



ELIZABETH DAY.

NOTE.—No picture of Mr. Day exists, hence its omission in this volume

X

OFF FOR THE FARTHEST WEST

Labors in Michigan—The California Emigration—A Call of Duty—
Through Illinois and Missouri—Savannah—A Sunday in St.
Joseph

IT was in June, 1846, that Mr. Day returned to "the little house among the peach trees," and tasted again the quiet pleasures of his home. The meeting-house, for the erection of which he had found the material means, became the center of his ministerial labors. But those labors were not limited by the natural boundaries of his home field. His activities as a preacher of the gospel were known and felt in all the neighboring localities. These labors, in the days of hard roads and the primitive inconveniences of pioneer life, meant much expenditure of strength and no little hardship.

Thus did the pendulum of this man's life swing back and forth between wide extremes of experience. He who knew the luxuries of rich homes in Boston, Rhode Island, and New York, where he had been an honored guest, knew also the no less generous but necessarily severe hospitality of the log cabin and the camp in the woods. Like

Paul, he knew how to abound and how to be abased. And we know well, from the record this man made of himself in his familiar letters, that it was a matter of little concern with him as to his personal comfort, if only he might see the work of God move forward.

We pass by more than two and a half years of ministerial work in and about Sturgis that we may follow him as he again breaks away from home to make a longer and more tragic tour than any in which we have yet borne him company.

By the issue of the war between the United States and Mexico, California became a part of our national domain early in 1847. Emigration thither was soon thereafter greatly stimulated by the discovery of gold there. The population of the new territory increased with marvelous rapidity, and there was almost total destitution of religious institutions, especially among the miners.

Mr. Day felt constrained to do what he could to meet this urgent demand. In February, 1849, he joined the procession of those emigrating to the Pacific Coast. He went by the overland route; but instead of waiting until he reached his destination before heralding the gospel, he improved every opportunity that presented itself along the way, preaching in churches, when accessible, and holding services regularly in camp.

We may trace his course of travel and his experiences by aid of the following extracts from his letters to his wife, in which details of the most interesting character appear :

COOK COUNTY, ILL., March 13, 1849.

THURSDAY MORNING.—We are all well, happy, and cheerful. We spent Sabbath in Winchester, Porter County, Indiana, where I preached to an attentive audience.

On the third day we passed the Centerville company. On the sixth day we passed the Mottville teams. On Sunday we rested and they passed us. On Monday night we came up to them again. To-day we are all at work repairing a bridge across the Grand Calumet. We are about five miles west of the Illinois State line. Our wagon tops are good in dry weather, but when it rains they leak like cheese-cloth. Our beds, bedding, and guns are wet, and to-day we have our mattresses, blankets, buffalo robes, etc., spread in the sun to dry.

We are within one day's drive of Chicago. There we hope to get rubber cloth to cover our wagons.

We may well believe it was no small satisfaction to Mr. Day to demonstrate that teams could travel more rapidly by resting one day in seven than by toiling onward every day in the week.

March 14.

This evening I am within three miles of Chi-

cago. I left the company this afternoon to go into Chicago to change our money and to purchase oilcloth coats for the boys. I have a letter in my trunk partly written, but I left it, as I came away in such haste that I did not even put on a collar.

The teams have turned toward the southwest because all bridges in this locality are swept away. There is no passing at present, even with the mail. The damage in Chicago alone is reported to be more than one hundred thousand dollars. The country here, and for miles in every direction, is under water.

Tuesday and Wednesday until noon we were engaged in repairing the bridge across the Calumet. We put strong pins into four bents twenty feet long, and one forty-six feet. We had to cut the timber, hew and draw it, and then plank the whole before we could cross. At ten o'clock today we passed over. The river is about four hundred feet wide and twenty feet deep, with a strong current. It is a toll bridge, and although we boarded and lodged ourselves, and worked like heroes to repair it, the proprietor would allow us nothing, and charged three dollars for hay eaten by the oxen. So much for Illinois.

