

REMYINGTONS LEAVING PARADISE, UTAH FOR ASHLEY VALLEY

SEPTEMBER 26, 1879

Started on our journey from Paradise, Cache Co., to Whiteriver Valley. Camped at old Paradise. We were quite comfortable over night altho rather crowded. Saturday and Sunday, laid over waiting for Charles Rollins. Monday morning, gathered the stock together preparatory to moving on, Charles having joined us the night before, at ten o'clock when it commenced to rain. Rained very hard for some time. About eleven it cleared up and we pulled out about a mile. Stopped and bought a mutton and killed it.

Sept. 30th- Started out about sunrise, having a heavy day's work ahead of us. Camped for dinner about eleven just above Hills Mill. Camped for the night after dark just north of Eden, 20 miles.

Wed., Oct. 1st- Thickened up in the night as if for a heavy storm. The wind blew hard but the clouds broke up and we started on about eleven o'clock and camped, there being good feed for the stock and a heavy pull ahead. Made six miles.

Oct. 2nd- We camped last night just South of Huntsville. This morning we started early and camped just after sunset near the railroad track on the Weber. Distance, six miles-- and it seems to me the two hardest days' work I ever did, or rather days' traveling. Roads were not so bad as so much up hill, but then we were crossing the divide. I suppose, and it was a divide, I should think.

Oct. 4th- We have not been having very good luck. Thursday, one of Joseph's oxen gave out and had to be turned loose and the load lightened a little. Yesterday, Friday, three of the oxen were gone. The boys overtook them at Huntsville on their way back home. Late in the day we started on over a not very safe dugway. Joseph's load is so heavy and teams so unruly that I had an uneasy feeling about him. He had already broken two bolts in his reach since we left Paradise. We had made about four miles when in turning a curve where the road crossed a gully, the oxen struck across and tipped Joseph's wagon over. It rolled clear over, smashing the bows, upper half of the wagon box and the pig box behind, to pieces, not enough splinters to make another pig pen. Two or three flour sacks were torn some. Eliza's chest was on top of the load on account of not coming until the wagons were loaded. It was split open, but contents were not disturbed. My heaviest chest with my dishes had the lid split in three pieces and a lamp chimney, teacups and so on rolled out and down the hill but nothing of the kind was broken except a bottle of medicine of Eliza's. We drove into camp just below Petersons and repaired damages the best we could. The telegraph operator and his wife were very kind. He gave me some boards for the wagon and some medicine for Fuller, who is still troubled with his teeth. The only one who is not sorry at our mishap was the pig. He ran down the hill rejoicing. They told us at the station that the soldiers had a fight with the Indians on Tuesday. Out of two hundred, only one soldier escaped. People in the vicinity heard firing the next morning and it was supposed there had been another fight, more soldiers being after them. Three companies went from Fort Douglas the evening before. It is said that fifteen Indians are engaged and twelve hundred soldiers. Today Joseph yoked a cow in the place of the ox whose foot was so bad he could not work. We camped just above North Morgan, had to drive stock back a little way for feed. We did not have a good camping place or we would have laid over for Sunday. We heard here that the Indians had killed four hundred soldiers and six white families of settlers and burned their places. We made seven miles.

Sun., Oct. 5th- We reached Lost Creek about two o'clock when we nooned, no feed. Travelers who we met said we would not find any food for twelve miles so the boys concluded to stay overnight where we were as there is every appearance of a storm. But we would have found better camping ground farther on, if we had known. The reason the food is so poor is because of the grasshoppers

having made this country a visit. Made seven miles today.

Mon., Oct. 6th- It rained a little last night. There has been a jealous and party feeling growing in our little camp ever since we started. It culminated in a regular flare-up last evening over stopping and this morning Charles took his cattle out of the herd and traveled by himself. We passed through Croyden today, a small town in a little valley where the militia camped during the Buchanan War and saw one of the earth ovens—they baked in them. We then passed over a sand divide back onto the Weber and up through Echo and camped near the narrow gauge, ten miles.

Oct. 7th, Tuesday- Found one of Joseph's thimbles broken, one on the big wagon. Joseph drives that team. Sent back to Ogden for another thimble and are going to wait here for it.

