

Our
Pioneer Heritage

Compiled by
KATE B. CARTER



Daughters of Utah Pioneers
Salt Lake City, Utah
1958
VOLUME ONE

THE EARTH BELONGS TO THE LORD

The earth belongs to the Lord, and all that
in it is.

These hallowed works reach depths unknown
That lifts us up to the great White Throne.
Our sorrows and heartaches are left behind
To be borne with courage by all mankind.

We love the Earth, it is part of us
We were created out of its dust.
Diamonds and gold are precious ore
Shines out in us, and we adore
The things that keep us akin to earth
And the precious plan that gave us birth.

The air we breathe, the sun that warms
That starts the seed that soon takes form,
The crystal waters that freely flow,
The verdant grass, the pure white snow,
The birds that sing their lilting song,
The glorious sunset, the peaceful dawn,
They all belong to the Lord.

I draw my curtain back at night,
And then lie quietly in my bed.
I watch the march of satellites
In the darkened skies above my head.
I marvel at the worlds gone by
As they roll in their endless space;
They lift up their light and shine for us,
They keep our orbit in its place.

From one of the celestial spheres
The universe is ruled;
The Lord of Hosts sends out His word,
And righteous laws by all are heard.
He sent His only Son to us
A bleeding sacrifice
To lead us through this vale of tears
To home in paradise.

I like to feel that I had a part
In the plan of this goodly earth.
I'm proud of my country, I'm proud of my home,
And my parents who gave me birth;

Our

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Our

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Daughters of Utah Pioneers

KATE & GARY



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Utah Printing Company

Salt Lake City, Utah

Foreword

It was Goethe who wrote:

"What from our fathers' heritage is lent, earn it anew to really possess it."

So saying, the poet expressed the great challenge of every generation blessed with a noble heritage: to personally win through its own effort and energy and dedication the gifts made available to it by its courageous progenitors.

The Daughters of the Utah Pioneers have given great service in searching out, clarifying and preserving the pioneer history, knowledge of which is essential if a loyal progeny is to perpetuate the great ideal of its heritage. For this contribution the Daughters of Utah Pioneers merit the gratitude of all of us and of those who will follow after.

The courageous souls who conquered this desert valley were pioneers not alone on the frontiers of civilization, but on the frontiers of the spirit as well. They truly represented the great American spiritual ideal—an ideal compounded of the vision and strength and faith of generations of courageous people who emigrated to this country to escape the religious and political tyranny of older governments in other lands.

In high objectives and the dedicated zeal to achieve them, in faith, in courage, in work, in the ability to look beyond their own times and necessities to those of future generations, in love for education and willingness to support it, in sensitivity to beauty and culture under trying conditions, in patriotism—in all these virtues and attributes the pioneers left us a magnificent heritage and a great pattern and a tremendous challenge.

Their ultimate objectives were, in a sense, otherworldly, but the realization of those objectives demanded a dedicated, selfless, consecrated devotion to truth and true freedom *in* this world. Their faith in Almighty God and in eternal principles of right and wrong and their insistence on the right to worship according to the dictates of their conscience; their great emphasis on the value and dignity and integrity of the individual; their dedication to the task of seeking by peaceful, self-sacrificing means to share with others what they believed to be true, were all virtues entirely consonant with the great spiritual heritage of America, and they added significantly to that heritage.

Perhaps the chief lesson we can learn from them—a lesson we must know for ourselves—is that significant contribution to our time

and the future, real satisfaction in living, historical immortality, will *not* come through gold or glory, selfishness, self-centeredness, things, but through truth and true freedom, through discovering for ourselves eternal verities worth living and dying for.

In helping us to learn this lesson through making available books like this one, the Daughters of Utah Pioneers do us great service, and deserve our appreciation.

MARION D. HANKS



Introduction

OUR PIONEER HERITAGE, under which name this series of our publications is known, will continue to tell the story of Utah pioneers and their accomplishments. Through its pages we hope to bring the history of a people who left us a birthright of which we are justly proud.

It has been a pleasant task to edit the manuscripts sent to our office, and to do the research necessary to prepare the connecting historical data. We have grown stronger and greater because of our publications, twelve volumes of *Heart Throbs of the West*, six volumes of *Treasures of Pioneer History*, hundreds of historical pamphlets, and, now, enough material has been gathered to bring forth this book.

Each signed article is the responsibility of the donor as to dates and facts.

Kate B. Carter

Contents

THEY CAME IN 1857.....	1
Church Chronology; One Hundred Years Ago; Handcart Missionaries—1857; A Settlement in Nebraska; The Organization of Cache County; President Young Visits Lemhi; Arrival of Eastern Mail; Celebration of Tenth Anniversary; Death of Parley P. Pratt; Mountain Meadow Massacre; LDS Emigration, Ships and Companies; Richard Harper, Ship Tuscarora; On the Ship George Washington; Solomon Barth, 1857; The Walker Company; William Goodall Young Company; Jesse Bigler Martin Company; The Israel Evans Company; The Christian Christiansen Company; Kate Lublin Alexander; Matthias Cowley; The Jacob Hoffeins Company; The Texas Company; They Came in '57.	
THE UTAH WAR 1857-58	57
Troops Ordered to Utah; The Brethren Speak; The Territorial Militia Called to Action; Called Home; Proclamation of Governor Brigham Young to the People of Utah; Captain Van Vliet Visits Utah; Governor Young's Letter to the Commander of the Utah Expedition; Headquarters 10th Regiment of Infantry; Order Given by General Wells to Major Lot Smith; Utah Militia Takes the Initiative; Results of the Burning; Correspondence Between Governor Young and Colonel Alexander; Winter of 1857-58; at Camp Scott; Indictment by U.S. Government; The Move South; Friend of the Mormons; The Peace Commission; The Army Enters Salt Lake Valley; Camp Floyd; Sale of Animals and Property Camp Floyd; Cemetery, Camp Floyd: Two Stories; From the Journal of A. J. Allen; They Made Their Home in Utah.	
PIONEER HOUSES AND ENCLOSURES.....	117
Pioneer Adobe Homes in the Salt Lake Valley; My Pioneer Home; Homes of President Young; Two Famous Homes; His Inheritance in Zion; The Emery House; Happy Adobe Homes; A Pioneer Home that Grew; A Home in Box Elder County; Duchesne County; Cache County; Carbon County; Davis County; Emery County; Garfield County; Juab County; Sanpete County; Salt Lake County; Summit County; Tooele County; Utah County; Wasatch County; Washington County; Weber County; Pioneer Houses in Bear Lake Valley, Idaho; In Oxford, Idaho; Two Homes Built by Grant Campbell; Poem—The Pioneer Adobe Home.	
STORIES OF LONG AGO.....	189
Trekking Back With Grandpa; His Christmas Gift; Three Treks West; Their First Hymn Books; The Emmett's at Lee's Ferry; Man	

of Courage; Anna Menorrow Hamilton; Letters of Long Ago; The Boughten; Journey for a Bucket of Pickled Beans: Called to Oak City; John Lowder's Find; A Boy's Experience in Arizona; Elias; A School Teacher's Prayer; It Shall be Your Shield; Swap 'Em Squaw; I Always Knew I Didn't Kill that Cow; A Child and a Toy; Log Cabin School Marm Remembers; A Unique Disguise; The New Home; Sarah; Builders of Industry; Father Graham; The Death of John Hill; From the Diary of Wilson Howard Dusenberry; A Farewell Message.

THEIR CONTRIBUTION TO UTAH.....257

Australian Mission; Zion's Watchman; New Zealand Mission; Society Island Mission; The Samoan Mission; John Q. Adam's Story; Ships Sailing from the Islands; Charles W. Wandell, President; On the Ship, Julia Ann—1855; Augustus A. Farnham-Joseph H. Ridges; Mission President, Absalom Porter Dowdle, 1856-57; Andrew Jackson Stewart; The Ship Lucas; Sailed on the Ship Lucas; Two Missions to Australia; Truly Pioneers, 1857; George Robb's Story; From My Father's Diary (Nye); Later Missions; From the Diary of John Clarence Stewart; The Banks Family—1855; The Jenny Ford—1856; The Moyes Family; Rhoda Ann Taylor; Grandfather Malmstrom; Grandfather Job Welling; Australian Converts; From New Zealand; To the Empire of India; Missionary in 1853, Levi Savage, Jr.; The McCune Family; Hannah Peters Booth; Arrival of Elders in Calcutta; William and Elizabeth Tait.

DIARY OF ISAIAH MOSES COOMBS.....321

Fanny McLean Coombs; Charlotte Augusta Hardy Coombs; From My Journal; Widow Turk and Her Daughter; My Chosen Profession; My Choice; Mother's Passing; Marriage to Sarah; To Zion; In Salt Lake Valley; A Mission Call—1856; Father and Friends; The Parting; From the Diary 1857 to April 1858; Return to Utah; Home, Sweet Home; A Happy Marriage; We Move to Parowan; Life in 1861-1862; Activities During 1863-64; Treaty with the Redmen; Dedication of Tabernacle at Nephi; Joys and Sorrows; Taking Stock; In Charge of Tithing Office; Happenings of 1872-1874; Order of Enoch; The Jubilee; The Jubilee of 1875; A Mission to England; Released to Return Home; The Years Pass Swiftly; Fanny's Children; A Great Sorrow.

BRIGHAM YOUNG—HIS WIVES AND FAMILY.....409

Biography; His Testimony; His Wives and Family—Miriam Works Young; Mary Ann Angell Young; Lucy Ann Decker Young; Harriet Elizabeth Cook Campbell Young; Augusta Adams Young; Clara Decker Young; Olive Grey Frost Young; Louisa Beaman Young; Clarissa Ross Young; Emily Dow Partridge Young; Emmeline Free Young; Margaret M. Alley Young; Susan Snively Young; Margaret Pierce Young; Ellen Rockwood Young; Maria Lawrence Young; Martha Bowker Young; Zina Diantha Huntington Young; Naamah Kendel Jenkins Carter Young; Mary Jane Bigelow Young; Lucy Bigelow Young; Eliza R. Snow Young; Eliza Burgess Young; Harriet Barney Young; Harriet Amelia Folsom Young; Mary Van Cott

Young, Ann Eliza Webb Young; The Father, The Guiding Hand; Tullidge, the Historian, Speaks; Meeting the Great Man; The Actress—Julia Dean; From Richard Burton, Famous Explorer; Stay in the Valleys of the Mountains; Love for His People; Meeting Youth; From the Records of Stephen Bliss Moore; Truly a Prophet of God; Prayer of a Missionary; The Robinsons; Be Faithful and You Shall Return in Safety; Death of Brigham Young; Tributes to Brigham Young.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN OF THE MORMON BATTALION 457

Women Included in Call; Detachments Sent to Pueblo; Women Who Made the Entire Trip; Lydia Hunter, Wife of Captain Jesse O. Hunter; Susanna (Susan) Davis and Daniel, Jr.; Phebe Draper Palmer Brown; Melissa Burton Coray; Celia Mounts Hunt, Wife of Captain Jefferson Hunt; Matilda Nease Hunt, Wife of Captain Jefferson Hunt; Mary McCree Black Brown, Wife of Captain James Brown—George David Black and Mary Hunt Black; Sarah Blackman Higgins, Wife of Captain Nelson Higgins; Ruth Abbott; Susan Smith Adams; Eliza B. Allred; Elzadie Emeline Ford Allred; Harriet Brown; Agnes Brown; Eunice Reasor Brown; Mary Button; Jane Wells Cooper Hanks; Emeline Bigler Hess; Mary Ann Hiron; Fanny Maria Allen Huntington; Malinda A. Kelly; Sarah Kelley; The Two Merrill Sisters; Martha Jane Sharp (Mowrey); Caroline Sargent; Rebecca Smith; Caroline (Emmeline) Sessions; Elizabeth Shelton; Sarah P. Shupe; Catherine Steele; Sophia Tubbs; Isabella Hunter Wilkin; Youths who Accompanied the Mormon Battalion.

IN THEIR FOOTSTEPS.....513

Roses In Memoriam; Oh, Great Eternal Song; My Legacy; The Earth Belongs to the Lord; My Prayer; The Upward Climb; God's Promise; The Beatitudes; How I Love You; Love Song; Reflection; We Pioneers; Contentment; In Meditation; A Pioneer Mother; Pioneer Mothers; Heritage; My Afghan; My Mother; The Great-Granddaughter Speaks; To My Mother; Mother of Mine; Since Mother Went Away; The Quilting; Grandmother; For Life Is Wonderful; The Journey; Grandma's Souvenirs; Our Doctor; Grandfather; On Your Wedding Day; Grandfather's Wagon; The Utah Pioneers; They Have; Brave Pioneers; We Honor You; They Were Worthy; The Paths; Wonderful Pioneers; From Above; The Pioneer Trail; Their Standards; Pioneers of Yesterday; Dear Pioneers; The Pioneers; A Pioneer Fort; A Pioneer Homestead; The Old Turner Home; Sleigh Rides; Geraniums; The Old Tin Trunk; To My Mother's Mother's Portrait; Family Portrait; The Rocking Chair; Grandmother's Clock; Grandmother's Candle Mold; Courtship; When Pa Gets Sick; Ode to Aunt Salena's Yeast; Salt Risin' Bread; The Old Red Cow; Old Hitching Post; Life; God's Handiwork; The Call of Southern Utah Canyons; Thanksgiving Harvest; The Hole-in-the-Rock Pioneers; the Willow Tree; Eventide; Utah State Flag; Salt Lake City; Seagulls; Tribute to Our Pioneers; My Debt; The Why of History; Daughters of Utah Pioneers; Let's Honor Our Pioneers; Daughters of Utah Pioneers; My Kin; A Tribute.



HILDA ANDERSON ERICKSON
Oldest living immigrant pioneer, 1859-1958



They Came in 1857

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled.—Matthew 5:6



HAVING accepted the challenge of the wild, and untamed West the pioneers of 1857 had begun to realize in part the immensity of their dreams. Beautiful homes and churches had been erected, fertile lands were bringing forth abundant harvests, and industries of every kind were adding to the comfort and well being of the people. The Territory teemed with life and activity. The arrival and departure of companies from both East and West added to the general growth. The Utah pioneers had risen to new heights through the struggles and hardships which they had endured in previous years. *All seemed well in Zion.*

Added strength was given the Church that year through the organization of many Quorums of Seventies. A group of missionaries, using handcarts as a means of transportation, left Salt Lake Valley for their respective missions. Eight companies, two of which came with handcarts, crossed the plains to aid in the building of a great commonwealth. Work on the Temple was progressing as stone cutters hewed the large granite blocks that had been hauled from Little Cottonwood Canyon and fitted them into place for the building of the House of the Lord in their new Zion.

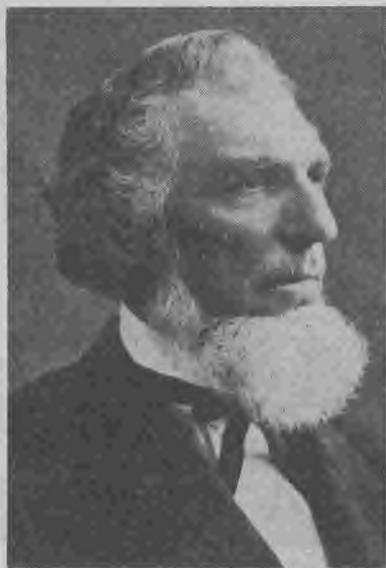
But, on the 24th of July, the tenth anniversary of their arrival in the Valley, Brigham Young and a large group of Saints went to

Brighton to celebrate the event. The Stars and Stripes were hoisted. In the midst of their festivities four messengers arrived saying "an army of the United States is on its way to Utah to suppress a supposed rebellion."

Through the years the Mormon people had suffered much and now the new situation seemed appalling. Both the leaders and their people had but one source of comfort, one hope, one refuge, and that was trust in God. Individually and collectively they prayed for a way whereby an honorable peace could be made without the shedding of blood. More than ever their beliefs, their behaviors, their customs and their works must be governed in such a way that they might truly be worthy of so great a blessing. They knew their duty was to their country, to the cause of freedom, to their religion and to each other. There were a few who did not endure and turned away but the great majority stood by their leaders, obeyed counsel, and answered each and every call.

CHURCH CHRONOLOGY

JANUARY. Sun. 4—Daniel H. Wells was set apart as second counselor to Pres. Brigham Young, in place of the late Jedediah M. Grant.



Daniel H. Wells

Fri. 9—San Bernardino, California was visited by a violent earthquake.

FEBRUARY. Wed. 4—A reformation meeting was held in No. 42 Islington, Liverpool, England, and on the following day the presiding brethren of the British Mission, including Apostle Orson Pratt and Ezra T. Benson, renewed their covenants by baptism. This was followed by a general renewal of covenants throughout the mission.

MARCH—The 43rd quorum of Seventy was organized in Tooele County, Utah with John Shields, James Bevan, Thomas Lee, Francis D. St. Jeor, George Atkin, Hugh S. Gowans and George W. Bryan as presidents.

Mon. 2—The 41st Quorum of Seventy was organized in Salt Lake County, Utah with John Van Cott, Wm. C. Dunbar, Knud

Peterson, Thomas Morris, Leonard I. Smith, William Casper and Levi N. Kendall as presidents.

Thurs. 12—Reformation meetings were held at Swansea, Wales, after which the presiding Elders, and subsequently all the Saints in that mission, renewed their covenants by baptism.

Fri. 20—Henry Mitchell Johnson, formerly a member of the Mormon Battalion died in Great Salt Lake City.

Sat. 28—The ship *George Washington* sailed from Liverpool, England, with 817 Saints, under the direction of James P. Park, bound for Utah via Boston.

Mon. 30—Judge W. W. Drummond, in framing the letter of his resignation as Chief Justice of Utah, wrote the most wicked and abominable falsehoods against Governor Brigham Young and the people of Utah, thereby influencing the government to send troops against the "Mormons."

APRIL. Sat. 4—Cache County, Utah was organized; Peter Maughan, Probate Judge.

Mon. 6—The 27th annual conference of the Church convened in G.S.L. City; it was continued till the 8th; 350 Elders were called on missions.

Wed. 15—Feramorz Little, having arrived in the States, with the Utah mail, wrote a letter to the New York Herald, refuting Drummond's falsehoods.

Mon. 20—The Nauvoo Legion held a grand parade in G.S.L. City; the election of officers took place, and a new system for the government of Utah Militia was inaugurated.

Thurs. 23—A company consisting of about seventy missionaries, bound for Europe and other parts of the world, left G.S.L. City with handcars. They arrived at Florence, Nebraska, June 10th, making the trip to the Missouri River in 40½ traveling days. (They rested 7½ days.)

Fri. 24—Pres. Brigham Young and many others started from G.S.L. City on a tour to the settlements on the Salmon River, Oregon, now Idaho. They returned May 26th.

Sat. 25—The Ship *Westmoreland* sailed from Liverpool, England, with 544 Saints, mostly Scandinavians, under the direction of Matthias Cowley. It arrived in Philadelphia May 31st, and the emigrants reached Iowa City by rail June 9th.

MAY—The Tithing Office block wall in G.S.L. was finished.

—The 46th Quorum of Seventy was organized at Payson and Santaquin, Utah County with James B. Bracken, John Thomas Hardy, Benjamin F. Stewart, William Carrol McClellan, George W. Hancock and William B. Maxwell as presidents.

—A temporary settlement called Genoa was located for the benefit of emigrating Saints, on Beaver Creek, near Loup Fork, Nebras-

ka, about one hundred miles west of Florence. The settlers consisted mostly of Saints from the St. Louis, Missouri branch.

Wed. 6—The Saints who were settling Washington, in southern Utah, were organized into a branch of the Church with Robert D. Covington as Bishop Aug. 1, 1858.

Sat. 9—The 45th quorum of Seventy was organized at Provo, Utah, with Robert T. Thomas, James Goff, Robert C. Moore, Isaac Bullock, Lewis C. Zabriskie, William Marsden and Charles Shelton as presidents.

Wed. 13—Apostle Parley P. Pratt was murdered by Hector McLean near Van Buren, Arkansas.

Fri. 15—The 47th Quorum of Seventy was partly organized at Ephraim, Sanpete County, Utah with Tore Thurston, James A. Lemmon, Joseph Clements and Nils Bengtsen as presidents. Most of the members of the new quorum were ordained Seventies on the 17th.

Sat. 16—The 48th Quorum of Seventy was organized at Manti, Sanpete County, with Daniel Henrie as senior president.

Mon. 18—The 49th Quorum of Seventy was organized at Nephi, Juab County with John A. Woolf, Samuel Pitchforth, Timothy S. Hoyt, George Kendall, Miles Miller, John Borrowman and David Webb as presidents.

Tues. 19—The 50th Quorum of Seventy was partly organized at Spanish Fork, Utah County with Dennis Dorrity as one of the presidents.

Wed. 20—The 51st Quorum of Seventy was organized at Springville, Utah County with Alexander F. McDonald, Noah T. Guyman, Lorenzo Johnson, Spicer Crandall, Abraham Day and Hamilton H. Kerns as presidents.

Thurs. 21—The 52nd Quorum of Seventy was organized at Provo, Utah with Alfred D. Young as senior president. Quite a number of members were ordained on the 25th.

—On the same day the 44th Quorum of Seventy was organized at American Fork, Utah County, Utah, with William Hyde, James McGaw, Shadrach Driggs, William Greenwood, James W. Preston, William Fotheringham and Thomas Taylor as presidents.

Thurs. 28—The U. S. 2nd dragoons, 5th and 10th infantry and Phelps' Battery of the 4th artillery—2,500 men—were ordered out as an expedition to Utah, by order of Gen. Winfield Scott.

Sat. 30—The ship *Tuscarora* sailed from Liverpool, England, with 547 Saints under the direction of Richard Harper. It arrived at Philadelphia July 3rd, and the emigrants continued by rail to Darlington, Iowa, in the vicinity of which most of them sought temporary employment.

JUNE. Sun. 7—The 53rd and 54th Quorum of Seventy organized at Ogden, Utah, by Joseph Young and Albert P. Rockwood, with Rufus Allen and James Brown 3rd, as senior presidents.

Fri. 12—Senator Stephen A. Douglas in a political speech, delivered at Springfield, Ill., characterized "Mormonism" as a loathsome ulcer of the body politic, and recommended that Congress should apply the knife and cut it out.

Sun. 14—The 42nd Quorum of Seventy was organized at Fillmore, Utah with Hiram Mace, David N. Rainey, Andrew Love, J. W. Radford, Edward Frost, Allen Russel and John Felshaw as presidents.

Sat. 27—The American ship *Lucas* sailed from Sydney, N.S.W. Australia with 69 Saints, in charge of Absalom O. Dowdle, bound for Utah.

JULY—The 55th Quorum of Seventy was organized at Kaysville, and the 56th Quorum at Farmington, Davis County, Utah.

Sat. 11—Alfred Cumming, of Georgia, was appointed governor of Utah.

Wed. 15—Indian Agent Thomas S. Twiss wrote a libellous letter to the government at Washington, D.C. about the "Mormons."

Sat. 18—The Tenth Infantry, the vanguard of the Utah Expedition took up the line of March from Fort Leavenworth for the West, under the command of Col. E. B. Alexander. The artillery and Fifth Infantry followed a few days later. The command of the whole expedition was given to Gen. W. S. Harney.

—The ship *Wyoming* sailed from Liverpool, England with 36 Saints, under the direction of Charles Harmon. It arrived safely at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Fri. 24—The people of G.S.L. and vicinity celebrated the 10th anniversary of the arrival of the Pioneers by a feast near the head of Big Cottonwood Canyon. While the festivities were going on, Abraham O. Smoot and Judson Stoddard arrived from Independence, Mo., without the mails, the postmaster there having refused to forward them. They reported that General Harney with 2,000 infantry and a proportionate number of artillery and cavalry, were ordered to Utah.

AUGUST. Sat. 1—The Utah Militia was ordered to be kept in readiness for an expedition to the mountains, to prevent the entering of the approaching army, if necessary.

Fri. 7—Apostles John Taylor and Erastus Snow and other missionaries arrived in G.S.L. City from the East.

—The first part of the "Utah Army" consisting of the Tenth Infantry and Phelps' Battery, arrived at Fort Kearney.

Fri. 12—George Scholes, one of the Pioneers of 1847, died at Big Cottonwood, Salt Lake City.

—A company of the Carson Valley settlers returned to G.S.L. City.

Sat. 15—Col. Robert T. Burton and James W. Cummings left G.S.L. City for the East, with seventy men, for the purpose of protecting the emigrant trains and observing the movements of the approaching army.

Fri. 27—Col. Burton's expedition arrived at Fort Bridger; on the 30th it reached Devil's Gate.

Fri. 28—Col. Albert Sydney Johnston was appointed successor to Gen. W. S. Harney as commander of the Utah Expedition.

SEPTEMBER. Fri. 4—Part of Wm. Walker's company of immigrating Saints, including Thos. B. Marsh, formerly a member of the Twelve Apostles, arrived in G.S.L. City.

Tues. 8—Capt. Stewart Van Vliet, of Gen. Harney's staff, arrived in G.S.L. City and the following day had an interview with President Young. After a few days' stay he returned to his escort on Ham's Fork, and thence proceeded to Washington, where he used his influence in favor of the Saints.

Fri. 11—The Mountain Meadow massacre took place.

Sat. 12—The last of *Israel Evans'* handcart company, consisting of 154 souls and 31 handcarts arrived in G.S.L. City.

Jesse B. Martin's wagon company of immigrants arrived in G.S.L. City.

Sun. 13—*Christian Christiansen's* handcart company and *Matthias Cowley's* wagon company of immigrants arrived in G.S.L. City.

Mon. 14—Delegate John M. Bernhisel started from G.S.L. City for Washington, D.C., in company with Capt. Stewart Van Vliet and others.

—*Joseph A. Kelting*, with a company of Saints, sailed from Sydney, Australia bound for Utah.

Tues. 15—Governor Brigham Young, declared the Territory of Utah under martial law and forbade the troops to enter G.S.L. Valley. Large numbers of armed militia were ordered to Echo Canyon and other points to intercept the soldiers and prevent their access to the valley.

Thurs. 17—Col. Philip St. George Cooke left Ft. Leavenworth with the second division of the "Utah Army." He arrived at Ft. Bridger Nov. 19th.

Tues. 22—Col. Robert T. Burton and three other men camped within a half mile of the "Utah Army," (Col. E. B. Alexander's command, near Devil's Gate.)

Wed.—Col. Burton's men met the advance companies of the "Utah Army" and from that time were their "immediate neighbors" until they arrived at Ham's Fork.