Some of the party are dreadfully discouraged, and declare we shall be robbed of all we possess by white men long before we meet the Indians on the plains; but I guess not. I have two borrowed revolvers in my pockets, and they will be my bed-fellows to-night.

The errand to Chicago was successfully accom-

plished, the company was rejoined, and the westward journey pursued. The rough life of the camp impressed one of the company at least that they were losing personal tone as they went farther and farther from civilized life. Our correspondent writes:

Bro. Jacobs says, "We are shut out of the world, and are destined to live like savages." "No," said I; "notwithstanding we eat on the ground and sit on the grass (or hay), when Sunday comes we wash, put on clean clothes, and hold religious services." I have an appointment to preach this evening.

We expect to cross the Mississippi at Rock Island about Wednesday. Address me at St. Joseph, Mo. It is all the news I can expect from home before we dive into the wilderness, whither letters cannot follow.

Soon the great river was sighted. Saturday evening they arrived on its eastern bank where they rested over Sunday, holding religious services as usual with much satisfaction. On Tuesday he writes:

Yesterday we crossed the river. We were ferried five miles and landed at Burlington. Report is to the effect that there are now at St. Joseph three thousand teams waiting. Corn is from a dollar to a dollar and a half a bushel. We met a wagon returning yesterday and bought of them their sea-

bread. If reports are true, we shall all wish we were at home.

We are now sixteen miles west of Burlington. I have painted our wagon cover, but it still leaks badly, though not so badly as before. It has rained without cessation all night, and is raining still.

ST. JOSEPH, March 27.

We arrived here about twelve o'clock. The shops are stocked with good pilot bread, selling at six dollars per hundred. The weather is very cold; ground frozen hard. Corn is plenty and sells at forty cents. There is a heavy emigration behind us, and prices will advance. We shall go into the country and buy hay and such other things as we need. A few of the emigrants crossed over into the Indian country and one of their oxen was shot to-day. I have held service every Sunday and find congregations attentive.

SAVANNAH, MO.

This place is fourteen miles north of St. Joseph, and on the road to Fort Kearney and Council Bluffs. I came here on the day I mailed my last letter. I purchased a stack of hay containing about three tons for fifteen dollars; also fifty bushels of corn at forty cents per bushel.

I was in St. Joseph day before yesterday. The streets were alive with emigrants purchasing outfits. The boats are doing a great business, with high fares. The overland route is the cheapest, safest, and for the most part healthy. The cholera is prevalent on the Missouri. By it two California gangs have lost members.

We are thinking of going to the Bluffs and taking the northern route to Fort Laramie. Savannah is a healthy village six miles from the river and surrounded by a rich farming country. From this place St. Joseph draws much of her "roughness," a Western phrase which means straw, hay, oats, and coarse grain. Oats sell at thirty-seven cents per bushel, corn at fifty, bacon and ham (smoked) at four and five cents per pound, sea or pilot bread at five dollars per barrel.

These details of the cost of provision are preserved because they supply reliable data for the making of comparisons between those days and these, as well as show the expense that was involved then in a trans-continental journey.

The Presbyterian Presbytery held its sessions here last week. The meeting was very pleasant, but few in the town could attend, as every house was filled with emigrants and visitors. I am expected to preach for the Presbyterians next Sunday.

Old Fort Kearney is the place where we expect to cross the Missouri. Up the Platte River, at the head of Grand Island, is Fort Childs, now called Fort Kearney. This place is three hundred miles above Old Fort Kearney. I am thus specific lest you get confused in respect to the two places.

The season is very backward. No grass is to be seen, and we are waiting for more springlike weather. Some two or three weeks ago some daring men crossed the Missouri, carrying corn and

oats. When these were exhausted, and they could not gather rushes for their horses, they peeled cottonwood trees and fed the bark. They reached Fort Kearney, when eighteen inches of snow fell, with very cold weather. Their teams died of hunger, and the men made their way back to the States as best they could.

