his sad tale and died.

The force at the Fort was so small, they were unable to send a force strong enough to bury the soldiers and a Cavalry Escort, who were coming with the Pay Master to pay these same Indians found and buried them.

Years after, that a monument was erected at the spot they were buried, but the bodies were later moved from that place.

The next year, General Harney was sent with a strong force of Cavalry and finding the Indians camped on the north side of the Platte river, opposite Ash Hollow, fell upon them and nearly exterminated the whole band.

Had the Lieutenant used ordinary judgement, all that loss of life could have been avoided.

I have heard and read so many different stories of this massacre, that I have written an account of it.

This happened between the time I went to Salt Lake in 1853 and when I returned, but it was still so fresh in the minds of soldiers at the Fort, that I heard the story many times, from men who were there at the time.
CHAPTER 23

THE END OF THE TRAIL

When the October mail from the states arrived, it brought orders from the War Department for Lieutenant Kelton and Dr. Page to report at Washington as soon as practicable.

Mrs. Page wanted my wife to go the Ft. Leavenworth with them and Mr. Tutt wanted me to stay with him until the Next August. He offered to build us a small house back of the store where we could live and I could continue to work for him.

It was finally decided that we would go as far as Ft. Leavenworth with them. I was to cook for the officers and my wife was to help take care of Mrs. Page's child.

About the fifth of November we bade adieu to Fort Laramie and started east, this time traveling over the Oregon Trail.

Our outfit consisted of four wagons, with a six mule team to each wagon. One wagon was occupied by Dr. Page and family. My wife and I rode and slept in one and the other two were for the escort, which numbered about twenty five.

There was no snow on the ground when we left the fort, but the first night out, it began to snow and we had snow nearly all the way.

We followed along the south side of the north Platte river, through Ash Hollow and there crossed to the South Platte a little east of the present town of Julesburg, Colorado.

We met the Salt Lake Mail at O'Fallon's Bluffs and from them we learned that James Buchanan had been elected President.

One night we camped about fifty miles west of Ft. Kearney. We had wood enough to last us one night. The next morning a regular blizzard was raging and we could not see twenty feet from the wagons.

What little wood we had was saved to heat the wagon occupied by Mrs. Page, they being the only ones who had a stove in the wagon.

The storm raged all that day and the next, but the morning of the third day was clear, but very cold. The whole country was level, every little gulley being full of snow and no road to be seen any place.

One of the wagons was buried in the snow, so Lieutenant Kelton ordered the cover taken off and the bows broken up for fuel. The wagon and harness for six mules was left in the snow.

Some of the mules were pretty badly used up, but we managed to get three pretty good teams of six mules each. Nearly all the soldiers and teamsters were more or less frostbitten.

We decided the only thing to do was to try to move on the best we could. Lieutenant Kelton rode ahead and with a long lance tostled the snow.

Every once in a while we would come to a draw and then we would have to dig a road through it and a night we were just three miles from where we had started that morning.

We should have been at Ft. Kearney two days before and as a consequence, we were almost out of provisions.

That night the Lieutenant hired a young Irishman to goto Ft. Kearney for help. He had been over the road a good many times and if I said that he could make the trip.

He was warmly clothed and took feed for himself and horse for on day. He started out after dark, but when about a mile from the camp found that all the mules were following him.

He stopped until the teamsters came for the mules the next morning.

That night, instead of being at Ft. Kearney, he camped on Plum Creek. He
said that his hands were so cold and numb he could not strike a match, so stood against a tree all night and divided his last ration with his horse.

The next night, he reached the Fort and gave his letter to Captain Wheaton, the Commander. He told us later that he was so cold and hungry when he reached the Fort, that he took his supper in his hands to eat, as he could not hold a knife or fork.

Captain Wheaton ordered teams to be made ready with plenty of rations and at daybreak they started to meet us.

In the meantime we had been slowly working our way the best we could. After looking in vain for relief the first day, we felt our only chance was to keep going as much as we could.

Our rations were all gone, the mules had nothing to eat, the grass being all covered with snow. The next afternoon the Lieutenant rode ahead hoping to be able to kill a Buffalo, but could not do it and it looks for a time like we would perish.

A little before night fall that day, when we reached a slight elevation, we saw in the distance, some wagons coming to meet us.

As soon as they saw us, they stopped and by the time we reached them, they had a big fire and a good hot supper for us.

The next day we reached Ft. Kearney. There was some talk of staying there all winter, but as the orders from Washington would not admit of delay, it was determined to push on the best we could.

After resting a few days, we got fresh teams and a new escort and started on. The first night out another blizzard struck us, but it only lasted one night.

Here we started across the divide in a southeasterly direction and came to the Blue River, near the present town of Alexandria, Nebraska.

The first settlement which we found was at Marysville, Kansas, just a few shanties and a blacksmith shop.

Here we shot some wild ducks and picked up a man from South Carolina, who had his feet badly frozen.

In a couple of days we came to a large Indian Camp and they told the Doctor, if he would leave the men with them they could cure him, so we left him there.

We now had settlements all the way and on Christmas day, we camped early near a large farm house. The owner of the house invited the officers and Dr. and Mrs. Page to eat supper with them.

Mrs. Page, however belonged to the F. F. V.'s (First Families of Virginia) and could not think of condescending to eat with a common farmer. The Lieutenant did and told her when he came back, what a fine supper she had missed.

We had wild turkey and with other things, had a very good dinner.

On the twenty-eighth of December, we arrived at Ft. Leavenworth. Here we settled up with Dr. Page for our services and bade them all goodbye.
CHAPTER 24

FRONTIER LIFE IN IOWA.

We found that only people in Government employ were allowed to remain in the Fort, but we were soon to find a man who had brought a load from Weston, Missouri and was going back empty.

We hired him to take us across the river. The report had reached the for that the ice was not safe, as a team had just broken through; but the owner of the team thought he could make it.

He was anxious to get home, so we put our things in his wagon, which was drawn by five mules and started out.

On reaching the river, we found that the ice was unsafe at the regular crossing, but the driver thought it would be all right farther down stream and attempted to cross.

When we were only a few yards on the ice, the lead span of mules broke through. In order to get them out, the driver had to get into the river. His clothes were soaked and in a short time, were frozen stiff.

After getting the team out of the river, the wagon was backed off and we found better ice a little farther down and without any other mishap, we reached Weston.

After resting there a few days, we started by stage for St. Joseph and arrived there January first 1857.