Oct. 8th- Rained all last night and today until one o'clock and snowed. The thimble arrived at noon all right. We are a mile and a half from Echo Can. We travel up the Weber. The boys traded off the mare for two fine looking cows and a heifer and ten dollars money. Sold five bushel of wheat to lighten the load, as we are too heavy for our worn out team. Jeff Wilcox overtook us on horseback on his way to Ashley. He left home the day before at ten o'clock. He says they raised good crops in Ashley this season. We drove on about four miles through Coalville. It was windy and cold.

Oct. 9th- It snowed last night, still snowing this morning. It is so cold and wet we can't stand it so we hired a room for a sack of flour, to stay in until it stops. We put Porter's stove in it and are very comfortable. We paid 50¢ for wood for last night and this morning.

Sat. 11th- Joseph's birthday today. Storm cleared away and we drove to Wanship and camped in a grove of William's just this side of town. Distance, six miles. We are about sixty-five east of S.L.C. and the boys judge about seventy-five from Paradise. (Some writing blotted out here) We went up Silver Creek. In about eight miles we passed an old overland stage station and moved on the divide. We traveled on and camped about four miles to the left of Park City early and took off an oxen's shoes and doctored his feet. We overtook Charlie. He has sold a cow at Park City and has gone over to get his pay. Elvina says she thinks they will go South. I asked her if she didn't think they had better travel on with us. (Some blotted out here)

Mon., 13th- We broke camp early today and camped about three in the afternoon, a mile north of Heber, which is a large town and I would say a prosperous one. It contains many nice houses, brick, rock and frame and but few poor ones. We made 12 miles. We are about one-hundred on our way by the route we have come and one hundred-fifty by Provo. It is twenty-five (more gone) There are houses and farms in every nook that is big enough to hold one.

Tues., 14th Oct.- We started before morning as after passing through Heber and crossing through the valley we enter Daniels Canyon, said to be sixteen miles long and no feed until we pass over the divide and famed for its roughness. We traveled up some eight or ten miles until we reached a shingle mill, the proprietor of which told us that there was no feed up above and the road was a great deal worse and we could not possibly make the top, and as there was a little feed there and as he advised us, we stopped over night thinking we could make it easier the next day, but we could have gone on two or three miles as well as not and found better feed and more of it. But this has been our misfortune all along, listening to those who have traveled through before. If we had gone along as far as we could each day we would have been over the divide and in a better climate several days ago.

Wed., Oct. 15th- It rained and snowed last night. We found the road not very rough, but muddy from last night's storm. We overtook some people from

Oxford. One family by the name of Henderson has run off a dugway and turned their wagon bottom side up in the creek. The wagon had a stove, several sacks of flour, a bed and other things in it and the mother and seven children. One girl thirteen or fourteen years old had her arm broken, one six-year-old was burned in her chest and taken up for dead but they succeeded in bringing her to. She bled at the mouth and nose. They hardly expected her to live. We stopped with them some time. They are nearly distracted. They will put up a tent and a stove. It snowed all day which makes the road more and more heavy. Soon after leaving them, in passing over some roots, little Rodney was thrown out which gave us a scare but his head stuck in the mud and he was not hurt. One of our oxen being lame in his foot, has been driven with the loose stock. We lost him and left him behind. The road being so heavy, we left our heavy wagon behind and when we reached the last heavy hill, we found a young man stalled with a heavy load and two span of balky horses. The boy took off his horses and hitched an oxen on and took his load on up hill. It was getting so late they left Jerome's big wagon, doubled on the others and went over the divide and camped at dark. It cleared up before we went to bed.

Thurs., Oct. 16th- The sun rose clear but it is cold. It froze some last night but it has frozen several nights before since we left home. I feel tired this morning. I got wet yesterday and cold sitting out from under the cover as I have driven Jerome's horses since Charlie left us. I believe I shall manage to work my passage like the man on the camel who worked his passage by leading the horse on the tow-path. Roxanna drove the team before, but in the spat she took sides against Charley and Jerome, so Jerome wouldn't let her drive any longer. I should have said, "Jerome saw me walking up hill one day and said I should not do so and side with him. I did so some and when Roxanna left him, I took the lines. The boyd took five yolk of cattle and went back after the two wagons. They brought one at a time and Joseph went back to the camp to see the injured ones. The one with the broken arm was suffering a good deal, but the other one was coming on all right. He brought the blanket Eliza wrapped around the crushed child and some other things. We left the camp and traveled down into Strawberry Valley about three miles where there was good feed and water handy and plenty of wood. Here we passed near an old Government saw mill.