The weather is very cold. It froze hard last night. Our folks are getting impatient to be rolling on. Corn is now selling at one dollar a bushel, and hay is "mighty scarce and mighty dear," as the phrase is. Missouri folk use the adjective "mighty" in common conversation where we would use the word "very." Where we would say "great" they say "powerful."

The stories circulating as to depredations upon emigrant trains created some anxiety as to the personal safety of this company, and in deference to the wishes of his companions the preacher bought and carried a revolver. But he is more intent on wielding the sword of the Spirit than on the use of carnal weapons, as witness the remaining lines of the letter :

A week ago Sunday I preached all day in Savannah; also on Thursday evening. Last Sunday I had invitations to preach in four different churches: Presbyterian, Campbellite, United Baptist, and the "Two-Seed" Baptist—God the one seed, the devil the other. I go to St. Joseph on Friday and hold meetings there on Saturday and Sunday. I shall write once more before I leave.

I am about to undertake a perilous journey. Do not borrow trouble: the same Divine hand that guides you at home will lead me on the plains.

Thus while waiting for the weather to become more propitious for setting out across the plains the preacher does not neglect his vocation.

April 27.

I am now seated in the house of Bro. Henderson Smallwood, in St. Joseph. I attended covenant meeting this afternoon, and am to preach this evening and to-morrow morning and administer the Lord's Supper.

Steamboats are coming into St. Joseph, three and four a day, each with three hundred or four hundred passengers California bound. The lower deck is filled as closely as they can stow them with horses and mules, and the upper deck with wagons and men. Some are playing cards, some fiddling, some drinking, others dying, all at the same time and on the same boat. The streets of St. Joseph are so thronged with men and animals that you cannot tell which way the mass is moving.

The reader should bear in mind what is likely to be quite forgotten in these days when the plains have been narrowed, carpeted, and upholstered by the luxurious trains that speed across them, that then to the toil and the frequent illnesses of the long, slow journey over desolate wastes was added the ever imminent peril from savages, who often surrounded and destroyed the insufficiently pro-

tected trains of emigrants. These facts grow upon the perception of our traveler, and he says: "I realize the dangers, but have no misgivings. I can account for this equanimity only on the ground that I am doing my duty."

April 28.

I have been sixty-eight days from home. I wish I could see you all before I start on.

We had excellent meetings to-day—morning, afternoon, and evening. The house was full. I had one of my best seasons, speaking on the text, "Ye are bought with a price." The communion season was of deep interest to all. There were several present who were going West, among others the pastor and deacon. We all felt that it might be the last time that we should eat of this bread or drink of this cup until we taste it new in the kingdom of God. I think I never enjoyed a communion season more in the thirty-three years that I have professed religion. May I never lose the savor of this day.

XI

ACROSS THE PLAINS

Across the Prairies—A Mishap Remedied—Fort Kearney—Crossing the Platte River—Indian Villages—Fort Laramie—The Black Hills—On the Sweetwater—South Pass—Wagons Abandoned—A Letter From Home

WE now come to the story of the toils and dangers of the journey across the plains. As has already been seen, Mr. Day was a good letter-writer. Most of the details that follow will serve to make a permanent record of the difficulties and hardships attending the formidable undertaking of making one's way from the Mississippi to the Pacific slope forty-five years ago.

Monday, April 29, we left for old Fort Kearney, on the Missouri. Wednesday we encamped near the Iowa State line. We expect to reach the fort to-morrow. We are eighteen miles from there now. We are obliged to walk, as the animals are heavily loaded with grain.

I do not know when I can send this letter to you, as we pass no more post-offices. I shall depend upon meeting some one to send by, and that is very uncertain. Do not look for letters. Receive this as a last communication for the present, and may the peace of God rest upon you, and the

communion of the Holy Spirit be with you all for ever and ever. Amen.

