Recollections of Past Days: The Autobiography of Patience Loader Rozsa Archer

Sandra Ailey Petree

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Recollections of Past Days

The Autobiography of
Patience Loader Rozsa Archer

Edited by
Sandra Ailey Petree

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With the publication of *Recollections of Past Days: The Autobiography of Patience Loader Rozsa Archer* comes the continuing fulfillment of a dream that began ten years ago when John Alley, editor at Utah State University Press, agreed that Life Writings of Frontier Women was indeed a marketable series. The seven volumes already published, to personal and professional acclaim, have proven their worth. Each of the women reflected in the series has had her own unique voice, her own appeal. Now we bring you Patience Loader’s account, a captivating narrative such as would have enthralled live audiences as it does later readers. My own attachment to Patience’s story is that it was with her description of the 1856 Martin handcart tragedy that my love of these texts began.

Early in my exploration of women’s life writings, I shared tidbits of Patience’s memoir with my eighty-five-year-old mother, my “common reader,” the one whose judgment I most relied upon. Her response assured me that the kinship of faith and sacrifice, courage and sisterhood does indeed transcend circumstance and generation, that the women writers in our series would speak their stories as honestly and meaningfully to us as to their contemporaries. Now, after eight volumes have appeared, I am still of that mind.

As the series began, however, there was no editor for Patience Loader. Five years passed before Sandra Petree, then a PhD candidate at the University of Arkansas, completed her superb dissertation, “The Power of the Word: Self-Inscription in the Journals of Nineteenth-Century Mormon Women.” Reading her text, we realized that here was the right person to edit Patience’s narrative. She agreed and began work. Her own teaching, her family responsibilities, and the death of her husband interrupted but briefly the research that would take her west to Utah and east to England in pursuit of details that would enhance her understanding of Patience and her times and places. Dr. Petree has read well, understood splendidly, and now presents with admirable scholarship the story that Patience Loader Rozsa Archer left us.

We are grateful.
Acknowledgments

Because Patience’s life was long and extended over two continents and almost a century of history, preparing historical background information was an overwhelming responsibility. It would have been impossible for me to even adumbrate Patience’s history without the help of several rather remarkable people, some of whom have spent their lives in research on particular subjects, and who were always gracious in their willingness to share their accumulated information.

Drusilla Smith is an untiring source of information on the Loader family. She has accumulated sources as varied as books on the Lambert estate and unpublished manuscripts written by friends and neighbors. It was Drusilla who provided the information I needed to get started, gave me copies of pictures unavailable except through family contacts, and has given enthusiastic encouragement and assistance throughout the project.

Jan and Paul West contacted me, after I had made a number of queries to other family members, to tell me that they did indeed have the original, handwritten manuscript. They may never know, perhaps, how thrilled I was to drive to their front door and hold the very documents in my hand. And they trusted me enough to allow me to take the originals to make copies. Later, Paul shared with me his own feelings for Patience’s manuscript, and his expressions of admiration caused me to feel a renewed respect for Patience’s endeavor.

Sydne Winborg, Shannon Stearn, Robin Schroeder, and Rhonda Hunter searched out and provided significant genealogical information on their branches of the family—and also expressed delight and enthusiasm for the project.

Lyndia Carter has an exhaustive library and file on the Martin and Willie handcart companies and the Hodgett wagon train, including a number of documents which have been entrusted to her on the provision that she not share or copy them. She knows, off the top of her head, who was where, and when, on that trail; what the weather was like at a given time; and what was going on miles away in relation to a certain event. She
volunteered to share her extraordinary knowledge with me, and spent several hours of her time poring over maps and explaining to me what was happening “behind the scenes” of Patience’s recollections.

American Fork Canyon is as familiar to Beth Olsen as my backyard is to me. Her research is never ending, her knowledge of historical people, places, and events in and around Pleasant Grove uncanny, and her willingness to explore, compile, and share is unmatched. Months after my interviews with her, pieces of information she had run across pertaining to Patience would suddenly appear in my mail. She is now my friend.

Curtis Allen is a walking encyclopedia on Camp Floyd/Crittenden and the people who lived, worked, and served there. He is so familiar with military records that he can find intricate pieces of information from half a dozen sources in an hour’s time. I had only to ask and he delved into his materials, evaluated his findings, and responded immediately.

Larry Winborg graciously provided the pioneer art that appears on the back cover.

Clyde Weeks of the St. Joseph Historical Society was especially kind and helpful, as were so many people at the Church Historical Department in Salt Lake City that I cannot begin to name them all. Mick Twyman of the Margate Historical Society (England) kindly provided pictures and information by phone and mail.

Patricia Hadley, of Martin’s Cove Visitor’s Center, enthusiastically gave time and assistance; and Verda Hillyard, also of Martin’s Cove, provided Cove photographs.

Miquelyn Ailey, Lisa Smiley, and Theresa Petree traveled with me to Europe and assisted in my research at Kew Gardens, Colindale Avenue, Ramsgate, and Aston Rowant (not to mention assisting with my luggage). Lisa even volunteered to be the first driver of the wrong-sided vehicle! James Thomas of the Royal Harbour Hotel of Ramsgate provided photographs, local history, and membership in the Ramsgate Society. (He also parked the car at the end of our maiden voyage from London on the left side of the road.)

Jim Ailey read the introduction and offered a much-needed “non-familiar” perspective. Rebekkah Petree, Molly Hill, Brittany Trekell, and especially Bonnie Haas patiently labored through hours of help with proofreading.

Brandy Shearer of FancyPants Designs and Marjorie Nelson donated time and assistance with maps. Jay Allen of Timpanogos Cave Park provided the original map of American Fork Canyon, and Tom Child put all maps in final form.

The Smiley family—Lisa, Scott, Abbey, Jane, and Lily—housed, fed, provided for, and entertained me during several research trips to Utah. They even did my laundry, and Abbey forfeited her bedroom for me.
Bob and Jean Pearson and Judy Miller provided private quarters in their mother’s home to facilitate my research.

John Alley has been a patient and kindly tutor and Maureen Beecher a warm-hearted friend and source of encouragement. They have provided tactful advice and counsel, and put me onto sources of information I would never have discovered without their expertise.

And nothing I’ve ever done of any consequence would have been possible without the love, encouragement, faith, confidence, and unfailing support, in every sense of that word, of my husband, James H. Petree, who passed away on August 27, 2003. He would be pleased to see the project finally come to fruition.

Thanks, all.
Today’s Sweetwater River is anything but intimidating where it flows along in south central Wyoming near Muddy Gap on Highway 220. The river valley on a summer day is quiet and clean looking, with sagebrush and low grasses, and the wind moves gently around the rock escarpment which forms the northwest side of the area now marked as Martin’s Cove. A new bridge proclaims the approximate spot where, in 1856, rescuers from Salt Lake City, some three hundred miles away, helped the beleaguered Martin handcart company with the final of several nerve-crushing winter crossings of the Sweetwater River and through the last awful seven miles between Devil’s Gate and Martin’s Cove. Looking down from that modern bridge into the clear, shallow water—the volume and flow of the river is far less now than a hundred and fifty years ago—it’s hard to imagine the frozen feet and silent tears of the half-starved company. There are no signs or evidence, no wagon tracks through the grass, and the visitors’ pathway into the cove discreetly leaves the actual route unmarked and somehow silently sanctified. The site has become a focal point for commemoration of the brutal hardships endured by both the Willie and Martin handcart companies and the Hodgett wagon train; but the snow and the suffering, the bleeding and the deprivation was not centered only in Martin’s Cove, but in the whole long and arduous journey, and especially in the devastating twenty miles of trail on either side of the last crossing of the Sweetwater.

Patience Loader was twenty-nine years old as she struggled through the snow pulling her deceased father’s share of the family’s handcart load. Perhaps benumbed as much by the pain of his death as by grinding cold and starvation, she records that she stood on the banks of that river of slush and ice at one of those many crossings, and wept.

Small in stature, Patience was probably about five feet two inches tall. Weakened though she was at that point in the trail by lack of food and the almost unspeakable hardships of the severe winter and the enormous physical strain of pulling and pushing the handcart those hundreds of miles, she was yet sufficiently strong on that dreary day at the Sweetwater to be
among the ones who held the dubious distinction of being selected to walk yet further until more help arrived. The first relief wagons from Salt Lake City were few and insufficient to carry the whole company, so only the oldest, the weakest, the ill, could ride. Patience was grateful that her mother was given place on one wagon; still, standing there by the Sweetwater with the winter wind biting through her thin clothing, she wept.

To those of us who, looking back and seeking comprehension, try to imagine the sturdy strength, the stoic grit of Patience and others like her, perhaps the most remarkable thing about this autobiography is that the handcart experience was not at all the defining event of Patience Loader’s life. She does describe it in some detail, but not really with any more particularity than when she depicts the gardener’s cottage at Aston Rowant, England, where she grew up, or her first home as a married woman on the army base at Camp Floyd, Utah, or the confusion and uneasiness of being quartered with strangers in Washington, D. C. during the first year of the Civil War, or the personal desperation and fear of entering the unknown environs of a mining camp, high in the mountains, snowed in for the winter, in order to support her children after her first husband died. Patience seems to have simply assimilated the terrible images from the trail through Wyoming along with all the other images from other places and other times, each weighed equally, each considered with the same care. She speaks of one event and then another, and then moves on. She is honest and frank; she openly expresses doubts, fears, pain, and temporary resentment. But there is not a trace of self-pity or a suggestion of bitterness in any of Patience’s manuscript.

Perhaps the organic form of the manuscript itself contributes to our admiration of Patience’s stoic purposefulness. Sometime after 1887 she sat down to write her autobiography, and write it she did—in a continuous story without interruptions of any kind, including paragraph or sentence breaks. The story stretches across three notebooks and some 335 handwritten pages, beginning with her earliest remembrances and continuing, nonstop, until the winter of 1872, where it abruptly ends. She provides extraordinary detail, but if she used letters and other documents such as diaries to supplement her memory, there is no record of such. At any rate, her descriptions are vivid and her storytelling riveting.

Patience was born in England in 1827 and died in America in 1922. Her life experiences are epic: they spanned the Victorian age, encompassed the great western migration towards the “Manifest Destiny” of the United States, encountered the American Civil War, reflected the impact of the discovery of precious metals and the upsurge of the western mining industry, and continued on through World War I. She crossed the Atlantic Ocean once, and the American continent between the east coast and the Wasatch Range of the Rocky Mountains three times—once by handcart
and twice by military wagon. She buried her father on the first crossing and her husband on the last, and when she arrived permanently in the Salt Lake Valley in 1866, she was widowed, pregnant with her fourth child and only daughter, and had three little boys to be fed, clothed, nurtured, and tutored. We would not be surprised if she stood there, at the door of her mother’s cottage in Pleasant Grove, Utah, as she had at the banks of that frozen western river nine years before, and wept at the formidable tasks ahead of her. But as she had done before, she stepped inside and moved on.

*Patience was tough.* She was a survivor, and she took the world as it came, with grit and acumen, and even sometimes, we suspect, with a certain exhilaration at the breathless adventure of life itself. She liked change and she liked new vistas, and when she found herself in hardship, she garnered her resources and forged ahead.

### Background and History

What would bring a simple English girl, daughter of a happily-situated gardener, to the misery of crossing frozen rivers on the vast American plains and mountains? Surely it should be something spectacular—and it was, at least in effect. That spectacular something was conversion of the Loader family from strict adherence to the tenets of the Church of England to equally ardent devotion to a new American religion. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, informally known as the Mormon church, had been officially incorporated in New York state on April 6, 1830, with Joseph Smith at its head. Acknowledged as prophet, high priest, and president by his followers, Smith claimed to have seen God the Eternal Father and his son Jesus Christ, who had declared to him that he should join none of the then-existing churches, for they were all wrong. These heavenly beings had, he said, appointed Joseph Smith to be the official mediator for the restoration of the original gospel of Jesus Christ, which had been entirely perverted by apostasy.

Reaction to Smith’s assertions of revelation was forceful, swift, and divisive: a small but rapidly increasing number of those who heard his message believed him and became devout followers. Most, however, pronounced him a heretic and a charlatan, and as the new church grew, many of those nonbelievers eventually began to feel that the only way such deviation could be adequately dealt with would be permanent removal of Smith and eradication of the organized group that followed him. Persecution, including destruction of property and sometimes of life, followed the new church from New York to Ohio, then to Missouri and to Illinois. Finally, on June 27, 1844, Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum were murdered by a furious mob in Carthage, Illinois.
Following Smith’s assassination, order was quickly restored and leadership resumed in the church as the role of a powerful governing body already in place emerged: the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, headed by Brigham Young. This was a council of twelve men, appointed as leaders after the fashion of the twelve chosen by Jesus Christ, on the basis of inspiration and prompted by the men’s personal strength, and of course their devotion to the tenets of their religion. They were sustained by unanimous consent of the membership at large, and each apostle was accepted as a “prophet, seer, and revelator;” each one therefore had significant authority and commanded great respect. Brigham Young as president of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles became the acknowledged leader of the whole church.

But prior to his death, Smith had received revelation that the restored gospel was to be preached to all the world, and he had dispatched zealous missionaries to European and Scandinavian countries. Among the first missionaries were those sent to England, where they experienced remarkable success, arriving initially in 1837.

Part of the doctrine of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was at that time a “spirit of gathering,” or a desire to bring believers together to establish Zion. That goal loomed large in the consciousness of the adherents to the new religion, as they recognized in themselves the new Israel—God’s chosen people—with a mission to perform that would prepare the world for the Second Coming of Jesus Christ, in a new City of Zion to be established by the gathering together of the Saints, as the Mormons were called, from all points of the globe. (Appendixes 3, 4, and 5 are reproductions of newspaper articles that reflect some of the assumptions of this spirit of gathering.) Consequently, as many of the new converts as could do so determined to emigrate, to join the main body of the Saints, first in Nauvoo, Illinois, and over the next four decades in the valley of the Wasatch Mountains where lay the inland sea, the Great Salt Lake.

The spirit of gathering was accelerated by the persecution of believers by hostile nonbelievers, persecution that occurred on both sides of the Atlantic, and that ranged in degree from social shunning to outright violence. For the Loaders, the immediate consequences for their espousal of the new religion was economic. James Loader lost his job as head gardener for Sir Henry Lambert in Aston Rowant, Oxfordshire, and Patience lost her job as maid in the Burlington Hotel in London. Their personal decision to migrate to America was, therefore, prompted by both spiritual and economic necessity.

But emigration was both difficult and expensive. Certainly European and Scandinavian converts, but also those from the eastern United States, had to travel thousands of miles across the undeveloped American west.
The use of wagons and teams, sometimes ox teams, was standard for emigrants crossing the plains and mountains of central and western America. Hardships on the trail were not unexpected, and certainly no one who made the journey from the western fringes of settled America to the basin of the Salt Lake Valley found the trip easy or comfortable. But enthusiasm to “gather to Zion” stayed high, and thousands of converts were deeply desirous of making the journey so that they could “rest in the bosom of Zion.”

Those who had first to cross an ocean, in addition to the arduous land trek, were no less zealous, and church leaders searched for ways and means to transport ever increasing numbers. At the time of the Loaders’ migration, Apostle Franklin D. Richards was assigned as church head of state in England, and Apostle John Taylor had taken up residence in New York, both to direct proselytizing on the east coast and to facilitate emigration. Many of the converts on both sides of the ocean were financially unable to accumulate the necessary funds for emigration, and so the church established the Perpetual Emigration Fund, based on the idea that the church would provide basic means for travel for a few beginning emigrants, who would, once established in the valley, reimburse the PEF so that others might be enabled to follow. The plan was very successful.

But in 1854 and 1855, just as the Loaders were accepting the new religion, suffering the consequences of their decision, and preparing to emigrate from England when they could, a series of natural disasters depleted Mormon crops in Utah and seriously drained church and private funds. Simultaneously, economic conditions in Europe were also in decline, and it became evident that some Mormon converts would soon be facing serious hardships. Many were already poor; some lost their employment once their religious convictions became known. A means of transporting them to the only place on the face of the earth where their religious convictions were respected seemed necessary.

The idea of handcart migration, that is, the transportation of minimal personal goods for over a thousand miles by means of a cart drawn by hand—walking, in other words—had been discussed for several years. But when the exigencies of economic conditions pushed consideration of this idea to the forefront, in the fall of 1855, Brigham Young in Salt Lake City, John Taylor in New York, and F. D. Richards in England began to engage in serious discussion of and research into the possibilities of success for such ventures. As Brigham Young wrote to Richards and Taylor, they responded through editorials in The Millennial Star (London) and The Mormon (New York), Mormon-published newspapers that served as primary communication between church leaders and scattered members. By December of 1855 handcart migration had become almost synonymous in the minds of some church leaders with the goals of and ideas
behind the Perpetual Emigration Fund. (See Appendices 3 and 4, published letters of apostolic leaders.)

Ten handcart companies would eventually make the trip, totaling about three thousand individual handcarts, and most of the companies ventured quite successfully. The Loaders, unfortunately, would find their lots cast with one of the two that were destined for disaster. The Willie and Martin handcart companies suffered unforeseen setbacks and delays, and started far too late in the season, resulting in devastating hardships and significant numbers of deaths. Even though less than 4 percent of total Mormon emigrants traveled by handcart, the experiences of these two companies were so brutal that they would eventually become the most remembered symbol of the Mormon overland trail. The best description of the handcart trek comes from those who experienced it. Patience records it all, or at least all of her own memories of her own experience.

The Voices of the Saints: Writing the Modern Exodus

A total of some 55,000 to 80,000 (estimated numbers vary) Mormon converts migrated to the Rocky Mountains. Under the direction of Brigham Young and the Council of the Twelve (another name for the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles), Mormons would be dispersed to establish settlements that extended along “the Mormon corridor” from what is now southern Idaho through Utah, Arizona, Nevada, California, and later into Mexico. Communities were established that incorporated members from a number of cultural backgrounds, but their common faith enabled them to amalgamate, and by the time Patience Loader’s family arrived in the valley, toward the end of 1856, a distinct Mormon culture had developed, and something very much akin to national pride became an earmark of the Mormon people. This self-conscious realization of participation in an epic journey, coupled with a religious doctrine that relied heavily upon the merits of remembering God’s dealings with his people and recording ongoing evidence of His hand in their affairs, set the stage for Patience’s epic manuscript.

It would be hard to overemphasize the importance Mormons felt for their epic journeys from far places to make the desert “blossom as the rose.” No more than twenty years or so after the first emigrants arrived in the valley, sometime during the last three decades of the nineteenth century and as soon, it seems, as economic security increased to the point of looking beyond the rudiments of survival, a movement to record the experiences of those original Mormon pioneers began to emerge. The movement prompted the writing of biographies, autobiographies, personal reminiscences, and letters, many of which were made public through newspapers and journals, such as *The Woman’s Exponent*, a sort
of newspaper-style magazine for Mormon women, published under the auspices of the Relief Society (the women’s organization of the church). While it’s difficult to pinpoint the exact moment when the urge to record personal stories became pressing, perhaps it began when Eliza R. Snow and Edward Tullidge initiated a project to publish a book about and by Mormon women, the intent being to counteract the devastatingly negative effect of publications on the east coast of the U.S. by disaffected Mormons. Tullidge’s *The Women of Mormondom* appeared in 1877 and contained, among other things, the reminiscences, designed to testify of their belief in their religion and also to show their culture and education, of about forty Mormon women. Tullidge was the official editor/compiler, but certainly Eliza R. Snow’s influence and encouragement provided the impetus for the upsurge of interest. The *Woman’s Exponent* of December 1, 1876, carried on page 8 under the columnar heading “R. S. [Relief Society] Reports” the following:

The subject of the Woman’s Book was laid before the meeting by Miss Snow, and the sisters’ aid solicited in behalf of the publishing of it. The sisters were also requested to hand in to Miss Snow, or the author, Mr. E. W. Tullidge, any special items in their lives, or spiritual manifestations which had been given them which they considered strong testimonies upon the principles of the gospel.

This note follows a hearty promotion of the idea that the women of the church become “a mighty phalanx, giving strength and support to the kingdom of God,” and the column concludes with an admonition for women to attend meetings such as the one being reported on so that they might be enabled “to form a very good idea of the great work being done by the women of Utah”. Clearly the impetus to write was associated with an advancement of respect for the role of women in the church (culturally timely as discussions about the “women’s question” moved toward suffrage). Equally clearly, the true significance, when seen through the eye of faith, of those dramatic pioneer experiences like Patience’s was emerging.

Certainly some who responded to the call to write were shy about publication, and most such reminiscences remained in the hands of the authors and their families. Self-consciousness about literary abilities, coupled with natural reticence or personal modesty would have been significant elements in decisions about publication. But the upsurge of interest in and respect for pioneer stories, and their own personal conviction of the importance of those hard but valuable experiences, combined to produce a flurry of first-person narratives, public and private, which have survived to become among the most prized manuscripts of later generations.
Because of her handcart experiences, Patience Loader Rozsa Archer eventually became something of a celebrity in her own time. Later in her life she enjoyed a modicum of local fame in her hometown of Pleasant Grove, Utah, being invited to speak about her life, especially about the Martin handcart company. Whether or not she was formally asked to write her life story is unknown, but as she sat to pen her autobiography she must have had an awareness of the likelihood of its attracting attention and being made available in one form or another to others besides her own immediate posterity.6

But preparation of a manuscript that potentially puts private experiences into the public domain can be intimidating, especially for anyone uncomfortable or unfamiliar with literary endeavors. The first thing any writer has to do, consciously or unconsciously, is decide which of his or her “selves” to present as the voice for the story. How does one proceed? Conversationally, as one speaks with family and friends, or formally, as one might speak when addressing a group of strangers? Most writers would not consciously make these deliberations, but the decisions are made one way or another, and the resultant voice emerges, clearly readable to the audience.

Selection of voice for such an undertaking, especially if subconscious, would instinctively be by patterning: imitation of the voices of others, mimetically absorbed from familiar reading materials. Because many middle- and upper-class women in the nineteenth century read extensively both for personal improvement and for pleasure, Patience may well have had two major models for her assumption of voice: previously published histories, including Mormon autobiographies, described above, and women who appeared as heroines in sentimental fiction such as Harriet Beecher Stowe’s Uncle Tom’s Cabin (the most widely read book of the nineteenth century). Such heroines were characterized by their virtue, their purity of mind and naivete, and, simultaneously, their stony strength as they confronted the forces of evil, which were manifest in challenges to their domestic tranquility and personal purity.

Patience clearly controls her manuscript through a knowledge and mimesis of “proper” historical voices: she is straightforward, objective (or clearly subjective when appropriate), provides sufficient detail for interesting reading, and intimates accuracy in subtle but convincing ways, such as provision of specific names, dates, and places. A pattern for this self-conscious historical voice can be found as close at hand for Patience as the words of John Jaques, her brother-in-law who was called upon to publicly recount, as nearly as he could, the events of the Martin handcart company experience. Many of his recollections were published in local Utah newspapers.
The specific Mormon application of objective historical voice, however, was heavily influenced by philosophical convictions based on Mormon doctrines and reflecting the self-consciousness of their epic experience. Consider this paragraph from *The Woman’s Exponent* of March 15, 1873:

The facts contained in history should not possess, of themselves, so great interest for present or future generations, as the motives which prompted individuals or kingdoms to work out such facts. Every deed that is, or has ever been, accomplished, must, in accordance with the laws of nature, be, or have been, actuated by some design. The histories of wise and good men and women, tell us of bright designs wrought out in noble deeds, worthy of our imitation; those of ambiguous and reprehensible characters show us the tedious and fraudulent way of walking in darkness with no pure and exalted ambition to instigate to high and noble purposes.\(^{(157)}\)

This observation of the value of appropriately motivated history appears under the columnar heading “History and Romance.” Its purpose is to point out the comparatively valueless entertainment of the reading of romances, or novels. Sentimental novels, however, were often written so that at least surface presentation was morally didactic, even if the underlying themes and the most dramatic descriptions were racy and titillating. So, while religious leaders from all branches of Christianity officially forbade the reading of sentimental fiction, this didactic veneer made it infinitely appealing and wildly popular, and provided an excuse for rationalization.\(^{7}\) It would probably be safe to assume that few women of the nineteenth century, including Mormon women who were geographically isolated from mainstream America, were not influenced to some degree by sentimental fiction.\(^{8}\)

The voice of the sentimental heroine is perhaps as equally evident in Patience’s manuscript as her Mormon historical voice, especially when she writes about personally disturbing situations. As she recalls events after her marriage when she takes up residence at Camp Floyd (a circumstance foreign and somewhat threatening to her, and one which placed her in an environment where Mormons were considered with caution and suspicion at best and as outright enemies at worst), she begins to assume the sentimental role of the beleaguered virtuous woman, in peril because as a soldier’s wife she is often alone and feels herself to be a victim of circumstance, and vulnerable to hostile influences of non-Mormon soldiers. Her careful acknowledgment of the hand of God in her frequent deliverance and her reliance on kindly male benefactors are reflections
simultaneously of her own virtue and her own vulnerability—both prized characteristics of the nineteenth-century sentimental heroine. Nevertheless, the danger she records was very real; in this case, the sentimental voice reflects not only custom and culture but also circumstantial reality.

She also demonstrates, through diction and selection of material, her “sensibility,” a term sometimes used during the nineteenth century to describe acute awareness of and distress over distasteful surroundings, behavior, or situations. A feminine heroine who revealed “sensibility” would subtly suggest a high degree of intellectual and psychological refinement. Sentimental heroines were often “steel magnolias”: physically fragile, vulnerable women whose inner strength was revealed in the grit of their constancy in virtue as they passed through trials and tragedy. Heroines who also had sensibility, though, would never lose their distaste for the vulgar or seedier side of life, and would speak as little of those things as possible, even if forced at times to endure such. Thus, Patience is very selective in what she chooses to share about life at Camp Floyd, certain people on the base, and the exigencies of the mining camp where she must spend a winter cooking for unruly miners.

Perhaps related to sensibility was another characteristic of nineteenth-century Americana also present in Patience’s work: fascination with tragic events and a seeming preoccupation with death and dying. When Patience recalls, using vivid detail, events surrounding the deaths of her father, her husband, and her son, as well as a number of people less closely related, she reflects common western cultural practice. By today’s literary standards, tempered by modern detachment and the objectivity of realism, such writing may seem to border on the maudlin. But it fit its time. Statistically, death rates in the nineteenth century due to disease and hardship kept an awareness of mortality constantly present. And a woman’s virtue was in fact her greatest asset, the marker by which her sense of self was measured. Any assault, real or perceived, upon that virtue was egregious cause for real alarm.

Since Patience’s very life experience is epic in scope and heroic in reality, the voice of a sentimental heroine does not detract from the quality of Patience’s manuscript; instead, it adds vibrance. It reveals Patience’s distinct ability to observe, relate to, and enter into the dialogue of her own cultural epistemology. It helps to reveal the degree to which her own individual personal courage and perseverance are tested in a number of dimensions, each as threatening in its own way as the hazards of snow and starvation; and it also preserves for us, the readers of her autobiography, the language and texture of her historical milieu.
A Thumbnail Sketch of Patience’s Life

Patience was born on August 23, 1827, in Aston Rowant, Oxfordshire, England. Her father, James Loader, along with his eight siblings, was also born in Aston Rowant and at the age of twenty was appointed as gardener for the manor house of Baronet Sir Henry Lambert. Patience’s mother, Amy Britnell, was born in Kingston Blount, a small village very near Aston Rowant. Since James had eight brothers and sisters and Amy had twelve, Patience was surrounded during her childhood by a number of extended relatives in addition to her own immediate family group, which included a total of ten children (see appendix 1 for a Loader family genealogical chart).

The Loader children had little formal schooling. DeWitt Paul notes that Tamar Loader, Patience’s younger sister, had served as assistant governess in the Lambert household (according to Burke’s Peerage, Sir Henry had four sons born in 1822, 1825, 1830, and 1833). Sometimes Tamar was allowed to take the younger Loader children with her to the Lambert family kindergarten, where, presumably, they would receive some academic instruction. Whether Patience herself had any kind of formal schooling is unknown. According to DeWitt Paul, Amy Britnell Loader was the children’s main source of instruction; she taught them to read while also giving them religious education according to the tenets of the Church of England.

The Loader children were carefully protected by their parents, and, as Patience notes early in the manuscript, her father, while devoted to his children, imposed strict rules for their governance. All of the Loader children, both male and female, learned skills that would enable them to earn their own living in the higher echelons of domestic service and in respectable trades. Patience’s older sister Ann was so skilled in sewing, DeWitt Paul tells us, that she “was chosen to be one of thirteen girls to ride in a chariot of the Queenship of Queen Victoria,” having served as one of the seamstresses for Victoria’s wedding trousseau. Patience, too, would later support herself as a seamstress and would eventually use those very skills to repay, in part, kindnesses extended to her after she arrived in the Salt Lake valley.

At age seventeen Patience determined to strike out on her own, a decision sparked partially, she says, by her desire to reduce the burden of such a large family upon her parents, but also, we suspect, for the sake of the adventure it entailed. She worked for a year at Watlington, a village only four miles from her home, as a servant in a boarding school. Following that employment, which she did not enjoy but stuck with until
the completion of the agreed upon year, she removed to London, and worked in London and other parts of eastern England as a maid in private dwellings or hotels, and sometimes as a seamstress, for about the next ten years.

It was while she was working in London that she learned of her parents’ conversion to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and after a visit home was herself converted. As a result of their affiliation with the church, first James Loader and then Patience lost their employment, although Patience was able to find work at a private residence for a time. But eventually the spirit of gathering, combined with difficult economic circumstances in England, prompted the Loader family, or that part of it that had converted to the new religion, to emigrate to America, and they left Liverpool on the emigrant ship *John J. Boyd* in December of 1855. After a difficult journey, they arrived in New York in February of 1856.

After their arrival in New York, the Loader family learned that they were expected to cross the plains to Utah with one of the newly organized handcart companies. Patience’s description of her experiences in the Martin handcart company is one of the most poignant records of Mormon history. Her father died on the plains, and the girls, which included Patience and four of her sisters, along with her ten-year-old brother Robert, continued on in the care and company of her mother. All survived to arrive eventually in the Salt Lake valley in November of 1856.

But Patience’s adventures were only beginning. Her family dispersed once they arrived in the valley, and Patience established residence with the Conrade Naegle (Americanized to Naile) family near Lehi, Utah. Here she met John Eugene Rozsa, a Hungarian emigrant who was a soldier in the Utah Expedition, known to Mormons as Johnston’s Army, stationed at Camp Floyd, Utah. On leave from the service, John was influenced by Mormon friends and joined the church, and subsequently, in 1858, he and Patience were married—to the grave consternation of her family and Mormon friends and the military company at Camp Floyd. Johnston’s Army had been dispatched to Utah to quell the Utah War (also called the Mormon War) and there was in 1858 an uneasy truce between the military post and the Mormon settlers of the area.

The Rozsas lived at Camp Floyd, which became Camp Crittenden, until the spring of 1861 when the Civil War broke out and the army was summoned to travel to Washington, D.C. to participate in the conflict. Patience firmly refused the counsel of her family and friends to remain in the valley, and determined to make good on her commitment to John. Consequently, with official recognition as a laundress for the army, she and her infant son accompanied the Tenth Infantry as it headed back across the plains to the nation’s capital.
Patience spent the Civil War in Washington, where two more children were born. She lived with various other military wives and enjoyed visits from John when he could make it home from his unit, which became part of the Army of the Potomac. In Washington Patience became adept at shifting for herself and her children, and eventually ran a boarding house, whereby she earned enough money, with John’s help, to finance a return to Utah when the war was ended.

John, though not wounded during the war, had suffered extreme physical privations and his poor health following the war led to his death from consumption. He died while serving as clerk to a military unit sent from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, to Camp Douglas, Utah, and Patience, who was pregnant with her fourth child and singly responsible, now, for her three little boys, made the remainder of the trip back to Utah under the care of John’s commanding officer and of Patience’s brother John Loader and his family, who had joined the company for the return to Utah.

Amy Britnell Loader had been living during the war in a house in Pleasant Grove that belonged to Patience and John, and it was to this home that Patience and her children returned. Under the necessity of supporting her family, Patience turned to whatever work was most lucrative—and ended up cooking in the primitive conditions of a mining camp in American Fork Canyon during the winter of 1872.

Eventually Patience married a second time (John Archer), adopted another daughter, and also raised other children, including the son of a relative who had fallen on hard times. She was active in civic and church affairs in Pleasant Grove, and by the time she died in 1927 (almost a full century after her birth) she had become a well-known and popular pillar of her community.

The manuscript ends with Patience’s adventures in the mining camp. Why she abandoned her life story at that point is unknown. It is possible that she ceased writing her life story because in about 1887 she became heavily involved in genealogical research, as she indicates in a letter to her sister Tamar written in 1914, reproduced in this work as appendix 7. She says to Tamar that the number of letters she had to write and the time it took to do it was something of a burden; perhaps she just couldn’t find time to write both.

At any rate, while we yearn for a continuation of the story, with her superb storytelling skills and the enticing details that give us a woman’s personal perspective—seriously lacking in most formal histories—the value of what she has written is enormous. She details her own experiences as a domestic servant in Victorian England; a firsthand account of the Martin handcart company’s deadly late start and almost unendurable privations and sufferings on the American plains in 1856; an inside look
at life for a woman in a mid-nineteenth-century military encampment in the American west; the domestic vicissitudes of a soldier’s wife during the Civil War in Washington, D.C.; and a breathtaking glimpse of the hazards, risks, and plain old hard work of a mining camp in the Rocky Mountains. The extent of Patience’s saga is remarkable; her matter-of-fact presentation is titillating; and her storytelling skills are brilliant.

The Handwritten Manuscript

Patience wrote her autobiography on three notebooks, the first of which is a writing tablet, five inches wide and eight and a quarter inches long, bound at the top. The front cover has a floral design, with the words Floral Writing Tablet printed in embellished letters along the bottom. In the lower left corner, in tiny print, appear the words “Copyrighted 1887 Acme Stationery & Paper Co. New York.” This copyright date provides the only clue to time of writing of the manuscript.

The other two notebooks, different from the first, are identical and are eight inches wide and ten inches high, with black cardboard front and back covers bound on the left side. In the center of the front cover of each book is a label that reads “Composition Book Belonging to” and then two blank lines. On the bottom line of the first notebook the handwritten words Patience Archer are barely discernible, with what appears to be a superscript word or letter, undecipherable, between the names. There is no name written on the front cover of the last notebook; two notations appear, written aslant across the two blank lines, one over the other and divided by a line. It is not possible to determine if the markings are numbers or letters. The original manuscript is in good condition and has been placed in the L. Tom Perry Special Collections of the Harold B. Lee Library at Brigham Young University.

The manuscript is not divided into sections, paragraphs, or even sentences. Ideas do not pause even between notebooks, thoughts continuing uninterrupted from the last page of one notebook to the first page of the next. However, Patience’s sentence patterns are relatively uncomplicated and easy to discern. Rather consistently, Patience has a tendency to begin describing conversation using the third person and then shifting at a natural pause to first person. While disconcerting to the reader at first, one quickly falls into the rhythm of her speech.

The handwriting in the original manuscript is clear and neat, the flow of ideas interesting, and the descriptions vivid. The manuscript ends on the fourth line, above the middle of a page, in the third notebook. Several unused pages remain in this notebook. Perhaps Patience intended to finish her life story, but just never got around to it.
Except for a few flashbacks, the entire manuscript is in chronological order, so to facilitate readability, I have provided breaking points in the form of manuscript sections organized around major events and/or geographical locations—one section for her time in England, another for the ship voyage, another for the brief few months in New York, etc. While these divisions are not at all even in length, they do reflect, as best I am able to do without interfering with Patience’s own story, historical epochs and interludes between those epochs.

Infrequently I have also created paragraphs. The breaks have been organically located, in places where Patience herself shifts subject or verbalizes movement from one point to another in the narrative. Capital letters have been inserted only at the beginning of these breaks and are marked as insertions by use of brackets. Dates mentioned by Patience in the manuscript have been boldfaced in the typescript to help anchor the narrative in time sequence.

Because of Patience’s rather charming personal writing idiosyncrasies, which I have preserved as nearly as possible, I have not used *sic* for inconsistencies. I have used it, in fact, only when Patience repeats a word (which often happens at a page break; she tends to write a word at the bottom of one page and to repeat it as the first word on the next page).

Punctuation and spacing in the original manuscript are also idiosyncratic. Patience uses dots that look like periods but that do not end sentences, colons that seem randomly placed, and the letter *x* instead of an ampersand. She also uses pairs of dots which look like partial ellipses but which do not represent omissions, and odd marks, such as one that looks somewhat like the pound sign, that seem randomly placed. She sometimes leaves extra spaces between words. Sometimes, but not always, Patience superscripts the final *s* in a word to form a plural or a possessive. She also superscripts some abbreviations. All of these marks have been reproduced as exactly as feasible. Strikeovers are also retained. Any above-line insertions are indicated by carets.

The greatest difficulty in exact reproduction of the original text is capitalization. Patience writes two kinds of cursive *s*, but neither is consistently used as a capital letter. The objective pronoun *me* seems often to be capitalized, in much the same way as the conventional first person subjective *I*. But the letters *m*, *w* and *j* are frequently written somewhat larger than other letters, even in the center of a word, and her intent to capitalize, if any, is difficult to determine. I have attempted to replicate as closely as possible except where an internal capital would be awkward or confusing. The task of determining capitalization is often primarily a judgment call.
Front cover of tablet in which Patience Loader composed the first part of her memoir. Courtesy of the L. Tom Perry Special Collections, Brigham Young University.
Recollections of past days

Written by R. Load

I was born in a small village called Aston Rowant in Oxfordshire, England, fifteen miles from the City of Oxford. Which place is noted for its great educational colleges and old fashion buildings there, which are built with age there. Where some of the martyrs burned in the City of Oxford. Three Bishops, Ridley, Cranmer, and Latimer.

I was born of good kind parents. My father was a hard working industrious man, by profession a gardener. Was head gardener to an English nobleman for twenty-three years. I am the fourth child of these family, having two brothers and one sister older than myself and seven sisters and two brothers younger. Making thirteen children in all. My parents had a large family to maintain, but notwithstanding this through my dear Mother's hard toil and my Mother...
When Patience divides a word at the end of a line, she uses standard hyphenation; the words will appear in complete form in this text. Patience used standard convention of earlier times in writing double s as fs; I have used standard spelling.

A word about pagination: two sheets following page 83 of the original handwritten manuscript were not numbered. Patience apparently numbered the pages after she’d filled the notebook, and perhaps those two pages stuck together and were skipped, with page 86 being numbered as 84, and all subsequent pages reflecting this error of omission. In other sections of the handwritten manuscript, Patience inserts extra numbers, such as a 0 that produces the number 1017 instead of 117. The page numbers as written by Patience have not been included in this reproduction.

Unusual marks on the original manuscript are noted in the text or explained in endnotes.

Maps

The simple maps included here are designed only to adumbrate for the reader the physical settings for Patience’s life story. Because of space constraints, the maps are not drawn to scale and are not intended to be comprehensive; instead, they are designed to assist the reader, without the clutter of geographic specificity, to envision Patience’s places, to imagine where Patience was at certain times in her life, to place her globally in the landscape of her human existence.

A Note About the Notes

I have tried to provide endnotes that can assist the reader’s understanding of Patience’s experience. Notes can serve to explain vaguely referenced situations; to provide historical background for increased reader understanding and enjoyment; and to ground Patience’s terrific storytelling skills in specific ways that inform the reader of the credibility of her memory, even though she’s writing several years after the events she discusses. Because the manuscript as written by Patience is largely unpunctuated, I have, in most cases, placed numerical endnote markers immediately following the specific word or phrase the note explains, rather than at the end of the sentence as is customary.

Some kinds of notes, such as the appendices I have chosen to include, may assist readers in understanding the parameters of events Patience describes, and will, I hope, help to clarify the emotional intensity of some of the drama of her life experience.

These notes, however, are not as complete as I would desire; neither are they entirely balanced as to length and method of presentation.
Patience uses only the formal names of almost everyone she mentions—she addresses them by their titles (Mrs., Mr., General, etc.) and their surnames. Unfortunately, this omission of given names makes it almost impossible to locate specific historical documentation on some individuals, particularly those with common surnames. Consequently, some people who hold great significance in Patience’s life experience—and about whom we readers would like a great deal more information—must, at least for now, remain tantalizingly mysterious. Occasionally we can make certain identification and sometimes fairly positive educated guesses, using published and unpublished biographies, scant military records, and sporadic historical documents from a number of personal, church, and civil archives. Many archives and private historians are reproducing information on web sites, which greatly facilitates access and pursuance of further interest. Sometimes, though, there is simply no information to be found (as yet), or the clues provided by Patience are not specific enough.

Some notes—those dealing with the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, for example, and others which also carry reproductions of newspaper accounts of various incidents—are longer than one might expect and may seem disproportionate to their significance to the original manuscript. While my objective has been to keep endnotes to a minimum, sometimes these selected documents reveal so much more than their content, through diction, choices for descriptive phrases, organization, extravagant detail, etc., that the very presentation lends, to my mind at least, fascinating insights into the literary milieu from which Patience’s experiences produced her own manuscript. To read newspaper articles from the nineteenth century, for example, is to see firsthand how Patience’s autobiography and the writing thereof fits into her cultural paradigm. It is my hope that the endnotes will enhance, not detract from, Patience’s own words.

But the worst problem with historical documentation for a manuscript of this kind is that the documentation can easily run away with the manuscript so that the two narratives reverse places—the manuscript comes to serve as a roadmap for a long series of historical discussions. Through trying to follow such notes, readers become distracted from the salient and most enjoyable parts of the manuscript itself. I apologize if my editorial decisions cause this to happen, and encourage readers to be sure that manuscript, explanation, and imagination stay in their own places, complementing rather than distracting from one another. I might recommend reading the manuscript itself through first, then going back later to read in the endnotes.

Since information provided in notes sometimes comes from a compilation of half a dozen or more sources, specific documentation could
also become unwieldy and change the tenor of the project from a quest for timelessness to a dusty and threadbare enumeration of other artifacts. I have elected instead to provide fundamental primary documentation of sources and then to list in the bibliography all references, including interviews and web sites, which contributed to information provided in endnotes and in this introduction. I feel no need to document certain assumptions of common knowledge in both church history and literary dialogue.

And now, finally, for the real read.
Recolections of past days

Written by P. Patience Loader

I was born in a small Village called Aston Rouant in Oxfordshire England fifteen Miles from the City of Oxford Which place is noted for its great educational colleges and old fashion [page torn] buildings some which are black with age there Whare some of the Martyers burned in the city of Oxford three Bishops Ridley Granmer and Latimer

I was born of good kind parents My Father was a hard working industrious Man by profession a gardener was head gardener to an English NoblerMan for twenty three years I am the fourth child of there family having two Brothers and one sister older than Myself and seven Sisters and two brothers younger makeing thirteen children in all My parents had a large family to Maintain but Notwithstanding this through My dear Father hard toil and My Mothers good Management they raised there famely in a very respectable manner and gave us all aplain education and done there very best they could for there children in teaching us all the good they knew as long as I can remember did My parents teach me to love and fear God and keep his commandments Never can I remember being put to bed without having to kneel at My dear Mothers knee to say my prayers and to ask God to take care of Me through the night we was all taught the Lords prayer and to pray for father and Mother Brother and sister and friends and taught this as our duty and taught that we was depending on God our heavenly father for all we was blessed with and we was taught to thank him for all blessings

[In My early life My Parents belonged to the church of England and they was very strict with there children in having us every Sunday attend Sunday school and Church all day on Sunday Sometimes I use to get quite tiard and as I grew older I use to think it was a little to much to
have to go to church and Sunday school all day on Sundays ^when^ some of My companions could go and take a nice walk with there friends or Sometimes go visiting but My parents never aloud Me this pleasure unless they should go themselves then we children was aloud to go with them. but when I became grown and understood things in the right light I fealt thankfull to My Parents that thay took so much care in raising Me and am allways willing to give them great credeit for the care of My breeding # for thay taught Me by times to love working and reading and the lessons I was taught by My Parents when I was under there care at home has allways prooved good for Me through life and are not forgotten by me now I am geting old and have children and grandchildren of my own .

Still I can look back with sweet recolections of childhood and girlhood when I think of the old home where I was born and raised it fills my heart with joy and pleasure the dear old house with a thatched roof and old fashion casements windowds with dimant cut glass and the verada in front with woodbrines roses and honey suckles twing up to the upstairs windows a beautifull flower garden on each side of the Walk from the Street to the house a walk of red brick laid in on each side with flint all kept so clean and free from weeds and gravele walks all around the house to the back Whare we had a play ground a beautifull green grass plate where father had swings and jumps batts and balls skiping ropes and
everything to please his children at home as he did not allow us to go out in the Street to play we esteemed it a great treat whenever we had permission to go out to have a game at ball with other children

We had a very pretty home beautifully laid out and planted tastefully with every kind of evergreen and scrub trees father being a gardener it was always decorated in doors and out with the choicest of flowers and our kitchen garden was in the season filled with beautiful fruit and vegetables and father gave each child a small piece of ground and according to our taste we could plant it with flowers or vegetables he would furnish us the seeds or plants and find us tools to work with our home was surrounded with Water and trees and Wild flowers that grew in the shruberys and all day long in spring and summer birds of every kind would be singing altogether the old home was very enchanting and a place never to be forgotten by me

Here I lived with my parents until I had past My seventeenth Year. Then I began to think and feel that I would like to do something to gain My own living and I ask My parents to let Me go out to work at first they objected too but after time gave there consent and I obtained a situation at a neighbouring town the town was called Wadleington it was to live four Miles from my home with two ladies by the Name of Clark two sisters Ann & and Elizebath. They kept a boarding School I agreed to go on the tenth of October to stay one year My Wages was not very
Patience’s mother, Amy Britnell Loader, April 2, 1802–July 24, 1885. Photo courtesy of Drusilla Smith.
England, 1827–December 1855

high being only two pound ten shilings per Year but I thought this was very grand for Me to work and earn My own living I was very anxious to do this. but when I thought of leaving My home father and Mother Brs x sisters and all. now in My own Mind I came nearly backing out and not go. then as I had been so anxious to work out My independant Spirit Would not let me tell My parents that I did not want to go if I had said I would Not or did not want to go My Father would have been glad for me to stay home for he was a man that allways wanted his children home with him but I knew he had a large family to support and I thought I was old enough to get My own living I thought he had worked for Me long enough at the same time I knew it would be agreat trial to me to leave my dear old home and all my loved ones there.

Now between the time of My ingagement to go to My Situation and day fixed for Me to be there which was on the eleventh of October the day previous the tenth was a fare at a Market town called Thame fare. I never had been to a fare in My life as my Parents would never allow me or My sisters to visit those places althought fares was very common in England in those days once a year an the young Men and women go there to enjoy themselves together there they dance all day and sometimes up to a late hour at Night and as they think and say have a good time now in the Morning on the fare day My Elder Sister Ann sais Well I am going to the fare to day and said we can both go well I could not see how we could go but her mind was made up and mine was very soon made up so she sais she would get the breakfast and I was to go to Kingston to tell My cousin to wait for us as Ann and I would go with them when I got there they was allready gone and when I came back home my sister sais we can go after breakfast is over. My Mother generally went to see a neighbour who was sick while we girls done the Morning work and after she was gone and father had gone to work we very soon made ourselves ready and went of going up through the scrubrey and jumping a high board fence into the road we dare not go through the village as we would have been seen by My Mother. we had scarcely got clear away from home when Father came home and wanted to know of my sister Tilpah whe we was and she sais she did not know but this he would not believe and was angry with her. but she did not know very much about it father started of after us but he could not overtake us as we was one road to the town and he was on the other there being two ways to go to the Town well he returned home feeling very bad and we arrived at the fare about ten or eleven o clock and joined our friends we had a very good day alltogether but to tell the truth I did not have any real enjoyment the thoughts that we had run away from home unknown to our parents spoiled all my pleasure we knew it be no use to ask father to let us go for he would not give his consent so we thought we would
Recollections of Past Days

go any how let the consiquence be as it may we knew full well we would have a scolding when we went home.

We danced through the day agood Many times and I tried to enjoy myself but I knew the Next day I had to leave home and friends and I did not like the idea of my father and Mother being angerly with me before I left home my last day home I thought many times through the day I wished I had staid home with them for the last day my friends I was with in the fare did not know my feelings that day thay was very gay and light hearted but I had something on my mind that caused my heart to feel heavy Night came an and it was dark still our friends was not ready to leave the fare I wanted to go home but I could not go alone the road was to loansome and we had to walk five miles and it was dark about Nine or ten o clock we started for home then thay called on some friends on the way and staid a time makeing it verey late when we arrived at My Aunt's at Kingston my sister and I had then nearly a Mile to go it was then past twelve oclock My Aunt said we had better go to bed and go home in the Morning which we did being verey tiard but I did not sleep much.

In the morning we arose and made ready to go home to Meet our fate we was accompanyed by My Cousen George Loader father on arriv-ing home father Meet us at the door Mother was still in bed father fealt angerly to think that we had gone of without asking his permission and to me he said you are going away from home to live and perhaps for ever and he did not know what to say to me he said this much that he was going to his work and he should not see me any more now this cut me severely and so it did him for if he was astrict father he was a verey affectionate father I told him I was Sorrey and I wanted him to come and see me again before I left. So he told me to call on him at the garden and he would go part of the way with me which he did and when he bid me good bye he promised to come and see me in four weeks which he did.

To me thees was the longest four weeks I ever experienced. it seemed to me that the time past so Slowly before I could see my dear Father and what was the wourst to my feelings I had offended and greived him before I left home in going to Thame fare without his permission but that was a time in my life that I have never forgotten it was the first and last fare I ever went too.

Well now I must say a little about my arrival at My New home I arrived there on the eleventh of October 1844 I fealt somewhat down-hearted at first as the Ladys was Straingers to Me and this was the first time I had been from home thay seemed to be kind folks the Younger of the two sisters Miss Elizebeth took me to My bed room to take of my bonnet and shaul telling me this was the room I was to sleep in I looked around it to see the furniture which was verey scant it was a large room with
England, 1827–December 1855

nothing in it but a small bed just large enough for one to sleep in then I began to realize My loanliness I had never been use to sleep in a bed alone much and the verey idea of sleeping in a larg old fashioned room all alone Made me amost shuder at the thought for at home My eldest sister and I had a room to ourselves and we allways slept together

I was verey soon put to work and told all what I would have to do each day and told I would have to rise very early in the Morning to sweep and dust the large breakfast room the hall and door step and brighten the door knob and knoker all before breakfast then Miss Elizebath came down stairs to help Me get breakfast I had to work verey hard every day had but verey little time to sit down to rest there was Nine in family and no other help but Myself there was eight rooms to keep clean and the washing done once a Month and I had to do it all which was verey hard work on me and I had never been use to such hard work alone

[T]he winter came on it was a verey severe winter and I sufferd verey much with the cold and my feet and hands was covered with chilblains which I have the marks to day to remind me of my first Winter passed away from my good old home. The I said we washed once a Month commencing on Monday verey early in the morning on the Sunday evening previous I went to bed at six oclock at twelve I was called up to make afire out in the Washhouse I had to go out doors all in the cold and dark all alone to get to this house where we done the Washing. I thought this was crewel of a Mistress to make a young girl do this and I was verey timid lest some one would come as soon as the water was hott I commenced to wash at six oclock the Lady got up she got breakfast ready then called me into to get my breakfast which I was ready for having been up at work ever since twelve oclock it took me nearly three days before I got through with the washing and geting them all out doors to dry it being a month washing for Nine persons besides myself it was a verey large wash to much for a girl

[W]hen I had been in my situation one month and two or three days according to promise My dear Father came to see me this was a meeting ever to be remembered by me for When my father first saw me he burst into tears and I done the same. He said oh My dear girl how I have long to see you. I told him how I had long for the time to come that he had promised to come to see me as soon as our first meeting was over I ask him how long he would stay with me he said untill evening then he would have to leave Me but he would come again in four weeks we spent a very pleasant time together only the day went to fast — the next Sunday the church bells rang out to call the people to church evening came and My father had to start for home oh how sorrowfull I fealt when he bid me good bye and I was then left alone. and the next sunday I was loansome and thought last Sunday My dear father came to see me but he will not be here to day
Islington, St. Regent's Park, Highbury Place, and Piccadilly Circus (places named in Patience Loader's manuscript) are suburbs or neighborhoods of the city of London.
England, 1827–December 1855

My Mistress told me I could go to church as I had been brought up to the Church of England that they themselves were Methodist but they did not compel me to go with them in this one instance they were generous. Otherwise they did not seem to be very kind-hearted or generous in their feelings so that they got, there work done. I can say I had but very little rest only when I was in bed. But I had made up my mind to endure the hardships if possible without complaining to my parents as I was so anxious to go out to work and get my own living and I remembered father and mother would say if you go out to live you will find it very different from living with us and said you will never find any place like home. And sure enough before I had been away from home but a short time I found there words true. When a child I was always troubled with chilblains if I was exposed to the cold but then I had a good kind mother to attend to me and rap up my feet warm and attend to my broken chilblains. But the first Winter I left home I had worse chilblains than ever and no good kind mother to doctor me and let me rest from work my house work and washing had to be all done just the same then I really did find there was no place like home to me.

[S]ufice it to say I stayed there one year according to my agreement and the end of the year my Mistress asked me to stay with them another year but one year in a place like that was enough for me and I told her I did not wish to stay any longer but I wanted to go home but she said you suit us so well if you will stay with us another year I will raise your wages ten shillings I will give you three pounds the next year. I told her no. I thought to myself I have suited you and you say in every way but you have not suited me. I am only to glad that I have filled my contract and I am now free to leave and go home which I did on the eleventh of October 1845 and I was glad to be home again once more under the old parental roof this gave me joy and I felt to be free once more but I did not stay home long.

My brother Jonas was living in London and a friend of his wanted a girl to live with them he wrote a letter [undecipherable letter crossed out] to father and mother to let my sister Ann go but somehow she did not want to go or mother did not want her to go so I said I will go so on the Nineteenth of October 1845 I left my home again for the city of London. I traveled there by stage coach left the Lambert Arm at nine o’clock in the morning and arrived at the Bell inn Haburn. There I was met by my brother Jonas who was very pleased to see me for we had not seen each other for nearly two years. I had a very pleasant ride on the coach or rather I was a inside passenger.

Now when a country girl goes to the City of London there are persons that will sometimes take the advantage of her and try to frighten her in some way there is a class of men in the world that delights themselves in doing this. There happened to be a man of this class a
passenger inside of the coach with me and there was a Young Ya Lady passenger beside myself so this man thought he would find out where this girl was from and where she was traveling to she told him she was going to London. He said have you ever been to the city of London? She answered him No Sir. Well he said you will get lost. If you chant mind have you any one to meet you? She said she had not but she had the address where she wished to go too and said she could take a hack and the man would take her to the place. Now this worthless fellow told her that would not do at all if she trusted to him he would surely take her to the wrong place and she would be lost. The poor girl became so frightened that she began to cry. Then he turned to me to find out my business. He said I suppose you are acquainted with the City of London? I answered him Yes and said it is nothing new to me. And told him I did not think a girl had any need to be frightened. He said he thought I had been there and he asked me if I did not think there was some very fine buildings I said yes. And I would not talk to him any more lest he should not find out that I was just from the country and had never been to the big city of London and by this time I had learnt that this man was no good. When he left the coach at Nxbridge he took with him a parcel belonging to an outside passenger and my parcel I had was shown to the person to see if that was it and I began to think I should lose my parcel but mine was handed back to me but the person never found hers. I had a very pleasant ride and good company with the exception of this one incident. And was a lesson for me always to be aware of strangers when traveling. Although in my travels I have met with Strangers that have proved to be friends.

When I arrived in London I was met by my brother and he took me to Islington to see my Aunt Ann Thompson who I had never seen before. There he left me to spend the evening and he came for me at ten o’clock and took me home to my New home or place of abode for it did not look like home to me. I went to live with a young married couple the name of Mr. x Mrs. Gunston. Freinds of my brothers my brother was superintending the business butter chess eggs. I got along very well as long as my brother was with me but he was all ready engaged to be married in a few months and go into business for himself which he did in the spring of 1846 and after he left I felt so lonesome and left as the boss and his lady always went out to visit his parents every Sunday I was left all alone in the house until a very late hour there was two other Shopmen but they always went out pleasureing on Sundays and poor I was left all alone locked in the house not a soul to speak to save the cat. I never was much of a lover of cats and dogs but then when I was so lonesome I thought well the cat is better than nothing to speak to and play with. Poor I fretted considerable here after my brother left and I went to see him and I told him I could not stay there any longer I was so lonesome
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on Sundays left all alone. And I told the Lady I wanted to leave she tried to perswaid me to stay but no I was not to be perswaided and I left and got another place where I had better pay ten pound a year.

I went to live with a Maden Lady the Name of Miss Hennion and She had an old housekeeper who had lived with her ^her name was Lydia Martin^ for a Nombre of Years. here I had a good comfortable place and not over worked the washing was sent out on Monday and brought home onfriday^ here I lived three Years and three Months^ both the Lady and housekeeper was very kind to me but very particular about my going out or having any company that was very religious that both belonged to the same church a denomination called the Independent^ I had to attend the same Chapel attend the bible class on Monday and Thursday evening go with My Mistress to Meeting between the two the Lady and her housekeeper I heard nothing but religion talked over and ever talking to me to get Me to join there church which ^at in time I done . I must say More to pleas them than Myself for I realy fealt religion a burthen to be bound to go all day to meeting and twice in the week I realy thought it was to much of a good thing . at that time I was full of life and realy fealt I was burying My days to live such a life that allmost thought it a sin to laugh and that considered it awfull to think of going to a theater that was both old and settled down but I was young and realy wanted to see alittle enjoyment besides religion . My Mistress was engaged in a great many religious societies and she belonged to the London Missionary Society and she was treasurer for the Jewish Society and attended all the Meetings and she very often would take Me along with her there conferences was held in free mason Hall great Queen st. Scarcely ever would She ever let me go out only to those meetings at last I grew tiard of it and wanted a change and as the old housekeeper grew to old to attend to her duties she desided to leave and go home to live with her Brother a Mr Martin who resided in Ernest St Regents Park London finely she left and I was left alone with My Mistress Miss Hennion . . I Missed my old and Motherly friend so much that I fealt to greive after she was gone and fealt I surely Must leave here and go where I could have more company . My Mistress knowing I was so loansome after Mr^ Martin left would let me go some times to visit the old lady which I was very pleased to do and she and her Brothers family was allways pleased to have me visit them . and allways made me very comfortable and happy when ever I went to see them.

Mr Martin^ family consisted of himself Wife three Sons and two daughters Making eight in family with the My old friend the sister to Mr Martin and that was such a nice agreeable family that it was quite a pleasure to visit them Some times when I went to see them . the Young folk would take me to the Zoological gardens in Regents [undecipherable text crossed out] Park and sometimes take me to see sights in different parts of
While I was visiting them I enjoyed Myself and felt better. but as soon as I returned home again and was alone I felt as bad as lonely as ever.

At length I made up my mind to leave and told the Lady I wish to leave in a month from that day. At this she was very much surprised to hear and tried to persuade me to stay with her. She said she did not like me to leave her as I had been with her so long and we were used to each other's ways and she said she did not think she would be able to get another girl to suit her so well as I did. So she coaxed me to stay with her. I yielded to her wishes and stayed with her for some time longer. She was good and kind to me and would let me go out to visit my friends more often. Sometimes I would go to see my brother and another aunt. My mother's sister. Then she would send me to see how her old housekeeper was getting along. Sometimes she would visit her herself. I tried to content myself to stay with her. But my mind was unsettled as I had once made up my mind to have a change. So I could not be contented for long and after about two months I again told her I had made up my mind to leave and go and visit my brother for a time and she said if I was determined to leave I must go.

During the month I had to stay after I had given notice to leave. My mistress' sister Mrs. Henderson came to visit her and my mistress told her that I was going to leave her and said she was sorry. Mrs. Henderson came to me and tried to persuade me again to think better over it and stay with her sister a little longer. But this time I was not to be persuaded. I left at the end of the month. Mrs. Henderson was always very kind to me. And she invited me to go and see her after I left her sister. I accepted her invitation and went and stayed two or three days. That was a very nice family—Mr. Henderson, wife, and one daughter. They lived at a very nice place on the outskirts of London called Highbury Place. They kept four hard girls. Now Mrs. Henderson asked me if I would not like to live with her. I told her I thought I would if she thought I would suit her. She said she wanted me to do needle work and wait on her and her daughter and she would give me twelve pound a year. So I engaged to take the situation. I went home and told my brother that I was going to live with Mrs. Henderson. In two days I returned with my trunk and entered upon my duties. And I liked it very much and was very comfortable. The place suited me and I had plenty of company and that was what was agreeable to my disposition.