Sat. 26—Capt. *Wm. G. Young's* train arrived in G.S.L. City with the last of this season's immigration. Among the returning El-

ders in this train was a Milton A. Musser, who returned home from a five years' mission to India and England, during which he had circumnavigated the globe, traveling as a missionary, "without purse and scrip."

Tues. 29—General Daniel H. Wells left G.S.L. City for Echo Canyon, where he established headquarters. About one thousand two hundred and fifty men from the several militia districts were ordered to Echo Canyon, where they engaged in digging trenches across the canyon, throwing up breast-works, loosening rocks on the heights, etc., preparing to resist the progress of the army.

OCTOBER—The Mormon settlements in Carson Valley were broken up; most of the settlers returned to G.S.L. City in the beginning of November.

—Samuel W. Richards succeeded Apostle Orson Pratt as president of the European Mission.

Mon. 5—Lot Smith, with a small company of men, surprised and burned two trains of government stores, near the Big Sandy and Green River.

Sat. 10—The officers of the Utah Expedition held a council of war at Ham's Fork, and decided that the army should march to G.S.L. Valley via Soda Springs. The following day the march was commenced, but after several days of slow and exhaustive traveling, the expedition was forced to return.

Fri. 16—Major Joseph Taylor and Wm. R. R. Stowell, of the Utah Militia, were taken prisoners by the U.S. Troops near Ft. Bridger.

NOVEMBER. Wed. 4—Col. Albert Sydney Johnston joined his command on Ham's Fork, with a small reinforcement.

Fri. 6—Five hundred animals perished from cold and starvation around the U.S. army camp on Black's Fork.

Mon. 16—The Utah Army went into winterquarters at Camp Scott, two miles from the site of Ft. Bridger and 115 miles from G.S.L. City.

DECEMBER—Fri. 4—Capt. John R. Winder was appointed to take charge of a picket guard, to be stationed at Camp Weber, at the mouth of Echo Canyon, to watch the movements of the U.S. soldiers during the winter. Two weeks later, when deep snow fell in the mountains, this guard was reduced to ten men. The remainder of the militia returned to their homes for the winter.

Mon. 14—The Utah legislature convened in G.S.L. City and organized by electing Heber C. Kimball president of the Council and John Taylor speaker of the House.

Mon. 21—The Utah legislature unanimously concurred in the message, policy, and actions of Governor Brigham Young, in stopping the army, etc.

Tues. 22—An act disorganizing Green River County and attaching it to G.S.L. County, was approved.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

March 27, 1857—The Twelfth Ward school held examinations at the close of the winter term. Bishop L. W. Hardy was teacher, assisted by Miss E. R. Bunnell. The average attendance the past term has been seventy scholars, ranging in age from four to twenty-five years. Reading, with the Bible, the Book of Mormon and the Doctrine and Covenants as texts; writing, arithmetic, geography and grammar. The infant classes composed about one-third of the school.

* * * * *

April 22nd—"Six or eight young pigs wanted in payment for the 'News.' If any of our agents or subscribers can furnish this office with one or two hundred pounds of wool, they will be conferring a favor on some of the typos, who have the means of converting it into the material needed to make them and their families comfortable and who wish to encourage domestic manufacturing by starting at home."

Captain Daniel Jones informs us that he has commenced sailing our lake in the "*Timely Gull*" built and owned by Governor Young, and that he anchored in Black Rock harbor on the 13th ult., with a general cargo mainly composed of cedar wood, fine salt and flagging for side-walks, yards and cellar floors, which articles he offers for sale at Black Rock, also at his residence in the 14th Ward, at reasonable rates.

Captain Jones also informs us that he has made arrangements for quarrying large quantities of roofing slate, which he expects to soon have on sale at the above named places, and at prices which he thinks will successfully compete with the present price of shingles.—*Deseret News*, March 11, 1857.

* * * * *

April 24, 1857—During the past eight or ten days the streets of the city has teemed with life and activity to an unusual extent. There was a military parade and election on the 20th; the arrival and departure of the teams and men belonging to the "Express and Carrying Company" on the 21st. These men were going out to establish stations between Fort Bridger and Laramie. The departure of several missionaries and of Governor Young's party had added to the bustle.

* * * * *

May 16th—The editor reported on a visit to Temple Square, suggested by the number of men he had seen going in and out of the east gate, the only one kept open for workmen and teams. The

first thing he saw as he passed through the gate was a large company of stone cutters busily engaged in hewing the big rocks that had been hauled from the canyon four or five miles distance and fitting them into their places in the basement of the Temple. There were men gray with age; middle aged men; young men; and boys just learning to use the chisel.

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May 17th—It was reported that a new settlement was being made on the Weber River above the crossing of the Emigration Road. The altitude there was much higher than in Great Salt Lake City and Judge Phelps, who reported on the project, said he thought the people there would have to live largely by faith as the winters were long and cold, and the warm season was very short.

* * * * *

May 18th—The weather during the past week has been very cold. At Springville the snow was six inches deep and the people were getting about in sleighs. All the mountain ranges of the northern part of the Territory had received a good deal of snow.

"The proprietors of the Grove served up strawberries and cream at their tables Tuesday."

City Creek for the last few days has been rising owing to the warm weather, which has melted the snow considerably on the sides of the mountains towards its head, but why it has been turned into North Temple Street we do not know. If it runs there much longer, the city will have to make some bridges, or communication across the street will be measurably suspended. There are holes already worn several feet deep, and it is dangerous passing it after night.

The damage that will accrue to those at the lower end will be no inconsiderable amount if the water is permitted to run there (as it has since Sunday) many days more, and the road on the bottom east of Jordan bridge will soon become impassable. It may be necessary for the creek to run there, but if it is, the people who are discommoded, and who have and will be damaged by it, cannot see it in that light, as the water can as well run in the sects that have been prepared on the sides of that street and others even if there were four times as much as there is now.

Whose business it is to see to the matter particularly, we do not know, but we do know that the street is a Territorial road, and that the City Council have the exclusive right to control of the waters running into and through the city, and that they should be made to run where they are needed by the citizens for their use and benefit, and not where damage will accrue unnecessarily either to the Territory, to the city, or to individuals. *Deseret News*, May 27, 1857

HANDCART MISSIONARIES—1857

At a Conference held in April, 1857 about seventy missionaries were called to preach the principles of Mormonism in different parts of the world. They were instructed to travel with handcarts as far as Nebraska. They left Great Salt Lake City April 23, 1857 with twenty-six handcarts and arrived at Florence on the 10th day of June. The entire trip was made in forty and one-half traveling days, having gone 1032 miles, average twenty-five miles a day.

After resting seven days they left Florence each going to his respective mission. Phillip Margetts, a member of the company offered a song set to the music of "*Oh, Susannah*."

"No purse, no scrip they bear with them,
 But cheerfully they start
 And across the plains a thousand miles
 And draw with them a cart.
 Ye nations, list the men of God
 From Zion now they come,
 Clothed with the Priesthood and the power
 To gather Israel home!
 Then cheer up ye Elders
 You to the world will show,
 That Israel must be gathered soon,
 And oxen are too slow."

A SETTLEMENT IN NEBRASKA

Genoa, Nance County, Nebraska, was a settlement founded by Latter-day Saints in the spring of 1857. In the fall of 1856, President Brigham Young had taken a contract for carrying the U. S. mail between Salt Lake City and the Missouri River, for which purpose a company known as the B. Y. X. Company was organized. In connection with this contract it was contemplated to make temporary settlements of Saints along the route of travel and Erastus Snow, who at that time presided over the different branches of the Church in the East and had his headquarters at St. Louis, Missouri, was appointed to superintend the location of some of these temporary settlements, among which was one on Beaver Creek, near the junction of that stream with Loup Fork. About sixty Saints traveling from St. Louis, Missouri arrived at Florence in April, 1857, and Wm. C. Martindale, an Elder in the Church who had labored as a missionary in the Southern States, purchased oxen to haul wagons to Beaver Creek. But prior to the arrival of this company, Nathan Davis and others had gone ahead under the direction of Andrew Cunningham with 17 men and 4 wagons, and when the St. Louis company arrived, he, and others, had already spent some time surveying a townsite. The pioneer settlers immediately commenced to plow and put in grain in the

spring of 1857. They then established a steam saw mill in a cottonwood grove below the settlement on Loup Fork from which the settlers obtained lumber, and they also erected a meetinghouse of cottonwood logs. Up to June, 1857, the settlers had enclosed 750 acres of land on Beaver Creek, near the old fort, and plowed and planted 200 acres.

The new town, which was named Genoa, was located on a slight eminence three-fourths of a mile north of the ford, and laid out in blocks of ten acres with eight lots 18x9 rods to the block. The streets, four rods wide, crossed each other at right angles. Genoa was about 102 miles from Florence and is now a station on a branch of the Union Pacific Railroad, 103 miles west of Omaha.

At the time Genoa was founded, there was only one house between Florence on the Missouri River and the new settlement, and that lonely house, located on the Elkhorn River, belonged to an Indian trader. Soon after Genoa was founded, the citizens of the place erected a liberty pole on which they hoisted the flag (Stars and Stripes).

Apostles John Taylor and Erastus Snow, en route for the "Valley" spent the 4th of July, 1857, in Genoa, Elder Taylor delivering an oration while standing in his carriage. During the visit of these Apostles, Alburn Allen, one of the handcart missionaries en route to Canada, was stopped temporarily and appointed to preside at Genoa. Henry Peck, one of the Genoa brethren, furnished the handcart missionaries going east with 400 pounds of flour, besides other cereals and vegetables.

When the missionaries were called home on account of Johnston army troubles, Alburn Allen returned to Salt Lake Valley with a number of the Saints. Others had already left the place for the mountains. For a short time after that, Joel Johnson, and still later, William Poppleton, one of the original settlers of Genoa, were appointed to preside over the settlement. The latter took charge until the place was entirely abandoned by Latter-day Saints. During the life of the settlement as a Mormon town, meetings were held regularly on Sundays and Thursday nights and the settlement boasted of a good choir.

THE ORGANIZATION OF CACHE COUNTY

Cache County consists of the valley that bears its name and the mountains that surround it. The county is bounded on the north by Idaho territory, on the south by Weber County and on the east and west by Rich and Box Elder counties respectively.

Cache County was first organized on the 4th day of April 1857. The County Court was held in Wellsville, Peter Maughan judge of probate, presiding. William Gardiner, Orange D. Thompson, and John T. Garr were the selectman. William Garr, Sheriff; Francis Gunnell, recorder, and John Maughan, treasurer.

A regular term of the court was held June 1 1857 and another regular term on the 7th of September of the same year; then came the suspension until 1859, during which period had occurred the move of the whole community south.

PRESIDENT YOUNG VISITS LEMHI

In the year 1855 some three hundred missionaries were called to various parts of the country by authorities of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Of these twenty seven were assigned to take a mission to the Indians in the vicinity of Salmon River, Idaho. They were: Thomas S. Smith, Ezra J. Barnard, Isaac Shepherd, of Farmington; Baldwin H. Watts, of South Weber; George R. Grant, of Kaysville; Charles Dalton, Israel J. Clark, of Centerville; William H. Batchelor, Ira Ames, William Brundridge of Salt Lake City; Thomas Butterfield, West Jordan; Abraham Zundel, Everett Lish of Willard, Francillo Durfee, David Moore, Benjamin F. Cummings, George W. Hill, Gilbert Belnap, Joseph Parry, Nathaniel Leavitt, P. G. Taylor, Charles McGeary, John Galliher, John W. Browning, William Burch, and David Stephens of Ogden, Utah.

The instructions received by the missionaries were to settle among the Flathead, Bannock, Shoshone Indians or anywhere that the tribes would receive them, and there teach the Indians the Gospel, and the principles of civilization. They were also to teach them how to build houses and to plant crops. The men were instructed to take provisions to last one year so that they would not become a burden to the people whom they were to civilize and convert, but rather to be able to feed them.

On May 18, 1855 the men started out into the wilderness, traveling northward through the present Brigham City and along the eastern base of the mountains, crossing the Bear River northwest of the present Collinston. They made roads as they went along, built bridges, crossed the rivers and creeks traveling on toward Malad Valley. Thomas S. Smith was appointed president of the party, but no organization had as yet been made. En route they met a party of missionaries assigned to Nevada under Orson Hyde. Soon after they stopped and completed the organization with Francillo Durfee, Captain, and David Moore, secretary. Benjamin F. Cummings, a captain in the Territorial Militia, was appointed to assist Captain Durfee as Captain of the guard. The outfit consisted of thirteen wagons with two yoke of cattle to each wagon, and a few cows.

The company reached the Bannock Range of mountains after five days and after crossing the mountains they continued their journey, passing near the present site of Pocatello, crossed the Blackfoot River, following up the Snake River, which they crossed once, until Eagle Rock was reached. From this point they turned northwestward on leaving the Snake River until they reached Market Lake; hence

to Muddy Lake, where they camped early in June. At this place the lake had dried up and there was no water fit for man or beast to be had. Traveling on some twenty-five miles farther they reached the foothills and came upon a stream of water. They named the stream Spring Creek. It was once called Birch Creek and is now in that section called Little Lost River. For some sixty miles the men traveled on a gradual ascent until they reached the summit of the Salmon River range. Another day's journey brought them down into the valley where they were met by Chief Rock-i-kae and his family and, after telling him the purpose of their journey, were made welcome.

The men followed the east fork of the Salmon River down to a narrow valley and stopped at a point some twenty miles above where this river empties into the Salmon River. It was now the 15th day of June and they had been on their way thirty days, being 333 miles from Ogden. The place picked for the fort was directly on the stream which now bears the name of Lemhi River. A fort was at once erected between the mountains on the east of the river which they named Fort Limhi. The country was then in Oregon Territory, which included what is now Idaho and Montana. The Indian tribes who inhabited this region were generally hostile, looking upon the white men as intruders upon their fishing and hunting grounds.

Upon their arrival the missionaries found a number of Ban-nock, Shoshone and Nez Perce Indians who were on their annual fishing trip. George W. Hill who had learned their language acted as interpreter. The men were received kindly and allowed to build houses, corrals and a fort but were told not to kill game or fish in the streams for the purpose of profit. However, they were given permission to get what they needed for their own consumption. As soon as irrigation water was brought to the land, crops were planted. As far as there is any record this is the first irrigation project in either Idaho or Montana. Before the crops could mature, grass-hoppers devoured almost everything. Finding there would not be sufficient seed for next year's planting, Elders Moore, Belnap, Durfee, McGeary, Grant, Clark and Taylor journeyed to Utah for more. They returned November 19th bringing with them their families.

On the 4th of December, G. W. Hill, Joseph Parry, Abraham Zundel, William Burch, Ira Ames, Isaac Shepherd, Thomas Butterfield and William Batchelor again returned to Utah for supplies and after a journey filled with intense suffering arrived at Ogden, December 26th. On March 28, 1856 the company made the return trip in charge of Elder Parry. They were accompanied by twenty-two missionaries as follows: Alexander Hill, John Preece, Sylvanus Collett, Thomas Abbott, W. McIntyre, William Perkins, Thomas Carlos, Thomas Day, Clifton S. Browning, Joseph Harker, Jacob Miller, George McBride, Henry A. Cleveland, Thomas Bingham,

William Shaw, John Murdock, Pardon Webb, James Walker, R. B. Margetts, Henry Nebeker, William Bailey Lake and H. C. Hadlock. They reached Fort Limhi May 15, 1856 and found everything in good condition.

During the spring of 1856, the settlers planted considerable vegetables and grain but the grasshoppers returned and left only barren fields. A small grist mill had been erected by Elders Moore, Cummings and Parry, the millstones having been brought from Utah by Elder Burgess. Again a number of missionaries left for Utah to bring in supplies and seed wheat.

During the summer M. D. Hammond, H. V. Shurtliff, E. Robinson and Owen Dix arrived. By this time the missionaries had made great progress in learning the Shoshone language and were able to instruct the Indians more fully in the principles of the gospel. Over a hundred Indians, men, women and children were baptized, but because of their roving habits they would not settle down to work.

In May, 1857 President Young and a large company of authorities of the Church visited the mission. He told them that they had come too far away from home in case of Indian troubles that they should have stopped at a point near Blackfoot and settled there. But, he stated, "he was pleased with the mission and the spirit manifested there and now that everything was going well, he would see that more aid was given to them by strengthening the mission."

In September Elder Parry was sent to Utah in company with Elder Belnap taking with them the mail and carrying home reports of the success of the mission. They arrived in Utah during the latter part of the month and found the people very much excited over the news of the approach of Johnston's Army. Notwithstanding the impending danger to the Latter-day Saints in the territory, President Brigham Young, true to his promise, sent the following brethren and sisters to the Salmon mission, J. L. Dalton, James Wilcox, Eliza Jane Hadlock, Oliver Robinson, James Miller, Charles F. Middleton, Henry Smith and wife; Jesse Smith and wife, William Smith and wife; William Marler, Frederick A. Miller, Reuben Collett, Fountain Welsh, Orson Rose, Andrew Quigley, William Parry and wife; William Taylor, Levi Taylor, James Allred, Martin H. Harris, Jonathan Bowen and wife; Joseph Bowen, Stephen Ghean and wife; Henry Harmon and wife and James McBride. This company started for the north in October, 1857, and after crossing the Bear River the company was organized for the trip. Fort Hall was reached on the 13th of the month. On the 16th they crossed the Snake River and at this point President Smith and two other brethren left the party to go ahead and apprise the mission of the coming of the new force. Fort Limhi was reached on the 27th of October after a twenty-five day journey.

Arrangements were at once made for building a new fort, thereby increasing the acreage for the new arrivals. A number of log houses were erected. On December 3rd, lots were drawn at the lower fort. Threshing, which had continued at the upper fort all fall, was completed by the middle of the month. No trouble had occurred with the Indians up to this time but before long ill feelings became evident between the Nez Perce Indians and the Bannocks and Shoshones brought about mainly through the interference of white mountaineers led by one John W. Powell. On the 21st of December forty lodges of Shoshones arrived at the Fort, and from that time on relations between the Mormons and the Indians became more strained. President Smith sensed the dangerous position in which the mission was placed but believed that the Indians would do no more than steal some of the cattle.

On February 25, 1858 a large party of Bannock and Shoshone Indians attempted to drive off the cattle and in the ensuing skirmish killed George McBride and James Miller, and wounded President Thomas S. Smith and other brethren.

On the 28th President Smith called the brethren together asking for their counsel. Many were disheartened and desirous of abandoning the mission, but others felt that it was their duty to remain, at least until President Young had been apprised of the situation. E. Barnard and B. H. Watts were chosen to carry the message to Salt Lake City which they did after a long and perilous journey.

Immediately upon receipt of the news President Young ordered Col. Thomas Cunningham, with approximately one hundred mounted men and twenty wagons filled with provisions, to bring the missionaries and their families home. Fifty men under Captain Haight of Farmington also joined the company. Ten men were sent ahead to notify the mission of the arrival of the relief expedition.

On March 23rd the company arrived with instructions from President Young to abandon the mission. B. F. Cummings, George W. Hill, Gilbert Belnap, Bailey Lake, Sylvanus Collett, John Gallher and E. Barnard, who had returned with the express, set out on the return to Salt Lake City carrying the mail from the fort. En route they were ambushed by Indians and Bailey Lake was killed. Captain Haight's men arrived on the 25th and the next two or three days were occupied in preparations for the return home. By Sunday, March 18th, Fort Limhi was practically abandoned.

The missionaries arrived in Ogden April 11, 1858, two births had occurred along the way. They found their homes desolated, two-thirds of the people already on the move south. After a three days' rest there was nothing else for them to do but continue the journey southward.

It is believed that U. S. soldiers under Gen. Johnston, who were encamped near Fort Bridger during the winter of 1857-1858,

were influencing the Indians to commit all manner of depredations upon the Mormons. Thus ended the Salmon River Mission. Years later the government established a reservation a little distance from this point. It is now known as Fort Lemhi and the Lemhi Indian Reservation.—*Inf. Improvement Era*—1899 - 1900.

ARRIVAL OF EASTERN MAIL

The Eastern mail arrived on the 29th of May having left Independence on the 1st of May, and much credit is due Mr. John Murdock, conductor to Laramie, and to Mr. O. P. Rockwell, conductor from that point to this city, for the perseverance, prudence and energy displayed in the transportation of so large a mail in such good time and condition, especially at a time when the east half of the route was nearly destitute of forage, and grain was scarce and high priced. This is the first mail from Independence since the 13th of November, 1856, and, of course, the 24 sacks now brought contain much printed matter long since out of date. The contents of one sack were slightly damp, but in no wise injured, the carriers having crossed a swollen stream under the impression, from their appearance, that the sacks were waterproof, which is not the case, a fact that it will be well to keep in mind . . .

Deseret News, May 27, 1857

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The Eastern mail, under charge of Mr. A. O. Smoot, left on the 2nd of June, schedule time, and as the route is now becoming well supplied with men, vehicles and animals in goodly number and of the right kind, it is but reasonable to expect that this mail during the term of the present contract will be faithfully and punctually transmitted.

CELEBRATION OF TENTH ANNIVERSARY

Elder Judson Stoddard, conductor of the April mail to Independence, Bishop A. O. Smoot, conductor of the June mail and Elder O. P. Rockwell arrived on the 23rd inst., the two first named in twenty days from Fort Leavenworth, having left that place on the 4th inst. The down July mail, under the conduct of Elder John Murdock, intended to make the trip through in sixteen days. Messrs. Stoddard and Smoot came through without the mail, the Postmaster at Independence having been instructed not to deliver any more mail matter under Mr. Kimball's contract, which had been arbitrarily, unjustly, and most unwisely disannulled by the P. O. Department at Washington. The lower world is in a terrible uproar about the *Mormons*, and the fun of it is, they do not know why.—*Deseret News*, July 29, 1857

The people were celebrating the twenty-fourth of July—the anniversary of the Pioneers—in Big Cottonwood Canyon, when the news

reached them of the coming of the troops to invade their homes. They had conquered the desert. Cities were fast springing up in the solitary places, where cities had never been planted before, and in the valleys that had once been the bed of the great sea, civilization was spreading.

A plentiful harvest was promised that year, and every circumstance of their situation seemed favorable, except the lack of postal communication with the East. Their isolation, in this particular, had kept them in ignorance, up to that time, of the movements of the Government concerning them.

On the 22nd of July, 1857, numerous teams were seen wending their way, by different routes, to the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon, where they halted for the night. Next morning Governor Young led the van of the long line of carriages and wagons, and before noon the cavalcade reached the campground at the Cottonwood Lake, which nestles in the bosom of the mountain, 8,000 feet above the level of the sea. Early in the afternoon, the company, numbering 2,687 persons, encamped, and soon all were busy with the arrangements for the morrow. It will be seen, at a glance, that this was intended to be a pioneer's jubilee indeed; in primitive surroundings, suggestive of their entrance into the valley ten years before.

Early on the following morning the people assembled, and the choir sang:

On the mountain's top appearing
 Lo! the sacred herald stands!
 Welcome news to Zion bearing—
 Zion long in hostile lands
 Mourning captive!
 God himself shall loose thy bands.

Lo! the sun is risen in glory!
 God himself appears thy friend;
 All thy foes shall flee before thee
 Here their boasted triumphs end.
 Great deliv'rance
 Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

Enemies no more shall trouble;
 All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
 For thy shame thou shalt have double,
 In thy Maker's favor blest:
 All thy conflicts
 End in an Eternal rest.—*Kelly*

Then, after prayers, the Stars and Stripes were unfurled on the two highest peaks, in sight of the camp, on the two tallest trees. At twenty minutes past 9 A.M., three rounds from the artillery saluted

the First Presidency, and at a quarter past ten three rounds were given for the "Hope of Israel." Captain John W. Young, with his company of light infantry, answered to this last salute, and went through their military evolutions to the admiration of the beholders. This company numbered fifty boys, at about the age of twelve, who had been uniformed by Governor Young.

At noon, Mayor A. O. Smoot, Elder Judson Stoddard, Judge Elias Smith and O. P. Rockwell, rode into camp. They brought news of the coming of the troops. It was the first tidings of war. Any other people in the world would have been stricken with a terrible fear; but not so with these Mormon Saints. Never before did such a spirit of heroism so suddenly and completely possess an entire community. Men and women shared it alike. Stenhouse's "Rocky Mountain Saints" gives this description of the eventful day.

"On the 24th of July, 1857, there were probably gathered at the lake about two thousand persons—men, women, and children—in the fullest enjoyment of social freedom. Some were fishing in the lake, others strolling among the trees, climbing the high peaks, pitching quoits, playing cricket, engaging in gymnastic exercises, picnicking, and gliding through the boweries that were prepared for the mazy dance. It was the first day of feasting, joy, and amusement for the silver-haired veteran and the tottering child. The welkin rang with their triumphant songs of Zion, and these, accompanied by the sweet melody of many-toned instruments of music, thrilled every bosom with enthusiastic joy. Their exuberance was the pure outgushing of their souls' emotion, and owned no earthly inspiration, for their only beverage was the sparkling nectar of Eden, while their sympathies were united by a sacred and fraternal bond of affectionate love, which for the time rendered them oblivious of the artificial distinctions of social life. The highest and the lowest rejoiced together, rank and authority were set aside; it was a day in which the dreary past could be favorably contrasted with the joyous present, and hearts were made glad in the simple faith that the God of their fathers was their protector, and that they were His peculiar people

"But before the sun had crimsoned the snowy peaks that surrounded the worshipping, rejoicing Saints, Brigham Young was in possession of the news, and the people were listening with breathless attention to the most important addresses that ever their leaders had uttered, for upon their decision depended peace or war.

"Brigham was undaunted. With the inspiration of such surroundings—the grandeur of the Wasatch range of the Rocky Mountains everywhere encircling him, the stately trees whose foliage of a century's growth towered proudly to the heavens, the multitude of people before him who had listened to his counsels as if hearkening to the voice of the Most High—men and women who had followed him from the abodes of civilization to seek shelter in the wilderness from

mobs, prattling innocents and youths who knew nothing of the world but Utah, and who looked to him as a father for protection—what could he not say?"—*Reported by G. D. Watts*

DEATH OF PARLEY P. PRATT



Parley Parker Pratt

Parley Parker Pratt was born April 12, 1807 in Burlington, Otsego County, New York, the third son of Jared and Charity Pratt. The youthful days of Parley were characterized by the soberness and thoughtfulness of manhood. Though, from adverse circumstances his education was extremely limited, yet he displayed an originality of mind seldom exhibited. In September, 1830 he obtained a copy of the Book of Mormon, became convinced of its truthfulness and wisdom, and was soon baptized into the newly organized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. From that time on he became one of its most ardent workers. He was ordained a High Priest by the Prophet Joseph Smith June 6, 1831 and

in the summer of that same year did missionary work through Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri.