MAY 8. We have just come upon the Platte River bottom. Grass is poor. Near sunset we passed a Pawnee village of about fifty lodges, all deserted for fear of the Sioux, with whom they are at war.

We have just met a government train returning from Fort Childs. They say there are no less than two thousand wagons ahead of us. This statement I cannot credit. There may be a good many, but we are in advance of the great body of emigration, and I cannot think teams could live in this region earlier unless they have grain. Our teams are suffering for want of grass, and we are lying by now to give them a chance to browse. Our grain is all gone. We have in our train only three wagons and sixteen men. Before we left Missouri I advised buying an extra wagon and loading it with corn. The company thought otherwise. As a result we loaded one wagon too heavily, and we packed on the backs of eight horses all they could carry. I drove the wagon to the Missouri River, which we reached on the third of May. The river had risen the previous night four feet, and the wind was high. The crossing was so difficult that the teams in advance of us did not dare to pass over. I readily got consent of all to let my team try it. We had as handsome a trip over as any man could wish and at four o'clock we were in this territory. The same evening we continued our journey, outward bound, the happiest company you can well imagine; for it had looked as if we might be detained a week or more, and now we are rolling on.

Saturday, Sunderland wished to drive the wagon and ride. I told the company the wagon would not stand the extra weight. He persisted, and in the afternoon the wagon went down. Upon examination we found the skeins on both sides of the axletree were broken square off. You can hardly imagine our trouble. To send a man back to Savannah would take two or three weeks, and the company divided would not be sufficient to guard the wagon and the horses against the Indians. At length we set to work, cut the axletree, put the wheel farther on, and changed the broken skeins end for end. There were holes in the other end of each into which we put rivets for lynch-pins. Then we filed notches in the side of the skeins, and, having placed them, we drove the bands on and nailed them, driving the nails into the filed notches of the skeins, and thus we were mended and moved on.

We have since then passed a number of abandoned wagons, and we procured and swung an extra axletree under the wagon to be used if necessary. Last evening I preached to a congregation of thirty persons, from 2 Cor. 5:20: "We pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God."

Since we crossed the Missouri we find the country a vast prairie. The Platte Valley is in places ten miles or more wide, with grass in spots. When we find a good growth we stop and give the animals a chance to graze. There is no timber on this side of the river, but on the islands there is a growth of cotton-wood and a scrub cedar. The river is from one to four miles wide, and looks

like a pond with the water drawn off. The sand can be seen in spots as far as the eye can reach up or down the river.

MAY 13. Yesterday before sunrise the wolves gave us a tune in long howls. To-day we saw antelopes and wolves, and eight head of buffalo. The boys chased them but the buffalos escaped. At the junction of the St. Joseph and Kearney roads we found a large encampment in continuous line four miles long. We encamped at five o'clock in the afternoon without grass for the horses. This morning we harnessed at dawn and drove out on the flats until we found grass, and had our horses grazing before sunrise.

We all went down to the river bank, a mile away, to cut willow sticks to cook with and to get water. A cry arose :

"Halloo! halloo! Stop those horses!"

A lot of horses had broken loose and were coming under full tilt.

"Are our horses picketed?"

"Billy is not."

"Take a lariat and secure him; quick!"

On the St. Joseph road eleven horses had taken fright and had run away. It is said they belonged to one man who had his family with him.

MAY 14. Fort Kearney consists of four two-story houses and three turf or sod buildings used for magazines and stores. There are two enclosed gardens. The enclosure is made of sod and ditches. Major Chilson has command of about three hundred men, one-half of whom are now out. Mrs. Chilson, a pretty woman, is a sister of Stevens

T. Mason, one of the early governors of Michigan. The soldiers are generally at work, some on duty, some sawing lumber, some gardening. The emigrant post-office is fitted with seats and tables for writing. The postmaster keeps a book in which he registers the name of the captain of each company that calls.