St. Joseph at that time was the head of the regular Steamboat navigation, although small boats went up the river to Omaha and every spring some boats would go north of Omaha.

For a number of years St. Joseph had been an Indian Trading Post, operated by a Frenchman named Rubideaux.

After the territory on the west side of the river was opened for settlement, quite a little city had sprung up. The land on the east side of the river had been settled for several years, so that the city at that time enjoyed a very good trade. The main crop was Hemp.

Several towns had started on the west side of the river, the principal ones being Atchison and Doniphan.

Farther up the river toward Omaha quite a number of small towns were started on the Nebraska side. Nebraska City and Plattsmouth being the largest. Bellevue a town between the mouth of the Platte river and Omaha had been in existence before the country was opened for settlement.

On the Iowa side, there was no towns of any size until you reached Council Bluffs. Here was a small settlement called St. Mary's. It was merely a Trading Post, over which Peter A. Sarpy a French Trade had charge and for whom Sarpy County was named.

He was a dare-devil, afraid of nothing. He owned the ferry boat, which ran between St. Mary's and Bellevue. He had given orders to the Captian of the boat to only take a certain number of teams at a time. He said that "even if Peter A. Sarpy wanted on and the boat was full, not to take him".

I remember one day, just as the boat was ready to start, he came driving a mule team hitched to a buggy down to the landing and undertook to drive on the boat.

They told him he could not go that time, but he had been drinking and as soon as the boat started, he drove his team into the river.

It was hard work to save him and his team and buggy were lost.

However when I was in Iowa in 1874 nothing remained of St. Mary's. The river had caved in and taken it, with hundreds of acres of farm lands down the stream.

The channel of the river was continually changing and the Indians at that time, claimed that the Missouri River was once like the Platte River is now;
a wide shallow stream. The old river channel beds at that time seemed to bear out the theory. The old channels could be found on the east side of the river, several miles from where the main channel was at that time.

When the channel changes from one side to the other a sand bar forms. After big rain the old channel would fill with sand and the boats would have to hunt the new channel causing much delay.

All the boats on the river at that time, were flatbottomed and were provided with spars, that were forty or fifty feet in length. There spars were in front of the cabin and were connected with an engine, that was used to hoist heavy freight out of the hold.

The boats were always loaded to sit a little lower in the water in the bow, than aft and in running on a sand bar the iron of the boat would be aground, while the after part would be afloat.

The spars were then lowered over the side of the boat and the engine would lift the bow, by pressing down on the spar, then the main engine would drive the boat forward until it would again strike bottom.

The foot of the spar would be moved forward and the same thing done over and over, until they were clear of the sandbar. This was indeed slow work.

On the completion of the Hannibal and St. Joe railroad, the company put one weekly line of two boats at Omaha and one to Leavenworth, a town that had started south of Ft. Leavenworth.

They kept the Omaha line going until they completed the railroad to Council Bluffs in 1869.

After being in St. Joseph for a while, we decided to go up into Iowa near where John Davenport was living, but had to wait for the opening of Navigation in the spring.

I went to work at anything I could find to do and my wife found plenty of work helping the women who needed help.

I started cutting wood, across the river near the present town of Elwood.

The timber was frozen and not being much of a woodchopper, I quit and went out into the country to break hemp.

I soon found plenty of work and could break so well that I was soon able to make a dollar and a half to two dollars per day and before the close of the season was making three dollars per day.

After the close of hemp breaking, I worked around for about a month. About the first of June we took passage on the Steamboat Admiral and landed at Millville Landing midnight and the next day we went out to John Davenport's.

I went to work at anything I could get to do, mostly saving shingle blocks, out of the big cotton wood trees that grew along the river.

It was while living here on the third day of August that our first child, a boy was born.

The next spring I bought a yoke of oxen and twenty acres of land. I broke out part of it and planted it to sod corn, which made fifty-five bushel to the acre.

The next spring, I traded my land for a horse and my team of oxen for another horse and rented a place just east of Bartlett, Iowa.

That winter I took the Malaria and was sick all winter and in the spring, was hardly able to move.

In April our second child, a girl was born. My wife and the children were sick all summer. Times were very hard for us, so in the spring of 1860, we decided to go east and look for work.

We drove our team to St. Joseph and sold them and took passage on the Steamboat Julia for St. Louis.
CHAPTER 25

LIFE IN MICHIGAN

I did not find anything to do in St. Louis, so we went to Detroit, Michigan. I went to work for seventy-five cents per day and had to take it in store pay.

I soon found a cousin of mine, who had left England some years before. He got me a position with the Michigan Central Railroad at ninety cents per day in real money.

I will say here, that this cousin's name was Horace Pondick. You will notice that we did not spell our names the same. Although our fathers were brothers, they could never agree on the spelling of the name.

My father always claimed that their father spelled it with an "R" while his father insisted that it was spelled without one.

I have often seen the name Pondick in print, but never with the exception of my own family, have I ever seen my name in print in this country, but I am the only one of my father's family that ever came to America.

After I had been at the depot for a year, I was de Foreman over a gang of men. The Michigan Central Depot at that time was west of Third street and fronted on the Detroit river.

The Steamboat Union, met the trains arriving over the Michigan Central and ferried them across the river, making connections with the Great Western of Canada at Windsor for Niagara Falls. Coming back it would transfer passengers from Windsor to the Michigan Central.

Another boat called the Windsor did the same work from Windsor to the Michigan Southern and the Detroit and Milwaukee depots in the east part of the city.

My work was in the east bound freight office. A good share of the freight consisted of flour in barrels. One hundred barrels at that time making a car load.

In the fall of the year, flour shipments from the west were very heavy and more men were taken on at that time.

I had charge of eight new men and found plenty to work breaking them in. Our regular hours were from seven in the morning, until we would get all the cars that came in during the day unloaded.

Sometimes this would take until after midnight then back again at seven in the morning. We were paid for over time after seven o'clock at night, so that our regular day was twelve hours.

It was a hard life. Later in the season, whenever there was a chance to rest, most of the men would sleep and had to be wakened as soon as another train of cars were backed in to be unloaded.

In the summer a great deal of wood was received and later in the fall mess pork and beef, and lard in tins was handled.

As soon as freezing weather set in, whole trains of dressed hogs arrived from Chicago. These with the wool were all consigned to the Great Western. The Steamboat Union ferried them across the river, often assisted by the Steamer Transit, which carried all the livestock arriving at both depots across the river.

After the Civil War had been in operation for some time and the Federal troops had forced their way into Tennessee, Alabama and Mississippi, trainloads of cotton began to come through our depot.