After the Mormons were driven from Jackson County, Missouri, Elder Pratt began an extensive tour of some fifteen hundred miles east preaching and strengthening the Saints. On February 21, 1835, he was chosen and ordained one of the Twelve Apostles by Joseph Smith, and that same year performed a lengthy missionary journey through Pennsylvania, New York, and several of the New England States. In 1836, he visited Canada and established a branch of the Church in Toronto and other smaller branches in adjoining towns. In 1837, he established a large branch in New York, and the following year removed to Caldwell County near the western boundaries of Missouri, where he endured the persecutions waged against the Saints in that vicinity, being imprisoned for eight months. Shortly after his release he went to England, where, in 1840, he commenced the publication of a periodical entitled the *Millennial Star*, one of the foremost European publications of the Church.

In 1847, Elder Pratt came to Salt Lake Valley where he assisted in forming the constitution for the provisional government of Deseret. He was elected a member of the Senate in the general assembly and was afterwards elected to the legislative council when Utah became a Territory.

In the fall of 1856, he accompanied twenty missionaries across the plains to the States. During the winter and part of the following spring he visited the Saints of St. Louis, Missouri, Philadelphia, New York and other places, preaching. On May 13, 1857, Elder Pratt was assassinated near the boundary line between Arkansas and the Indian Territory, and buried near the place where he was killed.

Parley P. Pratt was author of such masterful works as "The Voice of Warning" printed in New York in 1838; "History of the Missouri Persecutions"; "Key to Theology," a volume of poems, and his autobiography written up to near the time of his death and published by his son in 1874.

MOUNTAIN MEADOW MASSACRE

It was in the year of 1857 that one of the most lamentable episodes, the Mountain Meadow massacre, occurred within the Territory of Utah. In the spring of 1857 a company of Arkansas emigrants known as the Fancher party, set out for Southern California. Among the approximately one hundred and forty members of this party were a few who came from Missouri. While passing through the southern settlements in Utah it is said that some of the men boasted that they had participated in the driving of the Mormons from Missouri. When the party arrived at Fillmore they were advised to camp at Mountain Meadows located about 300 miles south and west of Salt Lake City. On September 11th they, with the exception of a few children who were later returned to relatives, were murdered by Indians, assisted by a few white men.—*Jenson*

NAMES OF THE SHIPS THAT CARRIED LATTER-DAY SAINT EMIGRANTS FROM EUROPE TO AMERICA IN 1857

Date of Sailing	Port of Sailing	Name of Ship	Leader of Company	Total No. of Souls	Place of Landing
March 28, 1857	Liverpool	<i>Geo. Washington</i>	J. P. Park	817	Boston
April 25, 1857	Liverpool	<i>Westmoreland</i>	Matthias Cowley	544	Philadelphia
May 30, 1857	Liverpool	<i>Tuscarora</i>	Richard Harper	547	Philadelphia
July 18, 1857	Liverpool	<i>Wyoming</i>	Chas. Harmon	36	Philadelphia
*Miscellaneous	Liverpool			50	

L. D. S. CHURCH EMIGRATION—1857

Organized Companies Overland

Outfitting Station	Date of Departure	Captain of Company	Total Souls	Wagons	Arrival in S. L. C.
Iowa City, Iowa	May 22, 1857	Israel Evans	149	1	Sept. 11
Iowa City, Iowa	June 15, 1857	C. Christiansen	330	3	Sept. 13
Florence, Neb.	June 13, 1857	Wm. Walker	86	28	Sept. 4
Iowa City, Iowa	June 1857	Jesse B. Martin	192	34	Sept. 12
Iowa City, Iowa	June 15, 1857	Matthias Cowley	198	31	Sept. 13
Iowa City, Iowa	June 1857	Jacob Hoffheins	204	41	Sept. 21
Texas	July 1857	Homer Duncan			Sept. 14-20
Iowa City, Iowa	June 1857	Wm. G. Young	55	19	Sept. 26

RICHARD HARPER—SHIP *TUSCARORA*

Richard Harper, son of Richard and Harriet Edwards Harper was born at Swineshead, Lincolnshire, England, April 5, 1827. Susan Faulkner Harper, his wife, daughter of William and Ellen Fox Faulkner was born June 17, 1827 at Anwick, Lincolnshire, England. Susan was learning to be a seamstress when she met Richard who was learning the shoemaking trade. These two young people were married August 16, 1849 at Anwick. They were baptized February 28, 1851 in Sleaford, England and after the birth of four children, Betsy Ann, William F., Eliza, and Richard Nephi they started for America on the sailing ship *Tuscarora* to join the body of the Saints in Zion. The ship sailed from Liverpool, England May 30, 1857. Richard had been presiding Elder of the branch where they had resided and was placed in charge of the Saints on board ship. The converts numbered over five hundred souls coming from England, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. The ship landed at Philadelphia July 3, 1857. Two weeks after landing, Mrs. Harper gave birth to twin girls, one of whom died soon after birth. Two weeks later Richard Nephi was taken ill and died. Both children were buried in Philadelphia. During the next five years, two more daughters were born. Elder Harper presided over the branch while in that city. Times were hard and the family suffered from lack of sufficient food and clothing during the weeks preceding the outbreak of the Civil War.

Word was finally received from Utah for all the Saints to come West as soon as possible, so, on June 17, 1862, the family left for the long trek. En route the baggage car caught fire and they were again left without clothing, except that which they wore. When the family reached Florence Neb., they joined the Henry W. Miller company arriving in the Valley October 17, 1862. They lived in Salt Lake City for two years. Richard walked from Salt Lake to Cache Valley to find a suitable place for a home, and then back to Salt Lake

to prepare his family for the move. They arrived in Smithfield in October 1864. When they left Philadelphia sheeting sold at five cents a yard, and when they reached Salt Lake City the same grade sold for \$1.25 a yard.

Mr. Harper worked at the shoemaking trade, receiving in payment anything that could be eaten or wood for fuel. He paid \$90.00 for their first Charter Oak stove and hauled flour by ox team to Salt Lake City to pay for it. He was a man of great faith. He worked among the sick of Smithfield in the early days and also served as a school trustee. Both he and his good wife died in the same year; she, on October 11, 1891, and he, on November 13, 1891. They were the parents of 12 children.—*Gayle Merrill Lewis*

The following article was taken from a Philadelphia newspaper concerning the arrival of Elder Harper's company of Saints.

ANOTHER HERD OF MORMONS

Should the Salt Lake settlement continue to drain the old countries of their peasantry, as they are now doing, the Mormons will soon become a strong people. Another cargo arrived at the foot of Walnut Street yesterday, per packet ship *Tuscarora*, consisting of five hundred and thirty-seven souls. The entire multitude were Mormons excepting one Irishman. They hail from Sweden, Denmark, and Great Britain, the majority being natives of the latter country.

Our reporter boarded the ship on her arrival, threaded his way through the disciples who thronged the decks, and sought out the president or Elder of that party. We found him in the person of Richard Harper, a fair type of English mechanic—lusty, vigorous and healthy. He became a convert to Mormonism about five years since, through the preaching of itinerant Mormons who visited Lincolnshire, in his native land. Harper declared that the truths uttered by these vagabond Mormons was so irresistible that he yielded implicit credence to them. Feeling, therefore, like Paul—"Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel," he, in turn, became an exhorter, an Elder, and finally president of the Societies of the District. He then determined to form a company to emigrate to Utah, with what success the reader can judge for himself. He is accompanied by his wife and four children. The appearance and condition of the passengers are better than we have ever seen before in an emigrant ship. The contrast between these Mormons, in point of cleanliness and apparent comfort, with the passengers of the *Saranak*, a ship at the adjoining pier which was then discharging a load of Irish, was strikingly in favor of the former. Their cheerfulness, too, was remarkable, but is accounted for by their unity from care in disposing of their baggage, all of which was attended to by Mr. Angus Cannon, agent for the Mormon Emigration Societies.

"When the ship hauled into her berth, there was a crowd of boardinghouse keepers ready to extend their good offices, but all their attentions were entirely superfluous, and the Mormons saved their money. Each family pays its own expenses. The cargo of the *Westmoreland*, which arrived some three weeks ago, was entirely from the continent and was a sort of joint stock concern. Not so with this. Indeed, only about a third of them are going direct to Utah, the remainder will remain in the States until they can earn sufficient money to carry them out. One English woman whose dress and address were alike refined, informed us that she was a dress-maker, and should remain here if she could obtain employment, otherwise she should go with the others to Salt Lake. There are quite a number of seamstresses on board who were eager to know whether employment could be readily obtained, while mechanics of the opposite sex were no less inquisitive.

"We were much surprised at the degree of conversance which these people have gained with the Holy Scriptures. A man to whom we spoke upon the subject of Mormonism, under the impression that he was utterly ignorant of the Bible, astounded us by an exposition of his creed, backed by scriptural quotations so apt that none but a well-versed Theologian need attempt an argument with him.

"It is unfair to characterize these Mormons as unlettered, or charge them with embracing the creed for the mere sake of promised happiness in an ideal country. On the contrary, they seem fully to realize the hardships before them and to have their eyes open to the fact that they must earn their bread by patient toil, upon arriving in Utah. They appear to be a moral and correct set of people, with no such ideas as we find existing in the land of Brigham Young. While on shipboard there were religious services, three times on Sunday and every morning and evening during the week.

"No intercourse was permitted between the crew and passengers. President Harper was the mouthpiece of the tribe. The mode of address among each other was Brother and Sister, while their intercourse appeared to be eminently cordial and affectionate."

ON THE SHIP *GEORGE WASHINGTON*

James Pollock Park was born December 21, 1821 in the town of Cambuslang, near Glasgow, Scotland, the son of Andrew Park. He emigrated to Canada, and becoming a convert to Mormonism in the winter of 1844, he went to Nauvoo, Illinois the following summer. There he was ordained an Elder and sent on a mission to Canada. He was with the Saints during the exodus from Nauvoo, and having arrived at the Missouri River he enlisted as a member of the Mormon Battalion marching through to California.

James came to Salt Lake City in 1848 and located in Mill Creek. Here he married Agnes Findley by whom he had four children.

Later he married Sarah Ann Pymm and to them were born four more children.

In 1852 he was called on a mission to the British Isles preaching the gospel in England, Scotland and Wales. He returned home in 1857 in charge of a company of emigrants who crossed the Atlantic in the ship *George Washington*.

In 1868, he located with his family in Fairfield, Utah County where he resided until the time of his death which occurred December 30, 1889. He was president of the 61st quorum of Seventy in Mill Creek.—*D.U.P. Files*

SOLOMON BARTH—1857

Solomon Barth and Morris Barth (Jews) and some Mexicans, in 1873 commenced a settlement which later became St. Johns, Apache County, Arizona located on the west or left bank of the Little Colorado River. In November 1879, Elder Ammon M. Tenney, a prominent missionary to the Indians following the instructions of Apostle Wilford Woodruff, purchased squatters rights to a large tract of land in St. Johns upon which to locate a settlement for the missionaries. The price was 770 head of average American cows from three to seven years old. Brother William J. Flake of Snowflake loaned 100 head of stock to assist the project and the Church supplied the balance of the amount necessary. Brother Flake was later paid in full, and the Church, in part, by the settlers. The following is the story of Solomon Barth as told in the St. Johns Herald, June 4, 1925.

There is not a citizen of Arizona living today who has had a more romantic and interesting life from the old western days viewpoint, than Sol Barth of St. Johns, Apache County . . . We believe that Sol Barth is justified in his claim that he has been in Arizona longer than any white man. He came to Tucson in 1861, when the old pueblo was merely an adobe village, and before Prescott, Phoenix and others of the older settlements had been established.

Sol was born in New Jersey eighty-three years ago. He is still hale and hearty and his mind is keenly alert . . . His German-Jewish parents went back to Germany a few years after Sol's birth, but Sol returned to America at the age of thirteen years, as a protegee of an uncle who had become wealthy as a merchant in San Bernardino, California. It was the desire of the uncle that Sol should become an apprentice and understudy and possibly successor in his business. The uncle was a convert to Mormonism. Taking the lad of thirteen years to Council Bluffs, Iowa, in 1857, the uncle arranged with an emigrant train of Swedish and Norwegian Mormon converts for the boy to accompany them on the long trek across the plains to Provo, Utah.

The travelers had no livestock of any kind. With the men pushing and the women pulling, such simple effects as their possessions

for beginning their new life in the far west, were hauled and dragged for hundreds of miles over the plains and mountains in two wheeled handcars. Provisions gave out long before the party reached their destination, and members were forced to subsist largely on prairie chickens. The rich uncle took passage around the Horn for his home in San Bernardino in a vessel after seeing Sol well started on the long trek.

The unbelievable hardships of the long foot journey to Provo impressed Sol with the conviction that his rich uncle of San Bernardino was somewhat of a hard master. Making his way from Provo to San Bernardino with other Mormon colonists who were traveling there for supplies, Sol did not report to his uncle upon his arrival but obtained temporary employment with another tradesman.

In 1861 he was in Tucson. The following year after a few months spent at La Paz, the rich placer diggings on the Colorado River, Sol began operating a small store at bonanza diggings of Rich Hill. In 1863 he was associated with Henry Wickenburg in a store at the Young camp at Wickenburg. In 1867 he guided a party of engineers seeking a route for the Santa Fe railroad from Albuquerque to Needles.

The year 1874 locates him at a trading post at the Indian village of Zuni in western New Mexico. It was Sol who guided Kit Carson's expedition to the Zuni village when that intrepid Indian fighter was making his famous campaign against the warring Navajo tribesmen. Carson induced the simple Indians at Zuni to sell him their grain for his men and horses. As a result of their lack of foresight, the village Indians had to carry grain on their backs to the Zuni from other Pueblos far down on the Rio Grande to keep their women and children from starving before another harvest could be garnered.

The same year Sol opened a store at Fort Apache in the heart of the country of the fiercest of Arizona's Indian tribes. Supplies for the store at Fort Apache were freighted across the plains in ox-drawn wagons from Kansas City and from Colorado points. The round trip consumed the better part of a year. On the outgoing trips wool was hauled for hundreds of miles to Las Animas, Colorado, where it was disposed of for from 10 to 12 cents a pound. Sheep were driven to Las Animas and sold for 90 cents a head. Sol had become an extensive sheep raiser in Arizona and New Mexico. Wages for Mexican herders in those days were \$12.00 a month and all the mutton they could eat. The herders supplied their own blankets and no sugar was furnished for their coffee. Sugar was high.

Sol tells that one of his improvident herders once lost his blanket gambling with a wandering group of Navajo Indians. To save himself from freezing to death the herder dug a pit in the ground under the snow, lined it with stones, built a fire of cedar wood in the hole, and when the fire burned out, covered the hole with brush and crawled

into it. There he remained for three days, until the blizzard had spent its fury.

In 1874 Sol squatted on the land which now comprises the town-site of St. Johns, took the first irrigation canal out of the Little Colorado River. Two years later he sold his land holdings to the Mormon Church heads at Salt Lake City, who parceled the land out among the colonists.

In 1881 Sol elected himself to the Twelfth Territorial Council. He is the only survivor of that session. He served with Governor Hunt in the Nineteenth Territorial Council in 1897. Besides the two men mentioned, there is believed to be only Mr. Packard of Cochise County of the members of that council who are living today.

St. Johns was in sort of a neutral strip between the Apache and Navajo ranges. That accounted to some extent for the ability of Mr. Barth to maintain his hold on the lands in that section in the early days. Another business activity of Sol's consisted of hauling salt with oxen from the natural salt lake forty miles east of St. Johns to Prescott and Fort Apache. Flour and grain were also transported by the same method from the Salt River Valley and lumber taken to Tempe on the return trip.

On one trip from Colorado with flour, coffee, and sugar, Sol lost a hundred yoke of oxen by thirst and starvation. This was the last trip in 1878-79, and consumed eighteen months. It was necessary to camp for months along the way in New Mexico while fresh oxen were brought up from St. Johns and until the rains finally came to bring forth the grass on the parched plains.

The experience through which Sol and seven companions passed in 1868, was possibly the most thrilling of his career. In that year with two Americans and five Mexican helpers Sol loaded a train of burros and mules with knives, tobacco, and blankets for a trading trip into the heart of Apache country in the White Mountains. They were guided by a Mexican interpreter who had spent the early years of his life as a captive of the Apaches and had later been sold by them to a Mexican family living in New Mexico.

When they arrived at the Indian camp near the present site of Fort Apache, the reds were in a hostile mood. They unceremoniously deprived the traders of their goods and animals, even stripping them of their clothing and hats and shoes. The lives of the party were saved by the pleas of an Apache squaw whom Sol had befriended the previous year, when, with her husband, she was a member of a party of Apache scouts being used by the government in military operations against the Navajos. As a special concession, Sol was finally allowed to keep his trousers and his cowboy boots.

The men then began a frightful journey on foot without food or clothing in bitter weather across the mountains and plains to the nearest friendly Indian settlement at Zuni village about 125 miles

away. Sol had managed to retain possession of a few matches. The only food which the party had on the long trip consisted of one small dog which had elected to follow them from the Indian camp. This was choked to death, cooked and eaten. There was plenty of game in the country but the men had no guns for killing it. Sol, with his boots was able to make more rapid progress than his bare-foot companions. He went on ahead to a Zuni village where arrangements were made for the Indians to accompany him back on the trail with food and clothes for the members of the party. When they were reached by the rescuers, all were in complete despair and had given up the attempt to progress further across the bleak plains toward the village.

Sol Barth is, we believe, the only white survivor of an early day fight with the Apaches, which took place a few miles below Miami. A party of prospectors and others from Wickenburg district, led by the famous scout King Woolsey, came upon the war party of Apaches in the foothills. By a ruse, the Indians were induced to come into camp to trade with the prospectors. At a pre-arranged signal the members of the White party opened fire on the Indians and slaughtered them to a man, about fifty in all, according to the estimates of Mr. Barth. Only one of the Americans was killed in the fight.

For forty years Sol Barth was one of the largest sheep growers in the state. For six decades he was active as a freighter, trader, rancher and politician. Throughout the northeastern section of Arizona the marks of the early Indian traders of German descent, included the Barths, the Beckers, the Scores and others are all over the land. They played a very large part in the development of the country from an Indian hunting and fighting ground into a land of the white man's civilization.

THE WALKER COMPANY

William Holmes Walker, son of John and Lydia Holmes Walker, was born at Peacham, Caledonia County, Vermont, August 28, 1820. His parents were baptized into the Mormon Church in 1832. William came to Salt Lake City September 19, 1847. He was returning from a mission to South Africa in 1856, when he was called to purchase cattle for the Church emigration. He was delayed one year and started for Utah in 1857, in charge of a company of Saints.

At the last crossing of the Platte River near the Black Hills he left his company in charge of Thomas E. Rise. He then started out on horseback alone and arrived in the Valley September 1st. His company did not arrive until September 11th.

The following excerpts were taken from the diary of *Joseph Maginnis Smith* who was born in Sidney, Fremont County, Iowa, July 17, 1885.

"My parents were converted to the Mormon faith in Woods County, West Virginia and wished to come to Utah. At Sidney, Iowa an immigrant train was ready to leave for Utah, therefore, Father's family consisting of father, mother and the three children, Octavis, Alseona and myself joined the wagon train. We had a new wagon loaded with provisions and three yoke of cattle. We traveled in Captain Walker's company.

"We arrived in Bountiful, Utah in 1857. We were obliged to live in a hole in the ground with a few boards on top. It was here that my sister Josephine was born and that night it rained all night. The floor was covered with water. A brother, also, was born in Bountiful.

"The spring of 1860, we started for Cache Valley and arrived at Old Camp Hollow. It was here the early pioneers of Hyrum lived while they located a place to build homes. There were about twenty men in camp. A committee was appointed to locate a place to build a city and survey a place for a canal to bring water from Avon to Hyrum. It took these men twenty days to complete the canal. While laboring, there were only two aged men left in camp to protect the women and children from Indians. The women soon found that they needed more help, as the redskins frightened them almost to death coming into camp. Going out where the cattle were feeding the Indians shot one of the heifers, made a fire, cooked all they could eat, and then made their beds for the night. The next morning, they cooked another piece of meat and left.

"I remember, when a boy old enough to do a good day's work, I labored all day in the fields for twenty-five cents. Some of us boys herded cows for the summer. In the fall I went to collect my herd bill. Money was scarce and all I could get was one pound of corn on the cob from each family. It took me two days to collect a wagon load of corn. Then I persuaded father to let me take his team, which consisted of a yoke of cattle, and haul my corn to Corinne, a small station where they bought grain. I started early in the morning, when I reached Brigham City it was dark. When I finally sold my corn the next day, I received \$9.00 for it. That was my summer's wages.

"I helped cut and deliver cedar posts to the Church Farm the first time it was fenced. I assisted in making the first mill race to the first sawmill in Blacksmith Fork Canyon. I helped cut brush and build the road in White Pine county.

"My brothers, Octavis and Alvin McBride cut the timber and I snaked the logs to the mill with three yoke of cattle. The lumber was beautiful. I worked on a road from a coal mine running through Bear Lake country, also in Idaho on the desert."

Joseph married Josephine Anderson in the Salt Lake Endowment House in 1879. They were the parents of ten sons and daughters. He served as an official in the Logan L.D.S. Temple from 1903

to 1918. He was a member of the Hyrum L.D.S. stake high council for fourteen years and has also been a justice of the peace, town marshal, and assessor in Hyrum. He passed away October, 1942 and was buried in the Hyrum cemetery.—*D.U.P. Files*

WILLIAM GOODALL YOUNG COMPANY

William Goodall Young, born February 21, 1827 at Canadaigua, New York, was the son of Lorenzo Dow and Persis Goodall Young, the eldest of ten children. He was baptized into the Latter-day Saint Church in 1837. On January 1, 1845 he married Adelia C. Clark who was born January 28, 1826 in New York to Gardner and Delecta Clark. William and Adelia had six children, the first two, girls, being born in Winter Quarters. One died in infancy. They came to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake in 1848 and here four more children were born to them.

In the spring of 1854, William was called on a mission for the Church, leaving Salt Lake City sometime in April by ox team for Boston, whence he sailed on the steamship Canada and arrived in England in June of that year. His labors in different conferences extended over a period of some three years. The following notation was taken from the *Millennial Star*: "Elder William G. Young has labored faithfully as a president and pastor for the last three years in England. God has blessed his labors, the Saints have been strengthened, and fired with zeal towards God and for the salvation of man while partaking of the waters of life that flowed from the spirit of God which dwelleth in him. He returns to Zion with our blessings and the blessings of Israel upon his head."

William sailed from England on the 14th of February, 1857 on the steamer Niagara for Boston. His cousin, James A. Little returned in the same company as William and was appointed Emigration Agent at Florence, Nebraska. William assisted him in every way he could in helping to fit out companies of emigrants.

William was placed in charge of twelve wagons which arrived at Florence, Nebraska June 8, 1857 and left on the 12th of the same month with 19 wagons, a small company, numbering besides women and children, twenty-two men, well armed. On Saturday, the 26th of September, Captain William G. Young's train arrived in Salt Lake City with the last of the season's immigration.

In this company was his Aunt Nancy Young Kent, eldest sister of his father and President Brigham Young, the latter having made arrangement for her to come to the valley in William's company. In his company were also two young women from England whom he appointed to care for his aged Aunt. Soon after their arrival in the Valley both young women became the wives of William G. Young. He and Martha Grainger were married on October 6, 1857. She bore him

five children. He married Eliza Atkinson the 31st of January, 1858. No children were born to her.

The 12th of January 1858, William G. was ordained a High Priest and set apart as bishop of Grantsville Ward in Tooele County. Early in the spring of 1864 he was released and, with his brother Franklin, and others, moved to Bear Lake Valley. Here they built homes and harvested their crops.

After several years helping to settle and develop the Bear Lake country, William G. returned to Utah sometime between 1866 and 1868 and settled for a time in Enterprise, Morgan County. Later he located at South Cottonwood, Salt Lake County, where he served as bishop. In 1881, William G. moved to Flagstaff, Arizona, taking his family, and had charge of railroad construction work under the direction of his cousin, John W. Young. About 1882 they returned to Big Cottonwood, and then moved to Grantsville, Tooele County where he bought a home and engaged in the merchandising business. Later he came to Salt Lake City and engaged in the same line of work until within a few months of his death which occurred in Salt Lake City April 15, 1894.—*D.U.P. Files*

William Gibbs—Among the first settlers of Jamestown, Virginia was Nicholas Gibbs. His son Francis married a Welsh girl whose name was Ruth Williams. To this union was born William, January 11, 1822, in Pennsylvania, where he spent his childhood days.

In 1842 William went to Lockport, Niagara, New York where there was a branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. It was at this church he met and married a young school teacher, Eliza Dana of New York on April 16, 1844. When Eliza Dana was converted to Mormonism her people were very much opposed to her decision. However, a short time later, the mother also was baptized a member.

A few days after their marriage William and Eliza started for Nauvoo to join the Mormon people but found the roads in such bad condition that they had to wait four weeks. During this time they received word of the death of the Prophet Joseph. Quoting from an article written by Eliza Dana: "Notwithstanding we had never seen the Prophet, it cast such a gloom over our minds that it seemed to blight our future prospects. In a few days however we journeyed on, but when we arrived at Nauvoo, it was not the Nauvoo we anticipated. All was gloom and sadness, and as time passed on, sorrow and distress seemed to mark us for their particular victims . . ."

"William worked on the Nauvoo Temple and continued there during the winter of 1845. In the spring of the year he went to work in Newell K. Knight's mill where he remained until August of that year, when he took ill again with the prevailing scourge of the place . . . I gave birth to a son August 27th.

"In the spring of 1849 we moved to a place on Coon River, forty miles from Pisgah. Here William and a Mr. Ong built a sawmill for the purpose of getting an outfit for the Rocky Mountains, so that we might join the Saints in the Great Salt Lake Valley; but, in the spring of 1850, raged the California gold fever and the roads for hundreds of miles were thronged with emigrants to California, so much so that provisions of all kinds, especially breadstuffs, was sold out of the country. It was impossible for us to obtain supplies for the journey, therefore, we were almost compelled to take the back track or suffer for the necessities of life, consequently we concluded to go back to Illinois, Alden, McHenry County, where we had relatives, then make another start for Salt Lake City. There we found our friends well that were alive, but it took us seven years to accomplish our purpose and we now had four children.

"In the fall of 1857 we succeeded in starting on our long anticipated journey. When we arrived at Iowa City we expected to meet Brother Charles Dana who was returning from his four year's British Mission, but when we reached the city he had left; so we were left to travel alone or join a Danish company who could not speak one word of English. The captain of the company was not Danish and he was very anxious for us to go along with him, which we did as far as Council Bluffs. There we found a company getting ready to cross the plains. We joined this company in which was a sister of President Brigham Young.