We left Fort Kearney about eleven o'clock. Since the junction of the St. Joseph and Fort Kearney emigrations the road is lined for miles with wagons. On Monday ours was the four-hundredth that had passed that day, and there were no less than a hundred behind us.

Grass is pastured short. Wherever a green spot is found men stop and unharness. Hence every hour in the day some are encamped and others are moving on. There seems to be little strife. Every man turns out or takes up his team when he pleases. There are few organizations, but as a rule they seem to be in squads.

There is comparatively no timber, except little clusters in obscure, damp hollows. The timber near the route, where water is low enough to make it accessible, is trimmed or the tops entirely cut off to feed the mules or oxen of emigrants who were on the road too early for the grass.

We encamped this afternoon at two o'clock, and men have been camping around us all the afternoon. It is now after five and the emigration is still to be seen in every direction rolling on. The wagons on the north side of the Platte have been visible all day. They are not so numerous as on this side of the river.

MAY 16. The country through which we are

now passing is more sandy and the bluffs are more irregular, running up into quite sharp points.

MAY 17. To-day it has been, much of the way, up hill, and the bluffs have disappeared. About four o'clock we turned north and came to the Platte River, South Fork, and found it a mile or more across. A gentleman crossed on horseback, and two wagons went in before us. Then our wagon and horseman followed. I drove. We had the ponies at the wheels. They worked too hard, and the leaders did not pull steadily. One of the traces broke and the bay pony began to sink and lay down. I jumped into the water and called for the boys to come to my assistance. The wagon was sinking into quicksands. We got the horses free from the wagon. I took the tongue and each man a wheel and we succeeded in moving it about its length. We then got our horses hitched on, and with every man lifting at the wheels we started again. I was on foot driving, but the horses walked too fast for me and I tried to get hold of the wagon, but did not succeed. We dared not stop the horses, lest all should begin to sink again. One of the men lost his gun. I lost my compass and inkstand. We were now about half a mile from shore. We made for a little island, but before we reached it the little pony began to give out again. But I plied the whip to the leaders and kept the wheels rolling, and we reached the island and rested. Then we plunged in again, reached another island and rested again. At last we found ourselves upon the north shore. Provisions and everything else in the wagon were

dry and in good order. Never did I feel such gratitude for an earthly blessing as I did for our escape with our stores.

We were alone, for the teams that had traveled with us stopped because they were so heavily laden. We found thirty or forty teams on the north side of the river, the parties of three or four of which have agreed to travel with us. They are from Ohio. We are much pleased with their appearance. We all have light wagons, and can get on faster than those more heavily burdened.

MAY 18. We are now moving toward Fort Laramie. There has been no rain in this region for a long time. The ground is very dry, and the grass, what little there is, is pastured short. Our animals are getting thin. Oxen and horses are dropping by the wayside and dying under their burdens. This is counted nothing uncommon here. We have two horses to each man, hence our teams are better able to perform their tasks than most in the emigration. If I could induce the company to lie over, as the necessities of the case require, the animals would recruit some, but they cannot bear to stop when others are passing.

MAY 20. We saw two wolves this afternoon. We have had two meals of buffalo steak, the sweetest and best wild meat I ever ate, but I wish I could have slipped a slice upon your plate and taken a good potato in its place. This afternoon we saw four Indians on two ponies. A little before sunset we had a visit from Chief Smoke. He and his men shook hands with us, then they seated

themselves in a line, the chief in the center. Then they spread a blanket on the ground to receive presents. For our share we gave a pan of pilot bread. The other companies did what they pleased and the Indians left us before dark.

MAY 21. They were Sioux. We passed their first village this morning. It had about thirty wigwams. About eleven o'clock we passed another, and toward night the third, with some twenty-five wigwams. I visited each village and shook hands with a good many of their people, giving the papooses pieces of pilot bread. They are fleshy and healthy-looking folks and appeared very friendly. In some of the tents squaws were manufacturing moccasins, stringing beads, and embroidering very pretty articles. They would not sell a pair of moccasins for a dollar, but would exchange them for half a dozen pieces of pilot bread.

