Recollections of Stephen Forsdick

Memoir of Matter Collection

Mrs. Freytag of Sidney, Nebr. first showed me the original of this work at Scotts Bluff Natl Monument in 1938. It was copied at Fort Laramie by Burt Fraser, Acting Curator, - 1939. It was published in The 1953 Denver Westerners Brand Book (Denver, 1954) pp. 31-55.

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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.

Ft. Laramie starts on page 42

This diary was written by Stephen Forsdick, who worked at the Sutlers Store, Ft. Laramie in 1856. Loaned to me for copying by Forsdick's daughter, Mrs Freyley of Gearney, Neb

B. Fraser

CHAPTER 1.

CHILDHOOD DAYS.

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

My father's name was John Forsdick and my mother's maiden name was Juliet Elizabeth Bartram. 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 later 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 Estate 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 woods 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 Gullet and it was while they were living there that I was born.

When I was about six months old, Father was transfered 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 older brother John said that he would shoot the deer and Lord Clarenden'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 apples he had brought to me.

It was a much pleasanter place to live. The Grand Junction Canal ran through the Park there and we had near neighbors. The Carpenter and blacksmith shops were only a short distance away.

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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 home 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 her stay many of the Royalty and Nobility of not only England, but of Cantinental Europe, especially of Germany visited there.

During her visit Queen Victoria, Prince Albert and their children were there. At that time, the Royal Standard, a flag used only where the reigning monarch was staying, was flying over Cassiobury.

On one occasion Father received word that Prince Albert and Prince Edward of Sax Weimer would shoot on a certain day and for him to take them where they could get the best sport, as he had full charge of the game preserves.

I was dedaubed to attend close around the Prince Consort, even now I can well remember how he looked that day.

When he would shoot, one of his attendents would take the empty gun and hand him a loaded one. The gunpowder was carried in one pound cannisters, then poured into the powder horns.

They were not particular about shaking all the powder out of the cannisters 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 reached the board, my straw had quite blazing and as I thought it would do no good 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 pump 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 scars, but I never experimented with gun powder again.

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 want a boy in his counting house and came to our school to get one. I was selected and began making my own living.

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

I started in at the Mill at eight shillings per week and in Septemb 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 h preceeded 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 ha reached the age of twenty one, he would have made me manager of that par of the business and that had I continued as I had started, would no doub 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 oporutnity I foolishly threw away.

CHAPTER 3.

A NEW RELIGEON

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 wou go to Hell and the different denominations thought the same of each othe 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 Chape and now after a lapse of over seventy years, I can distinctly remember s of the texts and hymns, that I used to hear.

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

In the year 1848 a new sect made their appearance in the town and b to hold meetings. The called themselves The Church of Jesus Christ of t Latter Day Saints, and they preached that there was no salvation except becoming a member of the same.

They preached that the true Gospel, through unbelief had been taken from the earth and that the angle spoken of in Revelation as; "Bringing the everlasting Gospel to preach to those who dwell on the earth", had c to Joseph Smith in Palmyra, in the State of New York and commissioned hi preach the Gospel and establish the Kingdom of God on earth, never more be over thrown.

They claimed that Peter, James and John had come and ordained Josep 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 aut that the Twelve Apostles had in Jesus' day.

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

For the benefit of those who have never read the "Book of Mormon", 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 Testiment.

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

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

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

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

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

The Mormons claim that the American Indians are the decendents of this Ancient race discribed 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 Christions do, but the claim that the Book of Mormon is an additional book of Scripture, contai 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 lea ing 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 on 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 an blessings bestowed upon the Apostolic 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 som had the gift of prophesy, others the interpretation of tongues.

In prayer meetings, I have heard men and women get up and talk an unintelligable 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 Elders of the Church. The caution, howe 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 Christion 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 emn will be judged by their own actual sins and not for Adam's trasgression, 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 substanciate their te
The main thing that they wished however to impress was, that God had restored the Priesthood through Joseph Smith and revealed through and his successor Brigham Young and from them through all the branche of the Priesthood; so that even without a Bible, the people could lea the way to Everlasting Life.

The Church Government was composed of the President of the Churc that Prophet, Seer and Revelatio Brigham Young with his two Counselor

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

At the head of each Divisoon was a President and two Counselors, corresponding to the Godhead, but each seperate and distinct individu their interpretation of the Trinity.

CHAPTER 4.

I BECOME A CONVERT.

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

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

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

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

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

After attending their meeting for some time and becoming thoroughl infatuated with their preaching, I was baptized by Immersion in the River Colne, by a Priest in the Church named Henry Kibbell, on the ten 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 th 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 a 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, Eli 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 i 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 atte the Sunday morning services.

After that I went in the morning at ten-thirty, in the afternoon a 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 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, progress could be made in the Kingdom.

About this time, I was appointed Clerk of the Branch to keep the minuites 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 i 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, thi that services once a week is enough.

During the summer of 1851 I was ordained a Priest, that being a 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 about summed up in that verse which reads, "Show me thy faith without works and I will show 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 Temple would be built and where God would talk with His Isreal, 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

Like a good Mormon I prayed for the time to come when I could leave my native land and my friends and go to Salt Lake City, for to be where Brigham Young was, would in our estimation be getting closer Heaven.

No Mohammedan ever thought more of Mohammed and the Koren, than the Latter Day Saints did of Joseph Smith and after his death of Brigh Young, as the following verse from one of their songs will show.

Praise to the man who communed with Jehovah,
Jesus annointed that Prophet and Seer,
Blessed to open the last Dispensation
Kings shall extol him and nations revere.

Hail to the prophet ascended to Heaven,
Traitors and tyrants will fight him in vain,
Mingling with God, he can plan for his brethern
Death cannot conquer this Hero again.

In 1851 the Lindon Conference was divided into four or five Conferences. The branch to which I belonged being set off into the Essex Conference, and a man by the name of Slack from Sheffield was made pre

His headquarters was at Watford, my home town and I was appointe Clerk of the Conference. During the summer I made a record of all th members of the Conference.

It was at that time I made the acquaintance of C. W. Penrose, wh later edited the "Deseret News", the church paper published in Salt L City, and which it still published there.

I also met E. L. T. Harrison, who afterward edited the Salt Lake Tribune, a paper started in opposition to Brigham Young and which is still published.

CHAPTER 5.

I QUIT THE MILL.

During the winter of 1850 and 1851, the London Newspapers had been printing a very glowing discription of a wonderful building that was beingerected in Hyde Park and was to be opened to all nations of t world to place on view exhibits of all kinds.

The building was called The Crystal Palace. The outside framewor to be made of glass, with an arched roof of glass. It would be open t the public on May first. The price of admission was one shilling and was one of the many thousands who visited it.

Whitsun Monday was a Holiday at the mill, so I started from Watford on an early train and arrived in Hyde Park early and was amaze at the wonderful building which I saw.

I paid my one shilling and entered it. Even now I can scarcely discribe it. It seemed more like Fairyland and did not seem that it could be real.

There were exhibits showing the goods and machinery from nearly a the nations of the world in spaces designated to them.

I remember one of the things which appealed to me was the Kohinur diamond. It was placed under a glass globe and guarded by policemen.

I spent the entire day in the building and reached home that nigh about nine o'clock.

A short time later, my mother visited the Crystal Palace. Toward evening she became tired and hearing that there was a wonderful Panora entitled The Overland Route to California, on exhibition in the Egypti Hall in Picadilly near the Regents Hall, she went to see it.

When she came home, she told me about it and said that I missed a great treat by not seeing it.

Early in September, I made another visit to the Crystal Palace, b left early enough to visit the Panorama. It was on canvas and was unrolled by hand. The views were explained by a person telling what each picture represented.

It was indeed wonderful, but very different from our present day movies.

It showed the trip of General Fremont crossing the plains and man of the scenes that were shown on the canvas I later saw in my trip acr the plains.

I recognized Independence Rock on the Sweetwater river when we ca to it, from the picture I had seen in England.

I remember one of the London papers at the time in commenting on the Crystal Palace made this remark;

"The American Eagle flaps her wings over a barren waste in the Crystal Palace."