"Our company had just a little start of the Government troops on their way to Utah and we kept it. Our journey was a pleasant one. We met some Indians and numerous herds of buffalo; our teams began to get footsore, which made it slow traveling, and we began to fear the troops would overtake us before we got to Salt Lake City. However, to our great relief when we got to Black Fork, President Young sent us some fresh teams and we arrived in Salt Lake City September 26, 1857; rented a house and made ourselves quite comfortable until spring. Then the counsel from Brigham Young for all the settlements north of Provo to move south. We moved to Summit Creek, now Santaquin, remaining there until negotiations were ratified between the government and the people of Utah.

"Then we moved back to Salt Lake City, rented a house from Mrs. Taylor, mother of John Taylor. Here I ran a boarding house and William worked on the Salt Lake Theater until it was finished and built Brigham Young a farm house miles south of the city. He also acted as night guard at Brigham Young's home. William bought a lot opposite the Court House in the Fourteenth Ward, and there built a two-story adobe house. Here we were quite happy to get into a house we could call home."

In December 1863, William Gibbs sold his home in Salt Lake City and moved to Fillmore, Utah where he rented two rooms from

William King. He superintended the building of the upper grist mill. He had a contract for the carpenter work on the little rock school house and he also superintended the building of the Ray House and many other pioneer buildings. He ran the upper grist mill for several years and always ground wheat for the Indians without charge. After some time he built a large home on upper Main Street. Years later he moved to Deseret, Utah, where he died November 1899.—*Maude C. Melville*

JESSE BIGLER MARTIN COMPANY

Jesse Bigler Martin was born April 11, 1825 near Clarksburg, Harrison County, West Virginia. His father was John Snider Martin and his mother Matilda Bigler. The family moved to Illinois, after becoming members of the Mormon Church, and there Jesse was baptized by Thomas Grover in Adams County. He was among the Saints in the exodus from Nauvoo and was at Council Bluffs when the call came for the Mormon Battalion. After being mustered out in California, he worked at Sutter's Mill and there procured enough gold to make a wedding ring for his future wife, Sophronia Moore, who had crossed the plains to Utah in September, 1847. They were married in Salt Lake City December 14, 1848.

Their first home was a one-room log cabin. After awhile he brought a Mormon Battalion friend, Israel Evans, and his wife, to live with them. Later on he added a large adobe room to the cabin. Jesse belonged to a company of "Minute Men" and took an active part in several Indian skirmishes.

On June 20, 1853 he was called on a mission to Great Britain. He served four years and four months and on his return to Iowa City, Iowa was placed in charge of a wagon company consisting of thirty-four wagons and approximately two hundred souls. They arrived in Salt Lake City September 12, 1857.

On December 20, 1857 he married Ann Clark as his second wife. She was an English immigrant who had come across the plains in his company. In the spring of 1860 he moved his families to Lehi, where he had purchased a farm with one of the best wells on it in the valley and here he was able, through diligent work, to provide an ample living for his growing children.

In 1863, he was called by President Young to preside over the Scipio branch in Millard County, and again his families battled anew the hardships of pioneering. Because of the unfriendliness of the Indians the settlers built a fort near the East mountains, known as the First Fort. In this enclosure the men made dugouts for their families until such time as a more substantial fort could be erected which was called the Second Fort. At the end of the Black Hawk hostilities the people moved onto the lots they had drawn, and Jesse built two cabins

with two rooms each for his families on the land allotted him. The remainder of his children were born and reared here. The first telegraph south of Salt Lake City was installed in one of his homes and two daughters learned to both send and receive messages.

Jesse Bigler served as presiding elder of the community in 1863, and, in 1875, was ordained a Patriarch of Millard Stake by President Young. During his later years he moved to Provo, Utah with his wife Sophronia. Ann stayed in her home in Scipio. He passed away October 17, 1908 nearing his eighty-fourth year.—*Zora Smith Jarvis*

Elsie Edge Booth was born December 21, 1825, in the little town of Leigh, Lancashire, England. She was the daughter of John and Sarah Davis Edge. Her father's ancestors were English, but her mother's grandfather came from Wales, which may account for Elsie's great love of music and her beautiful alto voice.

Her father died in his early manhood, leaving the widow and two daughters to face life's problems as best they could. Educational facilities in England among the working classes were meager. One of the main industries in Leigh a century ago, as now, was the manufacture of woven fabrics, and at an early age Elsie was taught to weave silk. The following story was written by her daughter, May.

Elsie Edge was not quite twenty-one years old when she was married August 14, 1846 to Richard Thornton Booth, who on that date, had reached his twenty-fifth birthday. He, though born near Bolton, moved at an early age to a little village called Bedford, about three miles from Leigh and as the two villages expanded they merged into one—Bedford-Leigh. Both young people were earnest members of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. Shortly after their marriage Father heard the Gospel message of the Latter-day Saints and soon became convinced of its genuineness; but it took an entire year of study and prayer before Elsie was thoroughly converted to the new faith. In later years she oftentimes said: "It took a great deal of effort to get me into the Church but no amount could get me out. The Gospel is dearer to me than life itself." And her words were vindicated by her actions.

For nearly ten years Father and Mother gave devoted service to the Latter-day Saint Church in their native land. While they were saving means to emigrate to Zion, Father labored as a local traveling Elder with much success. In the meantime two sons and two daughters were born to them. By this time Father, through diligent effort, had secured a position with a coal mining company to weigh coal and keep books.

In the year 1857 my parents embarked with a company of Saints at Liverpool on the ship "*George Washington*", bound for America. My Grandmother Edge was unable to accept the Gospel. Her only other child, Betty, had died in early married life, so it was a great trial to

all when the separation came between the mother and her only living child, as Elsie felt impelled to accompany her husband to "the promised land." Due to rough seas and unfavorable winds the sailing vessel was three weeks in crossing the Atlantic. A delicate state of health, coupled with extreme and continued nausea, made a voyage a very trying one for Mother.

At Council Bluffs Father secured two wagons and two yoke of oxen for the journey westward, to be taken in the *Jesse B. Martin Company*. Father drove one team while the other was driven by the eldest son, John Edge Booth, who was ten years old. The company was just ahead of Johnston's Army and the strange, wild rumors concerning the intention of the military detachment to exterminate the Mormons furnished no encouragement to the weary travelers. Many treasured articles brought from across the sea had to be discarded by the wayside as the journey lengthened, and food had to be rationed to men and teams as the burden grew too heavy for the wearying animals. One day mother and a companion thought they would lighten the load and enjoy the exercise of walking for a while, not realizing that the line of march could not well be broken and that her delicate state of health might prevent her keeping up; but, thus it happened, and they were obliged to walk several miles before the caravan rested a sufficient time for the women to catch up.

They were near what was then known as the Big Sandy River—now the Platte—in Nebraska, and before another day dawned, on August 31st, a fifth child was born. Their covered wagon had to serve as a hospital and for twelve successive days she, and the infant, were jolted over rough roads in a springless bed until the company arrived in Salt Lake City September 12, 1857—five months after the embarkation at Liverpool.

They found many kind friends in Zion and were soon comfortably located but their stay in Salt Lake City was short, as students of early history know how the troops were kept out through the winter and when in the summer they were permitted to enter the city, the Saints had already moved and found new homes. Among the places suggested to my parents was a little place thirty-five miles southeast of Salt Lake City then called "Mountainville," though its official name was Alpine. To Mother's beauty-loving soul the name appealed, and there they went with another family named Adams. The Moyle family, who had come a year earlier to Utah in the handcart company, went thither also.

They found no vacant houses so they were all obliged to make dugouts in the hillside and live there until log houses could be obtained or built. Into this room with its floor and walls and roof of earth my parents took their little brood of five and called it home. A few months later Father was fortunate in securing a commodious log cabin formerly occupied by the Wright family of Ogden and later by

the Preston family who had located in American Fork. The log cabin was used as a sleeping room for the boys for years after the Booth family moved into a modest cottage of stone and adobe. But whether living in a dugout, log cabin, or cottage, whether the fare was meager or abundant, friends always found a spirit of warm hospitality in our home.

Mother was a natural teacher of the young. Father and Mother were progressive and kept abreast of the times through newspapers and good magazines which were provided liberally even at the sacrifice of better food and clothing. In addition to assisting Father in teaching the town school in the winter, Mother conceived the thought that children would be better off if a short-term summer school were held, than if they were left to roam the streets; so, during each of several years she conducted a ten week's course in "The Old Meetinghouse." She not only taught the children to read, write and spell, but she taught them geography in her own impressive way, to sing little songs accompanied by motions, to play games, to do little acts of courtesy and many other features that made the school house a delight to the children. In geography class she used an apple to illustrate the shape and rotation of the earth. While the children were at recess the older boys would sprinkle and sweep the floor so that when the class reconvened, the members, in answer to questions from prescribed text books, would be asked to find an island, a river, lake, peninsula, cape, bay, etc. using the wet and dry positions of the floor to represent the land and water of the earth's surface.

In those days the men cut their grain with scythes—laid it carefully in bundles and deftly bound it by hand, but there were many stray stalks of precious wheat which could not be gathered in without too much loss of time. The grain saving movement was just begun in the Relief Societies and every one was urged to save against a time of future need. On occasions, Mother used to take her little flock after school to glean in the fields from which the shocks of grain had been hauled. The children made a line across the field and then went forward gleaning every possible stalk.

When the field was clean all would sit down and sort the stalks. The fine long, smooth ones had the heads of wheat clipped off and the straw was laid in neat piles to be taken home and soaked over night to toughen. Then the girls were taught to braid it.

I well remember the first Fair held in Alpine within my lifetime. Mother had been to Salt Lake City to take a course in obstetrics from a Dr. Barker who came from the East to teach. While there she also learned how to work mottos—make lamp mats, fashioned by winding yarn around pegs that were fastened in a frame, tying the squares and then cutting the upper half, leaving fluffy balls on top. Photo frames were made with cardboard cut in the shape of a star on which the photo was laid and held in place by winding bright colored

yarns symmetrically around. Old, as well as young, took a vital interest in this new venture, and so, lovely quilts and many other beautiful things were made for this event.

Father kept abreast of the times along the road of medicine and served as family doctor for that little town for more than thirty years. In his ministry among the sick he was ably assisted by Mother who seldom failed, after learning of the need, to prepare "gruel" soup or other nourishment, to send it by one of her children to the sick.

Following the arrival of my parents in the Valley, five other children were welcomed into their home, making in all six sons and four daughters. All of these grew to manhood and womanhood; and all but one or two had training either at the University of Deseret, or the Brigham Young Academy.

When Mother embraced the Gospel her relatives on her father's side felt that she had brought disgrace upon their home and name, and when ten years later she left to come to Utah they were still bitter. Twenty years went by and, then in 1877, Mother broke the silence by writing a long letter to her favorite aunt. In it she told the story of that score of silent years, of the struggles, and the joys, of the children, and their progress, and then again she bore a marvelous testimony concerning the divinity of the cause she had espoused, and expressed her deep gratitude for the absolute knowledge of its truth with which she had been blessed. The letter was answered. The aunt was glad for word from this favorite niece. Time had changed the bitterness of imagined disgrace into mere sorrow because of the separation; so she answered, telling also her life's story through the intervening years, and added: "We will continue to write; we want to know more about your family and of your welfare, but *please* do not write concerning your religion."

This letter was preserved and forty-eight years afterward it was my privilege, while in England to visit the youngest daughter of the writer in Leigh. The wonderful way by which I found our cousin in a Chapel and her insistence that I make a visit to her home, forms another story. After a few lines of her mother's letters were read, she interrupted for a moment to get a small box from which she brought forth the letter from my mother. We sat as in a dream visiting with our mothers through their words penned well nigh half a century before and preserved by two daughters who until that day had no idea of the whereabouts or existence of the other.

Through this unexpected meeting I was taken to the house where Mother was born, to the chapel where she sang, to walk the streets she walked, and to view the scenes she loved so well. Few happier days have come into my life than the ones I spent in Leigh. As I journeyed back to Liverpool with my youngest son, it seemed almost as though my mother also had been with me. But even better than her native land she loved the mountains that surrounded the little home in

Alpine. There was poetry in her soul, and though lacking technical training, she still wrote as it welled up within her.

When the temple at Kirtland was dedicated she wrote a poem which was published, and, in 1893, she wrote words that were set to music and sung at the dedication of the Temple in Salt Lake City. In 1882, she held a jubilee with her Primary children in Alpine, to celebrate the event of her having belonged to some choir for fifty years.

On her death-bed in July 1893, she called for her children to come in and asked them to kneel in prayer in turn. She knew her time had come and in those closing hours she voiced a testimony that will ever linger in the hearts of the men and women who were fortunate to call her Mother.

Eleven years after mother had passed away some of the sisters in Alpine, who had been her children in Primary or in summer school, took their children to her grave and laid upon it a tribute of flowers, while the mothers recalled the story of her life of worthy deeds and loving service.—*May Booth Talmage*

Job Pingree—"I was born November 21, 1837, in the Parish of Acton, Beauchamp, Worcestershire, England, being the son of Job Pingree and Charlotte Tarrant. My father had a small farm and a grist mill. He died in the year 1843 at the age of fifty, leaving me fatherless at six years of age. Sometime after my mother was married to Samuel Banford and by him she had six children. He died in 1855, leaving me to take care of the place and the grist mill at the age of about eighteen years. My father and mother had three children, Margery and Samuel, who both died. In 1855 my mother was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

"On August 13, 1856, some Elders were baptizing people in our mill pond and I was also baptized, then being between eighteen and nineteen. Before this time I had been going to places of worship at different churches and sometimes went to the Latter-day Saint meetings.

"In the spring of 1857, with my help, my Mother sold out the stock and furniture and rented our home and we left for Utah on March 28th on the ship "*George Washington*" from Liverpool. There were 817 people on the ship and in three weeks we arrived in Boston. In crossing the sea several persons died . . . We traveled from Boston to Iowa . . . We camped there awhile and bought a wagon, four oxen and a cow and left there in *Jesse B. Martin's Company*. In coming to Iowa City, Mother lost a little boy who died on the train. We had to leave him for strangers to bury and also had to pay them for it.

"We had nearly 300 miles to travel to Florence on the Missouri River, which we crossed on a ferry boat. While crossing the river we heard of Parley P. Pratt being killed in St. Louis. The government

was fitting up Johnston's Army which was to come to Utah to kill the Mormons, so the people said . . . We had singing and prayers every night in our camp. At the Missouri we met some apostates who told us bad things about Utah. We also met some missionaries from Utah, among them Seymour B. Young. They came with handcars.

"Apostle John Taylor passed us here on his way from New York to Utah.

"I walked all the way from Iowa City to Utah and every other night had to be on guard half the night with the cattle. We got along pretty well until we came to the Platte River bottom where there were lots of buffalo; then we had trouble with our cattle stampeding and running off. One morning when we were yoking our oxen up and hitching them to the wagons they stampeded—running over people and one old man was killed. My Mother had a little boy killed and her daughter Martha's hip was broken so she had to be hauled in a wagon all the way to Utah.

"There was a handcart company which caught up with us; sometimes they were ahead of us and sometimes behind, until we got to Salt Lake City. We reached there September 12, 1857. On the trip our cattle's feet got tender and we had to throw them down and shoe them. Robert McQuarrie and I always helped the blacksmiths who did this work.

We went up to Ogden City. Mother met an Elder in England who sold her a piece of land but it proved to be pasture land. Soon after Mother got married to a man by the name of Swan and I got married that fall to Mary Morgan—being a little less than twenty years old. I worked at whatever I could get and during the winter I threshed wheat on frozen ground and snow—nearly 400 bushels. The men were drilling and nearly all of them went into the mountains to stop the soldiers from coming into Salt Lake City.

"I lived on bread and potatoes most of the time, unless I could shoot some ducks, chickens or rabbits. I had a new pair of high top boots and I had to let the men have them to go into the hills and then go without myself.

"In the spring of 1858 all of the people left Ogden City, except a few men to guard the place. I was one of them. Houses were all left empty; you could go into any of them as there were no locks—just a string and a latch. After four or five weeks I was released and went south to Beaver and came back to Ogden in the fall of 1858. As stated, I gave up my boots and had to walk barefooted, and when at Beaver I went to the mountains for wood barefooted.

"The only thing we had to cook in was a bake kettle. This was used to bake bread in and boil potatoes and other foods. There were no stoves for the first year we were in Ogden. When we shot a chicken or duck, we hung it up before the fire on a string and kept turning

it around to roast it. Our fire place had rocks on each side to put the wood on to raise it above the ashes.

"On the 17th of February, 1859, I was ordained a Seventy by L. A. Shurtliff and was in the Seventy Quorum for over sixty years. I was then ordained a High Priest, May 9, 1920 by order of the Weber Stake Presidency.

"In the summer of 1859 I went to see President Young and told him of the land and property I had in England. He told me to go and settle it up. In the fall of that year I crossed the plains in 28 days with mules. I went with the following missionaries: Milo Andrews, Jacob Gates, N. V. Jones, Wm. Gibson, Brother Bertram and others; also Captain Hooper who was a delegate to Congress from Utah Territory. I arrived in England about Christmas time. I did not get the business settled until over one year and during this time I labored as a part-time Elder in the Lester Conference and also in the Worcester Conference. During that time I baptized twenty-one persons, some of whom came to Utah with me.

"During my stay in England the house and land and mill were sold and the mortgage and interest were paid, leaving me \$2,300 after my expenses were paid for the time I was there. I gave my mother the \$300 when I arrived in Utah. I left England in April 1861, on the ship "*Manchester*," with C. V. Spencer in charge. I crossed the sea in 28 days, landed in New York, took the train to St. Joseph, Missouri, then took the boat to Florence. At this place I was appointed Captain over the second ox train coming across the plains in 1861. We had a prosperous journey to Utah—no deaths, one birth, no loss of cattle."

Mr. Pingree became one of the most influential men in Ogden serving in many civic and industrial affairs. Throughout his long life he was always active in the Church. He passed away at the age of 91 years in Ogden, Utah.

THE ISRAEL EVANS COMPANY

Israel Evans, the son of David and Mary Beck Evans, was born in Columbus County, Ohio, October 2, 1828, the second child of a family of seven. When he was about four years of age his parents were baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and from then on the history of all members of the family was closely associated with the events of Church history. Israel's early life was a life of migration. The family moved from Ohio to Missouri; thence to Illinois and here his mother passed away. In 1846 the Evans family moved to Council Bluffs and Israel, then eighteen years of age, became a member of the Mormon Battalion and marched through to California. He was one of the men present when gold was discovered at Sutter's Mill.

Israel arrived in Salt Lake City October 1, 1848, preceding the others of the Evans family by two years. Here he met Matilda Ann

Thomas, to whom he was married January 1, 1849. In the fall of 1850 he came to Utah valley, and joined a little company of homemakers at Snow Springs, who, after one winter in this exposed spot, moved to a higher location on Dry Creek and established the community later known as Evansville, in honor of its bishop, David Evans, father of Israel.

In 1853, Israel left his home and little family for a four and a half-year mission, spending three years in England and one in Wales. On his return journey in 1857 he was made responsible for a company of converts to the Church. Later when they reached Iowa and a handcart company was organized, he was made captain. No better proof of his faithful performance of this duty can be given than the song written by a member of that company, and sung by them as they trudged along drawing or pushing their burdens in their two-wheeled carts:

"All hail the day that Israel was appointed to preside
To guide us Saints across the plains in Zion to reside.
He governs us in righteousness; his ways are true and just;
Those who his counsels all obey shall greatly be blessed.

Hurrah for Captain Evans, hurrah for Ashby too;
They used all wisdom possible to guide us safely through.

No company that ever came to Zion's peaceful land
Especially those who pulled their carts and joined in heart and hand
Was ever blessed as we have been or it's not on record;
Roll up, roll up, then, brethren, pull, push, and praise the Lord.

They try to soothe and comfort us in affliction's trying hour
And use all means of life and health that is within their power
This all the brethren can prove, and He who dwells above,
Knows all their actions toward us; 'tis tenderness and love.

When passing o'er a ledge or rocks or going up a hill,
Or fording creeks or rivers, they are never standing still.
They join with all the strength they have and pull with all might
And when they see us safely through, they shout, 'go on; all's
right."

And now our journey's ended, we've pulled a thousand miles;
Our leaders they will both be blessed and gain the Prophet's
smile.

But soon we all must separate. Oh, may we meet again,
In future days in Zion's cause, farewell, farewell, till then."

In 1868, Israel Evans was called on a second mission, this time to the eastern states. He was one of the presidents of the sixty-eighth

quorum, and at various times held other offices in Church organizations. He was equally responsible to the call of public duty for he assisted in surveying farm lands, town sites, and digging first irrigation ditches, including the ditch from American Fork canyon. He was instrumental in launching the first cooperative store in Utah; as an ardent lobbyist for the establishment of the Agricultural College at Logan, served as the mayor of Lehi for one term and as councilman six terms. He died May 31, 1896 in Lehi, Utah after a long and distinguished career.—*Ethel T. Scalley*

Margaret Simmons—This is the autobiography of *Margaret Simmons* who came to Utah with her parents in the year 1857 when she was nine years of age. The history presents a story of her life up until she was eighty-two years of age.

"I was born in the City of London, Parish of Bermondsey, June 23, 1848. Mother attended generally the meetings and Sunday School of the Church of England, as did her parents . . . Mother was converted as soon as she heard the Gospel of the Latter-day Saints. She labored hard to convert her folks but they would not listen. Father, however, believed the message, and on the 1st of April, 1851, they were both baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints . . . It was during the Crimean War, and Father brought home a great deal of hand sewing from the tannery where he worked and mother distributed it among the Sisters of the branch, and their earnings greatly assisted in making up their emigrating expenses. My mother's coming away was very hard for her own mother, who had recently lost a married daughter with tuberculosis, and a few years before that a daughter 10 years old from the same dread disease. There were now left to her but two living children, besides my mother, out of a very large family.

"I remember the night we left home. We stayed with Grandmother Davis till 4 o'clock in the morning. Then they went with us to the train in which we left for Liverpool. Mother's baby was eight weeks, and my sister Kitty clung to her skirts on one side and I, Margaret, on the other. The ship "*Caravan*" on which we sailed was ready to leave Liverpool on February 14, 1856, but on account of bad weather did not leave until the 18th . . . On the 27th of March the ship arrived in New York Harbor. The 457 Saints separated and those who could afford it continued the journey to Zion, but our folks, and many others, had to stay and earn the means to be able to follow the next year.

"When Spring came the Lord opened the way for us in our journey westward and by the 18th of May we were in Iowa City ready to begin the long journey across the plains. Our family consisted of Father, Mother, my sisters, Catherine, Hannah and I. At that time I was nine; Kitty, seven; and Hannah, 18 months. The handcarts

were made in a small grove near Iowa City and preparations were made. Israel Evans was our captain, with Benjamin Ashby as his assistant. Israel Evans proved to be a splendid captain, taking the best of care of the immigrants. One day as we were nearing Salt Lake Valley I had a very sore foot. I remember Captain Evans lifted me upon his own mule, put me in the saddle, and got a girl named Annie Neal to lead the mule over the mountain. A mule team wagon was provided to carry our tents and heaviest provisions.

"Our closest companion while crossing the plains were the members of the family of William Bell, Carrie Bell, a girl of eleven, and "Bill Ball" or William Simons (Ball). Among those of the company who located in Lehi were the Joseph Slater family, W. L. Hutchins and family and the Clayton family. There was only one death, an infant. Johnston's Army followed close behind us most of the way. We arrived in Salt Lake City September 11, 1857.

"We rented a small one-roomed adobe house with no stove, bed, chairs, table or bedding. Mother was sick and little Annie had black canker. As it grew worse she was taken to a man called "Doctor." He put gunpowder in her mouth. It was too severe and punished the poor little dear dreadfully. Mother took her to a Dr. Williams. Under his treatment she began to get better, but her front teeth at the top just hung by the nerves, so mother took the scissors, clipped them off and threw them in the fire. Annie was a long time getting better . . .

Father worked in the Cummings Tannery. In the fall of 1857, I was baptized by Bishop Kesler and confirmed by the Bishopric of the Sixteenth Ward in Salt Lake City. By that time the soldiers were coming. We went to Payson. There we met Brother and Sister Joseph Curtis, strangers to us, but they took us in as part of their family. My little sister, Emma Jane, was born in their home. In the meantime Father was up Echo Canyon helping to hold back the army.

"We returned from Payson after the move south, and stopped first at Salt Lake City, moving from there to West Jordan, then to Union Fort, where my sister, Sarah, was born and little Emma Jane, about 13 months old died and was buried. In 1861 we located in Lehi."

During the succeeding months the Simmons family had many experiences with the Indians, some rather frightening. Margaret continues:

"We owned the lot in Lehi where the Auditorium now stands. There were but a few homes outside the Fort wall when Father built our house on this lot. It was called Simmon's Castle or Simmon's Mansion. When you think that nearly all the homes in Lehi were either dugouts or one-story houses, you will not wonder that ours looked like a castle. The first story was a rock basement high enough for good-sized windows above the ground. The next room had a ceiling extra

high for those days and above it was a third upstairs room of good height. There were but few trees to obscure it and it could be seen from a long distance. I helped Father haul the the adobes and sand. The roof was made of canes laid lengthwise, sloping down over the rafters made of poles. Then we spread mud over the canes. I mixed the mud and carried it up the ladder barefooted. When we hauled the adobes I was barefooted and frost was on the ground. Finally Mother cut and sewed me a pair of leather shoe uppers, and I worked for Brother Gray, in return for which he put soles on the uppers for me.

"After that I worked for James Powell who was a stockman and kept sheep and cattle. When I was through with my work, milking cows and doing housework, I would help Mr. Powell shear sheep, five or six a day. The next spring he sent for me to help shear. I went and he gave me ten cents a head and board. William Tanner Sr., was there. He sharpened our shears and showed us how to handle the sheep. One day we raced to see who could shear the most sheep. I forgot how many he sheared, but I sheared fifty.

"Whenever I had a chance I went to school. I went to live with Hyrum and Zina Norton and did work for my board. I did the washing before I went to school. I also spun fine yarn and knitted socks for the teacher. We had no free schools and I did this to pay my tuition. I went to school for six weeks, taking reading, writing and spelling. From then on I worked until I was twenty. I did all kinds of jobs and was nurse, kitchen-maid, did spinning and often times worked in the fields. My wages were from \$1.50 to \$2.00 a week. I gave Mother all I earned. There were six of us children to care for. If I had a new dress of calico for summer and a home-made linsey or a flannel for winter, I was satisfied. I remember the first dress I had. I spun the yarn; Mother colored it, and the Neagle's folks wove it. It was a good dress for five years or more; then it was pieced into a quilt where it did service for at least twenty years longer. Sometimes after one of these dresses was worn for best for a winter or two, it was turned inside out, made over, then worn a few more years. When they got quite thin we wore them to work in the summer, and then quilted the skirts for petticoats for winter again.