MAY 22. This forenoon we had sandy, hard wheeling. This afternoon we have paused to attend to our washing and mending.

MAY 23. To-day we passed Court-house Rock, and are now encamped seventy-five miles east of Fort Laramie, and within two miles of Chimney Rock. The base of it may be three hundred feet in diameter, and the main rocks seem about two hundred feet high, with a chimney twenty by thirty feet running up one hundred feet higher. It is in most excellent proportion.

The distances here are surprising. Several

times we have thought we were within half a mile of a rock and have found it to be four or five miles distant. The grass is excellent, and we have this consolation: our team is in as good condition as the best and is improving. Alkali is plentiful all along the route. Our boys shot a rabbit and wounded a wolf to-day. It yelped like a hurt dog, and such I really thought it was.

MAY 26. At Fort Laramie. We were ferried over the river without difficulty, but the water is rising. We raised our wagon box and blocked it as high as we could. The water is eight feet deep in the North Branch. In crossing it the ferry boat sank, and horses and men were thrown promiscuously into the water. The current is very strong and muddy. One man was drowned, and his body will probably never be found. There are many wagons blockaded, which cannot pass until the water falls. If there were any timber they could soon make a raft or a boat.

Up to date this season the Fort Laramie record shows that one thousand four hundred and one wagons have crossed the river *en route* to California. The road has averaged the best I have ever seen in a new country. It is much better on the plains than in Iowa or Missouri. For about a hundred miles we have been in a prickly pear district. At first the plants were scattering, but at length became as frequent as corn hills in Michigan. We passed another lodge of Indians to-day. The squaws were dressed in long, blue calico dresses. They seemed quite happy and were astonishingly neat in their appearance.

Our mended wagon gives no sign of weakness. We think we have a good supply of provisions: twenty pounds of bacon and ham to the man, and this week we bought an additional forty pounds of ham, and our supply of pilot bread is ample.

MAY 27. I visited the fort to-day, and found Major Sanderson a gentleman of prepossessing appearance. He has presented me with a new ink-stand, and gives me the privilege of leaving my letters to be forwarded in his private package. The garrison contains about two hundred men—two companies of mounted riflemen and one company known as the Sixth Infantry. Six of the officers have their families with them. The chaplain, Rev. Mr. Vaux, arrived yesterday.

MAY 31. The Black Hills are composed of earth and sandstone, in color resembling leached ashes. They are covered with scrub pine and cedar, giving them a "black" appearance. Laramie Point is covered with snow. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday we were in sight of it. We are now on the south bank of the Platte, ninety miles west of the garrison.

JUNE 1. We are encamped in a hollow in sight of the Platte on the north and snow-crowned mountains on the south. We have to travel fifty miles to reach Sweetwater River. The road is sandy and there is no good water excepting at Willow Spring, which is half-way.

JUNE 6. The valley through which we are pass-

ing is from one to ten miles wide. It is highly saturated with alkali. There are acres of crystallized saleratus. When it is cut with a knife it looks like alum or rock salt, but it soon disintegrates and becomes a powder.

JUNE 8. We crossed the Sweetwater River twice. The valley is narrow, the mountains on the north being not so high as those on the south. There is a mountain at our left handsomely clothed with pine. The hills of earth contrast finely with those of rock which we have been passing. The valleys are covered with sage and a prickly bush which I call gooseberry. The sage grows in bunches and there is very little grass among it.