It was true, as the space given th the United States was almost empty. Another London paper replied to the first one by saying,

"It is true that the American Eagle flaps her wings over a barren waste in the Crystal Palace, but she is flapping her wings over many hundreds of British subjects who are seeking shelter under them."

During the past four years, I had been improving in my every day work. In September some one told Mr. Shute that I was planning to go America.

One day he found fault because a Bill of Memorandum had been left out of a bale of silk. He began to scold me and said, "I hear that yo are intending ultimately to go to America". I told him that was my intention. Well, said he, "You had better go now".

I replied that I would do so and I was just foolish enough to thi that God had answered my prayers and opened a way, whereby I could go Zion.

I told my parents that I had received notice to quit and it almos broke their hearts, but like most boys of seventeen, I was stubborn ar thought I knew it all.

Mr. Shute told the Foreman to tell me that he was not in any hurr for me to quit, that I could stay one month or three months or as long as I wanted too. My head was set on going to Zion and I lived to bitt repent of my choice.

The Foreman got another boy to take my place, but after a month h died. He then sent me to the same school from which I had come and to me to pick out some boy, whom I thought would do.

I taught him as much as I could about the work, but he did not ta to the work and did not learn it re dily.

Another proof that Mr. Shute wanted me to stay, he raised my wage soon after he told me that I could go.

It must not be supposed that the bulk of those who started for Salt Lake expected to become citizens of the United States, such was not the case.

We thought that in some way, God was going to set up a Kingdom wi Brigham Young at the head. He was at that time Governor of Utah terri

At that time, the whole aim of the Saints was to get to headquart of the Church, where we could drink of the truths from the mouth of God himself, through his servant Brigham Young.

It was a religious fanaticism, a blind faith in man, which had no foundation, as I afterward knew to my sorrow.

I will say now, that the Mormon religion at that time and for aug I know at the present time, was a Material religion. Every thing was Literal and not Spiritual and the only way to be saved was to do what those in authority told you to do.

The Mormons believe there will be three Glories in Heaven. The Celestiol, the Terrestial and the Telestial and according to a man's faithfulness, so would be his Glory.

In December 1852 at a General Conference in London a Revelation was read, purporting to have been given to Joseph Smith, authorizing a man to have more than one wife and stating, that is this way only coul a man inherit the Celestial Kingdom.

This was the first time that Polygamy had ever been openly preach in England. The man who read it commented on it and said "No doubt many wojld be offended and deny the Faith".

He was right, many did, himself among the number.

CHAPTER 6.

ENROUTE TO ZION.

My arrangements had been made to go to Salt Lake City, and while I did not at that time like the idea of Polygamy I did not back out.

About that time, an old chum of mine who had gone to Salt Lake in 1850, returned as a Missionary. He told me such a plausable story, th it was not compulsory for a man to have more than one wife and gave me such a glowing discription of things over there, that I was keener ths ever to go and only waited anxiously for the ship to sail.

Arrangements had been made to take us from Liverpool to Salt Lake City for ten pounds per head and to furnish us with provisions all the way.

There was an agreement that we could take a hundred pounds of bag with us, but I later found this was not true.

There was a very large immigration that year. I think about five boat loads, and as each boat carried about four hundred, it aggregated nearly two thousand.

The Superintendent of the Church in Liverpool would charter the ships to carry Mormons exclusively. These ships could be secured very cheaply, as otherwise, they would have had to go in ballast mostly, as return cargoes to New Orleans at that time was very scarce.

The ships chartered were mostly merican ships in the cotton trad between New rleans and Liverpool.

Our route was to be by sail ship from Liverpool to New Orleans, thence up the Mississippi River by Steamboat to Keokuk Iowa dnd then overland by ox team to Salt ake City, a distance of almost eight thousand miles.

In February 1853, I received word that the ship International wou sail on the twenty third and for me to be in Liverpool on the eighteen

The winter had been very mild and I had enjoyed myself in hunting and visiting around with my friends and relatives. Snow fell about th middle of the month and was on the ground when received notice to go

I made my farewell visits and spent the evening of the seventeent at home with my father and mother. The next morning before they were 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 s getting our luggage on board, paying our fare and getting all necessar tinware, matresses etc. to use on ship board.

My mother had given me a pail for water, a pair of blankets and some other things, so that I had only to get a mattress and a very poo one it proved to be. The tinware which was bought was of the cheapest sort and was worn out long before we reached our destination.

Our party was composed of an old man named John Doggett, three young ladies, Misses Rosa and Nancy Orrell, Eliza Hester and myself.

When it came time to pay for the passage, none of them seemed to have enough money and all borrowed from me. I loaned them altogether about thirty dollars and think that five dollars was all of it, that I ever saw again. As a consequence, when I arrived at my journey's end, I was dead broke and had holes in the toes of my shoes.

On the twenty fifth day of February, the ship was towed out of the dock into the iver Mersey and dropped anchor. We remained here two days, while all were ordered on deck, answered to our names and were examined by a Doctor before the ship could get her clearance papers.

While we were anchored an old Gentleman from Waled died and was taken ashore for burial.

Our organization was then accomplished. Christopher Arthur from Newport was appointed President and John Lyons and Richard Waddington counselors and Elder Sims as clerk.

The bunks were divided into wards, with a President over each and others were appointed to see that the beds were made and everything ke clean and neat during the voyage.

A watch was appointed to see that all hands were in their bunks b ten o'clock at night. We had three London policemen on board and they were assigned to Police duty.

On board most emigrant ships, the officers of the ship look after these things, but by the terms of the Charter of the ship made by the Liverpool Superintendent, these duties were undertaken by the passange themselves.

Most of us were in the steerage. A few were in what was called the Second Cabin, for which something extra was paid, but after we wer out at sea, the steerage proved to be the better ventilated and the mo comfortable of the two.

I think that we drew our rations, consisting of hardtack, rice, tea, sugar, salt beef or pork once a week. We were given four quarts of water each day and had to get it early in the morning.

As soon as we were organized we commenced a routine which was abou as follows; up at day light and get breakfast. Then came morning pray in all the wards, then it was sweep and clean up. Afrer that we could promanade on deck, sing or do whatever we chose until time to get dinn

The cooking was done by two young men in a little house on deck called the Galley. In the morning they would have two big boilers of hot water and those who wished tea, would take some of their cold water and exchange it for hot water.

The meat was all boiled together, each person tying a wooden or ti tag with his name or the number of his berth on to his piece. Rice was tied up in a bag and cooked the same way.

If a person wanted anything fried or cooked in any other,way, they would have to wait their turn.

Most of the passangers took fresh meat, fresh bread butter and man other things with them, so that we did not suffer for anything to eat.

CHAPTER 7.
SEASICKNESS.

On the twenty seventh day of February after breakfast, the ship weighed anchor and a tug took her in tow, down the river several miles.

I was below sweeping at the time, but soon went on deck.

While the tug had hold of us, we went fairly steady, but after a while, when they began to set the sails the ship began to pitch and roll a little.

When the tug let go of us, the ship settled down to business and s did most of the passangers.

At first we were a little dizzy, then sick at the stomach. The cr on deck soon thinned out and by night a large part of the human cargo was learning what it was to be seasick and the next ten days were lost time to me.

The first morning at sea was a little rough and some of the timid ones thought the ship would sink. I remember some of the sailors came down stairs to stow away the anchor chains and some one asked them, if it was not dangerous the way the ship was rolling.

One of the sailors made reply, "If it keeps this up for twenty four hours, the cat fish will be eating you", while in fact, there was n danger at all, but a sailor, like a cow boy, like to play it off on a tender foot.

During the first week or two, the cooks had an easy time of it, v few having much appitite and the deck was not crowded. I used to craw up on deck and get my arms through the ratline and try to throw up my boots.

My best discription of seasickness it that, the first day or two you are afraid you are going to die, the rest of the time, you dont care how soon you do.

All things come to an end, however and so did seasickness to most of us nad then we fell into our regular routine again.

We had contrary winds nearly all the way. After we had been out of post six weeks, the Captain said that he could sail back to Liverpo in six days, and said that if the wind did not change within a week, wo wo ld have to go on short rations until it did.