"On the first of April 1868 I went to Cedar Fort with Eli Bennett and his nephew, Allen Weeks. They had been in Lehi plowing and planting a garden for their uncle, Alfred Bell. Mr. Bennett's wife had died the year before and there were four children, three boys and one girl. Their cousin, Almira Weeks, had taken care of them for a year and she was very glad to have me relieve her. Mr. Bennett was a man of great faith, very quiet and modest. In July I went with him to the Endowment House in Salt Lake City and was married to him. I never had cause to regret this, although I worked very hard. When my own baby girl came the next July, there were seven in the family to knit, wash, sew, iron and cook for. When Bishop Henry F. Cook

passed away, Mr. Bennett was made bishop in his place. He held that office while he lived, so he was Bishop of Cedar Fort for 25 years.

"The Relief Society was organized in Cedar Valley Ward in 1872. In 1890 I served as Second Counselor and Treasurer and, in 1904, I became President which office I held until 1910. At that date I became the wife of George Beck of Lehi and moved there. For a period of 28 years I had served in the Relief Society of Cedar Fort as a teacher, counselor and president. I was also a Sunday School teacher for 25 years.

"Before I close I will bear my testimony to the truth of the Gospel. It has been my guide through life. It has been my school. The little I know I have learned through the Gospel. This is my record up to June 23, 1930, my 82nd birthday."—*Inf. Mary E. Hales*

THE CHRISTIAN CHRISTIANSEN COMPANY

Christian Christiansen was born October 7, 1824 in Dolby Parish, Viborg Amt. Denmark. When the Latter-day Saint Elders came to Denmark Christian embraced their teachings and was baptized August 17, 1850 in Copenhagen. Shortly after he was appointed president of the Copenhagen Branch and ordained the first local Elder in Scandinavia January 1, 1851 by Erastus Snow.

Christian labored diligently as a missionary in his native land for a year and a half then emigrated to Utah in 1853 with his wife Hedwig Bruun. He filled a mission to the States in 1854-57 teaching principally around the vicinity of St. Louis, Missouri. He returned to Utah in charge of one of the handcart companies arriving in the Valley September 13, 1857.

During the years 1865-67 he filled another mission to Scandinavia and upon his return to Utah settled in Levan, Juab County. In 1884-85 he returned once more to Denmark presiding over the Aarhus conference.

Hans Christensen—Thirty miles southwest of Copenhagen, in a wooded section of the island of Sjaelland, Denmark on December 5, 1810, a child was born to Poul Anderson and his wife Inger Marie Hansdatter. They named her Ellen for her paternal grandmother. According to a long standing custom of the country, her name became Ellen Poulsdatter. In St. Peters Church in the town of Slagelse, June 30, 1843, *Ellen* married *Peder Christensen* who was a carpenter at Nykobbel. Two sons, Poul and Niels Pederson were born to them. Her husband Peder was accidentally killed and four months later she married *Hans Christensen* nine years her junior. They joined the Mormon Church and soon made preparations to sail to America.

On arriving at Iowa City they joined the *Christiansen Handcart Company* and started westward with over three hundred other converts.

The weary travelers moved along slowly every day stopping only long enough to eat and sleep. Behind them was Johnston's army and the handcart company preferred to keep out of their way. Some of the advance supply wagons of the army overtook the company on foot and the captain gave a lame ox to the Saints telling them they could have half of it if they would prepare it for the next evening. During the night a heavy rainfall made the ground so muddy that the army's supply wagons moved very slowly. The Saints pulled their light handcarts out of the ruts and soon the army wagons were far behind. The lame ox was killed and eaten. The next day a band of young Indians helped the women and children over the streams and that night drove off the horses of the supply train so the handcart company did not see them anymore.

During the year of the "Move" in 1858, Ellen with her husband and two sons, located in Lehi in a dugout near where the sugar factory was later located. Ellen gathered wool left by passing sheep on the greasewood which grew nearby and painstakingly knitted socks for the menfolk. They returned to Salt Lake in the fall and the boys had one month of school, their only schooling in America. Here they adopted the American way of using their father's name and Poul began spelling his name Paul. In the spring of 1859 the Christensen's moved to American Fork and for ten years they ran the farm of Bishop Edward Hunter on shares.

Hans wanted children of his own and at the close of the fifth year, December 5, 1863, he married Maren Jorgensen in polygamy. She was also a Danish immigrant twenty-one years younger than Hans and thirty years younger than Ellen. She became more like a grandmother to Hans's children. Soon the Christensen's bought land and built two log houses, Ellen lived in one with her two grown sons and Hans and Maren in the other.

As comparative prosperity came to the Christensens, Hans decided to build a house which would be adequate for his wives, their children and grandchildren. Into the house went the savings of Hans, Ellen, and her two strong sons. The walls below ground were three feet thick. They were made of quartzite set in lime mortar. Niels and Paul hauled much of this rock from the mountains west of Utah Lake. Three courses of granite block formed the foundation above ground. Some of these rocks were over a half ton in weight. The outside walls of the first story were five bricks thick. The partition walls and all second story walls were four bricks thick. In all, it took 130,000 bricks to build the house. Two large lintels of red sandstone had been cut and surfaced to support the masonry over the doors and windows. The long one over the big double door in front bore the inscription "H. Christensen—1873." The floor joists were 3 inches by 14 inches and spaced 16 inches apart. The sub-floors were like those laid upon them, all full tongue-and-groove lumber. Through the

middle of the house on both first and second floors were halls dividing the house in two. A stairway in the halls led from the basement to the attic. The solid walnut spindles and stair-rails had been shipped from the eastern United States. The ceilings of the two main floors were 12 feet high. Four big chimneys three feet square stood up beside the pyramid-shaped roof, at the top of which was a small enclosed platform where a person could view the town. In all the house stood 44 feet from the ground.

Lest future generations become unmindful, there was no plumbing in those days, the water came from the well behind the house. This particular well stood near the back door. Its headgear was made of heavy logs and planks. Twenty-five feet down in that shaft walled with cobble rock, the wooden bucket found clear water.

Ellen's son Niel married before the house was completed, so she and Paul lived in the south half alone. Hans and Maren had seven children and soon there were grandchildren to bring laughter and gaiety to the big house.

On the 24th of July 1880, Hans Christensen passed away suddenly, leaving the responsibility of managing the affairs of both families to Ellen, since she was the legal wife. She was then 70 years of age. Maren passed away October 11, 1885 and Ellen reared her children, the youngest being less than six years of age. With greatest love and fairness Ellen divided the estate and gave to each his rightful share. She passed away a month before her eighty-sixth birthday beloved by all who knew her.—*Clare B. Christensen*

Margrette Ohlsen Englestead was born in Aggershus, Norway, October 8, 1819. Her first husband was Lars Jacobsen by whom she had one child, Mary. Two years later he died of cholera. Another two years passed and she was married to Embreth Hansen. To this union was born a son and a daughter. Both died in infancy.

About this time Erastus Snow brought the Gospel to Scandinavia and Margrette and Embreth were among the first to join the Church. They set sail in the spring of 1857 for America and when they arrived at Iowa City joined the *Christian Christiansen Handcart Company*. Embreth became too ill along the way to pull the cart, so Margrette took his place so that he could ride. He passed away at Devil's Gate, Wyoming. Mary, then six years of age, walked most of the way.

A short time after their arrival in Salt Lake City, Margrette married Rasmus Madsen Englestead, a native of Norway, on March 25, 1858. Their first home was in Santaquin, but in 1860 they moved to Fairview. Again the call came for them to move, this time to the Muddy Mission. Before long taxes became oppressive, and they journeyed to Long Valley in Kane County, Utah.

Mary died at the age of seventeen. Death came to Margrette January 21, 1896. Eight months later her husband passed away at his daughter's home in Emery County, Utah.—*D.U.P. Files*

KATE LUBLIN ALEXANDER

The Lublins—About 1760 there lived in Poland a Jewish family by the name of Samuel, who had a son named Magnus, born in 1780. The family moved to Denmark where the name of Lublin was taken, probably because that was the name of their home city in Poland. In Denmark, Magnus met and married Ketta Heinman, who was born in Middleford, Denmark in 1790. To this union were born four children, one of whom was Samuel Lublin, born October 13, 1816, who married *Johannah C. Larsen*, born June 1820 at Musse, Aalholm, Denmark.

When this young couple heard the Gospel preached by humble Mormon missionaries, they were willing to sacrifice home, wealth, name and everything for its principles and as a result *Samuel Lublin* was baptized September 13, 1852. His wife was baptized November 1, 1852. After having become members of this "despised church," they were disowned by parents, families and friends.

Being blessed with the spirit of gathering, they set sail from Copenhagen about 1853, with three small children, my mother, *Kate Lublin*, born July 26, 1846, a son two years younger, and another daughter four years younger. They landed at Liverpool where they waited another three weeks for a ship to America. On reaching New Orleans the family was not allowed to land because of an epidemic of yellow fever.

When they arrived at St. Louis, Samuel Lublin obtained work in the railroad shops as a blacksmith. It took another year to obtain sufficient funds for the journey across the plains and during that time another child was born, Hyrum, December 31, 1856.

Then came the long trek in the handcart company of *Christian Christiansen*, bringing with them their two eldest children, a girl of eleven, a boy of nine, and a baby four months old; another daughter, five years of age, was left to come later with a wagon company.

After a tedious journey of more than four months, during which time they overtook and passed Johnston's Army on the way to Utah, the company finally reached Salt Lake City September 13th. The Lublin family went to Springville during the period of the move South and then returned to Salt Lake City where they made their home in the Eighth Ward.

In about 1860 they moved again, this time to Mt. Pleasant, being among the first settlers of that community. From there they moved to Gunnison where a permanent home was made. From Gunnison Kate Lublin went to Dixie, Southern Utah, where she met and married Thomas Murphy Alexander in about 1864. After living and working in nearly every mining camp in Utah and Nevada they left Silver Reef and went to Hatch on the upper Sevier River. Later they located in Panguitch.

In 1894, after a separation, Kate homesteaded a quarter section of land in the center of Panguitch Valley, known as Sand Wash. She, with three of her five sons, made this her home for the next five years. During that time they cooperated with other settlers and built seven miles of ditch, secured water right for forty acres of land, cleared and put it under cultivation. Title for the land was secured in 1899. We raised cattle also and made a fairly good living.

Mother passed away at the age of 66 years March 10, 1913.

—*Bernice A. Roach*

MATTHIAS COWLEY

Kirkbradden, Isle of Man was the birthplace of Matthias Cowley. He was born December 2, 1829 to James and Isabella Cain Cowley. When Matthias was a young boy his parents accepted the faith of the Mormon Church and on July 17, 1843, he, too, was baptized. Shortly after a brother in the Church, John Kelly, offered to pay their fare to Nauvoo as repayment for a debt owed to their grandfather. The family soon made preparations to leave their native land for America. When they arrived at St. Louis, James Cowley was offered ten dollars a day to make oat meal in a new mill, but he refused saying that he had left his home to join with the Prophet of the Lord and the Saints in Nauvoo.

When they arrived at Nauvoo they became acquainted with the Prophet. From then on it was their desire to stay near the body of the Church so father and son sought work in the nearby village of Warsaw, located on the Mississippi River. From his journal we quote: "Desiring for the family to remove to this place, we hired a teamster at a cost of four dollars to move our belongings. Having no money, we were obliged to give father's fine cloth overcoat, and a beautiful woolen shawl belonging to mother, almost the only comfortable things they had, as security for the loan of this small amount required by the teamster for the removal of our luggage to Warsaw."

"About one year after this Elder Orson Hyde called upon me to go and work in the Frontier Guardian office and there I served my time in a printery business, under the instructions of the foreman John Gooch, Jr. Elder Orson Hyde was the editor. I boarded with them and while there I improved as much as I could in the art of printing.

"On July 5, 1852 we started for Great Salt Lake City, Utah Territory . . . I drove a team all the way for Elder Orson Hyde and arrived September 27, 1852. I found employment in the Deseret News office, Willard Richards, editor. I worked at both printing and book binding, did first rate and enjoyed good health."

In 1857 Matthias was called to be captain of a company of pioneers wending their way to Utah.

Rasmus Rasmussen Lund and his wife, *Maren Cleameson Lund*, were natives of Tjenmarke, Maribo County, Denmark, when they were baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. They were the parents of nine children, *Rasmus, Ane, Karen, Marie, Hans, Emma, Catherine, Josephine, Sine, Julia and Rasmine*. Because of the persecutions directed against the Mormons in the country the parents decided to bring their family to America and thence to join with the body of the Church in Utah. While still in Denmark they bought an eighty acre farm in South Farmington, Utah, paying \$1500 for it. After a long ocean voyage they docked in Philadelphia and upon their arrival in Iowa City joined the *Matthias Cowley* wagon train for the trek across the plains.

Rasmus, the eldest son who was born May 16, 1854 in Denmark, could not remember the trip to his future home in the valleys of the mountains for he was only three years old at the time; but, later he remembered living in an adobe house built by his father on the land in South Farmington and that additional rooms were built of logs. His boyhood days were spent herding sheep and cattle on the foothills and hauling logs from the canyons.

The first money Rasmus ever earned was when he was employed by the railroad to keep grasshoppers off the tracks. If the grasshoppers became too numerous the wheels of the train would slide and it could not get started.

When Johnston's Army was reported to be coming into the valley the father sold forty acres of land for \$50, because he did not think the family would ever come back again. Rasmus drove the wagon while his father stayed behind preparing for the "scorched earth policy," if necessary. When the episode was peacefully settled, the Rasmussen's came back and lived there the rest of their lives.

Rasmus Lund helped to build the first schoolhouse in Farmington. On January 6, 1887 he married a widow, Elizabeth Hughes Marshal. She had three small children. They became the parents of seven children.

It is said that he had exceptional ability as an engineer, particularly in laying the drains in the low marshlands west of Farmington. He helped build the first greenhouse and planted many of the first cherry orchards in that vicinity.

Rasmus Lund was the last surviving member of the *Matthias Cowley Company of 1857*. He died September 12, 1935 at the age of eighty-one at his home in Farmington, his wife having preceded him in death some twenty-three years.—*Thelma Catherine Lund*

THE JACOB HOFFEINS COMPANY

Jacob Hoffeins was born December 4, 1812 at Clarksburg, Baden Baden, Germany. He emigrated to America when he was eighteen years of age living in Pennsylvania for the first three years. He then

went to Nauvoo, Illinois where he joined the Latter-day Saint Church and helped work on the Temple. In 1835 he married Elizabeth Stevenson. Jacob and his wife started west with the other Saints and when they reached Council Bluffs he enlisted in Company B of the Mormon Battalion.

After his release from service Jacob came to Salt Lake City where he was reunited with his wife, who had driven an ox team across the plains to the Valley. They built one of the first adobe houses in the city. Soon after he was called to help settle Parowan and here he married Lucretia Braffet as his second wife.

Jacob was called on a mission to New Jersey and upon his return to Utah was placed in charge of a company consisting of 204 souls and 41 wagons. They arrived in the Valley September 21, 1857.

In 1861 he moved to American Fork, Utah County. His later years were spent in Kanosh, Millard County; Salina, Sevier County, and Levan, Juab County. He was a mason by trade and helped build many of the homes in the latter community. He passed away at his home in Levan, August 25, 1890, at the age of 75 years.

Esther Stevenson was born January 17, 1848 in Leicestershire, England the youngest child of James Stevenson and Martha Charles. She came to America on the ship *Siddon* in 1855 arriving April 23rd. Esther was baptized in Philadelphia May 20, 1856 and crossed the plains with her parents in the *Captain Hoffeins Company* when nine years old, walking the entire distance. From her autobiography we quote the following excerpts.

"I was nine years old the January before we started on our journey. Father wanted to come with the handcart companies, but Mother said no, there was no hurry and she didn't want to leave her bones to bleach on the plains. So we waited and came in Captain Jacob Hoffeins company. The wagons were loaded with furniture, bedding, clothing and provisions so the children and all those who were able had to walk. We traveled about 2 miles an hour in a long train of wagons. One day, while the company was camped for noon, we saw an immense cloud of dust moving across the prairie toward our camp. Then, to our horror, we came to realize that it was a great herd of buffalo stampeding right toward us. Stunned with fear and terror, the women held their breath and silently called on God for help and protection; men jumped to secure the cattle and oxen and prevent thier joining the herd, while all waited breathlessly for the outcome. Just before the great bellowing herd reached the camp, for some unknown reason, it turned and passed by, leaving us unharmed, and each benumbed heart breathed a prayer to God for our miraculous deliverance.

"One night, after the train had made camp, a band of Indians rode up. They tried to barter for food and those things which were

most precious to those desert marchers. When they failed in this attempt, they became angry and tried to stampede our cattle and oxen by encircling the camp and screaming their terrible war cries. For days we watched in fear lest they should return; and the captain doubled the night watch and put all the cattle inside the circle. He had long before trained the company in closing up to meet an attack, but we saw no more Indians. The perfect organization and order of march was a substantial protection to Mormon immigrants which other less compact companies did not have.

"One other difficulty we had to meet was fording the larger streams where there were no ferries. Always there was the danger of quicksand. All who were able had to wade across, and many times we came out of the almost ice-cold water with our clothes wet to our necks and had to walk on while the sun dried them. It was a terrible experience for those who were delicate, and many times some were almost overcome in the stream. One day my sister Lucy fainted in the stream and was nearly drowned. After that the captain was a great deal more considerate of the women and children.

"We passed part of Johnston's Army on its way to Utah, which caused great anxiety among the Saints—not knowing what kind of treatment to expect from them. They did not molest us, however, and the first part of September we were relieved and overjoyed to meet Col. Robert T. Burton with a small company of cavalry from Salt Lake City sent out by Governor Brigham Young to protect the immigrant trains then on the way to the valley and make observations respecting the number and equipment of the approaching army."

When the family arrived in Utah they settled in Springville and Esther shared the hardships common to all in those days. When she was fifteen years of age, she recalled that the family had only one pair of best shoes among several of them; so, when one wore the shoes, the others stayed home. On February 11, 1864 she became the third wife of Samuel Grange, who had buried two wives. She was then sixteen years of age and rather frail. She became the mother of fourteen children, ten of whom lived to maturity.

Esther was an excellent seamstress and many times helped her father with his tailoring. He usually gave her the buttonholes to make, especially in the tailored dresses. These often had from two to four dozen button holes running from the neck to the bottom of the dress. The usual price for making them was twenty-five cents per dozen.

"In 1879 there was an epidemic of Scarlet Fever and diphtheria in Springville, my brothers, Samuel and Ernest and my sister Beryl were stricken with it. There were few doctors and the wisest of them knew very little about combating these terrible diseases. The two boys recovered but Beryl was taken April 16, 1879 at the age of three

years and nine months. Mother prepared her for burial and passed her out through the door to the fearful neighbors who buried her.

"On May first we all moved to Huntington, Emery County. We went to Price on the train and from Price to Huntington, a distance of twenty-two miles in a covered wagon. The wind blew almost a hurricane and the dust was so terrible we could scarcely see the heads of the horses.

"Poor mother was heartsick when she saw that she had changed her neat little home in Springville with its orchard and garden for a one-room log house with a dirt roof, an empty lot without a fence, a tree or a blade of grass. That spring Father and the boys helped to finish the town canal and lead it to the city lot where he had planted a garden. Then he and the boys went to the canyon to get logs for a house and by November the new house was ready to move into. On November 2nd our first "Castle Valley" baby, Arthur, was born in the little log room. As soon as mother was strong again we moved into our new home. Father was given the first United States contract to carry mail from Price to Emery, a distance of sixty miles, three times each week for \$170.00 per year. The log room was moved to the farm on Grange Flat, three miles away where we lived in the summer.

"Early in 1893, Father was stricken with Brights' Disease and on December 1, 1903 passed away leaving mother with five small children. Her last years were spent doing Church work, sewing for the dead, and in the years she labored there were few homes into which she was not called as a wise, ministering angel to help comfort and console. She served as a Relief Society president for many years. She passed away March 28, 1918 and was buried in Price."—*Grace Voyce*

THE TEXAS COMPANY

Homer Duncan was born in Barnett, Vermont, January 19, 1815, a son of John Duncan and Betsy Taylor Putnam. He was baptized into the Latter-day Saint Church in 1838, and, for the next two years, served as a missionary in the vicinity of his home. In the spring of 1840 he went to the state of New York where he continued to baptize converts into the church and was instrumental in establishing a branch of seventy-six members at Chautauqua, New York.

In the spring of 1843, Homer Duncan left Nauvoo, Illinois with his wife, Asenath Melvina Banker whom he had married at Chautauqua in the fall of 1841. The following account of his journey across the plains was taken from his journal:

"In the spring of 1848 I was taken sick. I wrote to my brother, Chapman Duncan, then at Council Bluffs, to come and attend to my business, and help me to move so that I could start in May for the mountains. He came with an ox team and attended to the necessary

work for me. He loaded three wagons; the first was driven by Chapman Duncan; I, my wife and three children were in the second, and Henry Mecham occupied the third wagon, until we reached Council Bluffs.

"We stopped at Florence about ten days, when we left for Elkhorn and remained there until July 7, 1848, when we started for the valley, with *Barney Adams as captain of fifty* and *Chapman Duncan as captain of ten*. We reached Great Salt Lake Valley October 16, 1848. I brought with me one bushel of wheat from Iowa for seed. This I sowed in February 1849 on a piece of land lying between Big and Little Cottonwood, on what was then known as the Amasa Lyman survey, where I first settled.

"In the fall of 1850 I moved to Salt Lake City, and, in 1855, I went to Texas on a mission, returning to the valley in May, 1857, with a company of Saints of which I was captain. We brought with us over thirteen hundred head of cattle, besides the animals used for drawing the wagons. When we reached Fort Leavenworth, on the Missouri, Elizabeth Whitmore expressed a desire to return to Texas to sell her farm, gather up the remainder of her cattle, sell them and come to Utah the next year. She had already sold the cattle she had brought with her to Fort Leavenworth. She also wanted the word of the Lord, through me, as to whether she should go back or continue the journey. After talking the matter over with her I finally told her that the word of the Lord had come to me as follows: 'Tell Elizabeth Whitmore that she will arrive in Salt Lake Valley the 15th day of September, and that she will get there before her captain.' She was much surprised and the first words she uttered were: 'You don't know that; you don't know that I shall live until tomorrow morning. Why, it is a guarantee of my life until that time!' I told her I did not know it myself, but the Lord had made it known to me. Then she said: 'You cannot know that of yourself, but I will go on, and if I land in Salt Lake City on the 15th of September, then I shall know that the word of the Lord is true, I shall also know that Mormonism is true and you are God's servant.' She did land in Salt Lake City September 15th, 1857, and she got there ten days before I did.

"From the time of my return from this mission until 1860 I attended to my cattle in Rush Valley, Tooele County, Utah. In the spring of 1860 I left on a mission to England. I returned home in 1861, captain of an independent company, with which I arrived in Salt Lake City September 13, 1861."

During the following years Homer Duncan carried on his missionary labors and during the later years of his life served as senior president of the Third Quorum of Seventies. He passed away at the age of 91 years in the year 1906.

John Whitmore and his wife, *Elizabeth Burk Whitmore*, moved from Tennessee to Texas with their children *George, John, Franklin*

P., James M. and Mary Louise. The last three named were among a group of young people who went to a nearby village to see and to hear the Mormon Elders preach, with the intention of jeering the speakers; however, it turned out that although "they went to hiss they remained to pray." Soon the young Whitmore's became convinced of the teachings of the Elders and joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. At this time they were not residing at home, so they sent a letter to their parents apprising them of the fact that they had joined the Mormon Church and were going to Utah. The father immediately hastened to his children in an effort to dissuade them but, while there, consented to attend a meeting of the Saints and judge for himself as to whether their decision was right. He, too, became interested and told his children that the very next morning he would send their mother so that she could make up her own mind as to the truthfulness of the Elders' teachings. The mother came, heard, and was convinced. She not only gave her consent to their going but gave them all the money she could spare, and with the promise that she and their father would join them in Utah as soon as they could dispose of their holdings. But before they could do this the Civil War broke out and they were forbidden to come North.

John was so disgusted with his folks he started for Canada denouncing his parents, brothers and sister for their ignorance in affiliating themselves with the despised Mormons, and was never heard from again. George was a lawyer and served twenty years in the United States Senate as Senator from Texas.

Franklin, James and Mary Louise came to Utah in the *Homer Duncan Company* in 1857. Franklin went to Springville where he felt that there were greater opportunities than in Salt Lake City. He lived with F. O. Haymond and learned the blacksmith trade from him. He married Elmira Jeanette Day who came to Utah when two years of age. She was sixteen when she was married to Franklin and he was twenty-six. Franklin went into the cattle and butchering business and became Springville's pioneer butcher. He also served as marshal of Springville for many years. During his entire life he was an active and devout worker in the church of his choice.

James Montgomery Whitmore, after his arrival in Zion, remained in Salt Lake City until 1861 when he was called to Southern Utah. He was always known as "Doctor Whitmore" since he had been a druggist in his native state. James settled his family at Pipe Springs, some few miles south of St. George, where he had fenced in eleven acres of ground and built a home. The land was under cultivation having a thousand grape vines, many apple, peach and other fruit trees, plus substantial corrals for sheep and cattle. In January 1866 he was killed by the Indians—*Ira Whitmore Grimms*.

THEY CAME IN '57

Anna Marie Jensen was born in Rybjerg, Denmark, September 23, 1833. Her parents were Jens Pederson and Sophia Christensen. On the 20th of July, 1854 she was baptized into the Latter-day Saint Church and some three years later sailed to America to join the body of the Church in Utah. She joined the *Christian Christensen Handcart Company* at Iowa City. The hardships of the trek brought about a serious illness but she recovered and was able to again pull her handcart until they reached their destination.

Anna met Samuel Barnhurst soon after her arrival. He could not speak or understand Danish, and she could not speak or understand English, but some of the leaders of the Church advised them to marry, which they did on the 29th of November, 1857. They moved to Fillmore; thence to Ephraim where Samuel taught school. She served as secretary for the Relief Society and as a visiting teacher. In December 1889 they moved to Hatch, Utah where she served as a postmistress and also did some nursing. She passed away July 22, 1904, and is buried by the side of her husband in the Hatch cemetery.—*Julia Huntington*

Niels Christensen was born in Denmark April 25, 1853. At the age of seven he was left an orphan. He worked on a farm herding geese for his keep. In January, 1853 he married Christiana Christensen, daughter of Jeppa and Karen Christensen and in this same year he and his wife joined the Latter-day Saint Church, he being the only member of his family to be converted. Four years later, in 1857, he came to America with his wife and three small children. Along the trail the second child, Andrea, died. They had nothing to bury her in, so they wrapped the little body in a blanket, put her head in a brass kettle to keep the dirt from her face, and placed her in a lonely grave. *Christian Christensen* was captain of the company.