Originally this was shipped over the Mobile and Ohio Railroad to Paducah, Kentucky. There it would be dumped down to the bat landing and taken up the River to Cairo.

It was then taken to Chicago and transferred to the Michigan Central cars and shipped to Detroit, to be turned over to the Great Western.
That road could not handle so much freight, so it had to be taken care of in Detroit and it made lots of extra work.

It was reported at one time during the winter of 1862, that the Michigan Central freight depot had one million dollars worth of cotton and the same amount of flour, besides thousands of barrels of beef and pork on hand at one time.

The livestock arriving from Chicago and way points was unloaded at the stock yards, about a mile west of the depot. After being fed and allowed to rest, they were driven into town and loaded on the Transit and ferried across the river and loaded into Great Western cars for Niagara Falls.

While navigation was open, most of the flour and non-perishable freight was shipped by lake to Buffalo. The Western Transportation Co., had a line of propellers plying between Detroit and Buffalo.

These boats would unload their west bound freight then drop down to our flour sheds and load with flour and clear for Buffalo between daylight and dark.

When the ice became dangerous on Lake Superior we would get some of their boats to load and they carried about a third more than the regular Buffalo boats.

It had been the rule, late in the fall to discharge the extra gang, but as the Civil War had largely increased freight traffic, the extra gang was not laid off, but more men taken on. Wages increased until in 1865, the men were getting a dollar and half per day.

Abraham Lincoln had been nominated at Chicago soon after I went to Detroit. Soon after that the Democratic Convention nominated Breckinridge and Lane and the Baltimore Convention nominated Douglas.

Slavery was the main issue and there were lots of Breckinridge tickets in Detroit. Lincoln was elected in the fall and the Civil War began the next spring.

After Captain Wiles seized the Royal Mail Steamer Trent and forcibly took Mason and Seidal prisoners, it caused a tremendous sensation in England and across the river in Canada.

For a time it looked like war between England and the North was inevitable. British Red Coats were dispatched to Windsor and Sandwick, in plain sight of Fort Wayne on the American side.

War was happily averted, largely through the influence of Prince Albert, for which we in Detroit were devoutly thankful.

In the spring of 1863, I very foolishly quit the railroad to accept what seemed a better proposition in Western Iowa, but which did not prove to be as good as it looked.

Our second little girl was born while we had been in Michigan and in the spring of 1863, I took my family back to Iowa.

While we had been in Michigan we had not realized much of the effects of the Civil War, except for an increased amount of business.

After we returned to Iowa we saw much more of the effects of the war. We settled near the intersection of the four states.

Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa and Missouri were a part of the Louisiana purchase. Iowa became a separate territory in 1838 and was admitted to the Union as a state in 1846.

Missouri was admitted as a state in 1821 after a long and bitter political controversy in Congress. The south wanted it to be a slave state and the north insisted that it must be a free state.

The dispute was finally settled by a compromise to the effect that a slavery would be permitted in Missouri, but excluded from other parts of the Louisiana Purchase north of Latitude 36 30.

In 1836 Missouri was reduced from its territorial size to the present state limits. At the outbreak of the Civil War, the people of the state were divided in sentiment and both sides took up arms.
Kansas and Nebraska were made territories in 1854 under the Kansas Nebraska bill. Again the question of slavery arose. They were both Free States but Kansas especially was the scene of many bitter conflicts. The territory of Nebraska at that time, comprised a part of Colorado, Montana, Wyoming and the Dakotas.

While there were no regular armies in our immediate vicinity, there was a great deal of guerrilla warfare around us.

The leader of those was Quantrill, with his band of Outlaw Rebels. At that time all the boats on the Missouri River between St. Louis and St. Joseph had to protect their Pilot houses.

This was done by covering the sides with sheet iron, but they must necessarily leave an opening in the front.

The Steamboat, The Sam Caty, was in Government service and was returning to St. Joseph with a number of sick and wounded soldiers belonging to a company of Federals from St. Joseph.

Just below Independence, the channel of the river compelled the Pilot to steer straight for the bank. Quantrill and his band were in hiding and opened fire on the boat.

They compelled the Pilot to land and forcibly took all those sick and wounded soldiers ashore, stood them in a row and shot all of them. The boat was then allowed to proceed up the river.

All the bridges over the Hannibal and the St. Joe Railroad were guarded. The Feds and Rebs, as they were called hated each other bitterly and lost no opportunity to damage each other.

That fall I sold wood to the boats on the river until it became frozen and the boats quit running.

During the winter I again had the malaria and was sick until spring. Life was anything but pleasant there, so in the spring of 1864, I returned to Detroit and went back to work at the Michigan Central Depot. I stayed there another year, but my health did not improve, so we decided to return to England.
We left Detroit the last of February 1865 for New York and engaged passage on the Sailshep Liverpool for London and left on the morning of March fifth. I was sick nearly all the way, but my wife and the three children enjoyed the trip.

We arrived in London early in April and took the train for Watford and I was once more at home, in my father's house, after an absence of over twelve years. My parents were living in the same place and their daily life was exactly the same as when I left.

With the exception that all had grown older, I could almost imagine the past twelve years to have been a dream.

My brother, five years older than myself had died. The rest like myself were all married with families of their own, but the general conditions had changed very little during the years I had been away.

A few days after we reached home, one morning Lord and Lady Essex rode down to the Lodge. Father went out and they told him, they understood that I was home and they would like to talk with me.

I went out and they asked me a good many things about life in America and finally said they heard that I had married an American girl and they would like to see her. I found that a good many of my old friends were curious to see what kind of a girl I had married.

American wives were not as common in England at that time, as they later have become.

I called my wife and introduced her to Lord and Lady Essex. She often laughed about it. Not having been raised in England and not having been coached, as to what was expected of anyone in talking with nobility, she talked with them as she would any one.

After visiting around for two or three weeks I grew tired of being idle and largely through the influence of Lord Essex, I soon secured work on the London and Northwestern Railroad.

I reported at the Main office in Euston Square with a letter from Lord Essex and after passing a very severe examination, I was ordered to report at the Birmingham Station at once.

I arrived in Birmingham on the twenty sixth of April and as I was walking up the street the first thing I saw was a big bulletin telling of the Assassination of President Lincoln. A little farther up the street, I saw an other account of it, but it was not until we got the papers the next morning that we knew the particulars.

The mail from the States had arrived that day as the cable had not then been laid.