Here I stayed three years and six months. I learnt considerable while I lived there. Most of my work was sewing. I made all the plain dresses for Mr. Henderson and her daughter and I gave great satisfaction and they were very kind folks and gave there servants a great many privileges but they were very religious people it seemed that my lot was
cast among this class of people. No work to be done on Sunday allways attended Meetings sometimes three times on Sunday cooking was allways done on saturday in readyness for Sunday we girls took turns in staing home one every Sunday had to be left in the house all the others went to Meeting with the family Miss Henderson held a bible class every Monday Evening and we could attend that if we wished to and on Thursday evening there was prayer meeting and we could attend that also if We wished and once a Month we had a holliday one at a time to go out for the whole day that day we was not expected to do any work at all when it was our day out we could get up as early as we liked get ourselves ready and go but we was expected to be home by ten oclock at Night unless we ask permission to go to the Theater and then we would be later and as the family did not indulge in going to Theatres themselves thay did Not like there servants to go verey ofton as it was against there religious beleif to go to Theatres and thay did not think thay was good places for Young Girls to visit . Now thees was good people to live with Mr§ Henderson allways thought that if she had young girls to live with her it was her place and duty to look after them and take good care of them to give them good advice in every way and see that thay kept good company and was not out to alate hour she told us her rules when we first went to live with her and we was expected to live accordingly if we lived with her the gentleman of the house allways had family prayers night and morning the bell rang and we girls had to leave our work and attend prayers  

I always look back with pleasure to the time when I lived with this family and Many times I have felt to bless them in my heart for there kindness to Me allways the Next Morning after I had been for My Holliday Mr§ Henderson would ask me if I had a pleasant day and whare I went to and who I was in company with 

[S]ometimes I would go on excursian to Greenwge or gravesend go on the steeemboat in company with my old freinds the Martins family and we use to have a good time there generly use to be a band of Music on the boat going and returning and we would dance and enjoy ourselves and when we reached Greenwich or gravesend or Woolwage Commons there would be places of amusement for old and Young and coffee and tea gardens where we could go and get refreshments and when we returned home we was generly tiard out 

I remember on one occasion we made up a picnic a party and went to Ebenforest there was a number of gipsys with poneys and donkeys to hire in those days that was just what I liked I was verey soon mounted on a white horse and one of My Young lady friends on another and we was off for a race but my friend soon stopt her steed she became frightened but I went to the Mark and returned all safe I found that I had been riding a circus horse one that had been used in Ashleys circus after we had road about as long as we wished to we all began to feel hungry
so we spread our table cloths on the green grass and eat our dinner there was fires with large boilers of hot water for making tea or coffee which we could help ourselves to by paying a peney a head so we made tea for those who wished it after dinner we walked about the forest while some would ride on horseback others had donkeys. we made up the days pleasure and returned home all feeling well satisfied with our days pleasure oh I forgot to mention we had to pay the gipsy sixpence an hour for the use of the horses and this we thought cheap enough for the enjoyment we had we returned back to London finished up by going to the theatre those that wished to do so in the city of London there is plenty of places of amusement for young and old and it requires a Young girl to know how to conduct herself and to think of the old rime and say —

as I walked by Myself I Said to Myself — and beware Myself Said unto Me
beware of thy self and take care of thyself
for no one will take care of thee.

Now returning to the family I was living with as I have Mentioned before thay was a verey kind family in looking after the wellfare and Comfort of there servants if any of us was sick thay did not wish us to work but Mrs Henderson. would wait on us and attend to us herself and if it was necessary to call in a Docter it was done and she would pay the expences and our wages was paid to us Just the same and once a year I would get leave to visit My Parents in The country for two weeks My wages was paid to me just the same as if I was working for them

I allways visited my parents once a year after I once left home to get my own living I never went back to live there for any length of time and I considered myself only a visiter allthough when I did go home I did not like to leave the old place it always was so dear to me and all its surroundings was so lovely that I have never forgotten them nor never shall and when I had visited my old home and again left the company of my beloved one there after I returned back to London and again resumed my duties. I was So loansome for several weeks that I seemed I could not feel contented but was constantly thinking of home and wishing I was there . . I allways made it arule to write to My Parents once a week and thay allways answered My letters which I was allways glad to receive

Mr. Henderson was the Tutor at Libury Collage and for his kindness and Fatherly training his students allmost worship him he was nearly seventy years old but and wanted to resign his office but the Students would not hear of his doing so but his health began to fail him and the Docters advised him to travel for the benefit of his health and he said he could not die [undecipherable text crossed out] happey if he did not visit
Jerusalem accordingly he started for that land. but he had only been traveling a few weeks when he was taken very ill and obliged to stay at Naples here a very remarkable instance occurred the Lady at the Hotel where he was staying said to him, sir, you need a nurse. I know of a good woman that I know will come and attend to you. I told her she went for her and to his great astonishment who should it be but his old servant that was nurse to his own daughter in Russia thirty years ago. The poor old man said he was so overcome when she heard his name she knew it was the very same Dr. Henderson she had lived with in Russia and told him she was nurse to his little daughter who was born in Russia she told him after he and Mrs. Henderson left there she got married and came to Naples to live. Doctor Henderson and his wife were Missionaries in Russia for many years there they had a daughter born. After he returned home which he did as soon as his health would permit he told us all the circumstance about his meeting with his old servant his daughter Miss Henderson was then past thirty years of age she was very pleased to hear of her old nurse Mary and he said how faithfully she waited on him and how kind she was to him he attributed his recovery greatly to her good nursing and he considered that she was directed to come to him through the providence of God when he needed a friend for he was in a strange land among strangers and he said he felt to acknowledge the hand of God in this matter he had to return home without going to Jerusalem.

Now here I must not forget to say that while I was living here, Mormonism came to my father's home at that time I had never heard of a Mormon Elder but Miss Henderson had been to her meeting one evening and she came home and called me into her room and said do you know anything about the Mormons? I answered no. Well, she said, I have heard that your father and mother have joined them and said she was sorry for them. I told her I did not think it was so. I wrote home to inquire of father and mother and I found it was true that they had been baptized and said they were Latterday Saints. Of course I did not know what it meant. I wrote back and told them that they must think themselves better than anyone else to be so conceited as to call themselves saints and I did not feel very good over it either and I asked mother if she thought that to be baptized by a man was going to wash her sins away and told her I did not believe any such nonsense as that and I believed there were other churches just as good as there's and I said that I had found out by my brother that there were none but poor folks that joined there church at that time I was ignorant, but after a time I went home to visit my parents and I had a chance to learn more of there doctrine.

The time passed on and I left this family and went on a visit to Ramsgate in Kent for six weeks as may be two months this is a place of pleasure resort by the sea side where a great many visitors from London
Recollections of Past Days

go to for the benefit of their health to bath in the Salt Water in those
days there would be hundreds every Morning down on the sands some
would bathe others would be gathering up shells from the Sea shore oth-
ers would be riding poneys some donkeys I bathed every Morning
nearly and very often would take either a poney or donkey ride after
this was good exercise Myself and alady freind roomed together we
generly had breakfast and then went down to bathe and got back home
to dinner . Ramsgate is anice place in the Summer but not So nice in
the Winter in the summer there was bands of Music plaied on the per-
aid ground every evening above the cliff by the sea side commencing at
six oclock and plaied untill ten this sounded very beauitiful on the water
sometimes we would get oysters and some times shrimps

I remember on one occasion going to Pegmellbay to get live
shrimps four of us girls road four Miles on donkeys and we had a fine
time after we had picked up our shrimps we went to the pleasure gardens
and had tea and after we had enjoyed a good cup of tea some bread x but-
ter boiled eggs and shrimps we mounted our donkeys again and returned
back to Ramsgate an our way home we tried to see who could make there
donkey go the fastest thay are not very nice animels to ride at the Same
time one has lots of fun when a party goe together for a donkey ride

I remimber one time going down to on the sands to have a ride my
friend and I the boys came with y there donkey one said take my donkey
and another said take mine that is the best and ^thay te run after you
untill you either take there donkey or tell them you dont wish to ride .
but this morning we thought we would take a ride I mounted my donkey
and road of thinking my friend was close behind me I looked around and
to my great astonishment she had slipped backwards off her donkey her
head down on the ground and her feets caught on the sadle the poor boy
could scarcely stop his donkey as it became frightened but there was soon
plenty of help to assest her to get free from the donkey but fortunatly she
was not hurt but could not be induced to get on again that day she fealt
bad to think this happened and I fealt sorrey for her missfortune at the
same time I could not help laughing . . the wourst was there was such a
croud of visiters on the sands that Morning . I said to My friend let us go
home . and on the way We concluded that we would not go thar again for
a week or more and by that time the circumstance would all be forgotten
so we staid home for atime . well ^for^ more than ^aweeke^ than then [sic]
we thought we would like to go down on the sand8 and bathe again . and
thinking it would all be forgotten and probely thay would not know us
among so many . but it was not so . Just as soon as we arrived there here
came two boys saing good Morning Ladys Will you take a donkey ride
this morning then ^up^ came another boy take my donkey Miss he is
better than his mine wont throw you of and the people began to laugh
and we began to wish we had staid away alittle longer. we told them we
did not wish to ride this morning so thay left us and we fealt verey glad
we ^called^ for a bathing mashean\textsuperscript{26} and we went in and enjoyed agood
bathe and ^after we^ walked about on the Sands and picked up shells and
we returned home with agood appetite for dinner . .

[T]hat same season one morning when ^we^ went to
down on the sands there was two Men drounded one a Gentleman from London had
been Staing in Ramsgate for the benefit of his health and was acostomed to
bath every Morning and that Morning he went in the sea as usul he swam
out of his debth and was drounded the Man a poor man hired to drive
the Mashean into the water swam in to try to reskew ^save^ the gentleman
and he was drounded . . the bodys of boath was got out of the wather by
others puting on life preservers and going in to after them the poor working
mans wife was soon on the spot and said she was told her husband was
drounded and she wanted to see him at first the folks tried to keep her
from going to him but she was not to be kept away from him this was a
sad sean to witness the poor woman said she had alarge family of helpless
children all depending on there father for support and she did not know
what she should do she had lost agood husband . the wife and son of the
Gentleman was expected down that evening thay was coming to spend
Saturday and Sunday with him thay had been in the habit of comeing to
see him every week since he had been in Ramsgate . this was a sad news for
them when thay arrived by the boat in the afternoon it was on Saturday
morning that he was drounded . and his wife would know nothing of the
accident untill she reached Ramsgate and this would be sad news to her
and her son . through this accedent we returned home without bathing
this morning it seemed to cast agloom over most of the visitors\textsuperscript{27}

[N]ow I will say alittle that the Ladys x and gentlemen do Not bathe
in the same place they are a distance of a mile or more from each other
Recollections of Past Days

there are Women to attend to the Lady visiters and Men to Attend to the gentlemen if they are sick and need attention and those attendants go into the Water with you as sometimes when apirson first go out in the sea to bathe thay feel a little nervous and as you go into the water being taken in the Mashean by a Man puting a horse on to it and takakeing you out as far as you want to go . then they take of the horse and leave you then come the attendant to see if you want any assistance a pirson can stay in the water fifteen or twenty Minuits sometimes thirty Minuits we would have to pay sixpence .

[N]ow I must here say that Queen Victoria when Young use to live in Ramsgate in an old fashon house with ivy growing over it there was a high Wall around the gardens a very pretty &secluded& place faceing the sea pretty near the cliff now to go down on the sands from the Cliff there was a flite of steps about one hundred and fifty steps cut in the cliff and iorn railing down them this flite of steps was called Jacob's lader under those steps there was an iorn door and on enquiring about this door I was told that the door was the enterance to a subterainian passage where people used to come out go to sea from the dwelling of Queen Victoria it was not then used by any one when the tide was high we could not get down those steps as the water came along ways up . one time I went down on the Sand to pick up shells the pear goe along way out in the sea I had afriend with Me and three little children we was so intent picking shells and limpets of the t rocks from the pear we did not notice the tide

coming in and [sic] to our great surprise we found ourselves nearly surrounded with water and very soon we would have been in a dangerous position we took up the children and waied through the water ankle deep to get out and thought ourselves very lucky to get out if we did get our feet wet we was never caught like this again we allways watched for the tide coming in.

Another day we was walking on the pear there had been a vesel racked and brought into arber. We went on board to see the destruction agreat many of the men was missing there was one poor man laid there on deck covered over with a cloth this man's head was blown of there was no one on board but the captain and he looked very downhearted.

I remained in Ramgate over a year altogther Lady freind Mr Davice ofered me a room free of rent if I would stay in Ramsgate and work at the dress making I accepted her kind ofer and I soon had plenty of work I remained here nearly six Months getting tiard of sewing I concluded to have a change So I secured a situation as cook in a small family a widow lady and two daughters by the Name of Shepard there was another Young woman hired beside me here I staid about three Months then I returned to London again lived with a friend for a time in Pell Mell London was living there at the time the Duke of Willington died his funeral possession past where we I was staing every house was fitted up with seats or places to stand to see the funeral pass the people paid a sovering for a seat or aplace to stand out on the balcony and five shilings to stand out on the top of the house it was a grand sight.

The Duke of Wellington was a very plain looking Man but spent and lived in a plain stile of life so I have been informed his country residence was at a place called Deal Not far from Ramsgate I well remember what a young man a saler told Me that he had just came in from sea and he was walking around the town and he knew that the Duke of Wellington lived in this place and he came to the house and there was a gate to the entrance of the garden and there was an old Man looking over the gate this Man sais good Morning old fellow is this whare the old Duke lives Yes was the answer. Well sais the Saler I will treat you if you will shew me over the garden and grounds allright was the old man sais Come in and he opened the gate and thay walked walked around and the old man took great pain to shew the Sailer all around and he said to the old Man I have heard that the old Duke is a very curious old chap oh Yes sais the old Man he is thay say so come into the his house and I will shew over it So We went in as soon as we came there I saw several servants a Man Servant came and saluted this old Man and he sais take this man in and give him something to eat and drink and to the Sailor's great astonishment he found he had been talking to the Duke himself and he began to Make
apologuey but the Duke told him that he need not to make any apologuey for he did not require any he said he had quite enjoyed the joke and said you promised to treat me. but Now I will treat you and order him to go into the room and take something to eat and drink which he said he accepted the invitation and after he had enjoyed a good lunch he left and continued [below line this] his walk around the town reflecting over his adventure and thinking how careful a person ought to be in addressing a stranger.

I remained in Pell Mell for some time had a very comfortable and easy life went out visiting and enjoyed myself among my friends and going about Sight seeing and going to places of amusement with friends at length I began to wish for a change and I secured a situation at the Burlington Hotel which was one of the largest Hotels in London

I engaged as housemaid and took charge of a number of rooms to keep them clean here I had plenty of company there being about forty servants hired as there was two hundred rooms in the Hotel and I was looking forward to having a very happy time when I entered on my new duties in an Hotel life I thought this would be a new life altogether for me and before I went there to stay I thought I would go home to visit my parents which I did for two weeks at the end of this I was to return to my new place and I had made up my mind to live and enjoy myself like the rest of the young folks in the Hotel they use to go to balls and parties and Theaters and seem to live a very gay life different to what I had been use to at the same time I thought it seemed very pleasant and nice to be able to go out in company. and I thought when I had been home and returned to my New abode that I would do just the same as the rest of the young people

At length I went home to visit my parents and as I have said before my parents and several of my sisters had joined the Mormon Church and there was two Elders came to my father's house to preach I did not pay any great attention to their preaching. but on the Sunday morning my father asked me if I would accompany him to a place called Benson as he was going there to visit a Br Archer who was also in the Church I told him I would like to go with him we had a very pleasant walk it was rather a long walk as it was eleven miles from our place to Benson when we arrived there Br Archer came to the door and he was very pleased to see my father and told him he had Elder John Dalling came there to preach this Elder was from Utah. I was rather tired after such a long walk it had been along time since I had walked such a long distance after I had rested for a time Mr Archer invited us to take a walk in the garden he accompany us Mr Dalling joined us Mr Archer told us to help ourselves to fruit which invitation we accepted and while my Father and Mr Archer was engaged in conversation Mr Dalling very politely Stept forward and
offered to pick some gooseberry for me which I accepted for I was very fond of ripe gooseberry we eat what we wished and then returned to the house where Mr Archer was busily engaged preparing dinner which I was glad to see for I must say my long walk had given me a good appetite and I enjoyed my dinner we had for dinner roast Mutton and nice fresh vegetables which seemed so good to me after living in the great city of London in large cities we cannot get vegetables and fruit so fresh as in the country where it is raised. After dinner we all went to meeting at a house across the road from Mr Archer. Mr Archer and children Myself and father Mr Archer and Mr Dalling I believe he occupied most of the time after meeting we returned home to Mr Archer. Mr Archer got tea for us before My father and myself went home. At the tea table it was purposed that My father should leave me there to stay with Mr Archer until the following Tuesday as Mr Archer was going to Oxford on Monday and Mr Dalling was going to Kingston to My father's home on Tuesday and he said he could accompany me home. This arrangement was agreed to by Myself and father. And I stayed there until Tuesday I had quite a pleasant visit with Mr Archer on Monday. But not so pleasant with Mr Dalling for he set about to try to convert me to the Mormon faith of course this was his Mission he was sent out to do. But he was so tiresome he done nothing but preach to me all the time and at that time I did not want to be troubled so much about religion. And Mr Archer seeing I did not like it came to my rescue. And she said to Mr Dalling I think you had better stop your preaching to Miss Loader she don't like so much of it. You are enough to tire her out. From this he did not talk so much of religion to me but commenced upon the subject of marriage and let me know that he was without a wife in the world and that he would like to get a companion before he returned to Utah.

Monday evening Mr Archer returned home from Oxford we all spent a pleasant evening together. Mr Archer and Mr Dalling sang several Mormon Songs and they talked upon the principles of Mormonism we had prayer and retired to rest for the Night I slept with Mr Archer and Dalling went up stairs to sleep in the long fethers so Mr Archer told me. I wondered what she meant by saying they had gone to sleep in the long fethers in the Morning after they came down stairs. My curiosity led me to go up stairs and find out what sort of long feathers they had been sleeping on and low and behold I found it was a straw bed we had breakfast and Mr Dalling and Myself took leave of our friends Mr & Mr Archer and started for a long walk eleven Miles to my Father's home where I anticipated staying for a few more days before I returned to the city of London to enter upon my new duties at the Burlington Hotel as I had made arrangements to do after I had visited my parents in the country.
^[I]t seemed^ in this matter as in many other that man or woman can make appointments but God can dissipointment and in my case I am willing to acknowledge that his watchfull care was over me and he knew what was best for me to do before I left my Father's home again and his spirit worked upon me and opened my eyes and my understanding to and shoed me the necessity of baptism for the remission of our sins and true repentance and obedience to the gospel of Jesus Christ would bring everlasting joy and happyness. but the pleasure of this world was only for a short time it seemed that I had the two spirits to contend with the good and the bad I did not feel that I really could settle down to live a religious life as the world believed always going to religious meetings and gatherings and there faces always looking so sad and serious and that think it a sin to sing a laughable song or go to a dance or theater this way of living was so contrary to my nature that I could not think of living this way and mothe my life away . . but I found the Latter day Saints did not doctering was very different to the religion of the [below the line: world] and I could see that in the Gospel of Christ there was true happiness and true enjoyment and before I left my parents roof I was led by the Spirit of God to choose the good part and I went fourth and was baptised and into the Church of Jesus Christ and in two days after returned back to London rejoicing but in a different way to which I had intended to rejoice when I left London two weeks previous to my going home the hand of God was with me and his Spirit was around me to teach me the way to real happiness and I am thankful I accepted it just at the right time it was a safe guard to me at a time when I was young and full of life and needed aguardian angel around me . in the midst of the worldly pleasures I was surrounded with in while an hotel life so much company and pleasure of all kind belonging to the world and the many invitations I had to join in with them it was no temptation to me I felt satisfied that I had found the true way to pleasure and happiness and when I refused to join my young friends to go to a ball or theater they wondered what was the matter with me and said I was become so settled down of course they did not know that I was enjoying myself at home when they was out or perhaps I would go to a meeting and there have a time of rejoicing .

I remained in this place for one year here I had charge of a number of rooms this was a first class hotel None but families of high rank ever came there there was two hundred rooms in the hotel the rooms was rented by sets and only occupied six or seven month in the year mostly when the parliament was in session this was a very nice place to work in plenty of leisure time to read and improve the time as we wish So that we attended to our duties and kept in order the room for the company we was not expected to wait on the visiters as people of rank in England When they travel they allways take with them their own servants
the Ladys take there own waiting Maids with them and the gentlemen take there own valet to wait on them I had quite a good comfortable time in this place had good wages and light work. every sunday I attended my Meetings a Nice Walk across the St James Park I enjoyed myself all day took My lunch with me mostly. went to Mr Pridays to lunch with his Wife and family he was the Presedent of the branch very nice kind folks My Sister Tamar verey ofton accompanied me and we enjoyed ourselvs together all day and returned home after the evening Meeting. My sister Tamar was living at the Coxspur Hotell Trefulgar Square London She was there learning to cook under a french cook.

During My stay at the Burlington Hotell the house keeper Ann Bell was taken very sick and died she wished that I should wait on her and stay in her room with her at night I told hir if She wished me to attend to her I would do so I was to be excused from all other dutys I did not like the job to wait on her as she was a verey cross woman to have anything to do with at the same time as I always liked to wait on sick folk I thought perhaps I could please her. and I am happy to say She was verey pleased and thankfull to me for every thing I done for her and said when she got well she would repay me for My kindness to her. but she never got well She died in about ten days So I was not rewarded as she promised I Should be allthough she was rich in Means her sister Mrs Graison came in and claimed all She owned this woman gave me a sovering and a neck ribon this was all I received for My attention to Ann Bell the old housekeeper at the Burlington Hotell She had been house keeper there for fourteen Years she was an old Maid and Mr Morley was an old Bachelor he was the owner of the Hotell he was a peculiar old fellow he never went out doors on the Street he retiard early to bed arose early in the Morning he had an old Man Servant that had lived with him and waited on him for nearly twenty years and after the old gentleman had taken breakfast his old servant got for him his hatt and Walking cane and the old servant accompanying him thay took there Morning walks through the large Halls with open doors the hous was verey large as I have allready stated there was two hundred rooms in the Hotell and the halls was long one door opening in Burlington st one could walk through the Main hall and go out in another street and when thees doors was open it caused plenty of fresh air and in Winter time it was verey cold but the old gentleman rapt himself up and took his Morning walk through the house this was all the fresh air and exercise he had althought he was verey rich and could have a carrage and Servants at his command at a Moments Notice but he refused to take any of thies enjoyments I thought what odd way of living it would not suit me. people said he had been crost in love in his Young days and after that he choosed that way of living he never troubled any one or interfereed with the business
Recollections of Past Days

of the Hotel that was all Managed and carried on by the housekeeper and steward and several good competent [below the line: Clerks] both Mail and female clerks.

After Mrs Bell the old housekeeper died there was a new housekeeper came to fill her place we girls liked her very well for a time but she began to trouble herself with us in some ways that was different to what we had not been use to and troubled herself with what I did not think was her any of her business and that was about My religion. At that time I was acting for a few weeks as clerk in the lining [linen] bar that was to take charge of all the house lining and also what was belonging to the visitors and send it to the laundry and receive it when it came from the laundry see that it was all right count each persons Number of pieces and make out the bill and send it with the clothing to the different families staying in the Hotel this was work I liked and I gave great satisfaction and the housekeeper ask me if I would like to take that office she said you suit us good and we will keep you in the lining bar and get someone to fill your place up stairs she sais you will get more pay for this work I thanked her and I accepted the change.

I got along all right for a time until one Monday morning I went into the room and commenced my work. I had been out on Sunday to my Meeting and when the housekeeper came into the room I said good morning Mrs Graison. She did not care to speak after a time she sais I hear you are a Mormon. I answered Yes. well she sais we dont want no Mormons in this house and said I would have to leave. I said I could do that I can get a nother place. She said she did not think I could if she told people I was a Mormon. I said I did not fear I told her I had plenty of friends in London. She said [below the line: She] had heard that the Mormons was abad Set of folks. I said we believe in the same bible as she did and in the same God she told Me she did not want to talk to me and did not want me to stay in the house lest I should talk to the other girls and persuade them to believe the same religion as I did told me I believed in old Joe Smith and not in God I handed her a track the first principles of the Church and ask her to read it for herself. She said she hoped I would not give any of those tracks to the other girls in this request I disobeyed the lady. I believe I distributed about two dozen tracts to my companions before I left the house and I had already been the Means of bringing two of the Young woming into the Church unbeknown to the housekeeper. I invited them to go to meeting with me and after we returned home in the evening they would come and spend an hour or two in my room and we would read the church book and sing Mormon Songs after a time they became convinced of the truth and they was led by the Spirit of God to ask for baptism. I presented there names they was two Sarah and Susan Mancell they went one Sunday evening.
after Meeting and was baptised by the Presedent \(^{\text{Pridey}}\) of the westminster branch of the church. in the font at the Baptis chapel Tinsbury Square London and returned home again that night and when I left the Hotell I left those two Sisters there and I never saw them after\(^{44}\)

I must Not forget to Say that I had my own Sister Eliza living in the Hotell with me but She fealt \(^{\text{as}}\) bitter towards me about My religion as the housekeeper did she \([\text{sic}]\) would scarcely speak to Me and never came to bid me good bye\(^{45}\). and as I past through the Hall some of the Men servants sneared at me and said good bye old gal are you going to see old Joe Smith I Said good bye dont you know Joseph Smith was killed by wicked men I thought poor things I wish you knew better there taunts and gears did not hurt me I fealt well paid for being aloud to live there as long as I did and fealt My stay there had not been in vain I had scattered a few tracts through that house and had been the Means in the hands of God in bringing two souls into the fold I fealt well paid for all the abuse and gears I had to endure to me it gave more joy than sorrow because I had found the true way to enjoyment and was anxious that others should enjoy the same blessings My heavenly father was with me and guided and directed my foot steps to go to friends that would help me and I soon obtained another comfortable situation with higher waiges

I accepted a situation to wait on a invelead lady at the West end of London there general William Turner was living with his invelead Wife they lived in half Moon street leading from Piccadilly across from St James Park a very pleasant place General Turner was an old ofi cer fought in the Battle of Watersoo here I remained untill I left for America Mr\(^{8}\). Turner died and I still remained with the old general as he did not wish me to leave him after Mr\(^{5}\) Turner \([\text{below the line: died}]\) he said he wished me to stay with him as I had been so kind and good to Mr\(^{8}\) Turner so I remained with him untill I came to America We hird a cook and a man to do all the rough work and I was very comfortubl I took charge of every thing as the general was old he was eighty two Years old and did not want to be troubled with the care of house keeping thay had no children Mr\(^{5}\) Turner was Marred to the general when She was 21 Years old she died at the age of 72 Years she allways traveled with her husband wharever he went she road horseback she went 28 voiges across the seas with him thay was never sepearted thay was as loving and effectionate to each other as if thay was children

\[\text{I}t\text{ was a pleasure to live with them he never grew tiard of waiting on her though he was so old he said he had waited on her for 22 Years and never left her a night or day . he allways attended to her nights himself so that I could take my rest which he said needed to keep up my strength . the night before Mr\(^{5}\) Turner died the Docter thinking he Needed sleep and rest told him he had better go to my room and take asleep and let Me}
stay with Mr Turner at length we persuaded him to take a rest but we did not tell Mrs Turner that he was gone to my room, she asked what the general was saying, and I told her he had fallen asleep, and I thought we had better let him rest for a time, she thought he was in the drawing room, and when she found out that he had gone to my room to take a rest, she said, oh how could he go so far away from me at last, and wished me to go and tell him to come to her accordingly, I went for him, but finding him fast asleep, I thought it best not to awake him, and when I returned to tell her, he was asleep. I begged her to let him sleep a little longer, as the doctor said the general needed a poor, dear lady, she said, oh, how he could go away from me, at last, when he had always been so kind and attentive to his poor, invalid wife, all staid by at night, and never left me alone, one night, how can I endure his absence now? I am so weak and ill, I must go and tell him. I obeyed her request and called her husband to come at once. Mr Turner wanted in a few moments. He was by the bed side of his poor, dying wife. Poor, old Man, he could see the change there was in her during the night. He knew that his beloved wife could not live many hours. He broke down and wept bitterly. She said, why do you cry, my dear general. You are like a baby. Your caney, that was her name, he called her in short for constance. She said, I am all right, I am not going to leave you alone, but she did at six o'clock that evening about half past five. She asked me to lie down by her side and rest. She said, my dear child, I know you are very tired and I cannot sleep if you don't come and lie down and rest. I did not want to lie down, for I knew she could not last very long. The general was resting on the lounge and every thing seemed still and quiet in the room. To satisfy her, I lay myself down on the bed by her side. She said that was what she wanted me to sleep some, and she looked at me with such a sweet smile and told me to go to sleep. I closed my eyes. I mist her breathing. She was dead. She died with her beautiful blue eyes wide open and that sweet smile on her face as she had when she told me to go to sleep. I called her husband at once. Never will forget the grief and sorrow of that poor Man. He said, oh, my poor dear caney and have you gone and left me alone? Never have I seen two old people so loving and affectionate to each other. They had lived together over fifty years. He was eighty-two years old and his wife was seventy-two. He was a general fought in the battle of Waterloo. Mr Turner traveled with him rode horseback with the general when he traveled by land and she went with him twenty-eight voyages by sea. She died in December 1853.

After her death, I remained with the general until I came to America as they had no children. He wished me to stay and keep house for him, as long as he lived. He wished me to stay with him, he said, he never could part with me. As I had been so good and kind to his dear wife, at this time he did not know I was Mormon. He rented a nice ten-room house, hired a cook and a man servant, and I kept house and had charge.
of everything as the poor old general was so old and did not want to be troubled with anything he said he did not expect to live very long after his poor wife died I had a good comfortable home good pay and no hard work to do the poor old man was like a father to me. One day he was taken very ill the family doctor was called and he told the general that he had better settle his business matters as he was old and he had better settle his business now he was able to do it so he sent for the lawyer and made his will the doctor told me that the general had provided good for me that I would never have to work for my living as long as I lived.

In a few weeks the general got better and was able to get out again that was in the spring of fifty five in the summer he went in the country for his health returned home in the fall on Sunday he went to his church as usual: when he came home he said I did not see you at church to day he said that his poor wife told him I was a good kind girl but she did not think you ever went to church I told him that I had been to church nearly every Sunday since I came to live with him and Mr. Turner well he said it is strange I never see there I told him I did not go to the same church he attended well were do you go and what church do you belong I told him I belonged to the Church of Jesus Christ the latter day saints Church he said what is that I never heard of that church tell me all about it so I did to the best of my knowledge he seemed to be quite interested and I handed him the tracts the first principles of the gospel and the voice of warning he read them and handed back to me I told him he could keep them he said no you take your book I will get some for myself if you will tell me were I can buy them so I gave him the address of the Mormon office in Jenin street.

This all happened about the time my parents was preparing to leave for America. My father came up to London to take me back with him to get ready by the twelfth of December 1855. Now I scarcely knew how to break this news to the poor old general at length I had to tell him that my father had come for me to go with him to America this was Sunday morning I told him my father was at my brothers and wanted to see me the poor old man said have I not been a father to you and will still be if you will stay with me I told him I would have to go and see father before I could give him an answer he said he wished me to obey my father at the same time he said I never expected to part with you untill my poor old body was laid by the side of my poor dear wife I felt sorry to leave the poor old man for his wife and him had been very kind to me in taking care of me they had been as father and mother to me and did every thing as they could to make me comfortable and happy I never would have left the poor old general only for the reason I did to come with my parents to Utah to gather with the people of God. Accordingly I went to see my he was staying with my brother who was in business in the commercial road the East end London I made arrangements to leave London on Wednesday.
Morning for Liverpool that was the **Ninth of December [1855]** that I left London when I returned home on Sunday Night at a late hour the poor old general was still up waiting for me to know the results of my visit to My father and brother he was waiting anxiously waiting for my return. and when I told him that my father would leave on Wednesday Morning at five oclock and that he wished me to go with him he burst into tears and said what shall I do now I am so old I have entrusted everything to you I Know Nothing about my own house or what there is in it I never thought that you would leave me and I never wanted to be troubled about anything as long as you was with Me I told him that I could stay with him until July as my brother in law John Jaques and my Sister would not go with father but as he was engaged in the Mormon office and would not be released to go to Utah until July then they would join us in Iowa City and we would all travel across the plains together and if he would like me to stay with him until My brother in law went I would tell My father that I would not go with him but wait until my brother in law and my sister went in July. but the poor old Man Said I would like to you to Stay with me and I will be a father to you. but if your Mind is Made up to go to Utah I would rather give you up to go with your father than you should go that long journey in the care of your brother in law: your father is the proper one for you to go with

So that was all settled for me to be ready to go with My father an Wednesday morning at five oclock the poor old Man sit up all night tuesday night so I could get a good sleep and rest before I starten on my journey to Liverpool he called me up early about four o'clock so I could get some breakfast before I left five o'clock came and my father was there on time my brother came to take us to Padington station I fealt very sorrey in parting with the poor old general and he was quite feeble and in poor health he said that he would Soon be laid by the side of his poor wife and I think it was very likely that he did not live long after I left him for he greived very Much when I left he requested me to write to him according to promise I wrote to him after I arived in New York but I never received any answer so I concluded that he had past away.
On the *John J. Boyd*

December 1855–February 1856

[N]ow I will say My father and myself arived at Liverpool on **December the 9th [1855]** staid and visited with my sister and husband untill the **12th** and in the evening we went on the ^old^ ship John J. Bayed\(^1\) bound for New York after we had got all our bagage on board we found the ship would not Sail untill the next day so I said to my father and Mother that I would go back and stay all night with my sister\(^5\) as we left my sister Tamar to stay with My Sister Zilpha to help her to get ready to leave in July in the afternoon I left them to go down to the ship again and when I got there low and behold to my great suprise the ship was in readiness to start out the Men was just taking away the last plank . there was all my folks standing on deck watching anxiously for me and shouting to the top of there voice for the Lord\(^5\) sake bring My girl on the ship and dont leave her behind there was just the one plank to walk on from the dock to the Ship and father and Mother was so afrid I would fall of into the water the sailors said Miss do you think you can walk this plank I told them I thought I could but thay thought I may get dizey and fall of into the water so thay was very kind one man went on the plank before me and took my right hand the second Man cam and toak My left hand thay said if I slept thay would save me from going in the the [sic] water I thank them and got on the plant with the assistance of those two brave sailors I got safe on the ship and fealt very thankfull to be with my father and Mother brothers and sisters\(^2\) again my dear good father sais God bless you My dear girl we was all afraid you would be left behind we watched for your coming so anxiously . and when the men began to take away the planks Your Mother began to frett and said oh what will we do Patience has not come and the vesel is ready to start out to sea and we will have to leave her behind there was great anxiety with them all when thay see me walking on just one plank with two sailors holding my hand\(^5\) and there was great rejoicing when I was safe on the vesel with them all
We moved out a little way that evening. Never will forget the first night on the ship. There were five hundred Danish saints, three German, two Italian, and one French family. Two Scotch families and five English families. Charlse Savage had charge of the German and French saints as he could talk their language. Elder Canute Peterson was President over the whole company. He was a very kind and fatherly man. So good and kind to all. We past a terrible night: not much sleep for anyone that first night and we were ordered to go below. We could not get a berth that first night. So we had to lie down on the floor as best we could. I began to think we would smother to death before morning. For there was not a breath of air. I made my bed on a large box. I had a big loaf of bread in a sack, which I used for my pillow. To make sure of having bread for breakfast, this was not a very nice thing to do to sleep on my bread: but it was very little sleep I had. But I rested. My body for I had had a long walk before I got on the ship. I was very tired.

At twelve o'clock, the guard came around to see us all with his lantern. I told him I was very glad to see him came with the light. For we had been in darkness up to that time. He said, "How is it, Miss? You are not asleep!" I asked him if he thought I could sleep in a place like this. He said, "Don't feel bad tomorrow. We will be able to give you a berth up above, and I will try and give you a place where you can get more fresh air. Then you will feel better." The guard said he was sorry for us, but it would be better for us all in a few days. Old Br & sister Hailey, quite an old couple. Made their bed down on the floor. They had a beautiful feather bed and pillows all in white covers to keep clean. All at once, there came pouring down in their faces and all over their nice clean bed. Some dirty water. The old lady jumped up crying out to the guard: "Lord have Mercy on us! I am going to be poisoned. Oh dear me, what can we do in this dirty place? We will all die before we get there and be buried in the sea. Poor old lady!" I felt sorry for her and her poor old husband. The guard listened very attentively to her complaints and tried to console her by promising her that they should have a better place the next day. We were all glad when morning came so we could go on deck and breathe a little fresh air. For we nearly all smothered not any of us felt like eating breakfast.

Our family consisted of father x, mother, myself, and three sisters. Two brothers and my brother John's wife and two children. I will never forget that night of experience. I am glad to say we left that place in the morning and went on the deck above. And we had a very good place. Our berths were about in the center of the deck just beneath the skylights and thay was opened to give fresh air. My brother John had traveled on the sea many times. He it was that percived to get us in this part of the ship on going
on deck we was glad to Meet President Franklen D Richards. My brother inlaw and My sister Zilpha his wife thay had came in asmall boat to bring us some Nice things for christmas as thay said we would have to eat our christmas dinner on board the ship and thay had brought us rasons and currants and Sewet allready chopt and every thing to Make our christmas puding and a sack of own Made bread some cheex x butter and Many other good things as soon as Presedent Richards had settled all his business with the captain of the vesel and brother Peterson and Savage and gave all intructions necessary and all good counsell and blessings to us all thay bid us good bye to us all and commended to the care and protection of our heavenly Father praying that we May have a prosperous and safe voiags across the Mighty deep then my dear Sister and husband bid us farewell and got into the boat we all fealt some what down hearted in parting with each other : but we did not part thinking we would Never see each other again as My sister and husband and child that dear little Flora that was her Name . and My Sister Tamar all expected to leave Liverpool about July to came to America and Join us again which thay did and we Meet on Iowa Camping ground.

Now I will return again to the old Ship and relate same things that happened on that old ship we had aterrable severe voiage Much sickness and Many deaths Nombering Sixty two in all we was on the sea nearly eleven weeks after we had been out at sea two weeks we had abad storm the atchways was all locked we could not go on deck for anything the sky lights was open and the sea washed over the deck and tons of Water came down through the sky lights as it happened we was all in our berths unable to get up we was all sea sick the whole family with the exception of My father and brother John and thay was kept busy waiting on us we was all weak that we was not able to go without help After we was an deck  the Captain said if we would be good girls and keep very quiet and keep out of the way of the Sailors we could Stay on deck and see the Men turn the vesel that he had sighted a ship in destress and thay was going to there assistance this was something none of girls had ever witness before and we thought we would like to see the Captain of our ship was avery rough cross Man but this was one kind act he did and this was once he Spoke kindly to us but he was a bad Man to his Sailors

When everything was ready he gave orders for the life boats to be lowerd and the Ship Mate got into the boat and went to the velel in destress he found the vesel was all broaken to pieces and Several of the
men had been washed over board the ship was loaded with flour bound for Liverpool the Mate fetched in his boat the first time four poor Sick Men poor things they looked so poor and waurn out two Men had two ribs broaken and could Not do any think they went into the hospettal the Doctor attinded to them the other two poor Men Said to the captain sir we feel to thank you God bless you for coming to help us. the brute of a captain sais to them god d— you go to work that is all I want of You get up that riging I don’t want to here no more of your talk I thought oh what an unkind man he was to make thees poor men go to work at once without giving them anything to eat. the boat returned again with more men they too had to go to work the third time the Captain of the vesell came with the last of his Men this Captain had his jaw broaken poor man he was avery averey different Man to the captain of our vesell so kind to his men he had lost his only son sixteen years old the first time he had ever been from home he said his boy beged So hard of his Mother to let him come with me and now this has happened. I have lost my boy my only child how can I go home to my wife without our boy poor man it was verey greivous to see and hear his greif: this was avery destressing sean at the Same time it was ablessing to us the Captain of our ship had not men enough to work our vesel he had ofton had to call on some of the breathren for help. and it was Said if thees Men had Not come to our assistance that we would never got to New York

At one time the captain Said if we did not stop our d— preachen and praying we would never land in New York I told the Mate that was the only thing that Saved his vesell for he was such awicked drinking Man and neglected his duty it was awounder that he was sufferd to live

One night I was liing in my berth I saw some spark of fire come down I watched and thay come again I called to Mother and told her that there was fire coming down we got up but we did not see any More the guard came around as usul then we found the Captain was drunk and had kicked over his stove in his caben the Men smelling fire went in and put out the fire it had allready burnt the floor and if the men had not went into his caben the Stove would soon fell through upon someone below in the morning the carpenters came to repare the burnt floor in this I acknowledged the protecting care of God our heavenly was over his children now we was on the Mighty deep in the hands of drunken captain who had command of the ship if it had not been for some of the men he would have been burnt to death in his own caben and probely the Ship would have been burnt and all with all on board in this our escape from such a death I acknowledge the hand of God in preserving our lives.

Allthrough such along and hard journey crossing the sea in taking thees other men on board prooved to us another blessing there was
more help to work the vessel and we had a more pleasant journey after they came to us: but through these men coming on the ship we were became short of fresh water and we were only allowed one pint of fresh water per day and that was for drinking\(^{10}\) we had to wash in Salt water and cook our potatoes in salt water. I said well one good thing we will not have to use any salt to our potatoes and we are all willing to share our fresh water with those poor men that lost everything and have come to help us I felt to bless those poor men.

We had a great deal of sickness on the vessel sixty two deaths in all it seemed a severe trial to have to bury our loved one\(^5\) in the sea. My brother buried his little girl Zilpha\(^{11}\) it did indeed seem very hard to role her in a blanket and lay her in the big waves and see the little dear go floting away out of sight there was one Danish brother and sister that two sons all the children they had both died and were buried in the sea the Eldest was eleven years old and the younger Nine. I think this was very severe trial for this poor Brother and sister that was faithfull good latterday saints they were welthy people and had been the means of several poor families coming to Utah but the loss of two only children seemed almost more than they could endure I never saw them after we got to New York.

We had a very hard voyage crossing the sea but we had a very nice company of saints good and kind was the Danish brothers and sisters and we enjoyed ourselves together although we could not talk their language Neither could they talk the English language but we could make each other understand they would make up a dance as many of the Danish brethren had instruments with them and could play many good dance tunes and the Young Men would come and invite us English sisters to there dance and we would go and enjoy ourselves for hours together and Br Peterson our President would always attend the dances he was a very kind fatherly Man and very watchful over his flock and ever ready and willing to give kind and good advice to those under his care but the journey was so long and tedious that we all began to get tired and warnout it really Seemed some times that we would never see land again.

One night when we had a bad storm we could not sleep as we had to hold on to the berth to keep from being thrown out we was all in the dark My poor Mother was fretting and thought we would all be lost and drowned in the sea. My father had fixed some curtains in front of our berth to make it more comfortable and private for we girls just when the ship was tossing and rolling the worst I opened my eyes we was all in darkness: but in amoment the curtains opened and a beautiful lovely figure stood there oh such a lovely countenance I had never seen before in all my life and the light was So bright around him that I could see the colour of his eyes\(^5\) and heir he had brown eyes and lovely brown hair and he
spake the words to me as I looked at him he sais fear not You shall be taken there all safe then he left and the curtens was again closed and I called to my dear father and Mother in the next berth I told them what I had seen and for them not to think that we would never get land again for I believe I had Seen the savior and that he told me not to fear that we should all be taken there safe and My father and Mother believed in what I said and we all fealt encouraged and fealt to relie on this promise that our ship would take us all through safe to New York12

[N]ot very long after this one morn My brother John came to our berth and Said come girls get up and go on deck and See land we did not beleive him at fi rst we told him that he only wanted to make us get up as he had been up to the galey and cooked breakfast for us and we told him we could not eat or drink anything as we was feeling Sick oh he said come on deck and You will feel better when you see land So after some persuaiding we dressed and went on deck and to our great Joy we surely could see land I will never forget the joyfull feeling and how thankfull I fealt to think that we had spent our last Night on the old ship John J. Boyed was the name of the poor old ship this was the last voiage she went13 I ran down stairs to tell father and Mother that surely land was in sight and to night we would land in New York this was joyfull news to them for we was all tiard of our long sea voiage allthough we had made some very good friends with many of our dainish breathren and Sesters and Brother Charles Savage he was such good cheerfull company he would sing to us so many of his good old Songs to try to pass the time as cheerfully as we could for he was geting tiard of . the long and tedious journey
[A]t last we landed all safe in Casell gardens New York in **February 1856**
about nine oclock in the evening I forgot to mention that poor old brother William Haley went on deck to the cook house and the wind blew his stove pipe hatt over board and when he came and told his poor old wife that he had lost his hatt she scolded him and said now you can go the rest of the way without a hatt for I will not let you have your new hatt or you will loose that so she tied a red handkerchef around his head the poor old man fealt very bad about loosing his had he said it cost him twelve shilings and sixpence I ask him how long he had worn it he Said twelve Years I said well if I was your brother I would not greive about that old hatt for I think it has done you good serivce I think that has been avery cheap hatt oh me how angery he was with me he seemed to think I had no sympathy for him in his troubles and when we arived at Casel gar-
dens his wife found an old half stove pipe hatt she gave it to the poor old Man he Said it was to small for him but as he was the boss she put on his head and said you will have wear that or none I will never forget how the poor old man looked with that old hatt just stuck on the top of his head I fealt sorrey to see the poor old man go out in the street looking such a guy thay had plenty of Money but his wife said she would not go and buy him another hatt and she was the captain her word was law

[I]n the Morning Presedent John Taylor and brother Miles came to visit to make enquirey to findout who had Money and who had not those that was able to go out and rent rooms for themselfs had to do So and those that need help had aplace provided for them and provisions pro-
vided for them. My father and Myself went to Williamsburg and rented three rooms we bought asecond hand cook stove a table and two or three chairs and we was soon comfortably settled for four Months

[W]e soon all got work My father was afirst class Gardener and he very soon had more work than he could attend too Making and laying out flower gardens he got good wages My brother was a shoe Maker and
he also did well Myself and Sister Maria got work in the Store in grant Street making mantilla we worked peice work and Made good wages My sister Jane and Sarah got work taking care of babys so we all got work and did well my brother Robert was ten years old. he went to School we was doing fine in Williamsburg We was all working and expected to stay here untill the next year then we thought we would make enough Money to buy an outfit to go to Utah: but we was greatly suprised

Sometime in May we received orders from Liverpool to be ready to start on our journey to leave New York the begining of July and go to Iowa and to join the handcart company to cross the plains by handcart this was aterrable great suprise to us all at first we fealt we never could under-take to pull ahancart from Iowa to Salt Lake City and My poor Mother in delicate health she had Not walked amile for years and we girls had never been use to out door work My brother in law John Jaques was ^in Liverpool^ in the ofi ce with Franklen D. Richers from there we received orders to be ready to go that season by handcart to Utah my poor Mother fealt So bad about it that she requested me to write to my brother in law John Jaques as he was in the Liverpool ofice . with Franklin D Richards Mother wished Me to tell him that she did not think that she and her girls could ever undertaek to go that long Journey and pull a hand cart from Iowa to S. L. Citey and to tell him also : that she would want arevelation from God before she could make up her Mind to go that hard way to the valley I wrote the letter and mailed it in dew time My Br in law received it it apearad that he did not like the contents of the letter:

[O]ne day I went to Presedent John Taylors ofi ce on business he Said well sister Patience when are you going to Utah I told him that we had came to the conclusion to Stay in New York untill the next Year as we was all working and we thought we could Make enough money to buy a good outfi t by the next year he thought that was avery good plan then I told him My father had orders come from the ofi ce in Liverpool from Presedent F. D. Richards to get ready at once ^to^ leave New York and get up to Iowa camping ground to meet a company of saints that would go by handcart to salt Lake City and that araingments was made for My father and his family to get our handcarts at Iowa and go with that company that expected to start on there Journey sometime in July . Br Taylor was quite suprised when I told him he seemed to feel sorrey for us he knew that My father had only we fourgirls to help him as Mother was avery delicate Woman unable to take a journey by handcart across the plains I ask Br Taylor if he would like to have his girls pull ahand cart across the plains he Said no . but Patience I cannot say anything about the Matter as you are under the Councel of Presedent Richards You will have to go according to councel but at the same time I don’t think you will be able to go any further than councel bluff this season you will be to late starting
council bluffs he said is two hundred and seventy-five Miles from Iowa City and when you get there you will find out how you feel if you can stand the Journey or not but My opinion is that you will have to stay there until Next Spring and that is what we should have done it would have been the saving of hundreds of lives good men and women faithful Members of the Church.

I return back home after this conversation with President John Taylor told My father and Mother that I had been talking with Br Taylor about us go by handcart to Utah and told them all what he said that we was under the counsel of Bro F. D Richards My poor Mother still held in the same mind she did not feel that She could ever undertake that long Journey by hand carts and we girls all feel the same as Mother and as for Myself I think I felt the worst out of all the family I could not see it right at all to want us to do such a humbling thing to be I said harnessed up like cattle and pull a handcart loded up with our bedding cooking utensels and our food and clothing and have to go through different towns to be looked at and Made fun off as I knew we would be it was very hurtful to my feelings Yes I will say and to my pride in My Young days such away of traveling was very humelating to my feelings and I did not think it was necessary Make people pull a hand cart when by waiting another year we could have bought good teams and wagon but we was still waiting for further order from Liverpool before we Made any move to leave New York.

One day T. B. H. stenhouse came from The Presidents office he said did you know that your name is in the Mellinal star Br Loader You are thought to be apostizing from the Church & it sais father Loader has brought his family out of one part of Bablon and Now he wants to settle down in another part of Bablon this hurt My poor dear Father s feelings very much he said to Mother I cannot stand that to be accused of apostacy I will show them better ; Mother I am going to Utah I will pull the hand cart if I die on the road We all knew if our father said he would go that we would all have to go for he would never leave any of us in New York Neither would we have been willing to be left there after our dear father and Mother had gone away So when father gave the word we all agreed to go with him and we commenced to make ready for the Journey we all gave Notice to quit our work on such aday and got ready to leave New York on the third of July 1856.
Starting Westward

July 3–July 28, 1856

[W]e left there and arrived at Dunkerk\textsuperscript{1} the next Morning ^at^ four a clock : the fourth of July on enquiring was told that the boat would not leave untell some time in the afternoon the next day for Cleaveland so we had all that time to wait we went to the restrant to get breakfast then we went back to the Depot one of the guard\textsuperscript{s} was very kind he told My father that there was a large room up stairs and he could take his family into that room and all his bagage and we could occupie that room as long as we had to stay at the depot he said it will be more private for your girls than beign in the public waiting room he said you can make your beds down and rest yourselves and if you want to cook I will show you can make a fire to Make your folks a cup of tea we was treated very kind and respectfull at that place father and mother remained there all the day but we Young folks took a stroll around the place there was not much to be seen the place seemed ^very^ quiet sister Lucy Ward\textsuperscript{2} and myself thought we would go for a walk as we got tiard lying around and as I had to write some letters we took a walk out in the fields to be quiet and came to an ice shady place we sat down under Some beautifull trees and I wrote My promised letter to My friend Alexander Ott whom I became acquainted with in New York here I will say and was engaged to be marred to him the next Year as he expected to return to Utah and I promised to become his wife when he came home that I would wait for him to return home as soon as he was releaced from his Mission but he prooved falce to me and Marred a widow woman . when I received this news from President John Taylor I considered Myself free from all promises .

I will now return to my walk with sister Lucey Ward after I wrote my letters we though we would estend our walk alittle farther as it was such a lovely day and the fields was looking so green and beautifull and every thing so calm and quiet we was injoying ourselves So much but we had not gone far before we saw some one lying by the road side at first sight we did not know what to ^do^ wether to proceed farther or go back we did
^not^ know if the Man was sleeping or not. but we thought he may be sick but to our great surprise we found the man was dead. so we retraced our steps and hurried back to town and not tell any one that we had seen the Man lying by the road side. we came back and sat down to rest on the bank of lake Erie washed our pocket-handkerchief and then took a good bath ourselves as it was a nice retired place. then we went back to the railroad depot were father and Mother was anxiously waiting our return for they did not like us to go far away from them we stayed here the remainder of the day. After My brother John and father gathered wood and got water they made a fire and we cooked dinner then we enjoyed ourselves all the afternoon reading and singing the songs of Zion we got Supper in the evening. after we made our beds and retired for the night. through the kindness of the guard at the depot we was very quiet and comfortable and in the morning arose early got breakfast packed up our bedding and cooking utensils and got ready to start on our Journey again. When the boat was ready the time seemed long that day for we did not leave Dunkirk until three o'clock in the afternoon.

[When we arrived at Cleveland we took the train for Chicago we arrived there quite late at night we went to the Hotel for the night had Supper went to bed got up early in the Morning had breakfast took the train for Rock Island arriving there we found we had to cross the river on the steam boat as the railroad bridge had been destroyed we landed at Devenport sometime in the morning a great crowd gathered around us casting slurs at us and asking father if he was going to take his fine girls to Utah and give them to Brigham Young for wives they said that old fellow had already got plenty of wives told father he had better stay at that place with his girls for girls was scarce in that neighborhood and there was lots of Men that wanted wives this was the roughest place we came too on our journey from New York. My father let them talk and we girls would not speak or Notice them at all and that seemed to enrage them they said we was a proud lot of girls not to speak to a fellow the boss told these men to stop their insults to a quiet respectable family as he believed we was they told them we would have stay there until the next morning before we could leave for Iowa and he advised father to take us to a nice retired place a short distance from the depot and camp for the day and for us to return in the evening and that he would see that we was protected through the night so we did as he requested us to do we spent an nice comfortable day unmolested one or two Men came to our camping place but was very quiet and treated with respect asking us if we was Mormons and if we was going to Utah to make our home we told them Yes that was were we intended going was to Utah they said we had along journey before us we told them we had this we already knew but at
that time we did not know what hardships we would have to pass through before we came to the end of our Journey if we had known we may have backed out and Staid in Iowa which I think would have been better for us and would have been the means of Saving my dear fathers life to have staid in Iowa that winter and Started ^on^ our journey the next spring

[W]ell as I said the gentleman at the Depot told my father to return with his family in the evening and he would see that we had a comfortable place and that we should be protected through the night so as the evening came on we got supper after wich we returned to the Depot this gentleman came to father and ask him if we had been molested at all father told him we had not that we had spent a verey quiet day and thanked him for his kindness . he said that is allright Mr. now come with me he said bring your family and here is a car I have had emptied and cleaned out in realyness for You to sleep in for the night you can make your beds and have a good nights rest and you will be safe here until Morning then the train leaves for Iowa he said he was going home but there would be a guard at the Depot all night .

[A]fter he was gone two big Men came in our car my brother John and father asked them what they wanted or what there business was they said they had come to stay all night with us as they was going on the train to Iowa in the Morning My Brother told them that they could not stay in that car with us there was no room for them and that this car had been allowed us for our own use for the night to sleep in at this they became quite enraged and said they would stay in the car and You cannot help Yourself My brother said once more to them will you leave this car or not they swore and said that they had as much right to the use of the car as we had and they was not going out My brother beign astaut Young Man pushed them boath out of the car and closed the doors those fellows was taken by surprise they went out of the car quicker than they came in for atime they staid around swaring and using vile language but the guard told them they had better leave so after a little time they went away and everything was quiet for the night we Made our beds and we girls and Mother and my brother$ Wife we all went to bed and slept untill Morning for we was all tiard out and needed rest My father and brother John kept guard all night so that we could have a good sleep the next Morning the boss came to see father and ask if we had a good Night$ rest father told him about these Men he said they was some that came from the little town they had no right to come in the car at all said My brother did right to put them out . we got breakfast and then started on our Journey for Iowa citey

[W]hen we arived there we was told that the Mormon Company was camped two Miles out of town we girls all walked out My father and brother had to look after our bagage and get some one to take it to camp for us when we arived in camp we was furnished a tent for our family$ the
weather was dreadfully hot. No shade whatever here we staid for three weeks before the company was ready to start.

In the daytime we went into the woods as we were camped not far from there and the rever ran through the woods so we made an fire and did our cooking and washing there as it was most convenient for us after we had been in camp a few days. Br. John Jaques and family arrived. My two sisters Zilpha and Tamar, and My sister Zilpha Jacques and little Flora, her little girl, then two years old, this was a happy meeting when we left Liverpool. We left my sister Tamar with Br. Jaques to help my sister to get ready to leave by the end of June or as early in June as they could get ready as My brother in-law was released from his labors in the office where he had been engaged for many years he could not leave to come with us. So father and mother concluded to let my sister Tamar stay with them until my brother was released from the office where we would have liked to all come from England together but brother Jaques could not leave the office to come with us in December 1855. He had to stay in Liverpool until the following summer and we parted in Liverpool and did not meet again until July 1856. Then we traveled altogether across the plains to Utah. I can assure you this was a very hard journey. I forgot to mention I said we all traveled together but my eldest brother John remained in Iowa also his wife and young son Harrey Loader by name My brother did not want to continue the journey that year as his wife was nearing her confinement and he thought the journey would be too hard for her and he said that he did not want to pull a hand cart so he got employment in Iowa and remained there for many years before coming to Utah and when the War broke out in 1861. he joined a volunteer regiment in Iowa and served three years in the war. He was wounded in the arm went to the hospital and then went home after he left the hospital and lived in Iowa for several years.
On the Plains

July 28–November 30, 1856

Here I well return to my Journey across the plains. Many hard and severe trials we past through at the first part of our journey we seemed to endure the days travel pretty well for the first hundred Miles then My poor dear father's health began to fail him and before we got to Florance he became very weak and sick. His legs and feet began to swell some days he was not able to pull the cart and when we arrivd at Florance we put up the tent made the bed and he went to bed. We did not think he could live. Franklin Richards came into the tent to see him. My father said he wished to be administerd to and brother Richards and three other brethren administered to him and blessed him and told him that he should get better and continue his journey and get to Salt Lake city this seemed to give him new strength and currage.

We rested there for a few hours until three o'clock in the afternoon then we Started on our Journey again to camp at Cuttlers park seven miles from Florance. My dear father got up and came to the car to commence to pull with me. I said father you are not able to pull the car to [below the line: day] he said yes I am My dear I am better the brethren blessed me and said I should get well and go to the Valley and I have faith that I shall oh he said if I can only live long enough to get there and see My dear daughter Ann again she shall never go so far away from me again. My sister Ann left England one year before we left she came the journey alone with her little boy she was so anxious to come to the valley that she had currage to leave home and came without any of our own family with her and My dear father felt to grieve about her so much and when he was so sick at Florance she Seemed to be his greats trouble that he would never see his dear girl Ann again but after the brethren administered to him he felt better and we started on our journey to Cuttlers Park to camp for the night.

My father and Myself use to be on the inside of the shafts of the cart and My sisters Maria and Jane pulled with arope tied to the shafts and
Sarah pushed behind\(^7\): that afternoon we had not traveled far when my poor sick father fell down and we had to stop to get him up on his feet I said father You are not able to pull the cart you had better not try to pull we girls can do it this afternoon oh e he sais I can do it I will try it again I Must not give up the breathren said I shall be better and I want to go to the valley to shake hands with Brigham Young so we started on again we had not traveld far before he fell down again he was so weak and waurn down we got him up again but we told he he could not pull the cart again that day so My sister Maria came and worked with me inside the shafts and Jane and Sarah pulled on the rope untill we got into camp:

[T]hat Night My Sister Zilpha Jaques was confined at twelve o clock\(^8\) and My sister Tamar was very sick with Mountain fever\(^9\) My sister got over her trouble quite well but another poor sister Ashton died there that night as soon as her child was born leaving the new born babe and three other children and her husband\(^{10}\).

The next morning the company got ready to start they the captain came to our tent and told us to be ready to start as soon as we could get ready\(^{11}\) there lay my Sister Zilpha on the ground just gave birth to achild she was liing on some Quilts in one corner of the tent and My sister Tamar liing on quilts in the other corner of the tent neither of the poor things able to move the Captain Edward Marten\(^{12}\) sais put them up in the wagon as there was awagon for the sick that was unable to walk I ask can one of us ride with them to take care of them he Said No thay will have to take care of them selves: then I said thay will not go we will stay here for a day or two and take care of our ^two^ sick Sisters so we was left there all alone as the company started about seven oclock that morning we was there all day alone with our sick and when night came My poor father and brotherinlaw John Jaques had to be up all night to make big fire\(^8\) to keep the wolves away from us I never heard such terrable hawling of wolfs in my life as we experenced that loansome night we was ^all^ very glad to see daylight\(^{13}\)

[Early in the Morning at day break came from the Camp at Florance brother Joseph A Young on horseback rideing in great speed to our camp to see what was the cause of the big fire\(^{14}\) thay had watched the light all night he said he was sent to see what was the matter as he knew the company was to leave that place the Morning before when he came into the tent and saw My sister with her new born babe liing on the ground on some quilts he was overcome with seympathy the tears ran down his cheeks then he bless my sister and tryed to comfort and cheer her by saying well Sister Jaques I supose you will name Your boy handcart having begin born under such circumstances No she said I will want a prettyer name than that for him\(^{15}\) then he turned to see my sister liing in the opicite corner of the tent sick with Mountain fever he ask us what
Modern states’ names are included for orientation; otherwise, brackets indicate a modern name.
Map not to scale
The Loaders’ 1856 journey from Williamsburg, New York, to Salt Lake City, by rail and handcart.

The 1861 route of the Tenth Infantry from Camp Floyd to Washington, D.C., and the approximate return route of Patience Loader Rozsa, in 1866, by rail and military wagon.
we was going to do and No one to help us or accompany us to overtake the company we told him we expected to start that morning as we could not stay there any longer as we would not catch up with the company and we could not travel all the way alone he bid us good Morning and left us we got breakfast and attended to the sick and then made ready to start on our journey again we packed our handcart struk our tent packed it on My hand cart then lay My sister Tamar on that then Br Jaques packed his cart and put his wife My Sister and her two children on the cart we tied the tent poles along side of the cart our cooking utensels we tied under the cart with our days provisions.

[W]e again started on our journey this was very on my ^poor^ dear sick father after having to be up all night no rest or sleep as I have allready stated thyad had to stand guard to keep the wolfes away from us it surely did proove to us that God was with us for my poor father seemed better that day than he had been for aweek past surely God gave him new strength that day for we traveled 22 Miles before we came up with the company. after we started in the Morning when we left camp we did did not expect to have to travel so far before we overtook the company I thought perhaps captain Martin would send ^one^ some little help to us: but no in this we was dessapointed he did not trouble anything about us after he left us at Cuttlers Park with our sick.

