

# The 14th Pioneer Company of 1852 with Captain John B. Walker

Compiled by Richard W. Walker, September 7, 2002

From *Journal History, Supplement*, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, December 31, 1852:

The emigration of Latter-day Saints across the Plains in 1852 was larger than in any preceding years, owing to the fact that the Saints, who had made themselves temporary homes in Pottawattamie County, Iowa, had been counseled by President Brigham Young to migrate to the Valleys of the Mountains. As the majority of the Saints complied with the counsel given, all the branches in Pottawattamie County (between 30 and 40 in number) were discontinued, and the membership of these branches constituted an important part of the emigration of that year. The emigration from Great Britain was also a large one that season, and even a number of Saints who had spent a year or more in St. Louis, Missouri, crossed the Plains in 1852, making their way to the Valley.

Some of the Saints who, for various reasons could not get ready for crossing the Plains in 1852, went to the Valley the following year or years, but a few who refused to comply with the counsel of the authorities of the Church made themselves permanent homes in the Pottawattamie country, and some of them subsequently became identified with apostate organizations or side-tracked Mormonism altogether.

From *Journal History*, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, April 7, 1852:

A conference was held in the Big Pigeon Tabernacle, Pottawattamie County, Iowa, on Wednesday, April 7, 1852, at 10:00 a.m.

Pres. Ezra T. Benson spoke to the captains of the emigration companies; gave them good instruction; said they should be active and encourage their companies; said they ought to go according to the commands—the word from the mountains was all to come along, if they had to 100 souls to five wagons etc.; said if they went ahead they would be blessed in the name of Israel's God, but if they remained here and turned away from God and forget their covenants, woe! woe! be to all such; and he blessed the Saints in the name of Israel's God.

From *Church Emigration Book, 1850-1854*, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints:

Captain John B. Walker and a company of about 250 emigrants left Kanesville July 5, 1852. They were mostly members of the McAlny Branch in Pottawattamie County, Iowa. George A. Hicks, a member of this branch and one of the emigrants in Captain Walker's company, wrote from Spanish Fork, Utah, under the date of April 2, 1917, as follows in regard to the journey:

"The McAlny Branch was located from one and a half to three miles north of Kanesville, at a place now called Bluff City. The company was supposed to number 50 families and was divided into five divisions of ten families each. Each ten had a leading man called a Captain of Ten. The names of three of those captains follow: John Myers (who lived and died at Panguitch, Utah), Daniel M. Burbank (who lived and died in Grantsville, Utah), and Davis McAlny (who lived and died at Lehi, Utah). All of our captains were men with families.

"We were organized June 25, 1852, and crossed the Missouri River June 30 but did not all get together till July 3, in the evening. We spent the Fourth of July celebrating, resting, etc. On the morning of the fifth we made our first move as a company. We were a company of devoted Christians, having prayer morning and evening. At the Loup Fork River a woman by the name of Mrs. Box was killed in a

stampede; some of the ox teams got frightened and ran off the road and killed Mrs. Box. Then at the campground, a Mrs. Biddlecome was stricken with cholera and died. We lost 13 by cholera, among whom was the wife of Daniel M. Burbank. We had 15 deaths all told, mostly females. One young man by the name of North lost his wife. I assisted in burying her. She would have become a mother in a few months more. I never will forget that poor husband; his grief was indescribable. Near where we laid her away there were two small graves, and the wolves had opened one of the graves. We ended the journey October 3."

From *Journal History, Supplement*, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, December 31, 1852:

Emigration of 1852, 14th Company, list of pioneers

- John B. Walker, wife (Elizabeth Ann Brown), and six children (Sarah Elizabeth, Jesse Hunter, John Taylor, Margaret Ann, William Albert, James Ephraim)
- James Daily, wife, and eight children
- Elizabeth Meekam, and son
- Joseph Biddlecome
- George Biddlecome
- William Pope, wife (Catherine McBride), and five children (Wyatt?, Charlotte Culver, Oscar Monroe?, Casanda, William Harrison?, Mary Isabelle)
- John Page, wife (Esther Leader), and six children (Eleanor Esther, William Henry, John Jr., Emma, ?, Mary Ann)
- Davis McAlney, wife (Lucy Sally Downey), and four children
- William (Billa) Dickson, wife (Mary Stoddard), and five children (Samantha Jane, Albert Douglas, Judson Stoddard, Alvira Aurelia, William Henderson)
- James Woodward, wife, and three children
- Mary Ann Elivens, and three children
- R. W. Nobles, wife, and son
- Zial Riggs, wife (Emeline Eunice Knox), and three children (Egbert, Celia Emeline, Robert Ensign)
- Benour Chase, and wife
- William Heap, wife, and five children
- Hopkins, wife, and six children
- Lewis Whiteside, wife, and daughter
- Cragun Southworth
- Samuel Curtis
- Ralph Thompson, wife, and two children
- Joseph H. Tippetts, and nine children
- S. A. Perry, wife, and three children
- Joseph Barton, and three children
- Charles Williams, wife, and five children
- John Currie, and six children
- Henry Box, wife (died en route), and four children
- John Alleman, and seven children
- Joseph Bisselle, and wife
- Thomas McKinzie, wife, and three children
- Daniel M. Burbank, wife (Abigail, died enroute), and four children (Mary L. . .)
- Reuben Carter, wife, and six children
- Alvin Nichols, wife (Lucy Ann Olrey), and two children
- Elizabeth Moore
- Dennis Dorrity, wife (Deanna Jolley), and five children (Sarah Francis, Mary Ann Temperance, Elizabeth Louisa, James Lemuel, Dennis Bryant)
- Joseph Robinson, and wife (Elizabeth Hobson)
- Elizabeth Huntsman
- George Robinson, wife (Sarah), and four children (William Walker, Elizabeth, Samuel, James)
- Daniel Peet, wife (Eliza Robinson), and son (Daniel)
- Reuben W. Strong, and two children
- John Nichols, wife, and two children
- Chester Southworth, wife (Mary Byington), and four children (Sarah Zurvia [married Daniel M. Burbank enroute], Chester, Joseph Stephen, Laura Salina)
- John Myers, wife, and child
- Sibbel Stevens

- John Palmer, wife (Susannah Southworth), and daughter (Sarah Adeline)
- Jacob F. Abbott, wife (Martha Jane Bickmore), and three children (Sarah Elizabeth . . .)
- Martha Bickmore, and five children (Danford, David Newman, Esther, Mary, Lizzie)
- Joseph Dudley, wife, and four children
- William B. Lindsey, wife (Sarah Myers), and two children (Ephraim, Edwin Reuben)
- William B. Lindsey Jr., wife (Julia Parks), wife (Permelia C. A. Blackman), and five children (Mary Amanda, Julia Ann, Fannie Louise, Harriet, Charles M.)
- John Dixon
- Stewart Dixon, wife, and son
- Ephraim Lindsey, wife (Jane Parrish), and son (Edwin Reuben)
- Ed. Lindsey Jr., wife (Tabitha Cragun), and daughter (Sarah Adeline)
- Martha Blackmore
- George Lindsey
- Jane A. Presley
- George B. Hicks, wife, and five children
- George A. Hicks
- Henry Emery, and wife (Elizabeth Brewerton)
- George Emery (father of Henry Emery)
- Mary Moore, and son (William)
- Samuel Sherman (died en route)

From the *Autobiography of Sarah Southworth Burbank*:

“While at Council Bluffs, Father built a cabin of logs and built the chimney of sods cut in big square pieces of mud with grass on one side, laid up like adobes. The ground was the floor. The door was made of slabs, the window of cloth. We lived there two years. While there, we raised a little corn, a few potatoes, and a small garden. Father made some shoes and boots from a little leather he had on hand and sold them to strangers for flour. We were working to go west. I worked for 50¢ a week, bought me a gingham dress for 5¢ a yard. There was a little store there; goods were cheap, but we had to work for 50¢ a week. I was spinning rolls on a big wheel to make yarn for cloth for weeks. I spun 20 pounds of rolls into yarn for a lady. I was not 15 years old then. Later I worked in a boarding house for a dollar a week and obtained clothes to start on the journey west.