I went to work in the Parcels Department, which is much the same as our Express Offices. The pay was only seventeen shillings and six pence per week for the lowest grade.

I was given work in the Second Grade, but at the lowest wages, but my experience with the Michigan Central made the work very easy for me.

I had left my family at Father's, until I could get settled. When I went for them, I found them with my sister. Her two children had the measles and it was not long before our three took them.

I returned with them out, but by the time I had a house rented, they were able to come and we were once more settled.

My work called for one week during the day and the next week night work, changing with the other men, who was getting twenty shillings per week.
After I had worked that way for some time, I asked the Superintendent for the same way, that the man I changed with, was getting. I was told that the company did not raise any one's pay, until they had worked for a year. I told Mr. Apte, the clerk in charge, that if I could not have the same pay, that the other man was getting I would not stay in the grade. I would go into the lowest grade it paid just as much and was not as hard work.

It was not every one who could do the second grade work, so in a short time Mr. Apte told me that they had broken their rules and raised my pay. The same thing happened when I was transferred to the first grade work, which paid twenty one shillings per week.

That was hardly enough to live on. My years in the states had made me too independent to cater to every one a little my superior, as I would have done had I never left England and as any one was expected to do.

For so long, I had been where men were on an equality, that I did not find the work pleasant.

I remember one time in particular when I was reported. I was busy transferring parcels from one part of the station to another and had a wheel barrow of parcels and had to cross the track with them.

There was a train coming and I had to run to get across. Just in front of me was a Gentleman, as they were called, I called to him to get out of my way, but he paid no attention to me and in passing him, I ran against him.

He immediately reported me and I was called into the head offices.

The man in charge asked me about it and I told him just how it happened. He said that this Gentleman, insisted that I apologize to him. I told the clerk that I would not do it, that I gave him warning to get out of my way and it was either hit him or get hit by the train myself.

Late in the fall, it was reported that a man, largely interested in American Railroads was hiring men and sending them to Cincinnati to work. During the winter I wrote to him for particulars.

His name was Sir Martin Pete. He replied to my letter by saying, that not knowing me personally, he could not promise me any particular position, but that he would give me a letter to the Superintendent of the road and I could no doubt get something when I reached Cincinnati.

We decided that we had had enough of England and that we would return to the United States.

I went down home and borrowed some money from Father and made them all good-bye and late in February, we took passage on the Steamship Alabama for New Orleans.

CHAPTER 27

STORM AT SEA

This was the third time I had crossed the Atlantic, but was my first trip in a Steamship. We soon found a difference between riding in a wooden sailing ship and an iron steamer. The former rides the waves and while it does a lot of pitching, there is very little rolling. The steamer cuts right through the waves and drenches the deck with water. While there is very little pitching, it rolls a great deal.

We left Liverpool in the afternoon, with the Storm Signals flying. There were two other vessels cleared for New York, so we did not stop.

After we were through the English Channel and out into the open sea, we found the storm in full blast and it continued for three days.

The next morning, I took my little boy and went on deck. The spray from the bow of the steamer was worse than rain, so we soon went below.

The first day, none of us were allowed outside our rooms, but during the
night a huge wave smashed our sky light, letting in great quantities of water.

The ship was rolling from side to side and the water splashing across the floor. Some boxes that were not well fastened broke loose and began to batter down some of the bunks.

The steward in charge sent for help. The Chief Steward came and seeing the danger sent for the Captain.

The Captain sent word back that he could not spare a man, but that he would change the course of the ship long enough to get the passengers, about fifty, into the Main Cabin.

As soon as the rolling eased up a little, a scramble took place, to be the first ones to get out.

I had put my wife and children into my bunk when the water broke through. We decided to wait until the rush was over. We had little hopes of escaping, but were afraid if we tried to get up in the rush, we might get separated.

We were almost certain the ship would go down and we decided to stay together until the last.

After the rush was over, we started up the ladder, to the main deck. Even then the outlook was bad. We had to go quite a distance to reach the quarter deck and it was pitch dark.

My wife had the baby in her left arm, the other little girl, we had between us and I had the little boy by the hand.

We had started for the Upper deck. There was a pen on deck which had contained some sheep, but the storm had broken one side of it loose and swung it across the gangway. We soon came to a halt. I found that the little boy was inside this sheep pen and we tried to back up to get him out.

All this time the water was roaring in the scatters close to us. When we reached the steps leading to the Upper Deck, some one opened a door leading from the main cabin to the Deck. We were close enough to dare in there, before the door was closed and we were safe for a while.

We were wet and indeed a sorry looking bunch to take possession of the First Cabin. I had managed to carry with me a large woolen shawl which we had, so that we all laid down on the floor until morning.

The next day the cabin skylight was lifted by the storm and the water poured in on us again. They immediately nailed a large piece of tarpaulin over the broken skylight and we men went to work dipping up the water and carrying it out and soon had the floor fairly dry.

We had a number of Irish Emigrants on board. They were all so frightened, that it was hard to do anything with them. There was a big bunch of them huddled together in one corner, screaming and praying.

When the skylight broke and let the water in on us, I remember one big Irishman began to cry and reached out his hand to the fellow beside him and said "Good bye Jessie, I thought last night we were gone, but we are gone this time sure". This set the other to screaming louder.

When we began to bail out the water, we tried to get them to help, but you could not get one of them to move. My wife went to them and told them, "If they could not get up and help, for goodness sake to stop screaming", but all efforts to quiet them was useless.

The storm lasted two days longer and finally subsided. We were afraid every thing in our trunks and boxes would be ruined. It was two days before we could get down to them, but found them dry and not harmed by the storm.

The ship did not encounter any more bad storms, but we had stormy weather nearly all the way.

About two weeks after the big storm abated we were surprised one morning to miss the throb of the engine. We were told that the boiler had sprung a leak and that steam had been let down, so it could be patched.

One of the ship's loose hands, who were always playing pranks and trying
to scare some one, told a green Irish boy, who had a sister on board, that the ship was sinking.

He told him that the water had put out the fires that the Captain was going to desert the ship and that the women and children would be put off first in the boat.

He told this boy to ask if he could not go with this sister in the first boat. Soon after that the First Mate a thorough seaman commenced his walk around the deck. This sailor told the boy that this First Mate was the man to ask.

We noticed that the boy was following the Mate around and when he started to go up on the Quarterdeck, the boy walked up to him and said "And please Sir, and can I go off in the first boat?"

The First Mate was a very stern man and not knowing why the boy asked the question, replied "I don't care a damn what boat you go in".