[A]fter we left camp that Morning we was overtaken by Brother ^William^ Cluff he came riding very fast to overtake us after Joseph A Young got back to there camp at Florance he told the Brethren who it was that kept the fire up all night said we had Sickness in the family and could not go on with the company Br Cluff said that he would ride out away and overtake us and try to help us a little way he fetched arope with him and tied it to our hand cart then to the pumel of his Sadle and gave us a rest first he helped brother Jakes away then he help My dear father and us girls for which I was very thankfull more on the account of our ^poor sick^ father than for us girls because we was young and healthy in those days nevertheless this was a hard journey on both Young and old Br cluff said he was sorrey to leave us but he had to return to his camp at Florance we thanked him very kindly for coming to help us and we reluc-tantly bid him good bye for we truely fealt that we would have liked to had his company and help untill we caught up with the company but this could not be it was not safe for Indians for a Man to travel alone

Br Cluff had not left us very long we hardly was out of sight of him when five great Indians came out of a cave in the Mountains got on there horses and came to Meet us thay was all painted bare naked except there brich cloth had there tomahawks and hatchet bow an arows thay stopt us in the road talked but we could not understand them when thay saw our Sick and My sister with her New born babe thay thay [sic] mooved out of
On the Plains, July 28–November 30, 1856

the road and motioned for us to go on I think this was as near to beign killed by Indians as I wish to be thay was quite impodent in there Maners to us and Made fun of us pulling the handcart we was some what afraid of them and I daresay thay could see we was afraid of them at the same time we put our faith and trust in God our Father that he would take care of us and not let those Indians hurt us or do us harm I know it was nothing but the power of God that saved us from those Indians that day we was all alone traveling in the Mountains and hills all that day

[A]fter the Indians left us we traveled on for an hour or more we came to aplace were some folks had camped the fiors was still burning and we thought it was whare our company had camped but ^not^ know then that Indians had been camping there we had dinner there I warmed some grewel for my sick sisters after dinner we girls thought we would take alittle walk out from camp while father and Mother rested alittle : we had not gone far from camp when we came to four or five newly made graves and we picked up awomans green sun bonnet which we recanized as belonging to sister Williams17 who left with Mr Babet three days before we left ^the^ camp at Cuttlers Park Mr Babbet was aman that had come out from Salt L City to the states to purchas good he had atrain of some five or six loaded wagons with teems and teemsters he came into our camp he sais if we had any letters to send into the City to fiends that he would take them for us as he would reach there long before we would he also said that he could take two pirsons along with him free of charge as he had plenty of room in his light spring wagon and this Sister Williams husband had allready gone to Utah the year previous and She had ayoung baby she told Mr Babbit that she would like to go with him he waited in camp untill Morning Many wrote letters and gave to him to take to there friends in Utah and Mr Williams started with Mr Babbit for Utah with the antisipation of geting to the valley before the cold weather came poor dear woman ^never^ dreaming of the sadd fate that awaited her and Mr Babbet and his Men teemsters : at the very place we came too camp for dinner was were this murder was committed by the Indians may be those Indians we meet was some of those that had helped in the murder and robery of Babbes train of good We Saw whare wagons had been burnd as there was wagon tireS liing around near the graves there was only one Man teemster left to tell the ^sadd^ news he said Babbit was shot in his wagon the woman the Indians put on ahorse and took her away with them but he did not know what became of her child and we found the green sun bonnet it was good for us that we did not all this when those Indians stopt us in the road we would surely have thought that we would have to share the same fate as Babbet and his company shared but thank God our lives was spared and again I will acknowledge the hand of God to have been over us that day18
We will now leave this camp and travel on in pursuit of our company. We traveled rather quietly along as the night began to draw in on us and we were getting tired of pulling our loaded carts all day and my poor dear father feeling sick and weak and tired and my two dear sisters so sick and tired never will I forget that terrible lonely night for miles we were surrounded with prayer fires it looked as though the fires were getting so near us on both sides that the fire would overtake us before we could find the company we traveled on the Moon was shining that was in our favor at length we saw which we thought was an Indian wickup there was a very large dog lying at the entrance of the tent we began to feel afraid less the dog should come at us and that would have aroused the Indians that must have been asleep and all. For the dog never noticed us at all we were very thankful for this narrow escape from those Indians here again we had great reason to return our thanks to God our Father for protecting us from this dangerous event we traveled along very quiet for about two more miles nearly falling asleep in our harness. Then we came to a barn or stable and by the light of the Moon we saw a man standing at the door. My dear father stopped and in his kind and gentle manner said good evening sir he never answered then father said have you seen a company of handcart people pass this way could you kindly tell me in a very rough course manner this man said yes I saw them pass father said would you be so kind to tell us where we can find them how far we will have to travel to their camp again this ugly fellow spoke in the same rough manner as before he said ah it is along way from here several miles father thanked the man and bid him good night but he never made any reply. When we got away my dear father said I did not like that fellow’s manner at all I said neither did I let us hurry on as fast as we can we did not know if there was any more men or not in the barn and we were afraid that they would follow us so we hurried along as fast as we could travel with our two inveleads poor dear creatures and the dear little new born babe and my poor dear father so weak and tired

How faithfully did he keep up all that long day he pulled the cart all day he had such strong faith in the blessings that the Servants of God had pronounced upon him at Florance that he should get better and should reach the valleys of the Mountains he did get better for a while and was able to pull the cart again for two or three weeks then he became very sick and died on the 24th of September 1856. But here I must now return to our last days travel to find the company.

After we left the man at the barn we traveled about two or three miles before we came to there camp the Moon was shining clear and when we first see the tents then we all felt to rejoice and felt that we was not alone any more for we had surely felt very lonesome all day not knowing
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the road we did not know if we was on the right road to find the company or not for we had not meet or seen a living beign all day since we saw those five Indians that stopt us in the road untill we saw that strange Men standing at the barn door as we came near the camp the guard called out who comes there we answerd friend and told him who we was he Said you cannot Make afire or put up your tent to night no fire or lights alowed everything has to be very quiet here and we will have to moove on early in the morning I told the guard that we had two sick sisters one just confind and that thay boath needed some thing warm I had alittle ^flour^ grewel allready cooked and it only needed to be warmed we had picked up alittle dry kindeling I said it will not take five minuets to Make alittle fire and warm the grewel the guard left I told him I would be carefull and not make a big fire and in a few Minuts he could come and put the fire out so he did I gave My sisters some little nourishment and we all laid down on the ground to sleep coverd with our quilts we had nothing to eat that night the last we had to eat that day was at twelve clock in the day as near as we could tell the time how ever we was all very tiard and soon fell asleep as it was past two aclock when we found the camp we did not have very long to sleep we was awakened very — early and had to travle on before we had breakfast then we camped and got something to eat this was quite hard on us as we had no supper after we got in camp . at the same time it seemed we did not suffer with hunger it seemed the Lords fitted the back for the burden every day we realised that the hand of God was over us and that he made good his [below the line: promises] un to us day by day as we know God our Father has promised us thees blessings if we will call on him in faith we know that his promises never fail and this we prooved day by day we knew that we had not strength of our own to perform such hardships if our heavenly Father had not help us and we prayed unto God continuely for his help and we allways acknowledged ^his^ goodness unto us day by day sometimes in the Morning I would feel so tiard and feel that I could not pull the cart the day through . then the still small voice would wisper ^in my ear^ as thy day thy strength shall be . this would give me new strength and energy and thus we traveled on day after day week after week and for four Month before we reached the valley ; we would travel all day and when we got into camp we would get somelittle to eat then we would Sit around the camp fire and sing the Songs of Zion oh Yes and our favorite hand cart song some must push and some must pull as we go Marching up the hill untill we reach the valley21 . . .

I am very thankfull to say that my sister ^Zilpha^ Jaques got safely over her confindment . it was indeed wounderfull that she did not take any severe cold having to sleep out doors the first night after her baby was born could not be attended to and taken care off as she should have been at such atime neither herself nor child could have proper care : and through
all this she lived and her baby too and came into the valley with the rest of the family how ever she lived through it all is a great mystrey for she was a weakly delicate woman \*in\* this enstance we must again acknowledge the hand of God for of her onself she never could have accomplished this long and severe journey and withstood the cold weather God Surely was mindful of her and gave her strength according to her day . also my dear Sister Tamar that in the first of the Journey she hurt her side pulling the handcart then had Mountain fever So very bad that she became so weak and low that one time we thought she could not live we pulled her on the hand cart as long as we could untill the change came and she was beginning to get some better then she and my sister with her new born babe was alowed to ride for a time in the wagon with the other inveleads.

\[T\]his was in the month of **september [1856]** and our dear father was begining to get very weak and food was geting Short day by day his strength began to fail him Some days he was not able to pull the cart but had to walk one evening when we goto camp he had walked seventeen miles \^with Mother helping him\^ he sais My dear girls I was not able to get any wood to Make you afire and he fealt so bad about it I said never Mind father we have got some wood on the cart and we will soon have afire and make you alittle warm grewel we had alittle flour we laid him down on some cuilts untill we . could get the tent up then he was begining to get some better then he was unable to raise himself and had to be carred into the tent that was the last day he was able to walk.

\[T\]he next Morning I got very early to make afire and make him alittle more flour grewel that was all we had to give him but before I could get it ready for him My Sister Zilpha called to Saying patience come quick \^our\^ father is dieing and when I got into the tent my poor Mother and all our family four Sisters My youngest brother Robert ten years old and my brother in law John Jaques was all kneeling on the ground around him poor dear father realizing he had to leave us he was to weak to talk to us he looked on us all with tears in his eyes then he said to Mother with great difficulcy he said you know I love My children then he closed his eyes thees was the last words he [**undecipherable text crossed out**] ever said he seem to fall asleep he breathed quiet and peacefull we called in Brother Loane he was captain of the company he saw father was dieing he sais the company will have to start soon he sais you had better take down your tent and put him up in the wagon I ask him if one of us could ride with him to take care of him he said no . then I \^we\^ said we would not let father be put in the wagon we would put him on the handcart then we could take care of him so we made abed of our quilts and laid him on the cart.

\[T\]hat day we had avery hard journey as we had to travel through the sandy bluffs it was very hard pulling so much up hill and deep sand we
got to the top of the hill about one o'clock this was the 23 of September [1856] the sun was scorching hot so bad for my dear dying father on the top a hill not the least shade for him we had to stay there all day but very little to eat until all the company's got up the hill so many gave out and the wagons was loaded with the tents and what provisions there was some of the oxen gave out that was a terrible day never to be forgotten by us and poor father dying on the hand cart he did not seem to suffer pain he never opened his eyes after he closed them in the morning it was a great comfort to us all that we had him with us on the cart as the teams had such a terrible time to get through the sand and the last of them did not get up until it was dark

The brethren came to administer to father in the afternoon they anointed him oil his lips was so dry and parched they put oil on his lips then he opened his mouth and licked the oil from his lips and smiled but did not speak the brethren knew he was dying they said we will seal father Loader up to the Lord for him alone is worthy of him he has done his work been a faithful servant in the church and we the servants of God Seal him unto God our Father: and to our surprise my dear father ^amen^ said so plain that we could understand him and there lay with such a sweet smile on his face that was the last word ^he said^ Amen to the blessing the brethren pronounced upon him and he seemed to know and understand all they said and we ourselves thought he could neither hear or speak for many times during the day I spoke to him quite loud and ask him if he knew me or could he hear me but he never noticed me as when Mother would speak to him he never took the least notice and we concluded that he was unconscious but when the brethren came to administer to him it seemed that he understood all they said by saying Amen

We started again from that place at Six o'clock in the evening to find a camping place so we could get wood and water it got dark long before we camped we traveled over brush and an awful rough road we did not camp until past ten o'clock we could not move poor father as he was not yet dead so we put the tent up and took the handcart into the tent and our dear father died he breathed his last at fifteen minutes past eleven a clock at Night

That had been a very hard trying day on us all and we spent a sorrowful night for we had lost and was bereft of one of the best of earthly fathers he was a man that was devotedly fond of his wife and children I can say he was proud of his children we had nine daughters and four sons. the next morning Br S. S. Jones and his brother dug two graves one for my poor father and the other for a Welsh brother his name was James he had no relatives he was traveling alone to Utah this was a severe trial here we had to rap My dear father in a quilt all we had to lay him in no nice casket
Recollections of Past Days

to lay him away in comfortable but put into the grave and the earth thown in upon his poor body oh that sounded so hard I will never forget the sound of that dirt beign shoveld anto my poor father's body it seemed to me that it would break every bone in his body. it did indeed seem a great trial to have to leave our dear father behind that morning knowing we had looked upon that sweet smiling face for the last time on earth but not without hope of Meeting him again in the Morning of the resurrection for he had been a faithful servant of God and bore testimony to the truth of the gospel of Jesus Christ numbers of times and we know if we his children follow his example that we will Meet our dear father again and be reunited with him to dwell in unity and love all through eternity and as our dear Mother and we girls traveled that day it was a very sorrowful day and we all grieved greatly. Brother Daniel Tyler came to us and tryed to comfort us by telling that our father was a faithful true servant of God he said he had not strength to endure the hard journey he said father had laid down his life for the gospel sake he had died a martyr to the truth he had suffered much but was faithful to the last and he would wear a Martyrs crown. of course this was all very comforting to us but it did not bring our dear father back to us at the same time we new that our loss was his gain. we also knew that he felt sorry to leave us on the plains on such a hard journey without a man to help us to get wood or put up our tent or take it down in the Morning and food was beginning to get short rations and the cold weather would overtake us before we could get to Salt Lake all this caused him to feel bad and as long as he was able to do anything he worked after we got in camp Making tent pins he Made us a sack full of tent pins he said to us girls I have Made you lots of tent pins because when the cold weather comes you will not be able to make tent pins your hands will be so cold. by this we knew that he would not live the journey through and he also grieved to know that Mother and we girls would not have any one to help us make a home or help us to make a living. Yes he had always been a good kind husband and father good at all times to provide for his family. when he was well along the first part of our journey he enjoyed himself very much and he would try to encourage us girls all he could for he knew how it was for us to pull a handcart every day and he knew that I for one thought it was the hardest way we could have started on such a long journey I said when the word came to father for us to be ready by July to start by handcart to go to the valley I told father we had all got into good work and if we stay in New York until the next spring that we could get a good outfit to cross the plains and not have to pull a handcart which would have been far better and I believe our dear father would have lived and got to Salt Lake city. we would not have buried him on the plains one comfort to our Minds our father had a good deep grave the two kind brothers Samuel and Albert Janes dug him
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a deep grave so that the wolves\textsuperscript{29} could not get to him and we all fealt to thank and ask God to bless our brethren for their kindness to us in our great Sorrow and berevement.

I could say many more good and great things about my dear father. but this must suffice for the peasant and pass on to more of My experience in this journey for we all surely had and past through many great trials and the Night and morniy began to get very cold about the \textbf{beginning of october [1856]} we had the first snow storm\textsuperscript{30} we was then at the black hills we halted for a short time and took shelter under our hand carts after the storm had past we traveled on until we came to the last crossing of the Platt river here we meet with the wagon company\textsuperscript{31} they was campt for the Night we the handcart had orders from Captain Edward Martin to cross the river that afternoon and evening here poor brother stane\textsuperscript{32} was missing he was sick and laid down to rest by the road side he fell asleep it was supposed. some of the brethren had to go back in search of him and when they found him he was dead and nearly all eaten by the wolves this was a terrible death poor man Br stane was a loan Man from London England as I said we had to cross the river Mother went to see Mr\textsuperscript{8} Ballen thay in the wagon company Sister Ballen gave Mother three good slices\textsuperscript{8} of bread and Molaces for us girls

Br Nathen Porter\textsuperscript{33} from Centerville had been to England on a mission after landing in New York he was taken very sick Bro Bestan took him to his home to take care of him here we became acquainted with Br Parter my sister Maria and myself took turns in sitting up at night — he recoved in health sufficient to go home to Utah that season he bought Samuel and road crossing the plains in the wagon company when we meet with him at the Platt river he rememberd our kindness to him through his sickness his heart went out in sympathy for Mother and us girls when we told him that dear father was dead he fealt so sorrey to see us having to wade the river and pull the cart through he took Mother on his Muel behind him telling her to hold fast to him and he would take her safely through the water then he told Mother that he would return and bring our cart through the river. this we did not know that he intended doing so we started to cross the river and pull our own cart the water was deep and very cold and we was drifted out of the regular crossing and we came near being drowned the water came up to our arm pits poor Mother was standing on the bank screaming as we got near the bank I heard Mother say for God\textsuperscript{8} Sake some of you men help My poor girls Mother said she had been watching us and could see we was drifting down the stream several of the brethren came down the bank of the rever and pulled our cart up for us and we got up the best we could Mother was there to meet us her clothing was dry but our\textsuperscript{8} was wet and cold and very soon frozen Mother took of one of her under skirts and put on one of us and her
apron for another to keep the wet cloth from us for we had to travel several miles before we could camp here. Mother took out from her apron the bread and molasses Sister Ballen gave her for us she broke in pieces and gave each some this was a great treat to us and we were all hungry it seemed to give us new strength to travel on.

When we were in the middle of the river I saw a poor brother carrying his child on his back. He fell down in the water. I never knew if he was drowned or not. I felt sorry that we could not help him, but we had all we could do to save ourselves from drowning.

That night we had no dry cloth to put on after we got out of the water we had to travel in our wet clothes until we got to camp and our clothing was frozen on us and when we got to camp we had very little dry clothing to put on we had to make the best of our poor circumstances and put our trust in God our father that we may take no harm from our wet clothes. It was too late to go for wood and water the wood was too far away. That night the ground was frozen so hard we were unable to drive any tent pins in as the tent was wet when we took it down in the morning it was somewhat frozen. So we stretched it open the best we could and got in under it until morning then the bugle sounded early in the morning for us to travel seven miles as we could not get any wood to make a fire there was snow on the ground.

We had a good many sick people more than could ride in the sick wagon so the captain appointed Brother Ward to take charge of the invellows as he had traveled the plains so many times having been on several missions. Captain Marten thought he would be the right man to put in charge of the sick and bring them safe to camp but this arrangement failed. The poor man mistook the road and they got lost. The captain started Brother Ward out of camp along time in the morning before the main company started so that they should be able to get to camp before we arrived there. It was a terrible day it snowed and drifted and the wind blew all day. We traveled seven miles and when we camped there was no sign of Brother Ward and his sick brethren. Then Captain Marten called for some of the brethren to go back and find the company of invellows and when it was getting dark they returned bringing in nineteen all frozen. I never knew if that was all that started out in the morning or not.

Now I must say after we got to camp we found we had to go along way to go for wood so My sister Maria and myself went with the brethren to get wood. We had to travel in the snow knee deep for nearly a mile to the cedars we found nothing but green cedars as all the dry wood on the ground was covered over with snow I asked one of the brethren to cut me down a shoulder stick so he kindly gave us quite a large heavy log. My sister took one end on her shoulder and I raised the other end on to my shoulder and started back to Camp. We had not gone very far when we
boath fell down with our load the snow beigm so deep made it very hard
work for us to get back to camp with our load but after much hard work
we got there my Mother and sisters was anxiously awaiting our return for
thay was boath hungry and cold in the tent

[A]s soon as I could get get [sic] some wood chopt I tried to make
afire to make alittle broath as I had an old beef head I was allways on the
look out for anything that I could get to eat not only for Myself but for the
rest of the family we got of the skin from the beef head chopt it in peices
the best I could put it into the pot with some Snow and boiled for along
time about four oclock in the after noon we was able to have some of this
fine Made boath I cannot say that it tasted very good but it was flavor
boath with Sage brush and from the smokey fire from the green ceder
fire so after it was cooked we all enjoyed it and fealt very thankfull to have
that much it would have tasted better if we could have alittle pepper and
salt but that was aluxury we had been deprived of for along time

[A]fter I done with My cooking the beef head for that day I took
the pot into the tent for thay was all anxiously for there dinner and sup-
per together for after we had eat what we could the remainer was left for
the next day I put the fire into the bake oven and took it in the tent and
we all sat around it to keep [in left margin: as] warm as we could we young
folks had drank our broath My Mother was still drinking her\(^5\) the captain
of the company came with two other breathren and fetched poor brother
John Laurey\(^38\) to our tent Since my poor father died this brother had staid
in our tent as he had no friends with him he was alone he was one of
the poor Inveleads that was lost brother toone\(^39\) said to Mother give him somthing
warm Mother said I have alittle hott soup Patience made for
us I will share with him thay left this brother with us to take care of we
tried to give him alittle with ateaspoon but we could not get the spoon
between his teeth poor dear Man he looked at us but could not Speak
aword he was nearly dead frozen

[I]t got dark we rapt him up the best we could to try to get warm
but he was two far gone we all laid down to try to get warm in our quilts
the best we could My My [sic] Mother and myself and sister Jane in one
bed My sister Tamar Maria Sarah and my little brother Robert in the
other bed and poor brother Laurey in his own bed poor Man he had only
one old blanket to rap him ^in^\(^40\) we had a buflow roab this he had over
him after we was in bed it was a dark loansome Night he commenced to
talk to himself he called for his wife and children he had previously told
me that he had awife and nine children in London and that thay would
come out as soon as he could make money enough to send for them he
said he was counseled to come to this countrey first and leave his family
in England for atime he was told that he could earn more money in this
countrey than in England he was a taylor by trade and had never been
acostomed to working out doors poor man I doubt if he had lived to come to Utah that he would have made but very little money working at his trade for in those days there was but very little call for Taylers as there was but very few people could afford to employ a Taylor to make their clothing and another thing there was but very little cloth in Utah Some folks was able to get to get own made jeans and the Sisters generally made all there husbands and boys clothing as they had nothing to pay for tayloring to be done

In the night we could not hear him talking any more . I said to Mother I think poor brother is dead I have not heard him for the last hour Mother ask me to get up and go to him I got up but everything in the tent seemed so silent and then was such a sad feeling came over me it was so dark and drear that I said to Mother I cannot go to him She says well get back in bed and try to get warm and wait untill day light of course we did not sleep early as it was a little light I got up and went to the poor man found him dead frozen to the tent as I turned him over to look in his face never can I forget that Sight poor man I told mother that he was dead she said go and tell Brother Toone I went to his tent told him Br Lawrey was dead he said well he will have to be buried he told me we would have to rap him in a quilt I said he has no quilts he has only one small thin blanket and we cannot spare any of our quilts as we had already used one to rap my dear father in when he died So we rapt him in his own little blanket and the brethren came and took him away to bury him with eighteen more that had died during the night;

What a deplorable condition we was in at that time Seven hundred miles from salt Lake and only nine days full rations that Morning the Bugal sounded to call us together the captain asked us if we was willing to come on four ounces of flour a day all answered Yes we had already been reduced to half pound per day well we returned to our tents I had left the remainder of the beef head cooking on the fire the next tent to ours was Br Saml Jones and sister MaryAnn Greening was traveling with Sister Jones and family sister Mary ann was at her fire cooking something I don’t what she had to cook I am sure she had not little. we looked around towards the Mountains and she called out oh Patience here is some Californians coming and as they got nearer to us I told her no they are not Californians it is Br Joseph A. Young from the valley he was accompanied by brother Hanks or James Furgeson I cannot say which it was of those two brethren with there pack animal they came to our fire seeing us out there Br Young ask how many is dead or how many is alive I told him I could not tell with tears streaming down his face he ask whare is your captains tent he call for the bugler [End of writing tablet] to call every body out of ther tents he then told the captain Edward Martin if he had flour enough to give us all one pound of flour each and said if there was
any cattle to kill and give us one pound of beef each. Saying there was plenty of provisions and clothing coming for us on the road but to Morrow Morning we must make a move from there he said we would have to travel 25 miles then we would have plenty of provisions and that there would be lots of good brethren to help us that they had come with good teams and good covered wagons so the sick could ride then he said that he would have to leave us he would have liked to traveled with us the next morning but we must cheer up and God would bless us and give us strength he said we have made a trail for you to follow he bid us good bye thees brethren had to go still further seven miles to the Platt river as the Wagon company was still camped there and they were in great distress as there teams had given out so many of them and there provisions was giving out and getting very short.

After the brethren had left us we felt quite encouraged we got our flour and beef before night came on and we was all busy cooking and we felt to thank God and our kind brothers that had come to help us in our great distress and misery for we was suffering greatly with cold and hunger.

When night came we went to bed we slept pretty comfortably more so than we had done for some time We felt a renewed hope We was all glad to make a move from this place it seemed that if God our Father had not sent help to us that we must all have perished and died in short time for at that time we had only very little provisions left and at the request of Bro Marten we had come on four ounces of flour a day for each one to make the flour last us as long he could I dont know how long we could have lived and pulled our handcart on this small quantity of food. our provisions would not have lasted as long as they did had all our brethren and sisters lived but nearly half the company died and caused our provisions to hold out longer.

Accordingly we struck tents in the Morning and packed our carts and started on our journey again it was a nice bright Morning but very cold and clear the snow was very deep in places it was hard pulling the cart I remember well poor Brother Blair he was a fine tall man had been one of Queen Victorias life guards in London he had a wife and four small children he made a cover for his cart and he put his four children on the cart he pulled his cart alone his wife helped by pushing behind the cart poor man he was so weak and worn down that he fell down several times that day but still he kept his dear little children on the cart all day this poor man had so much love for his wife and children that instead of eating his morsel of food himself he would give it to his children poor man he pulled the cart as long as he could then he died and his poor wife and children had to do the best they could without him to help them the poor children got frozen some parts of there bodys was
Part of Patience Loader’s dramatic description of her handcart experience from page 175 of the autobiography’s second notebook. Courtesy of the L. Tom Perry Special Collections, Brigham Young University.
all sores but they all got in to Salt L City alive but suffering wether the children lived or not I never heard as they went north of the city and our family went South.

I will say we traveled on all day in the snow but the weather was fine and in the Middle of the day the sun was quite warm Some time in the after noon a strange Man appeared to Me as we was resting as we got up the hill he came and looked in my face he sais is You Patience I said yes he said again I thought it was you travel on there is help for you you will come to a good place there is plenty with this he was gone he dissapeared I looked but never saw whare he went this seemed very strange to me. I took this as some one sent. to encurage us and give us strength

[W]e traveled on and when we got into camp there was five or six of the brethren with there wagons camped there they had been and got quantitys of wood and they had always made about dozen big fire for us and there was plenty of lovely spring water that was a great treat to us for the last water we had seen was when we crossed the Platt river we had nothing but snow water and that did not taste very good as we had to melt it over the camp fire and it tasted of Sage brush sometimes ceder wood smoke we felt very thankfull to our brethren for Making us thees good fires and supplying us with wood so abundantly I realy Must say that I was very thankfull . for since our dear father died it had fallen on me and my sister Maria to get the most of our wood and I thought it was so good that we did not have wood to get that night after such hard pulling all day through the Snow and it was nearly dark when we got in camp it seemed good to get a pound of fl our again that Night the brethren fetched out some provisions and clothing but they said they had not got much to give us as they did not know how long they would be there that they would have to wait untill the wagon company was heard from thees brethren was very kind and good to us did everything they could for us

[T]his place was Willow Springs here it was that poor William Whittacur died he was in the tent with several others in one part of the tent he and his Br John occupied and the other part of the tent another family was Sleeping there was a young woman sleeping and she was awoke by poor Br Whiticar eating her fingers he was dying with hunger and cold he also eat the flesh of his own fingers that night. he died in the morning and was buried at Willow Springs before we left camp.

[T]hat day we traveled agood many Miles we meet several wagon load with provisions x clothing from this time we began to get more to eat and some shoes and warm under clothing which we all needed very Much some worse than others I was thankfull to get anice warm quilted hood which was very warm and comfortable I also got apar of Slippers as I was nearly barefoot we still had to pull our handcart for atime as there was not wagons suficient for all to ride only those that was sick could ride
but every day or two we would meet teems x wagons and those that was

[W]hen we campt one evening abrother from the valley came to
our camp fire he enquired of me if I knew if there was afamily by the
Name of I cannot remember the name but I well remember the circum-
stance I told this brother that there was the two children living the father
got disscuraged and staid at Laremy and the Mother had died at this the
poor man broak down he said she was My poor dear sister as soon as I
heard of the trouble and distress of this handcart company I Made ready
to come in Search of My poor sister and family he said whare are the two
children I directed him to the wagon thay was in as he wanted to take
them to his own wagon he said he had fetched afeather bed and good
warm blankets and quilts for his Sister to keep them warm and provisions
for them I told this brother that thees two poor boys had sufferd severly
with cold and hungar Since there poor Mother died . one Morning as we
was geting ready to leave camp I saw those two dear boys the Eldest was
eleven years old I believe and youngst not more than four or five years
the Eldest was crawling along on his hands and knees his poor feet was
so frozen the blood runing from them in the snow as the poor thing was
making his way to the sick wagon the other poor dear child crying by his
brother side his poor little arms and hands all scabs with chilblains and
scarcely anything on to cover his body this good brother there Uncle ask
me if I knew any good Sister that will come and wash and take of there
^old^ clothing he said I have plenty to keep them warm and good bed
and blankets Sister Reed52 was standing near by she Said I will wash them
and make them comfortable and She washed thees ^two^ poor boy there
Uncle made them anice warm bed in his wagon and this was the last I
saw of them untill we arived in Salt Lake City thin I was told that thay was
boath living and that there Uncle had taken them to his home north of
the city many Years after I heard that thay was still living and doing well
then thay was grown young men I was also told that there father came in
search of his two boy he was then geting old and wanted to come and live
with them but the boys did not feel very good towards there father for
leaving them in such a helpless condition53 .

[A]nother Family by the name of Holiton54 boath father and Mother
died leaving four or five children the Eldest daughter a fine young wom-
anan eighteen yers old was So frozen had big wound in her back her suf-
ferings was so great that she died after we got to Salt Lake city . another
poor girl eleven years old father and Mother boath did of hunger and
cold but there little dughter lived to get to Salt Lake but her poor feet was
so frozen that boath had to be amputated above the ankle ^this^ poor was
crippled for life I saw her several years after and She was agreat sufferer
and had to go under another operation and have the bone taken of still
further up the leg as the flesh and bone was still roting I don’t know if she lived through the second operation or not poor afflicted girl

[T]he brethren that came to Meet us was very kind and good to and as wagons and teams arived our hand carts was left and we could ride in the wagons and Sometimes we could sleep in them one day I well remember we had avery hard days travel and we came to Devels Gate that night to camp the snow was deep and terrible cold freezing when we got to camp we found several big fiars there was several log huts standing there and Several brethren from the Valley was camping there Brother Joel Paresh was cooking supper for the rest of the brethren we was all so hungary and cold many ran to get to the fiar to warm but the bretheren ask for all to be as patint as possable and that we Should have Some wood to make us a fier so we could get warm brother george grant was there he told us all to Stand back for he was going to knock down one of those log huts to Make fiars for us for he sais You are ^not^ going to freeze to nigh now he called out again stand back and said this night I have the strength of a giant I never faelt so strong before in my life and at once he raised his axe and with one blow he knocked in the whole front of the building took each log and Split in four peices and gave each family one peice oh such crauding for wood Some would have taken more than one peice but Br grant told them to hold on and not to be greedy there was some that had not got any yet he Said there is one sister standing back waiting very patantly and She must have some I called out Yes brother grant My Name is Patince and I have waited with patience he laugh and said give that sister some wood and let he go and make a fier I was very thankfull to get wood I had waited So long that my clothing stiff and my ^old^ stockings and shoes seemed frozen on my feet and legs My poor dear Mother was siting down waiting untill we got back with wood to make a fier as soon as we could get this log cut in peices we soon got our fire going and took of our wett stockings and dryed them ready for Morning and we had to wait Some time before we got our flour for supper

[D]uring the time we was waiting agood brother came to our camp fiar he ask if we was all one family we was six in Nomber Mother answerd Yes we are all one family she told him we was her daughters and the boy was her youngest Son he ask Mother if she had no husband she told her husband had died two Month ago and he was bured on the plains he had been standing with his hands behind him then he handed us anice peice of beef to cook for our Supper : he left us and came back with a beef bone he said here is abone to make ^you^ Some Supr and said dont quarel over it we fealt suprised that he should think that we would ever quarel over our food Mother said oh brother we never quarel over having short rations but we feel very thankfull to you for giving us this meat for we had not got any meat neither did we expect to have any
Devil’s Gate, a prominent landscape marker in central Wyoming for westering immigrants. Photo courtesy of Veda Hillyard.
We camped here for two days or rather two nights and it was reported around camp that we would not have to pull our handcarts any further that we would leave them at Devels gate and that we would all be able to ride in the wagon\(^5\) this was delightfull news to us to think to think \([\text{sic}]\) we would not have to pull the cart any more I fealt that I could still walk if I did not have the cart to pull . but oh what a dissapointment the next Morning we faunt it was only those could ride that was to sick and weak to pull there carts and so we girls all pretty well in health we had to start out with our cart again as we started out from camp there was quite anumber of the brethren from the valley standing in readyness to help us across the streem of water with our cart I was feeling somewhat bad that morning and when I saw this Stream of water we had to go through I fealt weak and I could not keep my tears back I fealt ashamed to let those brethren see me sheding tears I pulled my old bonnet over my face so thay Should not See my tears one brother took the cart and another Mormon missionaries in England, 1855–1856. They arranged for the handcart migration, and several were leaders or participants in the rescue of the snow-bound handcart emigrants. Top: Edmund Ellsworth, Jos. A. Young, Wm. H. Kimball, Geo. D. Grant, Jas. Ferguson, Jas. A. Little, Philemon Merrill. Center: Edward Bundker, Chauncey G. Webb, Franklin D. Richards, Daniel Spencer, Daniel W. Jones, Edward Martin. Lower: James Bond, Spicer Crandall, W. C. Danbar, James Ross, Daniel D. McArthur. Photograph taken in England in 1855. Courtesy of the Latter-day Saints Church Historian’s Office.
helped us girls over the water and Said we should not wade the cold water any more and tried to encourage us by Saying Soon we would all be able to ride in wagons

[W]e traveld on for Some few Miles then we came to the Sweet Water58 there we had to cross we thought we would have to wade the water as the cattle had been crossing with the wagons with ^the^ tents and what little flour we had and had broaken the Ice so we could not go over on the Ice . but there was three brave Men there in the water packing the women and children over on there backs Names William Kimble Ephrem Hanks and I think the other was James Furgeson59 those poor brethren was in the water nearly all day we wanted to thank them but they would not listen to My dear Mother fealt in her heart to bless them for there kindnes she said God bless you for taking me over this water and in such an awfull rough way oh . D_m that I dont want any of that you are welcome we have come to help you Mother turned to me saying what do think of that man he is a rough fellow I told her that is Brother William Kimble I am told thay are all good men but I daresay that they are all rather rough in there manners . but we found that they all had kind good hearts this poor Br Kimble Staid so long in the water that he had to be taken out and packed to camp and he was along time before he recoverd as he was child through and in after life he was always afflicted with rhumetism :

[A]fter we was over the sweet water we had to travel some distance to agood place to camp in between the mountains60 we had avery nice camping place here we remained for nine days61 as we had to wait untill more provisions came to us what suplys had allready been sent to ^us^ had to be left for the brethren that had to Stay all winter at Devels gate as the cattle had nearly all gave out boath in the wagon company and our company and agreat deal of freight had to be left there at Devels gate untill spring and we was on four oz. of flour aday nearly all the time we was in camp on the Sweet Water but the morning we had orders to leave there we was told to leave our handcarts we was all very glad to leave the cart but we had to walk for several days before we could all ride in the wagons it seemed good to walk and not have aload to pull through the snow we got dear Mother in the wagon to ride and we girls was Young and we was willing to ride walk untill such times as it was conveniant for us to ride

[D]uring our Nine days camping on the Sweet water Many of the stout young men went out and got rawhide and anything thay could get to eat on one occasion I got abone gave me with scarcely any Meat on it I was cooking it to make alittle supe for breakfast and the brethren from the valley came and ask to go to there camp and sing for them So we left Mother to see to the cooking of the bone the brethren had cut down logs and formed seats for us all around there camp fire but thay said thay
Inside Martin’s Cove. Here the Martin handcart company sought refuge during the winter of 1856. Photo courtesy of Veda Hillyard.

Entrance to Martin’s Cove from the trail. Photo courtesy of Veda Hillyard.
Recollections of Past Days

had nothing to give us to eat as they themselves were short of food. Well we sang and enjoyed ourselves for two or three hours and then we went to our own tent when arrived there our fire was out and Mother was gone to bed and my ten year old brother was also in bed. Mother said I fetched the pot with the soup we said alright Mother we stayed longer than we ought to but the brethren did not want us to leave but we told them we would go and sing for them another night. We were so hungry we had nothing to eat. So we went to bed but Mother said it is too bad you have nothing to eat and it makes you more hungry to sing. You had better not go to sing for the brethren again but I must tell you that I got so hungry that I took the bone out of your soup and picked the little meat of it and put the bone back into the pot. It seemed that I could not go to sleep without telling you for I knew you would not find anything on the bone in the morning. We told her that was alright. We felt glad that our dear Mother found a little bit to eat and we all went to sleep and slept comfortably and warm until morning. It was a terrible cold freezing night. Then we got up and prepared our bone soup for breakfast. We did not get but very little meat as the bone had been picked the night before and we did not have only the half of a small biscuit as we only were having four oz. of flour a day. This we divided into portions so we could have small pieces three times a day. We ate with thankful hearts and we always as God to bless to our use and that it would strengthen our bodies day by day. So that we could perform our duties and I can testify that our heavenly Father heard and answered our prayers and we were blessed with health and strength day by day to endure the severe trials we had to pass through on that terrible journey before we got to Salt Lake City, we know that if God had not been with us that our strength would have failed us and our bodies would have been left on the plains as hundreds of our poor brothers and sisters were. I can truthfully say that we never felt to murmur at the hardships we were passing through. I can say we put our trust in God and He heard and answered our prayers and brought us through to the valleys.

I remember on one occasion when we were camping on the Sweetwater the same brethren came to our tent and ask us girls to go to their camp and sing for them again. My dear Mother told them she thought we had better not go to sing that night. It made us still more hungry to sing and we had nothing to eat after we came back to the tent. They felt sorry for us but they could not give us anything for they were short of provisions until they got supplies from home.

That night was a terrible cold night. The wind was blowing and the snow drifted into the tent onto our quilts. That morning we had nothing to eat if we got up not until we could get our small quantity of flour. Poor Mother called to me come Patience get up and make us a fire. I told her that I did not feel like getting up. It was so cold and I was not feeling very...
well So she ask My sister Tamar to get up and she said She was not well and she could not get up then she sais come Maria you get up and she was feeling bad and said that She could not get up with this . Mother sais come girls this will not do I believe I will have to dance to you and try to make you feel better poor dear Mother she started to Sing and dance to us and she slipt down as the snow was frozen and in a Moment we was all up to help our dear Mother up for we was afraid she was hurt she laugh and said I thought I could ^soon^ make you all jump up if I danced to you then we found that she fell down purposely for she knew we would all get up to see if she was hurt . she said that she was afraid her girls was going to give out and get disscuraged and she said that would never do to give up.

[W]e none of us had ever felt so weak as we did that morning my dear Mother had kept up wounderfull all through the journey before she left England she had been in delicate health for many years she had not been able to walk amile and after we started on our journey to Utah She was able to walk all across the plains only some times we put her on the hand cart to rest her alittle after we left the sweet water whare we campt for nine days she was able to ride in the wagon we was so glad to get Mother in the wagon if we girls could not ride it did us good to know that Mother could get arest and not have to walk in the snow any more and when we got into campt that night the good brother that award the wagon told us that we could sleep in his wagon and he would make a hole in the snow and make his bed there he thought we would be warmer in the wagon we made our bed there but we only had one old quilt to lie on and in the night I woke up and called to Mother I am freezing the side I had laid on was so benomed with cold Mother got up and helped me out of the wagon there was some big fi ars burning in several places in the camp and lots of the sisters siting and sleeping near the fi ar to keep warm So I went to the fi ar and staid there the remainer of the night in the morning we traveld on again as usul one great blessing we had more food to eat we got our pound of flour a day and sometimes alittle meat and very soon we was all able to ride instead of walking and we could stay in the wagon at night after we baked our bread we put the hott coles in our bake kittle and took in the wagon and that made it quite comfortable and warm for us to sleep in

I can well remember how kind the breathren was to us poor dis-stresed looking creatures I think we must have looked a very deplorable set of human [cramped writing ends here] beigns to them when thay first meet us camped in the Snow When Joseph A Young first arived in our camp the tents was half coverd in Snow oh how thankfull and delighted we was to see those two breathren what brave men thay must have been to start out from Salt L City in the midle of winter in search of us poor folks that was away back campt near the last crossing of the plat river ^\( when
thay left the city^ they did not know how far thay would have to travle in
the snow before thay would find us

When the word came to President Brigham young ^on^ Sunday he was in the Tabernacle in Meeting those days the people use to go from
the settlements by teem to attend meetings and when the word came that
there was handcart company and wagon company back on the plat river
with scarcely any provisions and that Many was dieing with hunger and
cold Brigham Young told the people this Message had come to him and
he also called on all the Men to take there teems and Wagons and gather
up all the food and clothing thay could get and start out at once and not
to come back untill thay found the people he said that if thay did not go
that he would go himself and he started out himself with the breathren
he got as far as the big Mountain he took cold and the breathren pre-
vailed on him to return back home : then he gave order$ for every body
to go to work and bake bread and gather up all the clothing and quilts all
thay could get together and every teem and wagon that could be got was
loaded and Sent out every day the road was kept open by teems coming
to us every day with provisions and clothing of some kind$66

After the breathren came out to us there was not so many deaths
My Sister Mr$ Jaques dear little two year$ girl died Near ^Fort^ Bridger
she rapt her in a blanket ^or quilt^ and fetched her into Salt L. City and
she was burid in Franklin D Richards [below the line: lot]$67 I well remem-
ber that when we campt in Echo Canyon that Sister Squires$ was con-
find in the morning she had alovely baby girl and thay named her Echo
the morning she was born the father was runing around camp enquiring
of everybody if thay had apin to give him to pin something around the
baby but I dont think that he was able to get one the breathren fixed the
wagon very warm and comfortable for Sister Squires and boath her and
baby arived safe into the City .
I will now conclue my hard Journey across the plains by handcart and Say that we that lived through this terrable Journey arived in salt L city Sunday Noon the thirtieth day of November 1856 . we was Meet and warmly greeted by our kind breathren and Sister and taken to there homes and made comfortable and welcomed to Share there home and food with them Brother William Thorn Bishop of the seventh Ward took home with him My Mother and my brother Robert my-Self and Sister Maria Jane and Sarah My sister Tamar went with Br Thomas Richards to Farmington this is the kind brother that gave us the beef at Devels Gate and told us not to quarel over it the next Spring he marred My Sister Tamar he became his second Wife

My poor Mother fealt bad when we was seperated by my sister going to Farmington with Br Ricks she said she would like to have all her girls with her . then we did not know where our lot would be cast My brother in law John dalling came to the city to take us all South to Pleasant Grove John Jaques and My Sister Zilpha and her baby that was born at Cuttlers Park Florance and her dear little dead child her first name Flora born Franklin D Richards took them home with him thay was Such old friends as John Jaques labord with Franklin D. Richards for many Years in the Liverpoor ofi ce and when we arived in the City Br Richards wished John Jaques and his wife and child to go to his home with Him there new baby boy that was born to them on the 27th of August 1856 at Cuttlers Park Florance thay also took with them there dear little dead two year old girl robed in a quilt frozen stif like a piece of marble and the dear little baby boy had abig sore on his little ankle bone caused by the cold My sister said she did every thing She could to Save his life she nursed him when she had scarcely anything to eat herself she said it seemed to her that he was takeing her own life from her but she was So thankful to God that boath her and her childs lives was Spared through all this suffering to arive safely to Salt L. City
When first we arrived in the city to us everything looked dreary and cold the streets was all coverd with Snow but the people was kind and good and tryed to encourage us and make us feel as good as thy could the next day My Mother and three sisters and my brother left the city with My Brother in law John Dalling for Pleasant Grove Utah County

I myself staid in the city for some weeks at that time the city was not built up very much the houses was scatering to me it seemed avery loanly place in the seventh Ward I had been living eleven Years in the city of London before I left England and to me it seemed avery loansome place I said to My old friend Annie Thorn if this is salt L city what must it be like to live in the country I don’t think I will go to Pleasant Grove So I concluded to stay in the city for atime as I had Several friends living in the city that I was acquainted in the old country and I thought it would be better for me to stay in the city and let My Mother and Sisters go to Pleasant Grove which I did I visit two or three familys and enjoyed myself very much for several weeks untill I began to feel quite rested

After Mother left the city Sister Thorne took me out some the first place we went to See Jediah M Grant he died the day we arived in the city then we walked up Main Street as she wanted me to see alittle about the city as I was feeling somewhat loansome I remember calling on Gilburt clemance he had a little store on Main Street he was a traveling Elder in England I meet him at the ^Loadon^ Conference there he was so very pleasant and good and ask me when I was expecting to go to Utah then I did not expect to leave England so soon : but when I called on this Elder in his own home in Salt L. city he did not know me he was avery different man to take too when he was at his own home he never ask me in or ask if I had any place to stay and he seemed that he did not care if I had aplace or anything to eat ho how sorrey I fealt that I took the trouble to call on him I thought he would be pleased to see me and to know that I had lived through that terrable hard Journey some of the Elders can be very Nice to ayoung lady when she is well dressed and can entertain them . but when a poor girl has pulled ahandcart over athousand Miles across the plains and lands in Salt L. city in rags and tatters an scarcely abet of Shoe on there foot as this was my condition when I called on Mr Gilburt Clemance I never fealt to call him brother after this cool reception but I dont think there was many of those kind of Men to be found in Utah I hope so at least

I had a letter of Introduction to Br George Riser living in the sixteenth Ward he was a shoemaker and had ashop on Main Street I had never seen Mr Riser before how different and how kind he received me and took me home to his wife and family and thay also received me kindly and Made Me Welcome to there home I staid with them two or three weeks and Br Riser Made me apreasant of a pr New Shoes for which I fealt
very thankful I helped sister Riser with her house work and I did considerable sewing for her then I went and visited with Br x sister Bell\(^9\) some old acquaintance from London had a very pleasant visit with them for two weeks. then went back to Br Risers and Staid a short time then sister Riser and myself went to the tenth Ward to visit Br x sister Kliman\(^10\) Br Kliman was traveling Elder in New York when I was living there for a time they treated me very kind we Staid all night they wanted me to stay longer with them but I went home with Mr\(^8\) Riser again and in a few days Br Kliman came to see Br x sister Riser bringing with him his half brother and his wife Br and sister Nail\(^11\) who had just lately came in from California they spent the evening altogether very pleasant. Br. Kliman sais to his brother John if you want to do a kind act take sister Patience home with you and keep her and Make her comfortable she has had a hard Journey across the plains by handcart I know her well She needs to be taken good care of so she can get rested you are a rich Man and can afford to take care of her this winter Br a Sister Pail [Nail] boath said that they would like me to go with them if I felt I would like to go home with them they would call for me in the Morning I thanked them for there kindness and told them I would be ready in the morning they all left for the night and went back home to Br Klimans and according to promise they came for me in the morning with a fine span of Muels and a lovely California slay with buffalo roabs and blankets to keep me warm.

[I]t was a very cold day but the Sun was shining brightly I must say I felt a little homesick and low spirited when I reflected on my situation that I was here in a strange country among strangers No home No cloth\(^5\) to wear and no food to eat only what I had gave me but I tried to put these blue thoughts away and feel as cheerful as I could and I can say that Br x Sister Nail tried to make me feel as good as they could and when we arrived home to Lehi to my surprise that they had only one room to live in and there was two lovely fine beds in the back part of the room North. and the south part was a cook stove and living part of the room sister Nail soon got anice supper after which we had family prayers and sister Nail said she thought I was tiard and needed rest and I had better go to bed but I felt somewhat delicate about preparing for bed as Br Nail went was in the room it seemed that he understood why I did not go to bed so he very politely went out door\(^5\) then I said to Mr\(^5\) Nail which bed do Br Nail sleep in she pointed out to me the bed I was to occupy and she sais Br Nail will sleep in the other bed with me and baby and the beds was so close together only just anarrow Space between I thought this was terrible so Mr\(^5\) Nail sais I will put John over against the wall to sleep to Night then you will feel better I said allright and went to bed she sais we have just come in from California this winter and this was all the house we can get for the winter in spring we will build anew house I went to bed in
alovery warm bed a beautifull feather bed and New white blankets I felt to thank God my heavenly Father for all his blessings unto me and I also ask God to bless Br x sister Naile for there kindness unto me in bringing with them from the city and giving me such a comfortable warm home for the remainder of the winter I soon fell asleep in this nice warm bed but I did not sleep very long before I awoke feeling to warm and I felt sore and stiff all over my body I had been exposed so long to the cold and sleeping in the tent with very little bedding to keep me warm and then to live and sleep in a close warm room and the bed was so different to what I had been use too for several Months I thought to myself this bed is to good for me I thought perhaps it would have Suited me better to have had Some quilts on the floor I would not been So warm and sore : but sister Naile would not have listened to me if I had told her that My bed was to warm for me for both Br x sister Naile thought that I needed to be kept warm and comfortable after such a hard cold Journey I had crossing the plains in the winter time and beign eight weeks in the snow and pulling a hand-cart they did not want me to work but just take good care of Myself as I was somewhat warn down and did not feel So very stout

\[I\]n the Morning I got up to anice warm breakfast Br Naile got up first and mad the fire then Sister Naile got breakfast warm busqits Meat and potatoes and tea butter and Molaces : to me all thees things was very good after breakfast and the dishes was washed and put away I told Sister Naile that I was use to doing all kinds of sewing both plain sewing and dress making and that I wanted to sew for them I did not want to live with them and not work and do something for them : Br Naile went to his store house and fetched in a bolt of dress good and a bolt of bleach cloth and put them on the table and said sister Patience you need clothing the first thing you do we want you to work for yourself and use what you want to of this cloth to make you adress and from the bleach for under cloths x after you have Made your own cloth then Mrs Naile will let you Sew for her

My own sewing took me three or four weeks as we had no Machines in those days all our sewing had to be done by hand after I had made my clothing Sister Naile gave me Some Silk to make myself abonnet this I did I first Made the Shape out of pastboard then coverd it with the Silk Brother Naile gave me anice warm Shaul

\[A\]fter I had all my own work done and ready to wear Br Naile said that he had bussines in Provo and would have to stay there all night he Said he would take me to Pleasant Grove to see my Mother and Sisters he would leave me with them and call for me the next day and take me back home with him I was very pleased to go to see My dear Mother and sisters as I had not see them since we parted in the city two days after I came to Salt L. city thay was all very pleased to see me and quite suprized to see
me so well dressed they wounderd how I got my New clothes and Said I was very fortunate to meet with such kind friends and have such a good home I told my Mother how kind and good Brother and sister Naile had been to me and that they gave me cloth to make up for myself before I did any sewing for them they said that I needed clothing and after I had made my own things then I could Sew for them . and that I was going back with brother Naile to work for them which I did

Sister Nail said they wanted me to make two suits of Temple cloths she fetched the linen from california for that purpose I made both suits then I made Nine fine white Shirts for Br Naile this was a very hard task of sewing as the shirt bosoms cuffs and callors all had to be stitched by hand all the threads had to be drawn in order to have the stitching straight some of the shirt fronts had as many as 25 or 30 pleats in but when I got all this fine sewing done Mr Naile was very pleased with my work and suprized to see how nice I had made everything Br x sister Naile had been so kind and good to me that I fealt I could not do enough for them to repay them for there kindness to me in my destitute condition as I was in when they took me to there home in my heart I allways feel to bless them and ask God to reward them for all they did for me

As the spring opened and the nice weather came we had good enjoyable time I still sewed for the family early in the spring Mr Naile went to california on business he returned home in June that Summer he took two young wives Namely Susan and Roseann Zimmerman two sisters age eighteen Susan x Roseann 16 years old boath very young women but very nice girls and they had a good Father and Mother and several nice sisters there dear Mother was another to me in giving me good kind council I never will forget her good advice to me and the sympathy she had for me when I would relate to her some of the hardships of our hard Journey pulling the handcart she would say God bless you Patience

Well as I said Br Nail took those two young wives there was lots of Sewing to be done before hand there was three New dresses to Make he gave Mr Naile and the two sisters a New dress each all alike they had to be Made we all worked together to get them made before the Weden day came then Mr Naile wanted each one to have a white sun bonnet and I was to make them and stick the cord in the front port and then trim them with lace . finely everything was ready and they went to the city to get married . before they went Br Naile said Now Patience we will expect to have something cook very nice for us when we come home I answered all-right if you want me to go to cooking I can do it Yes he said there is plenty of currants and rasans and Sugar Make us some good cake so after they left home I talked with Brother and sister Kliman and told them that Br Naile told me that he would expect me to have something good for them
when they came home Mr Kliman said well will go to work and get ready for them you can Make the cake and pie I will get the peas and new potatoes ready and we will have roast beef we got everything ready for them they was gone two days and we expected them home for supper early in the evening but they did not get home untill half past twelve aclock they was all tiard and ready for bed so I did not get Supper Br Naile ask for some cake to be fetched in said that was all they wanted and we all went to bed

[The Next day] Br Naile envited Some of his friends to come and have dinner and we had avery pleasant time in the evening we enjoyed ourselvs dancing then we had lunch and danced again untell one aclock as we was all geting tiard the company left and we retiard to bed and I very soon went to sleep . after such a busy days work — we was all glad to go to bed thees are days that will never be forgotten by me so many very amusing circumstances ocured to numerous to tell15

[Very Soon] Mr Nail remooved his two young wives out on his ranch over the jorden river16 Sometimes I went to visit them for afew days I well remember one day Mr Nail had a band of horses in the corell branding them Mr Meckem was helping there was some sheep feeding out on the ranch Mr Nail's riding horse was tied to the fence he called and ask me to get on his horse and fetch those sheep up he nevr told me that his horse was just a young horse and quite whild he helped me to mount and off the horse went full speed he soon let me know he was a Whild animal at first I was afraid he would throw me of into the river he kept so near the bank of the river before I could get him to turn back home and when I did he went faster than ever I could not hold him at all finding I had no controle over him I laid the bridle rain across his nick loosen My foot from the stirup and right leg I put over the sadle17 by so doing I could balance myself better on the sadle and in this way I road about two Miles without falling of My horse when I got nearly home Mr Mechem said to Mr Nail that horse has run away with Patience thay said every Moment thay expected to see me fall of but I am thankfull to say I was able to keep my sadle and got home Safe as I neared the fence . Mr Mechen came in front of the fomeing brute and raised his hands and he Stopt sudingly giving me good hard shake Mr Nail came to help me of the horse he said well Patience you did fi ne not to fall of your horse but this is once the roses are gone from your cheeks I was glad to go in the house for I was tiard and glad to lie down to rest Mr Nail wanted to get me something to eat but no I could not eat anything I went to bed and staid there for Several days it seemed all I needed was to lie in bed and rest I fealt sore all over my body it was Some time before I went out horseback riding again here was another instance that I must again acknowledge the protecting hand of God to have been with me in preserving my life in such a time of danger he gave me preasance of mind what to do and how to secure
myself from falling of the horse and I must thank my heavenly Father
again for his protecting over me at that as in many other times I have
been preserved when I have been in danger of My life :

[T]he same summer I returned from the ranch and went to stay
again with Mr S Nail one evening she again ask me to accompany her for
another horseback ride at first I hesitated for a Moment I thought of My
past experence I had then she said there is only one horse in the Stable
and one mule I said well you take the horse I can ride amule she anwersd
allright and ask her brother inlaw to saddle the horse and Mule that we
was going for aride he said do you think you can ride amule I told him if
Mr Nail could ride amule I thought I could as he was a very gentle animal
So said we started of allright and had avery pleasant ride as far as ameri-
can fork when we turned back to come home the Mule was very anxious
to get back home and started of in full speed Mr S Nail said hold her in
saying I dont want to ride So fast I said she is allright just then I.fealt the
Sadle was loose and was turning I took my foot out of the Sturip but could
not balince myself as the sadle turning right under the Mule s belley and
I fell over the Mule head on my face I got up and ran and caught my
Mule he was very gentle and stopt when I called to him Mr S Nail jumpt
of her horse and said she would not ride any further but would walk all
the way home there happend to be a gentleman and two ladys coming in
a Wagon he stopt his teem and kindly came to my assistance he ask me if
I was hurt I told him I was not hurt very bad I said if you will be so kind to
sadle the Mule for me I will get on again he said are you not afraid to get
on again I said no he is avery gentle Mule and is use to beign roade but
this was the first time I have road him and I dont think the Man sinched
up tite enough for alady to ride him as aladys wait is more on one side
he said either ahorse or Mul le needs to be sinched titer for a lady than
a gentleman he helped me on the Mule again he said you are abrave girl
and of I started again after thanking this good kind friend

I had on ablack dress and I thought I had brushed all the dust of my
dress and that no one would ever know that I had been thrown of My Mule
I prevailed on Mr S Nail to get on her horse again and not to go into Lehi
leading her horse so she got on again and we thought we could go home
without anyone knowing of this accident and when we got into town some
young men friends of ours was standing in the road one called out hello
Patience and So your horse threw you off . I said no sir it never he said
what is that dust on your dress well I Said you can think as you like My
horse never threw me I did not tell a untruth because I was riding a mule :

[W]hen we got home Mr S Nail brotherinlaw was feeling quite anx-
ious for us to return home and he was waiting at the gate for us he Said
he was afraid that something was the matter as we was longer gone than
he expected he ask if we had a nice ride and if we got along allright and
he took our horse and Mule and put them in the stable bid us good Night
and ^he^ went to bed we never told him what had happened when we
got in the house and got the lamp lighted Mr^8^ Nail could see my face she
became quite frightenened I was terrably brused and My four front teeth
was knocked los nearly out and my chin was swollen also my shoulder
and neck was severely brused Mr^8^ Nail rubed me with pain killer Several
times during the Night and I had to press my teeth in place and hold
them in with my finger^s^ all night I never slept at all in the Morning I fealt
quite sick I did not feel like getting up but I was afraid to stay in bed for
fear the folks should find out that I fell of My Mule I could not eat any-
thing as my Mouth was to sore and my teeth was los So Mr^8^ Nail said if
I kill achicken and make some good nudle soup do you think you can eat
that yes I said I can that will be soft to my Mouth she ^Said^ Mr Nail will
be home for dinner and you will have to come to the table to have dinner
with us or he will ask where you are ^or^ if you are sick so It was aranged
with Mr^8^ Nail and Myself that I should eat Nudle soup that I could take
Some chicken on my plate and not try to eat it as my teeth was So los
I could not bite anything I was eating my Nudle Soup and trying to feel
as cheerfull as I could thinking I could eat my dinner and get away from
the table without Mr Nail noticing that there was anything the Matter
with me but as I sat opposite to him at the table he looked at me and said
Well . well Patience and so old kit made you kiss the ground last night did
she : at this boath myself and Mr^8^ Nail was suprized that he knew anything
about it he said it was to bad I hot hurt I told him I was not hurt very bad
I tried to feel as good as I could but it was three weeks before I could eat
anything but soft food and I began to think it was time for me to give up
horse riding as I had two narow escapes from beign killed :
In the summer of 1858, I became acquainted with Sargent John Rozsa of the tenth Infantry U.S. Army stationed at Camp Floyd Cedar Valley Utah. He was on furlow boarding at Mr Littlewood in Lehi. There he joined the Church of Jesus Christ and became a member of the Mormon Church. He was baptized by Able Evens and on the eight day of December 1858, we were married by the same Able Evens in a little log cabin at the Jorden bridge. The toll bridge was kept by William Ball and his wife. They were very good kind friends of mine. Mr. Ball and I crossed the Sea together with her daughter Caroline and it was here that I first met Mr. Rozsa and it was here that we were married.

Two days after my husband had to return to Camp Floyd and join his company as the time of his furlow was expired, he left me for a week with my friends at the Jorden bridge to go and get his room in readiness for me. He promised to come for me in a week, and when he had got his room ready, he went to the Commanding officer and asked for a pass for 24 hours to come to Lehi to fetch his wife home to Camp. His officer would not sign a pass for him and said he did not know he was married for he had been told that the Mormon girls would not marry a soldier and said you cannot have a pass you have had two months' furlow and you cannot go on no pass you. Say you have married a Mormon girl and that you are married according to the law of the Mormon Church. My husband wrote me a letter stating the reason that he could not come for me himself but that he had sent a man named Mr. Birchel to fetch me to Camp. At the same time, he went and had a talk with Bishop John Carson. He told the Bishop all what his Captain had said to him and that he would not allow him to bring his wife into camp. So Bishop Carson advised him to get married over again by the Justice of the peace Judge Porter and
let them have there own Witness . so when I arrived at farefield Bishop Carson meet me and told me that I was to wait at his house untill Mr Rozsa came as there was some trouble about his beign marred by the laws of the Mormon church . and said Mr Rozsa came to him for councel and that he advised him to be Marred over again by the Justice of the peace Just to satesfie his ofi cer to this I said there is no need off we are honorably Marred Bishop Carson Said I know you are and your Marrage will Stand good in the sight of God he said it will ^not^ hurt you to be marred over again . and it will satesfie those Men :

[S]o at Six o clock my husband came bringing with him Mr Trumbull and an Ungarion by the Name of Kalapsey a countryman of My husband Judge Porters wife and daughter was the four witness to our Marage in the ofice of the Justice of peace on the 16th day of December 1858 at farefield Cedar Valley Utah County

[A]fter the ceremoney I went to My New home in Camp Floyd there was allready asumptious supper provided for us by some of My husbands friends of his own company and company oficers was peasant to the supper thay all received me very kindly after Supper was over we spent every pleasant evening together there was about twenty to supper I must acknowledge some little bashfull and loansome as there was not one that had ever seen before only My husband in the course of the evening some of the company said that the Mormon girls was good Singers and ask me if I could Sing for them I told them that I wish to be excused that I would Sing for them some other time but they beged of me to sing them just one
good old Song and as Mr Rozsa ask me to sing Annie Lawrey I did So but that did not Satisfie the Company after atime they requested me to Sing again and my husband Said there was one Song that he would like me to Sing to his friends and that was the brides farewell as that was a favorite Song of his I told him I would try to sing at the best I could under the circumstances as I had just left all my own dear sisters & brothers and my dear Mother had got Marred and left them all and all thees things
John Rozsa wedding picture. Photo courtesy of Drusilla Smith.

came to my Mind and it seemed it would be a hard task for me to sing that touching old song neverless I told My husband I would try it so I did and I sang it through better than I thought ^I would^ and the company gave me great praise thay thought the words was beautifull and very appropriate for the occasion I told them it was . . but the words came home so close to my feelings that it was a hard task for me to sing it all thay thank me for singing to them and said that they would not ask me to sing to them again that night then I beged to be excused said I was tiard as it was geting late

[I]t was then eleven a clock and Mr\textsuperscript{s} Trumbull alady friend of my husband\textsuperscript{s} took me to my room as she had been fixing and preparing this
room for My husband during the past week and when she opined the room door she said this room has been prepared for you and we have made it as comfortable as we could for you we have done the best we could do she said I daresay you will think the furniture very rough and plain but there is not anything to get out in this New country She sais Mr Rozsa would have got more comfortable but there was Nothing in the stores now untill summer then there will be plenty and you will be able to have things more comfortable then she began to tell me that Mr Rozsa got the table and two benches and bedstead Made by the carpenter all of plain lumber no paint on them a straw bed two pillows and Some good warm blankets then she Showed me my cupboard it was made of three boards nailed together three shalves with a curtain in front she slipt the curtain aside and Said see the contents of your cupboard this is all we could get there was six new tin plates two tin cups she said thees two cups and saucers alady loand to Mr Rozsa as there was none in the store to buy as we thought you would feel bad to have to drink your tea out of atin cup and a big quart cup at that all this time I did not talk but very little but my thoughts was busy enough all the time in the cupboard in paper there was one pound of allspice one of Cloves and one Cinnamon one of pepper and some salt coffee x tea x sugar there was no floor only a dirl floor awagon cover served for a carpet in front of a blazing fire on the hearth a New bufalow robe was spread and a lovely large camp chair coverd with red cloth was standing on the robe this was apreasant to me from Mr John Kalapsery an Ungarian friend of My husband and one of the wetness to our Marrage and he also made me apreasant of afine young durham cow as a weden preasant.