Maybe you don't think there was some earnest praying done for the wind to change, as it was a characteristic of the Mormon religion to p for the thing needed at the time, so that all our prayers now were tha God would change the wind and bring us all safe home to Zion.

Well, whether the Lord changed the wind or not, I do not know, bu the day before our rations were to be served out, we found in the morni when we awoke that we had ~~serve~~ Fair winds and plenty of it. I rememb that the first Mate said, "The Liverpool gals had let go of the ropes and the New Orleans gals got hold of it", and the ship was going throu the water like a race horse.

On the sixth day of April, that being the Anniversary of the orga ization of the Mormon Church, it was decided to celebrate the day in grand style on ship board.

Committees were appointed and a big program arranged. After march and countermarching across the deck, the assembly was called to order b the President and singing, recitations and speaches were the order of t day.

We had some splendid singers on board and some pretty fair poets and with original and selected songs and recitations, the day passed very pleasantly. While we were in the midst of our celebration, we pas close to another large ship homeward bound.

One of the songs composed on that occasion was a discription of th officers on the ship and as I have said nothing about them, will give p of the song. I do not remember all of it, but will give the parts I remember.

It was set to the tune of Yankee Doodle and you may judge when fourhundred were singing with all their might we at least made some noise, whether it was very musical or not.

The exact number that started from Liverpool was fourhundred and nineteen and thw song was as follows;

"On board the International, all joyful and lighthearted Bound Zionward, fourhundred Saints, from Liverpool we started. We're English Irish, Scotch and Welsh, assembled here together Resolved to do the wil of God, whate'er the wind or weather.

Now Elder Arthur's counselors, I wish you all to know it,
Are Elder Lyons, from Glascow, the celebrated poet.
And Elder Richard Waddington from London's famous city who has been seasick all the way, which has drawn forth our pity.

The Captain's name is David Brown, he comes from Massachusetts
(I do not remember this line)
Of course he is 'tarnation cute, but he is honest, rather
And will in time become a Saint and serve our Heavenly Father.12/

The first mate's name is Albert Howe, the second is Arch Campell
The third mate is John Marston and then comes a sort of scramble;
That is to say, a motely crew, called sailors and ship riggers
Amounting to about eighteen, Swedes, Germans, Danes and Niggers.

And last not least, the Carpenter, Carl Westerland, a Swede; Sir
The first of all the ship's company to embrace our Holy Creed, Sir.

After each verse came the chourus,
Then sing aloud, Ye Saints of God, in one united chorus
Old Babylon, we've left behind and Zion is before us.

It must by remembered that all nations of the world were called the Mormons, Babylon and the inhabitants were called "Gentiles" and t average Mormon had no more love for a Gentile, than the old Israelite had in their day.

CHAPTER 5.

WE ARRIVE AT NEW ORLEANS.

After the wind changed we made our way rapidly to the south and the weather getting much warmer.

The women folks went to work making tents and wagon covers. The ducking from which they were made, having been brought from England. or two men did the cutting and the rest did the sewing. I think abou twenty five tents and wagon covers were made.

About this time some of the sailors wanted to be baptized and th Captain had a large tank brought on deck for the purpose. It was lat used for a bath tub, so that any one wishing to take a bath in sea wa could do so.

The Captain was the first man to be baptized. He was followed b the second mate, then the sailors and the rest of the officers, until the time we reached New Orleans the Captain, the second mate and enti crew, with one exception belonged to the Mormon Church.

The carpenter, second mate and several of the sailors went throu to Salt Lake with us.

I think the Captain had another object, rather than religion in view, because when we reached New Orleans he persuaded a young and pr girl to stay with him. She went one trip with him, but died of the Y Fever the next time thw ship came to New Orleans.

About the seventeenth of April, we sighted land. It was the Gre Abasco, one of the West India Islands, at what was called "The Hole i the Wall". The channel is quite narrow at that place and I remember soon after that we passed two coral reefs, called "The Big and Little Isaac's".

It was not long until we could see breaders a short distance off each side of the ship and without any accident about the twentyfourth of April, we arrived at the mouth of the Mississippi river.

Ours had been a remarkable voyage. Other ships had baptized a f sailors, but to convert the entire crew, with just one exception, was something that had never happened before.

When we arrived at the mouth of the river, the water instead of being nearly green, became yellow. The sailors told us, it was the Mississippi river water and was fresh and fit to drink which we found be true.

Here a tug took hold of us and towed us over the bar, then took another vessel on the other side of her and we proceeded up the river

without dropping anchor.

The land on both sides of the river for some distance was low an swampy, but as we neared New Orleans orange groves began to appear an was quite a sight to us to see ripe and green fruit and blossoms on t trees at the same time.

I think it was on the evening of the twenty fourth of April, tha tied up at the levee in New Orleans, having made the trip in about ni

We had no sickness, except seasickness, had one marriage, two or three births, so that we arrived with more on board than we had when started.

Here the first part of our journey came to an end and a good man off us thought that the worse was over, but we were badly mistaken, a we found before our journey was really ended.

At this point we found a Mormon from Salt Lake by the name of Jo Brown. He was sent by Brigham Young to look after the interests of t emigrants, to charter steam boats to take us to St. Louis and he was thoroughly on to his job.

One of the first orders given us, was not to talk about slavery. Uncle Tom's Cabin had been published the year before we left England as was natural, our sympathies were with the negroes, but New Orleans that time, was a poor place to talk it, hence our caution.

Not withstanding the warning, I remember that a man named Miller from Scotland got into a very heated argument on the levee, which was soon stopped by Brown.

Here our crowd was divided, some of the well to do taking passage the Alick Scott, at that time the fastest boat on thelower river.

The bulk of us were assigned to the Liah Tuna which came along side the ship and our baggage was skidded from the ship to the boat, a very quick way to get it transfered.

At that time there was very little tariff on foreign goods, so th the examination of our goods, was not much more than a formality, and about the twenty eighth we started up the river to St. Louis.

As soon as we were started a watch was set and changed every two hours. The entire lower deck was chartered, so that we had the right way. There was a big crew of deck hands and it was to prevent any ste on their part that the watch was set.

On some boats the entire boat would be chartered and no other pas were allowed on board without permission.

On one boat about a month ahead of us, a man named Jacob Gates wa President and permission was granted to take a few on board at a way landing. One of these began to misbehave and Gates told him to shut u or he would have him put ashore. The fellow replied, "You are not Cap of this boat" to which Gates replied "No, but I am a bigger man on thi boat than the Captain and if you do not believe it, just try me" and t save being put ashore, he concluded that he had found his match and ha better keep still.

In those days it was an almost unbroken forest on both sides of t Mississippi river. The towns were not large and occasionally there would be a cleared field. About three hundred miles from New Orleans, boat stopped to unload some railroad iron for the Mobile Railroad. It was at a clearing. There was a log shanty near the shore and on the s were nailed some big snakes. These were the first snakes that any of us had ever seen, but have seen and killed many since then.

Our boat was a slow on and one of the songs that the roustabouts s was,

"Fire away, my bonnie boys and keep the boilers hot,
I'll give you fifty dollars if you'll pass the Alick Scott."

Although the lick Scott left New Orleans just the day before we we met her on her return-trip before we reached St. Louis.

We met with no accident going up the river and on the sixth day o May arrived in St. Louis.

I had some friends living in St. Louis and made them a hurried ca made a few purchases, expecially powder and shot.

When I returned to the boat, found that the "Jeannie Deans" an upper Mississippi river boat was along side. Our things were soon tra and some time the next night we landed at Keokuk Iowa, thus having com our water Journey without losing one of our number of death.

CHAPTER 9.

IN CAMP AT KEOKUK IOWA.

When morning came it found most of our baggage in a large ware house on the levee and we began to look around for the camp. It was located on a bluff about half a mile north of the business part of Keo

At that time the business part of Keokuk was confined to about one street, which I think ran west from the landing.

The Mormon camp consisted of a long street with wagons on each si of it. We were shown our camp, which consisted of about twenty wagons with bows on them, that was all.

As we belonged to the ten pound company, we were told to divide ourselves into groups of ten and each ten to take possession of a wagon

During the voyage I had become acquainted with a man from Newport Pugnall, in Bedfordshire, the county adjoining the one from which I ca by the name of John Bignell.

