

When I Crossed the Plains to Oregon.

by

Mrs. Mary Furlong.

"

From Pacific Grove Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution.

When I was a little girl, too small to remember much that happened, we left Missouri in covered wagons with ox teams. It was in May (1843.) The wagons had great bows fastened to the beds and white canvas fastened to the bows. The oxen all had names and the men had an ox language which was "whoa, haw and gee". "Who, haw" meant to go ahead and "Gee" meant to go to the right. "Haw" meant to go to the left. Buck was a favorite name for the right leader. When they wished to go to the right they would call, "Whoa, haw, gee, Buck". My father had two oxen that he called Duke and Lackum. Sometimes he would let me take a ride on old Duke.

We traveled in a long train, one wagon behind the other. When we camped the wagons formed in a circle with guards around to protect us from the indians. We had no trouble from the indians but they would steal when they got a chance. Our captain would give them a beef once in a while to keep them in good humor. We had loose stock for beef to replace the teams when they were lost. There were two hundred wagons and about a thousand people in the train.

Our captain's name was Applegate and we were called the Applegates by those who came afterward. Our train was the first to take the wagons clear through. When we reached the Platte River we were joined by Dr. Marcus Whitman, one of the first missionaries sent to Oregon years before by the American Board. He had been over the road several times and it was through his influence that the train was organized. He showed the men how to ford the river - some of the wagons were chained together and men went on each side of the teams to keep them going straight. Dr. Whitman stayed with the train for sometime and piloted it many miles. Then he left us for his mission near Fort Walla Walla where Whitman College now is. He promised he would send a friendly Indian from the mission to guide us to it, which he did. Dr. Whitman had a farm and grist mill and when we reached the mission he supplied us with provisions.

There were many buffaloes on the plains. Sometimes they would stampede and the wagons had to get out of their way or be run over. After we left the buffalo country our provisions began to grow short and the Indians used to come to the camps to trade dried meat and fish for clothing or anything the whites had to give in return. One morning they came to our camp to trade and one of the indians tied his horse to our wagon with a long rope. We had a large bonfire and while they were trading the horses got frightened and started to run. He got the rope around me and threw me into the fire. Although I was taken out quickly I was badly burned. My mother wrapped me up in a sheet with tar, so I was tarred but not feathered.

We traveled on till we came to the end of the wagon road. There was a little fort on the bank of a river and indians were there with canoes. The men of the train divided, part going down the river with most of their possessions in canoes, the rest in the wagons with the women and children. While they were loading the canoes my father put me in his boat while he went after more things. While he was gone I got a cup to get a drink. In reaching over the side of the boat I lost my balance and fell into the deep water. There were men about and they got me out and sent me up to the camp.

## When I Crossed the Plains to Oregon.

Those who went in the wagons had to make the road as they went. Some places were so rough they had to chop down trees, lock the wagon wheels with chains and tie logs on behind to hold the wagons back while going down steep places. The women and children walked. While we were on this part of the road, we were joined by General Fremont. I do not know where he came from - whether he met us or overtook us - but as he was called the Pathfinder, he must have been looking for paths. At any rate he helped us through. My mother had two children, myself and my brother two years and a half younger. General Fremont helped her over the rough places by carrying me. So, you see, I went through fire and water and landed in General Fremont's arms before reaching Oregon City.

We finally reached Oregon City about the first of November 1843 after a journey of six months on the plains. Of course we lost most of the oxen and had to replace them as best we could. If one could not get an ox he would take a cow. When we reached Oregon City my father had his old wagon, one ox and a borrowed ox belonging to a Methodist minister. We stayed in Oregon City that winter. Then Father took up government land near Salem in Yamhill County. We lived there two or three years then Father sold the place and went to Benton County and took up another place at Corvallis. I think the University there is on my father's farm. That was in 1848. Father came to California in '49 to the mines and left us children with friends until 1851 when we came to California. There were tents all around the water front in San Francisco. When we walked on the sidewalk we could look down through the cracks and see the water. Oakland had one public school and the place was covered with oak trees.