Fri., Oct. 17th- Last night was very cold. We stayed in camp late to give the teams a chance to eat after the frost had melted off. We then crossed the valley and camped. We are about thirty miles from Heber. Our teams are getting jaded and we think to rest them a day or two and let them fill up will be wise. The cause of feed being so poor is the fires going through the hills and burning everything. This is a beautiful valley. There is plenty of grass but this is a reservation. Jerome and Porter have been coveting it ever since we entered it. It is an extensive valley capable of sustaining a large town or several towns if not too cold. We are getting used to traveling and are not in such a hurry. There is not much danger of us being delayed by storm again as we are over the worst. The young man we helped up the hill is traveling with us. His name is Snyder. He is from Ashley, formerly from Cottonwood. He has been to Heber for a load of freight, merchandise for the stores.

Sat., Oct. 18th- We hitched up about ten. The boys left a chain yesterday at a swampy place where we crossed a stream that has been turned out of its channel. We soon left the valley, traveled up Cold Canyon. We met the Campbells and Sammy Obrey on the top of a hill. We sent word back to Paradise that we were well but didn't have time to write. We went up another heavy hill and on about three miles, making it about ten miles. We passed a large herd of cattle.

Sun., Oct. 19th- This morning the herd of cattle from the South of Utah passed us but at the crossing of Currant Creek we passed them. We came down a terrible hill here. It is not worth while to mention the heavy hills, they occur so often. Every day we see one or more teams with venison and see some one from Ashley. A man from there told us today that an Indian Chief had sent word

to gather in the settlers as they do not want to molest them and think it best for us not to be in their way as they are going South. We camped on Red Creek. Distance, 11 m.

Mon., Oct. 20th- Last night we drove a mile or so from the road to the left and camped as we were tired, instead of going on to the crossing. Davis, who was hunting and trapping, gave us a venison. This morning Porter was hunting and Joseph took a couple of guns and went looking for deer and elk. They didn't see any. In the afternoon we hitched up and crossed the stream, climbed the hill, which is the worst one yet, and camped. We wanted to get an early start the next day.

Oct. 21st., Tues.- We drove to the Duchesne, traveling in a north and west direction. Fifteen miles here. Crossed the river and turned down traveling east. We made 16 miles.

Wed. 22nd- We travelled down the river crossing Rocky Creek, a very rapid little stream. The roads are rather heavy today with pulls through sand and very sharp pitches.

Thurs., 23rd- In about three miles we climbed another hill, or mountain, I should say. The hills I don't mention. We then had grade another four miles. Took some water with us and made a dry camp, seven miles.

Fri., Oct. 24th- We drove across a bench and down another big one, had been warned against trying to go down in wet weather as it is composed of clay and when wet is like soap, the cattle can't stand on it. We crossed Lake Fork, quite a good-sized stream. These crossings are rather hard to make sometimes as they are made with cobblestones of rather large size. We followed down the river and camped on the lee side of the clump of trees by the river, making 15 miles.

Sat., Oct. 25th- We laid over today, have a very good camping place. It looked so much like storm last night, Porter went on ahead and picked out a camp near the river and protected by the trees from the wind. I have not got much to record today--will speak of the route and road. I have traveled from Vermont to Missouri through Ohio, from Missouri to Illinois, from Illinois to Missouri again and to Utah. But I never traveled such a route or such roads before as these. I have seen roots and mud holes, rocks and sand, but such an indiscriminate mixture I never saw before. We don't have all these at once, but one after another in constant succession. Perhaps I ought not to complain too much about the mud for we have not been troubled but little of that, having had but one real mudhole and that we could have easily avoided. It was in Strawberry Valley. We have traveled to every point of the compass even going towards _____. I can't think such a road was ever intended for white people to travel and if there is anything of a Country out here I think there must be a better route found or a better road made. We can tell about how many miles we have traveled but can't tell how many on a straight line from Paradise as we have doubled like a hare so much on our tracks.