He was a man every inch of him and had a wife and little boy named Sammy. He proposed that we go together and pick up another family to make our ten.

We picked up a family by the name of Butler. There was a man and wife and six of seven children, but as two of the Butler children were small and the Bignall boy just a little fellow, we only averaged ten adults.

Many times on the trip, we wished that we had picked some other fa Butler was a shoemaker and was fit for nothing else, while his wife was entirely out of her element on the plains. They had two good sized boys, but one of them was too lazy to eat, the other one, Jack did fair well.

As soon as we were supplied with a wagon cover and tent. Bignell said that his wife and child and Mrs. Butler and their small children would sleep in the wagon and the rest of us in the tent.

From that time on, I pitched the tent with the help of one of the others. One bacon and flour were served out to us and we commenced ca life.

In the meantime some wagons had been hauling our goods from the riv to the camp and we picked out what belonged to us and put them in the tent or wagon.

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

We went to the timber, got wood for a fire. Eggs were cheap in Keokuk, so we bought some eggs, fried bacon and eggs and made pancakes and felt like we had had a feast.

Bingnell's and I messed together and the Butler's by themselves, except when Mrs. Bignell would take pity on them and help them out.

After being cramped up on shipboard for so long, it felt good to have plenty of room to run about and we enjoyed it to the full. After we gathered plenty of wood and water, we went fishing and hunting and thus two weeks passed.

Some of the camps moved off and we became anxious to be on the m but were told that our cattle had not come.
Men were down in Missouri buying them and had to go farther south, th they expected, hence our delay.

While we were camped here a lot of us concluded that we would vi Nauvoo, Illinois, from which the Mormons had been driven seven years before.

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

We visited the ruins of the Temple built by the Mormons, who had hardly finished it before they were driven away. In fact, quite a nu of the big men had left, but recrossed the river to assist in the dedication. A few nights after it was dedicated it was burned.

The Mormons always claimed that the mob which drove them out bur it, but I was afterward told, that it was
burned by orders ~~for~~ from Brigham Young, so that the Gentiles could n learn their secrets.

~~We visited the house of the Prophet built by the Mormons, and~~

We visited the house that Joseph Smith built, as he said by dire revelation from God. We found his widow living there, but she had married again.

She told us that Brigham Young had no right to lead the church, that he was a false prophet. They might just as well have tried to t the Mississippi river up stream as to make us believe that. Our faith was too strong, so after wandering around until we were tired we went back to camp.

A few days later the cattle came and then the fun began. Mr. Bignell had been a teamster in England, so he and I went among the ca and picked out two yoke of oxen which we chained together and called "Our team". We then picked out two yoke of cows and drove them out o corral and began to break them.

It was easy for him to do, but lots of the men had never driven team in their lives. They did not know Gee from Haw and could not pu on, nor take off a yoke. They could not get their oxen near the wago tongue and it took lots of patience, as many of the men were greener than the cattle.

It would take two or three men to each team, some on one side an some on the other and why they were not more accidents is something t I could never understand.

CHAPTER 10.

THE BEGINNING OF THE TRAIL.

After driving the cattle around for a few days and getting the me to their teams, about the first of June we broke camp and started on our long overland journey.

We drove out a short distance where the grass was good and there a meeting was called for organization.

Jacob Gates was appointed President and he chose Richard Wadding and a man named Noyer to be the Captain of Fifty, that is; each one would be Captain of half the wagons.

Each three wagons were under a Captain, called the Captain of t

and it was their business to see that they all got through the mud hol and all came into camp each night.

I pited some of the poor captaions at the start, but before the journey was ended I had the experience myself.

The first few days we made short drives, getting the cattle used to the work, as we were very heavily loaded.

It had been promised us in England that we could take a hundred pounds each across the plains with us, but before we left Keokuk, the leaders told us that we could not take that much. We had to throw away our trunks, boxes and some of our books and make bags for our clothing that I do not think we averaged sixty pounds each.

By the time we had flour, bacon and other provisions for ten peop our clothing and bedding packed in the wagons, we were very heavily loaded.

The year of 1853 was a very wet year in Iowa and we soon found lo of mud holes. As we got farther west many of the creeks had no bridge and we would have to wallow through the best we could. Several trains were ahead of us, so that the roads were badly cut up.

When we came to a mud hole, our Captain Gates would be in the lea but he had three good teams and usually got through all right. Then some of the next ones would get stuck and we would have to double team and it was slow work. Perhaps the same thing would happen several tim in a day.

Sometimes in crossing a creek, the banks would be very steep on both sides, then those who were not driving would have to put their sh to the wheel and help push the wagon out of the creek.

Going down, one man would stand on the bank and lock the wheel or wheels, depending upon how steep the bank, another man would stand in the creek and as the front wheels struck bottom, he wou unlock the hind wheels without stopping the wagons.

The lock was just a chain in two parts fastened to the wagon box and by slipping a ring the wagon was unlocked.

We crossed the Des Moines River at Farmington on a bridge. After we were about a hundred miles west of Keokuk, the roads began to impro There was very little settlement and the road culld follow the ridges.

We found plenty of rabbit and quail to shoot and saw some wild turkeys, but did not get any of them.

As we neared Council Bluff, owing to the oxen and teamsters getti better acquainted, we made better time. The last of June, the first s of our overland journey was ended and we camped just west of where the Chicago and Northwestern Depot in Council Bluffs now stands.

At that time about all there was to Council Bluffs was up in the hollow and it did not amount to much. The town was founded in 1847 by the Mormons and was called Kanesville.

The settlement around there was under the Presidency of Orson Hyd but in 1851, Brigham Young called all the Saints in Pottowattamee Co, to come to Salt Lake and about all the faithful left.

Soon after they had gone the Gentiles changed the name of the tow to Council Bluffs, because for a long time the bluffs, had been a favor rendezvous for the different Indian tribes to meet and hold council, to make treaties, or to break them and go on the war path.

Here we found some people who had crossed the sea with us, but wh had left Keokuk before we did. They had concluded to go no farther, their faith having failed them.

Some of the ones who crossed Iowa with us, also decided to stop, among them was John Doggett, who had been my berth mate on the ship.

He was an old man and quite lame, but had been compelled to walk nearly all the way, which we all did.

He had expected his niece to meet him in Council Bluffs, but the had concluded to stop in St. Louis.

He came to me and told me that he could go no farther, that he could not pay me the money he borrowed from me in Liverpool. There was a steamboat going to St. Louis and he could go deck passage and would pay me when he reached St. Louis.

I bade him goodby and the old man reached St. Louis in safety, only to die among his relatives. He was a good old man and it was sa to see the painful effort he made trying to keepup with the train.

In those days all companies crossing the plains were called "Tra either ox trains, horse trains, or mule trains, as the case might be, so do not understand that they were railroad trains, because at that time, there were no railroads west of the Mississippi river.

When we went into camp, we found that the Missouri river was ver and as there was a large train ahead of us, we settled down to wait a look around.

The ferry boat crossed the river about where the railroad bridge is now. It was called the One Tree Ferry, because onely one tree st on the river bank on the Nebraska side.

The territory of Nebraska had not then been organized and all th land west of the river belonged to the Indians.

At that time there was quite a strip of timber on the east side the river and one day I shot a fine deer, that ran out of it.

There was a big slough in the timber, but the river was so high, that they could sail from the extreme edge of the slough to the other side of the river.

It was the fourth of July before the train ahead of us got over and by that time the river was fal ing, so that the ground between th river and the slough was out of the water.

This made it necessary to keep one boat in the slough to ferry a it and the other boat in the main river.

There was only one man with each boat, so that we had to do our own work towing the boat up the river by hand far enough, that we coul make a landing at the right place on the other side.

Volunteers were called for to man the oars and towline. I volun and was assigned to the boat in the main river. It took us ten days t the thirty three wagons and the cattle across. It was hard work, the river was high and the current strong and lots of snags on the Iowa si

I have wondered since, that none of us were drowned. We did not know the dangers of the river, nor how easily the banks caved and we did not use the precaution, that we should have.