want to deceive him for he had been so kind to me. He then said to me: "If you have any notes not collected leave them so I can get them." He let me go and I left the notes with James Porter Sarnaferkim, and when I went on a mission 10 years later to Canada I received the money which had been collected. It was my brother Archibald's. That good old friend was John Wilson, a Scotchman. If I find out that he is dead before I die I will do the work for him in the temple. If I do not, I want some of my sons to attend to it. He lived in London, Canada West, London District.

in fact

I will have to say here, that when I went to Nauvoo on a visit I received a Patriarchal blessing from William Smith, and he told me that in time I would meet with a friend. If I had not met with this man or some other friend I would have had to go to jail 9 months awaiting the sitting of the court. By thus having been befriended I started home on foot, a distance of 30 miles, for father had taken the team with him. We soon got ready then and started West some time in March. We had horse teams and it was a terribly wet season of the year and was muddy everywhere.

We traveled across Michigan and took the nearest route for Nauvoo. We were met by my brother Archie and John Baroman, the Elder who organized our Branch. He now lives at Salt Creek. They met us at Ottawa on Fox River, LaSalle County, Illinois. At that time the weather was good and the roads were fine. We overtook the Ox teams a few days before we got to Nauvoo, having reached there on the 6th day of April.

Orson Hyde presided there then. It was either the 1st or 6th of April I am not sure which, but I was at the conference on the 6th. We remained in Nauvoo a few days and bought our outfits for the mountains- flour, parched corn, corn meal, and such things, and seeds as we would need on the way and after we arrived to our resting place. That was a good place to camp. The Saints had nearly all left who were able, and their houses were standing empty and unsold. We could have brick, frame, or log or stone houses in which were some of the furnishings- chairs, and bedsteads etc. The Saints had been driven away and what they could not readily sell they had to leave. We had no desire to remain longer than to get our outfits.

We crossed the Mississippi river and passed Montrose and went to the Bluffs a few miles North of Montrose and camped. I then went up to Iowa trying to trade my horses for oxen. I found oxen had been bought up and were hard to find. I had one Canadian horse that was very bad with the heaves, but I was told it soon left in the West. I came across a man one day of whom I inquired if he had any oxen to trade me for him. He said no, but he had a fine horse or mare rather that he would give me for him. I went to see her, but rode my horse very slow lest he would begin to heave. The mare was a very fine one, but I had to give him \$14.00 to boot. I didn't want to stay long lest Pat would begin to heave, so I got on the mare and thought I had done it. I rode about two miles and passed another man. He asked me if I had bought that mare. I said yes, wasn't she a fine one. He said: "Yes, but she is stone blind." That took me down a notch. However I did not go back for old Pat. I had been fooled but there might be some more fools out on my track so I went on. Shortly I met a man with a fine team and fine buggy and he was well dressed with everything gay. I thought he was a Preacher or a Judge or a Lawyer or someone smart. He stopped for he had his eye on my mare and I had mine on his horse. So he bargained me for a trade. He said his horse had no faults but too much life, and asked me what the character of mine was. I told him he must be his own judge for I just got her. He took out his spectacles and examined her closely and pronounced her good. He took off his harness from his,

Biography of Robert Cook  
F. H. Spencer Collier, November 1847, v. 1, p. 10.

and I unsaddled, and we were both soon away from the grade ground.

Later I traded that horse for one yoke of oxen and bought another yoke of oxen and one cow and went back to camp. We then rigged up our Ox teams in place of horses and started west. We traveled about 12 miles and camped for the night. Here my son William was born in my wagon. It had rained so hard all night that the water was up to our boot-tops around our wagon. This was in Lee County Iowa. Next morning we fixed up my wife and her baby as comfortably as possible, and started on for companies from Nauvoo which were all ahead of us.