Sun., Oct. 26th- We hitched up and traveled about two miles when Tom Smart found that some of his cattle were lost and one of our heifers, so we went to camp again and looked for the cattle. Ours were left we expect on the Duchesne, 21 miles back. They were not found.

Mon., Oct. 27th- We left Lake Fork and went across Uintah Creek. The road was good until we came to the forks of the road where it was sandy, which was about half way across. The left hand road leads to Ashley, the right one to Whiteriver. We made eighteen miles.

Tues., Oct. 28th- We crossed Uintah Creek and traveled to Greenriver. The country begins to look better, being more open, much good land lying along here but in the reservation. Greenriver bottoms lying before us as we go down

the hill presents a pretty view, level and clean, with trees, little underbrush until you come to the bends of the river. There is a ranch house here and the herder gave us a quarter of venison and sat by our campfire all evening talking about the country. He has been here about six years. There are many hundreds of cattle through this country. We thought we would have to go to Ashley on account of Indians but a Chief has been in and says they are not going to fight any more. We made twelve miles today.

Wed., Oct. 29th- Today we crossed Greenriver. There is a good ford here and we made twelve miles today.

Oct. 30th- We hitched up our teams this morning and rolled out. Greenriver bottoms here is the prettiest valley, I think, I ever saw. There are hundreds of acres as level as a house floor. The Bingham and others from Ashley have taken up the most of it, I've heard. Twenty quarter sections in one piece. These bottoms are overflowed in high water and the river will have to be banked in low places to keep out the water. We traveled about seven miles and camped on Whiteriver. Smart, Sadler and Elsworth crossed the river where they have their claims. Darling and our boys took the horses and went up the river to have a look at the Country.

Fri., Oct. 31st- The boys decided where we shall settle and move up the river a short distance. They are engaged in getting fire wood, looking after the stock and getting out house logs. (Really mean business.)

Sun., Nov. 2nd- I wrote a letter to Jerome Remington and sent it by Tom Smart to Ashley, who stayed the night before in our camp. He is not well, we are not any of us well, feeling weak. I think it is from change of water. The weather is very warm and pleasant.

Sun., 9th- Last Monday the boys began building. Wed. the wind blew up pretty sharp but not cold. Thursday it blew again in the afternoon. Friday it snowed gently. Boys finished Jerome's house and put the two stoves up, which made us quite comfortable. They have started a room for Rodney, splicing the logs onto Rodney's to save time as they are anxious to get into the houses before very cold weather comes. They are not building where they intend to remain but near the river for the sake of water and all together for sake of company. There is but little timber here. They thought they would have to go to Greenriver for house logs but they have found plenty here for their use.

Sun. Nov. 16th- Last Tues. Rodney's room was finished and Porter's stove put in it. We have been a little anxious about the flour, fearing we might not get ours from Paradise before we will need it and having no money to buy nearer, and when a surveyor came up the river to us with a span of horses and carriage to hire a couple of men, we thought it best for Rodney and Joseph to go with him. They got thirty dollars for their thirty days' work, Sundays and stormy days included. We have had several flurrys of snow but not much wind. It freêzes some of nights. Ashley Fork is on the west side of Greenriver and about forty miles from here. The surveyor's camp is on Greenriver at or near the mouth of Whiteriver. The boys came home today to see us. All are well. Porter is building a house for us. Jerome is helping him in return for all hands helping him build his.

Sun. 23rd- Yesterday we moved into our house, that is, Porter's family and mine. We expected to have two rooms, ours joining theirs so as to coop up by their stove, but the boys think they can't spare the time now. Our houses are good substantial log houses. The roofs are made of small dry poles, bark and earth. I don't think they will leak. Ours is fourteen by sixteen inside with one six-pane and one twelve-pane windows and a good door. Jerome's and Rodney's are twelve by fourteen feet with one six-pane window each. We have no floors yet. We pack our things we don't use in the wagon boxes which makes us less crowded. The surveyors passed through here drawing the township lines. Today we went up the river for a ride and visited the spot where Jerome is going to

build. He has got logs out ready to build. He is hauling out poles to fence a quarter section.

