

Title: Letter from Jesse to his wife Emma in November 1860 Provenance: Category: **Document** Person: **Jesse Nathaniel Smith** Date:

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My Dear Emma,

I expect the steamboat will soon arrive and in the meantime I thought I would write you a line that I may not be entirely idle. I wrote from Florence a rambling line to Bro. Silas also one to Mother and now attempt to sketch a note for you perusal on this poor sheet.

We reached Florence on the 6th of the present month after a long and wearisome journey. I stood the trip quite well for me but was occasionally subjected to severe spells of head ache.

We came the south side of the Platte from Laramie to Fort Kearney. We met the telegraph wire and posts at Kearney, an indication of enterprize which to us was very cheering. You may say to Silas if he has not yet gone to the city when this reaches you that the political news of our glorious Republic are filled with the most gloomy foreboding with regard to the peace and union of the States.

Lincoln is undoubtedly elected but it is considered quite uncertain about his being able peaceably to take the Presidential chair.

Handbills were posted last Saturday announcing that the Rev. Orson Pratt would preach in the U.S. Court room in this city at 10 1/2 o'clock a.m., he having been invited to preach by the authorities of this place.

The audience was large and respectable, the room was filled to its utmost capacity, the sermon was a

good one. At the close the revelation concerning the wars that are coming upon the nations, found in the Pearl of Great Price, was read and all men who desire peace were invited to come to Utah.

Since the meeting we have heard of the resignation of Senator Toombs of Georgia and that of Senator Chesnut of S.C. and also that South Carolina has declared her independence and that Georgia has refused to honor any draft or check from any northern house.

Business men are trying to close their business and many say they shall seek an asylum in Utah so soon as anarchy shall commence. It is rumored that Russell, Majors and Waddel have failed.

My outfit or rather the horse and harness which in Utah were valued at \$126.00 were appraised at \$40.00 of which I drew \$25.00 leaving \$15.00 toward my passage money, the balance of which will be furnished by the missionary fund.

It is a very grievous thing to me that I have to depend even on the missionary fund for any favor whatsoever – it would be much more gratifying to my feelings if I was more independent. The spirit of independence which formed a striking characteristic of your husband's character while in the mountains and deserts of Utah is still unsubdued and although I freely and frankly accept a favor from a friend yet I would prefer by far to be above the necessity of such relief. I still believe that God Almighty never made me for a beggar nor a dog. On our way across the plains we saw great numbers of buffalo that had been wantonly killed by the roadside but we saw no living ones; they were all scared away from the road by the emigration to Pikes Peak, Denver City and Laramie.

I slept on the ground all the way and lived on alkali bread, bacon grease and sand, etc. upon which wholesome diet I gained 4 lbs. by the scales and would have gained more if I had had time but I had too much to do. I enjoy myself as well as I can.

St. Joseph, Nov. 18, 1860. The boat arrived in the midst of my writing and I adjourned the finishing of this letter until a more convenient time. We have had a very tedious rough time on the boat frequently on sand bars or dodging snags.

We shall start for Chicago by the passenger train tomorrow morning at 6 o'clock. The landlord has furnished me with a very inferior pen and you must excuse the writing.

Remember me kindly to your father and mother and Bro. William Barton when you see him also John and Wm. M. and in fact all our good friends at home.

Please look after the children in kindness for my sake as well as theirs, kiss them for me and may God the Eternal Father bless and strengthen and preserve you all is my prayer,

Jesse N. Smith