

St. Joseph Saturday 37. 1839

My dear! dear Wife!

I write you in my ragg'd being camp'd
only a bond 10 mile from St. Jo. I can hardly feel alone for I
see you about me & also our dear children, whenever my eyes are
closed in sleep. Last night I dreamed that you met me and my
sister at a convenient spring, to bid me another farewell. (The trans-
ports of that meeting they were far far above sensuality. Although they
were visionary motions, they will long be remembered with much pleasure.
I shall not consider my journey a hard one, if I can thus be blessed
with your nightly visitations, with such deep holy affection that
we ^{forget we} are mortal, & possessors of animal passions. I never before found my
mind in such a peculiar state of feeling, before awake or asleep. The
illusion was so much like reality, that I can hardly realize it less
than such & the impression is as vivid & strong as if it were so. Indeed I
am very happy to say from the serene & lovely manner in which you ap-
peared to me last night. O that we could both always appreciate
each other with the high tone & blissful emotions which were mutual,
& transported us so far above any thing we had ever felt before.
It is impossible to give you any thing like a correct description of
what is passing here. Thousands of very class & grade are crowded
together while thousands of others are leaving with very mode of con-
voyance for the mines. The town here is about the size of Atlanta
yet some of the improvements far better, indeed there are many fine
buildings & much taste exhibited. The land is rocky & very rich & I
understand the country thickly settled. There is considerably the
Lousier about the people. At present there is much restlessness here.

You wished me to inform you of things as they really existed.
The cholera & small pox are both in the place. A day before
yesterday 6 coffins went through the principal street
I understand there were 6 died on board the boat we came
up on, last previous trip. A gentleman with his three sons
& negro woman, bound for California, all died with cholera in
this place about two weeks ago. In fact it is a wonder there
do not more die crowded together at night all and exposed
to lay on the damp ground after leaving comfortable
beds & fireplaces with good houses. The weather here is
extravagantly changeable & the nights now are very cold
& we are all compelled to lie in our tents greatly
exposed. You may ask why I do not go to a tavern
or dwelling? Then I fear we should be more exposed to
disease than we now are retired from the bustle. Furthermore
we have got hardships to endure & we might as well commence
them. I however had to go to the city hotel twice a
day as one of our company is sick there. Mr. Jas. A. Cotton
from Mason, (John knows him) I also have one other patient
to attend to in town Mr. King from Ferrisville who had
the Typhus Billious Pneumonia attended with purging.
He appears come better - yet the disease kills many emigrants
Monday 3rd Two men, emigrants, were found dead in their
hazards this morning & one on the wharf. It would be in
vain to attempt a description of what is constantly passing
here - Go into town & you will see a dozen different
excitations in the streets - being mostly the effects of emigrants
who either getting out of funds or unable to carry some
baggage are compelled to have it sold. Some buy food

Nothing does not bring $\frac{1}{4}$ of its value - Guns - Pistols - Trunks
Boots, Shoes - hats Caps - Valises & various bags
Clothing of every variety from a pair of socks to a fine
coat - Loose & Mexican Ponies & Mules - Amer. mules
Saddles & Bridles Harnesses Many have been compelled
to go back while others are here without funds - Having
been here so long as to spend all they had - expecting
a much earlier spring - which I have been told by
the settlers is 5 weeks later than some springs.

In consequence of many leaving & going on with the expectations
of find Supplies at Fort Herney & also more grass on
the plains or prairies, there came an express by two
dragoons stationed at Fort Herney with the information
that there were no Supplies there & not sufficient grass
on the plains to sustain the animals & would not
be in two weeks. This somewhat disheartens us, yet I
think we shall be off about next Monday, at best I
do not calculate we shall reach the Mines before
the first of August I saw it estimated in a St
Louis paper that fifteen thousand had gone the land
route from the state of Missouri along this Spring
I saw one of my old Acworth friends to-day who resides
in this place He informed me he should have for California
next week He is a very fine young man by the name of
Lancaster I had not seen him since I first left for
the South yet he recognized me at once. I was some
little at a loss to identify him - he being considerably
the younger - He has been residing here three years
I thought I should receive a letter from you to-day but was disappointed

Wednesday May 1 Last night the water froze to the depth
of about 1/2 inch - we suffer very much with the
cold - Mr King & Cotton both much better - we have
been engaged in breaking our mules having compelled
to buy those that are young & not broke, as there are
none other here - Still no letter from my dear wife!
Can it be I am compelled to leave this place without
any intelligence from you! The thought is painful. I know
you have written, the mail box is quite uncertain, & it is
almost impossible to get near the P.O. so great is the crowd
Although I have been daily I have never been able to get to it
until yesterday. We have a mail this evening & there
is no other for 3 days I live on the hopes of receiving a
letter to day as we shall go out about 20 miles tomorrow
when fuel for our teams will be cheaper - the corn is worth
1.25 for bushel when its natural value is not more 25¢
Our company are now all well with the exception of
bad colds thousands have left here - but there are so
many coming in that I can hardly perceive any falling off.
And when we consider that there are many other starting points
in this state how vast is the emigration!

2nd, Mr. Coppedge has arrived with the letter, but alas!
no letter! He stated one was handed him by a young man
in Atlanta but that he had lost it! How great the loss!
And so I must leave without receiving one line from
the object dearer than all beside. Of all I have suffered
this is the greatest trial. Why did you not put it in the
valise? I have searched it over & over opening every fold but
not the first syllable!! I will not complain for I know you
are as much disappointed as myself. It is some satisfaction
even a great pleasure to learn that you are all well, as he
states the young man who handed him the letter informed him. It
has been so very cold that we have not left yet, & probably
shall not before Monday. I shall write you again before
we leave. O! what would I give to embrace you all this moment
Your loving Husband J. L. Angier