Nov. 30th- Rodney and Joseph came home on Tues. They brought 36 Dollars, three pounds coffee, three packages tea and a large slice of sole leather. This week Porter made a table and Rodney made a door and they hauled rock and made a chimney for Rodney.

Sun., Dec. 7th- The weather is very warm in the days, freezing some at night. A good deal of frost is on everything mornings, I think on account of the moisture from the river and absence of wind farther back towards the hills. Last Tues. Roxanna wrote a long letter to Helen. Wed. Brother Darling went to Ashley and Eliza wrote to her folks. Thursday night and Friday the wind blew very cold and sharp, being the first wind we have had on the river. Lydia's baby was taken sick on Thursday with a severe cold and her teeth are bothering her. She is quite sick, no better today.

Sunday, Jan. 14th-¹⁸³⁰ Last Monday Darling brought a letter from Jerome Remington written the 20th of Nov. Lydia's baby is about well again. I have been quite sick with a bad cold but am much better. Nearly all have been half sick the last week. We have been having what I consider a very cold spell until I happen to think it has not frozen water in the houses yet and Jerome's has been very open on account of the plastering cracking. It was daubed with such a slight of hand job and in a hurry. The weather has changed and it is warm and pleasant, we can sit outdoors. Jerome and Porter have been over the hill North about five after the horses. Porter says he never saw so much and such good feed in his life. The river is frozen over in places so we can cross on the ice. The river averages in width about ten rods. There are several fords. The valley is from one mile and a half to two miles in width. River is very crooked. The boys are at work on the water ditch. They hope to get it so as to get the water to the top of the ground this week. They will have to put in a dam. It will not be a great deal of trouble as the current is not very swift.

Sun., Jan. 21st- Last Sunday the Campbells sent word to the people on the river to come together at their place to read a letter from Bishop Hatch of Ashley counciling us to build a fort. They arranged to meet in a grove of trees two miles below here today and organize at a meeting and appoint Sam Campbell, G. Lish, and Tom Smart as a committee to locate a Fort. T. Smart's claim is about one mile above here on the south side of the river and Lish a mile and a half down, and Campbell seven miles.

Sun., Jan. 28th- On Mon. the committee met and rode over the ground. Campbell wanted the Fort opposite his claim and the others picked a place two and a half miles below here, it being a good site with land adjoining for a field. They thot the fort should be as near the center as a good place could be found. Campbell would not agree. Tues. Fisher and Joe Campbell came up to our place to inform us that they held a church meeting the evening before and organized Whiteriver Ward with Bro. Fisher to preside. That night Bro. Fisher dreamed four times that he was at Hyrum and the Bishop told him that he was to preside here and that the place picked on by the rest of the people was not the place for a fort. If they built there we will be swept off by a flood and he must visit the people and tell them so. Fisher said that Joseph once said that the far West was the only place of safety for the Saints and he (Fisher) says that down by Campbells is the only safe place for us here. The men are all dissatisfied, they think the Campbells should meet them half way. But Fishers and Campbells said they would throw up a half section of land the other side of the river for the use of the Fort. They have taken up a good deal of land. They think if they have got to protect us we ought to come where they are as they are able to protect themselves. Porter Merrell and Tom Smart are obliged to visit Ashley, Porter to buy flour, so they thot that now would be as good a time as any to see Bishop Hatch and perhaps he would come over here with them or give some instructions. Lish and Will Darling went with them.

Tues., 30th- The weather has turned cold and we had a Cache Valley night and have been having the same kind of weather since. Last night Porter got home from Ashley, having been gone five days. He didn't get any flour as there is none there for sale. People there are short. On the 19th, Joseph accompanied by Tom Smart and S. Littlefield started for the Uintah reservation to buy wheat of the Indians. They got twenty-two bushels for twenty-two dollars which they took to the mill at the agency to get ground, but Christlow wanted to buy it for flour at ten dollars a hundred and would not grind it. The weather was milder for about a week, then turned colder again.

Feb.- We are afraid we will not have wheat enough to sow and eat, so Porter and Joseph took a span of ponies to the reservation and sold them to the Indians for fourteen bushel of wheat. Severe cold has so affected the stock that they don't care to get around to get their living. One of our oxen gave out going to Uintah. They left him and when they came back he was not there. They could not look for him so they came on home, it was too cold.