Fortunately there were no accidents and on the fifteenth of July, we had the last wagon across the river.

Here we learned what Mosquitoes were, some of us were bitten so badly, we could scarcely see. We had not learned that smoke would kee them away.

I should have stated that when we were organized that a Captaion the Guards was appointed and all men and boys of fourteen or over were enrolled for Guard duty.

We were divided into two sections, Section one composed of all th able bodied men and was called the Night Watch, the old men and boys constituting the Day Watch.

It was the duties of the Day Watch to herd the cattle from the t we camped at night until eight o'clock and from four in the morning, until we were hitched up ready to start.

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

CHAPTER 11.
ON THE PLAINS.

Crossing Iowa our guard duties had been very light, merely to ke the cattle from straying, but as we were now in Indian territory, str rules and greater vigilance was necessary.

The Captain of the Guards had a list of the names and the first eight names called had to stand guard, four in each watch until all h been on guard duty, then it commenced over and the same with the Day herders.

Some trains always corraled their cattle at night, but we never d Sometimes they would be close to camp, sometimes quite a distance off, if the feed was better.

As soon as we camped at night, the cattle would be driven to wate and then turned out to graze. As soon as some of them would begin to lie down, we would bunch them up and station ourselves around them.

Generally they would lie still until two or three o'clock, when they would get up and go to feeding.

If the night was stormy, or the wolves too thick, or a herd of buffalo near, they would get restless and often we would have to call help. A herd of buffalo could stampede a herd of cattle sooner than anything.

As a general rule it was not much trouble to get out the second watch, but you will always find some shirkers in every crowd, we had t but they had to take their turn.

Our Captain Gates would not travel on Sunday, unless we camped saturday night where the feed was poor, then we would travel Sunday un we found good feed and stop.

He said that our cattle were our salvation, and as on ship board we had prayed for Fair Winds, so we now prayed that "God would bless o cattle and make them strong". Mr. Gates never failed to hunt the best camping grounds, where feed and water was plentiful.

He was a man of good sense and judgement, always letting the catt fill up in the morning before starting and making the noon long or sho according to the feed.

Our train consisted of thirty three wagons drawn by two yoke of oxen to each wagon and we had probably a hundred cows and young stock with us. Part of the time, the hundred cows were hitched up, but as a rule they were driven behind.

There were about three hundred people in our train While on the Iowa side we had taken on more flour and bacon. We also had salt, sug tea, coffee and other things. At that time, I did not drind either tea of coffee, unless the water was very bad. We had two cows to each wag so that we had some milk to use.

Our bread was baked in cast iron kettles, by putting some coals under the kettle and some on top of the lid. When we had good wood, it was not such a hard task, but when the wood was wet or poor, or when we had to use wet cow chips, (which we often did) then baking was a hard job.

The women did the cooking and baking generally. In those days, we had no yeast foam, but they saved a piece of dough from one baking the next. The bread was mixed in the morning and by night it was rea to bake. It was not always good, but it had to do.

Our day would begin about five in the morning. It was get up, eat breakfast, then gather up everything, roll the beding and put it the wagons. Then strike the tent, roll it and pile it in the wagon a fasten the tent poles to the side of the wagon.

Then came the order "Set up the cattle". The day herders would start them toward the corral and we would drive them in. They were then yoked and hitched to the wagon and the lead team would start out and the other fall in line.

A corral was formed by dividing the wagons into two parts. In going into camp, the Captain would select the spot and the lead team would drive to a certain place and stop. The next wagon would drive up so that the end of the tongue was close to the nigh hind wheel of wagon ahead.

The others would follow, until the seventeenth wagon made half o the circle. The eighteenth wagon would pull haw and come up opposite number one and leave a space of twenty or thirty feet between them. The other wagons would then close up the other side, thus making two half circles, with an opening at each end.

When the order was given to get up the cattle the wagon tongues would be lifted and fastened with a chain to the wheel ahead, thus ma a fence, with some one standing at each end.

The tents were always pitched and the fires built outside the ci This was done so that in case of an attack by the Indians, we could g behind the wagons and the fire light would show us the attacking part

Another kind of a corral was made by closing the front end, by having the wagons stop close together, leaving only one end open. St another kind was made by driving the wagons close together with the t on the inside.

This kind was only used when a train was attacked when on the mo We were never attacked and always corraled like the first discription.

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

At night after we had corraled, 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 every day passed much as the day before.

Sunday we laid still if the feed was good. That was usually wash day in the camp and if any of the cattle needed shoeing, on any blacksmithing or wagon greasing to be done.

We usually had two or three meetings on Sunday and the rest of th day was 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 Omaha now stands on the seventeenth day of July and two days later crossed the Elk Horn ri on a rope ferry and camped on the Platte bottom.

Several days later we crossed the Loup Fork on a rope ferry and f kept several of us, scooping sand to keep the passage open for the bo

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

Our Captain had been over the route before, having gone out to Salt Lake and back. We 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 wa noted and whenever we saw "R. R. & T.", we knew it was a good place to camp, as the letters stood for River Road and Timber.

The distance was measured in 1847 by a roadameter and it was corr When a strip of sandy road occured, it was noted, as also were rocky r or dangerous places in the mountains.

For the first two hundred miles, the days and roads were much ali unless we encountered a rain storm, until we got near Wood River.

Here the first one of our party died. His name was Horsfall, he came from London and was about forty five years old. Poor fellow, he walked as long as he could, then lay day after day in the hot wagon, jolting along with nothing but creek water to drink until he died.

We dug his grave on the bank of a small creek, which I think they called Rattlesnake Creek. We sewed him up in a sheet and laid him dow in his grave. How long he lay there will never be known. The country was full of wolves and they would dig into graves.

It is hard to bury our friends where we can visit their graves, b to put them in the ground on the bleak prairie and go on, leaving them possably to be dug up by the wolves, was indeed hard, but it was the best that we could do.

After we were west of the present town of Grand Island, wood begs be scarce and finally failed altogether and for over two hundred miles we had to rely entirely on buffalo chips for fuel.

We had a visit from a band of Pawnee Indians about a week after w left the river and as we got farther west scattering bands came to put camp.

I remember that Mr. Bignell traded a pint of sugar to an Indian for a good buffalo robe. Some of the others traded for mocassins.

As the wagons were heavily loaded, no one except small children, sick folks and very delicate women could ride. When we came to a cree we would pull off our shoes and stockings and wade across, both men an women and later we waded rivers the same way.

After we were west of the forks of the Platte river the roads became more sandy, the grass not so tall and in due time, we came in sight of Chimney Rock.

This rock was on the south side of the North Platte river and at that time was visable for about fifty miles. It looked very much like the chimney of a large factory.

This rock is still standing and is just two miles south of the pr town of Bayard, Nebraska.

Another day or two brought us to Scotts Bluff, also on the south side of the river and a few days later we arrived at Fort Laramie. From here, we got our first glimpse of the mountains. Laramie Peak wa the first we could see.

It is on the same range as Long's Peak and was about a hundred and fifty miles northwest of us, when we first saw it.

We reached Ft. Laramie on the twenty second day of August and we were about half way to Zion on our over land trip.

I shall have more to tell about Ft. Laramie later, so that I will defer a discription of it now, but I little thought as I went through that one of the most important events of my life, would occur at that

CHAPTER 12.
CROSSING THE CONTINENTAL DIVIDE.

We stopped a day or two at Ft. Laramie and then started on the last stretch of our long journey.

At this place we crossed the Platte river, the water coming up to the hind axle. The river was clear, with sandy bottom and the curr very swift.

After crossing the river, we followed the Oregon Trail as far as Ft. Bridger.

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

The Old Oregon Trail started from Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas and wen in a northwesterly direction to Ft. Kearney, Nebraska. From there it followed the Platte river to where its branches and kept along the Sou Platte to about the present corner of Colorado. It turned then to the northwest through Ash Hollow to the North Platte river.

It did not cross the river, but followed along the south side to Ft. Laramie. From there it went almost west for a hundred miles and again turned north to the Sweetwater river, past Independence Rock, over the South Pass to Ft. Bridger. From Ft. Bridger it went northwes to Oregon.