At Bonnapart we bought more flour for our teams were not strengthened and we were pushing on for the Missouri River, expecting to overtake the main body of Saints there. By this time our company had the name of the Canadian Company for we traveled pretty near together. There were the following: John Park, William Park, David Park and families; James Hamilton and family, James Kilfoil and family, Samuel Barton and daughter, James Crage, John Baroman, George Correy and family, Andrew Conney and family, Brother Jahner and family. My brother William and family, my brother Archibald and family, my father and mother and myself and family, and John Smith and family.

Iowa was a new and thinly settled territory and many of the Saints being poor, not having teams sufficient to travel were counceled to stop where the land was not taken up and put in crops until they could help themselves. They started at a place named Garden Grove, one place called Pisco and other places. Some of our camp dropped off at these places and the rest went on. We overtook what was known as Orson Hyde's camp near Miskete Creek, close by the Missouri River.

Here I began to see some of the suffering of Saints. The first night we came to this camp a terrible rain storm came upon us with thunder and wind. Next morning it was painful to see the Saints with their tents blown down and wagon covers torn off and all soaked in the rain. I went to one tent where it had been blown down and found a woman sitting on the ground with a young baby both shaking with the ague, and a number of larger children sitting around her in the wet clothes all shaking with the same malady. No one able to help the other. I asked the woman where her husband was. She said he was called off to go to the Mexican war to fight for Uncle Sam, who had driven us to the wilderness to endure these sufferings. I tried to gather up her tent but could not. It was worn out and torn to pieces. They had been driven from Nauvoo in the dead of winter in the depth of poverty, traveling through deep snow. The men would have to leave part of their family by the way and travel perhaps for a week and then go back for the rest with the same teams until themselves and nearly everything they had was worn out. Many died by the way from hardship.

We next traveled on for a few miles to the main camp at the Liberty pole on Miskete Creek where President Young and Council were making up the rest of the 500 men of the Battalion to go to Mexico. The men were soon raised and were started off, leaving their families in wagons and tents if they had them, but some were without tents or wagons there in the middle of the Indian country.

The next thing was to cross the Missouri River. The first company had built a boat. When my brother William got his team and wagon on it one yoke of wild steers jumped into the river with the yoke on and turned to come back. He jumped in and caught their tails and headed them around and swam them to the other side holding to their tails.

After crossing we then traveled about a half day to a camping ground near a grove of timber which was called Custer's Park. The season was now far spent and so many of our best men had gone to Mexico so President Young thought it best to go no further this fall,

Elders John Taylor and Parley P. Pratt arrived in Winter Quarters from a mission in England while the Saints were getting ready to start, and we traveled with them across the plains. Most of the company left Winter Quarters and the other camps early in June and went to the Horn River 20 miles away. They organized near there on the Platt River at Liberty Poll, and started on the 15th.

I will here go back to our stay in Winter quarters. My brother, James Cragoo, and I got out the timber for the first grist mill. I did the hewing with a beveled ax. While I was doing this I was taken with fever and ague. I thought I wouldn't give up, but I had to. I went home and went to bed. When my brother and Cragoo came home I got them to administer to me. Next morning I was well and at work by daylight, and kept so until we reached the Horn. We had to cross the river on a raft. We made it of logs and pulled it across by a rope and men's strength. We decided to try Ox strength in place of men and it proved successful, but my wagon was the first tried with Oxen and ~~we~~ we lacked experience. The team started before the wagon was blocked or balanced on the boat, being too near the rear end of the raft and the rope was hitched to the front end so that it raised the front up and my wagon and family and all I had began to roll back into the river. I caught the hind wheel and held it until it was across, but the raft was nearly on end. God helped us and we were saved.

The next day the rope that pulled the raft broke and I swam the river twice to get it. I tied it and kept ferrying in my wet clothes. This gave me the fever and ague again and it stayed with me half the way across the plains.