March 1st- Rodney has had one cow die, Jerome's two calves died, Porter one cow, and we have had an ox fall down the bank and die. Joseph Merrell has proposed that all our boys go in together and raise a crop and share all their earnings this season. They agreed to it and all bought Tom Smart's seed wheat. It comes to \$22.75 for each. Jerome has picked him a quarter section of land on the South side of the river and is going over there. The rest think they can't get water, clear their land and do all theirs alone without help on the ditch so they conclude to go across to raise a crop, if no longer.

March 5th- We moved across the river, the weather is very nice. We are camped out in a little grove while the boys build a couple of houses.

March 14th- Our work ox is dead. There is almost no feed at all on this side of the river. The night of the eleventh there came a very heavy wind with snow about midnight. In the morning it was so very cold we could not bear it so the boys, as soon as it was light enough, got a team and took us and two stoves to the house they had built and nearly finished. Joseph and Porter froze their toes, ears and fingers. Some of the chickens froze so we killed them. They had no feet to walk on.

April 1st- Joseph has been to the Uintah Creek to look for oxen with no success. Rodney's oxen have both died and another cow of Porter's. We have had a nice shower.

April 4th- Roxanna and Marion and Jerome Merrell walked down to Campbells to meeting. They, Campbells, have a boat made of two canoes pinned together. Tom Smart and Elsworth started to the valleys, Elsworth to take his family where there is provisions, Tom Smart to go home. He sold out his herd of stock and kept his band of horses with him. He took Jerome's light wagon for the wheat and a stove.

Apr. 11th- Today Jerome got home from Ashley where he went for groceries. Got in seven acres of wheat and some garden.

Apr. 16th- We have had onions and some garden (some writing gone here) - - snow falling gently to about four inches.

May 1st- Warm and pleasant, very warm and pleasant with the exception of too much wind. There is not enough moisture fall for anything.

May 8th- Jerome and Joseph have been to Uintah mill. They got good flour and an excellent turnout. One of Jerome Merrell's milk cows died in the quicksand. This river is very dangerous as the banks are steep and shelving (oil shale) and the soil is clay with quicksand. Jerome commenced work today for Evans, a rancher who owns a good deal of stock. Joseph took another look for the ox but didn't find him. Bro. Neilson has gone back to Milville and Ben Campbell has taken Darlings family back to Heber because they had no provisions. Ben C. is going to S.L.C. for a load of flour as his folks have not enough to last them till

harvest. We have ground six or eight bushels of wheat with the coffee mill (grinder) to make our flour hold out till our teams are strong enough to go to the mill. Elsworth and Darling came here without enough flour to get here. The Uintah reservation and Ashley are the only places in the Country where there is any farming done and at Ashley they had grasshoppers and drouth to contend with and had to build a fort on account of Indian excitement, both neglected their crops which the cattle destroyed much of. There has been no flour to buy except at Uintah since Christmas and that was ten dollars per hundred. There has been much Indian excitement both last fall and this spring, but it has died out now. I don't think there has been any danger at all if we had known. It blew a good deal last month but so far this month it blows continually. We have some few acres of wheat up but it is drying out fast. Where it is too dry to come up the wind is blowing it out of the ground and swarms of blackbirds are picking it up. There is not enough men to get out a low under ditch and have to wait for a rise in the river to water their land. The spring is so backward and cold it keeps the river down. They have leveled against high water and it seems there will be none at all. They are discouraged, not knowing the country, they think maybe they have come to the wrong place after all.

May 15th- Our wheat is nearly dead. The river has raised enough that the water came down the ditch to the garden.

May 16th- The boys are irrigating the wheat which is beginning to change its color as it is wet. Today Bro. Fisher came and some of the Campbells came with him to our house and held a meeting.

June 1st- Jerome and Rodney have been to the mill with the rest of our wheat. Joseph worked in Jerome's place. Our crops do not grow but a little, cause the weather is so cold and backward. Had cold winds all last month.

June 15th- Weather has turned very warm, wind occasionally. Jerome quit work today for Evans. Joseph commenced work today for Evans. His work is riding after stock. Our folks have finished putting in their corn. They have in about 13 acres of wheat, six of corn and small garden. The wheat looks splendid, garden is not so good.