[O]f course I fealt quite loansome at times in my New home away from all my friends I was very comfortable and my husband was very kind and did every thing he could do to make me feel as happy as I could he knew this was anew life to me to come to live in a Soldiers camp . one day he sais now you are acknowledgd as alaundress in the company and will be aloud government rations then you will have to take your share of the companys washing every week and see that there cloth are properly washed for them every week they will bring on Monday Morning and thay will came for them on Friday : Why I said am I expected to do all that washing I told him that I never had been use to do but very little washing in my life and was not able to work so hard he told me that I did not have to do that washing that he would do that himself if we could not hire some women to come and wash for us but he told me that there was any of the Men Marred in the company that was the rule for those Marred folk to attend to the washing of the company s washing four Man are aloud to bring there wives into the quarters and draw rashons for them with the understanding that they are expected to see and get this
washing done if they don't do it themselves and every man shall pay them one dollar per month for one dozen pieces and government furnishes all the soap. I was not able to do any washing. So my husband would get up at one or two o'clock in the morning and get all the washing done by nine o'clock in the morning. This was his first experience in washing, but we could not hire a woman there was no help to be got for several months. Then when we did get a woman, we had to pay two dollars and fifty cents per day, and later I was able to hire a woman and pay her twenty dollars a month and board and gave her the privilege of going out two days in the week to work for others after she had done my washing and ironing.

So I got along very comfortably with the washing and my husband was relieved from that duty as my health improved. I was able to help with the ironing, but I did no washing for a long time as my health was very delicate for more than two years after I was married. In September or October previous to my marriage, I went with Mr. Nail to Salt Lake City to get some peaches and there came a very cold snowstorm and froze the peaches that night on the trees. I took a severe cold and had a bad cough which brought me down very weak for a long time. I got some better but still had a bad cough for a long time after I was married and went to Camp Floyd. My husband consulted the doctor and he ordered me a hot bran bath to be steeped in a barrel with the head taken out, then set me in the barrel and filled it up with water as hot as I could bear it. He then covered me with a blanket just a little opening so that I could get air to breathe and gave me hot pepper tea to drink and kept me in for an hour if I could stand it, but I got so weak they had to take me out when I had been about an hour roled me in the blanket and laid me in bed to sweat as long as I could endure it. And for three hours I sweated terribly. This was a very severe treatment, but it broke up my cold. I had neither tasted my food or been able to smell anything for four months, and the next morning I was able to taste and smell, and from that time I began to grow better but did not get very strong could do but very little work all the summer.

^My mother came to stay with me^ January 30th 1860. My eldest son was born. My mother stayed with me four months as I had a very severe sickness and was brought down very weak and low. I got better and was able to take care of my dear baby boy. And I felt to thank God that me and my husband was blessed to have a living child to cheer and comfort us and enliven our home and we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves together with our dear boy. We would often talk over the time when he would not be a soldier any longer and would look forward to the time when we would be living in our own little home and could be free to do
as we please and My husband would be a free man and could go to see his friends without asking for a pass for a few hours the Militery laws are very strict and these laws were all new to me for I had never had any experience of a soldier's life before I was married to Mr Rozsa he proved to be a most devoted husband and father to his wife and children but our happiness did not last very long the next summer 1861 the war broke out between the North and South and orders came for the troops to leave Utah and go down to Washington.

At the time the order came my husband was gone with his company to Ruby Valley two night after he left me late in the night there came a knock at my door. I ask who was there the answer was afraid I said what do you want he said I want you to open the door and let me in I told him he could not come in I was not alone I had a young girl living with me all the time he was talking I was putting her out at the back window to go and tell Mr Stevens to come quickly as some man was breaking into my house and before they got to my help the man had broken in the door but I took my baby and ran out at another door before he caught me this so enraged him that he swore most dreadfully when I got out in the street there was plenty of help came to my assistance but I did not stay alone that night after that in the morning I reported to the commanding officer Captain Clark he came to me to enquire all particulars. Said he felt sorry that I had been so disturbed during my husband's absence ask me if I could swear to the man if I should see him I told him I could not for I was too frightened that I did not have time to look at the brute I took my baby out of bed and ran for my life when I heard the door split down and I saw he had room to get through the opening I had then to go through another room before I could get out in the street. and as the door was bard and bolted I was afraid he would get me before I could get the door opened but thank God I got safe away from him a neighbor Mrs Obrian took me in and ask the man for why he went to disturb me in breaking into my house when my husband was away and I was alone his answer was to her don't you trouble yourself that's my business he said. he walked off away from us in the darkness of the night.

I returned to my home but I did not go to bed Mr Stevens Staid to guard me and the Young girl the remainder of the night and I told Captain Clark when he came in the morning that I was afraid to stay alone at night and ask him if he could send some good man to guard my home at night he said that he did not know if there was any man that he could rely on that he would like to send to stay in any part of my house I told him there was one man a friend of my husband that I was not afraid to have come and sleep in one of the rooms and that was Mr Walton one of the Clerks he said well if you have confidence in Mr Walters it will be good that you have a good guard to protect you at Night I told the Captain that I knew
this man and I believed him to be a Man I could trust. then he sais I will make arangments with him to come and guard you and if anything happens again that he report to me.

[A]accordingly Mr Walters came in the evening I prepared abed for him to sleep the same night about nine aclock there came a nock at the door Mr Walton was prepared with a loaded pistle he told me to answer the knock I ask who was there the Man sais it is me well I said who are you he said open the door I told him to wait amoment then I got away from the door and Mr Waltons was there with pistle in hand behind the door and then he opened the door and ask the fellow what he wanted he said he wanted to see Mr Rozsa. Mr Walters told him that he could not see Mr Rozsa at that late hour then the Man said and why are you here you are wanted out side for amenut or two afriend wants you and took Mr Walton by the hand and tried to pull him out side Walters told the fellow to leave go his hand or he would be Sorey then I was afraid he would shoot the man then I began to trimble but the man let loos of Walters hand and ask him if he was going to stay there all night he said yes every night untill Mr Rozsa come home that and that I would not be left alone any more was the order from Captain Clark the fellow left and I was not troubled again then my Sister Maria came to stay with me. the same fellow came one day in the after noon but he found I had company and he went away and when night came My guard came as usul I told Mr Walters that the fellow had been in the Afternoon and that I believed it was the same man that Split open my door and his name was Abreham he said he will not come here to Night if he do I will shoot him but the fellow never came again and soon after my husband came home and his captain came to see me after he heard that I had been so Molested during there absence Caplain Dudley sais why Mr Rozsa I thought you surely would have been brave enough Soldier$ wife to have blowed the fellows brains out and he said I left my soard with you why did not cut his head of when he got through the door that is what you should have done and Not have run away from him I said oh Captain I could not have got away from the fellow and I had my baby and a young girl to take care of I was thankfull that I had strength to get out of the house before he got to me well well he said it was to bad that he got away without beign hurt he ought to have been shot it is to bad that you did not know the fellow after atime I was told that the man that broak into my house was Abreham that was the same that came to my house in the afternoon and I was afraid to tell My husband that I beleived it was Abreham that broak into my home I was afraid there would be more trouble for I beleived my husband would shoot him and then perhaps he would have got into trouble allthough the fellow ought to have been severely punished for Molesting me during My husband absence he was No Man only a poor coward: and this was not the last time that he tryed to
do me an injurey but thank God much as he desired to harm me he never had the power to do so and this trouble that he caused me was because he got intoxicated one day when he was on guard duty and My husband was Sergant of the guard and ^ordered^ him back to his quarters and he used such bad language that he was punished and / was orderd to chop wood that day he raised his ax to strike my husband and said he would kill him but my husband was to quick for the fellow and wrenched the ax out of his hand before he had time to strike the blow then my husband orderd the other men to bind and gag him to Stop him from swaring^30^ : after this he told his comrad^s^ that if ever Sargent Rozsa left his wife alone that he would break into her house and do me an Injury if he could that he would have his spite out on his wife if he could not get it on him : he tryed several times^3^ but the Lord deleivered me out of his hands every time .

[The orders came for the troops to leave camp on the 22 of July 1861 .] the week before my husband and Myself & baby went to Pleasant Grove to bid good bye to My dear Mother brothers x sisters and friends thay all fealt very bad that I should leave them and go to Washington DC._in Such troublesome times and did not want me to go but stay with my Mother and let My husband go alone without me thay said if he got killed in the war that I would be left there with strangers and perhaps would never be able to get back home to Utah again . but thay could not prevale on me to Stay with them and I knew how dissapointed he would be if I did not go with him as I had promised to go with him : when the orders came he ask me if I would go with him I told him yes he said Patience I can never leave you and My child my dear little Son I told him not to fear me . for you have awife that will go with you as far as I can go knowing you Must obey orders of course I feel sorrey to leave my folks but I will keep my promise to you and go to Washington with you I dont supose I will be able to go any further with you if I can I am willing to go whare ever your lot is cast and share in whatever hardships you may have to endure I ask him if he rememberd what I promised him before we was Marred that I would go with him for five years were ever he may be called to go if I was able to travle and it was to aplace were a woman / could go . that I would go with him No Matter how hard the Journey may be . then at the end of the five Years that he would have to bring me back home to Utah to this he willingly agreed too my Mother would not have fealt so bad about my going with My husband if it had not been that he was going into the battle field She said he may get killed in the battle then I would be left in astrange land all alone with my little child and perhaps never be able to get back again to Utah I told her it was my duty to go with ^him^ and trust in God that I would come back allright I knew my husband had go he had then two years and Six Months to serve his countrey this was his second enlistment^31^
On The Trail to Washington

July 27–November, 1861

[W]e left camp Floyd [cedar Valley] the 27th day of July 1861. About noon it was a lovely day. Our first days march was to the Jorden river. We camped there for the night. We arrived there early in the afternoon as so many of the cattle was so wild and the teemsters was inexperienced driving cattle. They had a terrible time with the teams and was late getting into camp and some did not come in until the next morning. The QuarterMaster had been to Lehi to buy hay for the animals and some man came to camp with a load of hay. An old friend of mine Mrs Simmons came on the load of hay to see me and she invited me to go back home with her and stay all night as the company was camped there for the night. She said that we thought it would be nice for me to go and spend the evening with my old friends and go back to camp in the morning. I asked my husband if he was willing that I should go and stay with Mrs Simmons all night and came back in the morning. He said if I wanted to go he was willing so after the man had unloaded his hay I got on the wagon with my friend Mrs Simmons. I bid good night to my husband and we started to her home. When we got a little way from camp she commenced talking to me. She said now you are away from camp I daresay you will not go back there again but stay with us. I asked her what she meant by talking to me in that way. She said if I was in your place I would never go back there to Mr Rozsa again and if he wants you let him desert and come back here to you. She tried hard to prevail on me to take her advice. I told her it was no use what ever for her to try to endure me to leave my dear husband in no such away and that it was none of her business. We were happy and comfortable together and I had promised to go with him as far as I could go and that I would never prove myself false and untrue but that I intended to go with him all the way to Washington and further if I was allowed to go so you can never persuade me to leave My...
husband and stay with the folks here and to think of him deserting in the time of War is death for a soldier to desert and I told her that there was Men in Utah that for the sake of Money was Mean enough to report that Sargent Rozsa had deserted and was here in Utah with his wife and then he would be arrested and sentenced to be shot to death then what would have been my feelings know that I would have been the cause of his death I said I would rather go with him than cause all this trouble to come on him of cours we boath fealt bad having to go away from my folks well Mr Simmons seeing she could not prevale on me to take her advice she left me that evening at Mr Nails ranch with his family and she went home she never came to See me in the Morning to help me back to camp and I had to walk two Miles and carrey my baby I got up early and we had breakfast then My old friend Mr Ball came with her daughter to bid me good bye they was feeling sorry to see me go away from all my friends Mr Ball said I told Mr Simmons that I knew that she could Never prevale on you to leave your husband for that you and your husband loved each other too much for her ever to think that she could enduce you to come away with her and not go back to him again but she said that she would go and try it but she found that could not accomplish her desires then she left me to get back to my husband the best way I could My dear old friend Mr Ball sent her daughter with me to help carrey my baby and we had not gone more than half Mile before I was meet by one of the men of the company My husband had sent him for me as he had been told that I was not going back to camp again Captain Duddley told My husband that he never ought to have let his wife and child gone away with that woman he said he beleive that she came on purpose of geting Mr Rozsa away and will try to perswaid your wife not to go with you he told him that it was impossible for him to leave camp himself to go for me but that he had better send one of the Men for me . My husband told the captain that he did beleive for amoment that his wife would ever Yeald to any perswaidions of that kind he told the Captain that he had greater confidence in his wife than . that she ever would leave him in any such away : at the same time he confessed to me after that he did not feel very good about it after I had gone with Mr Simmons but he never thought at the time that she ask him if he was willing to let Mr Rozsa go back with her and stay the Night that she was going to try to get me to leave him . not untill the Captain came to him and talked with him . then he thought if that was her Motive for coming to see me before I left . he took the captains advice and sent one of the Men for me and . when I arived in camp the Captain and Men all came around me and congratulated me on my safe return to my husband saying we all was afraid we would not see you again when you went of with that woman but we are all glad to see you again7:
[I]n about an hour we was on the March again we crossed the Jorden river and went as far as Cottonwood and then campt for the night next Morning we traveled as far as Echo canyon here I had avery great missfortune the Man that drove My Wagon laged behind the company for Some reason but I was not alone in the wagon the poor lame baker was riding with me and my baby this Man Vance was the name of our driver he got angry and cross with the mule and used awfull bad langwage and beat the poor dum anemels terrible and at last he took out his knife and cut there poor Mouth until the blood run on the ground and I got so frightened and ask him to stop beign so crewel to the poor Mules then he again used bad language to me saying ah C I never Saw such a nervous woman ^in^ my life as you are I told him that when we got to camp that I would report him to my husband at this he got very angrey we went along for about amile then we came to a big creek and the water was very deep and as he turned to cross the bridge the baker Said ah Mrs Rozsa he is going to throw us into the creek the poor fellow Sais I will hold on to the wagon bows and you take care of your baby and hold on to Me no Sooner than he had spoken this the wagon went of the bridge alog broak of the bridge that prevented the Wagon from turning completely over and kept us from beign in the water the poor Mule was all under water only there heads to be seen above water that kept them form drowning the good Mr Flavord the baker cut the Wagon cover and got out side the wagon he tied a red handkerchif on his crutch and shouted to the tap of his voice to the company that was a head of us then he got of the wagon and was trying to get me and my baby out . when the whole of the company came to our assistance and thay soon got the Mules unharnest from the wagon unloaded the wagon and got that out the wagon was loaded with provi- sions and napsacks which if the wagon had turned ^entirely^ over would all have come on to us and we would have been all three drowned . here was another instance that I must acknowledge the pratecting hand of God to be over me for I do know that th it was only by the power of God that our lives was saved from awatergy grave at that time : for I do beleive that wicked Man had it in his heart to do me some bodly harm in Some way as he tried it again the same day .

After every thing was alright the wagon reloaded we got in the wagon again the Men all in Marching order Some in front and other in the rear of the wagon just before we got into camp the fellow drove to near the side of the mountain and turned the wagon over again this time boath Myself and baby was badly brused and the poor baker's lame leg was hurt bad it was Some time before we could be got out of the wagon as so many things was on us several sacks of oats this time the commanding offi- cer Captain Duddly was very angrey and reprimanded the fellow severly and orderd him to his company and told him he should not drive the
wagon again but to march with the rest of the men the next day: but in the Morning the fellow was Missing he had deserted and had stolen the best Mule and we never saw him after: but we heard that he went over to the southern army.

[T]he same Morning I had to have a new teamster I beged that thay would give me some good Man to drive that I would not be afraid off aman that would know how to drive and to my great suprise and horror that same man Abraham came and Said that he would like to drive Mrs Rozsa's wagon and got in the sadle and took the lines to drive the Mules I said to the baker I dont want him to drive us he is abad man and I am afraid of him the captain said he could drive for the day then he would See that I had aregular teamster one that I could depend on so I found I had to have this awfull Man Abraham to drive me that day and when everything was ready to Start the company starting out first from camp then the teems and as we started this Man Abraham went to near the revene that his mules had to go down I cryed out to let me get out with my baby there was three wagon Masters and plenty of help the head wagon Master orderd this man to get of the Mule and he himself got in the sadle telling me not to be afraid with all the help he had that I was perfectly safe so he drove down the revene himself he told me not to be afraid that there was to many Men holding on to the wagon to let it go over I was trembleing like a leaf all the time but the wagon Master understood his business he drove safely down and then drove back up again. I Must say that here was a time for any wagon master to prove his skill in driving and he said I had prooved myself to be quite a brave woman and he told me that I should have agood teamster from that time and he went and got avery respectable young man that had come into camp the night before and ask for employment as teamster said that he had been use to driving six in hand and he wanted to work his way back to Kancas City So the Wagon Master brought him and introduced him to me Saying his name was Jones and told him that he wanted him to drive thees Mules carefully as Mrs Rozsa and baby also the poor lame baker would ride in the wagon and he promised the wagon Master that he would obey his orders and thanked him for giving him employment and here I must say my trouble ended about having bad drivers for this one Mr Jones prooved to be a good kind Man and a thorough good teamster we had no more accidents and when we came to bad place to cross and rivers to ford I had no more fear of beign thrown out of the wagon into the water for as he had promised to be carefull in driving me and my baby he prooved faithfull to his promise and he drove me all through the long journey from Echo Canyon to Kancas to fort Leavenworth.

Here the teamsters was all discharged and the command Staid here for two days. then orders came for the tenth Infenity to go to
On the Trail to Washington, July 27–November 1861

Washington D C captain Duddly came to me and ask me if I would like to
Stay in Leavenworth Said I could have good comfortable quarters at the
fort he said that he did not know how things would be in Washington he
expected that the rigment would be orderd to go to the feild as soon as
they could get ready and I would be left alone he seem to think it would
be best for me and My baby to stay at fort leavenworth as I would be near
my Mother if anything happened to my husband in the battle field to
this arangment I did not feel that I could agree too I told the Captain
that I had left all my friends to come with my husband knowing when
I left My folk that he was going into the war and I came with him to
go as far as I could go with him and I beged of him Not to leave me in
Leavenworth but take me along with the company to Washington that I
did not want to part with My husband untill I was obliged too I told the
Captain that I knew I would have to be left some day before long when
the time came for him to go in the field but I hope that he would let me
go with my husband to Washington with my hard pleading . his heart was
touched and he said Well Mr Rozsa you shall go with us : ^but^ he said
that was thinking it would be better for you to rest and I could have got
you ^a^ comfortable home here at the same time we will like to have you
with us and we will take ^you^ as it is your wish to go :

[H]ere I must return to our journey on the plains for there is many
instances I wish to record in this Journal one day at noon we camped for
dinner and to wait for teems to come up as thay was very heavy loaded
thay did not travle So fast as the men and we had to wait for them the cap-
tain said he could not leave the teems so far behind as there was anumber
of ^Mormon^ family in the wagons that had aplyed for protection and
help from government to get back to the states thees was women that had
left there husbands and had taken there children with them and Caplain
Duddley Company was orderd to escort thees familys back to the States
and protect them from harm and See that thees women and children had
plenty of food all through the journey this time while we was waiting for
the teems to come in camp an Indian came in Sight he was standing on a
low Mountain Not far from camp and one of the Soldiers shot at him no
sooner than the Soldier had fired of his gun . than the Indian returned
the Shot the bulet passing beween myself and Mrs Murphy we was stand-
ing ^talking^ with our babys in our arms she Said oh Mr Rozsa what shall
we do see the Indians are comeing upon us and we will be killed as there
was More than a hundred Indians came in camp and demanded the man
that fired at the Indian this was the chief that did the talking to Captain
Duddly the chief Said thay was peacable and did not want to Shoot but
now thay was mad and would fight the captain would not give up the
Soldier and for atime there was trouble in camp the Indians wanted pro-
visions and amunition the captain would not give them amunition but
told the chief he would give them provisions if he would let one of his Men go on express for him and he would pay Money for the Indian that would take a message for him back to the Wagon Master that had not got into camp and that he was waiting until they came in so the Chief agreed to send one of his men so he called a young Indian to Mount his horse and go back to take a message from Captain Duddly to the wagon Master telling him to hurry into camp as soon as possible

At this place there was a man and his family living in a log cabin that had come to this place every summer to burn lime. This good man took us women into his cabin. He said he was sorry that this trouble had happened there for he said he and his family had never had any trouble with the Indians that had always been very friendly but now they were so angry that he was afraid they would be troublesome. The Indian returned with a message from the wagon Master to the captain, but we had to camp at this place for the night as all the teams did not get to camp.

Before six o'clock in the evening a man came to camp searching for his wife and four children. The captain told him that his wife was not in camp. The man said if she was there all he asked of her was to let him have his children. I felt sorry for this poor man. Of course, this was a bad act of Captain Duddly. He told all to this man. His wife was in camp. The man lingered around camp for a long time until late hour then he left. And some time in the night the overland Mail coach came along and the captain put this woman and her four children in the coach and they were sent back to the states and government paid all expenses.

The next morning we started on our journey as usual. The captain having settled with the Indians and we had no more trouble with them we were not many miles from Fort Bridger. About noon three men on horseback came along our captain. Believing he was somewhat afraid that he was going to have trouble as these men were known to be quite noted characters. Namely Porter Rockwell, Bill Hickman, and Lott Smith. But they passed along and did not stay in camp or come to us at night as we thought perhaps they would do as Lott Smith's second wife and a young baby was in one of the wagons with her father and mother going back to the states.

The next day we came to Fort Bridger arrived there at noon. Staid there until the next day there I meet with some friends of my husband. We spent a very pleasant evening the next morning we were preparing to start on our journey. Sargent Wright came to my wagon to bid me good bye. I was feeling somewhat downhearted he said why Mrs Rozsa you must cheer up and think for the best you will go with your husband and after the war is over you will return safe back home to your folks dry up your tears and don't let Mr Rozsa see you crying it will make him feel so
bad and you know he has so many duties to perform and so much to see too in the morning that he cannot be with you but he wanted me to come and talk to you and cheer up alittle he said it was a hard trial for you to leave your mother and brother and sisters said he knew you felt it keenly Sergant Wright said of course we don't know what will befall any of us through the war but we hope for the best that we will go and do our duty hoping that we will come out allright now dont cry any more cheer up I believe your husbands life will be spared to bring you back home again to your Mother the poor fellow tried to comfort me all he could he was a true friend both to myself and husband but shortly after we left fort Bridger his company was ordered to leave there for Washington D. C. to be in readiness for field duty and we did not meet again untill we arrived in Washington.

[T]he morning we left fort Bridger was a beautifull bright morning. No sign of storme we travel'd our usual hours camped about one o'clock in the day some time about five or six a clock the sky got black and dark it began to thunder and lighten terrible we all took to our tents for shelter but the wind began to blow so awfull that every tent in our company was blown down except our as we had strafy over our [ink blot] in strange guy ropes that held our tent more securely than the other at first we were afraid the tents would be burned with the lightning then it commenced to rain and we felt more safe as the tents became wet the storm lasted over an hour as soon as my husband could leave the tent he went to see if his men was allright he found them all soaked with rain but all alive unhurt they lying beneath their wet tents some putting there heads from under there tents calling to know if Mrs Rozza and baby was safe my husband called the roll every man answered to his Name they put up there wet tents the best they could taps sounded and all retired for the night we were the only ones in the company that had dry blankets that night for which I sincerely thanked God my father and for sparing our lives we was well provided for storms my husband secured a piece of tarpoling the size of our tent and when the rain came we drew that close around our bed and the water run through the tent in torrents and we was perfectly dry while all the poor mens blankets and clothing was all wet but after the storm was over we settled comfortably for the night and slept good.

[I]n the morning when reveille sounded my husband arose went to call the roll he came back to me to tell me I need not hurrey to get up as we would not be able to start on our journey before noon as Sergant Carey was killed by lightening and all the men nine in number was struck by lightening two men was struck blind the other was black spots on them and all was very sick that Sergant Carey would have to be buried before we could leave camp. Mrs Russel a lady traveling in her own carriage by day and sleeping in it nights the top of the carriage was
broaken in pieces and the carriage so injured that she could not use it that
day it had to be repaired but Mr\textsuperscript{5} Russel was not hurt at all but very
much frightened poor woman she had need to be thankfull as I was and
acknowledge the protecting hand of God to have been over her at such
aperilious time : after the funeral was over we started on our journey we
had not traveled very far we came to the overland Male station\textsuperscript{25} the dwell-
ing house barn and stable hay stack\textsuperscript{5} was all on fire there was one man
standing in the road he Said the lightening set it on fire the family left got
away unharmed . to me this seemed a sorrowfull day

[A]fter this we seemed to travel quite comfortable for Several day .
then we again came to a trading post there thay Sold Whiskey . the Captain
went and forbid the Man from Selling any kind of drink to the Soldeirs
Some of the men went to the place to trade and thay got drink and com-
menced to quarrel and fight another Young Man standing by went to part
the\textsuperscript{5} two men and got Shot and was killed the next Morning we again was
detained in camp and could not start untill late as this poor fellow had to
be buried then we traveled on again in peace for a few days\textsuperscript{26}

[O]ne Morning after My husband went to call the roll he came
into my tent he sais the commanding ^Col Cook^\textsuperscript{27} officer is gone an
express came from Washington ordering him to report at head quarters
in Washington so he left by stage in the night then Captain Clark was
apointed commanding oficer of the troops the poor men that was Struck
with lightening was left at Laremeny\textsuperscript{28} in the hospital as two was totely
blind and the other Six was sick unfett for duty I never heard anything
more of those poor men we traveled on every day without any more seari-
ous accidents

[A]riving at fort Leavenworth\textsuperscript{29} here we staid aday or two then we
left and went to St Joseph here we could travel no further on the rail-
road\textsuperscript{30} the men had to travel on foot and leave there wives at this place for
another day and night my husband left me in charge of Sergant Murphey
and wife thay was very kind to me and my baby I was not feeling very
well in health or spirits either I fealt so loansome Mr Murphey went and
engaged room at the Hotell for the night I was feeling So nervous I told
him that I could not Sleep in aroom by myself in a strange place and ask
Mr\textsuperscript{8} Murphey to pleas let me have abed in the same room with them and
thay very kindly did and I slept quite comfortable and in the morning I
was feeling better we had breakfast and went over to the railroad station
and waited there for orders to moove which we was anxiously waiting for
at any moment we women was not told all the particulors about the trou-
ble that was the cause of our delay and why we could not go at the Same
time our husband\textsuperscript{5} did . but after thay had left us the new\textsuperscript{5} came to us that
the railroad bridge had been destroyed by the rebels and the train could
not cross the river and that we would have to wait untill there could be a
flat boat made to take us over the river when once over the river we could travle again on the railroad.

[A]bout six oclock in the evening word came for us to leave we had eight Miles to go by railroad to the river and when we arived there we found Captain clark and Several other Magor Mongomery and other to help us lady and children this boat had been across the river with one load and returned to take another load I got my bagage on one large sack with beding and one with clothing everything necessary for traveling I was standing on the boat with my baby boy John allready to Start and aman came on the boat in great haste takeing me by the arm he sais I beg of you Mrs Rozsa to come of that boat I dont think it is at all safe he took my baby and helped me of I told him My bagage is on the boat he said Never Mind the bagage you come quick I told your husband I would look out for you . and help you now he Sais here is a small skife just hold Six pirsons there is only five in the boat you get in with your baby . Captain Clark came to me he Said Mrs Rozsa hurrey on the flat boat or thay will go and leave you all is ready to start I told him I was not going on that boat I was going across the river in the small boat he said he did not think the man would take me with my child as he may get frightened I ask the boat man if he would take me he said he had allready one lady and child that was Mrs Myrphy and her little boy four years old I told him that my baby boy would be allright that I could take him between my knees and keep him still if he would take me on I knew my boy would not make any trouble so he told me to get in the boat the Man Sais I want to tell you ladys before we start this is arough river and there is many snags in it and if My oar gets caught in asnag I dont want you to get frightend and hold onto me let me have my arms free to work with and I promise you that I will take you over safe now be calm the water is very deep and the curant is swift but we are all safe if you will keep quit

[N]ow we start this flat had a staut roap atached to it this was tied to atree in the woods this boat went straight across the river and our Small boat the man went under that roap in front of the flat boat to land us alittle ways further up the river we had only got clear away from under the roap when bang went agun as we thought I looked back towards the flat boat I sais it is no gun the roap is broaken and then we see the boat was turned over and all the pasengers was in the river the moon was shing beautifull so we could see and hear the poor creatuers screaming for help and we came near beign in the water too . poor Mrs Myrpty husband and two children was on that boat and the poor woman got So excited that she was going to get out of the boat before the man could get to the landing place he sais I beg of you all to keep quiet or I cannot Save you the poor man said he promised to take us over safe and if we would
keep quiet he would land safe which he did when this accident occurred my first thoughts was to again acknowledge the goodness of God unto me in sending that Strange Man to tell me to get of that boat surely he was a guardian Angel unto me and my dear child and I cannot think that he was sent to me by any other than God My Father I never saw the man after that dreadful night I always feel to ask God to bless him and reward him for this noble work he did to save so many from drowning that night I was told that he threw of his clothes and jumped into the water and caught the women and swam with them to the bank and others took the women and children from him I was told that this man saved twenty lives that night Mr Myrphy was saved and one little girl but his eldest nine year old girl was drowned there was eleven in all drowned

When we landed in the wood there was a hutt that some workmen had built Magor Mongomary and others soon had it pulled down and the planks thrown into the river for the people to cling to in this way many was saved we made fires in the wood and laid the poor things by as soon as they got out of the water but they had no dry clothing to put on like myself all was gone down the river I will never forget that terrible night I laid my baby boy down by the fire as others did while we helped to take care of the poor things they was wet and cold

One poor woman she was on the first boat that came over she fetched over there baggage left her daughter with two little children ababy three months old and a little boy about twenty months both lovely children this Young Mother twenty three there name was Gill thay was all drowned. the poor old Mother was going to jump into the river to help her daughter she sais I can hear My Maggie calling for her Mother I caught hold of her and told her she must not do that or she would be drowned also She said oh I must go to my poor Maggie it took two or three of us to keep her from jumping into the water poor woman she was a widow and Maggie was all the child she had and Maggie had married a soldier and he came to Utah in Johnston’s Army and her Mother came with her as she could not live without her Maggie she said

After all was got out of the water that could be Saved Magor Mongomary said Now Mrs Rozsa take your baby and come to the cars you can do no more than you have done there is a train waiting to take you all to the little town Easton there you will all be taken care of there you will Meet Your husband all of us ladies that came over in the small boat went into the cars and then those that was in the water after a time was fetched in poor things then came our husbands looking for there wives and children our husbands had been waiting for us to join them the town in Easton and thay had made arrangements to have a grand Supper altogether that night as we would have to travel the next day but when thay heard of this accident as soon as thay could make arrangements
to come to us they came we was not expecting them to come to us then as Magor Mongomry had told me I would meet my husband at Easton but when they came into the cars one after the other asking for their wives it was a scene long to be remembered there first words where is my wife is she dead or alive then I heard my own dear husband oh Patience are you and my boy here are you saved I called out yes I am safe thank God an our Johnie too he Sais oh thank God they told me that my boy was drowned I then said if he is drowned I know his Mother is also and he said I know she will never let him go from her I cannot find words to tell of the joy of those Men that found their wives and children safely landed in the railroad cars but oh the grief and sorrow of those poor men that there dear wives and children was drowned poor young Mr Gill had lost his wife and two lovely children as he did not see her in the cars only her poor Mother alone he called out where is Magie and my children Mother are they drowned then the poor Mother told him her poor girl oh my Yes they are all three gone Yes they are drowned they are in the river gone for ever from us oh never never can I forget that terrible Night

[T]hen there was My friend's Mrs Wilson's and her two children fetched into the cars she was in the water with three children she saved two her Eldest boy nine years old was drowned Mr Wilson was very thankful that his wife and two children was saved but oh there grief was great as thare Eldest boy was drowned the poor boy being with another boy the same age held on to the boat as long as he had strength then he let go and went down the stream the other boy David King held on until he was rescued by Some man this poor boy Said I kept telling dickey Wilson to hold on fast but poor Dickey cryed and said he could not and he let go and went under the water and I did not see him any more he said poor Dickey we wont play together any more. the same age and were play Mates David Said when the boat turned over we was together and we held onto the boat he said I called to a man to help us and he told us to hold on he said he could not help us then and when he came for me poor Dickey was gone poor Mrs Wilson the Mother of Dickey told me that she told her little five year old George to hold on to her and fast her two year old girl She had in her arms said she struggled hard and go to the bank climed up some little way by pulling on the grass that gave way and let her back into the water again there was a man in the water struggling to get out she asked him to help her he said I have enough to do to save myself so she said she made another effort to get up the bank and got out safe with her two children but oh she said she had heard her poor boy calling Mother and saw him clinging to the boat but when she got out of the water she could neither hear or see him he was gone from her sight never to see him again in this life we often talked together of that
dreadful night after we got settled in Washington we both lived in the same house for a year.

Mr. n Mrs Wilson was very kind friends to me Mr Wilson had three hundred dollars in a belt around her waist when she was in the water which came unfastened in some way when she got out of river She found her money was gone she did not seem to grieve over the loss of her money she thank God that she had saved her two children but her eldest boy was drowned that was her greatest sorrow

We waited in the cars for some time until all that could be saved was fetched into the cars and cared for in the best way that could be under the circumstances Mr Wilson Capt. Gove was there with some of her own clothing she helped to get the wet clothing off the poor women and put her one dry clothing on them and when all was done for the poor creatures that could be done for them. The train started for Easton

It was a short ride to this place the train stopped and we all got out of the cars My husband and myself and baby Mr n Mrs Wilson Mr x Mrs Merphy and children and some other married folks all went to a German boarding house where my husband and Mr Wilson had ordered Supper to be ready for us when the train arrived not anticipating such trouble but thinking to spend a pleasant evening altogether the supper was all ready the table spread with the best of food but we none of us felt to eat. I took a cup of tea and so did some of the other poor Mrs Wilson was in a delicate condition and had such a narrow escape from drowning and such a hard struggle to save her two children her strength gave out and we prevailed on her to go to bed with her two children. So she laid down for a few hours also Myself and Mrs Murphy after her poor little baby girl was better she was so near drowned we thought she would die after working with her for an hour she got better and Mrs Murphy went to bed with her two little children there eldest girl Lucey Murphy was drowned Mr Murphy had Lucey and the baby girl on the raft with him he saved the baby but poor Lucey was drowned and he himself had a hard struggle for life as his clothing was so heavy and he had his side arms on and gun and overcoat on he lost his gun in the water he could not hold on to it and save himself and baby now I think this was one of the most unjust acts I ever heard off when Sargent Murphy came to report to his officer that he had no gun that he lost it in the water he was told that he would have to pay for his gun after the hard struggle for his life and his dear daughter Lucey being drowned and to save himself and his other child he let go his gun I made the remark to my husband that it seemed that these men thought the gun to be of more value than their lives.

After we all rested for a few hours in the morning we felt some better we partook of a little breakfast but those poor fathers and Mothers that had lost their dear children could not be comforted their grief was so great it was a sorrowful time.
The land Lord and his wife was very kind to us and sympathized greatly with poor Mr x Mrs Wilson having lost there boy also Mr x Mrs Murphy in loosing there daughter they did all they could to comfort and console them and they told us what an atrocious accident that was when that bridge broak and let into the river the train loaded with pasengers he said that the southern soldiers was encampt all around in the woods knowing that the Union soldiers was expected in from Utah and was going through to Washington D. C. they cut the bridge underneath and made everything in readyness so that when the train came on the bridge thees soldiers would be all Killed. The train came along on time and instead of the Soldiers being on the train it was a passenger train with four or five hundred passangers and the most of them either killed or wounded and some was scalded he said nearly the whole town went to the bridge when we heard that the cars was in the river this gentleman sais ladys I never before beheld such a sean people drowned in the cars all pitched onto one another blood washing out of the car windows the people in the cars had no chance to escape it was one of the most cruel thing I ever heard of. That was the reason you was detained at St Joseph you had to remain there until the flat boat was made to bring you across the river as the rebels had destroyed the railroad bridge:

The our husbands had already left us again by early train that morning we had aguard of several men left with us: about eight or nine oclcock A M word came for us to start on our journey again the train was allready at the Depot — we to hurrey and get there as soon as we could we bid good bye to those kind folk and Made for the train as fast as we could we had no baggage to bother with as everything we had went down the river arriving at the Depot we scarcely had time to get seated before the train started our guard was Mounted out side on the top of the cars

We had not traveld many Miles the railroad on each was corn fields I was siting near the windows with my baby on My lap abulet came wizing just in front of my face and past through the opisite window the conductor opened the door and called out all hands down on the floor we was in an instant all of our Seats on the floor we dare not Moove untill the train was on an open road and we was in safety not one of the Men dare leave there post on top of the cars it was wounderfull that not one of them got shot neither any of the train Men but when the train stopt and examined the cars some parts there was number of bullet in them but no one was hurt the men told us that the corn fields was full of rebel soldiers.

That night we joined our husbands again traveld all night in the morning my husband had to leave me and say most of the time with his Company as some of the men got drink and made trouble with others I can say the most of the men of Company C. was good Men Mr Rozsa My husband was first Sargant of the company and his men all liked him and they was alaways on hand to help me in any way they could
We had some women wives of men other company's traveling with us some of those women I did not acquaint with at all I felt them beneath my acquaintance — so they commenced to insult me and call me an old Mormon woman I did not care for that, but I had never been used to such company and abuse I must confess I was afraid of those women and when my husband came into the car to see how I and baby was getting on if I wanted anything I told that I really could not stay in this car with those women that they had insulted me and I begged him to take me with him and let me be with the Men of our own Company I knew they would treat me kind and good that all knew I was a Mormon woman and they would not insult me as those women had done My husband said the cars was full he did not think I could be in were there was so many Men it was so close and warm I said take me from here don't leave me for I am afraid of some of those bad drinking women they quarreled with their husbands when they came to see them so he said he had to go and I said and I go too I told him if there was no room in the car were he was with his Men if he could put me in a baggage car with the company's baggage I would be contented to be there so we past through car's were the Men was and went into the baggage car there was six of our own Men guarding the company baggage My husband told the corporal that he had brought Mr Rozsa to stay with them until morning and for him to take care of me and baby he told the men I was nearly worn out with the journey and needed asleep they all promised him that they would take good care of me and my little boy My husband got some blankets from the Men made me a bed on the napsacks and I laid down with my baby and fell asleep My husband said he would stay with me as long as he could and when I awoke after six o'clock I enquired of the men were Mr Rozsa was they told me he had been gone atime but told them to let me sleep untill he returned after atime he came bringing with him general Brooks an old friend that was in camp Floyd Utah when I was married to Mr Rozsa he left camp Floyd one year before we left he went home to his Father and when the war broke out he joined the Union Army and when he meet my husband he was anxious to know if Mr Rozsa came with him Mr Rozsa told him I was on the train he said I must see her well general you will find her in the baggage car and told him the reason I was not traveling with the other women so my husband brought him to see me at first I felt a little bad that he should find me traveling in a baggage car with no other than Men the general was very pleased to see me and I was delighted to meet an old friend he said well Mr Rozsa I never thought you would come with your husband I did not think you would leave your friends in Utah I told him it is a hard journey but I could never let him come without me that I was going with him as far as I could well he said this is very hard on you and you must not feel bad cheer up you will soon get through to Washington he again said it
is rather tough on her Sargant and he could not say any more only gave me along . good by shake of my hand . he told my husband he had agood true wife said she is abrave woman to come with you in thees ^traubsome^ times . my dear husband told the general he knew he had afaitfull good wife said I was willing to leave ^my Mother and^ all my freinds to share my fate with him and go with him as far as I could before he was called to go into the battle field : again general Brooks Said I never thought Mr^s Rozsa would ever leave Utah :

Returning again to our stay at St Joseph^s I will now refer to a Young woman with a baby one month old44 she was traveling to go to her husband who was a volunteer Soldier he had left her with his Mother afew weeks before the birth of there child when he left with his rigment for the ^battle^ field she promised him after there child was born and she was able to travele that she would take there baby for him to see before he went into battle as he did not know if he would be killed ^in battle^ or Not and he wanted to see ^them^ boath Mother and baby before there rigment was called into action , So according to promise she said she was going to take there baby for him to see . she came into the waiting roam to Stay with us as she was told that we was soldiers wives the poor Young creature She seemed to be down hearted and was feeling bad She Said she thought she would feel better to be with us as we was Soldiers wives we could Sympathize with her . I should judge she was eighteen or nineteen years old and frail looking it was a chiley damp Morning and She was not dressed very warm and My friend Mr^s Wilson thought her shoes was to thin for such damp weather ask her if she had any thicker shoes to put on the poor thing said no that was all the shoes she had so Mr^s Wilson told her she had better go to the store and get some staut Shoes as she would take cold as it was rainig the poor young Woman She sais I have no Money to buy any shoes with said she just had afew cents over her railroad fare Mr^s Wilson gave her five dallor bill and told her to go to the Store and buy herself agood staut pr shoes So she did and returned with the change to Mr^s Wilson thanking her for her kindness Mr^s Wilson would not take the change from her but told his to keep it and get Something good to eat on her journey . . this poor Young woman and baby was on that flat boat the same as Mr^s Wilson . Mr^s W. and children got out of the water and there lives was spared but that poor Young Woman and baby was drounded so the poor Young Soldier never saw there baby . amonth after we arrived in Washington word came that her body and baby in her arms was found lodged in some brush that had been washed on the bank^s of the river also Mr Gills wife and two children and Mr^s Murphys little girl was found and Sent to Washington . :
to the "bagage" cars was pleased to find me and baby feeling so good after our good rest and sleep he told me we would soon be to Baltimore and then he would go off the train to the hotel and order breakfast for me as they would stay there some hours for the Men to get there breakfast when the train Stopt at the Depot My husband came for me and took me to get breakfast at a private house I did not want to go to the hotel as I had lost all our clothing that was all gone down the river So Mr Rozsa was recommended to this private house said we could get breakfast there they very Nice folks only lady x gentleman they got us a lovely breakfast and was very kind to us when we told them of the terrable accident that had befallen us on our Journey and had lost all our bedding and clothing they was very sorry for us and gave me things to help with my baby for I had no changes of clothing for either of us and as we was going to stay in Baltimore for a few hours I ask My husband to go to the store and buy me a dozen Yards of calico shirting which he did and the lady of the house helped me to cut out two aprons for my baby and a shirt for my husband. and we started to make them then about noon we had to leave and get on the train again and start for Washington and before we arrived there I had finished my babys apron and a shirt for My husband so they both looked quite clean when they got dressed ready for landing in Washington but I had no time to make a change for myself I had to do the best I could untill I could get my trunk then I had plenty of changes it was very fortunate for me that my trunk was in the companies bagage wagon and not on the raft with my other bagage in a few days I got my trunk allsafe.
Washington
November 1861–April 1866

[T]he day we arrived in Washington is a day that I will ever remember we were camped all in the street for several hours it seemed every place in the whole city was occupied. My husband came to me after he had attended to his company. He said Patience I don't know what to do with you nor were to take you too. I said cannot I go with you and your men? No he said our men I expect will have to stay in the street all night he said he did not think there was room to pitch tents and they will have to sleep on their blankets but the Captain says we must find some place for the women and children it seems that every place is occupied for hospitals for sick and wounded Soldiers that are fetched of the battle field.

[W]e were camped in front of large hotels very soon we saw them bring out quite a number of poor sick and wounded Soldiers onto the balcony after while all we women and children was told to go into that hotel they had cleared out two large rooms for us to go in there was about a dozen beds where these poor wounded men had been and we was told we could use those beds and we must do the best we could as that was all the room we could have those beds was good nice bedding sheets and pillow slips all looked white and clean but to think that poor sick men had been occupying those beds and the bedding not changed for us poor tired out women tired as I was I did not feel that I could get into that bed. I said to a friend Mrs. O'Brien I cannot undress and get into that bed she and myself and children was told that we could occupy one bed I sat up all night with my baby Mrs. O'Brien put her two children to bed and laid on top of the bed herself.

[I]n the Morning the Misstress of the house came up to the room and Some of the women had taken there children out on the balcony to wash them and Some had been down stairs and got hot water and was washing a few aprons for there children oh me how this woman did scold and called us all the dirty things she could think of and wanted to know were we came from and said she hoped the captain would soon find
another place for us. She had no sympathy for any of us poor women such as myself that had lost nearly all I ownd. My all my traveling clothing went down the river but this woman would not listen to anything. Then after she had scolded all she wanted too she sais when you are ready come down to breakfast in ashort time we went down Stayrs she meet us in the hall way in asharp tone she sais come this way to your breakfast accordingly we was seated around the table to agood breakfast then this woman looked very dissdainfull at me and said you put your child on the floor you cannot have him at the table with you I told her I had no one to take care of My child and he was not use to be put on the floor while I eat. I told her that I would not set to the table to eat agood breakfast and my child to go without and ^I^ was about to leave the table When her Neice told me to keep my seat and give my baby something to eat and for me not to mind what her Aunt said so we booth made agood breakfast which we booth needed

[A]fter we all returned to our room we made up the beds and cleaned up the room Some of the women went out walking and did some Shoping I remained in my room studying my condition and I must Say feeling Somewhat downhearted my husband away on duty with his company and the Society of the women I was surounded with was not at all congenial to me altogether I did not feel very comfortable but I tried to feel as good and cheerfull as I could I did not want to Make my dear husband feel bad because I knew he was doing the best he could for Me under the circumstances we was placed in I new he could not be with me all the time as he had So many dutys to attend too in his company ^I^ well new that he would come to me as soon as he could.

[T]he women that went out shoping returned in time for dinner at one oclock word came for us all to go to dinner avery nice dinner was provided for us at the expence of Uncle Sam he is a pretty good old Uncle for we was provided with plenty good to eat. but when we was all seated at the table this old Materen came and looking around the table she saw that her neice was Siting beside me so she said Margrate I don’t want you to set by the side of that woman —saying she is an old Mormon woman from Utah. the poor girl answerd her Aunt in this way oh Aunty that wont hurt me to sit by her. the old woman was mad as could be at her neice. and ^who^ thought my feelings was hurt. at what her Aunt said that I was an old Mormon. the girl thought to comfort me So she said never Mind eat your dinner and give your baby Some then she talked and petted my child and Said poor little dear but She did not leave the table but Sat by me untell She had finished her dinner how she came to know I was amormon. she ^herself^ was a catholic and in our company there was several Irish women and thay did not like me because I was a mormon So I concluded that thees women told the Matron that I was amormon woman from Utah:
[I]n my travels I was looked at and pointed at as a curiosity on one occasion when we arrived at Quincy we had to stay there for several hours in the waiting room it being Sunday and people was coming from church it was rumored in town that there was a Mormon woman from Utah at the station said she was in the waiting room very soon a big crowd came into the room the minister and his wife in the lead I was sitting near the door with my baby on my lap by the side of my friend Mr Wilson the minister bowed and said good morning ladies I hear you have a Mormon Woman here from Utah saying I would like to see her I laugh out at him Mr Wilson sais yes sir we have a Mormon lady here and if you want to see her this is the lady and ask him if he could see any difference in me and the other women she said this Mormon lady is just the same as the rest of us women. he never said a word but they all stood looked at me with surprise I guess they expected to see me with horns or having a dark Skin like an Indian. Mr Wilson said well. well did I ever see such alot of ignorant folks that walked around the room keeping their eyes on me as if they was afraid I would get after them it seemed to be a wonderful thing that a U.S. Soldier should marry a Mormon girl and bring her away from Utah but so it was and that soldier was a Mormon likewise secretly he had joined the Mormon church but we understood each other and we took comfort and consolation in all the trials we had to pass through in those trying times. and when the matron at the hotel called me an old Mormon Woman it did not hurt me at all I could feel to rejoice in the midst of all and I knew that I was blessed with a good kind husband that would protect both myself and child under all circumstances as long as we was together in Washington but here he would have to leave me some day among strangers and he New not the day or the hour when he would be ordered to enter the field of battle.

I will now return to the hotel again and say after dinner my husband came to tell me that he had succeeded in getting a place for me to stay until his company got quarters they was still camped in the street I told him I was very thankful to leave that place my husband told the proprietor of the hotel how his housekeeper had insulted his wife and that he had got another place for me to stay the gentleman said he was sorry and wanted me to stay there told me not to take any notice of her he said she is a crazy old woman and we don't notice her I told him I should leave now as my husband had got a room for me were he thought I would be more comfortable I thanked him and took leave of all and went to my New abode

[I]t was at a rooming house kept by a lady and her husband and a head girl they received me kindly and tried to make me comfortable there house was full of Men lodgers and this worried me terrible as my husband had to leave me there with those Strange people he told me
the lady would take care of me that he would have to stay with his company
but Said I will come and see you again at six oclock . in the afternoon the
lady Sais I dont think we can let you have a room to yourself and ask me if
I would Mind having some one else in the room to sleep I told her I had
never slept in a room with strange people and I would not like it I told her
my husband was coming to See me in the evening and I wanted him to
stay with me if he could do so . she did not say any more she saw I did not
like to be put in a room with strangers . she got Supper . and my husband
came in he said he could not Stay but a short time with me the lady left
the room for a few Moments then I told him that She said perhaps she
would have to put some others to Sleep in my room I told my husband
that I was afraid to stay here without him ^I Said^ if you cannot stay with
me take me with you I said I will rather stay in the street all night with the
Men of our own company with you than stay here without you he said oh
Patience you could never endure to be out in the street all night in the
cold and damp you would get sick and then what would become of our
poor baby boy well I said dont you think you can stay with me after roll
call dont you think you could leave your men he Sais I will go and See My
Captain and tell him how you are situated I sais tell Captain Duddley that
I am afraid to stay here without you So he left me saying he would see me
again before I went to bed . about eight oclock the lady of the house ask
me if I wanted to go to bed I told her that My husband was coming to see
me again before I went to bed about half past Nine oclock he came said
he would stay with me all night he said the captain told him to Stay with
the men untill after taps and See that the men was all in camp and gon to
bed then he could leave camp and say with me the night but not to let the
men know that he was away from camp that he must be back in camp at
five oclock in the Morning . this news was a great releif to My Mind . and I
was ready to retire to bed for I needed rest and Sleep I was So near waurn
out not having any regular Sleep for near two weeks . but to my suprise
the lady led us to our room we had to go out doors and up along lader
My poor husband Sais were the Devel is she going to take us too I said I
dont know when we got to the top of the lader she opened a door Saying
this is your room she lighted alamp and left us the room was a large room
very low sealing two double beds a center table and two chairs a carpet
on the floor the beds was not clean as some one had slept in the beds and the
sheets was Soiled if I said this is the room that she intended for me when she ask me if I would Mind if she put some one in my room to
Sleep . oh dear what would I have done if you had not Staid with me to
night I surely would have been frightened Nearly to death and thought
I would be killed my husband Sais he beleived thay was honest folks
and would not have hurt me I said well it may be the best accomedation
thay had . but the lady may have put clean sheets on the bed for us the
bed and room was good if it had been clean. We did not sleep but very little for bed bugs: they were kind and good to me and my baby, but the lady and girl had so much work to do all the time cooking and waiting on folks that their beds were neglected.

My husband left me early in the morning. He said he would be back again after the men had breakfast before he left. He said when I am gone lock the door or someone may come in. I was very glad when it was time to get up and go down the ladder again. I dreaded the thought that I should have to stay here another night when I went down to breakfast. The lady bid me good morning and asked me how I rested. I said not very good. I told her I was tired to sleep good. I said I had been traveling so long that I was nearly worn out. I did not like to tell her the reason I could not sleep if I had said the bed was not clean that the bed bugs bothered us so bad. I was afraid she would perhaps insult me the same as the other woman did at the hotel. So I thought it best to endure these things and say nothing about it as I did not expect to stay there many days and I hoped I may not have to stay another night.

Soon after breakfast, my husband came. He said the captain told him he expected to have quarters for company that day as the New York volunteers that occupied the quarters in Anderson Square were ordered to the field and as soon as they leave he said he had the promise of these quarters for our regiment after dinner. My husband came with the good news that our men were in good comfortable quarters. He told me he had come to take me there. You will have two good comfortable rooms to yourself. I did indeed feel to thank God in my heart. It did not take me very long to get myself and baby boy ready. We just had to put on our rags that was all we had. Just what we had on was all the clothes we had until my trunk arrived as all our traveling clothing and bedding was on that unfortunate boat and went below the last line: the Missouri river. The lady of the house said she would have liked me to stay longer with her. I thanked her and told her I would be very glad to go with my husband so that we could get settled for a short time and be together as long as we could before he was called to the battle field. We did not know one hour to another when we would have to part and perhaps for ever in this life. I said he may fall in battle at the same time I always tried to look on the bright side and hope for the best. That he would go and do his duty and return home to me again. This lady kindly asked my husband to bring me to see them again if he had the opportunity to do so before he went into the field and we promised her we would call on again. Then we left her and I went to my new abode.

I had two nice rooms. We bought a stove and the necessary things for housekeeping and in two days we were very comfortably fixed as we were told that the regiment had such a long March from Utah and rest before going into the field.
[W]e arived in Washington the early in November [1861] and staid there untill the tenth of March the men had good comfortable quarters and everything on in the regular way the men did duty every day and Night in Washington D C and Many soldiers was needed to guarde the capatle buildings also the Presedent there was terrable times in Washington those days excitement all over the countrey but it seemed that the men could enjoy themselvs in the midst of all this trouble I suppose this is a soldiers life it seemed to me that they would enjoy life as long as they could for the men of our company Surely had agood time the four Months thay was in Washington

My husband beign first Sargent he was very much liked and respected by the Men of his company as he allways studayed the interest and comfort of his men as Christmas was nearing he talked to me and said he would like to give the Men a christmas dinner if I would help him he said the men will have to go to battle before many weeks and this will be the last christmas that many of us will live to see I was feeling Somewhat downhearted when he talked to me in this way knowing that My dear husband would have to face the same danger as the other men I told him I would do my best to help get the dinner for thees poor Men if he would let some of the men help me he said you can have all the help you need and the men will be glad to come and help you : tell me what you want for dinner he said he would like turkey and roast beef & pork with vegetables plum puding and Mince pie I told him I would make seven pound pudings it would take that many pudings for the company and about twenty five pies the cakes we could buy and fruit we had an excelent compary cook I said I would undertake to Make the English plum puding and pie as I was an English woman and the cook was a german he said he did not want to have anything to do with making the pudings he had he never had made an English plum puding but Said he would like to how too . . I gave him the resepe , one lb ^seeded^ rasons one lb currants one lb good beef sewet one lb eggs one lb sugar one lb flour one lb grated bread crumbs one half lb . lemon peal chopt fine one half ounce Mixed spices one cup of brandy one teaspoonfull salt mix over Night in the Morning ster the contents well again So as to be well Mixed then tie in acloth if have the water boiling before puting the puding in then keep the puding boiling for Nine hours occasionally ading boiling water to keep the puding from burning to the botom of the katle or pot used served with brandy dip the old English fashon is to pour brandy over the puding on the platter and set fire to it and set it on the table while burning—so Much for English plum puding

At twelve oclock on Christmas day the table was set for the ^whole^ company and the Men all sat down to afine Christmas dinner and it surely was the last christmas dinner for many of those poor men for Nearly all
of company E tenth Inft. fell in battle\textsuperscript{8} after they had there dinner nearly one and all came to thank me for helping to cook them such a good dinner and said the pudding was fine: poor fellows Many of them said it would be the last plum pudding you will make for us Mr\textsuperscript{8} Rozsa they did not ever expect to see me again after they went into the field: and surely this was so — for there was but very few of them came back from the battle field . . this was December 1861 . and March 10 . 1862 word came for the regiment to go to the battle field at three o'clock on the Morning of the tenth of March 1862 .

At that early hour aknock came on our door I was allready awake but My husband was sleeping I called to him telling him someone was calling him at the door in amoment he ask who come\textsuperscript{8} there the answer was Sargent I have orders for you to get up and prepare three days rations for your Men and be ready to leave camp at ten o'clock to March for the field saying that is Your orders and left . . then my poor husband said Now Patience I will have to leave you to do the best you can and take care of our boy now I must go to the Men and the cook Must get up and get the Men breakfast early: Yes I said and I will get up too no he sais you lie ^and^ rest No I cannot Sleep and I will get up and get your things ready I will pack your clothing in Your Nap sack and get breakfast for you but it was very little breakfast either of us could eat that Morning . it seemed as if the time flew so fast that morning that ten o'clock came so soon every thing was in readyness for starting at the appointed time and my dear husband kept So busy all the time he did not have amoments time with me and baby untill he came in for his gun and napsack and I handed them to him and he bid me good bye asking God to bless and take care of us untill we meet again oh me that terrible Morning that parting . but I braved it the best I could for his sake I Never let fall a tear to let him see I tried to be ^as^ cheerful as I could to cheer him as Much as I could I knew how he was feeling having to leave me and his child to share our fate amonug Strangers ^alone^ without him\textsuperscript{9} . he sais My dear Patience I have been in battle befor times but then I did not have this trial to go through I had no wife and child to leave behind Now I go with aheavy heart we dont know if we will meet each other again or not he said we will not all escape we dont know who will be killed in battle I told him I would pray to God for him that his life would be spared for him to return again to me and his child and he told me after he came home that when he was in the greatest danger he thanked God that he had afaithfull good wife that was continualy praying unto God for the Safety of his life he said he fealt the influence and consulation and help from my prayers ) for his safety through all battle\textsuperscript{s} that he would be engaged in

To me those was sorrowfull days I was left alone with my little boy then only two years old amoung strangers but I cannot say with out friends
for I found many warm hearted friends in Washington people when thay learned that I was a soldiers wife and a stranger in Washington thay was very kind to me and my child several store keepers came to see me and wanted to know My circumstances and to me to go to there store and get whatever I needed and never mind the pay thay said you are a soldiers wife and must be taken care of said your husband is fighting for the sathy of our lives and property and we stay in our comfortable homes while he is going through the hardships of this terable war and we are willing to take care of you and your child come to our store and get anything you Need. I thanked those gentlemen for such thay was thay said that my husband was an Ungarean and that thay was Ungareans also thay said that when Ungarians meet allthough thay may be strangers to each other that thay allways treated one another as brothers and was willing to help each other and that thay would like to help me in any way thay could I again thank them and told them that that [sic] I was not in need of anything at the preasent time as government furnished me My provisions every Month that was sent to me also my fireing and if my dear husband's life was spared to return home to me again after the war was over I would be allright as I would Never want for anything as he was afine Scholar and was capable of undertaking ahigh positian and earning agood Salery nevertheless it was very kind and good of them to come to see me thay said that they promised my husband that thay would call on me . . after he was gone in the field:

The same Night that My husband left in the Morning there came a knock on My door. I called out to know who was there answer came a friend. then I got up and called to My friend Mr Wagner who My husband had Made arangments with to stay in one of my rooms I told him that there was some one at the door he took his gun and went to the door and ask his business the Man Said he wanted to see the lady Mr Rozsa Mr Wagner opened the door and Saw apirson standing there dressed in woman's cloths with a heavy vale over the face Mr Wagner Sais You cannot come in here and tried to shut the door and the fellow pushed and tried to come in and Mr Wagner put him out and would have shot him if he had got into the house this was a man dressed in woman's clothing a bad wicked man I have no doubt I was very thankfull that I had a friend to call on in time of need . and that I was not left alone that night for it was unsafe for awoman to be alone in those days.