“From that place we crossed the Missouri River on a flat boat, one wagon at a time. The oxen were chained to the wheels. This was the manner in which they all crossed the river.

“In June we camped in a place called Winter Quarters, where the company was organized in companies of fifty with a captain over each. D. M. Burbank was our captain. Then we went on our journey among the Indians. At night we had to guard the oxen so they would not steal them. We chained the cattle to the wheels of the wagons. The bugle was sounded in the morning and all the camp called together for prayer. The cows were yoked with the oxen, and we traveled many miles before getting water and wood. On the first part of the journey when we came to streams of water, we found willows to make bridges so that they could take the wagons over.

“When we came to a stream, we would wash our clothes and dry them on the grass, for we might not get a place again for fifty or one hundred miles. We gathered dried dung, or buffalo chips, to make a fire to cook our food—dug a hole in the ground, put the skillet in the hole with a tight lid on it, put the buffalo chips on the lid, and set it afire. It baked bread fine. That was the way we did our cooking until we got where there was wood again.

“Then we went along the Platte River, where we had cholera. Five died with it in our company. My youngest sister was born on the Plains. My oldest sister gave birth to a baby on the Plains, and many other women gave birth to babies, but the company was not hindered in their march, as they would move on the

next morning, making quite a hardship for the women. My husband's wife Abby died with cholera and was buried without a coffin by the Platte River along with others. We had to go on in the morning, never to see their graves again. The night that Abby was buried the wolves were howling. It was awful to hear the dirt thrown on their bodies. A young lady and I were the only ones to wash and dress her with what we could find—her underclothes and nightgown. We sewed her up in a sheet and quilt. That was all that could be done for her burial. All the women in the camp were afraid to prepare the body for burial for fear they would catch the cholera from her. This young girl and I were not afraid to take care of the body. We were only 16 years old but brave in that case.

"We started in June and were four months on our journey before we arrived at the Salt Lake Valley. Three months after Abby died I married D. M. Burbank on the Plains. Captain Walker of another company that camped by us married us one evening. The bugle called the camp together to witness our marriage. We had cedar torch lights instead of candles. It was by the Green River in September. There I mothered four children that were sick with scarlet fever. My husband and I had great trouble with sickness the rest of the way. We also had a number of oxen die and had to stop for the camp to get cows instead of oxen.

"A hundred Indians took D. M. Burbank a prisoner. We thought he would be killed, but the chief gave him up to us if we would give them flour, sugar, and coffee. We rejoiced when we saw the captain alive. He had gone to hunt a buffalo that he spied through a spyglass. He had killed buffaloes before when hunting for a camping place.

"The poor cows furnished us with milk, or we would have suffered for a drink as the water was so bad for hundreds of miles. We had to grind parched corn in a coffee mill to eat to save our flour. We would eat it at night in milk. We parched a sack full before we left home. I stood over a fireplace and helped Mother so it.

"The oxen stampeded and ran away with the wagons toward the river. One woman was killed. I jumped out of the wagon with Mother's baby and came near to being killed. It rained so hard that night that everything was wet through. The wind blew so hard that we had to sit up and hold the covers on all night. That happened many times.

"When fording streams we could just see the oxen's backs and horns and thought our wagons would go under, but we got out alive by the help of the Lord."

From the *Autobiography of Daniel M. Burbank*:

"In the year 1852 we started for Salt Lake City. While journeying across the Plains on our way to Salt Lake, my wife Abigail died (July 20, 1852, Nebraska), leaving me with four children—three girls and one boy. Such was the sorrows and hardships endured by our people, but we prayed often, and after many trials and hardships, the Lord ruling and over-ruling for our good and safety in all things both spiritual and temporal as our circumstances stood in need, we came to Salt Lake City. I landed with my family in the valley of the Great Salt Lake on the seventh of October 1852. I was again married, to Sarah Southworth, but we were married on the Plains at the South Pass prior to our arrival in Salt Lake.