After making a home in Mill Creek for two years the family moved to Moroni where Niels took up farming land. He served as an express carrier during the Black Hawk War. He was one of the promoters of the Moroni and Mt. Pleasant Ditch Company, serving as president and director for several terms, and also held many other civic and Church positions. His wife passed away in September 1884. He died in January, 1901. They were the parents of twelve children.

Elsie Sorenson was born September 5, 1842, in Ules, Denmark, the eldest daughter of Christen and Metta Petterson Sorenson. On January 1, 1856, the family sailed for America having become converts to the Mormon faith in their native land. In 1857, Elsie, and her nine year old sister, Mary, left for Utah in the handcart company of *Captain Christian Christensen*, arriving in Utah September 13th. For a time they lived in Brigham City, then moved to Lehi

where Elsie met and married Jeppie Christensen, August 15, 1862. They journeyed to Moroni where they lived in a dugout, enduring all the hardships of pioneering a new locality. She lived to be ninety years of age, her husband having preceded her in death many years.

—*Amelia Bradley*

Elizabeth Tilley was born near Liverpool, England to Richard Tilley and Phebie Jukes March 9, 1836, the eldest child in a family of nine. On March 13, 1848 Elizabeth was baptized a member of the Mormon Church by Elder Charles Simpson. March 28, 1857 she boarded the ship *George Washington* with over eight hundred other converts en route to Zion. Her father, being a well-to-do man, paid some \$500.00 for his daughter's traveling expenses. When she arrived at Boston she was informed that there was no record of payment but that she could continue with the company and share alike with the others.

When the company arrived in Salt Lake City, a Mr. Teasdale seeing the plight of the young lady, took her to his home where she worked for his wife and five small children for a month at \$1.50 per week. One day she met Hamilton Morrison Garrick who had come across the ocean on the same ship and they renewed acquaintances. On December 8, 1857 she became his wife. Their first home was in Ephraim but soon after they were called by Orson Hyde to help settle Gunnison. During the period of Indian depredations they lived within the fort. She was a fine seamstress and also made leathersgoods.

During her later years she became interested in livestock and purchased a sixty acre farm near Gunnison. She died August 29, 1907 and was buried in the Gunnison cemetery by the side of two sons who passed away in infancy. She was the mother of nine children.

—*Mabel Garrick*



The Utah War 1857-58

"Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God."—Matthew 5-9.



URING the years of 1853-54 John F. Kinney was appointed Chief Justice of the Territory; George P. Stiles and W. W. Drummond, Associate Justices, with Almon Babbitt, secretary. Of these Stiles and Babbitt were Mormons, although Stiles was not in good standing in the Church. Stiles refused to recognize the authority of the Territorial marshals; hence, a number of the local lawyers, led by James Ferguson challenged his authority. A short time afterwards the records of the United States Courts were removed from the Judge's office and put in safe keeping, but Stiles, who believed they had been burned, went to Washington to testify to that effect. This incident was given wide publicity.

Drummond, Mormons and anti-Mormons agreed, "was a disgrace to the administration in Washington." Bancroft refers to him as "a gambler and a bully who openly avowed that he had come to Utah to make money." All historians report that he had left his wife and family in Illinois without means of support and had brought with him a woman of questionable character whom he had picked up in Washington and claimed she was his lawful wife. Moreover, says Remy, a French traveler, "he pushed his contempt of decency so far as to make her sit beside him in court where he administered justice in the name of the Republic."

"Plurality of wives was a part of the Mormon religion acknowledged to all the world, but such action on the part of an official of the United States in bringing a common prostitute, as well as his entire conduct, was a gross insult to the people of Utah." His actions were such that he was forced to resign his position and return to Washington which he did by way of California and the Isthmus of Panama.

Upon arriving at New Orleans he tendered his resignation in a letter written March 30, 1857 to United States Attorney General Jeremiah S. Black in which he made the following accusations:

"Brigham Young, the governor of Utah Territory, is the acknowledged head of the 'Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints,' commonly called 'Mormon,' and, as such head the Mormons look up to him, and to him alone, for the law by which they are to be governed; therefore, no law of Congress is by them considered binding in any manner.

"I know that there is a secret oath-bound organization among all the male members of the Church to resist the laws of the country, and to acknowledge no law save of the 'Holy Priesthood,' which comes to the people through Brigham Young direct from God; he, Young, being the viceregent of God and Prophet, viz: successor of Joseph Smith, who was the founder of this blind and treasonable organization.

"I am fully aware that there is a set of men, set apart by special order of the Church, to take both the lives and property of persons who may question the authority of the Church.

"That the records, papers, etc., of the supreme court have been destroyed by order of the Church, with the direct knowledge and approbation of Governor Brigham Young, and the federal officers grossly insulted for presuming to raise a single question about the treasonable act.

"That the federal officers of the Territory are constantly insulted, harrassed and annoyed by the Mormons, and for these insults there is no redress.

"That the federal officers are daily compelled to hear the form of the American government traduced, the chief executives of the nation both living and dead, slandered and abused from the masses, as well as from all the leading members of the Church, in the most vulgar, loathsome, and wicked manner that the evil passions of men can possibly conceive."

About this same time two other letters were received by the officials in Washington. W. M. F. Magraw, a mail contractor, writing from Independence, Missouri under date of October 3, 1856, declared that the civil laws of the Territory were "overshadowed and neutralized by a so-called Ecclesiastical organization as despotic, dangerous and damnable as had ever been known to exist in any country." Mr. Magraw with his partner, J. M. Hockaday, had been conducting a mail service between Independence, Missouri and Salt Lake City. Their service had not been efficient and when their contract expired in the Fall of 1856, a new one was awarded Hiram Kimball, a Mormon who underbid all competitors. Hence this tirade against the Mormon people.

Thomas S. Twiss, Indian Agent for the Upper Platte, also addressed a letter to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs under date of

July 13, 1857, in which he complained of Mormon aggression in the Platte River country. He was referring to the temporary settlements that were planned along the route of travel for the aid of emigrants who were on their way to Utah. Genoa, Nance County, Nebraska had been laid out and settled. These reports were also widely publicized, many of the leading papers of the states making headlines regarding them.

Stiles report and these three letters along with other reports sent to President Buchanan were, in turn, presented to the House of Representatives in response to a request from that body. At first it was thought that only these scurrilous reports were responsible for sending the United States troops to Utah. Later another logical supposition was advanced that the Democratic party under President Buchanan, in order to hold its prestige and power among the voters, had to present some kind of definite action against the Mormons, since the new Republican party had already come out with a statement against what they called the "twin relics of barbarism, polygamy and slavery." Still another thought projected was that the Utah expedition had its origin through the desire of John B. Floyd, Secretary of War, whose idea was to scatter the United States forces and equipment because of the impending Confederate rebellion.

Once the expedition was started it was supported by many who saw an opportunity for financial gain for it was afterwards named by some *The Contractor's War* as most of the contracts were let to political favorites. But, when the president of the United States, upon the advice of his cabinet, decided to appoint new civil officers for the Territory of Utah and to send an army with them for their protection and to aid in the execution of the laws, the decision met with the approval of a majority of the people throughout the country. They now branded the Mormons as outlaws and determined that these people should be subdued.

TROOPS ORDERED TO UTAH

On May 28, 1857 General Winfield Scott issued an order for the gathering of 2500 United States troops at Fort Leavenworth to march to Utah as soon as they were assembled. The commander of the expedition was Brevet Brigadier-General W. S. Harney, but a few months later he was succeeded by Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston.

On July 18th eight companies of the Tenth Regiment and the entire Fifth Regiment left Fort Leavenworth for Utah. Included were sections of Phelps Battery. The cavalry under the command of P. St. George Cooke, commander of the famous Mormon Battalion, did not leave Fort Leavenworth until September 16th as Albert Cumming, Utah's new Territorial Executive, was to be escorted by this group.

It is generally believed that the first steps taken by the government in preparing to send troops to Utah were formed in secrecy

in May 1857. About this time Feramorz Little was engaged in western mail activities at Independence, Missouri and through information received from various men who were endeavoring to obtain contracts for hauling supplies needed by the expedition, learned of the movements being inaugurated by the government. Mr. Little left Independence in June with mail that had accumulated during the previous month. At Fort Laramie he met Abraham O. Smoot, who was then the mayor of Salt Lake City, going east with the June mail from Utah.

Enroute between Fort Kearney and new Fort Kearney, Mr. Smoot met some of the U. S. troops already on their way to Utah. One hundred miles west of Independence he met a number of the heavily laden supply trains which, he was told by the captains and teamsters, were destined for some western post and that the trains belonged to one William R. Russell.

When Mr. Smoot arrived at Independence he contacted Mr. Russell and it was here he learned that the wagons were being sent to Utah and that more troops would soon follow. He also learned of the annulment of the Kimball mail contract. Accordingly, the agents of the B. Y. Express Company proceeded to break up its stations and move its stock westward.

On the return trip about one hundred and twenty miles east of Fort Laramie Mayor Smoot met O. P. Rockwell with the July mail from Utah and the information given him by Mr. Smoot brought about the decision to return to Utah with the west-bound company.

When Fort Laramie was reached, some five hundred and thirteen miles from Salt Lake City, Messrs. Smoot, Rockwell and Judson Stoddard concluded to go ahead with the news of the approaching army. They hitched their fastest horse to a light spring wagon and set out on the journey leaving Fort Laramie on July 18th and reaching Salt Lake City the evening of the 23rd. Here they learned that Governor Young had gone to the head of Big Cottonwood Canyon for the tenth anniversary celebration of the arrival of the Saints in the Valley to be held the following day.

About noon, July 24th, the three men accompanied Judge Elias Smith of Salt Lake City rode into the encampment of the celebrants and delivered their message in private to Brigham Young, who immediately called a council of the leading Church officials. All afternoon the merriment continued, but, at sunset, when the group was assembled for the final meeting, a few remarks were made by the brethren regarding the latest war news and the order of leaving the canyon the next morning. The festivities were concluded with prayer. It was thus that news of the Expedition reached Utah.

THE BRETHERN SPEAK

The following comments were made by prominent men in various pulpits concerning the coming of Johnston's Army:

A. O. Smoot—"I do not believe that the soldiers feel the least disposition to fight the Mormons but the priests and editors are crying to Uncle Sam 'why do we not whip the Mormons? Why do we let them send our judges and other government officers back, and actually submit to it? Uncle Sam has to do something, you know, to make a kind of show to satisfy the editors, priests and people. But candidly, I do not believe that either the officers or soldiers want to come here. A great portion of the soldiers who are ordered to this place will never reach here, for they are deserting every day, and swear that they will not come to fight their own people, the Scotch, the Welsh, the English, etc., they having learned that a great many of this people are foreigners. And the Americans swear that they will not fight the Americans, and thus they are in a fix and do not know how to get out of the snarl they are in. They are deserting nearly all the time, and the officers have to stand with their revolvers and guard the soldiers to keep them from deserting, instead of the soldiers guarding their officers . . .

"All the fears that we need have is that we do not live our religion close enough, for if we do, all will be right, at least, I feel so. Uncle Sam, I presume, will be perfectly satisfied if the soldiers should pass this winter at Laramie, for I think they will have more demand for them there than here where they are of no kind of use to us. The Cheyennes are hostile, and are standing ready all the time to whip out Uncle Sam. They tell him to come on, that they are fortified and ready. They know every movement of the soldiers while theirs are unknown.

"The troops have some 700 very heavy freight wagons destined for Great Salt Lake with two and a half tons in each wagon. Those teams move very slow, and if they reach here before snow falls I shall be a little disappointed, and I think it very probable that they will need some fresh cattle and some Yankee drivers to go out and help them in"

Heber C. Kimball—"Sending a man here with 2,500 troops!—they have no design in God's Almighty world only to raise a rookery with this people and bring us into collision with the United States, and when they come here, the first dab will be to take Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball and others, and they will slay us—that is their design, and if we will not yield to their meanness, they will say we have mutinized against the President of the United States, and then they will put us under martial law and massacre this people. That has been the design of the men that have been here"

John Taylor—"What would be the feelings if the United States wanted to have the honor of driving us from our homes and bringing us subject to their depraved standards of moral and religious truth? Would you, if necessary, brethren, put a torch to your buildings and

lay them in ashes and wander houseless in the mountains? I know what you would say and what you would do. We have been persecuted and robbed long enough and in the name of Israel's God, we will be free!"

President Brigham Young made the following comments to his people in the Bowery, Sunday, September 13, 1857.

"Do not be angry. I will not permit you to be as angry as I am. Do not get so angry that you cannot pray; do not allow yourselves to become so angry that you cannot feed an enemy, even your worst enemy, if an opportunity should present itself. There is a wicked anger and there is a righteous anger. The Lord does not suffer wicked anger to be in His heart, but there is anger in His bosom and He will hold a controversy with the nations and will sift them, and no power can stay His hand."

In another address delivered the following day he said: "If they (the United States) commence the war, I shall not hold the Indians still by the wrist any longer for the white men to shoot at them; but I shall let them go ahead and do as they please, and I shall carry the war into their own land, and they will want to get out of the job before they get half way through. Even should an army of 50,000 men get into this valley, when they got here they would find nothing but a barren waste—we shall burn everything that is wood and every acre of grass that will burn, and you can tell them they must bring with them their forage for their animals for they will not find anything in this Territory when they come. Again, you must tell them that they must stop all emigration across this continent for they cannot travel in safety. The Indians will kill all who attempt it."

THE TERRITORIAL MILITIA CALLED TO ACTION

The Nauvoo Legion (Utah Territorial Militia), consisted at this time of all able bodied men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, and was organized into military districts. The general officers of the Legion detailed for the command were: Daniel H. Wells, Lieut. General, commanding; Adjutant Generals, Geo. D. Grant, Wm. H. Kimball, James Ferguson, H. B. Clawson; Colonels, R. T. Burton, N. V. Jones, James Cummings, C. W. West, Thos. Callister, John Sharp, W. B. Pace, Lot Smith, Warren Snow, Jos. A. Young, A. P. Rockwood; J. L. Dunyon, Surgeon; Majors, H. W. Lawrence, J. M. Barlow, Israel Evans, R. J. Golding, J. R. Winder, J. D. T. McAllister. Besides these officers, scouts and rangers were detailed to perform special duties. Among these were O. P. Rockwell, Ephraim Hanks and many others. The nature of the campaign was such that individuals were selected for certain service without regard to their official station; thus officers of the highest rank were found perform-

ing the duties of company captains, or sharing the labors of men of the line.

On Monday the 20th day of April the Nauvoo Legion held a parade in Great Salt Lake City. The election of officers took place and a new system for its government was inaugurated. After that date it was often referred to as the Utah Militia.

On August 1, 1857 Daniel H. Wells, Lieutenant-General, and James Ferguson, Adjutant General, sent out a notice to the officers of the Nauvoo Legion throughout the state to hold their commands in readiness to march to any part of the Territory necessary to meet the invading army.

Meanwhile, every family in Utah was alerted to be ready to give their all for the protection of their beloved Zion. They were advised to store their grain, to avoid waste of any kind, and to receive with open arms those who were being called home from the mission fields and from the Mormon settlements in other states.

NOTICE

Headquarters Nauvoo Legion
Adjt. General's Office, G. S. L. City
August 1, 1857

Sir: Reports, tolerably well authenticated, have reached this office that an army from the Eastern States is now en route to invade this Territory.

The people of this territory have lived in strict obedience to the laws of the parent and home governments, and are ever zealous for the supremacy of the Constitution and the rights guaranteed thereby. In such time, when anarchy takes the place of orderly government and mobocratic tyranny usurps the power of rulers, they have left the inalienable right to defend themselves against all aggression upon their constitutional privileges. It is enough that for successive years they have witnessed the desolation of their homes; the barbarous wrath of mobs poured upon their unoffending brethren and sisters; their leaders arrested, incarcerated and slain, and themselves driven to cull life from the hospitality of the desert and the savage. They are not willing to endure longer these unceasing outrages; but, if an exterminating war be purposed against them and blood alone can cleanse pollution from the Nation's bulwarks, to the God of our fathers, let the appeal be made.

You are instructed to hold your command in readiness to march at the shortest possible notice to any part of the Territory. See that the law is strictly enforced in regards to arms and ammunition, and as far as practicable that each Ten be provided with a good wagon and four horses or mules, as well as the necessary clothing, etc., for a winter

campaign. Particularly let your influence be used for the preservation of the grain. Avoid all excitement, but be ready.

DANIEL H. WELLS,
Lieutenant-General Commanding

By James Ferguson, Adjutant General.

Copies of the letter were sent to: Colonel W. H. Dame, Parowan; Major L. W. McCullough, Fillmore; Major C. W. Bradley, Nephi; Major Warren S. Snow, Sanpete; General Aaron Johnson, Peteetneet; Colonel William B. Pace, Provo; Major Samuel Smith, Box Elder; Colonel C. W. West, Weber; Colonel P. C. Merrill, Davis; Major David Evans, Lehi; Major Allen Weeks, Cedar; Major John Rowberry, Tooele.

Within a few days these instructions reached the various districts and were quietly acted upon. There was a universal cleaning of arms, filling up of cartridge boxes, and attention given to the equipment of horses, teams, and camping outfits.

On the thirteenth of August orders were issued for the first movement of the forces. It was directed to Col. Robert T. Burton, instructing him to take the field with one hundred and sixty men from the first regiment. He, however, started on the fifteenth with but seventy men from the Life Guards. Among the officers accompanying this expedition were Col. James Cummings of the general staff, Maj. J. M. Barlow, quartermaster and commissary, Major H. W. Lawrence, Capt. H. P. Kimball, Lieuts. J. Q. Knowlton and C. F. Decker. They were afterwards joined by a company from Provo, commanded by Capt. Joshua Clark. The instructions given Col. Burton were to march to the east on the main traveled road, affording aid and protection to the incoming trains of immigrants, and to act as a corps of observation to learn the strength and equipment of forces reported on the way to Utah, and report to headquarters; but not to interfere with life or property of any one they might encounter on the road. Speaking of the assignment Col. Burton said:

"We arrived at Fort Bridger August 21st, and met the first company of immigrants at Pacific Springs on the 26th. On the following day we met Moody's company from Texas, also several large supply trains, entirely unprotected by an escort. On the 29th I left my wagons and half of the men and animals on the Sweetwater, proceeding with pack animals. On the 30th I arrived at Devil's Gate, with Kimball, Cummings, and Decker's command coming up the next day; here on the 31st we met Jones, Stringham, and others, on their way from Deer Creek to Salt Lake City, and on the day after Captain John R. Murdock from the States. The latter brought word "of the intense bitterness expressed all over the Union against the Mormons, and of the expectations that many entertained that the people of Utah were about to be annihilated by the strong arm of the military power."

These companies proceeded immediately on their way to the city, while Col. Burton and command were engaged caching provisions for future use. On September 8th, he sent an express to the Platte; which returned on the 12th. From this time the expedition returned slowly towards the city, thoroughly examining the country and posting themselves upon all points likely to be of advantage later in the campaign. They also kept a good lookout on the scouting and other military movements, forwarding by express all information of interest to Lieut. General Wells and Governor Young. On the 17th



Uniforms worn by Officers including those of Gen. Wells and Col. Burton—Pioneer Museum.

they received an express from Salt Lake, by J. M. Simmons and O. Spencer, and from this date men were kept in the saddle night and day between the front and headquarters. September 16th, N. V. Jones and Stephen Taylor brought an express from the city, and on the 21st Col. Burton took three men, H. W. Lawrence, H. P. Kimball, and John Smith and moved east to the vicinity of Devil's Gate, and camped, September 22nd, within a half mile of Col. E. B. Alexander's command. Here they first met the advance of the U.S. army, and from that time were its immediate neighbors until it arrived at Ham's Fork.

On September 29th, Lieut.-Gen. D. H. Wells left Salt Lake City and proceeded to establish headquarters in the narrows of Echo Canyon. He was accompanied by Adj. Gen. James Ferguson, Col. N. V. Jones, Major Lot Smith, and other staff officers. Companies of militia from the several military districts, aggregating about 1,250 men were ordered to report at Echo, with provisions for thirty days.

At Echo, Gen. Wells divided his staff, leaving Col. N. V. Jones and Maj. J. D. McAllister in command of the force there. These engaged in digging trenches in the canyon, throwing up breast works, loosening stones on the heights, and in every way preparing to resist the progress of any body of men that might attempt to pass through the canyon.

The day after reaching Echo, Lieut.-Gen. Wells, with a small escort, proceeded to Fort Bridger where he met Col. Burton and Quartermaster General Robinson, and was informed of all movements made by the troops, the location of their supply trains, their strength, probability of reinforcements, etc.

CALLED HOME

Samuel W. Richards was soon sent to England with a message to be delivered to Orson Pratt, president of the European mission, and Ezra T. Benson of the Apostle's quorum, instructing all the Mormon Elders to return home. He was also given a special message for President Buchanan informing him that his army could not enter Utah until arrangements had been made by the commission or otherwise. Elder Richards carried with him copies of the August 12th 1857 Deseret News containing an editorial stating clearly the views of the presidency of the Church and the Twelve Apostles concerning the sending on an army to Utah to quell the so-called rebellion.

When Elder Richards arrived in New York he was interviewed by members of the New York Times who listened, without prejudice, to what he had to say about the Mormon crisis and who published the report in their newspaper.

Immediately upon his arrival in England, Elder Richards delivered his instructions to Elders Pratt and Benson. They, with four Utah Elders, made the return journey by way of the Isthmus of Panama;

thence to San Bernardino and on to Salt Lake City, arriving during the month of January, 1858. Elder Richards was appointed to take charge of the European Mission until further notice.

It is estimated that some twenty-four other Elders serving in this mission returned via New York to Utah by various routes early in March.

About the time that Elder Richards was sent to England to release the Utah missionaries in Europe, Peter Conover was sent with an escort of ten or twelve men to bring in the settlers from Carson Valley. Conover arrived at the Carson settlement on the 5th of September, 1857, and in three weeks the settlers had disposed of their holdings and property, as far as possible, and at a great sacrifice, and began the journey to Salt Lake City, where they arrived on the 2nd of November.

The company was comprised of 450 souls, traveling in 123 wagons, separated in two divisions. Bishop William R. Smith of Davis county, later to become president of Davis Stake, was captain of the first division; John Little, captain over the second; and Chester Loveland, an experienced plainsman, commander of both divisions. It was reported by their leaders that there were 160 men in the companies capable of bearing arms. Before leaving Carson Valley the settlers sent agents over the Sierras to San Francisco to purchase \$800.00 worth of ammunition, besides such quantities as could be bought in the Carson settlements. They reported that they left but two boxes of caps and 1 pound of powder in all Carson Valley. Altogether they reported 2,700 lbs. of community ammunition, besides large quantities in the possession of individuals. The company also brought a large number of arms, and, altogether it was a substantial reinforcement to the Salt Lake Valley community.

The following extracts taken from the diary of Abraham Hunsaker relative to the return of the Carson Valley Saints:

September 5, 1857: We received an express from Brigham Young to sell out and start home in two weeks, as the United States has waged war against the Saints, and were sending some 3000 soldiers to Great Salt Lake. Brother Brigham also told us that he didn't expect they would be allowed to come in. That put an end to our farming in this country. I had all the property to sell and dispose of before I could go there and there were not many persons to buy us out. None was able to buy my farm so I had to send to California for someone to buy my farm and cattle.

September 21, 1857: After two weeks fixing wagons and thrashing wheat and barley, also going over to California to get the money for my farm and cows and getting some articles we needed to take with us to the valley, I run some risk in bringing my money over the mountains as I was liable to be robbed, as many are in this place, being a mountain country 80 miles without any inhabitants. I rode

with my pistol in my hand in the most dangerous places. But I got home safe, found all well, and I continued making ready to move, so we started in two weeks after we got word to leave. I brought 2 or 3 hundreds pounds of powder and lead to take with me to the Great Salt Lake; we met with the Saints in Eagle Valley where we all left the country in one large company of 200 wagons. Here I left my thrashing machine and got nothing much for it.

We started from Eagle Valley in Carson on the 22nd day of September, and traveled all the way home in this large company. We kept up a good strong guard as we feared they would follow us from California and stop us from going home, for they had sent several expresses to California to have a large force of soldiers stop us. We traveled in mass and had fifty men on guard in one night most all the way. We traveled as fast as our teams could stand to go for we most feared the snow would overtake us before we could get home; but we got through safe and sound and lost nothing. Eli found one little girl on Deep Creek four days before we got to Brigham City. We found the brethren were out trying to keep the U. S. Army from coming in and preparing for war. I stopped my wagons at Samuel Smith's by his request and sent a few lines to Brigham Young to know where he wanted me to stop. He said: "Stop here." Also Lorenzo Snow wished me to stop here. I gladly did so. . . .

The Saints from San Bernardino returned to Utah in several companies in the closing months of 1857, and in the early months of 1858, many of them making their homes in the southern settlements of the Territory. They, too, brought with them large stores of arms and ammunition. A Los Angeles newspaper correspondent under date of November 23rd, 1857, notes the departure of fifty-five Mormon families from San Bernardino the previous week, saying "that within six weeks one thousand persons will have forsaken their homes in that valley in obedience to the commands of their chief. Men, women, and children go off without a murmur and with countenance lighted with stern joy, at the assurance they receive that they are about to fight and destroy their enemies . . . There is not one line in the face of a Mormon that does not defiantly say "we will die before we submit." The correspondent also decried the facts that guards were not stationed at Cajon Pass—the only gateway from southern California to Utah—to prevent the transmission of munitions of war of the enemy, whether Mormons or Indians.

During the six years sojourn in San Bernardino the Mormons made an enviable record and history records their achievements in terms of commendation and respect. By the close of the year 1858, only a few faithful Saints were left in that region.

In faraway Hawaii the mission was in a flourishing condition when news came from home that Johnston's Army was moving against the Saints in Utah. President Bigler received instructions

from the Church authorities that the affairs of the mission were to be closed as rapidly as possible so that the missionaries could return to Utah.