The Old Mormon Trail or as it was sometimes called The Californi Trail, started from the present town of Florence, Nebraska, then calle Winter Quarters.

It followed the Platte and the North Platte rivers across the ent state, keeping to the north side of both rivers. From Ft. Laramie to Ft. Bridger it followed the Oregon Trail.

Whereas the Oregon Trail continued to the north and west from Ft. Bridger, the Mormon Trail branched to the south and west, through Echo Canyon to Salt Lake, thence on to California.

After leaving Ft. Laramie we left the river and did not see it again for nearly a hundred miles. This was the pleasantest part of ou entire trip.

The roads were good, water, wood and feed plentiful. There was a good deal of gravel, which made it necessary to shoe a good many of the cattle.

In about a week, we came to the Platte again and one Saturday nig camped near the mouth of Deer Creek. There was a fine vein of coal up the creek a short distance and the blacksmith and others got several sacks of it.

We camped there for several days, shoeing cattle, washing and cle up generally.

Our cattle, thanks to the good judgement of our Captain, were as a whole in good condition.

We had several teams that had been stuck so often they had become balky and caused a lot of trouble.

The Captain of Ten, to whom they belonged became discouraged and gave up the office and I was appointed to take his place.

For a while I was late into camp almost every night. I finally decided the only thing to do, was to keep the other teams belonging to

Ten back and when these cattle balked double teams and simply pull th through. By doing this we could manage to keep pretty close to the r

The night before we left the Platte, I shall never forget. We had overtaken some droves of sheep, which were being driven through t California. Some one in camp found a stray sheep and had it tied to wagon.

The wolves were so thick, that the camp guard had to almost sten over the sheep to keep the wolves away.

During the night a big storm came up, thunder, lightening, wind and rain.

I stood at one of our tent poles and Butler at the other and by firmly bracing ourselves, we managed to keep our tent upright. A goo many of the tents blew down and our tent was soon filled.

After the storm abated, it looked like a cyclone had hit us. Th only thing to do, was to set up the tents and pass the night the best could. Our blankets were dry, but those whose tents blew down were w

After leaving Deer Creek, we crossed over the north side of the and left it entirely.

From here we struck across country, through sand, sagebrush and alkali to the Sweetwater River. This was the hardest part of our jou Feed and good water very scarce and could only be found in certain pl We were compelled to make several long drives to find a good place to

Alkali water was very plentiful and it required extra vigilence t keep our cattle from getting it, as a very little of it would kill th We soon began to see lots of dead cattle, that the trains ahead of us had lost.

I have said nothing about buffalo hunting. We only had one hors in the train and although we saw Buffaloes by the thousands, we only killed two or three.

About this time, an Old Scotchman, named Heggie in getting out of a wagon, while in motion fell and the wheel went over his leg break it.

He was put back in the wagon. We fortunately had a man with us, who had been a doctor in Liverpool, who set the fractured limb, but he was unable to walk the rest of the way.

Soon after this we came to Independence Rock, on the Sweetwater River, named we were told because General Fremont had camped there on the Fourth of July, some years before.

You will remember that I told you in the beginning that I had see the picture of this rock in London and I readily recognized it when we came to it.

It is a rock nearly half a mile long and from one hundred and fif to two hundred feet high. At that time it was covered with names. Some painted, some chisseled and some in pencil. As I remember it, most of us wrote our names on the rock in some form.

Some of the boys climbed to the top of it and said it was shaped like a basin and contained water, but I did not go up.

The next day we crossed the Sweetwater River, which at that place ran through perpendicular cliffs about three hundred feet high and was called "The Devil's Gate".

I remember right in the gap by the side of the road was a grav with a big boulder for a head stone, with a name chisseled in the rock.

The roads now became very rough and rocky, requiring careful drivi not to break the wagons.

We drove along the river for several days, our progress being necessarily slow, one day crossing the river three times.

CHAPTER 24.
FRONTIER LIFE IN IOWA.

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

We hired him to take us across the river. The report had reache fort that the ice was not safe, as a team had just broken through; bu 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 farthe 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 river. His clothes were soaked and in a short time, were frozen stif

After getting the team out of the river, the wagon was backed off and we found better ice a little farther down and with out any other mishap, we reached Weston.

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

St. Joseph at that time was the head of the regular teamboat navigation, although smaller 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 Gideaux.

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 m crop was Hemp.

Several towns had started on the west side of the river, the prin cipal 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 bein the largest. Bellevue a town between the mouth of the Platte river an Omaha had been in existance before the country was opened for settleme

On the Iowa side, there were no towns of any size until you reached Council Bluffs. here was a small settlement called St. Mary' 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 Captain 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 underto 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 Indian at that time, claimed that the Missouri iver was once like the Platt River is now; a wide shallow stream. The old river channel beds at t time seemed to bear out the theory. the old channels could be found o 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. fter big rain the old channel wo ld 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 w provided with spars, that were forty of 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 holds.

The boats were always loaded to sit a little lower in the water the bow, than aft and in running on a sandbar the front of the boat w be aground, while the after part would be afloat.

he 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 mai engine would drive the boat forward until it would again strike botto

The foot of the spar would be moved forward and the same thing d over and over, until they were clear of the samdbar. this was indeed work.

On the completion of the Hannibal and St. Joe railroad, the comp put on a weekly line of two boats to Omaha and one to Leavenworth, a town that had started south of Ft. Leavenworth.

They kept the Omaha line going until they completed the rail roa 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 ope 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 o The timber was frozen and not being much of a wood chopper, 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 s 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 mon About the first of June we took passage on the Steamboat dmiral and landed at Millville Landing midnight and the next day we went out to John avenport's.

I went to work at anything I co ld get to do, mostly sawing shing blocks, out of the big cotton wood tress that grew along the river.

It was while living here on the third day of ugust that our firs 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 fi bushel to the acre.

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 cousins name was Horace Fosdick. 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 with out one.

I have often seen the name Fosdick 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 made 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 Niagra Falls. Coming back it would transfer passangers from Windsor to the Michigan Centra.

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 of 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 mid night, 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 wool was received and later in the mess pork and beef, and lard in tierces 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 fefried 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 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 is would be dumped down to the boat landing and taken up the river to Cario.

It was then taken to Chicago and transfered 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 take 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 cotto and the same amount of flour, besides thousands of barrels of beef an pork on hand at one time.

The livestock arriving from Chicago and way points was unloaded 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 had a line of propellors plying between Detroit and Buffalo.

These boats would unload their west bound freight then drop down to our flour sheds andload with flour and clear for Buffalo betwe daylight and dark.

When the ice became dangerous on Lake Superior we would get some their boats to load and they carried about a third more than the regul Buffalo boats.

It had been the rule, late in the fall to discharge the extra ga 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 Detroit. Soon after that the Democratic Convention nominated Breckin and Lane and the Baltimore Convention nominated Douglas.

Slavery was the main issue and there were lots of Breckinridge flags in Detroit. Lincoln was elected in the fall and the Civil war began the next spring.

Afterh Captain wilkes sieze the Royal Mail Steamer Trent and fo took Mason and Seidel prisoners, it coused 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 we could see them drilling on the river bank, between Windsor and Sandwick, in plain sight of Fort Wayne on the American side.

War was hapily 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 to be a better proposition in Western Iowa, but whi did not prove to be as good as it looked.

Our second little girl was born while we had been in Michigan and the spring of 1863, I took my family back to Iowa.

While we had been in Michigan we had not realized much of the eff 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 We settled near the intersection of the four states.

Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa and Missouri were a part of the Louisana purchase. Iowa became a seperate territory in 1838 and was admitted 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 th slavery would be permitted in Missouri, but excluded from other parts of the Louisanna Purchase north of Latitude 36 30.

In 1836 Missouri was reduced from its territorial size to the pr state limits. At the outbreak of the Civil war, the people of the st were divided in sentiment and both sides took up arms.

Kansas and Nebraska were made territories in 1854 under the Kans Nebraska bill. Again the question of slavery arose.

They were both Free States but Kansas especially was the scene o many bitter conflicts. The territory of Nebraska at that time, compr a part of Colorado, Montana Wyoming and the Dakotas.