"We moved south into Utah County, at the town of Springville. Here I built a home and wintered there. Then in the spring of 1853, in April, I moved to Grantsville, Tooele County, Utah. Here we lived ten years until June 1863, when we moved to Brigham City, Box Elder County, Utah."

From Albert Douglas Dickson's account in *John Dickson Sr.* by Asa L. Dickson:

"[My father, Billa Dickson, and our family] moved to Kanesville, Iowa, in 1851 and bought a farm there. In the spring of 1852 he sold his piece and bought two yokes of oxen and two yokes of cows. He went to the Missouri River bottom where Ezra T. Benson organized the Saints that gathered there into the Fourteenth Company, which left for the Salt Lake Valley in the spring of 1852.

"The company consisted of 60 wagons and five "tens." Each ten had a captain, and our captain was David M. Conley (Davis McAlney).

"We crossed the Missouri on a large flatboat, two wagons to a trip, three men to the oar and one to the rear to steer. They would land down the river about ¼ mile from the starting point and pulled the boat back with oxen.

"We made the westward start and went over to the Elk Horn River in Nebraska and found an old decayed flatboat of about four or five tons capacity. We supposed it to be the property of some fur traders who had lost or left it there.

"The next camp was on the Platte River, Nebraska, where the cholera broke out, and two of our number succumbed to the dread disease, which did not leave our company until we reached Loup Fork, which is up the river from our first camp on the Platte, and ten more of our company died of cholera. At this point someone threw out a buffalo robe and stampeded about 50 wagons, and one woman was thrown out and killed.

"We trailed along up to the Grand Island. We traveled two days up the river and saw the first buffaloes on the route—six or eight—and my father and some of the rest of the men tried to kill one. They shot and crippled one bull, and our dog took up the chase of the injured buffalo and was killed. We children mourned the loss of our noble dog. The hunt was unsuccessful, for we got no buffalo.

"We went on two more days, and the first buffalo was killed by our company by William Lindsey and was distributed in our company. After this we saw them every day and got one any time we needed meat, for there were thousands of them, and we would stop the train and watch the vast herds pass. Of course there were lots of buffalo bones, and we began to learn somewhat of the advance companies, for they would write their messages on the skull bones and set them by the roadside, and we likewise would leave messages to the companies still to come.

"It should be remembered that we were going up north side of the Platte. In a few days more we could see thousands of buffalo on the south side of the river, but none on the side we were on. So when we had used all our meat, it was necessary for some of the company to cross the river and try and get some for meat. So my father and Ephraim Lindsey and George Hicks waded the river and killed some. But night came on, and in the darkness they dared not cross the river for camp. Consequently, they had to lay out there, which greatly alarmed the rest of the company, and I never expected to see my father again. The next morning a search party was organized, but before they were ready to start, they saw the men coming, carrying all they could of the best meat from the carcass.

"Father up the river small bluffs and cedar were in sight. The cedar, however, were on the other side of the river. We observed that a large number of the wagon tires were getting loose, so we camped by a small bluff. The men with their shovels soon dug around a piece of earth, which was used for an anvil block. In the meantime, some had crossed the river to get a load of cedar. On their return they made a pit, set the wood on end in the form of an Indian wigwam, covered it with grass and dirt, and then burned it. The next morning, with the charcoal, they cut and welded the tires and set them.

"We passed Ash Hollow after several days' travel. The next place of importance was Chimney Rock. We traveled 12 miles and came to Scott's Bluff, and 64 miles from there we arrived at Fort Laramie. Here we forded the Platte to the south side. We stopped at Dear Creek, where the washing for the camp was done.

"I went hunting with Father, and we saw a bunch of buffalo, of about 60 head. They ran out on a large plain. Two men were after the same ones we were, and they were on one side and we were on the other but out of sight. They shot and the buffalo came straight toward us up a hill where we were on the top. When they were within 50 yards, Father shot and killed one, and the others came on in their mad rush, not seeing us until their hoofs were nearly on us. They just parted enough to keep from killing us. We went down to where the buffalo lay and found that he was not dead, so Father had to finish him with a butcher knife. The two men then came over. They belonged to a Welsh company. Father cut out a pack, or what he could carry, and gave the rest to them, it being the first buffalo meat they had on their trip. We got back to camp after dark.