PROCLAMATION OF GOVERNOR BRIGHAM YOUNG
TO THE PEOPLE OF UTAH

Sept. 15, 1857

"Citizens of Utah—We are invaded by a hostile force, who are evidently assailing us to accomplish our overthrow and destruction. For the last twenty-five years we have trusted officials of the Government, from constables and justices to judges, governors and presidents, only to be scorned, held in derision, insulted and betrayed. Our houses have been plundered and then burned, our fields laid waste; our principal men butchered, while under the pledged faith of the government for their safety, and our families driven from their homes to find that shelter in the barren wilderness, and that protection among hostile savages which were denied them in the boasted abodes of Christianity and civilization.

"The constitution of our common country guarantee unto us all that we do now or have ever claimed. If the constitutional rights which pertain to us as American citizens were extended to Utah according to the spirit and meaning thereof, and fairly and impartially administered, it is all we could ask—all that we have ever asked.

"Our opponents have availed themselves of prejudice existing against us, because of our religious faith, to send out a formidable host to accomplish our destruction. We have had no privilege or opportunity of defending ourselves from the false, foul, and unjust aspersions against us before the nation. The Government has not condescended to cause an investigating committee or other person to be sent to inquire into and ascertain the truth, as is customary in such cases. We know those aspersions to be false; but that avails us nothing. We are condemned unheard, and forced to an issue with an armed mercenary mob, which has been sent against us at the instigation of anonymous letter writers, ashamed to father the base, slanderous falsehood which they have given to the public—of corrupt officials who have brought false accusations against us to screen themselves in their own infamy, and of hireling priests and howling editors, who prostitute the truth for filthy lucre's sake.

"The issue which has thus been forced upon us compels us to resort to the first great law of self preservation, and stand in our own defense, a right guaranteed unto us by the genius of the institutions of our country, and upon which the government is based. Our duty to ourselves, to our families, requires us not to tamely submit to be driven and slain without any attempt to preserve ourselves. Our duty to our country, our holy religion, our God, to freedom and liberty, requires that we should not quietly stand still and see those fetters

forging around us which are calculated to enslave and bring us in subjection to an unlawful military despotism, such as can only emanate in a country or constitutional law, from usurpation, tyranny and oppression.

Therefore I, Brigham Young, Governor and Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the Territory of Utah, in the name of the people of the United States, in the Territory of Utah forbid

First: All armed forces of every description from coming into this Territory, under any pretense whatsoever.

Second. That all the forces in said Territory hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice to repel any and all such invasion.

Third: Marshal law is hereby declared to exist in this Territory from and after the publication of this proclamation; and no person shall be allowed to pass or repass into, or through, or from this Territory, without a permit from the proper officer.

Given under my hand and seal, at Great Salt Lake City, Territory of Utah, this fifteenth day of September A.D. eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, and of the Independence of the United States of America the eighty-second.

BRIGHAM YOUNG

CAPTAIN VAN VLIET VISITS UTAH

Before being relieved of his command of the Utah Expedition General Harney sent Captain Van Vliet to Utah to negotiate with Governor Young for the encampment and provisioning of the U. S. army. He was charged with selecting men to accompany him who would not comment on or ridicule anything they saw. They were to treat the inhabitants of Utah with kindness and consideration.

The following account is given of Captain Van Vliet's visit to Salt Lake City.

Captain Stewart Van Vliet, Assistant Quartermaster, United States Army, arrived in this city on the afternoon of the 8th of September, 1857. He left his escort in camp on Ham's Fork, the animals being somewhat jaded, and rode from there with Brs. N. V. Jones and Bryant Stringham who were returning from Deer Creek.

Immediately upon his arrival the Captain politely requested Elder Jones to wait upon His Excellency Governor Young, acquaint him with his arrival and solicit an interview, which by mutual agreement, was appointed in the Social Hall at 9 a.m. on the following morning.

During the evening of the 8th, Governor Young accompanied by Hon. H. C. Kimball, Lieut. Gen. D. H. Wells, Hon. J. M. Bernhisel,

Adj. Gen. James Ferguson, Architect T. O. Angell and the Editor of the Deseret News, Albert Carrington, called upon Captain Van Vliet, at the residence of Hon. W. H. Hooper, Secretary for Utah, and passed some time in a mutually frank and friendly discussion of queries and ideas.

At 9 a.m. of the 9th, Governor Young, Hon. H. C. Kimball, Lieut. Gen. D. H. Wells, Hon. J. M. Bernhisel, those of the Quorum of the Twelve now in the city, Hon. William H. Hooper and a large number of our prominent citizens met Captain Van Vliet in the Social Hall, where he was favorably introduced to the audience by the Governor and gave a general outline of the object in view with Gen. Harney in sending him here on express, and at the conclusion of his remarks presented a letter to Governor Young from Gen. Harney addressed, "President Brigham Young, of the society of the Mormons."

At the conclusion of the interview Governor Young invited Captain Van Vliet and several others to accompany him to his private office and (after a time spent in a style of conversation everpleasing to upright and loyal American citizens), to a stroll through the adjacent orchard, vineyard and garden, where the Captain expressed himself as highly surprised and delighted with the improvements made in so short a time and under so many disadvantages. From the Governor's grounds the party proceeded to the Editor's peach orchard, and regaled themselves on some varieties of peaches then ripe and ripening.

On the 10th, as the Captain had expressed a desire to see the domestic workings of the "peculiar institution," Governor Young showed him the finishing and furnishing of his Bee Hive and Lion Mansions, from garret to cellar, and introduced him to his numerous family of wives and children. Upon returning to the offices and being asked whether the children showed any degree of mental or physical degeneracy, the Captain promptly replied that he could discern nothing of that description, but on the contrary, so far as he could observe, he had never seen a family apparently more cheerful, happy and contented, nor any more comfortably sheltered, fed, and clothed.

In the afternoon, with Hon. W. H. Hooper and the Territorial Surveyor General J. W. Fox, Captain Van Vliet left on a visit to the military reservation in Rush Valley, returned on the 11th and participated in a supper at the Globe, and in the course of the evening he voluntarily arose and requested the privilege of making a few remarks, which was at once most cheerfully granted, in which he warmly expressed his gratitude for his former and present acquaintance and associations with this people. He said that his prayers should ever be that the Angel of Peace should extend his wings over Utah.

On the 12th he partook of a sumptuous dinner at the residence of President Heber C. Kimball, at which President Young and Daniel

H. Wells, Hon. J. M. Bernhisel, Hon. W. H. Hooper, Bishop L. D. Young and Elders John Taylor, Feramorz Little and Albert Carrington, and numerous ladies were guests.

It so happened that for a short period the gentlemen were required to visit some immigrating companies arriving on the Public Square, and the Captain was accidentally left to do battle with the ladies about polygamy, in which he acknowledged that he most signally came off second best, not being able to find a single lady who wished to rally under Uncle Sam's protection and be escorted to the States.

On Sunday, the 13th, Captain Van Vliet attended the forenoon service in the Bowery; politely accepted an invitation from the President to take a seat upon the stand, and heard a discourse by Elder John Taylor and remarks by President Young. During his remarks President Young called a vote of those present—who were American born and naturalized citizens and those who were not; and, notwithstanding the recent influx of new comers who were present, and the larger proportion of foreign artisans who stop in this city, and the large number who have applied for their naturalization papers, but have not yet got them, there was only about one-fourth who were not either native born or naturalized, which gives us a more than sixteen times less proportion of foreigners here than in St. Louis. But the foreigner question, in a government and country like ours, is too contemptible for the notice of any save Stephen A. Douglas and those like him.

In the evening the Captain was again visited by Governor Young and numerous friends, as he wished to start for Washington very early in the morning, and after another very friendly interview the company separated with a cordial shake of the hand and wishing the Captain a speedy journey and safe arrival, with the blessings of Jehovah to attend him.

At about 6 a.m. of the 14th Captain Van Vliet placed himself in the care of Mrs. N. V. Jones, O. P. Rockwell, and S. Taylor, with animals, carriage and baggage wagon furnished by Governor Young, to proceed to his escort on Ham's Fork, from whence he will use all diligence to make a trip to Washington City.

* * * *

Hon. J. M. Bernhisel, Delegate to Congress, left for Washington on the morning of the 14th inst., in company with Captain Stewart Van Vliet. The Captain having kindly proffered our Delegate a seat in his carriage and a plate at his mess table, upon their arrival at Ham's Fork, they will journey together to the frontiers and, perhaps, to Washington.—*Deseret News* September 16, 1857. Albert Carrington, Editor.

GOVERNOR YOUNG'S LETTER TO THE COMMANDER OF THE UTAH EXPEDITION

Meanwhile the advance Army was rapidly approaching the Territory. They were at Ham's Fork and had established Camp Winfield, 20 miles N. E. of Fort Bridger. Its route from the frontier had been by way of Fort Kearney and Laramie. Colonel Alexander's command reached Laramie early in September. Two weeks later Colonel P. F. Smith's companies arrived there, and, about October 20th, Colonel Cooke and his Dragoons encamped at Fort Laramie.

Colonel E. B. Alexander was the leader of the advanced division of the Expedition by virtue of seniority. It was to him that General Wells forwarded two copies of Governor Young's proclamation, a copy of the laws of Utah and a letter from Governor Young addressed to the officer commanding the forces now invading Utah Territory. Major Lot Smith and another officer was entrusted to deliver the papers, by the hand of a Mexican mountaineer named "Marrienne."

Governor's Office, Utah Territory
Great Salt Lake City
September 29, 1857

Sir:—By reference of the act of Congress passed September 9, 1850, organizing the Territory of Utah, published in the laws of Utah, herewith forwarded, pp. 146-7, you will find the following:

Sec. 2. *And be it further enacted:* That the executive power and authority in and over said territory of Utah shall be vested in a governor, who shall hold his office for four years, *and until his successor shall be appointed and qualified*, unless sooner removed by the president of the United States. The governor shall reside within said territory and shall be commander-in-chief of the militia thereof, etc., etc.

I am still the governor and superintendent of Indian Affairs for this territory, no successor having been appointed and qualified, as provided by law; nor have I been removed by the president of the United States.

By virtue of the authority thus vested in me, I have issued, and forwarded you a copy of my proclamation forbidding the entrance of armed forces into this territory. This you have disregarded. I now further direct that you retire forthwith from the territory, by the same route you entered. Should you deem this impracticable, and prefer to remain until spring in the vicinity of your present encampment, Black's Fork, or Green River, you can do so in peace and unmolested, on condition that you deposit your arms and ammunition with Lewis Robinson quartermaster-general of the territory, and leave in the spring, as soon as the condition of the roads will permit you to march; and should you fall short of provisions, they can be furnish-

ed you, upon making the proper application therefor. Gen. D. H. Wells will forward this, and receive any communication you may have to make.

Very respectfully,
 (Signed) BRIGHAM YOUNG
 Governor and Superintendent of Indian Affairs,
 Utah Territory



Powder Magazine used by Utah Militia at Echo Canyon—
 Pioneer Museum.

HEADQUARTERS 10th REGIMENT OF INFANTRY

Camp Winfield, on Ham's Fork, October 2, 1857

Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of September 29, 1857; with two copies of *Proclamation* and one of the *Laws of Utah*, and have given them attentive consideration.

I am at present the senior and commanding officer of the troops of the United States at this point, and I will submit your letter to the general commanding as soon as he arrives here.

In the meantime I have only to say that these troops are here by the orders of the President of the United States, and their future movement will depend entirely upon orders issued by competent military authority.

I am, sir, very respectfully,
 E. B. ALEXANDER,
 Col. 10th U. S. Infantry, commanding.

To Brigham Young, Esquire,
 Governor of Utah Territory

ORDER GIVEN BY GENERAL WELLS TO MAJOR LOT SMITH

Headquarters Eastern Expedition
Camp near Cache Cave, October 4, 1857

You will proceed, with all possible dispatch, without injuring your animals, to the Oregon roads, near the bend of Bear River, north by east of this place. Take close and correct observations of the country on your route. When you approach the road, send scouts ahead, to ascertain if the invading troops have passed that way. Should they have passed, take a concealed route, and get ahead of them. Express to Colonel Burton, who is now on that road and in the vicinity of the troops, and effect a junction with him, so as to operate in concert. On ascertaining the locality or route of the troops, proceed at once to annoy them in every way possible. Use every exertion to stampede their animals and set fire to their trains. Burn the whole country before them, and on their flanks. Keep them from sleeping, by night surprises; blockade the road by felling trees or destroying the river fords where you can. Watch for opportunities to set fire to the grass on their windward, so as if possible to envelop their trains. Leave no grass before them that can be burned. Keep your men concealed as much as possible, and guard against surprise. Keep scouts out at all times, and communication open with Colonel Burton, Major McAllister and O. P. Rockwell, who are operating in the same way. Keep me advised daily of your movements and every step the troops take, and in which direction.

God bless you, and give you success.

Your brother in Christ.

DANIEL H. WELLS

P.S.—If the troops have not passed, or have turned in this direction, follow in their rear, and continue to annoy them, burning any trains they may leave. Take no life, but destroy their trains, and stampede or drive away their animals, at every opportunity.

UTAH MILITIA TAKES THE INITIATIVE

Oct. 5, 1857—Lot Smith set forth with three mounted Mormon men and burned two supply trains in Green River Valley belonging to Johnston's Army; the next day they burned another train. In all there were about 75 wagons. The three wagons contained the following supplies: 2,720 pounds of ham; 92,700 pounds of bacon; 167,900 pounds of flour; 270 bushels beans; 8,850 pounds Rio coffee; 330 pounds Java coffee; 1400 pounds crushed sugar; 2,970 gallons vinegar; 800 pounds sperm candles; 13,333 pounds soap; 84 gallons molasses; 134 bushels dried peaches; 68,832

rations desiccated vegetables; 705 pounds tea; 7,781 pounds hard bread, and 9 lanterns.

H. F. Clark,
Capt. and C. S., U. S. A.

After delivering the dispatch to Col. Alexander, Major Lot Smith was invited to take dinner with General Wells and his aides. Among all the soldiers of Mormon Israel there was perhaps not one so fitted to open this very peculiar campaign as Lot Smith. His lion-like courage and absolute fearlessness of personal danger, when most in its presence, marked him out as the man of men to execute an exploit of such daring as that designed—to astonish the American nation into a realization of the Mormon earnestness, yet at the same time to do it without the shedding of a drop of the enemy's blood.

"During the meal," said Major Lot Smith, in his piquant narrative of one of the most daring guerilla exploits on record, "General Wells, looking at me as straight as possible, asked if I could take a few men and turn back the trains that were on the road, or burn them? I replied that I thought I could do just what he told me to do. The answer appeared to please him, and he accepted it, telling me that he could furnish me only a few men, but they would be sufficient, for they would appear many more to the enemy."

At 4 o'clock in the evening of October 3rd, Major Lot Smith's troops, numbering forty men rank and file, started on their expedition. They rode all night and early the next morning came in sight of an ox train headed westward. On calling for the captain, Major Smith ordered him to turn his train and go the other way until he reached the States. The Captain "swore pretty strongly," faced about and started to go east, but as soon as he was out of sight he would turn again towards the mountains. The troops met him that day and took out his lading, leaving the wagons and teams standing. Lot Smith camped near these troops on that night on the banks of the Green River. His story continues:

"Losing the opportunity to make much impression on Rankin's train, I thought something must be done speedily to carry out the instructions received, so I sent Captain Haight with twenty men to see if he could get the mules of the Tenth Regiment on any terms. With the remaining twenty three men I started for Sandy Fork to intercept trains that might be approaching in that direction. On the road, seeing a large cloud of dust at a distance up the river on the old Mormon road, I sent scouts to see what caused it. They returned, overtaking me at Sandy, and reported a train of twenty-six large freight wagons. We took supper and started at dark. After traveling fourteen miles, we came up to the train, but discovered that the teamsters were drunk, and knowing that drunken men were easily excited and always ready to fight, and remembering my positive or-

ders not to hurt anyone except in self-defense, we remained in ambush until after midnight. I then sent scouts to thoroughly examine the appearance of their camp, to note the number of wagons and men and report all they discovered. When they returned and reported twenty-six wagons in two lines a short distance apart, I concluded that counting one teamster to each wagon and throwing in eight or ten extra men would make their force about forty. I thought we would be a match for them, and so ordered an advance to their camp.

"On nearing the wagons, I found I had misunderstood the scouts, for instead of one train of twenty-six wagons there were two, doubling the number of men, and putting quite another phase on our relative strength and situation. There was a large camp-fire burning, and a number of men were standing around smoking. It was expected by my men that on finding out the real number of men and wagons, I would not go further than to make some inquiries and passing our sortie upon the train as a joke, would go on until some more favorable time. But it seemed to me that it was no time for joking. I arranged my men and we advanced until our horses' heads came into the light of the fire; then I discovered that we had the advantage, for looking back into the darkness I could not see where my line of troops ended, and could imagine my twenty followers stringing out to a hundred or more as well as not. I inquired for the captain of the train. Mr. Dawson stepped out and said he was the man. I told him that I had a little business with him. He inquired the nature of it, and I replied by requesting him to get all of his men and their private property as quickly as possible out of the wagons for I meant to put a little fire into them. He exclaimed: 'For God's sake, don't burn the trains!' I said it was for His sake that I was going to burn them, and pointed out a place for his men to stack their arms, and another where they were to stand in a group, placing a guard over both. I then sent a scout down towards Little Mountaineer Fork, failing to put one towards Ham's Fork on the army. While I was busy with the train a messenger from the latter surprised us by coming into camp. I asked him if he had any dispatches and to hand them to me. He said he had but they were verbal. I told him if he lied to me his life was not worth a straw. He became terrified, in fact I never saw a man more frightened. He said afterwards that he expected every moment to be killed. His orders to the train men were from the commander to Camp Winfield, and were to the effect that the Mormons were in the field, and that they must not go to sleep, but keep night guard on their trains, and that four companies of cavalry and two pieces of artillery would come over in the morning to escort them to camp."

After thus dealing with the first train, the other was treated in a like manner. Lot Smith brings his story to an exciting climax.

"When all was ready, I made a torch, instructing my Gentile follower, known as Big James, to do the same, as I thought it was proper for the *Gentiles to spoil the Gentiles*. At this stage of our proceedings, an Indian came from the Mountaineer Fork and seeing how things were going asked for some presents. He wanted two wagon covers for a lodge, some flour and soap. I filled his order and he went away much elated. Out of respect to the candor, poor Dawson had shown, I released him from going with me when we fired the trains, taking Big James instead, he not being afraid of saltpetre or sulphur either.

"While riding from wagon to wagon, with torch in hand and the wind blowing, the covers seemed to me to catch very slowly. I so stated it to James. He replied, swinging his long torch over his head: 'By St. Patrick, ain't it beautiful! I never saw anything go better in all my life.' About this time I had Dawson send in his men to the wagons not yet fired, to get us some provisions, enough to thoroughly furnish us, telling him to get plenty of sugar and coffee, for though I never used the latter myself, some of my men below, intimating that I had a force down there, were fond of it. On completing this task I told him that we were going just a little way off, and that if he or his men molested the trains or undertook to put the fire out, they would be instantly killed. We rode away leaving the wagons all ablaze."—*Whitney's History of Utah*.

RESULTS OF THE BURNING

The burning of the government trains accomplished the very purpose designed. The nation was thrown into a state of excitement over the daring deed, and at the issue of Governor Young's proclamation, Congress passed a resolution declaring Utah in a state of rebellion and referred a motion to the committee on Territories to expel the Utah delegate. Burning the supplies of an army of the United States, sent by the government to put down an incipient rebellion, was declared to be an extraordinary overt act of actual war, while the proclamation of Governor Young was considered as a veritable declaration of war as from an independent power.

A terrible wrath was aroused against Mormon Utah. At that moment, had the season been favorable, and the government made the call, a hundred thousand volunteers would have quickly mustered into service to annihilate the whole Mormon community. Yet, be it repeated, the very purpose had been accomplished which Brigham Young designed. It was a most dramatic illustration of his words to Captain Van Vliet, "We are aware that such will be the case; but when those troops arrive they will find Utah a desert. Every house will be burned to the ground, every tree cut down, every field left waste. We have three years' provisions on hand, which we will 'cache,' and then take to the mountains and bid defiance to all the powers of the government."

The nation could not believe that this was not mere bravado or bombast of Brigham Young, nor the insane rage of fanatics, but the extraordinary resolve of a Puritanic people, such as those who fought "In the name of the Lord" for the commonwealth of England and founded the American nation. And though P. F. Smith of the expedition wrote to headquarters: "As the threats of their leaders to Captain Van Vliet, coupled with the burning of our supply trains—in itself an act of war—is evidence of their treason, I shall regard them as enemies, and fire upon the scoundrels if they give me the least opportunity," yet from that moment President Buchanan saw cause to pause. *Brigham Young would keep his word!*

—*Whitney's History of Utah*

Explaining the reason for burning the supply trains of the expedition, Governor Young said, "I have to inform you that the demonstration that has been made upon your animals and trains have been made solely with the view to let you emphatically understand that we are in earnest when we assert, free-men like, that we will not tamely submit any longer having our constitutional and inalienable rights trampled underfoot . . . I have further to inform you that by ordering you here upon pretext solely founded on lies, all of which have long been exploded, the president has no more regard for the constitution and laws of the United States and the welfare of her citizens than he has for the constitution, laws and subjects of the kingdom of Beelzebub."

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN GOVERNOR YOUNG AND COLONEL ALEXANDER

Great Salt Lake City, Oct. 14, 1857

Colonel: In consideration of our relative positions—you acting in your capacity as commander of the United States forces, and in obedience, as you have stated, to orders from the President of the United States, and I as governor of this Territory, impelled by every sense of justice, honor, integrity and patriotism to resist what I consider to be a direct infringement of the rights of the citizens of Utah, and an act of usurpation and tyranny unprecedented in the history of the United States—permit me to address you frankly as a citizen of the United States, untrammelled by the usages of official dignity or military etiquette.

As citizens of the United States, we both, it is presumable, feel strongly attached to the Constitution and institutions of our common country; and as gentlemen, should probably agree in sustaining the dearly bought liberties bequeathed to our fathers—the position in which we are individually placed being the only apparent cause of our present antagonism; you, as colonel commanding, feeling that you have a rigid duty to perform in obedience to orders, and I, a still more important duty to the people of this Territory.

I need not here reiterate what I have already mentioned in my official proclamation, and what I and the people of this Territory universally believe firmly to be the object of the administration in the present expedition against Utah, viz: the destruction, if not the entire annihilation of the Mormon community, solely upon religious grounds, and without any pretext whatever; for the administration do know, from the most reliable sources, that the base reports circulated by Drummond, and others of their mean officials, are barefaced calumnies. They do, moreover, know that the people of Utah have been more peace-loving and law-abiding than those of any other Territory of the United States, and have never resisted even the wish of the President of the United States, nor treated with indignity a single individual coming to the Territory under his authority, although the conduct and deportment of many of them have merited it, and in any other State or Territory would have met with summary punishment. But when the President of the United States so far degrades his high position, and prostitutes the highest gift of the people to make use of the military power (only intended for the protection of the people's rights) to crush the people's liberties, and compel them to receive officials so lost of self respect as to accept appointment against the known and expressed wish of the people, and so craven and degraded as to need an army to protect them in their position, we feel that we should be recreant to every principle of self-respect, honor, integrity and patriotism, to bow tamely to such high-handed tyranny, a parallel for which is found only in the attempts of the British government, in its most corrupt stages, against the rights, liberties and lives of our forefathers.

Now, Colonel, I do not charge you, nor those serving under you, with the instigation of these enormities. I consider that you are only the agent made use of by the administration, probably unwillingly so, to further their infamous designs. What high-minded gentleman can feel comfortable in being the mere catspaw of political jugglers and hucksters, penny-a-liners, hungry speculators and disgraced officials? Yet it is from the statements of such characters that the administration has acted, attaching the official seal to your movements. Now, I feel that, when such treason is perpetrated, unblushingly, in open daylight, against the liberties and most sacred rights of the citizens of this Territory, it is my duty and the duty of every lover of this country and her sacred institutions, to resist it, and maintain inviolate the constitution of our common country.

Perhaps, Colonel, you may feel otherwise, education and association have their influences, but I have yet to learn that United States officers are implicitly bound to obey the dictum of a despotic president, in violating the most sacred constitutional rights of American citizens.

We have sought diligently for peace. We have sacrificed millions of dollars worth of property to obtain it, and wandered a thou-

sand miles from the confines of civilization, severing ourselves from home, the society of friends, and everything that makes life worth enjoyment. If we have war it is not of our seeking; we have never gone or sought to interfere with the rights of others; but they have come and been sent to interfere with us. We had hoped that, in this barren and desolate country, we could have remained unmolested; but it would seem that our implacable, blood-thirsty foes envy us even these barren deserts. Now, if our real enemies, the mobocrats, priests, editors and politicians, at whose instigation the present storm has been gathered, had come against us, instead of you and your command, I should never have addressed them thus. They would never have been allowed to reach the South Pass. In you we recognize only the agents and instruments of this administration, and with you, personally, have no quarrel. I believe it would have been more consonant with your feelings to have made war upon the enemies of your country than upon American citizens. But to us the end to be accomplished is the same, and while I appreciate the unpleasantness of your position, you must be aware that circumstances compel the people of Utah to look upon you, in your present belligerent attitude, as their enemies and the enemies of our common country, and notwithstanding my most sincere desire to promote amicable relations with you, I shall feel it my duty, as do the people of the Territory, universally, to resist to the utmost every attempt to encroach further upon their rights.

It, therefore, becomes a matter of serious consideration, whether it would not be more in accordance with the spirit and institutions of our country to return with your present force rather than force an issue so unpleasant to all and which must result in great misery and, perhaps, bloodshed and, if persisted in, the total destruction of your army. And, furthermore, does it not become a question whether it is more patriotic for officers of the United States army to ward off, by all honorable means, a collision with American citizens or to further the precipitate move of an indiscreet and rash administration, in plunging a whole Territory into a horrible, fratricidal and sanguinary war.

Trusting that the foregoing considerations may be duly weighed by you, and that the difficulties now impending may be brought to an amicable adjustment, with sentiments of esteem,

I have the honor to remain most respectfully etc.,

(Signed) BRIGHAM YOUNG

WINTER OF 1857-58

About this same time Samuel Houston, frontiersman and founder of Texas, expressed upon the floor of the Senate of the United States his feelings on the Mormon problem, claiming that the more men they sent to the Mormon War, the more men they would have

to feed, clothe and transport. Then he made the statement, "they will find Salt Lake City, if they ever reach it, a heap of ashes Whether we have a war with the Mormons or not will depend upon the fact whether our troops advance or not. If they do not advance; if negotiations be opened; if we understand what the Mormons are really willing to do, they are ready to acquiesce in the mandates of the government and render obedience to the Constitution; if you will take the time to ascertain this and not repudiate all ideas of peace, we may have peace. But so sure as the troops advance, so sure will they be annihilated. You may treble them, and you will only add to the catastrophe, not diminish human suffering. These people expect nothing but extermination or abuse more intolerable than even extermination would be from your troops, and they will oppose them."