In the next house was another Soldiers wife alone with her two children this fellow I could hear went to her door our rooms was only Just made of lumber so we could hear quite plain Mr O'Brien was the lady living next house to me She called out who comes there when he knocked on her door he said I want to come in she said you had better stay were you are if you know when you are well off I will blow your brains out if you...
atemp to come in here saying you want be the first man I have shot so you can take your choice you can go of about your business or take abulet the fellow went of and we did not hear any more of him . the Next Morning Mr Obrian came to see me she said said [sic] she heard some one come to My house but she knew I was not alone or she would have got up and come to me she Said I loaded My gun and was ready for business if he Should come to me I would be ready for him she said I guess I scared him I told him he was acoward to come to Molest ^Soldiers^ women I would have shot him if he had broak ^in^ my door Mr Wagner told her he he was a man dressed in woman's cloths with athick vale over his face he said that he saw he had whiskers and when he put him out from the door he found it was aman that he was handling the fellow ask him what he was doing here I was very glad there was no shooting but there Surely would have been if he had insted in coming into the house for Mr Wagner was allready prepared for shooting I was very glad he went away and did not trouble me again12 :

[T]he next Morning a volenteer reagment came into the square the quartermaster came and ask me who I was and if My husband was gone into the fi eld I told him Yes the company left for the fi eld the day previous I told him my husband was first Sergant John Rozsa he said that thay must have my quarters for the general I told him I had no other place to go he said thay would moove me to another room and So thay did and when I got there to my suprize I found that thay had allready mooved two other women with there children into the room and there was scarcely room enough for us all to Stand in the room I told them that thay need not unload mny things that I would try to get another place that we could not all live in one room I staid there for about two hours Mr Williams another Soldiers wife went in serch of other rooms she was very fortunate in securing two nice rooms one for herself and one for me the lady let her have the rooms cheap rent when she found we was soldiers wives left alone to shift for ourselfs the best we could she only charged us two dollars and fifty cents pr Month as rent was very high in Washington in those days we thought we was greatly favord and we was truely thankfull and before Night we was comfortably settled

[T]his was on the twelft of March [1862] we remained in this place untill Sometime in July then through my ^husbands^ old friend dieng in the house I again mooved to another place Mr Obrian came to see me and Said as I was not feeling well13 I had better go and Stay with her she had one large portable government house would have been two good rooms if divided but as it was there was only one large room and she had allready taken in another woman and two children thay occupied each end of the room and I had the center part we each had our bed table and two or three chairs the one Stove anserwd for all three familys it was
warm weather and we put up another stove out door\textsuperscript{8} we got along very well untill Mr\textsuperscript{5} Obrians husband got wounded and she heard he was in the hospital at Baltimore and She went to see him and fetched him home with her and he also had to occupie the Same room poor Man he was Sick and had to lie in bed

I was not there many days after the seven days battle\textsuperscript{14} My husband came to see me he fealt bad to see me living in this place he got atent for me to live in he Staid only one day and Night with me then he had to go back to his company after he was gone I was afraid to Stay in the tent alone at Night Mr Wilson and my husband made arraignment\textsuperscript{5} to rent ahouse together thy had the promise of ahouse as soon as the people mooved out that would be in aweeks time so My husband left me in charge of his friend Mr Wilson so in afew days he came and told me the folks had Mooved and he would send aman with teem and Wagon to moove me and my things this was good news to me .. then Mr Wilson sent for his wife to come to Washington she was then in New York we lived very com-fortable together for ^nearly^ two Year\textsuperscript{8} then She went back to New York state to there farm and My husbands time was expired he was disscharged came home to me\textsuperscript{15}

[W]e rented the whole of the house and kept boarding house he had allready obtained asitution as clerk at headquarters of the army abranch ofice of the War department at asalary of one hundred and twenty five dollars pr Month we spent avery pleasant and comfortable time together after My dear husband came home safe from the war I fealt to be one of the happeyst and most blessed of women and I fealt to thank God my heavenly Father in answering my prayers in behalf of my husband during that terrable war I indeed could acknowledge the had of God in preserving My dear husband\textsuperscript{8} life through such adreadfull war and bringing him home again to me when So many hundred\textsuperscript{8} and thousand\textsuperscript{8} of poor Men fell on the battle field. leaving there poor wives and children to the mercy of other\textsuperscript{8} to care for them I knew of one poor woman in Washington when the news came to her that her husband was killed in battle she had Nine children the Sad News coming to her so sudingly caused her to loose her Mind she was taken to the hospetal and her poor children to the poor house to be taken care off I fealt that God did bless me and My dear husband to meet again after so much trouble and so many severe trials that we had past through dureing the war

[B]ut our happeyness did not last very long . well do I remember that terrable Night that Presedent Linclon was shot the excitement all over the city . for days . and then in May [1865] we left to go to Fort Leavenworth Captain Thayer\textsuperscript{16} was orderd to fort Leavenworth and he wanted My husband to go with ^him^ as transpertation clerk as the soldiers was ^beign^ Musterd out of the Army after the war at first I was not
willing to break up our home in Washington as we was saving Money I had agood business keeping boarding house I was able to pay rent twenty eight dollars pr Month ^and^ pay all expences of the house myself ^doing this^ and we could put away my husband Monthly pay I work very hard and saved in every way I could I was so anxious to get Money enough to get back home to My dear Mother brothers and sisters in Utah that I left five years ago as Captain was avery good friend to My husband I gave up to go with him to Leavenworth the Captain knew our circumstances and he knew that we were both working hard to make money to buy an outfitt to go back home to Utah to my folks he said if he could help us in any he was willing to do so he talk very kind and good to me and said Mr8 Rozsa your husbands traveling expences will be paid by government as he will be my clerk and your expences to Leavenworth City I will pay Myslef and then you will be a good many hundred Miles nearer Utah when you get to Leavenworth and I will assist you all I can to help you get your teems and wagon for your journey so I consented to go with him and My husband and we prooved Captain Thayer to be a true friend also his wife.

[W]e began at once to make preparations to leave Washington we made an agreement with Mr Trambull our friend that was boarding with us to buy us out for three hundred dollars and to pay us thirty dollars pr Month he sent for his wife and they still carreyed on the same business and when I got to Leavenworth I thought I would rest for a while and take care of my three children myself17 and not take boarders again but after I had been in Leavenworth a short time many of the clerks in the same office with My husband wanted to come to board with us and I again went into business and very soon I had to hire help I had thirty five boarders they paid one dollar a day. we bought a fine cow and we were very soon doing a good business and made money My husband still had good wages one hundred and twenty five dollars pr Month house rent and firing free and his rations pr Month

[W]e staid in leavenworth not quite one Year in the spring we prepared to leave for Utah My husband bought two Span of Mules and a fine Span of black horses for our carriage and large freight wagon Captain Thayer bought those horses for his own self but sold them to My husband very cheap as he thought they would be nice for our carriage and he said he had promised to help us when we was ready to leave and I can say that in every way he proved true to his promise about a month before we left Leavenworth Captain Thayer was ordered to go to Fort Lyons and he again wanted My husband and myself to go with him and his wife Mr8 Thayer was a very nice lady but very delicate in health they had no children She said she almost envied me my three little boys they was both very anxious we should accompany them to fort Lyons as it would be a very lonely place for Mr8 Thayer the Captain said it would be so much
company for them if Myself and children would go there with my hus-
band he oferd Mr Rozsa affine position with good salarry we could have
done well there I had no doubt . at the same time I was tiard of Mooving
from place to place and we had made up our minds that when we left
Leavenworth that we would go home to Utah Surely Captain Thayer and
lady had been good kind friends to us : and I know thay fealt sorrey that
I would not consent for My husband to accept that position and take me
and the children with him I thanked the captain for all his kindness and
good wishes towards us and told him that I was anxious to get home and
settled in our own little home with My dear Mother as I was nearing my
confindment and I need rest and quiettude . he said he neew it would be
better for me to go home . but he still wanted my husband to go with him
I said that I was not able to go the journey alone without My husband with
my three small boys the Eldest only Six years old
Back to Utah
April 18–July 21, 1866

So at last captain Thayer and his wife left for Fort Lyons and we prepared for our journey to Utah and on the eighteenth of April 1866 we left Fort Leavenworth. My husband accepted a position as Clerk to Major John L. Mclintock to Fort Duglas Utah. We started with fine outfit two span of Muels and one span of fine black horses one freight wagon and carriage we was well fitted out for our Journey with plenty of provisions for the Journey.

[T]he morning was quite damp and chilly when we started and after we camped for night it rained so bad we staid in the carriage all night. My brother John his boy and the teamster slept in the wagon. My sister in law staid in the carriage with me and the children. My husband threw a wagon cover over the carriage and he took shelter under that the night was cold. I begged of my dear husband to come in the carriage so that he would not get wet. I told him we could all keep dry and warm but he said no that he was all right. But still I felt very anxious about him knowing how delicate his health was and before morning he caught terrible. I told him that he had taken cold and it proved that he had he was one of those stout hearted men that would never give up until he was obliged too. He was a broken down man his constitution was gone when he returned home from the war but he never complained as long as he could get around both his mind and body was full of activity and courage to the last before he took his final discharge from the army he obtained a government position in Washington. He came home to Washington D.C. on the sixteenth of October 1863 having been discharged in New York the next day he reported himself at headquarters for duty as clerk. He never lost one day's pay from the day he went into office in Washington until his death. He was one that never complained but was always cheerful and hopefull to the last although I knew he suffered pain and weakness of body very often but when I would ask him if he was not feeling well he would say I am all right an old soldier can endure lots. Many times he had severe attacks of his heart but he never complained he was hopeful to
the last he kept his sickness to himself as long as he could he told Captain McClintock he new if he gave up and told me that he was sick that I would greive and fret and perhaps get sick and would not be able to take care of our three boys

[W]hen we arived at fort Karney Magor McClintock acompanyed My husband to the Docter . when they returned to camp I ask him what the Doctor said . well he answerd me he did not say very much told me if I would consent to stay at Karney for a time he would undertake to docter me but it would not be any good for him to give me medicine and for me to continue on my journey I wanted him to stay for afew weeks and let the Doctor treat him : but to this he would not consent too he said My dear Patience we have every thing all fixed for our Journey what could we do with the horses and Muels we would have to hire Some Man to take care of them and to live in tents it would not be comfortable for you he said it will be best for us to travle on with the command so we can have protec-tion from Indians if needed : poor dear man he did not tell me all the Doctor said to him there was but very little hope for him that his lungs was in such abad condition likewise his heart was bad. he told him he would never reach Utah the Dr. told him he may live afew days but he could never arive in Utah after he and Captain McClintock left the Doctor My poor husband talked to the Captain and made him promise to See Me and the children safe home to Utah to My Mother he Said he could not talk to me himself and tell me what the Doctor told him and beged of him to tell me all after he had past away he Said in my dear wife's condition I am afraid this sad news would be to much for her Captain promised him to tell me everything after if it was So that he died and that he would render me all the assistance I needed on the journey . and when they returned to camp after consulting with the Doctor My dear husband was quite cheerfull at least he tryed his best to be cheerfull he braved death to the last : he was in his tent settleing up his accounts as he was quarterMaster Clerk he said that he wanted to leave his book all straight . he called to Mr Obrian as she passed his tent and asked her to go and tell Mr Rozsa to hurrey and get dinner ready for he was starving hungary so she came and told that I must hurrey with my dinner for Mr Rozsa said he wanted his dinner as soon as I could get it I had al-ready alarge roast of beef baking but it would not be ready for an hour in afew moments he came to Me and said never mind Patience I could not wait any longer so I have got an old Soldier's lunch and said you bett I have enjoyed it I ask him what he had been eating he said I went to the cook and ask him to give me some nice strukey bacon and bread I cut the bacon in thin slices and lay it between to slices of bread with some garlick . I ask him if he thought that was good for him he Said he thought it was Saying it made me feel good : I told him what time the dinner would
be ready he said I will go to my tent an fix up my books I told him I would send for him when dinner was ready, but when dinner was ready he sent word he did not want any that he had eaten all he needed:

That night he rested pretty good the next morning we started on our journey again after two days rest at fort Kearny he road with me in the carraige as he was no more able to ride horseback as he had been doing we traveled untill noon then we camped again untill the next Morning he went to his tent and resumed his writing some men farmers came into camp with a load of hay Magor McClintock had bought for the Muils the men went to Mr Rozsa’s tent to get there pay and my dear husband said to them pleas wait a few moments I am feeling quite bad my breath is so short the man said you are very sick sir oh yes it seems so but it will pass of again I will attend to you in a few moments and so he did he still worked at his book and kept everything straight:

That night he had a bad night and in the morning he was unable to be up and had to lie in bed in the carraige we traveled again untill noon the Doctor came to see him and told us to get him into the tent and get some hot water and put a blanked in it and, role him in the blanket and put some oilcloth over the blanket to keep in the steem but the poor dear man could not endure it he prayed so to let him die as the wet blanket was put around him he jumped up nearly to the top of the tent he said let me lie down and die I was holding him up I thought if I let him lie down that his breath would surely seace I said no my dear Rozsa I cannot let you go dont say let you die I cannot endure that after a time he became more easy and rested some I sat by his side and Slept a little we was both glad when morning came and my brother put him in the carraige again ready to travel another day not knowing if he would live through the day.

We started early in the morning and camped again at noon the Doctor came again to see him he ask the Doctor to give him something to ease his pain so that he could get a little rest so the Doctor went to his tent and soon sent the stewart with some Medicine Just before he came my husband requested me to take him into the tent and make him a bed saying I will tell you how I want my bed made. you can take the Mess chest and my writing desk then take the seat from the carraige and rest that on the chest and desk and then take the feather bed and put on that as I dont want to lie on the ground, he never would sleep on a feather bed: I was rather suprised that he should want to lie on a feather bed. he said my poor boans are so near my skin that I dont feel that I can lie on the ground any more I said allright I will fix the bed just as you wish he thanked me my dear husband was a perfect gentleman in manners he was allways polite to me I never knew him to ask me for anything without saying patience will you please give me so and so whatever he ask for and what ever I did for him he allways thanked me to his last breath.
After he went to bed that night on the bed prepared for him just as he ask for he said that it is very nice he than Said now Patience I want you to go to bed and rest as you are tiard I took abufl robe folded it and fixed myself abed on the ground by his side he Said now dear you try and sleep he said he felt comfortable the Doctor had gave him Some Medicine to quiet him so that he could rest about twelve oclock at Night I thought he was Sleeping I got up and found him siting up in bed I ask him why he was siting up and helped him to lie back on his pillows I ask him how he was feeling he Said thank you I am feeling better I can lie on My left side he then said I can lie on either Side and I can breath quite easy I told him I was so thankfull that he was feeling Some better he then Said I want You need to lie down and rest I am all right and you need to rest all you can: I then did as he requested Me and laid down again after I had rapt him up warm and told him not to try to Sit up again as he would take cold:

The next time I got up I found he had stretched himself out straight and his feet was out from under the covers and quite cold I said oh My dear Rozsa why did you put your feet out of bed you surely will take cold he Said he was not cold and was feeling better he then said I want you to lie down and rest I told him I would if he wished me too and he said he did as I needed rest the night Seemed long and dreary to me as I was all alone in the tent all night as My children and sister in law was sleeping in the carrage and My Brother and his Son was sleeping in the wagon I got up again at four oclock and he/ had again got his feet from under the covers and thay was quite cold I rapt them up again to try to warm them and when I spoke to him and ask him how he was feeling he Said thank you Patience I am better and as I looked at him he looked at me so tenderly and the tears ran from his poor eyes and he could not Speak any more to me I called to my brother to come quick that My dear husband was dieing and he went for the Docter: and he came at once he Said helo Rozsa my boy how are you this Morning he answerd the Do^8^ saying thank you I am better: the Do^8^ gave him alittle brandy but he Spit it out of his Mouth with great fource and seemed quite hurt that the Do^8^ should give him brandy I ask him if he would have a drink of water he said Yes I gave him water he thanked me and Smiled this was the last word he spoke the Dr^8^ said he would not last very long it was then six oclock and the bugle sounded to Strike tents the captain ask me if I would have him Mooved into the carrage I beged of him not to desturbed ^him^ as the Doctor said he he [sic] could not live long he Said thay would wait alittle while to see if he past away but as the Doctor was watching him he he [sic] told the Captain that he may last several hours so Captain McClintock came to me and Said that thay would have to travle on to make there regular March he said he was Sorrow to leave me with My poor
dieing husband in Such aloney place he said that in loosing My husband that he himself would loose a brother and atrue friend as Mr Rozsa has been to me for along time and I have promised him that I would help you all I can this was all aranged between him and me the day I went to fort Kerney with him to the Doctor then he told him that he would not live to go to Utah . Now we will have to leave you if You dont want to have poor Rozsa Mooved untill he passes away but I dont think it is Safe for you and afew men to be left alone here as the Indians are So bad on the plains . but I will leave six Men and the Doctor with you to help you then he bid me good Morning and went on his journey with the Soldiers .

After thay had all left camp we fealt loanley we staid there about two hours and Still my dear husband was living sleeping quietly away the Doctor came to me and Said poor Rozsa is sleeping peacefullly said he was not suffering any pain he said he was geting anxious to travle on as it was unsafe for us to be left so far behind the command and he advised me to let the Men lift him bed and all just as he was on the bed he said the men can lift him right into the carrage without disturbing him he said it will not hurt Your husband at all and it will be safer for us all to be traveling on to overtake the command as soon as we can of course I realized the danger we was in to be so far away from the Men at Such troulseome times with the Indians So I gave my consent to have My dear Rozsa Mooved into the carrage and we traveled on

[W]e had not been on the road more than an hour My teemster drivin the freight wagon going ahead the Men left for our guard was rideing in that wagon with my sister inlaw and my three little boys she took charge of the children that day as thay could not be with me in the carrage there was not room for them the Docter road horseback thay went over a low hill and we was in the hollow and we could not see them So we was left alone with my poor dieing husband there was avery rough looking Man came from some place we could not tell were he came from We was travelin rather Slow this Man went in front of the horses took hold of there bridels and stopt the horses and would not let my brother drive on My brother ask him to please let us go on as we had avery Sick Man told him he was dieing and we wanted to get to camp as soon as we could then the man came to the carrage and stood for amoment looking at my poor husband then he looked at me but said nothing then turning to my brother motioned for him to drive on I must Say booth my brother and myself was somewhat afraid of this terable looking fellow he was armed with two pistols and aknife in his belt when he told us to go on I told My brother to hurrey and get up the hill so that we could get closer to the wagon were the men was pretty Soon we Saw the Docter coming to look for us

[W]e traveled on for about an hour then we stopt as I could See that my dear husband was gone he Seemed to Sleep away So peacefull and
quiet without the least Struggle the Docter came into the carriage sat by him for a few Moments then he said Your husband is dead Mr. Rozsa his sufferings are all over. he said he never docterd a man like him before in all my practise he Said I never saw a Man with such currage and keep up to the last as he has done and attend to his dutys to the last day; Now he Said to my brother drive on and keep up with the guard it is not safe for us to be traveling alone. My husband died May 24, 1866 at one aclock in the day.

We reach camp about an hour after then Magor McClintock ordered a tent pitched to have My husband prepared to be buried he ordered some ceder planks two inches thick at the fort to make a cofen for my dear husband and he put aguard to be in the tent all night oh that terrible loansome Night I can never forget the Doctor wanted to examine my husband after he died Magor McClintock came to me and ask me to let them do it at first I objected I told him I did not want they Should do so he was dead and I fealt I did not want his poor body disturbed he said it would be asatesfaction to the Doctor as he could not understand the cause of his death and My brother could be present So I gave my consent for them to do it with the promise that they did not take any part away from him: this they agreed too. after it was all over My brother came to me and told me all about what the Docters did and they said he never could have lived very much longer if he had not taken this last cold that one of his lungs was entirely gone and the other was nearly gone.

He was a man that never complained he was allways cheerfull so we could never tell if he was sick or not some times if I ask him if he was not feeling well he would laugh and Say I am allright old Soldiers dont complain of trifels.

After the Men had washed him and my brother had trimed his hair and whiskers and he was dressed and laid out I with my three dear little boys went to see him my dear little Frank three and half years old looked at his dear papa and said oh Why did God do that to my poor Pap so soon and burst into tears as though his little heart would break John his brother was Six years old and he did not seem to feel so bad as dear little Frank did he greived and fretted for his father for five Months then he died he said allways after his father died that he wanted to go to his papa.

They did not bury my husband untill the Next Morning Magor McClintock had a six foot grave dug and head boards with his name birth and date of death placed on his grave Magor McClintock said that my dear husband requested him to bury him deep down So that the Wolves could not scarch him out of his grave I ask the Magor not to have any guns fird over his grave neither did I want that the band Should play.
over him I fealt that would be to much for me to endure. my greif was so
great that I wanted to be as quiet as possable to part with my husband was
allmost more than I could endure. to be left alone with my three baby
boys to care for and raise without the help of my there dear kind father
this seemed to much for me in my condition but thank God he blessed
me and gave me Strength day by day to endure my severe trial and after
many hardships in traveling this long journey I arived home in Salt Lake
city about July 21 1866\textsuperscript{13}. .

Military trunk used by Patience as she returned from Washington in 1866. On
display at Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Salt Lake City. Photo by Sandra Petree.
My husband wrote to my brother or ^unknoon to me^ Mother previous to his death requesting her to send My two Brother in law to come out to meet us in Echo Canyon and accordingly Br Paul and George Harris my brother in law came into camp one evening enquiring for Mr Rozsa I can say we was very pleased to meet each other after an absence of five Years . in one way it was a pleasant meeting . but on learning that my dear husband had died on the journey and his body buried and left on the plains hundreds of Miles back . this caused Sorrow and the meeting of them Seemed to renew my greif and Sorrow anew I thought oh if he was only here to Meet his brothers in law how Much he would have enjoyed the meeting for ever since we ^all^ parted in pleasant grove five years ago . he had lived in antiseperation of meeting them all again . after the war was over and we had made enough Money to buy a good outfitt for the journey back home he ofton would Say to me what a happy time that will be when we get back home to your Mother again with our three boys she will be pleased wi with the little fellows . Your Mother will have to be My Mother as I have no Mother in this countrey . I never expect to meet my own dear Mother again in this life and I will have to lay claim to Yours Patience and I will take care of her as long as she livs : and drive her out every day with you and the children and we will have a good time together he said I am So thankfull to God that I am a free Man now I have got through a soldiers life and am my own boss very ofton when he would talk in this way I would say oh Rozsa dont make up your Mind too . to much happiness or you may be dissapointed . and surely he was dissapointed me can appoint but God can dissapoint in his own wise time . when we left ^fort^ Leavenworth on the eighteenth of April [1866] little did we think that on the 25th of May that he would be buried and I would have to leave him and travel alone with my three dear little boys . I endured many trials on the journey after his death but thank God he gave me strength
day by day overcame my grief and the great trial I had to pass through in loosing My dear companion.

I found in Magor McClintock a true friend as he had promised my dear husband that he would take care of me and my children and help me all he could on the journey and See that I got home Safe to my Mother in this he proved faithfull to his promise and I arrived home in Salt L city I think about the beginning 22 of July 1866. Staid in the City for the twenty fourth with my Sisters Mrs Paul and Mrs Jaques then came home to Pleasant Grove two days after:

I was pleased and rejoiced to meet my dear Mother Sister Maria and Sarah also My brother Robert then the thought came again so bitterly and my heart was near to breat at the mention of my dear husband death it called to my memory the last wards he Said to Mother when we bid them all good bye he said never mind Mother in five Years I will bring Patience Safe back to You again if I get safe through the war we will write to you and keep you posted . and let you know how we are geting along you will allways know were we are and what we are doing . as long as he lived he was faithfull in writing to my dear Mother and sendeng her alittle money to help her althought we left her in our little home and many things to make her comfortable but he would often Say I dont want that Mother shall want for anything and when we get home I will see that She never wants : poor dear Man he had such a Noble generous heart always ready and willing to help the poor and to do good to others Sometimes to his own dissavantage he would Sacrifice his own comfort for others and take pleasure in doing it .

I can Say we was allways in this united . and we lived avery happy life together . ours was ashort Marred life together but we lived in happiness and enjoyed our union weel and God blessed us with three Sons and that added to our joy and hapyness and I gave birth to a dear little daughter four Month after he died : it would have been a great joy to him if he had been living to have been blessed with a daughter as he Said to me often Patience our home will not be compleated without a daughter . God has blessed us with three Sons if he will bless us with a daughter then I think our happiness will be compleat : afew days previous to his death he said if God give you a daughter you must Name after your Mother and my Mother that will be Amy Rosalie My Mother Name beign Amy and his Mother Roselie Rozsa . So my little daughter was named by her own dear father before she was born her father died four months before she was born and when She was one month old I her Name [sic] blessed and gave her the name that her dear father wished her to have and I can Say my daughter has allways been a great joy and comfort to me . she has grown to womanhood and is still a blessing and a great comfort to me in my declining Years as achild She was delicate and Sufferd much with pain
Amy Rosalie Rozsa. Photo courtesy of Shannon Stearn.
in her head for many years never could attend school regular:

After my confinement for some time my health was poor and I sometimes was afraid that I would not live to take care of my children. I prayed earnestly to God to spare my life to raise the children he gave me and not let the poor dear little creatures be in the world without either father or mother. The Lord heard and answered my prayers, and my health became better and he gave me health and strength to labor and take care of my children.

When my little daughter was one month old, my second little son, Frank Loader Rozsa, was taken very sick with sore throat and in three days he died on the 20th of October 1866. Five months after his dear father died poor dear boy it seemed after his father died he grieved and pined away when we came home and went into the house he asked me if this was our home. I told him it was; he said, is this my home? I said, yes. He asked, where is my papa? I told him his papa died and God took him to heaven. He then said, I want to go to my papa’s home. I don’t like this home. I tried in every way to console him and make him feel to forget his father as it hurt my feelings to see how he had changed since his father died. And whenever he would see me grieve or cry he would come and wipe my tears away and he would do some little kind act for me. Then he would put his dear little arms around me and say, don’t cry any more for my papa I will take care of you. One day he came in the house with a small bucket of peaches and an ice large peach on the top. He looked at me and said, are you crying again about my papa? He wiped my eyes and said, see Mama, I brought you some nice peaches. Take this large one. Now you will not cry any more for my papa, will you? Oh, don’t cry Mama. I will get you lots of nice peaches. He was such a loving affectionate child. Too good to stay here very long and God took him home to dwell with him.

This was another severe trial. Poor little fellow, he was so delighted with his little sister he thought God was good to give him a little sister. He said I will give her all my play things and my money. Papa gave me and she shall have my ball: you see Mama, I am getting big and I can raise your corn and bread stuff. See how big I am, I will soon be aman and can work for you. God gave you three boys now you will not cry for papa again. Will you Mama? This talk was to comfort me when he came into the room and saw me in bed with my baby and surely it did comfort me at the same time. I looked at the child and thought this is wonderfull talk for a child four years old. Surely he was a very remarkable child he seemed to know so much.

When he was near dying he asked for a drink of water. I wanted him to take some oil. He said no, Mama. I only want cold water. I asked him again to take the oil. He said no. Cold water is all I want. I said oh, my dear
Frank you don't want to die and leave poor mama like your dear father did he looked at me and said yes I do. I want to go to my papa I don't like this home of course this made me feel bad he said when it gets dark can I go in your bed with you I told him he could and as the day was closing and it began to get dark he called to me now Mama it is dark put me into your bed and you come and sleep with me before going to bed I was sitting by the fire trying to warm his dear little feet as they were cold I could not think that my dear boy was so near death two my Sisters Maria and Sarah came into the room to see how he was I said he doesn't seem any better sarah put her hand over his mouth and said his breath is cold I said oh no I don't think so. I did not want to think that my child was dying he said Mama I want to go in your bed I took in my arms and laid him in my bed he said now Mama come to bed with me. I asked Mother to take my little baby girl in her bed then I could lie down with my little Frank accordingly she took my baby in her bed and I took Frank with me he wanted me to take him on my arm I do so he looked at me and smiled and was so pleased to sleep with me he put his dear little arm around my neck and went to sleep for nearly an hour quite comfortable then he awoke and called oh Mama. Mama lift me up quick Mama and he died instantly. I called to Mother to come saying my Frank is dead she came to me she did not think he was dead but I knew he was I said Surely God is not going to take all away from me that is so near and dear to me. My grief was so great that it seemed more than I could endure as it was only five months since my dear husband died My dear Mother said God will be Merciful unto you I hope and Spare your other children unto you and give you Strength to endure these trials.

Of course this was another Severe shock to me as I was not at all strong after my confinement for along time I felt weak and delicate some days not able to take care of my children but My sister in law was very kind to me and helped me in every way. She could with my children this was my brother Johns wife Harret she was very kind and good to me on the journey after my husband died she did all she could to comfort me and help to take care of my children I always felt indebted to her for her kindness unto me in the time of need.

The winter came on and the weather was very cold and Severe and the house leaked and I was afraid to live in it any longer and the next spring I made preparations to build me a new house My brother John did all the trading of my stock and property I had to sell in order to get the material for building he took down my old house as there was some adobies that could be used for the inside walls as building material was very expensive in those days and I had to make use of everything from my old house that could be used in the new house I had eleven thousand five hundred new adobies made on the lot the clay being hauled for that
purpose at the cost of ten dollars a thousand beside the cost of hauling. I also bought twelve thousand Shingles some cost twelve dollars a thousand those from Sanpete and those from American fork Canyon cost ten dollars Shingle nails cost sixty cents per lb and other nails fifty cents per lb. I paid out fifteen hundred dollars then not finished only one room so that I could move into before winter I lived in the one room finished for several years as I did not want to sell out everything I had to finish my house. I need means to support my family but I was very thankful to have a house to live in that did not leak on me and my children and I did not want to build and finish my house and be in debt. So I concluded to stop the workmen and pay them for what work was done and finish the house a little at a time as I could get the means to pay with as I bought some ten acres of farm land ten acres of grass land and bought some fruit trees to have my lot planted mostly Apple trees as I already quite a number of peach and Apricot trees on the lot. As fruit drying was a great business in Utah in early days and in a few years my dear children and myself had lots of fruit to dry and I thank God that I was blessed with three good children to work and help make a living by drying fruit.

[They] was always ready and willing to help there Mother and when they were home from School they would sew carpet rags. I told them it was not good for them to spend all there time in play. So I would Set
them to sew a ball of rags before going to play I use to sell the carpet rugs for 25 cents p lb : and in this way I taught my children to help to make our living as I had already used most of my means to build My house I was blessed with good children ^thay^ allway was willing to work when thay was small and as thay grew in years it came natural for them to work and try to earn there own living allways feeling glad to earn Something to bring home to there mother thay was good children thay never wanted to Spend what thay earned foolishly like Some children but thay was allways thoughtfull of there Mother and thay realized that I had to work very hard to Suport them and thay wanted to help me all thay sould

[O]n one occasion My little son Joseph William at the age of five or six year$^8$ went to Br Swinson$^5$ to play with his little boy Swiney$^{13}$ : after afew hour$^8$ he came home with a large cabage and Some nice carrots he came into the house quite excited and delighted he Sais oh Mama just See what I have earned I have been to work for Brother Swinson and he said he would have to pay me for working for him I must Say the dear little fellow fealt quite proud to be big enough to earn some carrots and cabage for his Mother everything in the shape of food and clothing was very acceptable to Me in those days for I had to work very hard to suport myself and three children but I allways thank God for giving me children to work for and fealt apleasure in working to make them comfortable and happy and to See them enjoy themselvs then I fealt to rejoice with them

[A]s my children grew older it took more means to Suport them and put them to School I sometimes would leave my children with My Mother and I would go out and wait on the sick to earn means to pay there school-ing and get in provisions and clothing for the winter in the year $^{1872}$. I engaged to go up to the Miller Mine in American Fork Canyon to cook for some fifty or Sixty men$^{14}$ I was paid fifteen dollars pr week with the
prevelege of taking My Eldest Son John Rozsa with me for company he was then thirteen years old I had never Seen a Mining ^camp^ before never was in an mining camp I knew I would be able to do the cooking all-right as I had kept boarding house for three years while I was in the states booth in Washington and fort Leavenworth but when I arrived at the Miller Mine . oh . I will never forget My feelings I was So dessapointed in the place I at once Said to Mr Ezekiel Holman you will have to take me back home I cannot stay here in this place Mr Holman had undertaken to board the men all winter and suply every thing that was Needed to run the boarding house he had allready a full suply of good provisions in the Store room I had two men to help me that was good help but oh to think that I would be shut up in such a place for three Months in the depth of winter and no other women . Mr^S^ Sarah Driggs had been working for him for Some Months . and she wanted to leave before christmas or she would not be able to get out of the canyon as the Snow was so deep and the road would be closed for the winter when she saw that I was feeling So bad and did not want to stay she said that she would be willing to Stay with me if Mr Holman would pay her the same wages as he had done before so he consented to pay her the same . then she wanted to Still do the cooking and for me to help her at first I did not feel to do this way as Mr Holman engaged with me to cook and take charge of everything . he ask me what I thought about it . I told him under the circumstancs I supose if I staid I would have to give up to this new arangement and let Mr^S^ Driggs take charge . as she had been doing he said Mr^S^ Rozsa the work will not be so hard for you : you will not be over the hott stove so much this I had allready considerd . So I told him that I would agree to this new arangement but I would not agree to take less waiges than Mr^S^ Driggs that was fifteen dollars a week . so it was settled and I did the dish washing and helped in anything I could do . allthough it was not what I was first engaged to do : but as I was got up to that God forsaken looking place ariving there in the midle of winter after a very hard time in geting there I thought I had better Make the best of it and try to content myself untill Spring than try to get back home through such deep Snow I thought if I started back with my dear boy John that perhaps we may boath be buried under the Snow : so the next monring I commenced My work we got up there just before dinner time Mr Holman called me to dinner I thanked him and told ^him^ I did not wish any dinner . the aparance of the place had taken away my appetite I had never been in such a place before as a mining camp . Mr^S^ Driggs kindly came and envited me to come in and take adish of soup she said I needed Something to eat then I would feel better So I was perswaided to take some soup my boy John fealt quite at home and soon going around the place playing in the deep snow he fealt allright to be were his Mother was :
American Fork Mining District, where Patience Loader Rozsa worked in 1872

Modern place names bracketed
Mr. Dreggs and I worked together quite pleasantly. She was good lively company and I thought I could endure it for three months as the time seemed to pass away quite pleasant day after day for two weeks. Then came a message to Mr. Driggs to say that she was needed home as her daughter had come home from school to spend the Christmas holidays. When to my surprise she told me that she would have to leave me in the morning then I said if you go I will go also for I never can stay here without you or some other woman's company. Then captain Pooley, the Boss, came to me saying Mr. Rozsa we cannot do without you to cook for us unless Mr. Holman sends us another cook. He very kindly said that he would do all he could to make me and my boy as comfortable as he could and he would have a stove put in my bedroom so that we could have a warm room to sleep in. Mr. Driggs left saying perhaps she would come back again after the holidays but she never came back so I was left to do the best I could to cook for nearly forty men with two men to help one to get wood and get snow to melt for all the water I had to use for cooking and make tea and coffee. The other man prepared vegetables and washed dishes, set the table and helped in anything I needed. I must say that I had but very little time to think of being lonesome. I worked seventeen hours without any rest. I had so much hard work to do to keep food enough to feed so many men. I can say all the men was very kind to me and my little son John. They appreciated my cooking. I did my best to make there food as good as I could for them under the circumstances.

I tried to make some little change for them in their meals. Mr. Holman had placed in the house plenty of provisions for the winter but there was something happened to the fresh beef. I never understood the right of it but I think it was cashed away in the snow before I went there and I believe some was stolen and that was the reason the beef run short. We had plenty of bacon and eggs and groceries but the beef was short for making soup and the men like to have good warm soup for dinner as the weather was severe cold and the snow so deep.

I never saw out doors for nearly two months it snowed nearly every day. The men came from the mine to the dining room through this snow tunnel which was the only way they could get from the mine to the cook boarding house. The house was covered with deep snow. I never could see out of the window. We had to burn coal oil lamp all day to see to cook and bake by. Before I went to the place the house had been struck by a snow slide and knocked forward that made it hard to get up the door step. I ask what was the matter with the house or was it built that way that they told me the house had been in a snow slide and the cellar had caved in and lots of the provisions was lost. I can assure you I began to think that I really had got into a curious place for I did not think it was a very safe place to live in.
told the boss I hope there would not be any More snow slides and knock the house entirely over he said there was no danger now the house and Snow was so well settled and for me not to be afraid . at the same time I know I that he did not feel it was a very safe place to be in . but we was there and had to make the best of it20

I sometimes wounder how my boy and I lived through the winter21 the house leaked the heat from the big cook stove melted the snow on the roof and the water run down in the kitchen and I stood in pools of water all winter I wore ruber8 all the time to keep my feet dry and My little bed room was full of chipmonks thay was in the bed and every where one Morning I could not find my stockings thay had carreyed them off I found them later all torn in peices :

[B]ut here we had to stay snowed in for three or four month no way geting away as I found after I got there that the company was ^not^ going to keep the road open for hauling all winter it cost to much money and the road would not be open untill late in the spring this was adissapoint-ment to me I had left my other two children with my mother and if I was needed home to them I could not get home . Captain Pooley the Boss asured me that if anything happened to my Mother or my children that he would promise me that I should be taken home if it took all the Men to take me there that the road Should be opened for me

[W]e use to get new5 about every two or three weeks Mr Robenson22 came up the gulch and fired a gun to give Notice he was there then arope was thrown down to him which he fastoned around his waist and the men helped him up to the house we was all anxious to get News from home at least I was and the men that had familys23

I must not forget to Speak of the kindness of Mr s John Pearce24 the night boss before going to bed which ^time^ was eleven or twelve o clock after I had fixd the Men8 lunch he allways came for the Coffee at twelve oclock and took it to the Men . Mr Pearce . told me to fix the potatoes in the pots for breakfast and he would put them on to cook and let me know when thay was boiling then I had to get up which time was five oclock and begin to get breakfast ready for the men coming off Night Shift and those men going on day shift had breakfast first . Mr Pearce would lie down on a quilt in the kitchen after he had taken the the [sic] Men8 lunch at twelve o clock I provided him with a quilt to lie on and he would rest for a few hours then put the potatoes on to cook when boiling he would tap on my door saying Mr8 Rozsa the potatoes are boiling then he left and went to his cabin . this was a great help to me I did Not have to get up in the cold So early and the room was warm and comfortable when I did get up at five o clock poor John Pearce was akind good friend to me that ter-rable cold winter I allways fealt to say god bless my old friend John Pearce . who is now past away from this world of trials and troubels and gone to
meet his reward for all the good deeds he done in this life and I ask God to bless him for his kindness he did to me in that cold winter 1872.

[T]his is a time I will never forget I know that God my heavenly Father blessed me and gave me Strength day by day to endure thes hardships and hard work I did that winter and I must Say that captain Pooley and all his men treated me with the greatest respect and kindness thay appreciated my cooking and geting there meals so comfortable for them and thay was so kind and good to my boy captain Pooly said if he would take the wood into his room he would give him some pocket money and he gave him ten dollars a Month.

[A]ll went well untill the begining of March and the Men had had no pay all winter and thay demanded there pay and threatend to kill the captain if he did not go to Salt Lake city and get there money thay would stop work on Saturday just after dinner all the men Stopt work and came into the house with a rope swearing and cursing saying that if he did not Start with them right away that had arope to hang him it was aterrable cold day snowing and blowing dreadfull and the road had been closed all winter but the poor captain had to go the bruts of men drove him before then thas was aterrable sight to see and I became frightened thinking I was going to be left alone with my dear boy in Such a place I told the captain I would have to go too if all the men left he said I could not go such a cold a journey he said he would leave two men with me and my boy I ask him to leave my old friend John Pearce with me and aMan I had in the kitchen poor old van as he was called by that name the captain said that he wanted Mr Pearce to go with him down as far as the Smelter six Miles and he would send him back in the morning if he could get back Mr Pearce told Me he would rather not go with the captain but he beged of him to go with him saying he would pay him I know the captain had great confidence in John Pearce the same as myself I knew him to be ahonorable man John told me that if it was possable for him to get back that Night he would do so if not he would come as early as he could in the morning so thay all left but two men at first I fealt very bad to be left all alone with those two men boath Strangers to me although I had great confidence in thas man Van who I had to help in the kitchen but the other man was day boss and did not bear agood charater as I was told and I was somewhat afraid of him so I told old van my help that I did not want him to go to sleep in his cabin that I would make him abed in the kitchen as I did not like to be alone in the house the poor old fellow fealt highly honord that I put Such confidence in him as to ask him to be My guard I knew I could trust to him as an honest man he was afaithfull old friend and my dear little son John thought So much of him but after I left the Miller hill the News came to me that poor old Van had been found dead in the Spring he had evedently been caught in asnow Slide in
coming down the canyon between the Smelter and deer creek I fealt sor-rey to hear this Sadd news he Surely had been a kind freind to Me as he was allways willing to help in any way he could . . I never knew any other name for him but van²⁵

[O]ne incident I will here refer to and I acknowledge the hand of God in this in the Morning I got up as usul and prepared breakfast I told van to go and tell the day Boss breakfast was ready he went and returned saying the snow is so deep I cannot find the cabing I fealt glad that he was snowed in had I known in the night that thes fellow was snowed in and could not get out I would have Slept better for I was afraid he may come to the house in the night after he thought we was asleep we had breakfast about ten oclock he came for his breakfast Said he could not get out of his cabing for snow and he had no Shovle in his cabing So he had to get out by using his hands to work his way out through the snow I told him I sent Van to tell him breakfast was ready but he could not find his cabing the Snow was So deep I thought here is another instance of God My heav-enly Father protecting me from harm he Sent a deep Snow that Night and kept that man locked in his cabing I fealt it was allright and I thank God for his protecting care over me through another Night my heavenly Father nevr faild to answer my prayers whenever I called on him in faith . as I had prayed to him that night knowing and hearing that thes man was of bad character I ask God my heavenly Father to protect me from all harm that night and he surely did and sent a heavy snow and Shut this man in his cabin so that he had great difficuty in geting out . about noon I was glad to see my good old friend John Pearce came back from the smelter :

[W]e remained at the Miller Mine about ten days or two weeks after the captain returned from the city a new Set of men was hired by the company as all the old hand⁵ was discharged for there bad treatment to there captain as he was not able to go to the City and get there pay for them they drove him out in the bitter cold Snow storm had rope said they would hang him if he did not go so the poor Man had to go and face the cold Storm some of the Men went before him to break the road and oth-ers behind him My friend John Pearce was his guard to travel by him for six Miles as far as the Smelter then he was to return to the mine but could not get back untill the next morning .

[T]he company did not work the mine long after the new hands came up . the word came to captain Pooley to close the mine to leave two Men to take charge of the property and for him and the men to come to the ^S. L. ^ city for there pay²⁶ . . Mr Charley Robeson brought the Message in ashort time every body was ready to leave I told the captain I would have to go too as I could not stay up there with the two men alone he said he was afraid I could not endure the cold journey and the Snow
was so deep Mr Robeson told the captain that he would not leave me at the mine that I must be got down in Some way all the men said we will never leave Mr5. Rosa here we have to leave and we will take her with us and her boy too if we have to pack her on our back so thay at once com-minced to dress me for my journey one man gave me anew pr high top boots and warm socks another put oar sacks27 over my boots another gave me a pr new overalls which I put on putting my skirts inside to keep them dry from the snow then I put on my warm ^fur^ coat with abalt around my waist warm mufler around my head and neck and gloves I was then ready to start My dear boy John was also rapt up warm and the men took care of him Mr Robeson told me to put what things I needed to take into asack and he would tie arope around the sack and I could sit on it and he could pull me down the Mountain into the gulch but as when I got out of the house in the snow I fell down I had Not been out for two months and I was not able to walk so Mr Robeson fixed me on the Sack of beding I had and gave me abalancing pole to use but we had not gone far down the mountain he found he was not able to continue further as the men fixed aslay with there beding and hauled me down on that as far as the Smelter28 there Mr Robenson5 family was living keeping Holell we staid there for the night Mr x Mrs Robeson and Miss Lizzy Pearson made me as comfortable as thay could we all had Supper then I went to bed but did not sleep very good

[In] the Morning Captain Pooley thought it would be better for me if I would Stay with Mr x Mr5 Robenson for afew days and rest before I went any further on such a trying Journey I told them no I would continue my down the canyon as there was plenty of men to help me through and the men was all willing to help me to get home thay did not want to leave me at the smelter as there was no travle up and down the canyon and said perhaps I would have to wait for weeks before I could leave there allthough Mr x Mr5 Robeson was very kind to me and would have liked me to Stay with them accordingly we started on our Journey Several Men went ahead to make a tril for us to follow as there was no road open and the Snow was very deep we had Six Miles to go before we came to deer creek29 two men took charge of me at first Mr Robenson gave them along handle shovel one man had the end of the handle the other the other [sic] part I walked in the Middle bearing my hand on the Shovel but very soon I gave out and fell in the Snow I rested for a few moments then got up and tried to walk on but very soon I fell down again then one of the men took me on his back away8 then the other man releived the first man and he took me on his back far aways then I tryed to walk again by holding on to the shovel handle the road was so narrow that one only could walk single I soon gave out and fell down again and the men had to pack me on there back again then came other men to releive those two
good faithfull men after traveling four or five Miles we came to the gold seeker mine there was two women living there engaged to cook for the men there I rested for half hour thees good ladys Mr s Kerns x sister put me to bed for atime while thy got me agood cup of tea and Something to eat . . Captain Pooley went ahead to the boarding house at Deer creek and made arraingments with Mr x Mr s Anderson to prepare abed for me to rest he told them the Men was bringing me down from the Miller Mine he told them he wanted them to take care of me and My Son John :

When I had the good cup of tea and alittle to eat I fealt somewhat refreshed and we started again on our Journey I thought I could walk but I soon fell down again and the Man had to carrey again we had not gone far when I meet George Harres my brother in law and his Son he was employed by Mr Holman to go up to the Mine and take an invetory of all the provision that was left there Mr Holman was boarding the men and when the Mine was closed down he wanted to have the provision taken care of but when George Meet me coming down with the men packing me on there back seeing I could not walk he fealt bad and told the men that his business was to go to the Miller mine for Mr Holman but now he would not go any further that Holman could go and look after his provi-sions himself said he was going to take care of me he thanked the men for bringing me so far and said he would releive them and take care of me himself but the men still staid by me untill we reached Deer Creek there was every body in the little Settlement with Mr x Mr s Anderson waiting for me to come and when I got there Many eyes was wett with tears to See the condition I was in dressed in overluls and boots with oar sacks tied around my legs and feet old Mr Anderson My God I have been in the Mines for Years in Calefornia but Never before have I seen such asight he took me in his arms packed me in the house and cut the strings that bound the oar Sacks over my boots pulled them of and said to his good wife now Mother I will turn her over to you she Said I have some good warm blankets on the bed to lie her in and everything to make her com-fortable and dry : for My clothing was wett through as I fell down so many time in Snow thay put me to bed and fetch me ahalf glass of brandy and told me I must drink that I refused to drink it but the old gentlman Said that was the best for me to do I ask him to put Some water but no he said you must take without water so I drank the brandy and in afew Moments I was warm and his wife gave some warm sage tea and I went to sleep and I did not get up untell the next day

Captain Pooley came and told me that he and the men would con-tinue there Journey as soon as they had there breakfast I told him I would get up and go with him he Said Mr s Rozsa you have done all you are able to do your strength has nearly run out I want you to be wise and rest here for aweek at least it will be twelve miles for you to go down the canyon
and you will give out before you get half way down the canyon the Men
will take good care of your boy and See that he get home to your Mother
and Mr Anderson and his good Wife wants you to Stay with them for two
week and thay will not charge you any board bill
And with that, in the middle of a dangerous wintry trek down the mountainside in American Fork Canyon, Patience Loader Rozsa Archer abandons her readers and abruptly brings her autobiography to an end. Remarkably, her fascinating manuscript terminates at a point some fifty years before her life ended; she has shared only half of her wealth of knowledge and experience. But what a half!

Fortunately, we can pick up the threads of the story to at least get her down the mountain, and from that point on we can piece together bits of information from a few documents and several written remembrances of others who knew her.

Patience made the remainder of the trip down from the Miller mine on a bobsled, the horse using the railroad as a track. The following year, 1873, when she was forty-six years old, she took a position as cook for the Deer Creek Mine, also in the American Fork Canyon, where she provided meals for thirty men.¹ This time she took her children with her, and each of them worked for a salary which she paid and which they saved, since there was no place to spend the money. They used their earnings to provide clothing for themselves the next fall. Her daughter Amy Rozsa recalled that Patience worked very hard to support her family, and often said that she did not feel poor so long as she had flour and wood.² Certainly a survivor of the Martin handcart company would never again take for granted such fundamental staples.

Her years of hardship also prompted in her a determination to do the best she could to provide for her future and that of her children. In 1878 the American Fork Canyon Wagon Road Company sold five thousand shares of stock. Beth Olsen writes,

The only stock certificate that has turned-up out of the projected 5000 shares sold is this [photocopy attached to letter but not included here] to Mrs. John Roza, July 12, 1878 at the time of the road company’s reorganization when the railroad was taken out of the canyon. On the back of the certificate it is written that she paid

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$17.50 and worked for the other $2.50 to finish paying the price of $20. It appears possible she may have again gone into the canyon to work, perhaps this time to cook for the road builders.3

Through her thrift and industry, Patience accumulated several lots of property in Pleasant Grove, upon some of which she raised fruit to help support her family. When the city of Pleasant Grove decided to build a tabernacle, Patience sold to the church for four hundred dollars a piece of her property for the construction site. When the Grove Ward chapel cornerstone was opened in the fall of 2004, the deed for the tabernacle property from Patience to the church was discovered—and reinserted into the new cornerstone, where it will remain for perhaps another hundred years.

Sometime in about 1878, when she was fifty-one years old, Patience married John Archer, whom she had met many years before in England prior to her conversion.4 John’s first wife had emigrated to America but refused to continue on to Utah; Patience was to be his third wife. After her marriage to John Archer, Patience no longer had to work outside her home to support herself and family, and according to family tradition, she and John were happy companions until he died in 1909 at age eighty-six. He is buried beside Patience in the Pleasant Grove City Cemetery.

Patience also maintained lifelong close relationships with all her American siblings, visiting in their homes and they in hers. George Harris and John Jaques’ journals mention reciprocal visits, as well as cooperative business transactions between their families and Patience’s. Appendix 7 is a letter from Patience to her sister Tamar, in which she discussed her labors in researching family names for genealogical and temple work, mentions concerns about family situations, and in general demonstrates the closeness of the sisters even into their years of agedness.

As she had intimated in recounting her early experiences working in England where she left positions because they were “loansome,” Patience was always a social being and enjoyed filling her home with visitors. And she especially loved children. Amy wrote,

Our home was a place where children and young folks could come and have a good time. We used to have our parties and dances in our home. The halliday boys or Frank Fenton and Joseph Eaton would furnish the music and all the children in our neighborhood would be invited. They always asked some man to come and take charge when we had dances. The refreshments were popcorn, molasses candy, cookies, doughnuts, and apples.5

Upon the death of her cousin Ellen Croxford, Patience took Ellen’s infant son Barton to raise. She also provided a home for a child named
George Hathaway). After her second marriage she assumed the loving care of her stepdaughter, Zilpah Rebecca Archer. Some years later she and John Archer also adopted another daughter, Ruth, who was born in 1901 and was left intentionally on Patience’s doorstep to be raised. Amy says of Ruth, her adopted sister,

She adopted a sweet little baby girl, Ruth, whom she raised to womanhood and dearly loved as her own. Ruth was active in school and church duties which was a great joy to Mother. . . . She said, “Ruth is a comfort to me and will be a blessing to you, Amy. You will both have to love and help each other[”]. . . . Mother told Ruth if she got married, which she did, she was always to look out for me and Ruth said she would do so, and I can say she has kept her promise to Mother and we are happy together.

Annie Pearl Loader Davis, granddaughter of Patience’s brother John, also remembered her great-aunt with fondness. She wrote:

Aunt Patience was an ideal person. She would have me come from the school house to have lunch with her.

In the morning she would put her hair up in kid curlers or papers and after her work was done she would take a nap. Later she
would undo her hair and put on a lovely dress and sew quilt blocks. She made one[,] an old log cabin quilt[,] from men’s ties.

Sometimes after conference in the Tabernacle, she would have us over for dinner. She would have all of the food on the table and we would pass our plates to her. Aunt Patience would dish out the food. It was old English style. She would put the apple sauce on the meat and hand you back your plate. She would say the prayer over the food and then she would say, “I want you people to know that I’m the hostess today and whatever I do I want you to be sure and follow me.”

She made delicious root beer. She had heavy copper kettles.

In addition to a busy social life with family, friends, and neighbors, Patience also involved herself in church and civic affairs. She served as president of the ward Relief Society, the woman’s organization of the church, where she apparently put to use the considerable skills she had learned managing a boarding house and taking care of household expenses during John Rozsa’s absence and after his death. Her efficiency and organization, as well as her ability and confidence in financial transactions, are evident, as Beth Olsen writes

[ Pleasant Grove Relief Society records indicate that on ] June 17, 1892, Patience Archer, set apart as the new president that day, called Annie C. Anderson and Sarah Foutz as counselors, and retained Pauline E. Brown as secretary, and Purdence Halliday as treasurer. In the July meeting, [Patience appointed] Karen S. Heiselt . . . as president of the visiting teachers. Some back receipts show that the Society paid out $110 . . . for the immigration of two English sisters, and they committed to pay $6 monthly to the Deseret Hospital Association. They also owned $307 in United Order Granary stock.

December 20, 1892, under the new presidency, the Pleasant Grove Society began to take on a new, organized business-like structure. Amy Rozsa was appointed Secretary for the express purpose of drawing up bylaws for a charitable organization, governed by written rules and a board of directors who served terms of four years.10

In 1898 Patience was elected treasurer for the City of Pleasant Grove, a position she held for two years (she was then seventy-one), and her term of office was followed by a term in the same position served by her daughter Amy.11

Perhaps her own struggles and trials made her especially sensitive to the plights of the less fortunate; she was concerned for the welfare of any who were poor, ill, or in difficult circumstances. Margaret Hayes says she
was “spiritually minded and valiant in teaching the Gospel of Christ both by deed and words.”12 She kept in touch by mail with dozens of missionaries, and received classes of young people, children, and adults into her home, where she would relate her life experiences and teach them the doctrines of her religion.

Patience posed for a formal portrait with her sisters at the time of the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple in 1893.

She remained vital and active throughout her life. She learned to play the organ in her later years (some sources say she was eighty, others ninety) and achieved sufficient proficiency that neighborhood children would come and hang on the fence to listen to her play. As the years mounted, neighbors and friends celebrated her birthdays as events, bringing gifts and refreshments. She continued spry and enthusiastic—and she kept a picture of Queen Victoria on her wall until she died.

Patience Loader Rozsa Archer passed away on April 22, 1922, and is buried in the Pleasant Grove City Cemetery, Pleasant Grove, Utah. Recognized even in her own lifetime as an important figure in Mormon history, her trunk, used for clothing and essentials during her travels as a military wife, is maintained and on display at the Daughters of Utah
Pioneers Museum in Salt Lake City. In Pleasant Grove the Daughters of Utah Pioneers have a dress Patience wore.

But besides her posterity, her greatest legacy is this manuscript—her autobiography. In her characteristic frank and descriptive style, she has given rare glimpses into history—given, as it were, a vivid view of specific poignant moments in the feminine human experience. With her firsthand recollections of nineteenth-century Victorian England, experiences in the Martin handcart company, the life of a military wife at Camp Floyd and in Washington, D.C. during the Civil War years, and cooking in a nineteenth-century mining camp, Patience touches on a range of important historical moments. Because of her superb storytelling skills and the beautifully crafted details she presents, she has become among the most frequently quoted and best known of all Mormon women personal writers.

From humble beginnings in the gardener’s cottage in Aston Rowant, England, and using her minimal formal education, she lived an epic journey and has created a record that should have an honored place in the annals of American history.
Patience Loader Rozsa Archer in about 1922. Photo courtesy of Shannon Stearn.
APPENDIX 1

James and Amy Britnell Loader Family

(Sources: Family Group Record Forms on File at the Church Archives, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City, Utah)


Children of James and Amy Britnell Loader:


Patience Loader. Born 23 August 1827, Aston Rowant. Married first John Eugene Rozsa, 8 December 1858, Jordan Bridge, Utah; married second
John Archer about 1878. Died 22 April 1922, Pleasant Grove, Utah; buried Pleasant Grove cemetery.


**Maria Loader.** Born 25 July 1837, Oxfordshire, England. Married first George Henry Abbott Harris, 30 May 1862, Pleasant Grove, Utah; married second Roswell H. White; married third a Mr. Kirkham. Died 7 April 1924, Lehi, Utah; buried Pleasant Grove cemetery.

**Marshall Loader.** Born 8 May 1839, Aston Rowant. Married Sarah Susannah Smith, 4 July 1865, Trinity Church, Stepney, Middlesex, England. Died 4 July 1865, England (Family records are the source of this information; it is remarkable, if true, that Marshall Loader died on the day he married.)

**Jane Loader.** Born 7 December 1841, Aston Rowant. Married Francis Bacon. Died 14 February 1864; buried Pleasant Grove cemetery.


**APPENDIX 2**

John and Patience Loader Rozsa Family

(Sources: Family Group Record Forms, Church Archives, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City; Autobiographies of Patience Loader Rozsa Archer and John Eugene Rozsa)

**John Eugene Rozsa.** Born 7 November 1820, St. Anna Comital, Arad, Hungary, son of John Rozsa and Rosalie Speth or Schfeck. Married Patience Loader 8 December 1858, Jordan Bridge, Utah. Died 21 May 1866 near Ft. Kearney, Nebraska; buried in Nebraska

**Patience Loader.** Born 23 August 1827, Aston Rowant, Oxfordshire, England. Married first John Eugene Rozsa 8 December 1858, Jordan Bridge, Utah; married second John Archer, about 1878, Pleasant Grove, Utah. Died 22 April 1922, Pleasant Grove, Utah; buried Pleasant Grove

Children of John and Patience Loader:

**John James Rozsa.** Born 30 January 1860, Camp Floyd, Utah. Married Mary Eliza Palmer; father of Myrtle Rozsa (Borlace), Ivy Rozsa (Robinson), Irma Rozsa (Kimball), Patience Rozsa (Fowles), Muriel Rozsa (Worthen), Revelle Palmer Rozsa, Varnell Royal Rozsa, and Mary Rozsa (died infant). Died 19 February 1944 in San Diego, California; buried Logan, Utah.

**Frank McLellan Loader Rozsa.** Born 19 September 1862, Washington, D. C. Died 20 October 1866, Pleasant Grove, Utah; buried Pleasant Grove.

**Joseph William Rozsa.** Born 3 or 30 November 1864, Washington, D. C. Married Margaret Jane Steel 11 January 1890, Eagle Rock, Idaho; father of May Rozsa, Wilma Margaret Rozsa (North), and Ruth Maxine Rozsa (Ferguson). Died 29 October 1942, California.

Note: Patience Loader Rozsa Archer and John Archer were also the adoptive parents of Ruth Archer Johnson, born 1901, died 1974, buried Pleasant Grove.
EMIGRATION.—Although the principles of the Gospel as taught by the Latter-day Saints are ancient, having existed before the foundations of the earth were laid, and having been given to Adam as the only guide to Salvation, yet, strange to say, they are new to mankind at the present day. If the principles are strange, the events which must transpire to bring them into practice must be equally novel and wonderful, and calculated to arrest the attention not only of those who feel directly interested, but of those who gape like the fool without knowing why, and wonder while they perish.

When the Perpetual Emigrating Fund Company was first organized its success elicited the deepest interest of those who sought the welfare of Zion. Its first operations in 1852, were looked upon by many as events which would decide its success or failure. The trials it has passed through have proved its utility and the wisdom displayed in its organization, and laid the foundation for more extensive operations. The plan about to be adopted by the P. E. Fund Company, of substituting handcarts for ox-teams in crossing the plains, has been under consideration for several years. The plan proposed is novel, and, when we allow our imaginations to wander into the future and paint the scenes that will transpire on the prairies next summer, they partake largely of the romantic. The plan is the device of inspiration, and the Lord will own it and bless it. Those who are ready to adopt it in faith and confidence will find that many supposed obstacles will disappear, and real ones be readily overcome.

In years that have passed, many predictions have been uttered by the servants of God, that the time would come when thousands would flee to Zion, and rejoice to get there with nothing but their lives, and not only Saints, but honourable men of the earth, would seek refuge there from the desolations which would sweep over the nations.
And why has this been prophesied? Because it was revealed that it must come to pass in the natural course of events, in the great work of restoration in the last days. Shall those prophecies be fulfilled, and thereby add another lasting testimony that these men were Prophets of the Most High? Yes, we believe is the echo from the thousands of Israel scattered in the midst of the nations, who are longing for redemption from the perils that are gathering around them.

We do not doubt but that a multitude of the faithful are ready to do anything, or gather to the Mountains in any way that may be opened before them, and that will best subserve the interests of this work. The sacrifices and exertions they are willing to make are the constant measure of their faith and appreciation of the blessings of salvation. Those who are willing to do anything required of them to get to Zion are the very ones most likely to obey counsel after they arrive there. And every difficulty which the increase of the work and the perils of the times throws in the path of the emigrating Saints, is another guarantee that fewer hypocrites and apostate spirits will be mixed up with the Saints in Utah, to work iniquity and prove enemies in the day of trouble.

Important, and, to the Saints, long expected events are coming to pass with a rapidity that keeps one’s mind on the stretch to comprehend. It will not do for them to be behind the times. More speedy measures must be devised for strengthening Zion, and preparing for the important events of an immediate future. The system of ox-trains is too slow and expensive, and must give way to the telegraph line of handcarts and wheel-barrows. In a short time emigrants will look back and wonder how they could have clung so long to their heretofore slow and laborious system of crossing the plains. It would be much more economical both in time, labour, and expense, if, instead of spending several weeks to obtain, and accustom to the yoke, a lot of wild, ungovernable cattle, impairing the health of many of the brethren by excessive labour and fatigue, and bringing disease and death into the camps by long delays on the miasmatic banks of the Missouri river, on the arrival of a company of Saints on the frontier they could have the necessary hand-carts ready, and load them, and be 200 or 300 miles on their journey, with the same time and labour that would otherwise be expended in getting started. It is only to those who have traveled the plains with ox teams, that the advantages of doing without them will appear in all their force. They alone can realize what it is to get up on a sultry morning—spend an hour or two in driving up and yoking unruly cattle, and while impatiently waiting to start on the dusty, wearisome road, in order to accomplish the labours of the day in due time, hear the word passed around that some brother has an ox missing, then another hour, or perhaps half of the day, is wasted, and finally, when ready to start, the pleasantest time for travelling has passed,
during which a company with hand-carts would have performed the greater part of an ordinary day’s journey. There being but few animals in a hand-cart company, there will be less to tempt the cupidity of the Indians—a large share of that most laborious and harassing duty—guarding—can be dispensed with, and the time occupied with sleep and refreshment—with songs of rejoicing and prayer. The anxieties of mind about losing cattle by stampedes, poisonous water, and exhaustion will be avoided. It may be safely considered that the extra time and labour of a company that will be required to get started with an ox train, and take care of the cattle, aside from that spent in actual travelling, will enable the same company with a hand-cart to every five persons, loaded with five or six hundred pounds, on starting, to accomplish two-thirds of the journey, and besides, it will reduce the cost of emigration from Britain to two-thirds of what it is at present at most, and after the first year probably to one half. This greatly decreased amount of indebtedness on the part of the emigrating Saints will be much to their pecuniary advantage after their arrival in Utah.