"We traveled a few days and stopped again for repairs, setting wagon tires, shoeing oxen, etc. We went on up the Platte until the last crossing, and we crossed back on the north side. After traveling for a few days we arrived on the Sweetwater. Here a man who belonged to the ten in the rear overtook our ten and said he had broken his wagon tire, and Father was sent back to make the repair. He took a piece of wagon tire and a drill, and with four rivets, made the mend. Then he made a fire and set the tire, and it came through to the Valley.

"We passed Independence Rock and next to Devil's Gate. We got short of tar, so we found some nice pitch pine. We had a big sugar kettle in our company. We split the pitch pine in small pieces, drove these into the kettle in a vertical manner as tightly as possible, turned the kettle bottom side up on a large flat rock, and then made a fire over the kettle. We were successful in making enough to grease our wooden axles and lynch pins to last us to our journey's end.

"We went up to the three crossings of the Sweetwater and camped. These crossings are not half a mile apart. Father and some others went out and killed a buffalo, the last one we saw on the trip. It should be remembered that we also killed antelope, and only Father killed a deer on the trip.

"The next place is Ice Springs, where there is several bogs, and some say that there is ice there year-round if dug after. We crossed over Rocky Ridge and several small streams and crossed the last crossing of the Sweetwater, went over the pass, and camped on Pacific Creek. This pass is the divide of the continent, and why did they name the creek Pacific? Because the water runs into the Pacific Ocean. We went over to Dry Sandy, thence to Little Sandy. In the vicinity is where the roads fork, one going to Oregon and California, the other to Salt Lake. This is called Sublett Cutoff.

"The next point en route is Big Sandy. We traveled down this until we came to Green River. We crossed the river and went over onto Black's Fork. We traveled up this a few days and came to Fort Bridger. Next, to the Muddy, and from there over to the Pioneer Ridge. We came to a little creek called Wolf Creek. From there, to Needle Rocks on Yellow Creek. There we buried a young man by the name of Sherman, the last death on our long and wearisome march. From here we came down a fork of Echo Canyon. We came down and passed Redden's, or Cache, cave. We traveled down a day or two and came to the Weber River. We traveled down the Weber four miles and crossed where Hennefer now stands. We went about ten miles southwest and came to East Canyon. Beaver dams and mud holes and brush made it very difficult for us to drive the sheep. We went up East Canyon and then up a hollow to the right nearly to the top of Big Mountain. From there we crossed over Little Mountain late that afternoon and down Emigration Canyon into the Salt Lake Valley. It was the last of September or the first of October 1852.

"I looked down and saw a few houses scattered around, and I thought, Great Heavens! do I have to live here the rest of my days? For 59 winters now have I lived here, and like it."

From the *Journal of Henry Emery*:

"1852: I continued to prepare for emigration to Deseret. I had one yoke of oxen and one cow. Bro. George B. Hicks promised me the use of a cow, though. I got my wagon finished, then obtained what necessities I possibly could. The brethren thought, as we were a small family, we might take sister Mary Moore and her little son William. My family consisted of myself, my wife, and my father. So with Mary Moore and her boy, we were five to the wagon.

"We got all ready, and on Thursday, June 10, we left and started for Great Salt Lake City. We moved about one or two miles and camped till the 12th, when we moved to the big spring about 10 miles from Kanesville. We crossed the Missouri River on the 26th. The remainder of our company crossed on the 27th.

"After we were all across and camped, Elder Ezra T. Benson came among us and said he wanted five men of our company to stay at the Missouri with others who had been chosen from other companies to act as a guard in case they needed protection and also to help ferry the rest of the Saints across the river until all were over that intended to cross the Plains this season. I was one of the five chosen. We were then told to see our families across the Elk Horn and then return to the guard the next day.