While there were no regular armies in our immediate vicinity, th was a great deal of guerilla war fare around us.

The leader of these was Quantrell, with his band of Outlaw Rebel

At that time all the boats on the Missouri river between St. Lou 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 Gaty, 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 rifer compelled the Pilot to steer straight for the bank. Quantrell and his band were in hiding and opened fire on the boat.

They compelled the Pilot to land and forciably took all those sic 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 bitt 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 spri

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.

CHAPTER 26.

IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE.

We left Detroit the last of February 1865 for New York and engag passage on the Sailship Liverpool for London and left on the morning March fifth.

I was sick nearly all the way, but my wife and the three childre enjoyed the trip.

We arrived in London early in April and took the train for Watfo and I was once more at home, in my fath r's house, after an absence o over twelve years.

My parents were living in the same place and their daily life wa exactly the same as when I left.

With the exception that all had grown older, I could almost imag the past twelve years to have been a dream.

My brother, five years older than myself had died. The rest lik 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 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 Am and finally said they heard that I had married an American girl and th would like to see her. I found that a good many of my old friends wer curious to see what kind of a girl I had married.

American wives were not as common in England at that time, as the 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 hav been coached, as to what was expected of any one in talking with nobil she talked with them as she would any one.

After visiting around for two or three weeks I grew tired of bein 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 st I saw an other account of it, but it was not until we got the papers t next morning that we knew the particulars.

The mail from the States had arrived that day as the cable had no then been laid.

I went to work in the Parcels Department, which is much the same 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, bu 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 then with my sister. Her two children had th measles and it was not long before our three took them.

I returned with out them, 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 man, who was getting twenty shillings per week.

After I had worked that way for some time, I asked the Superinten for the same pay, that the man I changed with, was getting. I was tol that the company did not raise any ones pay, until they had worked for year.

I told Mr. Apted, 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. Apted told me that they had broken their rules and rais my pay. The same thing happened when I was transfered to the first gr work, which paid twenty one shillings per week.

That was hardly enough to live on. My years in the states had ma me too independent to cater to every one a little my superior, as wo 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 find the work pleasant.

I remember one time in particular when I was reported. I was busy transfering parcels from one part of the station to another and h 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 i 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 office. The man in charge asked me about it and I told him just how it happede He said that this Gentleman, insisted that I apologize to him. I told 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 Peto. 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 t 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 bade them all goodbye 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 big 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 wav drenches the deck with water. While there is very little pitching, i rolls a great deal.

We left Liverpool in the afternoon, with the Storm Signals fluin There were two other vessels cleared for New York, so we did not stop

The next morning, i took my little boy and went on deck. The sp from the bow of the steamer was worse than rain, so we soon went belo

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 first day, none of us were allowed outside our rooms, but du the night a huge wave smashed our sky light, letting in great quantit 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 Stewart in charge sent for help. The Chief Stewart came and seeing the danger sent for the Captain.

The Captain sent word back that he could not spare a man, but th he would change the course of the ship long enough to get the passeng about fifty, into the Main Cabin.

As soon as the rolling eased up a little, a scramble took place, 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 seperated.

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 t reach the quarter deck and it was pitch dark.

My wife had the baby in her left arm, the ogher little girl, we had between us and I had the little boy by the hand.

We had started for the Upperdeck. There was a pen on deck, which had contained some sheep, but the storm had broken one side of it loos 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 had to back up to get him out.

All this time the water was roaring in the scutters close to us. When we reached the steps leading to the Upper Deck, some one opened a door leading from the main cabin to deck. We were close enough to dart in there, before the door was clos and we were safe for a while.

We were wet and indeed a sorry looking bunch to take possession o the First Cabin. I had managed to carry with me a large woolen shawl which we had, so 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 migrants on board. They were all so frightened, that it was hard to do anything with them. There was a b bunch of them huddled together in one corner, screaming and praying.

When the skylight broke and let the water in on us, I remember o big Irishman began to cry and reached out his hand to the fellow besi him and said "Good bye Jamie, 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 hel 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 t days before we could get down to them, but found them dry and not har by the storm.

The ship did not encounter any more bad storms, but we had storm 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 boile 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 an 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 Captai was going to desert the ship and that the women and children would be put off in the first boat.

He told this boy to ask if he could not go with his sister in th first boat. Soon after that the First Mate a thorough seaman commenc his walk around the deck. This sailor told the boy that this First M was the man to ask.

We noticed that the boy was following the Mate around and when h started to go up on the Quarterdeck, the boy walked up to him and sai "And Plase 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 d--n what boat you go in".

The sailor told the boy, that meant he could go. He went downst screaming and crying and told his sister that the ship was sinking an pandemonium broke loose again. The Stewart hearing the commotion, as 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 Captai 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 stea 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 f convinced and it was not very long until we heard the throb of the en 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 arri safely at New Orleans.

It had been thirteen years since I had first landed at New Orlea in 1853, but such a change. When I landed there the first time, the Levee was crowded with out 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 th afternoon for Cincinnati and we took passage on it. At Louisville, however we were transfered to the General Lytle.

When we arrived in Cincinnati, I lost no time in presenting my letter from Sir Martin Peto 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 nobs.

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 un 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 the Steamship Windsor were burned. A number of lives were lost and we lost all our baggage had nothing except the cloths we were wearing.

CHAPTER 28.

I BECOME NATURALIZED.

The next morning I applied again at the Michigan Central Depot fo work and was given my old job once more and started to work.

During the year I had been in England, the freight house had burn 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. Every thing was very high in Detroit at that time and wages had not increased in proportion to the cost of living.

Flour was twelve dollars per barrel, calico and muslin thirty to forty cents per yard and every thing else in proportion, while about the most any of the men were receiving was a dollar and a half per day We soon 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 every thing was much cheaper, we decided to go back there.

Looking backward now, I think there is the time I made a big mist At that time Frank Snow and Fred Delano were clerks in the offices at Detroit. Both afterward became Presidents of Railroads. While I migh never have became 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, guarantee 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 buildi of the Union Pacific railroad, Omaha and Council Bluffs had grown to b quite large cities.

There was a regular line of boats called "The O. Line" between St. Louis and O"aha, besides the St. Joe line and other boats going u the river.

These boats were nearly all stern wheelers and burned lots of wo 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 for three fifty and four dollars per cord, so that I made good money that.

One of the boats which I wooded whenever it passed my landing wa the Old Sam Gaty, the boat which Quantrell had forced to land 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 and the St. Jo and Grand Island in connection with the Hannibal and St. Joe roads, i was found that they could make so much better time, that the boats could not compete with them and were forc to quit.

After that there was no money to be made handling wood so I move across the river into Nebraska territory and rented a farm. I plante a crop of corn and had fine prospects, but a severe hail storm struck 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, at the District Court in Glenwood, Iowa.

As I had always been a firm believer in a tariff for revenue onl 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 co

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

I have never been so narrow however, that I could not see good i the other side, nor to recognise that my neighbor did not have just a good a right to his views as I had to mine.

On state and county tickets, I have always placed the man ahead the party. some of the best friends I have ever had, have been membe the Republican party.

I have always tried to be a loyal American citizen and have alwa 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 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 politic but after the election was over, if my man was defeated, I felt that owed allegiance to the victor and that he was my President, even if I not help to elect him.

In the fall of 1872, I was elected Assessor of Lyons Township, M County, Iowa. I finished my assessing during the spring following.

It was while living there, that we experienced the panic of 1873 times were very hard in Western Iowa.

The next few years I farmed around Glenwood, Iowa but much of th time crops were poor. In 1875 we had fine prospects for corn. It wa about a foot high in June, when an immense cloud of grasshoppers settl down on the bottom land and in a very short time, had eaten every thi in sight.

It was a very wet year in Iowa and after the hoppers left, the co 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 charg of a Grist Mill. I bought corn and wheat and ship ed 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 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 Gran Island, Nebraska. We went as far as Fairbury, Nebraska by rail.

From Fairbury we drove about forty miles south west to the ose C 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 clo towns and our nearest railroad was at Belvidere, Nebraska about 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 loved in a good many localities, but never did we find better neighbors than we had there. Among the early settlers at ose Creek, were the Carpenter Brothers, Regester Brothers, John Mosshart, 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 Regester who lives at Chester and myself.