The sailor told the boy, that meant he could go. He went downstairs screaming and crying and told his sister that the ship was sinking and then pandemonium broke loose again. The Stewart hearing the commotion, asked the cause of it and was told that the ship was sinking.

He told them it was not so, that there was no danger at all, but his word had no effect on the Emigrants. He then sent for the Captain but he could not quiet them, so the Chief Engineer came and told them, they were working on the boiler and would soon have it fixed and steam up and the engines started.

He told them if they did not believe him, for some of them to go down with him and see if he had not told them the truth. They were finally convinced and it was not very long until we heard the throb of the engine and all was quiet once more on board.

In nearing the Bahama Bank, we went through the Hole in the Wall and passed between the coast of Florida and Cuba and in due time arrived safely at New Orleans.

It had been thirteen years since I had first landed at New Orleans in 1853, but such a change. When I landed there the first time, the levee was crowded with going ships and steamboats, but now it was deserted.

The effects of the Civil War on New Orleans was plain to be seen.

There was only one boat at the Levee, the Indiana. It was to leave that afternoon for Cincinnati and we took passage on it. At Louisville, however we were transferred to the General Lytle.

When we arrived in Cincinnati, I lost no time in presenting my letter from Sir Martin Pete to the Superintendent of the road.

He received me very kindly and told me, had I come eight months or a year sooner, he could have given me a good place, but the Civil war was now ended and they were over run with men wanting jobs.

I told him that I had worked for the Michigan Central in Detroit. He told me if I wanted to go there, he would give us a pass to Toledo, but could not give us one beyond there.

I told him that I would appreciate the pass to Toledo and it was not far from there to Detroit.

We landed in Detroit in the evening and left our baggage at the depot until morning. That night the depot and Steamship Windsor were burned. A number of lives were lost and we lost all our baggage and had nothing except the clothes we were wearing.

CHAPTER 28

I BECOME NATURALIZED
The next morning I applied again at the Michigan Central Depot for work and was given my old job once more and started toward work.

During the year I had been in England, the freight houses had burned and a number of the men lost their lives. Among them, being the man who had taken my place. All that was ever found of him, was a bunch of keys, known to have been in his possession.

I stayed at the depot from April of 1866 until November 1867. Everything was very high in Detroit at that time and wages had not increased in proportion to the cost of living.

Four was twelve dollars per barrel, calico and muslin thirty to forty cents per yard and everything else in proportion, while about the most any of the men were receiving was a dollar and a half per day. We found that we could not live as we had when I was there before.

I was offered a position in Western Iowa, to clerk in a store for twenty five dollars per month, with house and firewood furnished, and as everything was much cheaper, we decided to go back there.

Looking backward now, I think there is the time I made a big mistake. At that time Frank Snow and Fred Delano were clerks in the offices at Detroit, both afterward became Presidents of Railroads. While I might never have become a President, at that time, I was considered a first-class man in the freight department.

We had another boy born while living in Detroit and now had a family of four children.

We returned to Iowa by the way of Chicago. From there to Council Bluffs, over the Chicago and Northwestern, which had just been built.

I worked in the store that winter, but not liking the confinement, I moved down on the Missouri bottom and sold wood to the steamboats on the river.

I took a contract to clear off twenty acres of timber, guaranteeing the owner one hundred dollars per acre.

I had a saw mill come and we sawed the logs into lumber and the rest was cut into four foot cord wood.

I was surprised to see so many boats running, but with the building of the Union Pacific railroad, Omaha and Council Bluffs had grown to be quite large cities.

There was a regular line of boats called "The O. Line" between St. Louis and Omaha, besides the St. Joe and other boats going up the river.

These boats were nearly all stern wheelers and burned lots of wood. It was seldom that a boat would take less than fifteen and more often twenty cords of wood at a time.

I bought most of my wood at a dollar and half per cord and sold it for three fifty and four dollars per cord, so that I made good money at that.

One of the boats which I wooded whenever it ceased my landing was the Old Sam Gaty, the boat which Quantrall had forced to abandon four years before.

I continued in this work as long as the river was not frozen, until the close of navigation in 1870.

After the Burlington had built their road through the St. Joe and Grand Island in connection with the Hannibal and St. Joe roads, it was found that they could make so much better time, that the boats could not compete with them and were forced to quit.

After that there was no money to be made hauling wood so I moved across the river into Nebraska territory and rented a farm. I planted a crop of corn and had fine prospects, but a severe hail storm struck us and very little of the crop was left.

Early in April of 1870, I received my Naturalization papers and became a full citizen of the United States and swore to obey the laws of this country.
I became a full citizen at the District Court in Glenwood, Iowa.

As I had always been a firm believer in a tariff for revenue only, I naturally cast my lot with the Democratic party. I took an oath of allegiance to the United States and swore to obey the laws of this country.

I have always tried to be loyal to my party, never but once did I desert the ticket, that was in 1896, when they made Free Silver the issue.

I have never been so narrow however, that I could not see good in the other side, nor to recognize that my neighbor did not have just as good a right to his views as I had to mine.

On state and county tickets, I have always placed the man ahead of the party. And some of the best friends I have ever had, have been members of the Republican party.

I have always tried to be a loyal American citizen and have always been a firm believer in law enforcement.

It made no difference to me whether the law suited me or not, or whether it was considered popular, I held that so long as it was the law of our land, it was my duty to both obey and uphold that law.

In my younger day, I always took quite an active part in politics, but after the election was over, if my man was defeated, I felt that I owed allegiance to the victor and that he was my President, even if I did not help to elect him.

In the fall of 1872, I was elected Assessor of Lyon Township, Mills County, Iowa. I finished my assessing during the spring following.

It was while livin' there, that we experienced the panic of 1873 and times were very hard in Western Iowa.

The next few years I farmed around Glenwood, Iowa but much of the time crops were poor. In 1875 we had fine prospects for corn. It was about a foot high in June, when an immense cloud of grasshoppers settled down on the bottom land and in a very short time, had eaten everything in sight.

It was a very wet year in Iowa and after the hoppers left, the corn grew up again and made about half a crop.

I had a fine patch of potatoes and the only way I could save them, was to cover them with the cultivator and after the hoppers left, I harrowed the dirt off.

Three more boys had been born to us, during the ten years we had been in Iowa. Late in the fall of 1876 I moved to Craig, Missouri to take charge of a Grist Mill. I bought corn and wheat and shipped flour.