"June 20 we moved about 11 miles. We had plenty of grass for our cattle and good water, but no timber. On the 29th we moved to the Elk Horn and camped on its banks in the evening, with plenty of wood, water, and grass. We washed ourselves in the river. On the 30th we crossed this river at the ferry, and on the 1st of July our families moved west, and we five returned to the Missouri River, where we stayed and did our best until the brethren were all over.

"On the 12th of July we left the Missouri River and traveled about ten miles. The next morning cholera made its appearance among us. Henry Oaks was taken in the morning and buried in the evening. On the 14th we crossed the Elk Horn.

"On the 16th, after seeing the brethren over this river, we started for our families, who were still pushing on for Great Salt Lake City. We passed many graves. Most of our company were afflicted more or less with diarrhea. On the 18th we crossed Loup Fork, and on Friday, July 23, I overtook my family about 300 miles from Winter Quarters. I found them all well and that they had been well since I left them.

"After traveling a few miles, we killed a buffalo. We rested on Sunday, and on Monday recommenced our journey. On the 28th I baptized Sister Barbara Heep for restoration of her health. She was much better.

"July 29: We traveled over several sandy bluffs and camped by Picanninni Creek. 30th: At noon we baited at Rattlesnake Creek and camped at night at Six-Foot Creek. 31st: We moved between Watch Creek and Lone Tree. August 1: We moved a few miles to Ash Hollow and camped. 2nd: We crossed Castle Creek and camped about two miles west of it. 3rd: We traveled past Castle Bluffs, which have the appearance of large ruins of buildings; at night we camped at Sandy Bluffs, 121  $\frac{3}{4}$  miles from Fort Laramie. 4th: We crossed Crab Creek, passed Cobble Hills, and camped at Ancient Bluff Ruins, which have the appearance of ruins of castles, forts, etc.

"August 6: We had some very heavy sand to draw through; we traveled about 12 miles and camped. 7th: We had pretty good road and camped at Chimney Rock. 8th: We saw an Indian wigwam, passed Scott's Bluff, and camped at Spring Creek. We stayed here to recruit our stock and repair our wagons until the 12th.

“August 12: This day we traveled about 15 miles; saw many Indians and gave them bread. 13th: Moved to Dry Creek. 14th: Traveled to Fort Laramie. 15th: Crossed the Platte and camped about four miles from the ford. 16th: Descended a very steep hill and crossed a very rough rocky bluff, dangerous for wagons; at night we camped at Bitter Cottonwood Creek.

“August 17: The feed being now very scarce for our stock, we thought it advisable to divide into teams and travel so until we came to Dear Creek, and there stay and do our repairs, recruit our stock, and then move on our journey as it might seem best. Captain John Meyers, being captain of the ten I was in, moved on the journey. We followed and left Captain Walker at Bitter Cottonwood Creek. We passed over some rough, hilly road. We came to a beautiful spring—the grass was green all around it—so here we camped for the night.

“August 18: We left the spring, and about three miles from it we crossed a creek, a pretty good place to camp. About ten miles further we came to the Platte. We stayed for noon then traveled four or five miles near the river. At this point we left the river again and ascended a very steep bluff and also descended some. We traveled five or six miles and camped by a small stream of water.

“August 19: We traveled 14 or 15 miles and met a moderate chance to camp. 20th: We crossed some steep bluffs, also some four or five miles of red rock. The first water we came to was about 17 miles. We crossed this and went to La Prele, where we found a good place to camp. 21st: Killed three buffalo and took what meat we could. Crossed a small creek, and also Box Elder Creek, and came to Fourche Boise, a good place to camp. We gathered the wood, made fires, and jerked our meat.

“August 22: Good road; moved to Deer Creek. 23rd: Moved 1 ½ miles on the Platte; good place to camp. We stayed here till the whole of our company came up. We did our repairs. I caught several fish while we stayed there. We agreed that it was best to travel by tens the remainder of our journey. We stayed here until the 27th.

“August 27: This day our ten moved about 13 miles. 28th: We killed two antelope, caught more fish. 29th: Moved within four miles of the Upper Platte ford. 30th: We crossed the ford, traveled about 12 miles over a very rough road, and camped at the last camping ground on the river Platte. 31st: There was no water fit to drink for 15 miles, it being poisonous. We passed Willow Spring and camped about four miles from it.