Farther west of us about six miles was another settlement, called Grainesville. Desmond Craine was the Postmaster, it being on a Star Mai Route and it was here that we got our mail.

Others living there were Thomas Benson, Childs, Glenn Wilkie, and Larkins. hese were all either Scotch or nglish.

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 ose Creek, a small stream running almost due east and having a good grove 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 sons and families, but most of them had good fire breaks around their

North of them across theline in Nebraska for a distance of almost ten miles, the country was very sparcely settled and was covered with heavy growth of grass.

Early in November of 1878, we noticed the reflection of fire on the clouds to the northwest. The wind was blowing from the south, so we were not much alarme.

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 that 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 and 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. Joe 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 hime.

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 vistage 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 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 b James Dinsmore, 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 had 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 make the best of what erer 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 her to go miles to help a neighbor in time of need.

After the death of my wife, the three boys started out for thems and I was left alone with my youngest daughter.

The Democrats had again b en victorious and I was appointed Post Master for the second time, takng my office on the first of January

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 1997, 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 thr acres and there I spent most of my time.

I served four terms as Presinct Assessor, wrote Insurance and was Clerk and Sexton of the Chester Cemetary Association and with these th I managed to keep fairly busy.

As the years passed and I grew older, I suffered a great deal fro 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 sp 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 to make my home with her and I accepted the invitation.

I had lived in Chester and on the sameplace for over thirty eight years and had always supposed that I would die there, but it was not t

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 t since 1880. George Strain and Mrs. Belle Brown moved there about the same time I did, but had notloved their continually.

We left Chester in a huge downpour 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 s grew to like Sidney very much.

My old friends thought I would never be able to content myself a place else, after living in Chester so many years and being so old.

Much has been written and told about the Pioneer Days of Sidnery. In the year of 1868 it was made a military post and known as ort idn The fort was discontinued in 1894.

At the time gold was discovered in the Black Hills prospectors f the east came to sidney over the Union Pacific and freighted overland the hills about two hundred miles north.

These prospectors with the cow boys all ready in the country and the desperadors who always follow these trails gave to the town the n "The Toughest town in the United States".

They tell us of a time when the Union Pacific refused to stop the trains in town, until they cleaned up.

In J ly 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 the met death, and bearing out the stories of the Pioneers that many in th 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 idney 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 U ion 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. he old days of lawlessness are gone. ine school buildings, churches and hom have taken their place. Our people as a whole, are energetic and law abiding.

On the table 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 product , particularly of wheat.

I cannot help but compare condit ons here now, where all have the necessaries 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 th 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 ca 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 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 t 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 thrity five to forty miles per hour. This was quite different from walking driving two yoke of oxen hitched to a covered wagon.

On this trip we traveled as far in half and hour, as we would dr in a day in the olden times.

We drove north through the towns of Huntsman, Gurley and Dalton, to Bridgeport about forty miles north. A few miles north of Dalton w 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 r member 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 i away, as it xxx did not look quite as tall as I remembered it, but oth wise it was just the same.

At Bayard we crossed the Platte on a fine bridge, but which we ha forded 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 beutiful fields, trees and homes.

We passed the to ns of Minatare and Melbeta and soone came within sight of Scotts Bluff, another old landmark and which looked natural.

Continuing west, we passed the towns of Mitchell, Morrell and Hen 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 Morm Trail, the others we had seen had been on the oregon Trail.

I had been watching for the Laramie Peak since leaving Scotts Blu but the day 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.

It was the break in the hills where the Laramie river flowed down through the hills to the Platte river and the old Fort was near that place.

We soo n came to the present town of Fort Laramie, which is about two miles from the old Fort. 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 leads from the birdge, past the old cemetary 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 event of my life transpired.

I cannot find words to express my feelings and as in a panorama, I thought of the intervening years andthe changes they had brought to m

When I first saw the place, I was only a boy of eighteen full of hope and faith and with life all head of me, while the Fort was a beauti ful and well kept place and alive with activity.

Now I was an old, old man, with life behing me and the old fort deserted and in ruins. The change in the fort I suppose was not grea than the change in myself. The old fort is now private property and sign "No admittance" posted on the gate. My son-inlaw had been there years before and knew Mr. John Hunton, who lived there so we went to 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 workdd for man named Ward, whom I had known as an Indian Trader and who later bought the Old Butler's Store. Very few of the old building remain a 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 Boby Store building is still standing, but the outside kitchen door in the northend has been closed. The doors and windows the rest of the building are the ame, so that the general appearance the building is not much changed. On the inside of the building, the partitions and openings are the same. the same old counters with thei iron railings, over which Mr Tutt and Mr. Dougherty sold their goods in the same places. An addition to the store had been built, blocking the back door to thekitchen. Mr. Hunton kindly took us through the other buildings 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 building can be seen in the Wyoming State Capital at Cheyenne. It is said to be the oldest buildi standing in Wyoming today and I think without any doubt one of the old buildings west of the Missouri river.

The two story frame building a little to the south is the one which w s occupied in 1856 by Colonel Huffman, Captains Ktchum and Bow and Dr. Page, but it was very badly delapidated.

Dr. Page had occupied the upstairs apartment in the north end and it was here my wife had workdd the month we stayed at the fort after w 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, was told, in later years was known as bedlam. General Charley King has written a novel entitled Bedlam or a Story the Souis War of 1876". The scenes of which are laid in this building All the other buildings around the parade grounds are gone, just a few foundations, impossible to distinguish them.

There was one small building some distance out and this was the p where my firend Sam Covington had lived and where he took my wife the night she stole out of the Mormon 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 had changed it over the Laramie river where I met my sweet hear 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 ha e changed every thing made by the hand of man, showing how fleeting are his works, but the flow of the river, the hill and the general landscape, God's handiwork reamain in the same and wil doubt until the end of time.

As I turned in leaving for one last look at the old place, which had never expected to see again, the thought came to my "Why did not state of Wyoming buy and preserve the old Fort as a State park?".

The Yellowstone Highway passed close by and hundreds 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 fort west of the Missouri river and sheltered gave aid to many of the early pioneers of the West, but like the pion 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 narr 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 history of the Mormon Church, bot 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 m life on the frontier, we were never molested by them.

During our trips across the plains, as I have written many came our camps, but they were always friendly.

It was ten or fifteen years later that the Indians were dangerou Many of them came to Ft. Laramie to trade and I remember at thtat tim 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 impr ments which I can remeber.

I have lived to see many things which years ago we would have sai impossible, come to pass; until now I sometimes wuder if anything is impossible.

The next seventy five years will I am sure, unfold many wonderful in the way of discoveries, inventions and improvements, but the days the Pioneer in America are gone forever.

I have lived to see the ox team with their cumbersome covered wag give way to the Stage Coach and Pony Express, to be followed later by railroads, automobiles and areoplanes along with the telegraph, telep and wireless.

I have seen this great American Desert, which was once the undis 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 develope into one of the richest and most productive countrie on earth.

I offer no wirds of advise to the youth of today, knowing full w that it would be useless. My experience will do them no good. they m

As a boy, I was unwilling to heed the advise of my parents and s with them, being determined to go my own way and many times did I bit regret that I had not done so.

There is an old adage that "Opportunity knocks once at every man' door". I know that he knocks, not once, but many times at every man' door, but in a form which few recognize until too late.

I know that from a purely financial standpoint, I missed my first golden opportunity when I quit the mill in Watford and came to Americ

Again when I first went to Salt Lake. I know that had I been willing to have followed the leaders there at that time and to have believed every thing 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 record 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 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 came from a family of long lived people. My father, mother and brother died between the ages of eighty six and eighty eight. One bro was over ninety. My oldest sister died in her ninety eighth year and 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. 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 worlds 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 da is drawing to a close, I think how typical fo 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, wit intervals of sunshine and shadow all day, for as in the words of Longfe

"Into each life some rain must fall
Some days must be dark and dreary."

But now as the twilight hour ap roaches, the clouds have all clear away and the sun is slowly sinking in the west.

THE END.