Business was good and I did well there, but the owner of the mill, through an unlucky speculation, lost heavily and had to sell the mill.

The new owner wanted to run it himself, so I had to give it up.

It was here in April of 1878, that our youngest child a girl was born.

CHAPTER 29

WESTWARD AGAIN

My health had never been very good on the Missouri bottom, so we decided to go farther west.

In July 1878, with my family, I moved to Republic County, Kansas. My family now consisted of myself, wife and eight children. Five boys and three girls, ranging in age from twenty one down to a baby of three months.

The St. Joe and Grand Island had built their road through to Grand Island, Nebraska. We went as far as Fairbury, Nebraska by rail.

From Fairbury we drove about forty miles south west to the Rose Creek
settlement, as it was called.

Here I bought eighty acres of land, with a small house and barn on the place.

We were once more, as you might call it, on the Frontier. The country had been settled for eight or ten years, but we had no close towns and our nearest railroad ran at Belvidere, Nebraska 'bout twenty five miles north.

We hauled what grain we had to sell to Belvidere, often selling our corn for eight and ten cents, after hauling it twenty five miles. Farmers in this Western country do not think twenty five miles much of a drive now, with the trucks they have, but with a team and wagon it was a long haul.

We had lived in a good many localities, but never did we find better neighbors than we had there. Among the early settlers at Rose Creek, were the Carpenter Brothers, Hegester Brothers, John Mossert, Charley Northrup, Dutton, Bugbee, Cooper and others.

Of all the old settlers, I think the only ones living now are Zack Carpenter, who still lives on the old home place, Mrs. Libbie Hegester who lives at Chester and myself.

Farther west of us about six miles was another settlement, called Craneville. Desmond Curina was the Postmaster, it being on a Star Mail Route and it was here we got our mail.

Others living there were Thomas Benson, Childs, Glenn Wilkie, and Iarkin.

These were all either Scotch or English.

East of us about six or eight miles, was another settlement near an inland town called Ida.

It was while living on this place that we saw our first and only prairie fire and I shall never forget it.

My farm was located about half a mile south of Rose Creek, a small stream running almost due east and having a good grow of timber on the banks.

Between Rose Creek and the Nebraska - Kansas line were some fairly well improved farms, owned by two brothers by the name of Clark, with their sons and families, but most of them had good fire breaks around their land.

North of them across the line in Nebraska for a distance of almost ten miles, the country was very sparsely settled and was covered with a heavy growth of grass.

Early in November of 1876, we noticed the reflection of fire on the clouds to the northwest. The wind was blowing from the south, so we were not much alarmed.

On Sunday evening, the wind changed to the northwest and we saw that the fire was coming our way.

We knew that the timber and creek on the north would be a fire break for us at that point. Section seventeen to the north and east of us, was covered with heavy grass. We knew then if the fire crossed the state line, it would reach section seventeen and we were afraid it might jump the creek at that point.

My oldest son was a young man who was at our house visiting, and who was farming near section seventeen, saddled their horses, intending to beat the fire to his place.

Although the fire had not crossed the state line when they started, it beat them to section seventeen. They had run their horses a mile and half, while the fire had traveled almost four miles.

Any one who has never seen a prairie fire can not imagine what it is like. In this case the wind was blowing about forty miles per hour and the fire traveled as fast as the wind. The flames seemed to fairly roll over the prairie.

The boys kept on and reached the home of a man named Dooley, who lived south of section seventeen. They were all asleep and unaware of their danger.

The boys awakened them and helped them to save their property, and then rode on east.
About a mile east of Dooley's place, the creek made a sharp turn to the north. The grass there was small and the timber held the fire back and it soon burned itself out.

No lives were lost, but Uncle Ned Clark, who lived near the state line was severely burned.

On February eighth 1880 our little boy Charley, aged eight years, died with diptheria and the rest of the children were sick. It was during this time, that we realized the goodness of our neighbors.

The summer of 1881 was very dry, with hot winds, which burned up the corn. That fall I sold the farm and moved to Chester. The Burlington had built their road west from St. Joes and the village of Chester had been started.

Our three oldest children had married and with the death of Charley, there were now only four children at home.

We stayed in Chester that winter and the next spring moved on a farm southeast of Chester and raised a good crop. The next year we had prospects of a fine crop of corn, but on the afternoon of July tenth, a severe hailstorm swept over us and not a vestige of the crop remained.

Our chickens had nearly all been killed by the hail stones and we were discouraged.

That winter I moved to Chester, bought three acres in the south part of town and built a small house on it and there I lived for thirty eight years.

I was elected Justice of the Peace in 1884 and served one year.

Grover Cleveland was elected President in November 1884 and in September 1885, I was appointed Post Master and served until January first 1890.

In the fall of 1891, I was nominated for Clerk of the District Court of

Thayer County on the Democratic ticket.

My wife was sick, so I did not make any canvass and was beaten by James Dimmore, the Republican nominee, who was up for re-election.

My wife died on the third day of April 1892 after an illness of almost two years. We had been married over thirty five years and raised a family of eight children, with one dying in infancy.

We had experienced all the hardships that could befall the early settlers. Through it all she never complained and was always willing to make the best of what ever we had.

She was always a true wife and help mate, a loving mother and a kind neighbor. The weather was never too cold, or the roads too bad for her to go miles to help a neighbor in time of need.

After the death of my wife, the three boys started out for themselves and I was left alone with my youngest daughter.

The Democrats had again bee victorious and I was appointed Post Master for the second time, taking my office on the first of January 1894.

My daughter was my assistance and housekeeper and in this way, the next three years were spent.

CHAPTER 30

GROWING OLD

On February twenty second 1897, I was married the second time to Miss Eliza Howe of Denton, Nebraska.

My term as Post Master expired January first 1898 and I retired a good deal from Public life.

I had my little home in the south part of town, consisting of three acres and there I spent most of my time.

I served four terms as Precinct Assessor, wrote Insurance and was Clerk
and Sexton of the Chester Cemetery Association and with these things I managed to keep fairly busy.

As the years passed and I grew older, I suffered a great deal from Rheumatism. From 1916 I was confined pretty closely to my home and in a way lost track of affairs in the town in which I lived.

I had always been very fond of reading and much of my time was spent in that way.

My wife died on the eleventh of March 1922, after a long illness.

My youngest daughter, who was living in Sidney, Nebraska invited me to make my home with her and I accepted the invitation.

I had lived in Chester and on the same place for over thirty eight years and had always supposed that I would die there, but it was not to be.