“September 1: It is wonderful to see the lakes covered with saleratus. It is firm, capable of to bear any weight, and looks exactly like ice but is deadly poison. We came to the Sweetwater and camped. Several of our company's cattle, having got to the saleratus water, died almost instantly. 2nd: Forded the Sweetwater and came to Devil's Gate. This gate is a narrow pass for the river Sweetwater to pass through the rock, each side standing perpendicularly about 400 feet high. We went about two miles beyond it and camped. 3rd: Traveled 11 or 12 miles through some one or two miles of very heavy sand. We camped and, like as at Devil's Gate, found good feed in the ravines of the mountains.

“September 4: we burned pine, made tar, let the cattle rest, and killed a buffalo. 5th: moved about nine miles. We were drenched with a heavy shower of rain. Camped at the foot of a gravelly bluff. 6th: Crossed the crossings of the Sweetwater; very poor chance for cattle, the grass being mostly eaten out. 7th: moved 17 miles to the fifth ford. Cattle are mostly worn out, poor chance for them here. 8th: Went about ten miles and drove our cattle up the creek; they fared moderate. 9th: We traveled about 13 ½ miles over some rough rocky ridges and camped on a branch the Sweetwater. 10th: We drove to the upper ford of the Sweetwater; found good feed about two miles northwest of the ford. 11th: We remained at our camp.

“September 12: Good road past South Pass and Pacific Springs; we camped at Pacific Creek. 14th: Left Pacific Creek and had a good road; traveled about 25 miles and camped on the banks of the Little



Sandy; moderate feed considering we were on a sandy desert. 15th: Traveled seven miles and camped on the Big Sandy. 16th: Very cold and rainy; traveled about 17 miles to Big Sandy again. 17th: Traveled to Green River, 10 miles, and camped on the Big Sandy, two miles from the Green River ford. It was very cold, with showers of rain and hail.

“September 18: We remained at our camp; cold with rain and hail; caught several fishes. Bro. Nichel from the Valley came with a team and took Sister Mary Moore and her boy forward to the Valley. 19th: Forded the Green River; traveled about 19 ½ miles; good feed on bunch grass; very cold during the night. 20th: Traveled about 21 miles to Black’s Fork; three times we had moderate feed. 21st: Moved 8 ½ miles to a stream. 22nd: Passed Fort Bridger and camped about 1 ½ miles east of Muddy Fork.

“September 23: Very cold; rain; we camped at Copperas, or Soda Spring. In the night the snow fell some one or two inches thick. 24th: We traveled to Sulphur Creek and camped; we found moderate feed. 25th: We moved to Yellow Creek, crossed the creek at the foot of Rocky Bluff; bad to cross. This bluff has a singular appearance, forming a number of pyramids. 26th: This morning Samuel Sherman was found dead in bed. We buried him on the east side of Yellow Creek. We then moved to a deep ravine 16 miles from the Red Fork of the Weber River and camped. 29th: We traveled over Long Hill and camped near Canyon Creek.

“September 30: We went up Canyon Creek, crossed it a number of time; bad to cross; camped about one mile up the mountain. We found good feed. 31st: Crossed the Big Mountain. It was very cold and rainy. We camped by Brown’s Creek. Some snow fell during the night. October 1: It continued to snow. We drove on to Little Mountain; had to put from 7 to 9 yoke of cattle to each wagon before we could cross. We got over and camped about one mile from the foot. Saturday, October 2, 1852: We entered Great Salt Lake City. We found the Saints busy. Great improvements had been made and many more were being made. It was some time before I could meet with an empty room to rent.

“1853: During this winter a great quantity of snow fell, which caused labor to be very scarce, and not having much property to dispose of, we did not enjoy all the luxuries of life. However, we never sat down to eat without potatoes and salt, or something else, and we were content, knowing we were gathered with the people of God for the purpose of serving Him, which we hope to do with all our heart from this time henceforth and forever.”