

Mothers in Israel.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MARY ANN STEARNS' WINTERS.

[We continue this month the charming child-classic written by one who not only passed through the beautiful and terrible scenes in Kiriland, Nauvoo, and Winter Quarters, but who also remembered keenly her childlike impressions of those striking events. We present some pictures of the author's birth-place in Bethel, Maine, but her word pictures of conditions in Nauvoo, given in this and the following articles, scarcely need embellishment. We hope our readers will enjoy this recital with us.—
EDITOR.]

RETURNING FROM ENGLAND.

January 1, 1843, we were on board the ship going from the mouth of the Mississippi up to New Orleans. The weather was delightful—oranges were on the trees, cotton was still in the fields.

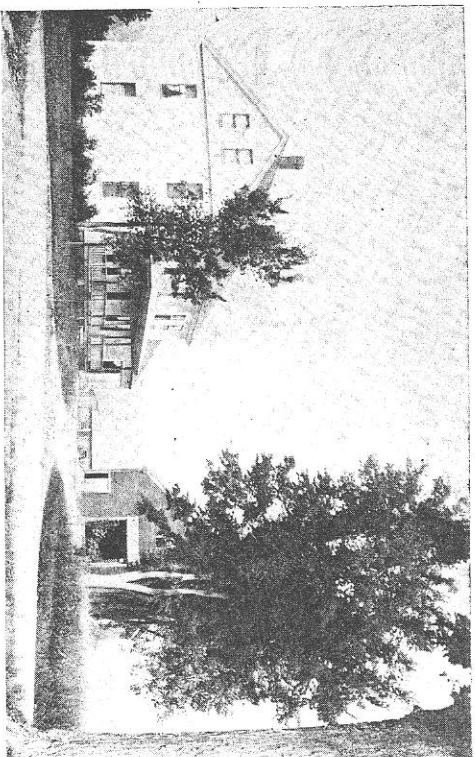
The captain of the pilot boat invited our captain, and Mr. Pratt and family, to take New Year's dinner with them on the pilot. Mother not being able to go, and the little boys and Oliver not quite recovered from the measles, Mr. Pratt, Aunt Olive and myself were all that could accept the invitation.

We had a fine dinner—a great treat to us after being on the ship ten weeks—and a sailing vessel at that, as no steamer had ever crossed the ocean at that time. They treated us very cordially—sent nice fruits to mother and the children, with fine sliced apples with sugar and brandy. This was declined at first, but had to be taken in order not to offend our entertainers. Our journey up the river was a very pleasing experience. The rolling of the billows was a thing of the past and we glided smoothly on past forests, orchards and plantations—an ever-varying scene of loveliness and grandeur. The negroes were everywhere present, and I imagined the people had turned dark skinned during our absence. In a few days we arrived at New Orleans and were there treated with the same southern cordiality by the officers of the shipping company that we had received on the pilot. A steam-boat—the *Goddess of Liberty*—was chartered and the two hundred and fifty Saints went on board, and a week later were landed at St. Louis. When we had proceeded as far as Chester, in the southern part of Illinois, our family landed there and took up our abode for the winter, as our enemies had threatened to arrest Brother Pratt as soon as he should step on Missouri soil.

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We rented part of the warehouse at the landing, stored our goods in the front part and partitioned off a place at the back for house-keeping. A family by the name of Francis occupied the upper story, and they had four little girls—two of them about



OLD STEARNS HOME.

The porch is the only outside change except removing of shutters my age, and their company made the time pass more pleasantly with me than it otherwise would have done. Their mother was a cultured, southern lady and the little girls were very nice companions, the one two and a half years old was a nice playmate for my little sister Olivia of the same age. The little boys, Parley and Nathan, had plenty of room to run and play in the large building, and we made ourselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. We had plenty of provisions and everything necessary for our comfort in that line. Brother Pratt had bought sugar and molasses by the hogshhead at New Orleans, as also other groceries, to take up to Nauvoo, and many a time have my thoughts reverted to those days as I afterwards lived here in Utah, without a taste of sweets for months at a time, and I longingly remember that good quality of brown sugar at 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ c per pound. One night there was quite a strong shock of earthquake that rattled and shook the building and woke us all up, and I never forgot the queerness of the feeling it gave me, being the first I had ever experienced.

One day I went to the store, and one of the clerks asked me all sorts of questions about "Mormonism," until I felt very indignant, and finally he wanted to know if he should marry my moth-