In adopting the plan proposed, instead of using ox-teams for crossing the plains, two or three months of valuable time may be saved to the emigrant. Taking 15 miles as the average rate per day at which a company with hand-carts would travel, the journey would be performed in 70 days. This is about two weeks less than the time usually occupied by ox-trains. Companies starting from England in February or March, generally arrive on the Frontier about the first of May. Instead of waiting there for the grass to grow, and to purchase cattle, and being delayed until the middle of June, or late in July, they might start immediately and arrive in the Valley by the middle or last of that month, and thus save two or three months of the most valuable season of the year. They would then be in time to assist in gathering in the crops, and provide themselves with bread and necessaries for the winter. Where a man has no family this will save sufficient time to pay for his emigration. If the companies average twenty miles per day on the last half of the journey, it will reduce the time to sixty days, or two-thirds of that occupied by heavily loaded ox trains. We believe that experience will prove sixty days to be about the medium time that it will require to cross the plains.

When it is taken into consideration that three persons can in future be emigrated in the place of two under the previous system, the advantages of the plan now proposed cannot be calculated, and will only be made manifest in the developments of the future. They will then only be realized by those who enjoy the spirit of revelation, and watch closely the great chain of cause and effect in the progress of the Kingdom of God.

The question will perhaps be asked, “Why has not this plan been adopted before?” Some of the reasons are obvious. The route to Utah
is becoming more generally known, and there are many men who are familiar with its advantages and disadvantages, and capable of judging what can be done, and able to assist in carrying out new plans in a safe and judicious manner. For some distance on the first part of the road the country is being settled by the whites, which will soon save the emigration the trouble of hauling all their provisions from the Missouri river. The Saints in Utah are becoming every year more abundantly able to assist the emigration with teams and provisions on the latter part of the journey—of this, President Young gives the most cheering assurance—and last, but greatest of all, the faith of the Saints and the spirit of gathering has increased, and thousands now see the necessity of emigrating, and are willing to make any sacrifices for its accomplishment, who have heretofore felt quite indifferent, and as though, if they could not go pretty comfortably, they would rather not go at all.

One object of the P. E. Fund Company from the commencement of its operations has been to bring the expenses of the emigration down to the means of the greatest possible number. Another has been, to a considerable extent, to select mechanics and persons best calculated to build up and strengthen new settlements, and also those who could mostly help themselves, until the Saints were firmly established in their new home, and able to effectually carry out the ultimate design of the Company. Now the time has arrived when the funds of the Company can be applied to their legitimate object, and the faithful, long suffering poor are the special objects of regard. Plans are being devised to effect the deliverance of the greatest possible number of these with the means at the disposal of the Company. This is the great object to be attained, and for which hand-carts are to take the place of ox-teams.

Every year the way opens up in proportion as the spirit of gathering increases, and the faith of the Saints enables them to overcome the increased difficulties and trials of the journey. The difficulties of gathering, and the amount of toil and hardship which the Saints will be willing to endure to get to Zion, have only begun to be developed. As there are no doubt many who years ago might have gone comfortably on their own means, but now would rejoice in the opportunity of getting there with hand-carts, so there will be thousands in years to come who will be glad to flee there on foot, ragged and destitute, with a bundle under their arms, and nothing but a crust of bread to eat. Many who read this will live to see that time, and be overtaken in those scenes, unless they use all possible diligence.

Many men have travelled the long and weary journey of 2000 miles from the Missouri river to California on foot, and destitute, in order to obtain a little of the shining dust—to worship at the shrine of Mammon.
Who that appreciates the blessings of the Gospel would not be willing to endure as much and more, if necessary, in order to dwell with the righteous and reap the riches of eternal life? The Mahomedan will perform a long and weary pilgrimage of months and even years, and make every sacrifice that human nature can endure, to kiss the tomb of his prophet, and bring away a relict from the holy city of Mecca. The Roman Catholic will endure severe penance with the hope of saving his soul from purgatory. The Hindoo devotee will suffer self-inflicted tortures of the most excruciating nature, to obtain the favour of his imaginary deity. And modern Christians, who trust to the frail bubble of a hope for salvation, will often endure much to prove their honesty or purpose. Then shall not Saints, who have the revelations of heaven—the testimony of Jesus—the preludes of eternal joys—and can partake of the powers of the world to come—be ready to prove by their works that their faith is worth more than the life of the body—the riches of the world—the phantoms of paganism—the creed of the false prophet, or the imaginary fantasies of modern sectarianism.

Although we are unable at this time to present our readers with the plan of our operations the ensuing season, we will endeavour to give a few facts which will enable them to answer some of the daily questions arising in their minds on that important subject.

All orders for persons to emigrate, by the P. E. Fund, to insure our attention, must come from the President of the Company. The funds of the Company can only be applied to aid those who go directly through to Utah, under the direction of its agents, and cannot be applied to aid any going only to the United States.

The Company cannot, as it did last year, lend indiscriminately those who have ten, eleven, or twelve pounds sufficient to go through with teams, as the funds of the Company must be appropriated to aid those who have proven themselves worthy by long-continued faithfulness in the Church, whether they can raise any means of their own or not. These must be brought, so long as we can act within the means of the Company, no matter if they have not a sixpence in the world.

Last year, in order to accommodate the feelings of the Saints, and enable them to cross the sea with their friends and acquaintances, we sent Fund passengers with others on the same ship, but experience proved that the trouble and inconveniences arising therefrom more than counterbalanced the advantages. Therefore this season the P. E. Fund passengers will go in companies by themselves from here to the frontier.

Persons ordered out through the President of the P. E. Fund Company, and who decline going, are reported back to him annually, with their reasons why. As on the arrival of such reasons the funds are
liable to be otherwise appropriated, we do not feel authorized to forward the parties afterwards unless the order for them has been renewed.

THE POOR. ——— The season of the year has now arrived when hunger and want press heavily upon the poor. Many of the Saints we are aware are in very destitute circumstances, and have to suffer in common with the multitudes that surround them. The Pastors and Presidents are specially required to see that arrangements are made in all the Conferences and Branches to prevent the diligent Saints from suffering in this inclement season from hunger and cold. “But whoso has this world’s good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?” Let the Saints who have impart to those who have not, and remember that he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord, who in due time will repay him with increase.

DEPARTURE. ——— The ship John J. Boyd cleared on the 10th inst. for New York with 508 souls of the Saints on board, of whom 437 were from Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, 30 from Piedmont, and 41 from Great Britain.

The prices of passage on the Emerald Isle and the John J. Boyd were £4 5s. for adults, £3 5s. for children, and 10s. for infants. . . .
Appendix 4

The Mormon on Handcart Emigration,
December 1, 1855

(Published in New York City)
Hand Carts for the Plains, ———

There has, for several years past, been a desire among some of the Elders and Saints of the Church, to introduce handcarts as a means of conveyance across the plains, for those of limited means. The idea at first excited ridicule, and its advocates were subjected, in many instances, to severe and caustic jokes; as time rolled on, however, like all other new, unpopular and unpalatable theories, the idea gained ground; prejudice gradually gave way, until it has gained sufficient force to present itself calmly and seriously before us, as a feasible and efficient mode of locomotion for many of the hardy and strong Saints to adopt in their transit across the plains to the valleys of the mountains. It has not been without its advocates in Deseret and the States; but especially has it found grace and become a favorite topic among the laboring classes of the English, Welsh, Scotch, German, Danish, and other European Saints. Those who have crossed the plains argue, that as Europeans, as well as many of the Saints in our eastern cities, have never been accustomed to the management of cattle, and as many of the oxen obtained on the frontiers are young, and either poorly broken, or not broken-in at all, and are difficult to be governed by the most competent hands; that, therefore, to those unaccustomed to cattle, there is a great amount of labor, toil, privation, loss of time, breakages, and other annoyances, consequent upon the management or mismanagement of those unruly animals; that the time and labor thus expended could be more usefully and efficiently employed in propelling a hand-cart; and that in the several weeks which are frequently expended in waiting for, and breaking cattle, in repairing breakages, and in other detentions, they would be as many hundred miles on their journey, and with less time, labor and annoyance than is generally experienced by the uninitiated at their outfitting stations. Others argue that it
would be no more labor to perform a day’s work at propelling a hand-cart than it would be to perform many other kinds of manual labor; and that being more in accordance with the habits and pursuits of many of the stalwart laboring classes, it would not be uncongenial, and would be for them a most efficient mode of locomotion. The cheapness of the outfit is also introduced as an important item: thus affording the means of transportation to many, that would otherwise take years, in some instances, to prepare for the journey. The strong desire and urgent solicitations of many of the Saints, in relation to this matter, have finally reached the ears of President Young, who has paid some attention to this matter. In a communication to us he has stated that he would not object to an experiment of this kind being tried, if judiciously arranged, wisely and prudently conducted, and sufficiently guarded against contingencies by the contiguity of ox or other trains, which, in case of trouble, would be sufficiently near to render timely assistance.

Having had this subject frequently urged upon us, at the suggestion of President Young, we have taken the thing seriously into consideration; and being at St. Louis at the time the late missionaries from the valley arrived, and knowing that many of them were men of experience in those matters, we appointed a committee from among them to investigate this subject, give us their opinion as to the feasibility of the enterprise, and if they thought it practicable to give in a report of what they thought would be a necessary outfit; the kind of carts; what amount of provisions, clothing, tents, &c, would be required, together with their weight; what number of cows, and of ox teams would be necessary as auxiliaries, and to give in a report of such a fit-out as any of them would be willing to take the charge of across the plains, giving them to understand that some of them might be chosen to conduct them. The following is the report:

PRESIDENT J. TAYLOR—Dear Sir: the undersigned having been requested, by you, to make an estimate of an outfit, for a hand-cart [line omitted here] able, having had but little time for reflection. Our estimates having been made under these circumstances, may, perhaps, upon trial, be found to be more or less impracticable. We have had some experience in crossing the plains, and on foot; yet we are aware that there is a wide difference between walking across the plains by the side of a team and wagon and drawing the wagon yourself; that is as yet an untried experiment; still, we are of the unanimous opinion that it can be done with much less expense, and comparatively little increase of toil and hardship, than with ox teams, and that with a judicious selection of a pioneer hand-cart company, and careful and proper management of that company through, the ice, as it were, will be broken, and a way opened through which thousands of our brethren, who are not able to furnish themselves with an outfit under the present system of emigration; but who could
nevertheless very readily fit themselves out for this mode, as well as a
great portion of our Perpetual Fund emigration will hereafter move on to
the Valley. We have crossed the plains several times, and with both ox and
horse teams, and are of the opinion that, in addition to travelling, the
labor of driving, herding, guarding, and attending to the teams, together
with the care and anxiety necessarily experienced by every careful team-
ster, is nearly, if not quite equal to the additional labor of pushing or haul-
ing a hand-cart.

We think that four persons of sufficient age and strength to walk
the journey; say two men and two women, and perhaps an infant or two,
would be safe in commencing the journey with the following outfit, to
wit:

1 Tent 20 lbs.
Flour 240 lbs.
Bacon 50 lbs.
Groceries, fruit, &c 30 lbs.
Bedding and clothing 60 lbs.
Cooking utensils 15 lbs.
Gun and ammunition 10 lbs.
Sundries 10 lbs.
Total 435 lbs.

One team of three yoke of oxen and wagon to each fifty persons, or
perhaps ten carts, to convey the sick, &c.; one cow to each ten persons, or
say two carts.* [Asterisk in original not annotated or explained.]

This estimate is made upon the supposition that the outfit will be
procured mainly on the Missouri River, near Council Bluffs, and that the
train will be met with supplies from the Valley, at the last crossing of the
Platte, or at farthest, at Devil’s Gate. In addition to the team above-men-
tioned, individuals having but little means may club together, if it should
be thought advisable, and fit out an additional team and wagon, in which
they may transport any additional freight or lighten their hand-carts at
pleasure.

The hand-carts should, we think, be sufficiently narrow to run within
the tracks of common wagons, to avoid the ruts. The hub should be six
inches long and five inches in diameter with two and one and a quarter
inch boxes; the wheel at least four and a half feet across, the rim of good
hickory, bent, not more than one and an eighth inch deep and seven-
eighths or one inch wide. A broad, thin rim, although it would move over
the sand and mud with considerable more ease than a narrow one, yet it
would, we think, be very likely to split, inasmuch as it would project con-
siderably beyond the spoke on each side; and if it was sufficiently thick to
prevent splitting, it would be much too heavy, and when it dropped into
ruts, as it must unavoidably do, it would require heavy lifting and pulling
to extricate it. On the other hand, if the narrow rim is used, it should be
as narrow as practicable, that it may meet with as little resistance as pos-
sible. The axle tree should be hickory, two by three or three and a half
inches; the bed about fifty-four by thirty-two inches, of quarter inch stuff,
with three bows to support the cover, as low as possible, to avoid gather-
ing wind.

A. Calkin,
J. Lavander,
J. S. Scofield,
William Allen,
H. Bowley,
C. Klineman,
C. Christianson.

The above report we should think to be generally correct, and will
be adopted as a test, with perhaps some little variations in the details.
While at St. Louis we had the first hand-cart made for emigration purposes;
It was light and strong; its weight probably not more than sixty or seventy
pounds; some little alterations were suggested, and another one ordered
as a pattern. The wood of which it was made was well seasoned and tough,
and the workmanship of the best kind. The wheels have light iron bands,
which are thought to be cheaper and safer than any other kind, whilst
their weight would not be much, as they are only about one and one-
eighth of an inch wide and one-eighth of an inch thick. The cart was very
much admired by the brethren, many of whom anticipated the pleasure
of going westward with the first “Telegraphic Hand-Cart Express.”

In regard to the feasibility of the enterprise, men, of course, dif-
fer in their opinions, and we must confess that on its first introduction
our prejudices were strong against it; we thought it looked too much like
hard work for men to perform labor that has hitherto only been consid-
ered proper for beasts of draught and burden; but like many others with
whom we have conversed on this subject, the more we investigate it the
more are we satisfied of its practicability. Our reasons are brief, as follows:
So far as men are concerned, we, upon reflection, are led to believe that
they perform as hard labor in breaking cattle and making them way-wise,
in hunting them up and yoking them in a morning, in travelling all day
and driving team, in driving them from one to four miles to grass of an
evening, and in guarding them, as they would have to perform in pulling
or pushing a hand-cart, with out all these other extra duties, which are
frequently very vexations and annoying, particularly to the uninitiated;
several of the Elders and friends with whom we have conversed on the
subject, who have conducted companies across the plains, say, that for
the man, the hand-cart system would, in their opinion, be lighter labor
than that of driving and taking care of cattle to those unacquainted with
it; again, in regard to big boys and girls and frequently women, when
their teams are light and loads heavy, they have in hundreds of instances
walked nearly all the distance.

We do not here, however, present ourselves as its advocate; we men-
tion the foregoing merely to show its possibility or practicability. We would
not recommend them to those who have means to carry them in a more
comfortable manner. We do not recognize anything very brilliant in drag-
ging a hand-cart, and landing among strangers, brethren though they be,
with the very limited amount of clothing and other absolute necessaries
for the journey; but we think we discover in it barely a means of transit
for thousands of limited means, many of whom have been, and are likely
to be, detained for years from accomplishing a journey which is to them
of the first importance, if they have to fit out in the ordinary manner.
We discover also another thing, in the present mode of transit; men have
frequently to obtain aid from their friends to assist them in their outfits,
which to a high-minded, sensitive, though poor man, is very painful; but
in this case they aid themselves by their own right arm; they depend on
their own resources; they spend not another’s wealth, but their own nerve
and muscle; they are delivered from the humiliation of obligation, and
are free as the antelope or buffalo that rove the plains.

With the above consideration, therefore, we are willing to make a
test of this matter; but it must be done wisely, prudently, and judiciously,
and be under the strictest regulation. We consider ourselves responsible
for the proper carrying out of this enterprise; and whilst we are willing to
counsel and assist the brethren who may desire to engage in it, we cannot
admit of any irregularity. Men of experience and ability will be appointed
to direct, and brethren will be expected to be subject to their counsel
in all things. We do not consider it wisdom for every one to make or to
obtain their own carts; they must be made of well-seasoned, tough timber,
and by experienced hands, otherwise they will give way on the plains, and
leave their projectors, as well as the company, in a very painful position.
To prevent these break-downs and consequent disasters, we shall appoint
proper persons to make them, as well as to superintend the outfit; and no
person will be allowed to take more, and every person will be required to
take as much as prescribed in the above bill, subject, of course to some
little alterations as above referred to.

The amount of weight for one cart is estimated at 435 pounds “for
four adults and one or two infants.” There should not be more than one
infant to a cart; but it will be observed, that to every ten carts there will be
three yokes of cattle and one wagon. The 435 pounds might be made to

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450 pounds, and that addition made up in bedding or clothing, and then the wagon would carry 150 pounds from each cart leaving 300 pounds as the net weight to be drawn, and leaving also the weight of 500 pounds unoccupied in the ox-wagon for the weak, sick or lame, in case of contingency. There is another important consideration, which is, that every day the load becomes lighter by the consumption of food, so that at the end of sixty days the weight would be lessened by about two hundred and forty pounds of provision from each cart; and about this time the company would be met by the teams coming to meet them from the valley. As a precautionary measure also, we shall have an ox-train immediately following the hand-cart train, to assist in case of an unforeseen contingency requiring aid.

It will be seen by the above, that these estimates are for a hand-cart company; but, if persons going by this company should wish other things taken, and have the means, they can either unite together and purchase an ox-team, or hire their luggage carried. They must not take more than the above in this company; neither is it understood that this will at all interfere with our former mode of emigration, which will go on as usual. We do not wish to cramp men, but to open a wider field, and afford facilities for emigration to a large class that have hitherto been deprived of the means of moving. We say to all Saints, go, if you can take clothing, merchandise, machinery, tools, books, scientific apparatus, musical instruments, gold, silver, precious stones, or any thing valuable, beautiful and useful for science, literature, the arts, or to ornament Zion, and can furnish teams to haul it—take it along; but if you have these things, and not means, dispose of them; you cannot take them with this company.

As we before stated, there is nothing very pleasing nor inviting about this journey; but we think, after all, it is better to go there among friends, poor, than to endure the buffettings of a cold, heartless world, in poverty. There are thousands of brethren there who have not only the means, but souls, who have passed through every kind of affliction, and know how to sympathize with others; and when they hear of a company or companies going in hand-carts, will come out to meet them, with teams and provisions, one-third of the way. The committee who made the foregoing report knew this, and based their calculations on it; and, furthermore, although the companies will be comparatively destitute when they arrive at the Valley, they may as well be poor there as here, and can as easily obtain supplies; if goods are high, so is labor, which equalizes matters. Again, we have bishops there, whose office is not a mitred sinecure, but whose business it is to look after and provide for the wants of the people, and who, previous to, or on their arrival, will make provisions among the various wards for houses, labor, &c.; so that the Saints, on their arrival, will find a home; and if not elegant or sumptuous, they will be welcome,
and they will find themselves among brethren who are always ready to lend a helping hand to the honest, industrious, and virtuous.

Upon carefully reviewing the whole subject, therefore, and putting it to ourselves, although we should greatly prefer a carriage, or even an ox team, to that of a hand-cart, yet, if our family was here, and the alternative placed before us, of carrying the hod, wheeling and digging dirt, working on the highways, quarrying rock, digging, coal mining, and performing many other kinds of drudgery which many of our brethren are engaged in here, to obtain an outfit, we should say *give us the hand-cart.*
Williamsburg, April 21, 1856.

Dear Brother Jaques—On the 18th April we received your letter, dated March 29. We had been anxiously expecting to hear from you, and I can say, that when we did hear, we felt somewhat surprised to find that we have to go by the hand-carts. Father and mother think this cannot be done, and I am sure I think the same, for mother cannot walk day after day, and I do not think that any of us will ever be able to continue walking every day. We think it will be better to remain here or at St. Louis for a time until we are able to help ourselves to a wagon. We are across the water, which is a great part of the way to Zion. Father and mother think you had better come here for a time. We will take lodgings for you if you will let us know. Do you and your wife think it right to go by the hand-carts? If we girls were strong boys then I think it might be done, but father is the only man in our family. I don’t feel myself that I can go like this. If, by staying here for a little time, we can get means to go by a wagon, it will be far preferable. Mother, I am sure, can never go that way. She says herself that she cannot do it, and I don’t think that any of us can. Why, we understood that the hand-carts were the last resource! Mother says that she must have a revelation before she can see this right. Why, we shall have to sell nearly all our clothes! And what shall we do for things to wear when we get to the Valley? Seventeen pounds weight each is but very little.

We shall be delighted to see you. I wish they in London would come with you. We are doing very comfortable now.

I remain your sister in the Gospel,

P______________
Liverpool, May 19, 1856.

Dear Brother L_________

On May 7, I received with great pleasure the letter written by P____ ______, and dated April 21, because we had been so long expecting one. But my pleasure was changed to sorrow when I read the contents. I have read the letter about half a dozen times. I could scarcely believe that you could have sent such a one. There is not one atom of the spirit of Zion in it, but the very spirit of apostacy. I felt to exclaim in my heart, “Who has bewitched you, and with whom have you been taking counsel, that you should so soon forget the goodness of the Lord in delivering you from this part of Babylon, and opening up your way to Zion?” Jesus Christ wept over Jerusalem, and said, “How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!” And again, “If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes.” And truly I felt to weep over you as Jesus did over the Jews. Here I have been praying, and exerting my faith and my influence with the Lord, and with you, to get you gathered to Zion, and now that He has been graciously pleased to open up your way, you turn round in His face, and ungratefully tell Him you cannot walk in it, but He must bring you a wagon to ride in! It is truly grievous to me, and I am sure it is to God and to His good Spirit. If I were to turn aside, on my way to Zion, for such trifling reasons as those in your letter, now that the Lord has so kindly given me the privilege of going, it seems to me that I ought to be damned, and I have no doubt but that I should be.

You invite me and my family to stay awhile in New York, and you will get lodgings ready for us. We appreciate your kindness, and feel thankful for it. But you must allow us to decline accepting the offer. I tell you plainly, that if you would get us lodgings, pay for them, clothe and feed us with the best that Babylon can boast, and give us £10,000 into the bargain, we would not stay with you in New York; no, not if fifty brothers or sisters, or fathers or mothers were to ask us to stay. Brothers, sisters, fathers, or mothers, when they put a stumbling block in the way of my salvation, are nothing more to me than Gentiles. As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord, and when we start we will go right up to Zion, if we go ragged and barefoot. Why do not you rise up as a man of God and say that you and your house will serve the Lord, and will go up to Zion at all hazards? It would be death to my good name and influence in the Church, if I were to stay with you in New York! It would throw me a hundred years behind.

Joseph Smith prophesied that those who would not gather to Zion when their way was open, should be afflicted by the devil. And how could you or I expect the Lord to bless us if we were to stay in New York, now He has opened up our way to Zion? We could not, but we could reasonably
anticipate that in His own time, and perhaps when we least thought it, He would permit us to be afflicted more severely than ever before.

Nothing has grieved me more for a long time than the light and contemptuous manner in which you speak of the hand-cart operation. Know ye not that it is the holy ordinance of the Lord, revealed through His Prophet Brigham, for the redemption of the humble, faithful poor, and that it will be blessed and sanctified of Him to the salvation of thousands who are not too proud to be saved in His appointed way, while many of those who despise that way will be left to perish in Babylon. The Lord has promised, through His servant Brigham, that the hand-cart companies shall be blessed with health and strength, and be met part way with teams and provisions from the Valley. And I am not afraid to prophesy, that those who go by the hand-carts, and continue faithful and obedient, will be blessed more than they have ever dreamed of. When they get to Zion they will be glad they are there, they will be welcomed, and they will feel that they have got to just the right place. They will be better Saints every way than when they started.

You have looked upon the journey all in a lump. Recollect that you will only have to perform one day’s travel at a time, and the first 200 or 300 miles, from Iowa City to Florence, the handcarts will travel through a partly settled country, and be lightly loaded, for they will not take their full load for the Plains till they get to Florence. This first part of the journey will just get the Saints used to travelling, without a great deal of toil all at once. You have also thought of performing the journey in your own strength, forgetting that you should put your trust in the Lord who strengthens even the weak according to their day. You know that when He calls His Saints to do any thing, if they will rely upon Him and do the best they can, He will fit the back to the burden, and make every thing bend to the accomplishment of His purposes. I know some of your family are weak, especially your wife, but if you all set out upon this journey in faith, and continue faithful, the Lord will help you, and make you feel well and rejoice all the time, and you will be stronger when you get to the Valley than when you started. There will be a wagon to about every 100 persons, so that if there should be any ill, or unable to walk, they will be assisted. You will have to work no harder than you have many a day in England, while you will feel glad that you are working for the Lord and for yourself, instead of for the Gentiles.

It astonishes me that you wish to stay in New York. After you have left one part of Babylon, I wonder how you can think of sitting down in another, when you have the privilege of bidding it farewell altogether. Do you not know that some of your family are so fast in London that you cannot get them away? And now you want to sit down in New York, to give those you have half saved the opportunity of straying from you, and
settling down as fast there as those are in London! I have heard you talk of saving all your family, and I know you desire to do so, but is this the way to do it? No, it is not, but is the way to make shipwreck of your own salvation, and your children’s too.

You wish me to use my influence to get your children away from London, but, instead of your helping me by your faith and influence, you want to stay in New York as bad as they want to stay in London. What is the use of me striving to save you and your family if you do not strive yourselves? Is it not as much to your interest for you to gather to Zion as it is to mine? How is it that I have to exhort you so much and so severely to save yourselves from this untoward generation? It is not pleasant to me to have to write such severe letters as this. Instead of writing this long one now, I ought to be preparing for our journey, as we have to start in a few days.

Why should you wish to place the burden of the salvation of your children upon my shoulders, and then you pull against me by wanting them to settle again in Babylon, after I have half saved them from it? I think you are acting very unwisely. The fact is, the devil is trying all he can to keep you from going up to Zion, and you are tamely giving way to him. You must resist the devil if you wish him to flee from you. You must say, “No, Mr. Devil, I will not stay in New York. I have set my face towards Zion, and I’ll go right up, in the name of the Lord, if you and all your imps try to keep me back, and I have to sleep on the ground, with a stone for my pillow, as old Jacob had.” Did not Jesus say, that he that set his hand to the Gospel plough, and looked back, was not fit for the kingdom of God? And was not Lot’s wife changed into a pillar of salt because she looked back upon Sodom? Jesus said, “Remember Lot’s wife.” And yet, with such examples and precepts before you, you must turn back upon New York! Do you think, if you were to resolve to go to Zion in spite of all the devils in hell, or out of it, that Satan would be able to hold you in New York? No, never; he would have no power over you. I and my family did anticipate the pleasure of your company on the Plains. We sincerely hope you will be wise enough not to disappoint us.

P__________ seems very much afraid that she will not have clothes enough when she gets to Zion. Well, if she sets more store upon fine clothes than upon the counsel of the Lord and the blessings of living in Zion, I can say she is different to me. The fact is, she has too many clothes—they are a trouble to her, and she seems willing to hazard her salvation for them. There is such a thing as being ruined by one’s riches. If she had scarcely a shirt to her back, or a bit of bread to eat, she would be glad to get to Zion. I would rather you had sent me word that you all were in want of bread, and anxious to get to Zion, than that you were doing comfortably, and forgetting the Lord and Zion, and falling in love with Babylon again. I wont stop in New York if my wife has to clothe me
in sheep-skins, or goat-skins, or buck-skins, or buffalo-skins, when I get to Zion. I shall be happier in them there than if I and my family were clothed in purple and fine linen, and silks and satins, and the best broadcloth in Babylon.

You can make your beds and bolsters of your extra clothes. You can keep your feather pillows, instead of resting your heads upon Jacob’s stone. If you have any spare money, you can send clothes or anything else through from Iowa, for somewhere about eight pence per lb. carriage. There are hundreds in England who have begged and prayed with tears for your privilege of going to Zion, but have been unable to get it. And now you slight it! It is most grievous! What do you and your family think of yourselves? I should hate myself if I were to slight the blessings of Zion as you are doing. You cannot have much faith in the Lord if you have only enough to take you half way to Zion.

You will say, you never had such a letter before in all your lives. I will say you never before deserved such a letter in all your lives, because you never before turned away from such privileges as you have now within your reach. What! are you going to dash away the cup of temporal salvation from your lips, now it almost touches them? What folly! What madness! It is no little thing to trifle with the Lord, or with His Holy Spirit, or with the counsels of His servants, for the Spirit of the Lord is quick and powerful, sharper than a two-edged sword, and it will not always strive with you.

You talk of staying a little while in New York or St. Louis, till you can buy a wagon? How know you that you will ever have enough to buy a wagon? How can you expect the Lord to give you means to buy a wagon, when He has provided you a cart? He thinks that is good enough. Why should you think otherwise? Perhaps when you can buy a wagon, if you ever have the means, you will want to wait a little longer, till the railroad is made. And all this time your children will be growing up in all the wickedness of Babylon, and perhaps getting married among the Gentiles. The only place in the wide world where you can save your family is in Zion, and the sooner you get there, the sooner you will have power to save them, and the sooner they will be saved.

You say that you understood that the hand-carts were the last resource. Pray what other resource have you? Those who despise the hand-carts may yet be glad to get to Zion with a pack upon their backs.

What more shall I say? I can but exhort you to repent of your faintheartedness, repent of your trifling with the salvation of the Lord, and be ready to go with us, with a cheerful heart, trusting in God, and not in your own strength, when we come, and all will be well—you will rejoice in the Lord more than ever before, and thank His holy name that you did not stay in New York. Remember, this is the most critical period of your life.
It is the turning point to decide your destiny. Therefore I exhort you to choose understandingly whom and what you will serve—Zion or Babylon, God or the devil. Greater consequences to yourself, your children, and your ancestors hang on your decision than you can well imagine for it will carry an influence for good or evil into eternity. Remember, now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation, therefore may you and your family harden not your hearts, nor reject the salvation of the Lord, but close in with His offer, lest He swear in His wrath that you shall not enter into His rest. Pray unto Him without ceasing. Give your souls no rest till you get the spirit of the gathering burning in your bosoms, like a fire that cannot be quenched. We shall not cease to pray for you, that you may be constrained to go with us up to Zion.

Now I have written this letter I shall rest myself, except to pray for you. I have done my duty. It remains for you to do yours.

When your wife has heard this, I think she will fancy she has got revelation enough about the hand-carts.

With love to all, in which my wife and family join, I remain your brother in the Gospel,

John Jaques
August 6, 1857
Dear Mother,

I received your letter and was glad to hear that you arrived there quite safe. Dear mother I was sorry to hear that father is dead. I could not help dropping a tear when I saw the piece of his hair. Dear mother I hope you will not fret about him for I think you will see him again. I should like very much to see you all. I hope you are all well. Dear mother give my love to all my sisters and Robert and give them all a kiss for me. Jonas and Jane and the children send their love to you. We all have a touch of Diarrhea.

Patience wished to know if I was married. Tell her no, I think I shall be an old bachelor. I think that will best don’t you? I am still staying with my brother and we are very comfortable yet. We have not heard anything from John. When we do we’ll send you word. If it is as you say it will be a bad thing for his wife.

Dear mother this is my first letter I have wrote to you, but I will write you a better one next time for I am not sued [used] to writing a letter, but I dare say you will excuse me this time. It is rather a hard job for me to do. I hope you will send me a piece of father’s hair next time. I make it in my watch.

Mother I cannot write more this time so I must conclude my letter with my kind love to all.

Your affectionate Son,

Marshall Loader

Commercial Road, 10 Bedfordplace.
APPENDIX 7

Patience Loader Rozsa Archer to Tamar Loader Ricks

November 17, 1914
Pleasant Grove, Utah

My dear sister Tamar,

I know you have been looking for a letter from me before now. I didn’t know you was going home so soon as Ann said you was coming to stay with her again before you went home. Amy went to the city last Thursday on the Temple Excursion. She went to see her Aunt Ann in the morning and staid a few hours with her she found that she could not work in the Temple untill afternoon. The company was large from this stake and they divided the number. I am thankful to tell you that we got our Uncles endowed and all grandfather’s and grandmother’s children are all sealed to them, thirteen in all. And my dear sister I know you will be as glad as I am to get this work done. I think if you and I lived near the Temple that we would have had this work done long ago. Our men folks are altogether to slow as I tell they are letting this precious opportunity pass them by. They plead they have no time as they have to mark all the time to make a living. I told my folks they can take a lay off for one or two weeks every summer to go in the canyon for pleasure which only for a few fleeting days and is past and gone forever. If they would spend that much time in the Temple of God working for their dead relatives that would bring them everlasting joy and pleasure and they would recieve great blessings in return for their labors. Now my dear sister Tamar I want to explain to you something about our temple work as I have not got any dates of birth and where born and where and when died. I cannot have any wives sealed to Uncle William and Uncle James Britnell. We never knew them also our aunts cannot be sealed to their husbands which I am very sorry for. When we commenced the Temple work in Logan they
let us do the work for the dead if we could tell where they was born and where they died without giving dates as I was unable to give dates but now they are very strict. If I had not had the proper dates to grandfather’s and grandmother’s birth and death and also their children, their children would not have been sealed to them. I feel so thankful that I had all their dates. When Amy went to Logan to get the work done for dear father I gave her five dollars to get the work done for our grandfather Britnell and Loader. The work was already done for all our women folks in eighty seven. Amy and I did that. Later you did for Aunt Mary. Amy also had the work done for our brother Jonas and uncle Frank Britnell and they are all sealed. I am so glad that was done at that time as it could not have been done now as I could not give any dates of grandmother Loader neither grandfather Loader or any of their family or aunt Laley or (Saley) Britnell name. She is sealed to uncle Frank and our grandfather and grandmother Loader are sealed also, also Jonas and Jane. I did not know when she was born or died. I am thankful that is all done. This has been quite an anxious time for me. I could not sleep at night while it was about. Since we commenced our temple work Uncle Philemon have died and his wife Mary Fleet. I have wrote back to cousin Elias to send me the name and birth and death of his mother. Then I can have the work done for her and seal her to Uncle Philemon. I have also sent to aunt Maria White’s grandson Hayden White to send me the birth and death of his grandfather. If he can send it then aunt Maria and her husband can be sealed. Cousin Elias sent me the correct dates of Ann and Sophia Britnell and his own son and sister name. I have sent for him to send me if he can the correct dates of Ann and Sophia Britnell’s parents. I told him if it cost anything to get those dates we would pay the expense. I sent a dollar bill and ask him to let me know in his next letter if he can use that kind of money in England. Aunt Maria’s grandson that writes to me is her son Mark’s son. I asked him to send the birth and death of his own father and mother. I know her maiden name was Elisa Carroll. My dear Tamar give my love to Zilpha. Tell her I found the letter I thought I sent to her to read that is Mr. Britnell’s letter I wanted to refer to. I believe his father is our grandfather’s cousin. I have not received any answer to my letter. He said he had no doubt but we was relations. He said he knew but little about his relations and thought there was but few Britnell’s living. I told him if he went to Kingston that he would find quite a number living there and that I corresponded with them regular that he would also find a number by the name of Hatton and they may be his relations on his mother’s side. He said his mother’s name was Jane Hatton and she was born at Kingston. He could not tell if his father was born at Kingston or Chinor but he lived at Chinor before he was married. His father’s name
was John Shaw Britnell. He said his grandfather had several brothers. He
thinks my mother may be sister to his grandfather, as one of his broth-
ers and I think so too. He said he had a sister Amy, Maria and Jane. If
he don’t write soon I will write again and ask him the given name of his
grandparents Hatton. He must belong to some of the younger families as
he is not more than forty five or six years old. Perhaps he is one of those
that would not care to know his poor relatives in Kingston. He told me in
his letter that he would be glad to help me out in any way he could and
send me the English papers and I thanked him very kindly and told him
in return I would send him the Deseret News so that he could read about
Utah and the lovely country we was living in. I may be he had to go to
this war like our poor young cousin has gone. Poor cousin Elias and his
wife raised that child. His mother died when he was seven years old. He is
twenty now. They said he was such a comfort to them now they are old. He
was always such a good boy and helped them so much and now he had to
leave them and go to this war. Poor things they feel so bad to loose their
boy. This is an awful war so much suffering in the world. I will have to quit
reading about it. John sends me the evening news and I read it every eve-
ning then I cannot sleep for thinking about the poor suffering creatures
and I have been moved some getting our Temple work ready for the time
the brethren and sister went. I fell quite better over that name and will
get another list ready for baptism to be done soon.

Amy joins in love to all also Ruth. I am sorry to hear such bad news
about Marias poor child. Ann told Amy how she still suffers.

Your loving sister,

Patience R. Archer

Write to me soon. I don’t know if I wrote to Zipha or not. I have been
some what bothered of late having to write so much to England for dates
it takes time and lots of writing.
Notes

Introduction

1. Joseph Smith had spoken, taught, and written extensively about the need of the members of the new church to gather. Among several examples of his teachings on the subject is this from January 8, 1841:

   The greatest temporal and spiritual blessings which always come from faithfulness and concerted effort, never attended individual exertion or enterprise. The history of all past ages abundantly attests this fact. In addition to all temporal blessings, there is no other way for the Saints to be saved in these last days, [than by the gathering] [brackets in original] as the concurrent testimony of all the holy prophets clearly proves, for it is written—“They shall come from the east, and be gathered from the west; the north shall give up, and the south shall keep not back.” “The sons of God shall be gathered from afar, and his daughters from the ends of the earth.”

   It is also the concurrent testimony of all the prophets, that this gathering together of all the Saints, must take place before the Lord comes to “take vengeance upon the ungodly,” and “to be glorified and admired by all those who obey the Gospel.” The fiftieth Psalm, from the first to the fifth verse inclusive, describes the glory and majesty of that event. (Joseph Fielding Smith, *Teachings of the Prophet*, 183)

2. Numbers and statistics used here in describing the handcart operations of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints come from the encyclopedic records and compilations of Lyndia Carter, whose decades of research will be published in a forthcoming book about the Martin handcart company.

3. For an excellent and concise discussion of the role of memory and history in the culture of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, see Jill Derr’s “Lives of the Saints,” *Writing Mormon Biography and Autobiography*.

4. Isaiah 35:1 reads, “The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.” This was a significant scriptural prophecy in the minds of the emigrants establishing homes in the desert valley, which they could easily see being fulfilled as their agricultural efforts were rewarded and the valley began to be more hospitable and inviting.

5. The mutual efforts of Eliza R. Snow and Edward W. Tullidge to collect autobiographies of Mormon women are fully recapitulated in Maureen Ursenbach Beecher’s *The Personal Writings of Eliza R. Snow*, Chapter 1. Eliza R. Snow was an early convert to the church, a poet, and a woman of
significant power and influence among the Mormon people. Her brother was Lorenzo Snow, who would become the fourth president of the church. She had been sealed as a plural wife to Joseph Smith, and upon his death was sealed to Brigham Young. She was one of the original members of the Relief Society, a woman’s organization developed in Nauvoo for the promotion of good works, and approved by Joseph Smith as an auxiliary to the functions of the priesthood, around which the church is organized. When the Relief Society was reactivated in Utah, Eliza R. Snow became its president, and was a powerfully influential woman amongst both male and female Mormons. Edward W. Tullidge was a British convert to the church and a man of significant literary talent in the effusive style of his times.

6. Beth Olsen, historian and author of an upcoming book about Pleasant Grove, Utah, describes the significance of Patience’s autobiography on modern audiences in Pleasant Grove:

Patience’s story is at the top of the scale of American Fork Canyon folklore. Her canyon adventures are retold at campfire gatherings, acted out in detail at evening Forest Service presentations, and referred to often. Through repetition it has assumed almost epic proportions, and it is representative of the many canyon folk tales that could be told if they had been recorded in as much detail as Patience wrote her harrowing experiences. (28 June 2004)

7. Ann Douglas, in *The Feminization of American Culture*, provides a comprehensive study of the changing roles of women in the nineteenth century and the impact of sentimental fiction, both as cause and effect, on those roles. Brian Wilkie defined and defended the sentimental voice in “What Is Sentimentality?”

8. While the Salt Lake valley and its inhabitants were geographically and socially cut off to some extent from the rest of the world, attention to education and provision of reading materials was an early concern and was conscientiously approached. Jane Tanner, in an unpublished journal recording her experiences as a youth growing up in the Salt Lake valley, writes about her own education and available reading materials:

There was a free library, well supplied with good and useful books, from which I selected and read many useful volumes. There I first met with Robinson Crusoee, the pet romance of the childish heart. I believe that was about the only novel the library contained. It was, at least, the only one I found there. I read Milton’s “Paradise Lost,” McCauly’s [*sic*] England, History of Arabia and other books of history and travel. I was also fond of light literature, and read more than I should have done, had I known then as I do now the value of a good historical education. But trashy literature was not then spread broadcast as it is now, and my reading was not such as to produce any injurious results on my mind, but perhaps gave me a more general idea of society and the effects of ignorance and wrong courses than I would have gained from historical works. (Journal 1, 83)

This excerpt from Tanner’s history provides a glimpse into the kinds of things Patience could have been reading, and simultaneously confirms two
interesting insights into Mormon culture during the last half of the nineteenth century: history was revered as reading material, and the official library shelves included only carefully chosen fiction. But clearly Jane (and we presume many others) managed to obtain “trashy literature,” which would almost certainly have included sentimental novels—those that were didactically designed to at least purport to give “a more general idea of society and the effects of ignorance and wrong courses.”

9. Donna and DeWitt Paul, “The Epistles of Paul: A Family Newsletter,” May 1987. A copy of the newsletter is in possession of Drusilla Smith of Pleasant Grove, Utah, who is a descendant of Patience Loader’s brother John. Many members of the Loader family have actively pursued research into the history of their families and have carefully documented and preserved their discoveries, distributing them via this and other family newsletters.

England, 1827–December 1855

1. Anglican bishops Ridley and Latimer were burned at the stake for heresy on October 16, 1555. Bishop Granmer translated religious materials in 1549 to produce the Book of Common Prayer for the Church of England.

2. Burke’s Peerage records that Sir Henry John Lambert (1792–1858) was the fifth in his genetic lineage to hold the title of baronet, the first title having been conferred on February 16, 1710, and passed down to the eldest son consecutively (a descendant continues the titled lineage today). James Loader began working for Sir Henry Lambert in about 1820.

3. A genealogy of the Loader family appears as appendix 1.

4. The gardener’s cottage where Patience was raised still stands in Aston Rowant and is still quite lovely. It is the only remaining building of Sir Lambert’s estate, the other buildings having been destroyed by fire in 1957. The cottage is surrounded by flowers and a carefully cut lawn, but the water Patience mentions surrounding the property is no longer visible, having been diverted for other use. The “old fashion casements wendows with dimant cut glass” have apparently been replaced, but a glass insert above the front door, according to the current owner, probably dates back to the time of the Loaders’ occupation of the house. A ripple suggesting the letter “L” appears at the bottom of the glass, visible upon careful examination.

5. About 1844.

6. The correct, or current, spelling of the town’s name is Watlington.

7. Thame was a market town about six miles northwest of Aston Rowant. According to the current Thame web site, a market day has been held on Tuesdays since 1230 AD. Additionally, for part of the town’s history, a two-day fair has been held in October. Later in Patience’s narrative she explains that she fulfilled her one-year contract at the boarding school in Watlington on October 11, 1845, so perhaps the fair she attended was the two-day October event in 1844, after which she left immediately for her first job away from home.

Country fairs were primarily agricultural exhibits, but often offered such dashing entertainments as strong men exhibits, silhouette cutting, harness racing, and mummer’s theatres. Daniel Pool, in What Jane Austen Ate and Charles Dickens Knew, writes on page 177:

Fairs were a magnet for the young and single, and the relaxed, exhilarating atmosphere meant that single servants who were generally
denied any opportunities for courting by their masters often produced a number of pregnancies in the ensuing months. . . .

By noontime . . . business would be winding down, and from then till eleven or midnight there was dancing, flirting, and entertainment—traveling shows . . . cockfights, smockraces in which women competed, wrestling, magic shows, and rope dancers.

Pool’s emphasis on the romantic involvements of young single adults would surely explain Patience’s father’s stern countenance against his children attending any fair.

The little market town of Thame, though, was extremely poor because of low agricultural prices, and since its population by 1901, some fifty or sixty years after Patience’s attendance at the fair, had only climbed to three thousand, the fair that Patience and Ann attended may have been much more modest. At any rate, the day’s events, as Patience notes, offered ample opportunity for dancing and socializing, which was definitely the girls’ main concern.

8. The sister Patience refers to is actually Zilpah, born in 1831. Patience’s formal education was minimal and her capital letters are not always consistent.

9. There are two villages near Aston Rowant that bear the name of Kingston—Kingston Stert and Kingston Blount. Family records (see bibliography for a full list) indicate that Patience’s mother, Amy Britnell Loader, was born in Kingston Blount, as were her ten brothers and sisters. It’s difficult to determine which aunt Patience may be referring to here, but Patience had a double aunt and uncle: Patience’s mother’s sister Elizabeth married Patience’s father’s brother Daniel. Since the cousin who accompanies Patience and Ann home the next morning is named George Loader, perhaps he was the son of Elizabeth and Daniel.

10. Daniel Pool discusses the hierarchy of domestic servants:

[I]n less affluent households, there was the poor maid-of-all-work, the young girl or teenager hired to do all the things for a household that a wealthier family would have divided up among a cook, housemaid, nursemaid, lady’s maid, and so on—washing, scrubbing, cooking, cleaning, taking care of the children—with nothing to look forward to at the end of the day except falling asleep or sitting alone in the kitchen while the family enjoyed their evening together in the upstairs room. . . . [P]erhaps some three fifths of all maids in the England of Queen Victoria were maids-of-all-work. (229)

Domestic service provided the most significant employment opportunity for unmarried women in England during the nineteenth century. Well-to-do families would hire a hierarchy of domestic servants; “upper class” service for women included the roles of governess, housekeeper, skilled cook, and parlourmaid. “Lower class” servants did the heavy work—laundry, cleaning, etc. Patience’s awareness of the social status within domestic service reveals itself repeatedly throughout her narrative; she has a particular lifelong aversion to doing laundry, perhaps resulting from the experience she describes here as she works for the boarding school in Watlington.

A wealth of information on the subject of domestic service is extant. For an easy and quick read, see any one of numerous web sites that describe the
roles, pay, and social conditions of domestic servants, including reproductions of typical employment advertisements. Particularly succinct information is provided by the Hastings History web site listed in the bibliography.

11. Chilblains are inflammations of the skin caused by prolonged exposure to the cold. While not serious injuries in themselves, if left untreated they can cause small lesions, after which the skin can crack and danger of infection is increased. Chilblains usually appear on the feet, but can also occur on hands and face.

12. Patience would have been about seventeen years old at this time.

13. No 1845 London postal directory is available at the British National Archives in Kew, and while the 1846 Postal Directory for London lists several Loaders, Jonas is not among them, so it’s hard to know exactly what part of London Patience may have lived in when she first arrived. At any rate, though, Patience was eighteen years old when she departed for the big city to make her way in the world.

14. Ann Britnell Thompson, born 1796, was an older sister of Patience’s mother. Islington is a borough in London. During the nineteenth century it was a fashionable area and contained a number of large and impressive dwellingplaces (“Islington”).

15. Pool includes an entire chapter entitled “A Taxonomy of Maids.” He describes the role of the lady’s maid, considered “one of the upper servants;” the housemaids, who “kept the household running . . . [They] made the fires, brought up clean water for bathing and washing[,] . . . cleaned the chamber pots, drew the curtains and turned down the beds at night, and cleaned the bedrooms and the public rooms and areas in the house.” Pool 227. Next in hierarchical order to the housemaid was the kitchenmaid, then the dairymaid, then the nursemaid, and later in the century, the parlormaid. While Mrs. Martin held the title of housekeeper in Miss Hennion’s home, Mrs. Martin was herself elderly and Patience probably acted as housemaid, which was backbreaking work—but not as bad, in Patience’s mind anyway, as doing the laundry!

Patience was probably about twenty-one when she left Miss Hennion’s employ.

16. A number of religions had break-off groups who called themselves independents, including Methodists, Baptists, and Unitarians. Patience doesn’t provide enough information to definitely identify what sect the Hennion household may have belonged to; certainly the Church of England was the most likely. According to Leigh’s New Picture of London, 1819, page 3, Independents were numbered among a list of divisions of Christianity based on “Opinion respecting church government, and the administration of ceremonies”. The entry reads, “INDEPENDENTS from the independency of each church in its own discipline or government.” Whether Leigh assumes these independents were splinter groups of the Church of England is not clear.

17. In spite of the number of fascinating details Patience provides about the Hendersons, I have not yet been able to locate historical records that would provide additional information about this family for whom Patience had such affection.

18. Being offered a job as seamstress was a step up in the ranks of domestic service. Dr. Beth Ugoretz of the State University of New York notes that “needlework and teaching were seen as ‘natural’ professions for women, and so would have been appropriate for those from the middle and upper
classes” and therefore distinctly desirable positions for domestic servants. Ugoretz goes on: “Millinery and dressmaking constituted the higher end of female employment with the needle. . . . The number of women involved in dressmaking alone in the early 1840s was estimated to be 15,000."

Pool says that needlework was often the responsibility of the top level of hierarchy among domestic servants: the lady’s maid.

She was free of the housekeeper’s control, unlike the other maids, and attended the lady of the house, personally dressing and undressing her, arranging her hair, reading to her if need be, and using her needlework skills to do repairs on items of personal dress. . . . [I]n all events a lady’s maid was supposed to be youthful and more personable than the housemaids who drudged away all day long doing the household’s heavy manual labor. . . . The lady’s maid had the privilege of being given her mistress’s cast-off clothes.” (227)

Patience’s employment with the Hendersons probably began in late 1849 or 1850.

19. Patience’s remembrance of time spent at these various domestic jobs is a good way of reconstructing the time sequence of her life, since she sometimes omits specific dates in her recollections. If she was eighteen when she went to London the first time, the year would have been about 1845. She had a brief stint at the home of her brother’s friend and then says she spent three years and three months with Mrs. Hennion and her housekeeper Lydia Martin, putting the time of that termination of employment somewhere in late 1848 or 1849, making Patience about twenty-one or twenty-two. Following that, she went to live with the Hendersons, at Highbury Place in “the out skirts of London,” where she says she stayed three years and six months; this would have been about 1851, making her twenty-three or twenty-four years old. A number of documents referring to later recorded incidents that Patience remembers as having occurred while she was in Ramsgate place her in that seaside town in the summers, or partial summers, of 1851 and 1852. She says she was in Ramsgate about a year; she was back in London for the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, which occurred in November of 1852, when Patience was about twenty-five years old.

20. Greenwich is an area on the southeast side of greater London located on the Thames River. Gravesend is further east on the Thames, where the river widens in its progress toward the North Sea. Woolwich (which Patience refers to as Woolwage Common) is also situated on the Thames, between Gravesend and Greenwich.

21. Patience may be referring here to Astley’s Circus. Wikipedia, under an entry entitled “Philip Astley,” indicates that Astley, who was known as the father of the circus, began his career in trick riding and training horses. He used a circular riding pen so that the audience could see everything that was going on, and also because the circular motion of the horses caused centrifugal force that enabled riders to maintain their balance while standing on the horses’ backs. Astley’s Circus became extremely popular and spread to capitals throughout Europe. Its successors eventually included the likes of Barnum and Bailey, and also the wildly popular Wild West shows in America and Europe. A horse from “Ashley’s Circus” would presumably be either well trained or liable to break into stunt moves—or both.
22. There is no record of a Libury College as a self-contained entity in London. A religious establishment called Great Munden has a building named Libury Hall; at various times grammar schools were conducted there, but Great Munden is in Hertfordshire, a significant distance by nineteenth-century standards from Islington, where Highbury Place and the Hendersons’ home was located. The word college can mean a number of different things besides today’s common usage that denotes an institution of higher education. Perhaps Patience is referring to a preparatory or high school that offered no degrees; or possibly, in view of Mr. Henderson’s missionary service, the Libury College she refers to was a clerical establishment that functioned as part of a larger institution.

23. Ramsgate, in addition to being a resort town, has historically been an important military point of debarkation; it has the distinction of being the only designated royal harbour in the United Kingdom. Situated on the English Channel between the towns of Margate and Deal, the coast of France is visible on clear days. Ramsgate is sometimes listed among the Cinque Ports (though it was not one of the original ones); the Duke of Wellington was Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, and resided for part of each year in Walmer Castle at Deal, another seaside town visible from Ramsgate and one of the original Cinque Ports. The Duke of Wellington’s presence in the area was important to local citizens, as reflected in Patience’s several recollections about him later in the manuscript.

24. Interestingly, donkey rides are still offered to children on the beaches at Ramsgate.

25. Pegwell Bay (Patience’s handwriting seems to say Pegmellbay) adjoins Sandwich Bay, which connects the Ramsgate coastline with the Deal coastline. Ramsgate occupies a rounded point of land, and at the southern side of the point is Pegwell Bay. As a point of reference, Deal lies about halfway between Ramsgate and the famous white cliffs of Dover to the south.

26. Bathing machines, used between 1735 and the 1920s, were horse-drawn box-like carriages similar to small wooden, fully enclosed cabins. They provided for modest entrance into the ocean to swim. Swimmers would board the bathing machines fully clothed, change into their swimming clothing, and then ride in the bathing machines as the horse drew them out into the water. The Margate Historical Society explains how it worked:

The bather would enter the machine through a rear door and undress or change into a swimming costume. When the machine, towed by a horse, reached a point just off the shoreline the bather would then open the rear door and enter the sea. (Handout)

A particular kind of bathing machine that was invented by Benjamin Beale and first introduced at Margate, just up the coast north of Ramsgate, is described in an explanatory drawing entitled “Benjamin Beale and His Bathing Machine,” by the Margate Historical Society:

[Beale’s machine] had at its rear end a hooped and hinged canvas screen which, once the machine had been driven into position, could be let down by the driver operating a pulley so that it formed a tent on the water, thus allowing the occupant to ascend the steps of the machine to bathe in complete privacy from onlookers . . . [it]
received glowing tributes in the guide books of the day—“by means of this very useful contrivance both sexes may enjoy the renovating waters of the ocean, the one without any violation of public decency, and the other safe from the gaze of idle or vulgar curiosity.”

27. The London Times of Wednesday, August 13, 1851, page 7, column 5, carried the following brief item under the heading “Bathing at Ramsgate”:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir.--Two persons were drowned here on Saturday, one while bathing and the other in the attempt to rescue him. Two others were nearly drowned the day before. Perhaps a notice in your influential paper will induce the authorities to have one or two boats, with apparatus, always afloat during the time bathing is going on. This plan is adopted at Boulogne, and has been the means of saving many lives.

Yours &c

A Visitor

Ramsgate, Aug. 11

The writer to the newspaper is obviously more concerned with the ongoing problem of accidents in Ramsgate’s harbor than he or she is with the personal circumstances of these two particular deaths; Patience’s recollections, however, provide more detail about the tragic incident than the newspaper does, and her sympathy is clear.

28. The house where Princess Victoria summered is now privately owned and inhabited. It is marked by the royal crest displayed in stone above the entryway. The walled garden Patience mentions, which lies directly in front of the building’s main door, is now a grassy parkway, walled only by hedges and trees, and open to public use. The house does not, however, face the sea, and did not during Patience’s sojourn in Ramsgate—the house faces north and the sea is east. Perhaps the property as it originally existed did have an eastern view of the sea. A row of buildings on Nelson Crescent, formerly private dwellings erected in 1799 and now a combination of private dwellings and lovely little hotels, separates Victoria’s summer home, about two blocks inland, from the front seaside buildings. While a tunnel from the royal house to the sea, mentioned a little later by Patience, would have been long, it is entirely possible that it did exist. According to James Thomas, proprietor of the Royal Harbour Hotel and local historian, Ramsgate was riddled with tunnels during the nineteenth century.

29. Jacob’s Ladder is the name still used for a steep iron staircase running down the cliff as Patience describes. It is about two blocks from Queen Victoria’s summer home. Near the bottom of the ladder is a small church; the door to that edifice may be the one to which Patience refers, although it is not iron in its present form. The church was erected as a chapel for sailors in the latter part of the nineteenth century. During the time of Patience’s sojourn in Ramsgate, the city harbor was indeed tidal. Now gates have been installed to prevent tidal fluctuation.

30. The Goodwin Sands lie six miles off the coast of the North Sea near Ramsgate. The Sands are a series of sandbanks that have caused literally thousands of shipwrecks over almost a thousand years of recorded history. The sand banks are about eleven miles long and six miles across and are
especially dangerous because of strong winds and enormously powerful cur-
rents that make the banks shift and the channel change. In spite of numer-
ous attempts to mark the sands with lighthouses and other safety markers,
the lifeboat business of the Ramsgate Harbour continues to be brisk.

It’s very hard to determine which particular wreck Patience may be
referring to in this account; several are documented during the summers
of 1851 and 1852. An example of the kind of occurrence that she describes,
though, is found in the *London Times* of Friday, November 11, 1853, page 7,
column 6:

Fatal Shipwreck.—Ramsgate, Nov. 9—A shocking shipwreck took place
on the North sandhead of the Goodwin-sands last night, which
resulted in the loss of several lives. The unfortunate vessel was a fine
French schooner named the Elesonore, J. B. Bloom, master, bound
to Dunkirk . . . with a cargo of tar, iron, and deale. She caught the
sands about 9 o’clock, and the wind blowing strong at the time,
with a heavy sea on, all efforts of the crew failed in getting her off.
The boat and luggers from this port put off to the rescue of the
unfortunate creatures as soon as possible after intelligence of the
wreck had been received, but we regret to add that, owing to the
boisterous weather which prevailed, the whole of the poor fellows on
board, with the exemption of the captain and a young man named
Le Febre, a passenger, perished before any of the crafts could get
near enough to rescue them. The passenger had a most marvellous
escape; he contrived to secure himself to an afterpiece of the wreck,
and so remained, exposed to the fury of the elements the whole
night, and was then taken off and brought ashore. The vessel speed-
ily commenced to break up, and portions of the cargo have been
picked up and brought in here. None of the bodies have been cast
ashore as yet.

A maritime museum in Ramsgate contains artifacts from a number of
wrecks and commemorates naval and rescue efforts, tracing the devel-
opment of rescue devices and services over several hundred years. The
Goodwin Sands are described in a number of web sites accessible on any
search engine by typing in those two key words.

31. While some specific locations for businesses in Ramsgate during the nine-
teenth century are discernible by perusal of tax records, at the time of
publication of this document, I have as yet been unable to pinpoint Mrs.
Davice’s shop or Mrs. Shepard’s home.

32. This is the Pall Mall section of London. Pronunciation then and now would
more easily accommodate Patience’s spelling than the correct one.

33. Arthur Wellesley, First Duke of Wellington, died on September 13, 1852,
at his home at Walmer Castle, Deal, near Ramsgate. A former prime min-
ister, Wellington was better admired as the hero of Waterloo—and is of
course still remembered for the boots he designed. According to Gregory
Holyoake, nine thousand mourners in the area of the tiny towns of Deal
and Walmer alone paid respects to the departed duke, and a local newspa-
per, the *Maidstone Journal, Kentish Advertiser, and South-Eastern Intelligencer*,
in an article entitled “Death of the Duke of Wellington” carried a long descrip-
tion of particulars of the duke’s death and noted that
In Deal and Walmer the event produced the impression which was to be expected, and which will be shared in throughout every part of the country. All the shops were closed, the streets were deserted, the flag at the fort was hoisted half-mast high, and an air of gloom prevailed, with which the state of the weather was in sorrowful keeping. (September 21, 1852, column 1)

Two months lapsed between the time of Wellington’s death and his eventual burial at St. Paul’s Cathedral in London, as Parliament debated when, where, and how the high honors should take place. The official funeral began at last on November 11 when the body was moved by mourning coach from the castle at Deal to the railway station bound for London; it would lie in state at Chelsea Hospital. On November 18 the final ceremonies occurred and burial took place. Patience evidently watched the event from her friend’s home in Pall Mall.

In an article called “Funeral of the Duke of Wellington,” carried by the Maidstone Journal, Rochester and Chatham Journal, West Kent Journal on November 25, 1852, page 2, there is a detailed description of the procession and the catafalque in London, including a list of the order of the procession (the list alone took an entire column and included, in addition to military, diplomatic, parliamentary and royal representation, Her Majesty the Queen and a personal attendance by Prince Albert). What Patience would have been part of was described by the newspaper reporter thus:

The procession passed from the Horse Guards parade through St. James’s Park, up Constitution Hill, to Hyde Park Corner, halting when the car had arrived in front of Buckingham Palace, to allow her Majesty and the Royal Family, who were in the balcony above the main entrance, an opportunity of seeing it. . . . [in] houses along the west end of Piccadilly the windows and balconies were completely occupied by the families who inhabit them and their friends, while the pavement on either side of the way was filled to the kerbstone with people. It almost seemed as if the whole world had assembled to witness the ceremonial, for the people were everywhere—built into the walls, swarming in the streets, and clustered like hives on every projection and parapet. When St. James’s street was reached, the double view first, eastwards, along Piccadilly and then down towards the Palace, was singularly impressive. There must have been 30,000 people within range of sight at this point, and the orderly and respectful behaviour of even the humblest among them, crowded and hemmed in as they were, cannot be too highly praised. . . . At Trafalgar square it is supposed that 40,000 people must have been assembled. Every house and window along the Strand was crammed, and from Charing cross to St. Paul’s it is calculated that 200,000 seats were provided.

At the end of the service, the duke’s staff of office was broken in pieces and the Garter King at Arms “cast the fragments into the vault.” As Patience muses upon the scene and remarks many years later, it must have been a solemn and impressive experience.

34. Gregory Holyoake writes in Wellington at Walmer, “Although [the Iron Duke] lived a Spartan regime at Walmer Castle, he was a warm, generous
host and his active concern for his neighbors endeared him to the local community” (9). At a time prior to his being named Duke of Wellington, when Sir Arthur Wellesley first returned to England from France after the Napoleonic wars, a subordinate officer failed to recognize him and gave him an order. Holyoake says, “Sir Arthur replied: ‘The order shall be attended to, but I rather believe you will find that I am your senior officer instead of you being mine’” (15). Patience’s sailor friend may have been recounting a version of this story, or perhaps had had a personal experience with the duke at a time when he lived in a less formidable dwelling place than Walmer Castle.