At the organization before spoken of we were placed under Captains of hundreds and fifties and tens. Elder John Taylor, then one of the Twelve, now the President of the Church traveled in our company. Our traveling was smooth until we got about one hundred miles to a place called the Pawnee Village, a deserted Indian town. There the train stopped to fix a bridge and I was several teams back in the rear so I started on to help, but had gone but a few steps when my night wheel leader turned off the road to pick grass, and my oldest boy, Robert there in the wagon, being a very careful boy stepped down off the tongue to stand at the Oxen's head until I could come back. In doing so the high wheeler Ox kicked him throwing him under the wheel and then started up. The wagon ran both high wheels over his bowels.

I was near enough to see it all, but I couldn't get to him in time to save him. We laid him in the wagon and started on. That afternoon he got out of the wagon and ran along and played to show me that he was not much hurt and to try and make us feel better, but he soon got into the wagon and never got out again without help. He lived only until we traveled several hundred miles and died on Deer Creek on the Platt River. He seemed to get worse every day. He was hurt in the kidneys and suffered fifty deaths. He lived until there was nothing left but skin and bones. I had to drive my team and sit and hold him and watch his sufferings day and night during over five hundred miles of traveling. My wife did all she could, but she had three other very small children to attend to and she was sick part of the time herself. I was shaking with ague every other day myself. Our relatives did all they could for us and so did our friends, but every one had their hands full. We buried him on the bank of the Platt River. He was about five and a half years old. In the fall season when my brother was passing that way he had to re-bury him. Wolves had broken into the grave.

Up to this time I had lost two of my best oxen and replaced them with unbroken cows.

but find winter quarters, cut hay for our stock and start on early in the Spring.

A townsite was selected down on the river called Winter Quarters. Streets and lots were laid out and given out to the people. In a few days a town of houses was in sight. Large stacks of hay were cut, stock was taken to herd grounds, a large log meeting house was built, and a good grist mill was built to grind the corn and wheat the people had brought with them. Houses and wood had to be provided for the families of those who had gone on in the Battalion. Meat markets were erected, chair makers set up shop, and nearly all kinds of work were got under way, as though the people were going to stay for years. Men that could work had to work nearly night and day, for many of the older men were taken with disease called the black leg, and were entirely helpless. Many died of the disease. Their legs from the knee down would get as black as coal. My father and oldest brother and brother-in-law, and brother's only boy big enough to help him all had it. This left the work of five families on Archie and me.

Many an evening I have visited families of men that had gone in the Battalion in time of snow storms and found them in open log houses without any chinking. And it showed as fast inside as it did outside. They had nothing but green cottonwood to burn. I got them dry wood and helped them all I could. It was just hard times and there was no one to blame. Men were so scarce and so many were sick and dying, that I have had to go and help the sexton bury the dead. Yet the authorities kept up their meetings and now and then they would have a dance to keep up the spirits of the people.

Because they had to stay there that winter and use up their provisions many had to go to Missouri to work and trade for provisions and seed to take with them across the plains. It was our intention to start west early in the Spring, but the First Presidency and the Twelve thought it would be best to start a small company of pioneers ahead of the general company, to look out for a location and try to get in some crops. So they with others started about the 5th of April, 1847. Their company consisted of 143 men, 3 women and 2 boys. They hunted on the way and made roads to Salt Lake Valley, a distance of 1,030 miles through Indian country and endured a great deal of hardship, for there was not a house nor settlement in all that distance, excepting a Government Fort at Laramie, about half the distance. A mountaineer also had a camp a little over 100 miles from the Valley. His name was Bridger. Mr. Bridger tried to discourage the Saints, and offered Brigham Young one thousand dollars in money for the first ear of corn he would raise in Salt Lake Valley. It was rather discouraging, but no effect on Brigham Young nor his brethren for they knew that God was leading Israel. They went on and reached Salt Lake Valley on the 24th day of July 1847. This day has been generally celebrated ever since.

They located the City of Salt Lake and raised the American flag on Ensign Peak, a round hill on the mountain north of the City and took possession of the country in the name of the United States. The country at the time was Mexican territory.