At the time I left there, I was the oldest person in town, being eighty six years and six months old and was one of the oldest settlers.

James Wilson being the oldest resident of the town, having been there since 1860. George Strain and Mrs. Belle Brown moved there about the same time I did, but had not lived there continually.

We left Chester in a huge down pour of rain, which turned to snow as we reached Oxford, causing us to miss our train at Brush, Colorado and we did not arrive in Sidney until two o'clock on the morning of March twentieth.

I was made to feel perfectly at home in my daughter's home and soon grew to like Sidney very much.

My old friends thought I would never be able to content myself any place else, after living in Chester so many years and being so old.

Much has been written and told about the Pioneer Days of Sidney in the year of 1868. It was made a military post and known as Fort Sidney. The fort was discontinued in 1894.

At the time gold was discovered in the Black Hills prospectors from the east came through Sidney over the Union Pacific and freighted overland to the hills about two hundred miles north.

These prospectors with the cowboys all ready in the country and the desperadoes who always follow these trails gave to the town the name, "The Toughest town in the United states".

They tell us of a time when the Union Pacific refused to stop their trains in town, until they cleaned up.

In July 1922 all the bodies buried in the old cemetery were disinterred and shipped to Fort McPherson National Cemetery near Maxwell, Nebraska.

At that time bodies were found which had been buried with their boots and hats on, just as they fell. Others were found with rope around the neck, all telling a silent story of the manner in which they met death, and bearing out the stories of the Pioneers that many in those days were buried with the boots on, others 'buried between' sunset and sunrise and all that was ever known, was there was a new grave in the old cemetery.

But this is all ancient history now and out of the ruins of old Fort Sidney has arisen one of the best towns on earth and one of which all may be proud to call Home.

It is located in the Lodge Pole valley, with hills to the north and South, the valley extending to the east and west. It is on the Main Line of the Union Pacific, of which it has for many years been a freight division point.

It is also on the Burlington Branch between Denver and Billings, Montana, and on the Lincoln Highway.

Our little city is now an ideal place in which to live. The old days of lawlessness are gone. Fine school buildings, churches and homes have taken their place. Our people as a whole, are energetic and law abiding.

On the tilled lands to the north and south are the wonderful wheat farms,
which have made Cheyenne County famous.

Just now times are a little hard caused by the low price of farm products particularly of wheat.

I cannot help but compare conditions here now, where all have the necessities of life and many of the luxuries of life, with the hard times, I have known in the past.

The people of today cannot realize the trails and hardships of the early Pioneers, nor how much they owe to those who blazed the trail across this western country.

CHAPTER 31

AFTER ALMOST SEVENTY YEARS

My health improved rapidly after reaching Sidney. With good care and the invigorating climate, it was not long until I could ride for miles in the automobile, without getting tired. When I first arrived, my daughter and her husband told me, that just as soon as I could stand the trip, they would take me to see the ruins of Old Fort Laramie, about a hundred and fifty miles northwest of us.

At the time, I did not think I should ever be able to make the trip, but about the first of July we began to plan for it. On the morning of July sixth, we left Sidney about eight o'clock in the morning. This time we traveled in a Dodge Roadster at the rate of thirty-five to forty miles per hour. This was quite different from walking and driving two yoke of oxen hitched to a covered wagon.

On this trip we traveled as far in half and hour, as we would drive in a day in the olden times.

We drove north through the town of Huntsman, Gurley and Dalton, to Bridgeport about forty miles north. A few miles north of Dalton we came in sight of the Platte Valley. We did not cross the river at Bridgeport, but kept along the Old Oregon trail, on the south side of the river. Soon after leaving Bridgeport, we came in sight of Chimney Rock. This was the first thing that looked at all natural. You will remember that this rock was one of our old landmarks. It is possible that the storms and winds of almost seventy years have worn some of it away, as it did not look quite as tall as I remembered it, but otherwise it was just the same. At Bayard we crossed the Platte on a fine bridge, but which we had crossed many times years ago. I could hardly make myself believe that I was traveling over the same ground, over which I had traveled in my youth. At that time as far as the eye could reach, was one sandy barren prairie, but now a fine irrigated country, with beautiful fields, trees and vines.

We passed the towns of Kinsey and Kelbata and soon came within sight of Scotts Bluff, another old landmark and which looked natural. Continuing west, we passed the towns of Mitchell, Horrell and Henry. Here we crossed into Wyoming and spent the night at Torrington. Next morning we started for our destination. Going through the town of Lingle, Wyoming, we came to the first monument on the Old Mormon Trail, the others we have seen had been on the Oregon Trail.

I had been watching for the Laramie Peak since leaving Scotts Bluff, but the sky was cloudy, so that we could only see a dim outline of it.

Up to this point, with the exception of the two old landmarks, nothing had looked at all familiar to me. Soon after leaving the town of Lingle, I recognized a break in the hills to the southwest and told my son-in-law, that I knew that place. We soon came to the present town of Fort Laramie, which is about two miles from the Old Dort. At this place we left the highway and crossed a bridge to get down to the old place. This bridge is some distance below our old
fording place and a different road lead from the bridge, past the old cemetery to the fort.

However, I recognized the old place at first glance and soon found myself standing and gazing on the same landscape which I had not seen for nearly seventy years and where one of the most important events of my life transpired. I cannot find words to express my feelings and as in a panorama, I thought of the intervening years and the changes they had brought to me. Then I first saw the place, I was only a boy of eighteen full of hope and faith and with life all ahead of me while the fort was a beautiful and well kept place and alive with activity.

Now I was an old, old man, with life behind me and the old fort was deserted and in ruins. The change in the fort I suppose was not greater than the change in myself.

The Old Fort is now private property and a sign "No admittance" posted on the gate. My son-in-law had been there two years before and knew Mr. John Hunton, who lived there, so we went to see him.

I found that Mr. Hunton came there just after the close of the Civil War, or ten years after I left. He told me that he worked for a man named Ward, whom I had known as an Indian trader and who later bought the Old Sutler's Store.

Very few of the old buildings remain and they are a mass of ruins, but it just happened that the ones left were the ones in which I was most interested.

The old Doby Store building is still standing, but the outside kitchen door in the north end has been closed. The doors and windows in the rest of the building are the same, so that the general appearance of the building is not much changed.

On the inside of the building the partitions and openings are the same. The same old counter with their iron railings, over which Mr. Tutt and Mr. Dowlerly sold their goods are in the same place.