35. According to the 1846 Postal Directory for the city of London (available at the British National Archives), Atkinson Morley, owner of the Burlington Hotel, lived at 29 Cork Street and at adjoining addresses of 29 and 30 Old Burlington Street. This supports Patience’s later description of the hotel’s front and back doors opening onto different streets, and also gives some idea of the size of the building. The location of the hotel was close to Piccadilly Circus, in an area just behind what is now known as Burlington Arcade.

36. Benson is southwest of Aston Rowant, beyond Watlington (where Patience first worked away from home).

37. Patience’s storytelling skills are impressive here. John Dalling would later marry Patience’s sister Ann, and Patience would, some thirty years later, marry John Archer, whose English wife elected, after migrating to America, not to accompany him further to Utah. In this part of the manuscript, however, Patience keeps to the story at hand and gives the reader no clue that either of these men would be significant in her later life.

38. As Patience uses the word here, it means to “un-appoint” rather than to frustrate.

39. According to the records of the Westminster Branch on file at the Church Office Building of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Salt Lake City, Utah, Patience was baptized in June of 1853, (apparently, according to Patience’s account, somewhere near Aston Rowant, although the official church record does not indicate that) by J. Dalley (probably John Dalling) and confirmed by E. T. Haley. She was received as a member of the Westminster Branch in London on June 26, 1853, her membership transferring from Aston. She was nearing her twenty-sixth birthday.

40. Patience was at the Burlington Hotel from June 1853 until June 1854.

41. The Westminster Branch was organized on December 22, 1849, and meetings were held “one mile northeast of Victory Station, London, Middlesex, England.” There are no records of when President Priday was appointed, but he was released from the presidency on August 7, 1854. On November 7, 1858, the Westminster Branch was dissolved and its members transferred to the “Chelsia” Branch, probably because Mormons were emigrating to America in such great numbers that the congregation was insufficient to maintain a separate congregation. Patience appears on membership lists of the branch, and, as she will later mention, was responsible for increasing its numbers by at least three.

42. While Mr. Atkinson Morley’s love life is not recounted in historical documents, other aspects of his life are. He studied medicine at St. George’s Hospital in Hyde Park around the turn of the nineteenth century, but became an entrepreneur of hostelry instead. He died in 1858 a very wealthy
man. In his will he left money to St. George’s Hospital, the trustees of which decided to build a convalescent home. They purchased a beautiful acreage formerly belonging to the Duke of Wellington and opened the home in 1869. It continued as a convalescent home until 1939. The facility, moved to a new location in Brixton, is now called the Atkinson Morley Hospital.

Interestingly, a part of Atkinson Morley’s last will and testament is reproduced on the LUNG home page, “Saving Atkinson Morley’s Hospital Green Space and Working for a Greener London.”

43. A photocopy of the tract Patience gave to Mrs. Graison, “The First Principles of the Gospel,” is in the Historical Library of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Salt Lake City, Utah. The copy is difficult to decipher, however, and cannot be reproduced here.

44. Sarah Mansell was baptized November 6, 1853, by Elder Priday, as Patience remembers, and was confirmed by an Elder Beasley. Susan Mansell was baptized March 26, 1854, also by Elder Priday, and confirmed by an Elder Bayless. Apparently the Mansell sisters adopted Patience’s missionary zeal; the Westminster Branch records indicate that Mary Ann Mansell, a resident of Ludgate Hill, was baptized November 26, 1854, at Holburn, and was Emigrant No. 165, meaning, presumably, that she had emigrated to America.

45. Eliza seems to have been a guest in the hotel while Patience worked there. Eliza’s antagonism towards the Mormon religion apparently did not abate, and she was one of four children of James and Amy Britnell Loader who did not emigrate to America. She married Thomas Heritage, and her death date is unknown. Others of Patience’s siblings who remained in England were Jonas (died 1865), Emma (died 1869), and Marshall (died 1865). That the family kept in touch in spite of their continental separation, though, is clear from appendix 6, which is a letter from Marshall Loader to his mother in 1857.

46. DeWitt Paul indicates that when Sir Henry Lambert learned that James Loader and part of his family had joined the Mormon church, Sir Henry rather sadly gave them a year to renounce their new religion or be evicted. They would not renounce and so their son Jonas, who wanted nothing to do with the Mormon church, moved his parents into a small house in Kingston. As soon as possible the Loaders made plans to emigrate to America with the help of John Jaques, who had married the Loaders’ daughter Zilpha and who was working in the London office of Apostle F. D. Richards.

47. December 12 was the departure date for the ship, from Liverpool. Patience actually left the general’s home on December 9, 1855, as she mentions a little later in the manuscript. The manuscript seems to indicate that she went to visit her father on December 9 and then returned to the general’s house, but she actually departed for Liverpool on the 9th and remained there until the 12th when the ship set out.

48. A blotch at this point on Patience’s handwritten manuscript looks much like a tear had fallen as she remembered the old general and wrote about his distress at her departure.

49. John Jaques and Zilpha Loader were married on October 31, 1853, in Liverpool. Jaques, born in England, served a mission during which he visited the Aston Rowant area, where he met Zilpha. He would later become one of the captains in the Martin handcart company and also the official historian for the journey.
50. Although Patience provides a significant amount of information on General William Turner and wife—that they lived on Half Moon Street off Piccadilly; that he was engaged in the battle of Waterloo; that his age was eighty-two years in 1854; that he had been married fifty-one years to his wife Constance; that she died in December 1853 at the age of seventy-two after having endured twenty-eight sea voyages with her husband; and that she always went wherever her husband went although they had no children—Achievements, Limited, a research organization based in London, is unable to identify and/or locate him. Their research found three William Turner deaths in the area of London where Patience last saw her old friend—one in June and one in September 1856, and one in September 1857. All left wills, and all had living descendants. Judith Batchelor of the research department feels that Patience’s General Turner must have returned “to the country” before he died, and without a specific location, it would be impossible to locate him.

On the *John J. Boyd*, December 1855–February 1856

1. The ship was actually the *John J. Boyd*, as Patience correctly notes later in the manuscript. Conway Sonne notes in *Saints on the Seas*, page 169, that the ship left Liverpool on December 12, 1855, and would not arrive until February 16, 1856. The voyage of sixty-six passage days was the longest recorded for Mormon emigrations.

2. Loader family members who traveled aboard the *John J. Boyd* were James and Amy Britnell Loader; John (35) and his wife Harriet King Loader, with two small children; Patience (28); Maria (19); Jane (15); Sarah (12); and Robert (10). Ann Loader Dalling was already in Salt Lake City with her husband John. As Patience explains, her sister Zilpha, with her husband John Jaques and infant daughter, would remain in Liverpool until July and then join the rest of the family for the overland journey from Iowa to the Wasatch Mountains.

3. According to Sonne, page 151, there were 512 passengers on board the *John J. Boyd* when it left Liverpool on December 12, 1855.

4. Though both Charles Savage and Knud or Canute Peterson are familiar names in LDS church history, surprisingly little concrete information about their assignments to this emigrant ship seems to be available. Peterson left a journal, the original of which is in the archives of the Church Historical Department, but it is not translated into English, is very short, and seems to pertain entirely to ship business. In April of 1946 the *Instructor* magazine carried an article entitled “The Story of Canute Peterson As Told to His Daughter Carrie.” In it Peterson tells about his first mission (to Wisconsin, in 1844); his attendance at the Nauvoo Temple in 1846; his marriage; his migration to Utah in 1849; the birth of his first son (Peter Cornelius, June 11, 1850); and his assignment to settle Lehi, in Utah County, in July of 1850. The article ends, seemingly, in the middle of the tale. He was obviously a devout follower of his religion and it is not surprising that he would be given assignments to travel to Europe to help with the emigrating converts, especially since five hundred of the emigrants (according to Patience) were “Danish.” (“The Story of Canute Peterson,” page 171).

5. According to the ship’s roster (available on microfilm at the Family History Library in Salt Lake City), William and Catherine Hailey were both born in 1791, making them about sixty-four years old.
6. Franklin D. Richards was a member of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles. After the assassination of church founder Joseph Smith, the Quorum of the Twelve governed the church, with Brigham Young as president. Three and a half years after Smith’s death in 1844, the First Presidency was reorganized with Brigham Young as president. At that time the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles assumed its original position as second governing body of the church, under the administration of the First Presidency. F. D. Richards, as an apostle, had been appointed as senior church official administering the affairs of the church in England, particularly proselytizing and emigration.

7. Patience is alone among record keepers in pronouncing a specific number of deaths aboard that initial voyage of the John J. Boyd. Official ship rosters and church records do not list specific numbers, but in a record of deaths on board LDS emigrant ships, organized in descending order with high numbers listed first, Sonne lists this voyage of the John J. Boyd first, with the notation “many” (167). Patience gives the exact number twice in her manuscript.

8. According to the ship register, the John J. Boyd left Liverpool on December 12, 1855, and arrived in New York on February 16, 1856. Sonne, Saints on the Seas, 150–151. The roster records the number of passage days as sixty-six, not seventy-seven as Patience suggests. The difference could be that official ship registers may not count as voyage time those days spent in the harbor or nearing the harbor. Patience does not give a specific date of arrival, but does confirm that it was in February.

9. The captain’s name was T. Austin. (Sonne 150–51).

10. For a discussion of provisions and medical supplies required by law on passenger ships of the time, see Leroy R. and Ann W. Hafen, Handcarts to Zion, 38–39.

11. Zilpha Loader, daughter of John and Harriet King Loader, was born February 25, 1855, in Aston Rowant. The exact date of her death on board the John J. Boyd is not known. John and Harriet had previously lost another child, James Jonas (1850–1851) who died of croup. After Zilpha’s death they had one surviving son, Henry, also aboard the ship.

12. Personal revelatory experiences were an integral part of the Mormon faith, and special effort was made to record such experiences for posterity and as a testimony to the presence of the hand of God in mortal affairs. Patience’s manuscript is less laden with testimonials than many; however, she clearly remembers a few key experiences and does often painstakingly mention her recognition of heavenly assistance, especially during very difficult times in her life.

13. Patience is mistaken about the age and service of the John J. Boyd. Sonne indicates on pages 150–153 that it was actually almost new; it had been built in New York in 1855, and was to carry, under a different captain, two more groups of LDS emigrants from Liverpool to New York, one in 1862 and one in 1863. Neither of the latter two voyages was nearly as long as the one Patience endured; the 1862 passage was thirty-nine days and the 1863 was twenty-nine days.

America, February–July 1856

1. David Laskin, in The Children’s Blizzard, describes on pages 22 and 23 an immigrant’s entry into Castle Gardens. Laskin is recounting experiences
of new arrivals some twenty years after Patience’s group would have been there, but at least generalities of the situation would have been the same:

[New arrivals] marched down the wharf and directly into the low-domed circular building known as Castle Garden. This curious structure, neither a castle nor a garden, was an early example of creative urban recycling. Built between 1808 and 1811 to fortify the southern tip of Manhattan . . . Castle Garden was reborn as a summer restaurant in 1824; then in the 1840s it was roofed over and converted into an opera house and theater (Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale, sang there for an audience of four thousand); and finally, in 1855, it became the nation’s primary immigrant processing center. Over the next thirty-four years, more than eight million immigrants passed through these thick red granite walls on their way to new lives in America.

. . . [T]he scene inside Castle Garden looked like pandemonium and sounded like Babel. Immigrants in their heavy woolen clothes filled the rows of benches on the lower level. Overhead hung two tiers of balconies where families who had arrived earlier camped while waiting clearance. Children shouted and babies squalled. The smell of cheese, rolls, and coffee drifted in from the humid kitchens. Red-faced officials tried vainly to contain and channel the human flood.

2. John Taylor, a member of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, was president of the Eastern Mission, based in New York. His authority, as one of the Twelve, was equal to that of Franklin D. Richards, and their areas of influence were determined by their assigned fields of labor, Richards’s in England and Taylor’s on the east coast of America. Later in the manuscript Patience notes Taylor’s reluctance to interfere with counsel previously given by Franklin D. Richards when the Loader family was in England and under his jurisdiction.

3. Lyndia Carter, author of a forthcoming exhaustively researched book about the Martin handcart company, points out that the Loader family was listed on the roster for the John J. Boyd under the heading “Ordinary,” which meant that they paid their own fare. But an account had been set up to assist with the expenses of other emigrants who could not pay their own way. Called the Perpetual Emigration Fund (PEF), this account was established using donations made for the purpose, and the idea was that emigrants could borrow from the PEF and then repay the monies so that the fund would exist in perpetuity for ongoing emigration. Some emigrants had to draw on the Perpetual Emigration Fund for travel by sea as well as overland; some used PEF money for only part of the journey. As events unfold in Patience’s story, it appears that she and her family were not planning to rely on PEF funds at all for their migration, but their plans changed, with dramatic results. NOTE: Unless otherwise indicated, all information about the Martin handcart company and its experiences has been provided by Lyndia Carter.

4. Williamsburg was a suburb of New York City.

5. Patience is talking about her brother John Loader.

6. Leroy and Ann Hafen explain that the idea for handcart emigration had been introduced and approved by church leaders in 1851, but until the
crop failures of 1853–55 in the Mormon settlements the plan was not employed. As church funds became depleted, a more economic means of providing a way for less affluent members to make the 1,300–mile trip from Iowa to Utah had to be found. *Handcarts to Zion*, 30.

Lyndia Carter adds that enthusiasm for handcart migration began to increase in the fall of 1855. According to John Taylor (see appendix 3) Brigham Young wrote to Taylor, president of the Eastern States Mission, discussing the idea and asking Taylor to gather some data and make some projections on the feasibility of the plan. Young also wrote to Franklin D. Richards, president of the British Mission, and their correspondence on the subject was published in the *Millennial Star*, a newspaper that served as the official means of communication between church leaders and members in the British Isles from 1840 to 1970.

Enthusiasm for the experimental handcart migration gained momentum in the British Mission, as noted in a letter published on December 1, 1855 in *The Mormon* (New York City) (appendix 4). Richards and his assistant, John Jaques (Patience’s brother-in-law) had come to embrace the idea with great zeal. Through January of 1856 the *Millennial Star* continued to carry articles that made clear the increasing expectation that all PEF emigrants would travel by handcart. While the Loaders were probably not PEF emigrants, they traveled with a number who were, and John Jaques soon seemed to equate in his own mind the idea of handcart travel as a proof of faith, as Patience’s manuscript will later reveal.

Since the *John J. Boyd* had set sail on December 9, 1855, before the *Millennial Star* letters were published, and landed in February of 1856, after the new regulations had been thoroughly discussed, the Loader family was entirely unaware of the shift in emphasis and expectation from wagon to handcart migration. As Patience says, it was “aterrable great suprise.”

There were in all between 55,000 and 80,000 total Mormon emigrants, and only about 3,000, or 4 percent, traveled by handcart, according to Lyndia Carter’s best estimates as of the summer of 2003. In spite of the obvious difficulties, many handcart expeditions were entirely successful. Unfortunately, the company with which the Loader family traveled was one of two that encountered dramatic and severe hardships, with significant loss of life.

7. In view of later events, it’s interesting to note that it is Patience’s mother, not her father, who requests that Patience write to John Jaques.
8. Letters between Patience and John Jaques appear as appendix 5.
9. The Loader family’s plan to work a year for means to properly equip themselves was not unusual and had in fact been the approved way of preparing for travel across the continent. According to the *Millennial Star*, xviii [1856], 369–72, a little under half (1,998 of 2,397) of the anticipated emigrants departing England between November 30, 1855, and July 6, 1856, were initially expected to “locate . . . in various parts of the United States, in order to obtain means to complete their journey whenever circumstances will permit.”
10. Lyndia Carter points out that Apostles Richards and Taylor had different views on the efficacy of handcart migration. Among other things, John Taylor’s estimate of expenses for a dependable outfit was $27 per cart while Richards’s was $11. Taylor’s letters on the subject were printed in *The Mormon*, a New York-published newspaper with a Mormon audience similar
to *the Millennial Star* in England. Taylor initially expressed his opinion that handcart migration might be a good option for male emigrants; he even acknowledged the possibility that some women might be able to make the journey by handcart if in very carefully controlled circumstances. He was forthright, however, in explaining that he did not see handcart migration as the best means of travel, nor did he ever embrace it as an exclusive approach. His editorial for *The Mormon*, Saturday, December 1, 1855 appears as appendix 4.

Richards, on the other hand, became deeply embued with zealous enthusiasm for any means of emigration (see *Millennial Star* editorial, Saturday, December 22, 1855, appendix 3) at least in part because Britain was also in economic depression and many British converts were in desperate straits, some facing severe hardship, including assignment to a poorhouse, if other means of provision were not discovered. Seen through the eye of faith, and weighed against practical necessity, handcart migration seemed to offer an answer. Without the use of handcarts, only one emigrant in twenty would have the means to make the journey.

11. Patience is refreshingly honest in her admission of being embarrassed by assignment to a handcart company. A scarcely veiled personal pride is certainly one of her most appealingly human attributes, and her continual struggle to overcome that pride is an endearing quality throughout the manuscript.

12. T. B. H. Stenhouse was an active member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints for over twenty years, but he later became disaffected, joined a group of other dissenters, and formed a separate church called the Godbeites (named after William S. Godbe). That group developed an anti-Mormon journal named *Utah* Magazine, which would eventually become the *Salt Lake Tribune*. Ronald Walker, *Godbeites*, 1. Both Stenhouse and his wife wrote books and pamphlets whose aim was to “unveil Mormondom.”

13. The letter to which Stenhouse refers, published in the *Millennial Star*, is reprinted in appendix 5.

**Starting Westward, July 3–July 28, 1856**

1. Dunkirk, New York, is a city situated on the shores of Lake Ontario. It was a major rail center of the time.

2. Lucy Ward would become a member of the Willie handcart company, which traveled in close proximity to the Martin company and the Hodgett wagon train. All three units would suffer terribly from cold and hunger caused by delays and an early winter.

3. It isn’t clear why Patience and Lucey would keep to themselves such a secret as a dead body on the road. Their apparent nonchalance, walking on to bathe with handkerchiefs in the lake, seems especially peculiar. However, during the nineteenth century deaths due to disease and accident were hardly uncommon, and in the absence of modern mandates governing the handling of bodies, death seemed much more an ordinary element of the life cycle than it does now.

   Something else may be playing into the manuscript at this point, though. As Patience writes her recollections, we feel no sense of her being unnerved or intimidated by any of the potentially threatening situations she mentions in England—life as a domestic servant in a number of situations, including
a large hotel in London and in the naval port of Ramsgate, nighttime walks of many miles, etc. But beginning with this episode in America, her manuscript sometimes seems to reflect a sense of consciousness of personal vulnerability, a consciousness perhaps related to life in a new, strange country, and one that heightens and sometimes dramatizes the events she chooses to narrate.

4. Lyndia Carter has learned that the railroad bridge Patience refers to collapsed when a steamer hit it.

5. Davenport is of course in eastern Iowa, but Patience, as a new emigree, would scarcely be able to distinguish it from Moline on the Illinois side of the river. The family’s destination was Iowa City, some three hundred miles away on the western border of the state. A number of Mormon emigrants passed through this area, and the ruffians Patience mentions were no doubt accustomed to trying to unnerv them. Their taunts may have seemed more seriously threatening to Patience because she was not yet acclimated to the freer and less formal American culture; nevertheless, if Patience describes the rough ways of some, she is also careful to point out the kindnesses and thoughtfulness of others among the non-Mormon Americans she encounters.

6. Lyndia Carter explains that tents were sometimes made by Mormon emigrant women on board ship and distributed later as part of the pack supplies for the overland handcart trek. Ordinary passengers on board emigrant ships paid $45 per adult as fare for travel to Utah, including ship passage and tent and supplies for the overland journey. Fare for travel across the plains without ship passage was $25. All members of the Martin handcart company were considered PEF, but not all were indebted, or under necessity of repaying their fares. Carter, July 3, 2003. Without wagons and teams, these tents were vital as the only shelter for handcart emigrants.

7. The Martin company, most of whom (including the Jaques family and Patience’s sister Tamar) had come from England on either the Thornton, which had sailed on May 3, or the Horizon, which left Liverpool on May 25, arrived in Iowa City on July 8, 1856, and came into the camp where the Loaders were on July 9. The Willie company, which traveled close to the Martin company, was already in camp when the Loaders arrived.

8. John and Harriet King Loader had previously lost two children, one to illness in England, and one on board the John J. Boyd. Their reluctance to start the arduous handcart journey when Harriet was in late-term pregnancy is certainly understandable. Years later, when Patience was living in Washington during the Civil War, she visited her brother John in the hospital. According to family records, he had been wounded October 19, 1864, at the Battle of Cedar Creek, West Virginia, and was hospitalized in Winchester, Virginia. He and his family later traveled to Utah in company with Patience and her family after the war, and settled permanently in Pleasant Grove.

On the Plains, July 28–November 30, 1856

1. John Jaques records that the handcart company “moved off nearly a mile for a start” on Monday, July 28, 1856. Stella Jaques Bell, Life History and Writings of John Jaques, 118.

2. All of the handcarts had arrived in Florence, Nebraska, by August 22, 1856.

3. A blessing from Franklin D. Richards, one of the twelve apostles, would have been met with high faith and great expectation, and with a deep sense
of responsibility on the part of the recipient to do everything possible to
enable the blessing to be fulfilled. In addition to administrative assignments
as previously described, the twelve apostles were considered individually as
well as collectively as having power and authority to act in the name of God
as had apostles in the meridian of time. Richards, in company with another
apostle, John Taylor, also administered at this time to Tamar, who was very
ill. Her blessing promised that she would walk before she arrived in Utah,
which she did.

4. Cutler’s Park had been a campsite for the first Mormon immigrants who
left Nauvoo, Illinois, in the spring of 1846. While Patience records the dis-
tance as seven miles between Florence and Cutler’s Park, John Jaques says
two and a half, and other journalists say about three miles.

5. Patience here implies that her sister Ann had married John Dalling in
England before she migrated to America in 1855. Perhaps her memory was
inaccurate here. Paul DeWitt says on pages 3 and 5 that Ann married John
two months after she arrived in the Salt Lake valley, and speculates that her
fondness for Dalling had perhaps prompted her emigration a year earlier
than the rest of her family. DeWitt’s source is an unpublished biography of
Ann written by her granddaughter Leah Goodfellow. Ann’s marriage date
to John Dalling is listed as November 11, 1855 (see appendix 1), and it
seems likely that she would have traveled to Utah prior to her marriage,
during the summer months, arriving in the valley in September and marry-
ing John in November.

6. According to Jaques, the company camped at Cutler’s Park on August 25.
Bell, Life History, 129.

7. Handcarts weighed about sixty pounds, and according to T. B. H. Stenhouse,
quoted in Hafen and Hafen Handcarts to Zion, 54, a handcart was “a fragile
structure, with nothing to recommend it but lightness.” Stenhouse describes
the handcart:

They were generally made of two parallel hickory or oak sticks,
about five feet long, and two by one and a half inches thick. These
were connected by one cross-piece at one end to serve as a handle,
and three or four similar pieces nearly a foot apart, commencing at
the other end, to serve as the bed of the cart, under the centre of
which was fastened a wooden axle-tree, without iron skeins. A pair of
light wheels, devoid of iron, except a very light iron tire, completed
the . . . handcart.

In addition to the weight of the cart itself, each family member was
allowed seventeen pounds of freight. If James Loader’s family freight
included all six of his unmarried children (Patience, Tamar, Maria, Sarah,
Jane, and Robert), plus himself and his wife, the handcart’s total weight
would have been just short of two hundred pounds. It’s possible that some
of the Loader family’s goods were carried on the Jaques’ handcart.

8. The Jaques’ son was born August 27, 1856.

9. Any flu-like malaise, probably viruses, were called “mountain fever.”

10. Lyndia Carter’s records indicate that Sarah Ann Barlow Ashton died
September 11. She and her husband William had lost a two-year-old child,
Elizabeth, who died at sea. William left the company at Laramie, where he
enlisted in the army. Three daughters, Betsy (11), Sarah (7), and Mary (4)
continued with the company. Betsy died in Wyoming of cold and hunger. Sarah and Mary made it to Salt Lake City.

11. The camp captain’s responsibilities were later described by Joseph Argyle, Jr.:

The duty of the company captain . . . was to look after everything in general to see that the company was provided with all provisions that they were able to carry and to assist in all that would aid for the betterment of the company. The tent captain was expected to give all his time and attention to his company, to make sure that all allotments of one pint of flour for each person were given every twenty-four hours and to equalize as nearly as possible all labor, or to act as the father over his family. (Hafen and Hafen, *Handcarts to Zion*, 59).

12. Edward Martin was one of several British missionaries who had been given responsibility for trail companies. There were probably nearly six hundred people in his company, which included “146 handcarts, 5 wagons, 30 oxen, and 50 cows and beef cattle.” At the time of this company’s migration, Martin was thirty-seven years old. Born and converted to the LDS church in England, he had previously emigrated to America and was perhaps better prepared for leadership of an emigrant company than some others by virtue of his having served in the Mormon Battalion during the Mexican War. Hafen and Hafen, *Handcarts to Zion* 93.

13. Patience’s distress seems warranted. However, in fairness to Edward Martin, he must have been acutely aware of the hazards of this overland trek which started so late in the season, and his concerns necessarily had to focus on the pressing need to get the main body of the company moving and keep it moving as rapidly as possible. Unfortunately, there would have been little room in the sick wagons to accommodate ministering relatives.

14. Joseph A. Young was the oldest son of Brigham Young. He was not a member of the company, but he appears several times in Patience’s narrative, arriving to give assistance at various points on the trail as he travels by horseback between the emigrants and Salt Lake City. Lyndia Carter indicates that he, too, was returning missionary, and was part of a group herding mules to Utah.

15. The Jaques’ son was named Alpha Loader Jaques. Born August 27, 1856, at Cutler’s Park, Nebraska, he lived through the rigors of the handcart experience and had a long life, dying December 9, 1945, as perhaps, according to Lyndia Carter, the last of the Martin handcart survivors.

16. Lyndia Carter believes this is actually Moses Cluff, a returning missionary and part of the Hodgett Wagon Train, which traveled close to the Willie and Martin handcart companies. Cluff was horseback because he was herding cattle to Utah as an investment.

17. The woman’s name was actually Wilson instead of Williams—but this is an assumed name. See Note 18.

18. Patience’s remembrance of events in this part of her narrative, points out Lyndia Carter, does not match chronologically the records of John Jaques and Samuel Openshaw. Remains of the infant of Mrs. Wilson were actually found by members of the Willie company, traveling just ahead of the Martin company. John Jaques records that Babbitt had been killed on August 25, that the site was Prairie Creek, and that the Martin company passed the site on September 11.
Babbitt, a teamster, actually had two parties, both of which were killed by Cheyenne Indians.

Perhaps Patience’s recollections, written many years later, are associated in her mind because of common elements (fear of Indians, vulnerability of women and infants on the plains).

19. According to Lyndia Carter, at this point in the trail, the handcart companies were moving across land belonging to Pawnee and Omaha Indians.

20. Patience later describes her father’s death and says that James Loader passed away on September 24, 1856, on the handcart trail on the north side of the Platte River and was buried at Ash Hollow. Patience’s sister Tamar’s life story records that on September 23 James had been “carried into the prayer circle and assisted in singing ‘Come, Come Ye Saints.’ Later, his grave was placed beside a single ash tree; the company moved on immediately and the following evening as they camped they could hear the wolves howling, which Tamar believed was an announcement that the graves had been discovered. Brent Bell, “Tamar Loader Ricks.” Patience indicates later in her narrative, though, that her father’s body was buried deep to protect it from the wolves.

Interestingly, no other trail journals mention deaths on September 23 or 24, although Jaques and others (unpublished and privately owned, copies held by Lyndia Carter) mention deaths on September 27 and burials on the 28th. It is possible that Patience was mistaken on the date, and that other family members accepted her assertion. While it seems unlikely that daughters would forget the date of their father’s death, none of the Loader family except John Jaques was making daily diary entries at this time, and it also seems unlikely that Jaques would fail to record the date of death of someone so near to him. Burials were recorded for several reasons, not the least of which was that taking the time to dig graves further delayed the company’s progress.

21. This handcart song was written by J. D. T. McAllister, another returning British missionary who helped outfit handcart companies in Iowa City. For more information about McAllister and the song, which was very popular and is still sung by LDS children, see Hafen and Hafen, Handcarts to Zion, pages 65–66 and 272–273. The current (1989) Children’s Songbook of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints gives only one verse, and it differs from that recorded by Patience’s daughter Amy Rozsa in her biography of her mother. The longer version would have sustained the plodding handcart emigrants as they labored across the plains.

The simple words that Patience taught her daughter are sung to a merry, lilting tune:

Ye Saints who dwell on Europe’s shore
Prepare yourselves with many more
To leave behind your native land
For sure God’s judgments are at hand.
For you must cross the raging main
Before the promised land you gain
And with the faithful make a start
To cross the plains with your handcart.

Chorus: For some must push and some must pull
As we go marching up the hill
So merrily on our way we go
Until we reach the Valley, Oh!

The lands that boast of modern light
We know are all as dark as night
Where poor men toil and want for bread
And rich men’s dogs are better fed
These lands that boast of liberty
You ne’er again would wish to see
When you from Europe make a start
To cross the plains in your handcart.

As on the roads the carts are [pulled]
‘Twould very much surprise the world
To see the old and feeble dame
Thus lend a hand to pull the same,
And maidens fair will dance and sing
Young men more happy than a king
And children, too, will laugh and play
Their strength increasing day by day.

But some will say: It is too bad
The Saints upon the foot to “pad,”
And more than that, to pull a load,
As they go marching o’er the road.
But then we say, it is the plan
To gather up the best of men
And women too—for none but they
Will ever travel in this way.

And long before the Valley’s gained
We will be met upon the plains
With music sweet and friends so dear
And fresh supplies our hearts to cheer
And then with music and with song
How cheerfully we’ll march along
And thank the day we made a start
To cross the plains in our handcart.

When you get there, among the rest
Obedient be and you’ll be blessed,
And in God’s chambers be shut in
While judgments cleanse the earth from sin.
For we do know, it will be so,
God’s servants spoke it long ago.
We say it is high time to start
To cross the plains in your handcart.

(Amy Rozsa, “Patience Loader Rozsa Archer,” 4–5.)

22. As Lyndia Carter points out, Patience’s mention of the shortage of food probably refers to the fact that members of the party who were financially
able had been supplementing camp rations by purchasing food in settlements or forts they passed. As the emigrants traveled ever further away from settled areas, they had to depend only on supplies carried with them or what could be provided by hunting. Official cuts of the daily rations did not occur until the company neared Laramie. But the strenuous demands of pulling and pushing the carts increased immigrant appetites, and full rations were scarcely sufficient. Carter emphasizes that even in handcart companies that traveled safely and quickly, almost every diarist records hunger as one of the abiding trials of the trek.

23. There was no one by the name of Loane or any name similar enough to be identifiable in the Martin company. James Loynd, who was fifty years old and traveling in the company of his wife Elizabeth and five sons, is possibly the person to whom Patience is referring. However, at this time there is no known record of James Loynd, or anyone with a similar name, serving as a captain. Company responsibilities were carefully organized and divided, with captains of ten (or in the handcart companies captains of the tent), and captains of a hundred. Tent captains sometimes changed several times during the trek and may not have all been recorded in documents that survived.

24. Blessings of healing for the sick in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints are of course always understood to be contingent upon the will of God for fulfillment. If it appears to be God’s will that death occur, church doctrine acknowledges authority by worthy priesthood holders to “seal up” the dead for resurrection in the Celestial Kingdom, or the place where God dwells. Here Patience recalls from memory, several decades later, some of the essential words of that comforting final blessing.

25. Samuel Openshaw says that September 23 was the hardest day of the entire trip for pulling handcarts because of heat and deep sand, which made the effort of moving the handcarts grueling and brutal.

26. The brothers were Samuel Stephen Jones and Albert Jones, English converts form Middlesex. Samuel was secretary of the Martin company and was nineteen years old in 1856; his brother Albert was almost seventeen. Lynne Slater Turner, *Emigrating Journals*, 151.

27. Patience here refers to William Mason Jones, who was traveling, as she notes, alone, at age seventy-three. Turner, 151.

28. Daniel Tyler was subcaptain of the company under Edward Martin, and seemed to be the spiritual leader. He had been made bishop of the camp at Iowa City.

29. According to Stella Jaques Bell, an “[e]ntry on deaths of emigrants reads: ’James Loader from Aston Rowant Branch, Warwickshire Conference, September 27 about 11 p.m., west side of sandhill, 13 miles east of Ash Hollow, of diarrhoea. Buried 6 a.m., September 28. Age 57.’” Bell footnotes this reference as an excerpt from the “Diary by John Jaques.” There is no further reference to this entry about deaths, and Jaques’ original diaries were lost in the Teton Dam disaster, so it’s difficult to determine when and where John Jaques made this entry.

30. The first snow fell on October 19, when the company was about five miles above the bridge over the Platte River near Red Buttes. Jaques records that the weather was very hot through October 5, “fine” or not mentioned until the 18th, and then bitterly cold on the 19th. Lyndia Carter notes that Samuel Openshaw, however, mentions a cold wind on September 17 and September 20.
31. This is the Hodgett company, which traveled close to the Willie and Martin handcart companies.

32. John Jaques records the man’s name as Stone. Stella Bell, “Life History.” The event referred to occurred just across the river from modern day Casper, Wyoming. Lyndia Carter’s research reveals that Stone was originally scheduled to travel by wagon while Mrs. Balam (Patience mentions her in the next line as Ballen), a relative of Stone’s, was scheduled to travel by handcart. Apparently Stone switched travel arrangements, probably to help Mrs. Balam, who had children ages seventeen and eight traveling with her. Lynne Turner in *Emigrant Journals* records on page 207 that Stone had a nine-year-old granddaughter with him who suffered the same fate as Patience recounts.

33. Porter and Bastian (mentioned as Bestam by Patience in the next lines) were missionaries the Loaders had known during their time in New York. Nathan Porter, who later wrote his own reminiscences, was traveling with the Hodgett wagon train.

34. The last of many crossings of the Platte River occurred on October 19, the day of the first serious snowfall and bitter cold. Carter, July 3, 2003.

35. According to Lynne Turner, pages 117–118, this crossing of the Platte occurred “[a] short distance from the present day Fort Casper” and the company camped near Red Buttes. Turner includes this quote, which is not identified:

That was a bitter cold day. Winter came on all at once, and that was the first day of it. The river was wide, the cold, exceedingly cold water, was up to the wagon beds in the deepest parts, the current was strong, and the bed of the river was covered with cobble stones. Some of the men carried some of the women over on their backs, or in their arms, but other women tied up their skirts and waded through, like the heroines they were, and as they had done through many other rivers and creeks. The company was barely over, when snow, hail and sleet began to fall, accompanied by a piercing north wind, and camp was made on this side of the river.

36. The man charged with care of the sick was actually, according to Lyndia Carter, George P. Waugh, an Englishman aged sixty-eight, who died just before the company reached the Salt Lake valley.

37. Heber Robert McBride was about thirteen when he started across the plains with his family as part of the Martin company. In recollections written years later, he mentioned a night when his father and thirteen other men died. Turner, *Emigrating Journals*, 230. Lyndia Carter believes this to be the same incident, occurring on about October 21, and involving the lost wagons carrying the sick. If so, there is a discrepancy between McBride’s recorded number of deaths and Patience’s.

38. Lyndia Carter believes this to have been George Lawley, a fifty-five-year-old Londoner. John Jaques does not list a Laurey among the dead. He does, however, record the death of George Lawley as occurring on October 6. Bell, *Life History*, 307. Carter believes the date to be incorrectly recorded. However, Patience says that the man she is talking about had been staying in their tent since her father’s death, which makes it less likely that she would confuse his name. It is possible that “Brother Laurey” did exist and
was a member of the company, and that Patience is the only source that mentions him. If Patience’s chronology of events is correct, this man would have died on about October 21. According to Carter, the company didn’t move on October 22, but moved out and arrived at Red Buttes on October 23.

39. John Toone was born in England in 1813, and was clerk of the Martin company. Turner, *Emigrating Journals*, 162.

40. John Jaques wrote that on the 17th of October, because the emigrants and teams were growing weaker, “the baggage, including bedding and cooking utensils, [had been] reduced to ten pounds per head. . . . Good blankets and other bedding and clothing were burned, as they could not be carried further, though needed more than ever.” Turner, *Emigrating Journals*, 117.

41. Again Patience honestly reflects on the difference between the information provided emigrants in England and the reality of experiences they would encounter. It was true, however, that England in 1852 was suffering serious economic depression, and perhaps Brother Laurey’s chances in America, even considering the exigencies of the Utah situation, were not after all much less than those he had left behind.

42. Mary Ann Greening was born in 1829. She survived the handcart trek and died in 1914. Turner, *Emigrating Journals*, 148.

43. Members of the Jones family in the Martin handcart company were Sarah Bradshaw Jones, born in 1801, and her sons Samuel Stephen, born 1837, and Albert, born 1839. All were born in England and all survived the handcart trek. Turner, *Emigrating Journals*, 151.

44. Joseph Young and companions reached the Martin company on October 28. The next day the company moved on and camped at Rocky Avenue, thirty miles or so east of Devil’s Gate in modern day Wyoming.

45. John Jaques says Daniel W. Jones and Abel Garr were among the messengers from the valley. Bell, *Life History*, 148. Ephraim Hanks wrote about his experience as a member of the relief effort. His narrative is part of the Journal History of the Church under the date Nov. 30, 1856, page 4.

46. Beginning with this page in the handwritten manuscript Patience starts her first line at the top of the page instead of on the first printed line. Perhaps, having begun the second tablet and still having progressed only to 1856 in her narrative, she began to feel the pinch of the possibility of running out of paper.

47. A careful chronology constructed by Lyndia Carter indicates that this would have been the night of October 29th, when the company camped at Rock Avenue. By the 30th they had made it to Willow Springs.

48. David Blair, born 1810 in Scotland. He was traveling with his wife Deborah (1816) and children Deborah (1848), Elizabeth (1851), and David (1856), all born in England. Turner, *Emigrating Journals*, 142. Patience remembers four small children but only three appear on handcart company lists. According to Lyndia Carter, David Blair did not die until many days later than the order in which Patience discusses his death, but Patience indicates a possible digression from chronological discussion when she says, somewhat parenthetically, “I remember . . .”

49. John Jaques records on October 31 that the company was encamped at Greasewood Creek (now Horse Creek), where six wagons waited. Clothing items distributed included boots and stockings, and among highly prized food items were a few onions. Bell, *Life History*, 150–51.

50. John Jaques recalled that the men camped and waiting for the company were “George D. Grant, Robert T. Burton, Charles Decker, C. G. Webb, and

51. Here Patience’s chronology is a bit off. William Whittaker died when the company was camped at Willow Springs, as Patience mentions; that was on October 30. But they didn’t meet the relief wagons until the 31st, at Greasewood Creek.

52. Elizabeth Georgina Quilley Rhead (1805), wife of Samuel George Rhead, both born in England. Elizabeth Rhead had started on the journey with her husband and two sons, but one son, Walter, “left with two men just before they reached Council Bluffs. The father, Samuel George, 48, and son, Samuel Milford, left the train to look for Walter Pyrimus, 6. They found him, but didn’t get to the valley until later.” Turner, *Emigrating Journals*, 158. Elizabeth Rhead’s sympathy for the unnamed children Patience discusses is made more poignant by the fact that her own six-year-old son was missing somewhere.

53. After extensive research, Lyndia Carter believes this incident Patient records with some detail may have involved the Hartle family. Perhaps Carter’s continuing research will eventually provide more information.

54. Robert and Ellen Walker Holt, both born in England, were forty-two and forty-four respectively when they began the handcart trek. Their oldest daughter, Margaret, was about twenty-four. Younger children were James, about twenty-one; Daniel, about fifteen; Alice, thirteen; Joseph, either three or eleven; and Martha, five. Turner, *Emigrating Journals*, 150.

55. Patience may be referring to Margaret Agusta Pucell, fourteen, and her sister Ellen, nine. Lyndia Carter notes that both were born in England and were the daughters of Samuel Pucell, about fifty-one, and Margaret Perren Pucell, about fifty-three. Samuel died October 22 and Margaret on October 27. Carter, “Martin Handcart Company.” Wesley P. Bauer wrote of this family:

> Margaret became ill, so had to ride in the handcart part of the way. Her husband grew so weary and weakened from the lack of food that this additional burden caused him to slip and fall one day as he crossed a river. Having to travel in the cold, wintry weather with wet clothing he, too, became ill and died from hunger and exposure. His wife died five days later, leaving ten-year-old Ellen and fourteen-year-old Maggie orphans . . . . Many died and many others suffered from frozen limbs, among them the Pucell girls, both having badly frozen feet and legs. . . . When shoes and stockings were removed from the girls’ feet, the skin came off. Although Maggie’s legs were frozen, she would not allow them to do more than scrape the flesh off the bones, but Ellen’s were so bad they had to be amputated just below the knees . . . . The girls stayed in Salt Lake waiting for their wounds to heal. Later they lived in Parowan for awhile, then on to Cedar, where both married and reared families, although Ellen Pucell (Unthanks) went on her knee-stubs all her life. (Hafen and Hafen, *Handcarts to Zion*, 138.)

56. According to Carter, the company camped at Devil’s Gate on November 2. John Jaques recalled in 1878–79 that the company had camped five miles west of Devil’s Gate on November 1, but this is apparently an error. (Bell, *Life History*, 153.)
57. These “log huts” were apparently the remains of an abandoned fort that once had guarded Devil’s Gate pass. Lyndia Carter notes that George D. Grant was captain of the rescue mission encamped at Devil’s Gate; Joseph A. Young and the others who had met the handcart company and brought encouragement were part of Grant’s party, sent ahead as an express to provide some immediate relief.

58. Patience here describes the final crossing of the Sweetwater River between Devil’s Gate and the geological anomaly now called Martin’s Cove. The crossing, which occurred on November 3, 1856, is commemorated now by a bridge constructed over the site. A plaque recounts the heroic efforts Patience here describes. The “few miles” Patience mentioned was about two miles.

59. The three men who carried people across the Sweetwater were Clark Allen Huntington, George W. Grant, and David P. Kimball. Hafen and Hafen, *Handcarts to Zion*, 133. Ira Nebeker, only seventeen years old, and Stephen Taylor were also in the water. Carter. William H. Kimball and James Ferguson were not in the water but had been among the rescue party (Hafen and Hafen 124), and Patience is clearly a little confused in her memory of events at this critical juncture. All of the handcart company emigrants were by this time exhausted and weak from hunger, and trying to recall the events decades later proved difficult for many of them. John Jaques would write, years later, “If I were certain of the names of all those brave waders, I would insert them here.” Turner, *Life History*, 126.

60. Patience refers here to the area now known as Martin’s Cove, near present-day Muddy Gap, Wyoming.

61. John Jaques says they camped at Martin’s Cove for “two or three or more” days. Turner, *Emigrating Journals*, 127. Robert T. Burton, a member of the rescue party who kept a camp journal, said the company moved out on November 9, a Sunday, which he described as a “[f]ine warm morning.” Burton, “Camp Journal”; Bell, *Life History*, 292. Both Jaques and Patience were writing from memory many years after the event.

62. Amy Britnell Loader was fifty-four years old when she began the trek across the plains. Family tradition says she always wore extra petticoats so that she could provide dry clothing for her children after stream crossings, and as winter drew on she had hand carried a small basket containing extra stockings for their wet feet. When she had sufficient flour she made small biscuits instead of gruel for her family; the biscuits were evenly divided and if there were any leftovers she carried them in her pocket so she could give small bits to her young son Robert when he cried of hunger. Early in the manuscript Patience had indicated that her mother was a “frail, delicate woman”; however, Amy Britnell Loader survived the entire handcart trek and lived in Pleasant Grove, Utah, until her death in 1885. The incident Patience describes here, according to family traditions, typifies Amy’s steely mental and emotional strength and her important role in providing encouragement to help her family survive.

63. For some reason at this point, once again, in the original handwritten manuscript Patience begins writing between the lines as if attempting to conserve paper. After half a page or so she goes back to observing the line spacing as printed on the tablet.

64. John Jaques wrote in 1879:

> It was a trying time, that day in leaving the ravine. One perplexing difficulty was to determine who should ride, for many must still walk,
though, so far as I recollect, and certainly for most of the company, the cart pulling occupation was gone. There was considerable crying of women and children, and perhaps a few of the men, whom the wagons could not accommodate with a ride. One of the relief party remarked that in all the mobbings and drivings of the “Mormons” he had seen nothing like it. (Turner, *Emigrating Journals*, 128.)

65. Patience’s assertion that the wagons were colder than the tents is supported by John Jaques’ recollections: “It was warmer sleeping with beds on the ground, where if the biting, frosty air got the upper hand of you, it could not get the underside of you as well, but it could do both in a wagon.” Turner, *Emigrating Journals*, 132.

66. Lyndia Carter comments that Patience omits about twenty days in her recollections. Between November 9, when the company left Martin’s Cove, and November 26, when Echo Squires was born, the company continued to suffer serious and severe hardships, and a number of people died—perhaps as many as thirty or more. They camped on Black’s Fork on November 21 and at Fort Bridger on November 23.

67. Flora Loader Jaques died 23 November 1856. The Jaques’ determination to bury their child where their new home would be was against rules that prohibited, for obvious reasons, transporting the dead. But the child was small and the weather was cold, and the company was relatively near the valley, and apparently the Jaques family, with the conspiratorial approval of the rest of the Loader family, hid the little body on the handcart and managed to convey it to Salt Lake City. As Patience mentions, Flora was buried first in Franklin D. Richards’s lot, in December of 1856. In June of 1866 the Jaques family moved Flora’s body to the city cemetery and placed it next to the body of another child, Rose, who had died in 1865. Bell, *Life History*, 216, 220.

68. According to Lyndia Carter, Henry Augustus Squires and his wife Sarah Minnie Cattlin Squires, from England, traveled with five daughters: Sarah Augusta, eight; Mary Emily, about six; Catherine Harriet, about five; Clara Annie, about three; and Rosetta Agnes, about one. Echo Squires was born on November 26, 1856, in Echo Canyon.

In the Valley, November 30, 1856—December 1858

1. John Jaques later described the handcart company’s arrival in the city:

   [O]n Sunday, the 30th of November, [the company] passed down the . . . canyon and arrived in this city about noon, driving into East Temple Street as the congregation was leaving the old adobe tabernacle in the southwest corner of the Temple block. The meeting of the emigrants with relatives, acquaintances and friends, was not very joyous. Indeed, it was very solemnly impressive. Some were so affected, that they could scarcely speak, but would look at each other until the sympathetic tears would force their way. In a short time, however, the emigrants were taken into the homes of their friends and made as comfortable as circumstances would permit them to be, while they thawed the frost out of their limbs and regained their health and strength. (Turner, *Emigrating Journals*, 134.)
2. The Seventh Ward included an area bounded on the north and south by 3rd South and 6th South, and on the east and west by Main Street and 2nd West. Ward Map; B. H. Roberts, Comprehensive History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 281–282. Bishop Thorne’s family occupied the second house facing south near the corner of 1st West and 6th South in Salt Lake City. Nicholas G. Morgan, Sr., “Pioneer Map of Great Salt Lake City.”

3. Thomas E. Ricks was one of the rescue party Patience discusses who arrived while the company was camped at Martin’s Cove. He was impressed by the manners of the Loader family. When the company arrived in the valley, Ricks invited Tamar to live with his family as a maid. Family tradition has it that Tamar had a dream in which she saw Thomas Ricks as her husband, and when she actually did see him for the first time she told her mother he would be her future husband. They were married March 27, 1857. Ricks eventually became the founder of Ricks College, now Brigham Young University Idaho, in Rexburg.

4. John Dalling was married to Patience’s older sister Ann. See Note 37, England, and appendix 1.

5. This comment has been incorrectly attributed in other sources to Amy Britnell Loader.

6. Jedediah M. Grant, an apostle, died December 1, 1856, at age forty. He was a well-known individual, having had a fiery temperament. Perhaps his body was lying in state when Patience and Annie Thorn visited.

7. Gilbert Clements had a residence on the southeast corner of 1st West and 2nd South in the Fifteenth Ward of Salt Lake City. Morgan, “Pioneer Map.”

8. George Riser’s residence was on the southwest corner of the intersection of North Temple and 4th West. Morgan, “Pioneer Map.”

9. Patience’s formal address, using titles and surnames rather than given names, makes it difficult to identify some of the people she mentions. There are no records of a Bell family in the Westminster Branch in London, so how she knew them is uncertain, but Bell’s family home was on 5th West, one lot south of 5th North. Morgan, “Pioneer Map.”

10. According to Surnames.Com, “Pioneer Indexes to Washington County, Utah, 1852–1870” and related family group sheets, Conrad Kleinman was a half-brother to John Conrad Naegele; his first wife’s name was Johanna Catharina Maria Germer. Kleinman had worked on the Nauvoo Temple and had served as one of the temple bodyguards at night. He had been appointed as a scout for the vanguard pioneer company. Later he would assist John Naegele in winemaking at Toquerville.

C. Kleinman was also one of the men who, in response to a request by John Taylor, investigated the feasibility of handcart migration. See appendix 4.

11. John Conrad Naegele (Americanized to Naile) was born in Germany in 1825. His parents emigrated to America when he was seven, and he joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints when he was a teenager. He volunteered for the Mormon Battalion, and after his military release in California he went to Sutter’s Mill, where he was working when the first gold was discovered. He married Mary Louisa Kepple in 1853 in Indiana when he went home to visit his parents, and arrived in Salt Lake City on November 1, 1853. Shortly thereafter he bought a large farm at Lehi and operated two ranches, one near the Jordan River and another at Cold Springs near the Jordan Bridge. He traveled back and forth between Utah and California, where he maintained lucrative property, and in 1854 moved
his family to Carson Valley, Nevada. The family had just returned to Utah to make their permanent home in October of 1856 before Patience met them in December. As Patience recounts John’s brother’s remark, the Nailes were indeed “rich,” and they were always generous with their means, as is demonstrated by their solicitous care of Patience, which she describes later in the manuscript. See “The Life of John Conrad Naegle” on file at the Mormon Battalion Visitors’ Center in Old Town, San Diego, California, for a full account of the Naile family.

12. Patience is speaking of making ceremonial clothing for wear when participating in ordinances within the temples of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

13. George Gottlab Zimmerman was born in Germany in 1781. His wife was Julia Ann Hoke, also from Germany, and born in 1798. They had, in addition to the daughters Patience mentions (Rosannah and Susan), three sons and four other daughters. George Zimmerman was a schoolteacher and a shoemaker, and was appointed as the first keeper of the Jordan River Bridge. Frank Esshom, Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah, 1271.

14. With the required permission of his first wife, Louisa, John Naile married Susan and Rosannah Zimmerman on July 6, 1857, in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. The ceremonies were performed by Brigham Young. Naile would later take four more wives, each of whom had her own room in his large home. “The Life of John Conrad Naile,” 4.

15. Patience’s casual little comment about amusing circumstances piques modern audiences as it comes titillatingly in conjunction with Conrad Naile’s taking of two additional young wives. It is interesting that nowhere in Patience’s manuscript does she indicate her feelings, if she had any strong ones, about plural marriage, but in spite of the fact that she was a near party to several polygamous marriages (several of her sisters as well as the Naile family’s), Patience did not practice polygamy herself.

16. The Nailes owned land near Cold Springs and also near the warm springs that are now incorporated into a small town called Saratoga Springs, near Lehi, Utah.

17. Patience, as did all ladies of the nineteenth century, rode sidesaddle. In this instance she straddles the horse to gain better balance.

18. It is not possible at this time to identify which brother-in-law this may have been.

19. American Fork is about three miles from Lehi.

Camp Floyd, December 1858–July 27, 1861

1. John Rozsa’s autobiography is on file in the L. Tom Perry Special Collections Archives of the Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah. John was born November 7, 1820, at Saint Anna Arader County, Hungary, the son of John Rozsa and Rosalie Speth Rozsa. He was one of six children; the others were Franz, Joseph, Nina, Katrina, and Philippine. John came to America to escape punishment for desertion from the Austrian military, and arrived in New York on May 15, 1853. On December 12, 1853, he enlisted in the United States Army; in May of 1855 he transferred into the Tenth Infantry Regiment and was assigned, he says, to C Company. As part of the Utah Expedition, he had arrived in Utah on June 13, 1858, and was part of the initial contingent of soldiers who set up and established Camp Floyd.
2. In 1858 American President James Buchanan dispatched an army under the eventual command of Albert Sidney Johnston to Utah to fight the “Mormon War” (now called the Utah War). Partly a political ploy to divert attention from the gathering storm of issues involving slavery and states’ rights, the army did, however, fully expect to quell a Mormon rebellion and came with some air of hostility. The Mormons, after having been persecuted from New York to Missouri to Illinois and having fled to the mountains, were wary at best and hostile towards the army at worst. Mormon men, many of whom were veterans of the Mormon Battalion of the Mexican War, held “Johnston’s Army” off by guerilla tactics and fortified Echo Canyon, the main route into the Salt Lake Valley. The American army was forced to camp under serious privations for the winter. In the following spring an agreement was reached between federal authorities and Brigham Young, and the army entered the valley peacefully, passing through a mostly deserted Salt Lake City (the Mormons had moved south to gather their resources until they were sure what the army might do). As previously agreed, Johnston marched his men through and past Salt Lake City and encamped the first night at a site just south of town (Audrey Godfrey indicates that the location was at about present-day 2100 South and Redwood Road). The next day the army moved thirty miles further south, and finally set up a permanent camp on the west side of Utah Lake, near a tiny Mormon settlement named Fairfield.

Eventually the Mormons moved back into the city and environs, and a kind of wary coexistence between Mormons and soldiers came to bear. Mormons helped make adobes to construct the fort, and sold produce and other goods to the soldiers. But Mormon girls were cautioned to stay away from soldiers, and army commanders discouraged marriage of enlisted men, particularly to Mormon women. For a full discussion of Camp Floyd, see Donald R. Moorman’s and Gene Sessions’s *Camp Floyd and the Mormons: the Utah War; “The U. S. Army’s Mormon Expedition of 1859”; and Stephen Seyburn’s *History of the 10th U.S. Infantry*.

3. Abel Evans was an early settler of the city of Lehi, and served in a ward bishops’ college of the Mormon church between 1852 and 1861, during which time he apparently baptized John Rozsa. Evans was an adobe maker and may have become acquainted with John as Mormons sold adobes to the soldiers to construct the fort. Richard Van Wagoner, *Lehi: Portraits of a Utah Town*, 91–94).

4. Stuck between the pages of the first of Patience’s three original notebooks is a copy of the marriage record of Patience and John Rozsa performed by church officials. She was thirty-one at the time of her marriage, and John was thirty-seven.

5. Patience here refers to the first bridge built over the Jordan River near Lehi. It was a commercial enterprise constructed by a stock company in 1853 as a toll bridge. Fees were set by act of the City Council; in fact, the tolls were the first official city ordinance. Rates were

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Fee Description</th>
<th>Rate</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>For crossing a vehicle of any kind drawn by two animals</td>
<td>20c</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Or six tickets for</td>
<td>$1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For each and every vehicle drawn by one animal</td>
<td>15c</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For each animal and rider or each pack animal</td>
<td>10c</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For loose horses, mules, jacks, jinnies, and cattle, each</td>
<td>5c</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For sheep and hogs</td>
<td>1c</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For each foot passenger</td>
<td>5c</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Fines were imposed for moving across the bridge faster than a walk, whether the speeders were loose animals, wagons and teams, or foot traffic. Hamilton Gardner, *Lehi Centennial History*, 41–42.

While the tolls are historically interesting, the bridge was important in several ways: it provided income for the settlers and it served as a crossroads where soldiers, Mormons, and travelers would come into association. It seems certain that the environs of the toll bridge were the locus of meeting between Patience and John.


7. Audrey Godfrey notes in “Home Hungry Hearts,” page 47, that the army did not encourage enlistment of married men and that the number of women allowed into the camp as wives of soldiers would be governed by the number of laundresses needed. In “Housewives, Hussies . . .” Godfrey explains that wives of soldiers were neither wanted nor encouraged to accompany husbands. Special permission from company commanders had to be given. . . . Army regulations, while not forbidding enlisted men to marry and include their wives in their tours of duty, made life difficult for those who did by not recognizing their wives’ presence or by denying privileges unless the spouses became laundresses or cooks. (158).

8. John Rozsa says in his autobiography that he was in Company C (though this may be a handwriting transcription error in the typed copy) of the Tenth Infantry at Camp Floyd. According to the roster “Enlisted Men of the Tenth Regiment, U.S. Infantry (Regular Army)” John was in Company F. Companies were frequently reorganized and sometimes entirely disbanded, so this disparity is not disturbing. The roster lists a John Burchill as a private in Company F of the Tenth Infantry; this may have been the man John Rozsa sent to bring Patience into the fort.

9. John Carson was one of the original settlers of Fairfield, Utah, and served as branch president of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints there for a number of years. Van Wagoner, *Lehi: Portraits*, 6. He also constructed and ran the Carson Inn, now known as the Stagecoach Inn, which was a haven for travelers and which has been restored and now stands in Camp Floyd State Park. It’s probable that Patience waited for John in Carson’s inn.

10. James Buchanan Porter was a justice of the peace (an elected official and local citizen) who would have been recognized by the army as licensed to perform lawful marriages. Born in Pennsylvania, he was a lawyer by profession. He married twice; his first wife’s name was Elizabeth, and they had three sons and one daughter, Martha, who would have been twenty in 1858 when Patience and John were married. His family eventually relocated to Mt. Pleasant, Utah, where he died and is buried. Curtis Allen, November 2004; Jill Bingham, June 2005.

11. A Sergeant Charles W. Trumbull appears on the enlisted men’s roster in Company F & S; Company K lists a Private James H. Trumbull. Perhaps this is the Mr. Trumbull John sends for Patience. His wife, presumably, is the
person who helps John prepare Patience’s bridal quarters. Unfortunately, because Patience uses the formal names of military women mentioned in her narrative, including only their titles and surnames, it is almost impossible to identify these friends with confidence. Their kind deeds will have to speak for them.

12. Interestingly, John N. Kalapsey’s enlistment papers, which include a physical description of the enlistee, are among a handful available for perusal at Camp Floyd State Park. He was born in Hungary, and enlisted June 20, 1857, in Pennsylvania, specifically for the expedition to Utah. He was thirty-one years old at the time of his enlistment, and had grey eyes, brown hair, and a fair complexion; he stood 5 feet 8 inches tall. Since John Rozsa enlisted in New York, Kalapsey must have become his friend during their service together. Certainly they would have been drawn to each other by their common ethnic backgrounds. His name does not appear on the official roster of enlisted men, but such discrepancies are not unusual in military records.

13. Fairfield, Utah, which sits in a long valley known locally as Cedar Valley, was established in 1854 by Mormon settlers, abandoned because of Indian attacks, and then reinhabited in 1857 when Mormon families returned. The following year the settlers were once again forced to turn part of their properties over to Johnston’s Army. Once the army was established, Fairfield became the locus of a host of disreputable camp followers, and the city was the site of a sizable number of bars and brothels. Moorman and Sessions, Camp Floyd, 60–63. But the Mormon families stayed on, and John Carson built the Stagecoach Inn, which became an important resting place on the westward trail. The city may have symbolized to Patience the contrast between her familiar world and the new one she was entering with her husband.

14. Audrey Godfrey discusses the close relationships formed among men of a military company:

Members of a company lived twelve to a room that measured roughly twenty-by-twenty feet. This group drilled together, ate together, competed in sports together. They also planted a company garden and each took his turn with his comrades in tending it. The members pooled their money in a company fund from which extra cooking equipment, food, and other items were purchased. When a man found himself in dire straits financially the company often came to his aid through this fund. (“Home Hungry Hearts,” 51.)

Patience may have been very pleasantly surprised by a warm welcome once she actually arrived on the post. As her narrative continues she seems to describe the very kinds of camaraderie and mutual caring that Godfrey described—extended in this case to the women of the company.

15. “Annie Laurie” was composed by William Douglas of Scotland early in the 18th century; the words of the song, according to Dean W. Sandeman in the Moniave, Scotland, home page, were handed down by his descendants. The story of the song explains how the match between the singer and Annie Laurie was doomed; both married other people. The song became an anthem for broken-hearted lovers everywhere. The words are:
Maxwelton Banks are bonnie where early falls the dew;  
Where me and Annie Laurie made up the promise true;  
Made up the promise true and ne’er forget will I  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie I’ll lay down my head and die.

She’s backit like a Peacock, she’s breastit like a Swan,  
She’s jimp about the middle; hear waist ye may weill span.  
Her waist ye may weill span and she has a rolling eye,  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie I’ll lay down my head and die.

16. A song by this title was printed in 1857, the lyrics published in *The Harmoniad* and *Sacred Melodist* and reproduced on a web site that lists, among other things, composers, poets, meters, and first lines of hundreds of songs. [http://www.fasola.org/index/L/359.html](http://www.fasola.org/index/L/359.html), accessed June 2004. The tune to the 1857 version of the song was printed in 1869 by H. S. Reese. The words are:

Farewell, Mother, tears are streaming  
Down thy pale and tender cheek;  
I in gems and roses gleaming,  
Scarce this sad farewell can speak.  
Farewell, Mother, now I leave you,  
Griefs and hopes my bosom swell;  
One to trust who may deceive me:  
Farewell, Mother, fare you well.

The MedFools web site (Amazon.com in the United Kingdom) indicates that an earlier version of the song appeared in Thomas Williams’s *Sylph Annual* of 1830. The words for the first song were written by Miss M. L. Beevor. The book containing the words is out of print, unfortunately. Patience is more likely to have known the 1830 version than the 1857 one, since she says John counts the song as one of his favorites, and having been stationed in Utah for several months, he would not likely have heard the later one. Sentimentality was an important element of nineteenth-century culture, though, and it’s very likely that the tenor of the earlier song would have been much the same as this one. The sentimental nature of the tunes must have worked heavily on Patience—newly married, among strangers in a place considered by many of her friends to be the host of evil, alone and away from her family and friends for the first time, all the uncertainties of a new marriage and a new beginning lying before her.