They immediately started to cultivate the soil and planted corn, potatoes and other seeds, and began to lay out the city and make allotments of land, and build houses. Some of the men were sent back immediately to winter quarters to report. They found the Saints on the Missouri River in many camps for they had formed in companies and were not all at Winter Quarters. All who could were preparing to follow the pioneers while others were engaged in cultivating the soil to produce food for the coming winter.

The next heavy trouble happened near Fort Bridger, about one hundred miles from Salt Lake Valley. Here my only boy left fell under the wagon while it was going and the same two wheels that had run over Robert ran over his two ankles. He was the youngest baby, William, now on a mission in New Zealand. I picked him up and the Elders came and administered to him and he was all right in a few days. My wagon was nearly loaded for three yoke of oxen, and I saw the wheels go over both his ankles, there was no mistaking it. I afterward threw some large buffalo bones under the same wheels and they were crushed to powder.

With many other difficulties we made our way across the rivers, thru the rough canyons, and over the mountains and reached Salt Lake Valley at the mouth of Emigration Canyon on October 1, 1847. My wagon was badly broken and my team nearly given out. I, myself was given out. We took a look over the Valley and there was not a house to be seen or anything else in sight to give us welcome, but we were glad to see a resting place and felt to thank God for the sight.

We then drove down to the camping place, afterward called the old Fort, now the lower part of Salt Lake City. I unyoked my oxen and sat down on my broken wagon tongue, and said I could no go another day's journey. The rest of the family were nearly as bad off as I, though not quite, for they had not had so much sickness in their families as I had. However that was a happy day for all of us. We knew that this was a place where we could worship God according to the dictates of our conscience, and mobs would not come at least for awhile.

The families that belonged to the Canada company who reached there at that time were John, William and David Park and families; George Corry and family; Roger Luckham, my brother-in-law and his family; My mother and father, Archibald and I and our families. Crege came with the Pioneers, and John Barnaman went with the Battalion and to the valley by way of California. The rest of the company remained back until they got ready with teams and outfits, and some stayed back and apostatized.

Brother Archie and I soon went to work building a Saw Mill at warm springs, two miles north of the present site of Salt Lake City, but it proved a failure. We had been used to running mills in Canada with heavy streams and a low head or a fall say from 2 to 8 feet, and we thought a very little water would do, but we had too little there and we could not make lumber.

The first winter was very mild. There was hardly any snow in the Valley and very little in the mountains. There was no rain either, and the sun shone all winter. Archie and I sowed six acres of wheat and moved camp six miles south of Salt Lake City on the Mill Creek. We moved our Saw Mill and rebuilt it on that stream, and then commenced to saw lumber and build houses. We got farms there too. By this time provisions were getting very scarce and we were anxious to get in an early crop. We were not acquainted with the country and thought it a good time to plant all our garden seeds right after a heavy rain in the mud of the clay land. They did not come up. Part of our corn we treated in the same way.

The land was covered with black crickets and they picked our corn off as fast as it came up. This was very discouraging, one thousand miles from any supplies. We took in one of the Pioneers whom we found without any provisions, and our own provisions fell short. We went from half rations to quarter rations and helped it out with weeds and what I could kill with my gun. I shot hawks, crows, snipes, ducks, cranes, wolves and we ate roots, thistles, roots, raw hides etc. I had no cow for I had killed the only one I had the fall before. So there was no milk either. I took the hide of my cow and xnx scalded it and boiled it and we ate

wayside, and travel on, perhaps for a week then leave that part and go back for the best, and bring them on with the same team, until themselves and nearly everything they had was worn out. Many died by the way from hardships.