An addition to the store had been built, blocking the back door to the kitchen. Mr. Hunton kindly took us through the other building into the kitchen and I saw the room which had been my home for four months turned into a stable.

I pointed to the place where my cot had stood and Mr. Hunton said he had slept in the same place, the first two years he was there.

I might add, that the picture of the old buildings can be seen in the Wyoming State Capitol at Cheyenne. It is said to be the oldest building standing in Wyoming today and I think without any doubt one of the oldest buildings west of the Missouri river.

The two story frame building a little the south is the one which was occupied in 1856 by Colonel Huffman, Captains Ketchum and Lowell and Dr. Page, but it was very badly dilapidated.

Dr. Page, had occupied the upstairs apartment in the north end and it was here my wife had worked the month we stayed at the fort after we were married. I saw the window of the room we had occupied, but the stairs were too badly worn for me to attempt to climb them.

This building, I was told, in later years was known as Bedlam. General Charley King has written a novel entitled "Bedlam or a Story of the Sioux War of 1876". The scenes of which are laid in this building.

All the other buildings around the parade ground are gone, just a few foundations, impossible to distinguish them.

There was one small building some distance out and this was the place where my friend Sam Covington had lived and where he took my wife the night she stole out of the Laramie Camp and came to the fort.

The old corral where I went to milk is now a grove of tall trees, which Mr. Hunton told me, he set out over fifty years ago, and which changed the looks of the whole place, just as the trees all down the valley changed the looks of the whole place.

The bridge over the Laramie river where I met my sweetheart and asked her
to leave the Mormon Camp and come with me is gone, but I could locate the
place where it once had stood, also the place where I got into the cactus bed.

Time and decay have changed every thing made by the hand of man,
showing how fleeting are his works, but the flow of the river, the hills and
the general landscape, God's handiwork remain in the same and will no doubt
until the end of time.

As I turned in leaving for one last look at the old place, which I had never
expected to see again, the thought came to me "Why did not the state of
Wyoming buy and preserve the old Fort as a State park?"
The Yellowstone Highway passed close by and a hundred of tourists would
have visited it each year.

No prettier place could have been found, with the hills on the south,
the mountains in the distance and the beautiful Laramie river flowing through it.
It could have been made into one of the beauty spots of the West.

It was the oldest for west of the Missouri river and sheltered and gave
aid to many of the early pioneers of the West, but like the pioneer, it is now
a thing of the past and lives only as a Memory.

CHAPTER 32

RETROSPECTION

Little more remains to be told. What I have written in this narrative are
events just as they happened in my life, without any attempt at fiction.

I have endeavored to give the readers some idea of the life and
hardships endured by the Pioneers of the Western country and of the methods
adopted by them.

I have also tried to give an unprejudiced outline of the belief and history
of the Mormon Church, both as it was preached to us in England and as I found
it practiced in Salt Lake City in the early days.

I have told no exaggerated Indian Stories, as I had none to tell. Although
I crossed the plains twice in the fifties and spent much of my life on the
frontier, we were never molested by them.

During our trips across the plains, as I have written many came to our camps,
but they were always friendly.

It was ten or fifteen years later that the Indians were dangerous.
Many of them came to Ft. Laramie to trade and I remember at that time, they told
us the Cheyennes were on the war path over on the Lodge Pole, south and east of
us.

I often wonder if the boy of today, if he is living seventy five years
from now, will be able to look back and see the changes and improvements which
I can remember.

I have lived to see many things which years ago we would have said were
impossible, come to pass; until now I sometimes wonder if anything is really
impossible.

The next seventy five years will I am sure, unfold many wonderful things
in the way of discoveries, inventions and improvements, but the days of the
Pioneer in America are gone forever.

I have lived to see the ox team with their cumbersome covered wagon give
way to the Stage Coach and Pony Express, to be followed later by the railroads,
automobiles and airplanes along with the telegraph, telephone and wireless.

I have seen this great "American Desert", which was once the undisputed home of
the Red men and buffalo give way to the White Man and his civilization.

From the barren desolate prairies as I first remember it, I have seen it
develop into one of the richest and most productive countries on earth.
I offer no words of advise to the youth of today, knowing full well that it would be useless. My experience will do them no good, they must all work out their own destinies.

As a boy, I was unwilling to heed the advise of my parents and stay with them, being determined to go my own way and many times did I bitterly regret that I had not done so.

There is an old adage that "Opportunity knocks once at every man's door". I know that he knocks, not once, but many times at every man's door, but in a form which few recognize too late.

I knew that from a purely financial standpoint, I missed my first golden opportunity when I quit the mill in Hatford and came to America.

Again when I first went to Salt Lake, I knew that had I been willing to have followed the leaders there at that time and to have believed everything they did was right, I would have had no trouble in working up.

I had my chance when I was appointed Clerk and made up the records of the Elders Quorum, but I could not make myself believe some of the things they practiced were right, although many of their teachings I still believe.

Again had I stayed with the Michigan Central in Detroit, besides the countless opportunities which every new country offers along with its hardships.

I realize that my experience in this, is no different from the average man. We can all look back and see the opportunities we have missed, but few of us are gifted with foresight.

I have no formula for my long life. Perhaps it is due to the fact, that I come from a family of long lived people, by father, mother and one brother died between the ages of eighty six and eighty eight. One brother was over ninety. My oldest sister died in her ninety eighth year and my youngest sister died a year ago, in her ninety seventh year.

I never dissipated and never tasted tobacco but once in my life, that time made me sick and I never tried it again.

I have seen more of Pioneer life than falls to the average man. I think I have seen every phase of it.

I have seen my crops killed by dry weather and by wet weather, by hail storms and hot winds. Eaten by grass hoppers and chinch bugs and have sold the crops I did raise at the world's lowest prices.

I have had my share of sickness and death.

But why say more, I have not only lived out Man's allotted three score years and ten, but am nearing the four score years and ten.

Sitting today on the porch at my daughter's home in this beautiful western Nebraska town and reviewing my long life, I feel that with all my hardships and trials, I have had many blessings and many things for which to be thankful.

But my troubles are all over and I am happy and contented. Now as the day is drawing to a close, I think how typical of my life this day has been.

The morning sun arose in a cloudless sky. Early in the forenoon clouds appeared, hiding the sun, only to clear away and come again, with intervals of sunshine and shadow all day, for as in the words of Longfellow,

"To each life some rain must fall
Some days must be dark and dreary."

But now as the twilight hour approaches, the clouds have all cleared away and the sun is slowly sinking in the west.

"All's Well."