17. I have inserted a comma here in brackets because absence of punctuation has led some family members to search in vain for a record of a second marriage by Amy Britnell Loader. Patience’s intent seems clear—she is delineating the emotions she is feeling, and is not referring to her mother having married and left! Amy Britnell Loader never remarried and is buried in Pleasant Grove, Utah.

18. While these furnishings may have seemed sparse and primitive to Patience after the relative wealth and comfort of living with the Nailes, John’s friends in his company had actually done very well by her, and according to camp standards she was well suited indeed. She seems to have recognized this; there is no strain of self-pity in her remembrances about the beginning of her married life.
Still, it must have been rather a forbidding setting. “With an eye more
toward utility than beauty, the soldiers’ living quarters were one-storied
buildings, divided into rooms twelve or fifteen feet square, with comfort-
able fireplaces. Because of the high cost of glass, windows were dispro-
portionately small.” Moorman and Sessions, *Camp Floyd*, 57.

19. Patience’s reluctance, prompted in part by poor health, to assume the
responsibilities of a laundress could also have been motivated by recog-
nition of the reduction in status that title implied. Audrey Godfrey writes,
“Laundresses would not normally have been included among the ‘ladies’
mentioned in writings of the time. That term was reserved for officers’
wives in most cases.” “Housewives, Hussies” 159. While Patience had worked
as a maid in the Burlington Hotel in London, she was not required there to
do laundry; and her main complaint against her first employers, when she
was seventeen, was that they expected her to do the family wash. Patience
was a person of significant personal pride, shown at various times in her
manuscript: her reaction to being required to travel across the continent
by handcart and her unwillingness to acknowledge to Mr. Naile that she
had fallen off a mule and seriously injured her face being prime examples.
Later in her life neighbors and acquaintances, as well as family and friends,
would remember that Patience and her sister Ann always took pride in con-
ducting themselves as British ladies.

Perhaps the greatest personal insight we can gain from this part of the
narrative, though, is John’s self-sacrificing response to Patience’s dismay.
He may actually have been in serious need of the extra income that would
be provided by Patience’s appointment as laundress. Finances for soldiers
were sometimes very difficult. Moorman and Sessions note on page 84 that
soldiers were paid only twice yearly and were at the mercy of constantly
increasing sutler’s charges.

20. The child was named John James Rozsa. He thrived and left a large pos-
terity, and died in San Diego, California, on February 19, 1944. He’s bur-
ied in Pleasant Grove City Cemetery, Utah. Patience’s mother was living
in Pleasant Grove, about thirty miles from Camp Floyd, when she came to
attend Patience during her confinement.

21. This part of Patience’s narrative is remarkable for things it does not men-
tion. During the time she lived in Camp Floyd, the nearest town, Fairfield,
was a hotbed of irreputable people including prostitutes, gamblers, and
gunfighters who had followed the army camp. Some of these people did of
course enter the camp, but even when they were not physically present, their
influence was certainly felt. As for personal friends, laundresses, of which
group she was at least ostensibly a part, were known to be good-hearted but
rough; and other Mormon women who came to the camp (including Mercy
Tuckett, an actress) were not always models of pious behavior.

On a more positive note, in the camp itself there were social gather-
ings of all kinds, including theater performances, Temperance meetings,
and various ethnic-related clubs and groups, all being held as part of the
very air which Patience breathed. Additionally, army troops had occasional
verbal conflicts with Mormon settlers, and certainly John must have been
involved with some of the varied military assignments which included
opening new trails east and west and responding to Indian outbreaks. (See
the full works of Moorman and Sessions, and Audrey Godfrey’s articles, for
fascinating insights into life at Camp Floyd.) Patience is absolutely silent
about all of that. We can only assume that, based on our recognition of her attention to detail and her profound storytelling ability, she chose not to discuss this part of her life. Perhaps her loyalties were divided, as she certainly did become a devoted army wife; or perhaps she felt that such experiences were not significant to her purposes for writing. At any rate, she confines her observations to her own personal experiences—and handles them sparsely at that.

Another reason for her omission of descriptions of Camp Floyd’s daily life may have had to do with her own physical incapacities at the time, first because of her illness after the hard freeze and then complications, we assume, of childbirth. It’s interesting to speculate whether Patience’s ongoing bad health at Camp Floyd could have been at least partly psychologically induced in response to the distresses of her location and perhaps a subconscious need to isolate herself from camp life. Certainly she seems to be perfectly healthy at all other times, at least according to what she talks about in her manuscript.

22. Ruby Valley was the site of an army outpost, to the west in present Nevada, that would during the Civil War have an important role in protecting the overland mail route across central Nevada.

23. The enlisted men’s roster includes a private Stephen from Companies E and H, no given name recorded; Private Ella Stephens from Company D, and Private Wesley Stephens from Company G.

24. Captain Henry Frances Clarke, a graduate of the U. S. Military Academy, was born in Pennsylvania and was one of the original officers assigned to the Tenth Infantry when organized, leading Company A, but “declined” and was replaced by another officer. Seyburn, *History of the 10th*, 1. He then “accompanied the Utah expedition of 1857 as commissary of subsistence, and remained there as chief commissary till 1860.” Virtual American Biographies, 1–2.

25. Twenty-five enlisted men by the name of O’Brien (with a variety of spellings) appear on the roster.

26. The Tenth Infantry was housed on the northwest corner of Camp Floyd. If Patience lived to the back or north side, she may well have been especially vulnerable to break-ins, since beyond the camp fence would be empty fields. At the time Patience describes, fully one third of the United States Army was stationed at Camp Floyd, according to a video now shown at the state park, and a brochure distributed at the park indicates that there were “more than 3,500 military and civilian employees—cavalry, artillery, infantry, and support units.” Brochure entitled “Camp Floyd/Stagecoach Inn State Park and Museum.” Considering the number of people and the hustle and bustle of the encampment, it is not remarkable that neither Patience nor her neighbor Mrs. O’Brien could positively identify the man who broke down Patience’s door.

27. Identification of this man is complicated by the fact that Patience’s manuscript seems to say “Walton” in some places and “Walters” in others. There was a Private William G. Walters of Company B listed on the roster, and also a William S. Walton listed as a recruit and without a company assignment.

28. Curtis Allen feels, after extensive research into military records pertaining to Camp Floyd and soldiers from Camp Floyd stationed elsewhere earlier and later, that the “Abraham” Patience fears is Private Francis Abraham of Company (Battery) A of the Fourth Artillery. Allen writes,
He enlisted during the 1857–1858 period and . . . the first we see of him in the Camp Floyd records is as a prisoner at hard labor 5 February 1860. The reports continue to show him in that status until 9 July 1860 when he disappears from the prisoner list. A List of Prisoners and their sentences shows him as having been convicted by a General Court Martial March 23, 1859 (Battery A was at Fort Laramie at this time) of “Conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline” and sentenced to confinement. This charge is a catch-all and the punishment can be anything from a reduction in rank, a small fine, [or] short imprisonment to a quite severe sentence. Abraham was hit by the book. He was sentenced to confinement at hard labor for the remainder of his enlistment (9 August 1863) wearing a ball and chain and forfeiting pay and allowances. The labor was quarrying rock from the area west of the camp and whatever other heavy work needed to be done, working and marching in silence. Abraham was often excused because he was too sick to work. It does not appear that Sergeant Rozsa was in any way involved with this court martial. (It is surprising, though not unheard of, that Abraham was brought from Fort Laramie with his battery when it was transferred to Camp Floyd in 1860). Rozsa did, however, serve as Sergeant of the Guard while Abraham was in the guardhouse. There were typically 25 prisoners in the lockup and Rozsa would have known a little about each of them. It may be that he was well aware of Abraham’s infraction, court martial, and sentence.

[Abraham] apparently was released, with his sentence remitted, in July, 1860 [and] is next seen as standing guard duty [between] 16 December 1860 and . . . 1 March 1861.

The date of 19 February 1861 is significant as “Sergeant John Rosa” (always spelled this way in these records) was Sergeant of the Depot Guard and was in charge of Abraham who was a Depot Guard that day. . . . Rozsa and Abraham would have had close contact on this assignment, with Rozsa in command. Rozsa being in the Infantry and Abraham being from a different regiment could have made the apparently unruly Abraham unwilling to accept any discipline from this strange sergeant. The 19 February date is the only one that paired these two, although Rozsa continued to have Sergeant of the Guard assignments as far as the records go. This latter plus some assignments away from camp for a week or two, would have provided the opportunity to add to the motive. The means would simply be the dark campground. (E-mail, November 3, 2004).

To “close the loop” on Abraham, Allen also indicates that Abraham was born in Limerick County, Ireland; was “one of the many Irish immigrants that came to the United States and joined the army because there was no other option open to them;” was twenty-seven years old when he enlisted in the army; was by occupation a bricklayer; had blue eyes, red hair, and a ruddy complexion; and was five feet ten inches tall.

Apparently he later “straightened up” and served well during the Civil War; he was recommended for promotion because of his actions on July 3, 1863, at the repulse of Pickett’s charge at Gettysburg. After his honorable discharge, nothing is known of him. Allen used the Register of Enlistments
and *Official Records of the War of the Rebellion* to discover this information. I am greatly indebted to Curtis Allen for his untiring assistance in research pertaining to Camp Floyd/Crittenden and other army activities.

29. Captain Nathan Augustus Monroe Dudley (comically dubbed “North American Manning Dudley” by some of his men because of his apparently self-important attitude) was less sympathetic to the Mormons than some other officers were, as seems reflected in his less than compassionate response to Patience’s concerns about the violence attempted upon her by this unknown soldier. At another time, in a conflict revolving around a federally appointed anti-Mormon Judge named Cradlebaugh, Dudley, acting in behalf of the army, issued a warning that any Mormon attempting to rescue “wards of the court,” or Mormons arrested by Cradlebaugh in a confrontation at Provo, would be “summarily executed.” Moorman and Session, *Camp Floyd*, 111. Born in Massachusetts, Dudley was appointed to duty with the Tenth Infantry on March 3, 1855. He would later (September 13, 1864) be promoted to Major in the Fifteenth Infantry but would be court-martialed in 1861 for “conduct unbecoming an officer” and again in 1870 for drunkenness, which resulted in his suspension for sixty days. Seyburn, *History of the 10th*, in spite of repeated disciplinary actions against him (he was indicted for arson but acquitted in 1879), Dudley rose in the ranks and retired in 1889 as a brigadier general. He died in 1910 and is buried in Arlington National Cemetery. “‘Hero’ of the Lincoln County War,” 1–3.

30. Moorman and Sessions discuss punishments meted out at Camp Floyd (and other military installations) and point out that “discipline at Camp Floyd was severe. Isolated from the public eye by geography or by public indifference, enlisted men were often subjected to arbitrary punishment not prescribed by the military code, a violation that was increasingly accepted though not publicly by the army.” Moorman and Sessions quote the journal of Private J. E. Farmer as he describes some of those punishments:

[O]fficers often subjected enlisted offenders to “bucking and gagging, and carrying large timbers before the guard house, knocking them down with their muskets, maiming them by saber cuts and in some instances shooting them.” Flogging was frequent . . . (97)

Moorman and Sessions also quote an unidentified sergeant:

In the foregoing, I have made use of the term “bucked and gagged,” which perhaps will need explanation to some of your readers. It is a punishment never resorted to except in aggravated cases. . . . To “buck” a man, his wrists are first firmly bound together as close as possible. He is then placed in a sitting posture, and his knees are forced between his arms. A stick is then introduced between the bend of his legs and the bend of his arms; and he is unable to move without grumbling over on his back, which, from his helpless condition, is no pleasant feat to perform. Gagging is simply introducing a stick between his teeth and fastening it with strings that was drawn so tight as to cut the corners of their mouths, and cause the blood to flow down on their coat collars, but this is too severe, and few officers resort to it except to silence a man who otherwise cannot be induced to be quiet. (98)
Moorman and Sessions also point out that “corporal punishment was considered a deterrent to crime” and was, in one form or another, standard operating procedure. If John Rozsa subscribed to such forms of punishment, it is easily conceivable that an infuriated and humiliated soldier might try to take his vengeance on Rozsa’s greatest vulnerability: his family.

31. According to enlistment rolls (see Index to Service Records), John re-enlisted with Company C, Tenth Infantry, on October 12, 1858, at Camp Floyd, for six more years. He was at the time thirty-six years old, and is described in the papers as having blue eyes, brown hair, and a fair complexion; he was five feet eleven inches tall.

On the Trail to Washington, July 27–November 1861

1. Camp Floyd, originally named after the secretary of war, had been renamed as Camp Crittenden in February of 1861. John B. Floyd, for whom it was originally named, had joined the Confederacy. Allen, October 26, 2004.

2. Charles C. Scott, a private in the Fourth Artillery, kept an almost daily diary, part of which recounts the trip from Camp Crittenden to Washington, D.C., in 1861. He indicates that on July 27th the company camped the first night “on the Jordan near the Lake at half past two. Distance 16 miles Telegraph poles from the City to our late Camp nearly all up.” Patience indicates that they camped so early in the day in order to obtain hay for the cattle and also because the “teemsters” were inexperienced and the rest of the camp had to wait for them to catch up.

3. A Henry Simmonds joined a volunteer infantry in Lehi for the Indian wars in September of 1857 and was a member of the first elders quorum in Lehi in 1858. His wife, Catherine Davis Simmonds, was a midwife in Lehi. Richard Van Wagoner, Lehi: Portraits, 7, 95, 315. A picture of Catherine appears on page 76 of Gardner’s Lehi Centennial History and is labeled “A hand cart veteran.” Since Patience uses only Mrs. Simmonds’s formal title, it’s not possible to make positive identification, but Lehi’s population was relatively small and it’s likely that this is the person Patience is talking about.

Van Wagoner spells this surname with a d; Curtis Allen indicates that Henry Simmons himself did not use the d. According to Allen, Henry Simmons was with the Israel Evans handcart company.

4. John Rozsa records in his autobiography that he had in actuality deserted once before, in August 1849, from the Sixth Hungarian Linize Regiment; this desertion prompted his removal to America. Whether Mrs. Simmons was aware of this part of John’s history is doubtful. Ironically, however, John would indeed later be accused of desertion—this time from the Union army for a brief time to be with Patience when she was confined with their second son in Washington, D.C.—though the entire affair seems to have been something of a mix-up.

5. Patience seems to imply that Mrs. Simmons’s determination to bring Patience away was some sort of local conspiracy. This is not unlikely. A prevalent idea of the time was that leaving the valley was tantamount to leaving the church; additionally, a common fear among LDS women was that non-Mormon men might pretend to convert to the Mormon faith, marry a Mormon girl, and then abandon her later. (According to Patience, John had joined the Mormon church, but kept the matter a secret because of his military responsibilities.) Jane Tanner wrote about the hard decision
her own mother had to make as to whether to leave the valley and join her husband in California:

. . . [P]eople began telling her that it was not wisdom to go away from the church. There was much prejudice [sic] at that time against the outside world. We had suffered too much from the hands of our enemies to think that any good thing could come out of “Babylon;” and those who left the little band of bretheren who were struggling for a home in the wilderness were considered weak in the faith. (Marjorie Ward, A Fragment, 64–65)

A great niece of Patience’s, Annie Pearl Loader Davis, recounts a family story that seems to support the prevalence of this attitude of fearfulness:

When [Aunt Patience] met John Rozsa, he was in Johnson’s [sic] Army at Camp Floyd in Cedar Fort. One day he rode up to the house on his horse and my great grandmother [Amy Britnell Loader, mother of Patience] went out to the fence and told him to go away. “We are good Mormons and you belong to that evil army. I don’t want you coming here to see my girl.” He spoke right up and said that he was going to marry Patience. He did . . . . (7)

6. Patience here omits the all-important word not. Often in her autobiography when her recollections stir up strongly emotional memories, she seems to begin to write hurriedly, which sometimes results in omissions.

7. It is interesting to contemplate what turmoil Patience’s feelings must have been in at this time. Clearly, she is more warmly and confidently received by the familiar company of the soldiers than she is by the would-be church family represented by Mrs. Simmons. Perhaps such ideological conflicts aided her brave decision to travel with the army, literally following her husband away from the security of her family and into the unknown—including a violent Civil War.

   And, while recounting the warm reception of her husband’s companions as she returns to the military encampment, Patience implies that a conspiracy to prevent her leaving the army had been widely discussed—a tidbit of gossip or speculation that evidently traveled to and sparked interest among the soldiers as well as the townspeople.

8. According to Charles C. Scott, the company started out the next morning, July 28, at six a.m., but “at Lehi the Battery wagon broke down which delayed our Squad over an hour-passed through American Fork and Pleasant Grove and Camped at the mouth of Timpanogas Canyon at half past two.” Patience records a wagon breakdown, though perhaps not the same one, as occurring the next day, after the company had left Cottonwood.

9. The roster of enlisted men does not indicate profession or assignments except for musicians, artificers, and hospital stewards. Patience later identifies the baker as Mr. Flavord. No such name appears on the roster, but Curtis Allen indicates that civilians were sometimes employed as cooks, etc.

10. The only Vance on the enlisted men roster for the Tenth Infantry was Henry R. Vance of Company B, no rank indicated.

11. Teamsters in the army were notorious for being unkempt, undisciplined, and violent—“border ruffians.” Moorman and Sessions quote a Captain
Phelps (John Wolcott Phelps, commander of Co. B, Fourth Artillery at Camp Floyd, according to Curtis Allen), who "saw them as 'young, half-savage men who looked as if they had not washed their persons or dress since leaving the Missouri,' easily provoked to violence, brazenly quarrelsome, and universally expert in the use of vulgar language, the mildest form of which could sear prairie grass for a distance of fifty yards." Camp Floyd, 67-68. While the man Patience refers to may not have been a hired teamster, since Patience later mentions that he was a member of one of the army's companies, his behavior seems consistent with Moorman and Sessions' description. Patience will have another teamster later, however, who is every bit a gentleman.

12. Patience's final epithet about the reprehensible teamster is amusing; for the wife of a Union officer, what could better be said or implied about the man's character than that he had deserted to the enemy?

13. Patience's failure to identify the man Abraham to Captain Dudley as her would-be assailant back at Camp Floyd is difficult to understand. She says earlier in the narrative that she feared to tell John who the man was for fear John would shoot Abraham and then suffer ill consequences. Here, though, it is apparent that John is not at hand, being, we assume, assigned to duties and responsibilities away from the wagons carrying goods and laundresses. It's not possible to identify the unknown Mr. Jones, who will replace Abraham as Patience's teamster.

14. According to Charles Scott's diary, the army camped near or just past Echo Canyon on August 1, and arrived at Fort Leavenworth on October 6, after passing through Forts Bridger, Laramie, and Kearney. Jones evidently served Patience well for over two months.

15. Scott's diary confirms a delay at Leavenworth. He indicates that they arrived there on October 6, were prepared to leave by steamboat on October 7, were unaccountably delayed and "passed a miserable night" on October 8 because their bedding was packed up, and finally ended up at St. Joseph on October 9. After recounting the conversation she had with Captain Dudley at Fort Leavenworth, Patience flashes back to some experiences that occurred on the plains previous to their arrival in Leavenworth.

16. This part of the narrative invites speculation as to whether Captain Dudley is less concerned with Patience's comfort and welfare than he is with ridding the army of a "hysterical" woman who fears for her life at the hands of teamsters and mysterious assailants. His suggestion that she would be nearer to her mother in Pleasant Grove if she stayed in Fort Leavenworth is ironically amusing; by wagon, Leavenworth was somewhere in the neighborhood of 1300 miles from Pleasant Grove, Utah—nearer, certainly, but not near to Patience's mother.

17. Divorce was not uncommon among women who entered into plural marriage and then decided they could not tolerate it. Brigham Young was relatively lenient in his willingness to grant divorces and seemed to have a personal policy of ensuring that no woman was required to stay in a relationship she found intolerable. Contention was likely to arise only in determination of who should have custody of the children. Traveling with the army was a relatively safe, and obviously free, way of returning to the eastern United States. The army would have been willing to accommodate such requests because of abhorrence of plural marriage and the circumstances of potential hostility between the Mormons and the army.
18. An even dozen Murphys appear on the roster for enlisted men for the Tenth Infantry. However, Deborah Petite of Roll-Call Research notes that post returns indicate that by May of 1866, almost three months before Patience’s group left, only Company H appears to have still been at Camp Floyd/Crittenden, all other companies having been transferred elsewhere. Whether the other companies reconnoitered from other points and joined Company H on its wagon and rail route east, and for how long they may have traveled together, is difficult to determine from the scattered records available.

At any rate, Patience remains in the company of her good friend Mrs. Murphy, and later will be “put in charge” of a Sergeant Murphy, who could possibly be Sergeant Peter Murphy of Company A of the Tenth Infantry—if we could assume the Tenth stays together as they travel. The Murphys figure heavily in Patience’s remembrances of this journey, but so far it simply isn’t possible to identify exactly who they are.

19. On August 4, 1861, Charles C. Scott wrote in his diary that his company had arrived at Fort Bridger, where they camped. The following day, August 5, he wrote:

Laying by. It is rumored in Camp that Dudley was attacked in Echo Canyon by Bill Hickman’s Gang and two of his men killed. A party of twelve Dragoons under Lieut Sanders have just left Camp to meet him. It is also said that Joe Kerrigan and his party, who left Fort Crittenden for Carson City the same day we left, have been massacred.

Two days later, on August 7, he recorded that his company was still camped at Fort Bridger, and made the following entry:

The Bull-train arrived to day. Dudleys command exchanged shots at long distance with a party of Indians, or Mormons disguised as such, in Echo Canyon no damage was done, it was their evident intentions to attack the train, as they thought Dudley had come ahead.

If army gossip can be trusted, the events Patience describes in this confrontation with Indians occurred in Echo Canyon, roughly only about sixty miles from Camp Crittenden.

Perhaps the most revealing information we can glean from Scott’s diary juxtaposed with Patience’s, however, is the obvious fear or distrust Scott has of the Mormons—nearly equal to his concerns about Indians.

20. The burning of certain kinds of limestone to obtain lime for use in making plaster and other building materials and also for agricultural applications has been a home industry for centuries in Great Britain and since the early days of settlement in America. Patience doesn’t provide specific enough information to identify this particular lime burning camp or the people to whom she refers, but once again, as she so often does, she casually mentions a personal experience that puts her readers in touch with another intriguing glimpse into nineteenth-century life, and another bit of history that invites further investigation. Several web sites provide interesting information on the burning of lime and can be accessed by simply typing the keywords “limestone burning” into a common search engine.

21. Porter Rockwell was a Mormon gunfighter who was said to act in defense of and on the orders of church leaders; he had served as bodyguard to
Joseph Smith. Richard Lloyd Dewey, Porter Rockwell. Bill Hickman called himself the “Destroying Angel” and acted as a Mormon vigilante who fought with guns as well as fists. William H. Hickman, Brigham Young’s Destroying Angel. Lot Smith was commander of the Nauvoo Legion, a Mormon military contingent, who had led several excursions of the Nauvoo Legion to harass the army as it approached Utah. See “Lot’s Hundred.” The Legion burned grass and supply wagons, causing the army serious suffering during the winter of 1857–58. Though Smith’s unit of the legion never numbered more than a hundred men, fantastic rumors had attributed to him a great force. His name still brought uneasiness to the army camp even after the years of comparatively peaceful coexistence between Camp Floyd and the Mormons. Brendon J. Metcalf, “The Nauvoo Legion.”

Patience does not describe the men, but the tone of her words implies that she, like many other Latter-day Saints, had conflicting emotions and looked upon these three individuals with a mixture of admiration and fear. She is definitely relieved that they ride on without pressing the issue of whether or not their wives are traveling with the army.

22. It’s hard to determine exact dates for the events Patience describes. Charles Scott’s company arrived at Bridger on August 4, at eleven a.m. This is where he heard the rumors about Dudley’s confrontation with the Indians and the presence in the army camp of Rockwell, Hickman, and Smith.

The army was on the trail east for exactly three months. Company E, under First Lieutenant Dudley, left Fort Crittendon (formerly Camp Floyd) on July 22 as guard to a public train en route to Fort Leavenworth. They arrived in Spring Creek, Kansas, October 6, and went on to Camp Anderson, Washington, where they arrived on October 22, 1861. Seyburn, History of the 20th Infantry, 31.

23. Possibly Sergeant Samuel Wright of Companies C and I at Camp Floyd/Fort Crittenden. 10th US Infantry Enlisted Roster.

24. Charles C. Scott records that the army had camped at Fort Laramie, not Fort Bridger as Patience states, on August 27 and had left there on September 2. His entries for September 2 and September 3:

Resumed the march at seven, in passing through Laramie Old Alec had the 20th Infy Band playing at the head of our Infantry - Road sandy at first and afterwards hard & level. Camped on the Platte. plenty of grass but a half mile to wood & water.

September 3d  Shortly after taps last night, a most terrific thunderstorm came up, the clouds seeming to be very near the earth, the water coming down in sheets, so that the whole camp was flooded and everybody got ringing wet, there was several loud claps of thunder & flashes of lightning that seemed to keep the heavens in a continual flame. The Lightning struck one of the Sibley-tents of “E” Co. of the Dragoons shattering the pole to splinters, and killing a man Carey. besides seriously injuring seven others who were sleeping in the tent, the lightning also killed a horse belonging to the Dragoon Band and a Cow, besides striking a horse in the mouth. After burying the Dragoon at 7 oclock we left Camp at eight Road muddy and in some places very sandy for 10 miles then level. Camped on the Platte plenty of grass, crossed to the islands in the river for wood.
Curtis Allen’s research reveals that William Carey, born in Kings County, Ireland, was twenty-seven years old when he enlisted on March 6, 1854, at Ft. Snelling. He stood five feet and eleven inches tall, had grey eyes, brown hair, and a fair complexion. He served in the Second Dragoons, Co. E, of the Third Artillery, and was “killed by lightning, 2 September 1861, at Fort Laramie.” Register of Enlistments, U.S. Army, NARA microlm M233.  

25. There were twenty-seven Overland Trail stage stations listed on a route map dating 1862–1869. www.over-land.com/images/overland.gif. It’s not possible to identify which of these stations Patience may be referring to. Note, though, that a number of “odd” vehicles and attendants (Mrs. Russell in her carriage, for example) are traveling with the army. This is because Dudley’s company was assigned to escort a “public train,” meaning nonmilitary travelers who desired to return to “the states.”  

26. Charles C. Scott’s September 14 diary entry reads as follows:

Started at 1/3 to seven Road good. Camped at Frumont’s Slough on the Platte Bottom. . . . Whiskey caused three Dragoons to set themselves up as targets for each other, yesterday afternoon, and the consequence was, that one named Tague was shot through the neck and killed, one named White through the thigh, and the man that done the most shooting (Collins) was shot in the arm. One of our horses was found wounded in the thigh, most probably from a stray shot, we had to leave him behind. 

A web site featuring items from Andreas’ History of Nebraska indicates that Fremont’s Slough is the name of a watering place where two small streams meet. It is located in Lincoln County, Nebraska. “Andreas’ History of the State of Nebraska,” Part 1.  

27. The commanding officer was Colonel Philip St. George Cooke, who was a colonel in the Second Dragoons in 1858 and who was the second man to replace Albert Sidney Johnston as commanding officer of the army in Utah in 1860. “The U.S. Army’s Mormon Expedition of 1857,” 2, 4. Among other things, General Cooke was known as “the father of the U.S. cavalry,” was a West Point graduate, and would become a Union army general at the same time his famous son-in-law, J.E.B. Stuart, led Southern troops. Civil War Cavalry, 1. He left Camp Floyd in 1859 but returned and was in command at Fort Crittenden when the army was recalled to Washington in 1861. He was the last commander to leave the post, “about July 22, 1861, when the last of the Tenth departed for the east.” Allen, October 26, 2004.  

28. Patience catches up with herself here, remembering, correctly, that the soldiers injured by lightning were left at Fort Laramie. Had the incident she describes actually occurred near Fort Bridger, as she had erroneously indicated, the suffering soldiers would have been transported almost four hundred miles by joggling army wagon before being placed in the care of an army hospital! Charles C. Scott’s diary helps us untangle this part of Patience’s remembrances.  

29. According to Scott, the army arrived at Fort Leavenworth on October 6, where they camped until October 9.  

30. Patience does not indicate in the manuscript exactly where the army boarded the train for the first time, but Charles C. Scott wrote that his company went by boat from a steamboat landing near Leavenworth to St. Joseph,
where they “commenced loading the Cars with the Horses.” John Rozsa says they traveled “part by water and part by railroad” from Leavenworth to St. Joseph. *John Rozsa’s Autobiography*, 16.

Patience mentions only three specific cities on the rail route to Washington: St. Joseph, Missouri; Quincy, Illinois; and Baltimore, Maryland. Extensive research by the Colorado Railroad Museum was unable to pinpoint exactly which of the network of rail lines the army might have taken.

But Charles C. Scott’s personal diary outlines the entire trip. The army, according to Scott, left St. Joseph on October 11 and arrived in Easton about noon on October 12; they then passed through “Chillicothe, Brookfield, Hudson & Palmyra,” and “arrived at West Quincy at 4 a.m.” October 13. On that day they “crossed the Mississippi on the Ferry boat to Quincy” and “laid over till dark when the trains started.” On October 14 they “traveled all night passed through Aurora and several other towns” and “[a]rrived in Chicago at three p.m.,” then “left Chicago at 9 1/2 p.m.” They arrived in Fort Wayne, Indiana, on October 15, were in Crestline, Ohio, “at dark” and “started again at 9 1/2 pm.” On October 16 they “[r]eached Pittsburgh at 10 A.M.” and on October 19 arrived in “Baltimore at 2 1/2 A.M. . . . Started again about noon and reached Washington about 4 p.m.” where they “stopped in a building called the Soldiers Rest.” The map route included in this volume comes from Scott’s record.

31. John Rozsa refers to this incident in his autobiography, page 16:

> After 2 days rest we embarked and went up the Missouri till St. Joseph this we reached part by water and part by Railroad when we arrived there we found that the R. R. Bridge across the Missouri Platte River was destroyed by the Secesh, therefore the Infantry was ordered to march by land the 15 miles to Easton where the connection of the RR would commence the Artillery and Cavalry took another (the lower) road, the Head Gen and Staff and Soldiers Women were to go by R.R. to the destroyed Bridge . . . .

Charles Scott records on October 9, “it is said that we are waiting until the bridge is completed, that was destroyed a few weeks ago by the rebels. the Infantry left during the evening for the bridge . . . .”

See Note 39 for a description of this incident, which Patience hears about and discusses later in her narrative.

32. Curtis Allen writes, “There were two Montogmerys who were associated with the Utah Expedition. One was Samuel who was the Department’s military storekeeper, a civilian. The other was Alexander who was a 2nd Lit. in the 4th Artillery who stayed at Laramie.” E-mail, October 26, 2004.

I have not yet been able to identify a major Montgomery whose history fits into Patience’s narrative. A Major Montgomery C. Meigs, who was a military engineer responsible, among other things, for the Washington aqueduct system, served as the army’s quartermaster general; he had been born in Alabama but moved to Philadelphia and was an ardent member of the Union army. “The Meigs Family.” There is no reason to assume that Major Montgomery Meigs might be the person Patience was talking about—unless he had been sent to oversee the reconstruction of the destroyed bridge and happened to be on hand the night of the flatboat accident. Curtis Allen thinks this highly unlikely.
33. John James Rozsa was about twenty-one months old at this time.

34. John Rozsa, page 16 of his autobiography, also recorded this incident, and describes it thus:

Women were to go by R. R. to the destroyed Bridge across the River on a raft used as a ferry boat and small skifs. When the raft crossed with the second or third load the rope broke and several lives were lost most children of the soldiers. Mrs. Rozsa with her child had crossed the River in one of the skifs came safe through but we lost our bedding.

The History of Buchanan County and St. Joseph describes an accident that sounds somewhat similar but attributes it to a collision with a log: “Early in . . . November, while a regiment was crossing the swollen stream on a pontoon bridge, a heavy log dashed against the structure, causing destruction and loss of life. Seven were drowned, among them the wives of two soldiers.” Chapter 24, unnumbered page. If this is the same accident, the History also misses the date by several days, since the army arrived in Washington on October 22.

35. A soldier by the name of Thomas Gill was listed as a private in Company A of the Tenth Infantry at Camp Floyd.

36. Unfortunately, there were twenty-three soldiers by the name of Wilson in the Tenth Infantry alone. Since the oldest son was named Dickey, perhaps he was named after his father, as was traditional. No Dick or Richard Wilson is listed, but there is a Private R. F. Wilson of Company A. This is the same family with whom Patience later lives in Washington. John Rozsa’s autobiography calls them by the name of Williams, not Wilson.

37. Captain Jesse A. Gove was a commander in Company I of the Tenth Infantry. He was one of the original appointments to the Tenth Infantry, and was later commissioned as Captain of Dragoons at Camp Floyd. His letters to his wife have been published and provide interesting firsthand history of the military’s Utah experience. In 1861 he was commissioned as colonel of the Twenty-second Massachusetts Volunteers, who joined the Army of the Potomac. Gove was killed at Gaines Mill, Virginia on June 27, 1862. Seaborn, History, 37; “Likenesses,” 1.

38. “A delicate condition” was a common euphemism for pregnancy. Mrs. Wilson’s heroic efforts to save two of her children, struggling through the deep and swift water and up the slippery grass bank, are even more remarkable in view of the pregnancy.

39. Patience is referring here to the previous accident, the one that had delayed the wives from traveling. The terrible incident was described in the 1881 History of Buchanan County, pages 277–278:

Upon a certain day . . . it was known that a passenger train from Hannibal would arrive at St. Joseph during the next night, at the hour of 11 o’clock. Late in the evening, before the arrival of the cars, the bridge was saturated with turpentine, then set on fire, and completely destroyed . . . . The night was intensely dark, and the conductor, not dreaming of danger, quickened the speed of the train as he neared the city. Onward rushed the cars . . .

Few escaped without receiving such severe injuries, as made it impossible for them to assist their fellow-sufferers. The night was
chilly and cold, and from near eleven to three o’clock in the morn-
ing, the wounded screamed for aid, and struggled for relief. Some
attempted to free themselves from their dead companions, and from
the debris of the crushed cars. Others with broken legs or arms, were
endeavoring [sic] to creep from the deep mud and stagnant waters of
the stream.

40. County histories say about 150 people were aboard.
41. On October 12 Charles C. Scott wrote in his diary that the company had
left Easton about noon. “[W]hen near Breckenridge six or seven shots were
fired into the cars by some cowardly rebels in the grass . . . .”
42. John Rozsa’s autobiography says he was in Company C at Camp Floyd
(the roster of enlisted men says Company F), and Patience refers here to
Company C. Later she will mention that he is in Company E. Curtis Allen
concludes, after extensive research into regimental returns, that John was
actually in Company E from the first day, since in May of 1855 John Rosa
is assigned to Company E with Dudley in command, and Company C at
that time is at Dayton, Ohio. Still, it is unlikely that both John and Patience
would write “Company C” incorrectly. Assignments to companies could be
altered because of a number of circumstances.
43. Edward or Edmond J. Brooks, rank indistinguishable, is listed among com-
missioned officers on the post returns for Camp Floyd in March of 1860 as
on leave for sixty days. Curtis Allen says he was a second lieutenant in the
Seventh Infantry at Camp Floyd and for a while was assistant adjutant of the
department. E-mail, October 26, 2004.
44. This part of the narrative is a flashback to an incident in St. Joseph, per-
haps recalled in conjunction with Patience’s recollections about her sense
of alienation from some of the women traveling with the army on the train
and her own sense of vulnerability in the recounted circumstances.
45. Perhaps this is the same trunk that is on display at the Daughters of Utah
Pioneers Museum in Salt Lake City.

Washington, November 1861–April 1866

1. The American poet Walt Whitman was in Washington at this time. He
described the jammed city just after the first battle, at Bull Run, only thirty
miles from Washington, on July 21 before Patience arrived in November.
Conditions in Washington remained much the same throughout the war,
with constant traffic of incoming recruits and armies, exhausted soldiers
returning from battle, military hospitals jammed to overflowing with the
wounded and ill, makeshift accommodations such as hotels and private
homes being commandeered to accommodate officers, wounded, and sup-
port crews.

The men appear . . . in the streets of Washington—appear in
Pennsylvania avenue and on the steps and basement entrances.
They come along in disorderly mobs, some in squads, stragglers,
companies. Occasionally, a rare regiment, in perfect order, with its
officers . . . marching in silence . . . every man with his musket, and
stepping alive; . . . Sidewalks of Pennsylvania avenue, Fourteenth
street, &c., crowded, jamm’d with citizens, darkies, clerks, everybody,
lookers-on; women in the windows, curious expressions from faces, 
as those swarms of dirt-cover’d return’d soldiers there (will they 
ever end?) move by . . . . (Whitman, Poetry and Prose, 708–709)

2. Patience is probably talking about something similar to bibs.

3. Quincy, Illinois, on the train route from Fort Leavenworth east. The people of Quincy had once, some years previously, provided haven for Mormon refugees from Missouri mob violence and Governor Lilburn W. Boggs’s infamous Extermination Order of 1838. However, by the time the Saints left Nauvoo in 1846, relationships between Mormons and other Illinois citizens had soured. No doubt the fresh sight of a “real Mormon” some twenty years after the exodus would excite some curiosity.

4. John Rozsa’s autobiography never mentions his having joined the Mormon church, but his letter of proposal to Patience, part of which is preserved in family records, seems to attest religious experience. He writes,

Miss! From the first sight of your lovely person I felt the sincerest affection toward you, but I never had encouragement enough to explain them: - a voice from last night awoke me from slumber, and I could hear plain the following words: “thou art right in rendering, thy honors to the lady thou hast selected, and the Lord’s blessing will reign over both of you” encouraged by this inspiration and with God’s assistance to Who I have to thank for his strength . . . . (Elroy Davis, Typescript, 21)

John’s autobiography primarily recounts his youthful bachelor days and gives considerable details about the events with which he was involved in the Civil War. But he mentions Patience with respect, and seems to be especially grateful that she is loyal to him and willing to be “alone with out any of both her relatives” during their time in Washington.

5. Again in this area of the manuscript Patience seems to assume to some degree the voice of the sentimental heroine—awareness of personal vulnerability combined with sensitivity, virtue, and brave attempt to manage difficult circumstances the best she can. But whatever the voice, she is vulnerable, and she is admirably determined to be loyal and remain with her husband in spite of her own fears.

6. Charles Scott’s company arrived in Washington at 4 p.m. on October 19, 1861.

7. In the original manuscript the recipe is marked with a wavy line running down either margin. Perhaps Patience or someone after her had highlighted the recipe. The words “botom of the ketle or pot used served” are also underlined with a series of lines.

8. The Tenth Infantry became part of the Army of the Potomac, with companies B, E, G, and I being sent to Fort Monroe, Virginia, on March 26, 1862. They were there until April 4, when they were sent to Yorktown. In May Company B was broken up and absorbed into Companies E, G, and I. In 1863 Company E became part of the Second Brigade, Second Division, Fifth Corps of the Army of the Potomac, and fought in the battles of Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and Manassas, among others. By the end of 1863, only 128 soldiers were left of the original number, and only Company D and the band were still in existence. Later Companies A and B would be reorganized to join the First Brigade, First Division, Ninth Army Corps,
after which they fought in the Battle of the Wilderness, at Spottsylvania, and at Cold Harbor—all horrific battles with heavy casualties and intense suffering and deprivations. See Stephen Y. Seyburn, *History of the Tenth U.S. Infantry* for a complete and detailed discussion.

9. Patience was thirty-five years old when John left for the field, and pregnant with her second child.

10. This spirit of benevolence was an impressive contrast to the macabre scenes on the battlefield, and apparently continued unabated by civilians for all the years of the war. Walt Whitman, who visited hospitals regularly and did what he could for soldiers from both sides of the conflict, wrote

> I am regularly supplied with funds for this purpose by good women and men in Boston, Salem, Providence, Brooklyn, and New York... My supplies, altogether voluntary, mostly confidential, often seeming quite Providential, were numerous and varied. For instance, there were two wealthy ladies, sisters, who sent regularly, for two years, quite heavy sums, enjoining that their names should be kept secret. The same delicacy was indeed a frequent condition. From several I had *carte blanche*. Many were entire strangers. From these sources, during from two to three years, I bestowed, as almoner for others, many, many thousands of dollars. I learn’d one thing conclusively—that beneath all the ostensible greed and heartlessness of our times there is no end to the generous benevolence of men and women in the United States. . . . (Whitman, 749–50)

11. Patience apparently means that fuel for heating and cooking was provided for her by the army.

12. Since Patience had a similar experience at Camp Floyd, one wonders how extensive the danger to wives of soldiers may have been. I have not been able to locate any information to shed light on Patience’s fearful experiences with sly strangers waiting to prey upon unattended women whose husbands had departed for military duty. There are of course many such instances in the popular sentimental fiction of the time; woman’s virtue under assault by evil and manipulative men was the main theme of such fiction. It’s difficult to know how heavily Patience may have been influenced by fiction, or whether she read for pleasure at all. At any rate, her veracity is not in question.

13. Patience was pregnant with her second son, Frank Loader Rozsa, who was born September 19, 1862. She would have been in her seventh month.

14. The Seven Days’ Battles occurred June 25–July 1, 1862, and began near Richmond, Virginia. Characterized by heat, dust, lack of water, difficulty in fighting because of forested landscape, and heavy losses, the Seven Days’ Battles ended with a decisive victory for the South. An easily accessible, detailed, and very interesting discussion of the Peninsular Campaign, including the Seven Days’ Battles, can be found on the internet’s Civil War home page, listed in the bibliography under “The Seven Days’ Battles Before Richmond.” Reproduced there are actual letters of the generals from both sides reporting the events of each day’s battles.

15. Patience omits a good portion of John’s concluding military history—including charges of desertion and a drop in rank—and also the birth of
her second son. Apparently the charges against John were something of a misunderstanding. Here’s John’s own record of the situation:

On our arrival at Alexandria I found out from the Captain of our Boat that we would have to wait days and days for further orders and therefore I provided myself a pass from the Provost Marshall in Alexandria for Washington, which was granted to me, and I went again to visit to my family whom I found all cheerful and in good health. During my stay in Alexandria I obtained a Situation as clerk in the office of Head Quarters of the Army (Gen. Halleck) into which I enlisted accordingly Sept. 6th-1862 obtaining the above mentioned Situation.

I considered myself the happiest of man among my beings and this for three reasons. First I considered to have an end to my hardships for the remainder of my service. Second—for the greatly increased pay from 22 to 75 dollars per month. And thirdly—the most important reason, my wife being content and close to her confinement by herself alone with out any of both her relatives though among good and kind people, our friends Mr. and Mrs. Williams. [notice that Patience calls the people Wilson]

September 19th morning before 5 oclock she was over her confinement having given birth to another son which she according to her own will named FrankMclellan Loader—but my happiness did not last long while and I was relieved and ordered to join my company this for the only reason that I have left the allready mentioned boat and did not return to my Company.

During this long absence of mine from my Company, the army of the Potomac has been in two more great engagements, in which our Division of Regulars and from it which I was absent, Viz. the Battle of Bulls Run Aug. 30 and that of [Antietam] Sept. 17th, 1862. Many friends and comrades did I loose in these two battles.

Pursuant to an order from the adjutant Generals office I was relieved from my duty at Head quarters of the Army and ordered to join my company which I did October 13th near Sharpsborough Md. where they were encamped. Knowing myself that charges for neglect of duty or absence without leave were preferred against me, I was placed under arrest till October 21st, I was tried by a Gov. Court martial just in session at that time. . . .

While in Camp near Warrenton I received my sentence, which was that I was reduced to Rank of Private and fined with 10 dollars per month for two months . . . Severe shock as it was for myself as my family to be reduced to the rank of a Private and to support my family consisting now of a wife and 2 children from my present and scanty pay of 13 dollars per month . . . I . . . concluded in thanking God for His almighty blessing not to mind my Rank which I held, but as I said to be thankful that I was with my family when my beloved wife’s life was in the struggle with death in her confinement, — and consoling myself with the hope and knowing to have a good wife and kind mother to her children will do me her efforts to content herself and to supportour dear little offsprings with the small
amount which I can spare from my miserable 13 dollars per month. And secondly I trusted in God that some change may turn up.

He continues, describing his ongoing illnesses and difficulties in trying to keep up with his duties as a private, until eventually, in December of 1862, he received an extra assignment to “assist in issuing rations.” He notes that “this small position” would bring him an additional 25–40 cents daily besides his regular pay, which he would be able to send to Patience. He continues,

I made up my mind firmly that I shall not take for the remainder of my time (9 months to complete ten years) in Uncle Sam’s Service for any rank or grade but whatever or wherever to make more money and that only for the more comfortable support of my dearest ones which I left in Washington, mind in the Capital too in winter and where every thing is so high, and to my idea if the war shall be kept up will raise still higher. (Elroy Davis, Typescript, 21–23)

Immediately following this entry, he mentions that “our small Battalion the 10th” struck tents” on December 21 and moved to assume duties in General Hooker’s headquarters near Talmouth.

John’s autobiography, like Patience’s, ends rather abruptly after an entry of January 10, 1863. Patience later mentions that he was discharged from the army on October 16, 1863. He and Patience elected to remain in Washington, running a lucrative boarding house, until the war ended.

16. Captain Homer L. Thayer appears on post returns for Fort Lyon, Colorado, in January, March, and September 1866, when he was relieved and mustered out. During that time he was listed as “attached to post,” and assistant quartermaster. A Homer L. Thayer appears in the Arapaho County, Colorado, census for 1870 and the Lake County one for 1880; the Leadville County/City Directory lists Homer L. Thayer as a map publisher in Leadville in 1882.

17. Patience’s third son, William Joseph Rozsa, had been born 3 November 1864 in Washington, D.C., and was nearly two years old. At this point in the manuscript, as John and Patience debate whether to continue in Kansas with the Thayers or to return to Utah, Patience was pregnant with Amy Rosalie, who would be born on September 20, 1866. John James Rozsa, born at Camp Floyd in 1860, was now five and a half; Frank Loader, born in Washington in 1862, was almost four.

Back to Utah, April–July 21, 1866

1. Captain John McClintock is listed as commander of Company G, Third Battalion of the United States troops at Camp Douglas, Utah Territory, on post returns of July and October, 1866, and was released from duty at that post on December 30 of 1867. Congressional record extracts indicate that he was born in Pennsylvania and enlisted there; he was promoted to captain on April 30, 1863, and then to brevet captain on July 2, 1863, for “gal-lant and meritorious service” at the Battle of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. On March 13, 1865, he was promoted to major, again for gallant and meritori-ous service. Listed as unassigned on May 19, 1869, he was honorably must-tered out on January 1, 1871. “Official Army Register,” 85. Patience would
have agreed with her congressmen that John McClintock did indeed give gallant and meritorious service, obviously in battle, but also to a soon-to-be struggling widow on the windswept plains of Nebraska.

2. Camp Douglas (renamed in 1878 to Fort Douglas) was founded in 1862, following the closing of Camp Crittenden in 1861 when the army was sent to Washington for the Civil War. The post’s primary purpose was to provide protection for the stage and mail routes and to maintain open communication between the east and west coasts during the war. President Abraham Lincoln named the fort in honor of his political opponent Stephen A. Douglas, who died in 1861. The new fort was relocated to Salt Lake City’s east bench where it still remains. Among other things, Camp Douglas, through its first commanding officer Colonel (later Brigadier General) Patrick Edward Connor, was responsible for the opening of the mining industry in Utah as he sent soldiers on prospecting assignments. Charles G. Hibbard, “History of Fort Douglas,” 2.

3. John Loader, oldest brother of Patience, had remained with his family in Iowa in 1856 instead of finishing the handcart trek because John’s wife Harriet (the sister-in-law mentioned here) was pregnant. They continued to live in Iowa until the war broke out, at which time John joined the Twenty-second Regiment of Iowa Volunteers. He was wounded in the arm at the Battle of Cedar Creek, Virginia, on October 19, 1864, and was sent to the General Hospital at Winchester, Virginia. Patience went to visit him there, and kept in close touch with him during the remainder of the war. John was discharged July 25, 1865, at Savannah, Georgia, and his family joined the Rozsas as they traveled back to Utah. Drusilla Smith, “Life History of John Loader.” It was fortuitous for Patience to have John and his family with her during this last lonely trek across the center of the continent. Later, in Pleasant Grove, Utah, where both families lived, John and Patience remained close and were mutually supportive in business affairs. Among other things, they jointly owned a pair of mules. Perhaps they were the mules used for this journey.

4. Fort Kearney, Nebraska.

5. John had lung problems and heart palpitations, which plagued him throughout the war. Davis, Typescript, 21 ff. He had also suffered a back injury, which increased the pain of a soldier’s common privations—weather, unsanitary conditions, heavy packs, long marches.

6. Patience was pregnant with her fourth child.

7. The health code of the Mormon faith denounces use of alcohol.

8. The original manuscript contains a hand-drawn bracket that begins to the left of the word My. A closing bracket appears after the words nearly gone. Perhaps Patience or some later reader wanted to highlight details of John’s death.

9. Some family records say May 21, 1866.

10. Fort Kearney, Nebraska.

11. Young Frank died on October 20, 1866, in Pleasant Grove. Patience describes the event later in the manuscript.

12. Family tradition has it that John Rozsa was buried at the roadside. His burial place is listed in the Church Archives, Family Group Records Division, as Nebraska, and his place of death as Ft. Kearney, Nebraska.

13. Patience, widowed and pregnant, was thirty-nine years old when she arrived back in the valley.
Back in the Valley, July 21, 1866–1872

1. Patience’s older sister Ann, who was first married to John Dalling, had married William Paul after Dalling’s death; Patience’s younger sisters Maria and Sarah had both married George Henry Abbott Harris.

2. John Rozsa’s autobiography makes clear a high degree of guilt over disappointments he had caused his parents back in Hungary during his brash youth. He wrote a long letter home apologizing and includes a copy of the letter in his memoirs. His willingness to care for Amy Britnell Loader is touching.

3. If her memory serves as to the date she arrived back in the valley, Patience had fifty-two more days’ journey in a military company, pregnant and with three small children, after John died. It’s hard to imagine how she might have made the trip had John and Harriet Loader and their family not been there to comfort and assist her.

4. July 24 is a Utah state holiday which commemorates the arrival of the first pioneer company into the Salt Lake valley in 1846.

5. Patience is reunited with all her American siblings except her younger sister Jane, who had passed away on February 14, 1864, while Patience was in Washington. Jane was twenty-two at the time of her death.

6. Patience’s first house in Pleasant Grove, and the one her mother probably lived in during Patience’s years in Washington, was on the east line of the original Battle Grove (or Battle Creek) fort. The fort had been built in 1853 during the Walker Indian war; homes were of adobe and logs, surrounded by a four-foot wall made of “soft rock,” or limestone that hardened in the air. The home Patience owned had been built by Mary Ann Stearns and Parley P. Pratt, who was one of the twelve apostles. Howard R. Driggs, *Timpanogos Town*, 22; Beth Olsen, Tour and Interview, July 23, 2003.

7. Amy Rosalie Rozsa was born September 20, 1866, in Pleasant Grove.

8. In The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, infants are “blessed,” an ordinance somewhat similar to christening in other Christian religions. In this ceremony the child’s name is officially pronounced before the congregation and then recorded on the membership rolls of the church. Amy was born September 20, 1866, in Pleasant Grove, Utah.

9. If Patience wrote her manuscript in 1887, Amy would have been about twenty-one or twenty-two at the time of writing.

10. George Henry Abbot Harris records in his journal the death of his own son on April 28, 1865. A notation added sometime later indicates that James Henry Harris, son of George and Sarah Loader Harris, was buried “in the north Cemetery by the side of Frank McClenan Rosa and his dear Aunt Jane.” Some family records indicate that Frank’s middle name was Loader, omitting the McLellan. John Rozsa, however, clearly gives both middle names.

11. The home Patience built was at 34 North 200 South in Pleasant Grove. It is now on the list of historic landmarks, but is still a residence, though no longer owned by the Rozsa or Loader families.

12. Patience bought lots 9 and 11, and her brother Robert bought lot 10, which included the property her home was built on. If she owned land away from town, no records of it remain. Eventually Robert sold Patience lot 10, and she in turn sold all three lots to the church. Part of the land was used to build the Pleasant Grove Tabernacle. Beth Olsen, Interview, July 23, 2003.
13. Knud (Canute) Swensen, born in 1827 in Denmark, came to Utah in July of 1858 with the Horace Eldredge company. He and his wife Johannah, born in 1838 in Denmark, had eight children, one of whom was named Swen L. and is no doubt the Swiney (Sweyne) Patience mentions here. Knud served as city councilman and also treasurer in Pleasant Grove. Frank Esshom, *Pioneers and Prominent Men*, 1197. Patience, too, later served as treasurer, as did her daughter, Amy.

Some family records give this third son’s name as William Joseph rather than Joseph William as Patience indicates.

14. A considerable number of mines were operating in American Fork Canyon when Patience went there to cook in 1872. Mining had begun in about 1863 when soldiers from Fort Douglas began prospecting. The mine where Patience worked was on Miller Mountain, described as “one of the culminating ridges of the Wasatch Mts. between the head of American Fork and its North Branch” and it was “2 1/2 miles distant, where the North Branch joins the American Fork” from the smelter, which was itself “some ten miles up the canon of American Fork from its mouth.” J. P. Kimball, “Report of a Survey,” 7. Its primary ore was lead, with small amounts of silver and very slight traces of gold. Kimball, 15. Two small towns existed to support the mines—Forest City and Deer Creek. Some ruins of the smelter’s furnaces or kilns can still be seen near Forest City, but “[t]he kilns and buildings at Deer Creek were swallowed in the 1960’s by construction of Tibble Fork Reservoir.” Richard Crosland and Charmaine Thompson, “Heritage Resource Inventory,” 25.

15. Ezekial Holman, at age five, had started to Utah in 1846 with the initial Mormon migration from Nauvoo, Illinois. Both his parents died en route, and he lived after 1850 with his older brother John Greenleaf Holman of Pleasant Grove. In addition to his work as described here by Patience, Ezekial was also involved in negotiations between the settlers and the Indians, helped build the railroad in American Fork Canyon, and served as commissioner of Salt Lake County. Mrs. Artemus E. Holman, “Biography of Ezekial Holman,” 87–88.

16. The Driggs family was large and significant in Pleasant Grove history. I have not yet been able, however, to identify exactly who this Sarah Driggs may have been.

17. Patience’s concerns were justified. The Miller Hill, 10,266 feet high, is somewhat triangular, and “look[s] out over some of the wildest . . . scenery in the country.” Clare B. Christensen, “Canyon History,” 1; Alan C. Stauffer, “Histories of American Fork Canyon,” 24. The road even today is narrow and subject to wash and erosion; it “winds back and forth through dense forests of Aspen Groves and covers a distance of about four miles from the mine to the site of the former smelter,” Stephen F. Beck, “History of American Fork Canyon,” 3. The entire area is subject to heavy snowfall, avalanches, and accidents resultant from the sometimes swift streams and the narrow roads. From the Miller Mine boarding house to the base of the mountain is about fourteen miles, and the drive from Pleasant Grove today takes about an hour—except that the last section of the road is not open for public use because of safety concerns. Stephen Beck describes the road during the days of early settlement: “In places the sides of the canyon near the streams were so narrow that there was room for only a pony to travel along the banks of the creek, the rugged rock cliffs towering up thousands of feet.” “History,” 1.
18. Beck mentions a John Poole, a young man from Highland Bench, who was killed in an avalanche with another miner when his cabin, built under a rock ledge for safety, was destroyed in spite of efforts to protect it. Beck, “History,” 6. It isn’t possible to be certain this is the same Captain Pooley Patience mentions.

19. Parts of American Fork Canyon had been used as grazing ground ever since settlement in the valley. According to unsigned appendix E of Alan C. Stauffer’s compiled history of American Fork Canyon, a Mrs. Kitty Nash “was selling milk and butter to the miners and smelter workers at Forest City” in 1871. It’s difficult to imagine how such goods could be transported over the roads in the winter, but some of the perishables mentioned by Patience would be difficult to store over the winter months and must have been supplied in some fashion by local entrepreneurs. Perhaps Mr. Robison, whom Patience mentions later, brought them.

20. Stephen Beck wrote,

> Snow slides in the canyon were a great hazard, causing many deaths and much damage. The miners had to plan very carefully where they built their cabins in order that they might not be crushed with the numerous slides in the winter time. They placed them among large pine trees or under a rock ledge to shelter them. (“History,” 6)

Even those precautions were not always successful. Numerous accounts describe miners killed in avalanches even when they had placed their cabins in the safest possible positions.

21. Patience is, again, justified in her expression of marvel that she and her son survived the winter of 1872–73 at the Miller Mine campsite. In addition to the hazards of cold, primitive living conditions and snow-related accidents, in nearby Forest City an epidemic which may have been diphtheria or scarlet fever killed several children and some adults. Stauffer, “Histories,” 15.

22. Lewis Robison with his wife had a sawmill in American Fork Canyon and a hotel at Deer Creek. Olsen, July 23. He also left a journal that details some of his day-to-day activities in the canyon. Robison, “Journal.”

23. It’s interesting that Mr. Robison signalled his presence by firing a gun, considering the constant and imminent danger of avalanche.

24. John Pierce, born about 1835 in Cornwall, England, migrated to Utah in about 1868 in a wagon train funded by the PEF. After he arrived in the valley, he worked for a year and then sent for his family. John had an interesting life and was present at the completion of the transcontinental railroad; he witnessed the driving of the golden spike. Drusilla Smith says John, who was her great-grandfather, worked as a night watchman at the Miller Mine. Smith, June 10, 2005; Elroy Davis, Pedigree Chart.

Interestingly, John Pierce’s daughter, Annie, born February 15, 1860, in Wales, married Harry King Loader, son of John Loader, in 1876, and so Patience’s “old friend” John Pierce was a distant relative.

Several of the people Patience names in this part of the manuscript are as yet unidentifiable. Later she will mention Lizey Pearson, Mrs. Kerns, and a Mr. and Mrs. Anderson; unfortunately, so far, it’s not possible to identify any of them. Again we have the problem of Patience’s formal address: title and surname only.
25. This is C. Van Wambecke, who was killed in an avalanche while he was working as a mail carrier in the canyon. In the spring, when his body was found at a point where part of the mountain had been dug away to enable the road to go through, suspicion that he had been murdered caused a coroner’s inquest and resulted in the arrest of one William Burton, who was incarcerated for several months. “Body Found.” On May 2 the Provo Tri-Weekly Times reported that Burton had been released since the coroner’s inquest ruled that the death “was caused by a snow slide.” “Released.”

Upon initial discovery of the body, Van had been buried near the road cut, called a dugway. Thereafter that road cut was named Van’s Dugway.

Alan Stauffer tells an alternative story about the man for whom Van’s Dugway was named—he says the person was one Frank Van Housen. Stauffer says that Van’s body was removed and buried in the little mining town of Deer Creek, and in 1964, when a small dam was built (to create Tibble Fork Reservoir) on the site of what had once been Deer Creek, workers found the remains of a body many believe to have been those of Frank VanHousen. The remains were once again reinterred, this time in Pleasant Grove. Stauffer, “Histories,” 7–9. Beth Olsen believes, however, after extensive research, that Van Wambecke is the correct Van, and notes that no one by the name of Van Housen is listed as buried in the Pleasant Grove City Cemetery.

26. This may not have been a permanent closing of the Miller Mine. Mines in the vicinity continued in operation for many years, although peak production lasted only about a decade. Newspaper reports of the status of the mining industry carry brief mentions of the Miller Hill Mine for several decades. For samples see “Mining News” in the bibliography. According to Crosland and Thompson, mines on Miller Hill were still being patented in 1911. “Heritage Resource Inventory,” 47.

27. Apparently Patience is talking about oat sacks—finely woven sacks made for carrying grain. Conceivably they would have provided some moisture resistance.

28. The Sultana smelter was situated at Forest City. All that remains of the little town now is a cemetery with the graves of the children killed in the epidemic of 1872, and a few miners and others lost to avalanches. See Note 19.

29. Beth Olsen explains that Patience’s chronology is exact, although confusing, and explains this part of the manuscript:

Captain Pooley projected that the journey to Deer Creek would be a long six miles. After traveling four to five miles of that six miles they stopped at the Gold Seeker Mine. There Patience rested while Captain Pooley went on one mile to Deer Creek. Later Patience traveled [on] to Deer Creek. (Correspondence, June 28, 2004)

30. Harris was the plural marriage husband of Patience’s sisters Maria and Sarah.

Afterword

1. Margaret Hayes, “Pioneer Woman Patience Loader Rosa [sic] Archer.” Lewis Robison’s journal records, on May 8, 1873, that he “went up to Deer
creek with Albert & came back to the [saw]mill with Riley. took Mrs. Rosey [Rozsa] and Louisa Piersen up to the smelter in a waggen in the after noon.”

4. So far, no official documentation of Patience’s marriage to John Archer has been located. Patience’s great-granddaughter Rhonda Hunter indicates that her family records say only “1877.” Patience’s daughter Amy states in an unpublished history of her mother: “In about 1876, Mother married John B. Archer. He lived to be quite old, 86.” Amy Rozsa, “Patience,” 8. Since no other known documentation exists, and since Patience bought shares in a road company in July of 1878 under the name Patience Rozsa, we assume her marriage to John Archer occurred sometime after July of 1878.

5. See Amy Rozsa, Biography of Sargent John Rozsa by His Daughter, 9.
6. Ibid.
9. Ruth married briefly (her married named was Johnson) and then was separated from her husband. Amy never married. Both are buried in Pleasant Grove Cemetery; Amy died in 1957 at age ninety-one and Ruth, born in 1901, died in 1974 at age seventy-three. Since Ruth was thirty-five years younger than Amy, Patience’s hope that Ruth would look after Amy, who suffered poor health, was apparently fulfilled.
11. Beth Olsen notes that women were granted the vote in 1896, and since Patience and Amy were both elected to positions as city treasurer, perhaps the women’s vote outnumbered the men’s!
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