We next traveled on a few miles to the next main camp at the Liberty Bell on Mesquite Creek where President Young and Council were making the best of the five hundred men of the Mormon Battalion to go to Mexico. These men were soon off, leaving their families in wagons and tents where they had them. Some were without anything and were in the middle of an Indian country. These things made me feel like asking, "Oh liberty and freedom where art thou?" For the demand was made of us by the government of the boasted Nation of Freedom. The demand was made as a trap, thinking we would not comply; then they could say us for traitors. That was what was wanted. They were very much disappointed. When President Young raised the company, the next thing was to cross the Missouri River, the first company had built a boat. When brother William got his team and wagon on the boat, one yoke of wild steers jumped into the river with the yoke on, and turned to come back, William jumped in and caught their tails, headed them around and swam them to the other side by their tails. We then traveled on about half a day to a camping ground near a grove of timber which was called Outlaws Park.

See Journal

History of Relief Gardens

The season now being so far spent and so many of our best young men gone to Mexico, President Young thought best to go on no farther this fall, but build winter quarters, cut hay for our stock, and start on early in the spring.

A townsite was selected down on the river. It was called Winter Quarters. Streets, blocks, and lots were laid out and given to the people. In a few days a town of houses was in sight. Lots of hay was cut and stock was taken to herd grounds. A large log meeting house was built, and a good grist mill was built to grind our corn and wheat that we had brought with us. Houses and wood had to be provided for the families of the men who had gone in the Battalion. There

See Calendar, November 1847  
University of Utah

was a meat market erected and several blacksmith shops, shoe shops, chair makers and nearly all kinds of work as if the people were going to stay there for years. Men who could work had to work nearly all day and night, for many of the older ones were taken with a disease called black leg, and were entirely helpless, and many of them died with it. Their legs from the knees down would get as black as a coal. My father and oldest brother William, and brother-in-law Edgar Luckham and William's oldest boy, the only one large enough to do anything, all had it. This left the work of five families on Archib and me. Many an evening I have visited the families of men who had gone with the Battalion, in time of snowstorm and found them in open log houses without any chinking, and it snowing inside as fast as it was out; and nothing but green cottonwood to burn. I would go and get them some dry wood and help them all I could, but it seemed hard times, however there was no one to blame. Men were so scarce, and so many sick and dying that I had to go and help the scarton bury the dead. Yet the Authorities kept up their meetings and now and then would have a dance to keep up the spirits of the people. On account of having to stay there that winter and use up our provisions many had to go to Missouri to work or trade for provisions, and seed to take with them across the plains for it was the intention to start west early in the spring. But the first Presidency and the Twelve Apostles thought it would be better to start a small company of pioneers on ahead of the main company to look out a location and try and get in some crops.

So the Pioneers started April 5, 1847. This company consisted of one hundred and forty-three men, three women, and two boys. They hunted their way and made their roads to Salt Lake Valley, a distance of one thousand and thirty miles through an Indian country.

The people suffered a great deal and passed through many hardships, for there was not a house nor settlement in all that distance, except one government fort at Larama, about half way to Salt Lake, and a mountaineer station

called Fort Bridger that was one hundred miles from Salt Lake. This Bridger offered President Young one thousand dollars for the first ear of corn he would raise in Salt Lake. This was very discouraging, but had no effect on Brigham Young nor his brethren for they knew that God was leading Israel. So they went on and reached Salt Lake Valley, the new home of the saints, on the twenty-fourth of July 1847, a day that is loved and celebrated by the Latter-Day Saints the world over, ever since they located in Salt Lake and raised the American Flag on English Peak, and took possession of the country in the name of the United States. At that time this part of the country belonged to Mexico, but the United States was then at war with Mexico.

After arriving in Salt Lake they planted corn and potatoes and other seeds and surveyed the city; let a company to build houses. While this was going on some of the pioneers started back for Winter Quarters to meet the Saints on the Missouri River for there were many camps there besides Winter Quarters. All that could were preparing to follow the Pioneers for that was the council. Farming places were selected for those who were not able to go so that they might put in crops and sustain themselves until they could come.