JUNE 9. ON THE SWEETWATER RIVER, ROCKY MOUNTAINS. To-day is Sunday in the United States, and there the church bells may be heard from many a temple, and to the house of God thousands resort for worship. Here our ears are saluted with the murmur of the river which rolls by on three sides of the little peninsula on which we are encamped, and the occasional howl of a wolf in the mountains, either of which is sweet music when compared with the bustle and noise of the camp. Yesterday we wound our way up long, steep hills until we came to this place. On this plateau are three alkali ponds and one spring of sweet cold water. Within less than twenty rods from where I write snow lies to a depth of six feet. Still, it is summer where we are, and a refreshing shower is falling. I have plucked two mountain flowers, which I enclose to you. I could

send you fifty varieties. There are three varieties of prickly pear; one with the flat leaf; another round, and about the size of a goose egg, with little protuberances, upon each end of which is a mass of needles, so close together that they pass each other in a network resembling spiders' webs. The third sort is globular as a whole, but made up of a bundle of little cucumber growths fastened together at the small end, but as uniformly covered with pricklers as are the other varieties. I cut the second variety, and it looked like a red-cored watermelon, but was more sticky. There are many things new to me.

Our little train of four wagons is reduced to three. Our Ohio friends abandoned one wagon and put all their stores upon two, doubling their teams, hoping by this means to keep up with us. We are within twenty miles of the South Pass, and expect to go over to-morrow.

JUNE 12. I preached last evening on the west bank of the middle branch of the Sweetwater. "And in this mountain shall the Lord of hosts make unto all people a feast of fat things" (Isa. 25:6), was the text.

JUNE 14. GREEN RIVER. South Pass is about twenty miles wide, not rocky nor stony, but of light sandy soil, with abundance of wild sage and some grass. We would not know that we are on a mountain from anything to be seen. On our right mountain tops run to the clouds; they are much lower on our left. Rain is frequent here. The clouds follow the mountains while the valleys

and plains suffer from drought. I would think it a hundred miles across this elevated plateau. The air is perceptibly light. From eleven A. M. to three P. M. it is hot, and at night freezing cold. As a result a number of our men are sick with mountain fever. I have watched the horses all night two nights in succession.

We are on the road to Salt Lake, entirely alone, as the Ohioans took the sublet cut-off. The grazing is better this way than on the north road, but it is poor enough here. Green River is a rapid stream, from eight to ten feet deep, and twenty rods wide. Day before yesterday a raft came down from the crossing on the sublet cut-off with a wagon box and a man in it drowned. This is the second day we have waited to get across.

Our animals are doing well and we have abundance of provisions. We sold thirty pounds of bread to the ferrymen. They charge us four dollars toll per wagon and one dollar per head for ferrying us over. Since we have been here they have raised the price to five dollars for a wagon, one dollar and twenty-five cents for a horse and no pack, one dollar and fifty cents for a horse and pack.

SALT LAKE VALLEY, June 27.

We leave here to-day with no wagon. We pack through from this point.

We have now followed our traveling preacher half-way from St. Joseph to his destination on the Pacific coast. Before ending this chapter we will hear from the good wife, changing the scene from Utah to Michigan. We have not yet been made

acquainted with the entire round of Mrs. Day's activities. In those days it was not necessary to secure a license in order to practise medicine. Before leaving the East she had provided herself with several medical compendiums, a case of medicines, and a few surgical instruments, that she might treat her own family should occasion arise. But she cared for others also, never denying the requests of the poor, whom she treated without charge. The well-to-do she turned over to regular practitioners. She writes:

A few weeks ago what was my surprise to see Mr. Page, the hardware merchant, drive to our door in a covered carriage with Mrs. Page and Baby Clayton. Mrs. Page was too feeble to walk and had to be carried into the house. It seems the doctor said Mrs. Page must have a change and good nursing or she would not get well. And so they came without giving me a chance to say yes or no. She was no sooner well enough to go home, than Mrs. Haines came and stayed two weeks.

As to work, we have done a variety. Mother is contented and happy. She brought with her harness, reeds, cards, reel, etc., and I have had warping bars and loom made. Mr. Duesler is very handy about making things, and I sketched the parts, and while they are not handsome the bars and loom do good service.

Although mother is fond of weaving, she never learned to "lay out" a piece; that is, she does not know how many pounds of warp are needful