June 17th- On the fifteenth a terrible accident befell the Campbells. Bro. S. Campbell and Fisher had gone to take Joseph and Heber Campbell across Greeneriver. They were going to meet Ben Campbell who had been to Heber City and sent for help. When they had been gone about an hour, Leona and Matilda Campbell, wives of Jos. Campbell, and Rosilla, daughter of Sam Campbell, crossed Whiteriver on the ferry boat for a ride, not thinking of any danger as they had crossed it many times with oars and it was now attached to a cable. They had not learned to manage it with a rope and on coming back they were in the upper side and as it was light it began to dip. Then getting excited, instead of slacking the rope they drew it tighter, bringing the boat straight across the current, sinking it. Benjamin Darling, a boy about twelve years old, swam ashore, but the women floated a few rods and sank. Word was sent to the men and to us and a search for the bodies made but with no success.

End.

-By Lydia Badger Remington

ANOTHER PIONEER GONE

It has again fallen to our lot to chronicle the death of another of the founders of our commonwealth, a pioneer of the State of Utah and of Uintah County. The noble spirit of Lydia Badger Remington winged its flight to the great beyond at the home of Jerome Merrell, at Dry Fork early Wednesday morning, May 9th, 1906. The cause of her death was old age and general debility. She has been a woman of strong constitution and her health unusually good until the last few months when she began to fail perceptibly. During the past four weeks she has been ill most of the time, her illness increasing in severity until the end came. Her mind retained its vigor and she was perfectly conscious up to the last moment.

Mrs. Remington has been a prominent figure in the early history of this valley. She endured all the trials and privations incident to the pioneer life in the founding of the settlements in Salt Lake Valley; in Cache and Uintah counties.

Her earthly career began on the 16th day of March 1831, at the town of Sharon, Windsor Co., Vermont, the birthplace of the Prophet Joseph Smith. During her early childhood her parents associated themselves with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints and were among those who gathered at Kirtland, Ohio. From Kirtland they were with the Church through all its adversities and wanderings in Ohio, Missouri and Illinois and last but not least in the great modern exodus from Nauvoo to the Salt Lake Valley.

The story of the suffering, privations, toil and hardships which she has endured are beyond description. For years she was personally acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Sometime in 1847 she was married to Jerome Remington at Winter Quarters, now called Florence, Nebraska. In 1850 she crossed the plains to Utah, resided at Salt Lake City until the year 1860, when with her husband and family she settled in Paradise, Cache County, then a desolate wilderness. From the date of the organization of the Relief Society until the year 1879 she filled the responsible position of President of that organization.

It is well known to old residents of Uintah County that the subject of this sketch came here in 1879 and with her family resided at the Whiteriver settlement. She was then a widow, as her husband died two years before she left Cache Valley, the exact date being December 13, 1877.

When the Merrills' Ward was organized during the early eighties she was again chosen to preside over the Relief Society, a position she held until her health made her honorable release imperative.

Her children number twelve--five sons and seven daughters. Those now living are Mrs. Lydia Merrell of Dry Fork, Jerome Remington of Parker, Idaho, Harriet Merrell of Jensen, Rodney B. Remington, Naples, Mrs. Helen Davenport of Hoodriver, Oregon, and Mrs. Marion Goodrich of Naples.

The day after her death the remains were taken from Dry Fork to Naples.

The funeral services were held at Naples Wardhouse at 10 o'clock A.M., Friday, May 11, 1906, under the auspices of the Bishop James M. Shaffer and Councillors. The attendance was large and the following speakers paid a high tribute to the noble character and useful labors of the deceased: High Councilor Geo. A. Davis, George A. Goodrich, C. F. B. Lybbert, Jerome Merrell, A. K. Bartlett, and Jos. H. Gardiner. At the close of the services an immense cortege followed the remains to their last resting place in the Vernal Cemetery.

They didn't mention the fact that she was a midwife and brot dozens of babies into the world and cared for the mothers and families. There were no doctors here in those days; and no nurses. Even in my day we had to nurse our own sick. -C.D.

Aunt Roxie Iverson, her next to youngest daughter, studied to be a midwife and nurse in S.L.C.