Brother John Taylor and Parley P. Pratt arrived in Winter Quarters from a mission to England while the Saints were getting ready and we traveled with them across the plains, the most of the company left Winter Quarters and other places early in June went to Elk Horn River, about twenty miles. There or near there we were organized into companies and we started on the fifteenth of June.

I will go back to Winter Quarters and tell some things of interest. Brother Archie and myself and James Grage, one of the pioneers, got out the timbers for the grist mill before mentioned. I did the hewing with the broad ax, while doing so I was taken with fever and ague. One day I went home to bed and was crazy all next day, but when Archie and Grage came home they administered to me. The next morning I was well and at work again and kept so until we started west.

Now some more about the starting west. At the river where we were camped at the Elk Horns we had to make a raft to take the wagons over the river. It was made of logs and pulled across by a rope by men's strength. We concluded to try ox strength instead of men which proved a success, but my wagon was the first tried with oxen and we lacked experience. The team started before the wagon was blocked or balanced. It was too near the hind end of the raft and the rope being hitched to the front end raised it up and my wagon and family and all I had began to roll back into the river. I caught the hind wheel and held it until we were across, but the raft was nearly on end but God helped me and we were saved.

Next day the rope broke that pulled the raft and I swam the river twice to get it tied. I kept on ferrying in my wet cloths which gave me chills and fever again, and they stayed with me half way across the plains.

The company was divided into hundreds, fifties, and tens, each having a captain. Apostle John Taylor was in our Company. It was all smooth traveling until we got about one hundred miles to a place called Pawnee Village, a deserted Indian town. The train stopped to fix a bridge, and I, being several teams back, started on to help. I had gone but a few steps when my high loader turned out to get a bite of green grass. My eldest boy, Robert R., being in the wagon and being very careful stepped down off the tongue of the wagon to stand at their heads till I came back. The high wheel kicked, throwing him under the wheel, then the wagon started up running both wheels over his bowels. I was near enough that I could not save him. We laid him in the wagon and started on that afternoon and after a while he got out and ran and played to show me he was not much hurt to my and make us feel better, but he soon got in the wagon and never got out again without help. He lived until we traveled several hundred miles and died on Deer Creek on the Platt River. He seemed to fall every day. He was hurt in his kidneys and suffered fifty deaths. He lived until there was nothing left but skin and bones. I had to drive my team all day and sit up and hold him all night and see him suffer

all the time. My wife did all she could, but she had three other children very small to attend to and was sick part of the time. I was shaking every other day with the ague. We buried him on the bank of the Platt River. He was about five and a half years old when he died. The next season my brother William went that way and he found our boy's bones all dug up. He gathered them up and reburied them.

By this time I had lost two of my best oxen and replaced them with two unbroken cows. My next heavy trouble happened near Fort Bridger, something near one hundred miles from Salt Lake. Here my only boy, William, fell out of the wagon when it was going and the same two wheels that ran over Robert ran over him. It ran over his two ankles. He was our baby. I picked him up. Some Elders came and administered to him and he was all right in a few days. My wagon was very heavily loaded for three yoke of oxen. I saw the wagon wheels go over both his ankles, there is no mistake about that. Afterwards I throw some buffalo bones under the same wheels and they were crushed to powder.

With many other difficulties we made our way over rivers, through canyons, and over the mountains and reached Salt Lake Valley.

At the mouth of Emigration Canyon on Oct. 1, 1847, My wagon was badly broken, my team nearly given out, and myself worn out. We looked over the Valley. There was not a house to be seen nor anything to make one of, but we were glad to see a resting place, and felt to thank God for the same. We then drove down to the camping place, afterwards called The Old Fort. It is in the lower part of Salt Lake City. I unyoked my oxen and sat down on my broken wagon tongue and said I could not go another days journey, and the rest of the folks were nearly as bad as I was, but they did not have so much sickness as I had in my family. But it was a happy day for us all, for we knew that was the place where we could worship God according to the dictations of our own conscience, and mobs would not come to least for a while.