Colonel Alexander concentrated his forces at Ham's Fork the latter part of September awaiting word from his commander. Winter was fast approaching and he felt that the country was unfitted for winterquarters. The greater part of their supplies had been burned and much of their cattle taken by the Mormon defenders. The United States troops began to show signs of discontent. They were in a country they knew nothing about surrounded by troops who knew the country well.

On the 10th of October the officers of the Expedition held a council and determined that the army should go from Ham's Fork by way of Soda Springs then make their way into Salt Lake Valley thus avoiding the Mormon strongholds in Echo Canyon, Fort Bridger and Fort Supply. The order was issued and the troops began the dreary march. Snow fell heavily making travel slow and discouraging. The animals suffered from want of forage as the grass had been burned along the trail. Three miles a day was all the distance they could make.

Another council was held but the topics of discussion were the suffering and losses of the company. Mormon soldiers were constantly harassing the troops and the U.S. army, in return, resorted to every sort of strategy to disarm the Mormon soldiers in regard to their real intent.

On the 18th of October the U.S. Army received orders to retrace its steps. Two days later word was received that Col. Albert Sidney Johnston was on his way to take over the command. He arrived in camp November 3rd.

When word was received in Salt Lake of the arrival of Colonel Johnston with additional men and supplies at Fort Scott, General Wells immediately returned to Echo Canyon. The coming of Johnston emphasized the seriousness of the situation that confronted the people of Utah and it was felt that Colonel Johnston would force his way into Utah.



Col. Albert Sidney Johnston

About this time Dr. Garland Hurt, sub-Indian Agent, who had left Springville in late September, arrived at Camp Scott in company with two or three hundred Utah Valley Indians.

Colonel St. George Cooke and his command of six companies of the 2nd Dragoons arrived at Camp Scott on the 19th of November. He was accompanied by civil officers including the newly appointed governor. He also reported a terrible loss of animals and suffering of his men due to weather conditions. Now all three commands settled at Camp Scott near Fort Bridger for the winter.

Again the Mormon leaders withdrew their forces from the mountains. "The Expedition was to be watched by a guard of fifty men under the com-

mand of Captain John R. Winder. They were instructed to keep strict watch but to allow teamsters or deserters to be passed on to Salt Lake; if officers or others decided to come to Salt Lake they were to be kept prisoners until further orders." But, there was no attempt on any part of the United States army to enter Salt Lake.

President Young noted that he had received no official notice that a new governor had been appointed; also, no official notification of the coming of the United States army.

General Wells issued an express urging the Saints to pray earnestly "that the soldiers might return to their homes and that we might not have to shed blood." But it was learned that Colonel Johnston despaired of reaching the valley that winter. The march from Ham's Fork to Bridger had been hard on the Utah Expedition, although the distance was only thirty five miles; yet, it took fifteen days to make the journey.

The Legislature convened on the 14th of December, 1857, at which time they reviewed the procedure of the federal officers. Gov-

ernor Young justified in his message the way in which the citizens of Utah had met the oncoming army. His message was approved by the Legislature. The next step of the Legislature was to disorganize Green River County and attach it to Salt Lake County. This move was made to deprive the civil officers at Camp Scott of the control of that political sub-division of the Territory.

The Legislature during its session established an express and weekly mail to all parts of the Territory. It also established a standing army for Utah, for which purpose \$1,000,000 was to be raised by taxation. Ten battalions of mounted riflemen totalling one thousand men were to be prepared for constant service.

Letters between John Taylor and Captain Marcy of the U. S. forces were discussed, but the most outstanding act of the Legislature was a memorial sent to President Buchanan and the Congress of the United States in which the whole course of Utah's affairs was reviewed: "All we want," said the memorial, "is truth and fair play . . . withdraw your troops, give us our constitutional rights and we are at home" were the closing words.

AT CAMP SCOTT

Governor Cumming was now stationed with the United States troops at Camp Scott located about two miles north of Fort Bridger. Colonel Johnston, during this period, assumed a deep contempt for the Mormon leaders whom he definitely regarded as a traitorous people. He took the position that he must make a conquest.

It was from Camp Scott that Governor Cumming issued his proclamation to the people of Utah announcing that on the 11th day of July, 1857 he had been appointed Governor of the Territory. He also stated that he had arrived at Camp Scott on the 19th of November; that he would be detained for sometime; but, that he would proceed at Camp Scott to make preliminary arrangements for a temporary organization for the Territorial government of Utah. He said that many treasonable acts had been committed by lawless individuals supposed to be countenanced by the late Utah executive. Proceedings would be instigated against them by Chief Justice Eckels. He felt it was his duty to enforce unconditional obedience to all the laws applicable to the Territory. He came among the people with no prejudice and hoped to command their confidence by a just and firm administration.

On the same date Governor Cumming wrote a letter to Ex-Governor Young indicating that the Territory was in a state of rebellion for which he, Brigham Young, was concluded to be responsible.

The United States officials at Camp Scott also decided it would be necessary to establish a district court at Camp Scott in order to control some one thousand teamsters who had been discharged from service with the supply trains. Part of the difficulty was overcome

when General Johnston enlisted four companies comprising three hundred and twenty-five of these men as volunteers in the Utah Expedition. The first company was taken into service at South Pass and was made up of employees of ex-mail contractor Magraw, who was now employed by the government as a contractor, and ordered to protect the supply train of the U. S. army.

The three other companies were enlisted at Camp Scott. All companies were to serve six months and were to receive their pay through congress approving such appropriations. Each company was allowed to choose its own captain and the four companies combined were then to select a commander over all. But, after the enlistment of these companies, it still left a large number of "undesirables" to be controlled by the court.

But according to an article published in the Atlantic Monthly a Grand Jury was summoned and bills of indictment were returned against Brigham Young and sixty of his principal associates.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, TERRITORY OF UTAH,

GREEN RIVER COUNTY, ss—District Court of the United States, December Term, 1857—The Grand Jurors of the United States of America, impaneled, charged and sworn to inquire for the said United States within and for the said Territory, and the body of the District and County aforesaid, upon their oath present: That Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Daniel H. Wells, John Taylor, George D. Grant, Lot Smith, Porter Rockwell, William A. Hickman, Albert Carrington, Joseph Taylor, William Stowell, Lewis Robinson, Joshua Terry, John Harvey, Daniel Jones, Phineas Young, William Young, Robert Burton, James Ferguson, Ephraim Hanks, late of the county aforesaid, yeoman, with a great multitude of persons (whose names to the Grand Jurors aforesaid are at the present unknown), to the number of one thousand persons or more, being inhabitants of the said Territory and residents therein, and under the protection of the Constitution and laws of the said United States and owing allegiance, but wickedly devising and intending the peace and tranquility of said United States to disturb, and to stir, move and incite insurrection, rebellion, and war against the said United States, on the fifteenth day of September, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, within the Territory, District and County aforesaid, and within the jurisdiction of this court, unlawfully, falsely, maliciously, and traitorously did compass, imagine and intend to raise and levy war, insurrection and rebellion against the said United States

With wicked, malicious and traitorous intent to levy, and thereby wickedly, maliciously and traitorously levying war against the said United States, contrary to the duty of his said allegiance and fidelity, against the form of the Act of the Congress of the said United States in such case made and provided, and against the Constitution, peace

and dignity of the said United States; and then and there the said Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Daniel H. Wells, John Taylor, George D. Grant, Lot Smith, Peter Rockwell, William H. Hickman, Albert Carrington, Joseph Taylor, William Stowell, Lewis Robinson, Joshua Terry, John Harvey, Daniel Jones, Phineas Young, Robert Burton, James Ferguson, Ephraim Hanks, and the great multitude aforesaid in pursuance of the aforesaid traitorous conspiracy, combination, confederation, and agreements, did traitorously assemble and gather themselves together; and then and there combined, confederated and assembled in a manner aforesaid, and armed and arrayed in a warlike manner, that is to say with rifles, pistols and swords and other warlike weapons, as well offensive as defensive, did wickedly and maliciously and traitorously issue wicked, malicious and traitorous speeches, writings and proclamations; and then and there, with force and arms so as aforesaid traitorously combined, confederated, assembled, armed and arrayed, did wickedly, maliciously and traitorously set fire and burn commissary stores belonging to the said United States of great value, to wit: of the value of one million dollars; and then and there, with force and arms, so as aforesaid traitorously combined, confederated, assembled, armed and arrayed, did wickedly, maliciously and traitorously disarm divers citizens of the said United States having charge and custody of the commissary stores, aforesaid; and then and there, with force and arms, so as aforesaid traitorously combined, confederated, assembled, armed and arrayed, did wickedly, maliciously, and traitorously steal, take and drive away oxen, horses and mules belonging to the United States, to the number of one thousand and more, and of great value, to wit: to the value of one hundred thousand dollars; and then and there, with force and arms so as aforesaid, traitorously, combined, confederated, assembled, armed and arrayed, did wickedly, maliciously and traitorously oppose the march of the army of the said United States by the erection of military fortifications on a public highway, with wicked, malicious, and traitorous intent to levy, and thereby wickedly, maliciously and traitorously levying war against the said United States, contrary to the duty of their said allegiance and fidelity, against the form of the act of the Congress of the said United States in such cases made and provided, and against the Constitution, peace and dignity of the said United States.

J. M. Hockaday,

Attorney of the United States
John D. Radford, Foreman

THE MOVE SOUTH

"I have told you that if there is any man or woman that is not willing to destroy anything and everything of their property that would be of use to the enemy if left, I wanted them to go out of the territory and I say so today, for when the time comes to burn and lay waste our im-

provements, if any man undertake to shield his, he will be sheared down 'for judgment will be laid to the line and righteousness to the plummet.' Now the faint hearted can go in peace; but should that time come, they must not interfere. Before I will suffer what I have in times gone by, there shall not be one building, nor one foot of lumber, nor a stick, nor a tree, nor a particle of grass and hay that will burn, left in the reach of our enemies. I am sworn, if driven to the extremity, to utterly lay waste to this land, in the name of Israel's God, and our enemies shall find it as barren as when we came here."—*Brigham Young*

On March 18, 1858 an important meeting was held in the Historian's office at which there were present eight of the Twelve Apostles, some thirty military officers of the Territory, with the First Presidency taking charge. According to the minutes of this council "President Young's plan was to go into the desert and not war with the United States."

The following Sunday a special Conference was held at which time President Young "spoke of the situation of affairs at this crisis and presented the policy which he intended to pursue, which was to remove the grain and women and children from the city and then, if needs be, burn it and lay the country waste."

At this meeting he predicted that in less than twelve years they would have better homes than they had at present. To those who had never been driven from their homes was given the honor of forming the advance company to lead the way and find a suitable place of refuge. Five hundred families were called to form this company.

This was not completely a new idea for on September 13, 1857 John Taylor, speaking in the Bowery, asked those who were present if they would be willing to put a torch to their buildings and wander into the mountains. President Young called for a vote and the congregation unanimously raised their hands.

President Young had in mind that probably the south western part of the Territory would be a good place for their future home. George W. Bean, W. H. Dame and Nephi Johnson were asked to make an exploration but they found no place suitable for habitation. There were some who thought of going to the State of Sonora in Mexico, then a delegation visited President Young and offered to sell 30,000,000 acres of land on Mosquito Coast in Central America. To this Brigham replied that, "he would not go to that country, if it were covered fifteen inches deep with gold and we owned it all. We are here and here we will stay in this Territory."

But at that special conference held in the Tabernacle on the 21st of March it was unanimously agreed to abandon their cities to the

enemies and move south leaving only enough men to set fire, if need be, to their homes and farms if the army should come in.

Notice was sent to all the bishops to ascertain the condition of their wards and to make necessary provisions for the removal of their families to the south. The bishops in the wards of Great Salt Lake City were to make their reports to Presiding Bishop Edward Hunter on March 22, 1858.

There were few in the Valley who did not follow the decision of their great leader and his words were forthright and strong.

Under date of May 10, 1858—The people from the north are all moving south. The roads are lined from Box Elder to Provo with horse, mule or ox teams and cattle and sheep.

From a letter written by John Lyon, the following extract is taken: "The people are content to go where the Presidency directs. If the Government shows no spark of humanity and disposition to do us justice, it is not unlikely that we will go to a warmer climate; but if Governor Cumming and Colonel Kane and other honorable men can be heard and can be credited on what they report from actual observation and from the report of the former, on the falsity of the charges of our enemies which has caused this trouble, we may remain in the Territory. Meantime, the northern settlements will be vacated almost entirely. Trustees remain to manage and dispose of the property as they may be directed."

May 28th—The large wheat bin, north of the Church barn in Salt Lake City, has been taken down and sent to Provo, to be put up to hold tithing wheat, on the south side of Bowery Park.

May 5th—The *Deseret News* of this date was published in Fillmore City as its equipment had been moved to that town.

The Saints who had been called to leave their homes were received with open arms by the people who resided in Provo and all other settlements to the south. Some were taken into the homes while others made camp along the way. Simon S. Epperson, pioneer described the conditions:

"Squatted through the town of Provo and for miles along its northern and western borders, were families from the north in every conceivable quality, form and material for habitation. Many lived in the wagon beds of their heavy covered wagons so frequently used in this country by merely taking them off the wheels and placing them on the ground. A cook stove placed in the open air, prepared the food for the family. A few families had canvas tents; more lived in tents built like Indian tepees but thatched with straw; others lived in cellars dug in the ground or side of the hill, covered with brush and earth. Some families had erected log or board shanties. All the temporary buildings of the Pioneers were very open and much exposed to the weather. Within these crude cabins, tents and sheds, the women were busily engaged in carrying on all the duties pertaining

to cooking, sewing, mending, washing and so many other things conducive to the welfare and contentment of their loved ones! At this critical time the outcome of their future security and happiness seemed to hang in the balance."

As an example of the organized plan and the way people prepared for the move we include the following:

Big Cottonwood—The Big Cottonwood records show how the people of Big Cottonwood worked together under leadership during the "move South."

"Minutes of a Special Meeting called at the school house Big Cottonwood Ward, March 23. Meeting opened with prayer by Bishop M. Andrus.

"Bishop M. Andrus said that the meeting was called to give orders and instruction to the brethren and those comprising the Standing Army. He said it was the request of President Young that the Ward prepare to move south as soon as possible but that those called to the Standing Army should remain here to take charge of things until we had all left. He said the word of the Lord was that we should move south and the spot picked out for us as a family was the Beaver Valley, that the president had described the country to him and just the spot that he wished him to locate. It, therefore, became necessary to appoint someone to go and take charge of a company and things sent there. He wished all that voted to vote free and covenant that they would do as they promised and uphold him that was elected. All that are in favor of acting with the Ward as one family raise the right hand. All hands raised.

"Moved and seconded that W. S. Covert go to the Beaver country as captain of the company and take charge of them after they arrived there. Carried unanimously.

"Bishop Andrus said that there were thirty teams in the ward and he wanted about fifteen to go south and eight men to go with the teams. Brother W. S. Covert, said that he accepted the appointment and was willing to lead a company there if they would do as he directed. He said that he was well acquainted with the country and he would inform them that they might not be disappointed that it was not any better country than this.

"Bishop Andrus then called for fifteen teams and eight extra men when the following were accepted:

"Teams—Milo Andrus, W. S. Covert, W. W. Hutchings, H. Blair, C. A. Harper, Winslow Farr, Ralph Foster, Thomas Boam, Sol Chase, Sol Scholes, George Boyes, W. T. Smith and William Casto.

"Men alone—Wm. McGhie, Philip Cakden, J. S. Cantwell, C. Harper, Jr., T. Covert, S. Covert, and D. W. Perkins.

"After much good instructions from Brothers C. C. Harper, W. S. Covert, and others who had been called upon to furnish teams, they were requested to meet at the house of Bishop M. Andrus on Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock to report the progress. The meeting was dismissed by prayer by J. S. Cantwell."

FRIEND OF THE MORMONS

President Brigham Young sent a message to his old friend Colonel Thomas L. Kane in an effort to enlist his help in explaining to President Buchanan the true picture of affairs in Utah. Colonel Kane willingly consented to visit the President and to act as mediator between the government and the Mormon people. Shortly after Colonel Kane began his journey to Utah as a private envoy of the government, although his health at this time was far from good. On the 5th of January, 1858 he embarked on a steamer in New York harbor and traveled by way of the Isthmus of Panama to San Francisco, California. The following day he journeyed to San Pedro, California and from there rode much of the distance to Salt Lake City on horseback, although the latter part of the trip was in a heavy spring wagon drawn by four horses. He was accompanied by three Mormon men and a colored servant.

Colonel Kane arrived in late February using the name of Dr. A. Osborne (Osborne being the name of his servant) and was taken immediately to the home of William C. Staines. Brigham Young called a meeting of the leading authorities of the Church and Kane was introduced to them by Joseph A. Young. He was invited to speak which he did, saying: "I come as an ambassador from the Chief Executive of our nation and am prepared and duly authorized to lay before you, most fully and definitely the feelings and views of the citizens of our common country and of the Executive towards you relative to the present position of this Territory, and relative to the army of the United States now upon your borders"

Colonel Kane remained in Salt Lake City resting from his strenuous journey for nearly two weeks, then proceeded to Camp Scott, headquarters of the army, to confer with Governor Cumming. To the Colonel, the Governor was the virtual head and front of the expedition, the army being merely the *posse comitatus*. His business was with the civil official and not the military commander. Governor Cumming was soon convinced of the wisdom of Colonel Kane's mission and agreed to proceed into Salt Lake City under his guidance, unaccompanied by troops.

This decision was, of course, strongly opposed by Colonel Johnston who felt that he had been entrusted to bring the new executive to Utah. Such an arrangement might suit President Buchanan and Governor Cumming, but, it did not meet with the approval of the Colonel and he determined to do everything in his power to



Governor Alfred Cumming

thwart Colonel Kane's mission of peace. He warned Governor Cumming that the Mormons would try to kill him and endeavored to induce him to accompany the troops on their triumphal march to the valley. But the Governor remained firm in his promise to Colonel Kane and on April 3rd Cumming notified Colonel Johnston that he was leaving for Salt Lake City with Colonel Kane, unescorted. Two days later they left with two attendants, a carriage and a wagon.

The following day the party met a small company of Mormon soldiers at Quaking Asp Hill who accompanied them to the military encampment at

the head of Echo Canyon. The canyon was ribbed with trenches, large boulders had been loosened along the heights to be rolled down in case of invasion. The Governor's passage through the canyon had been arranged for nightfall so that such preparations could not be seen. Bonfires were kindled along the route and a small company of men stationed along the canyon at various points, gave the appearance of a formidable army. Governor Cumming later learned that the men who first accosted him, demanding a countersign, were a portion of his own escort, who, a littler farther along, having hurried ahead of the carriage, again stopped him for the same purpose, and so on during most of the journey toward the city. Along the route the Governor gave short speeches, expressing the belief that the troubles in Utah would soon be over.

Because of the deep snows on the Big Mountain trail the party came through Weber Canyon to Farmington. At this point they were warmly received by a committee accompanied by a band playing the "Star Spangled Banner" at the courthouse. Governor Cumming and Colonel Kane spent Sunday evening in Farmington and the following morning proceeded toward Salt Lake City witnessing along the way hundreds of people moving southward with their meagre possessions. At Sulphur Springs, just north of the city, the official carriage was greeted by the mayor and other city fathers. They ac-

accompanied the new governor to the Staines home, where Governor Cumming was lodged.

The day after his arrival, Governor Cumming had his first interview with President Young who was joined by George A. Smith and Heber C. Kimball. Toward the end of the talks Colonel Kane was also present.

On Sunday, April 27th, Alfred Cumming attended a meeting in the Mormon Tabernacle where he was introduced by President Young as the new Governor of Utah and invited to address the congregation. Later in reporting the results of that appearance he said: "I informed the people that I had come among them to vindicate the national sovereignty; that it was my duty to secure the supremacy of the constitution and the laws; that I had taken my oath of office to exact an unconditional submission on their part to the dictates of the law. I was not interrupted. They listened respectfully to all I had to say—approvingly even, I fancied—when I explained to them what I intended should be the character on my administration.

"Afterwards, several powerful speakers followed in succession, referring among other things to the military posse and its purposes. At the bare mention of troops the wildest uproar ensued, the congregation joining with the speakers in a thunderous protest against the coming of the army, exhibiting more frenzy than I had expected to witness among a people who habitually exercise great control. I informed them that they were entitled to a trial by their peers; that I had no intention of stationing the army in immediate contact with their settlements, and that a military posse would not be resorted to until other means of arrest had been tried and failed. I found the greatest difficulty in explaining these points, so great was the excitement. Eventually, however, the efforts of Brigham Young were successful in calming the tumult and restoring order before the adjournment of the meeting."

A few days after his arrival Governor Cumming addressed the following communication to Colonel Johnston in which he said in part ". . . Ex-Governor Young paid me a call of ceremony as soon as I was sufficiently rested from the fatigue of my mountain journey to receive company. In subsequent interviews with the ex-governor, he has evinced a willingness to afford me every facility I may require for the efficient performance of my administrative duties. His course in this respect, I fancy, meets with the approval of a majority of this community. The Territorial Seal with other public property, has been tendered me by William H. Hooper, Esq., late Secretary pro tem. I have not yet examined the subjects critically, but apprehend that the records of the United States Courts, Territorial Library and other public property remains unimpaired."

Colonel Kane having accomplished his mission returned to Washington to report the success of his labors to President Buchanan

having seen Governor Cumming duly installed in his office as the first non-Mormon governor of Utah.

On the 4th of May Governor Cumming informed President Young of his intentions to return to Camp Scott and bring to Utah Mrs. Cumming. He also said he would ask the army to remain where it was until he got returns from dispatches he was sending to Washington by Colonel Kane who was returning home and if they refused his orders "he would call upon the military militia of the Territory to see that they did." He was much aroused by the *Move South* and pled with President Young to stop the movement. President Young replied that if the troops were withdrawn from the Territory the people would stop moving, but that they would rather live out their lives in the mountains than endure the oppression the federal government was heaping upon them. Governor Cumming pledged that he would do all he could to stop the troops coming into the settlements. Both men were terribly annoyed that the mail had brought news saying the government was about to send 6000 additional troops.

In the meantime the movement of the troops from Camp Scott to Salt Lake was approaching a crisis. Col. Johnston had sent word to Governor Cumming that he would arrive in Salt Lake by the first of June, establishing one army post in Salt Lake and another on Provo Bench.

Before leaving the city Col. Kane assured President Young that he approved the course the Saints had taken, hence, when Kane arrived at Camp Scott he was not so well received and it has been reported that two attempts were made upon his life.

THE PEACE COMMISSION

Meantime, President Buchanan found his administration severely criticized for sending the army to Utah without finding out the truth by calling a special investigation.

As early as the 27th of January, 1858 Senator Henry Wilson of Massachusetts introduced a joint resolution in the Senate of the United States authorizing the appointment of a commission to examine the Mormon difficulties. It was referred to the senate committee on military affairs and never heard of again; but the New York Tribune took up the matter and reminded the administration of the vast expense of maintaining any army in Utah and also called attention to the horrors of a civil war and the desperate character of resistance which the Mormons threatened to oppose to the entrance of the troops.

Then the New York Herald asked why an army had been sent and the New York Daily Times pointed out that the "anti-Mormon movement was the result of impulse rather than good policy toward the Saints." Again as news continually reached the East of the forcible

resistance of the Mormons and the increasing hardships of the United States army, delegates in Congress, as well as other well informed people, pointed sharp criticism against the President.

Utah's delegate to Congress, Dr. Bernhisel, held several consultations with President Buchanan in which he proposed that the army be withdrawn and that a commission be dispatched to Utah to effect a settlement of affairs. The President then appointed L. W. Powell, former governor of Kentucky, and Benjamin McCulloch of Texas, as the commission and gave them a signed proclamation of pardon stating his version of the offenses of the Mormons and their Church leaders, declaring them to be in a state of rebellion and treason; yet, he said "in order to save an effusion of blood and to avoid the indiscriminate punishment of a whole people for crimes of which it is not probable all are equally guilty" he offered a free pardon to those who would submit themselves to the authority of the Federal government.

When this action was taken news had not yet reached them that Colonel Kane had succeeded in bringing Alfred Cumming into Salt Lake City and that everywhere he had been recognized as the Governor of Utah.

The members of the peace commission left Fort Leavenworth on the 25th of April and arrived at Camp Scott on the 29th of May. On the 7th of June they reached Salt Lake Valley where they found a desolated land, for the Church leaders had now joined the inhabitants in the move south. Word was sent to them of the arrival of the peace commissioners and accordingly they returned to Salt Lake City where, in the old Council House on the 11th day of June, the Church leaders and the commissioners met. On this very day, word came that Colonel Johnston had given an order to his army to march June 14th to Salt Lake City.

It was probably one of the most important meetings ever held in the Territory of Utah. The evening session consisted of a series of private interviews between President Young, Wells, Kimball and George A. Smith and the Commissioners. The question discussed was, "Shall the army come in through the city and pass through to their winterquarters without molesting or burning."

The second day's conference convened at 10:15 a.m. at which time George A. Smith and John Taylor expressed their judgment of President Buchanan's proclamation, a copy of which the commissioners had brought with them. Elder Smith claimed that there were forty two false charges in the Buchanan document. He also challenged them on what they were authorized to do. Referring to Governor Cumming he said he was a manly, free, generous spirit. In conclusion he told them to withdraw the army for it was hard for him to believe that peace was intended when they were pointing their cannons at the homes of the Saints. President Young closed

the meeting with what some historians have said was the finest effort of his life after which William C. Dunbar sang, "Oh, Ye Mountains High."

At 5 o'clock that evening Commissioner Powell addressed a public meeting. No formal action had been taken on accepting President Buchanan's proclamation of pardon but on the 12th of June, Messrs. Powell and McCulloch wrote the Secretary of War saying that they had settled the unfortunate difficulties existing between the government and the people of Utah.

On the 26th a more extended report was made to the War Department in which they quite fairly represented the contentions of the Church leaders: "They stated that they were attached to the Constitution and government of the United States; they spoke harshly of many of the officials who had held authority in their Territory; they spoke of the wrongs and injuries heretofore done them; they said they desired to live in peace under the Constitution of the United States. They denied that they had ever driven any officials from Utah, or prevented any civil officers entering the Territory; they admitted they had burned the army trains and drove off the cattle from the army last fall, *and for that act they accepted the President's pardon. All the charges that had been made against them except the last one named, they denied.*"

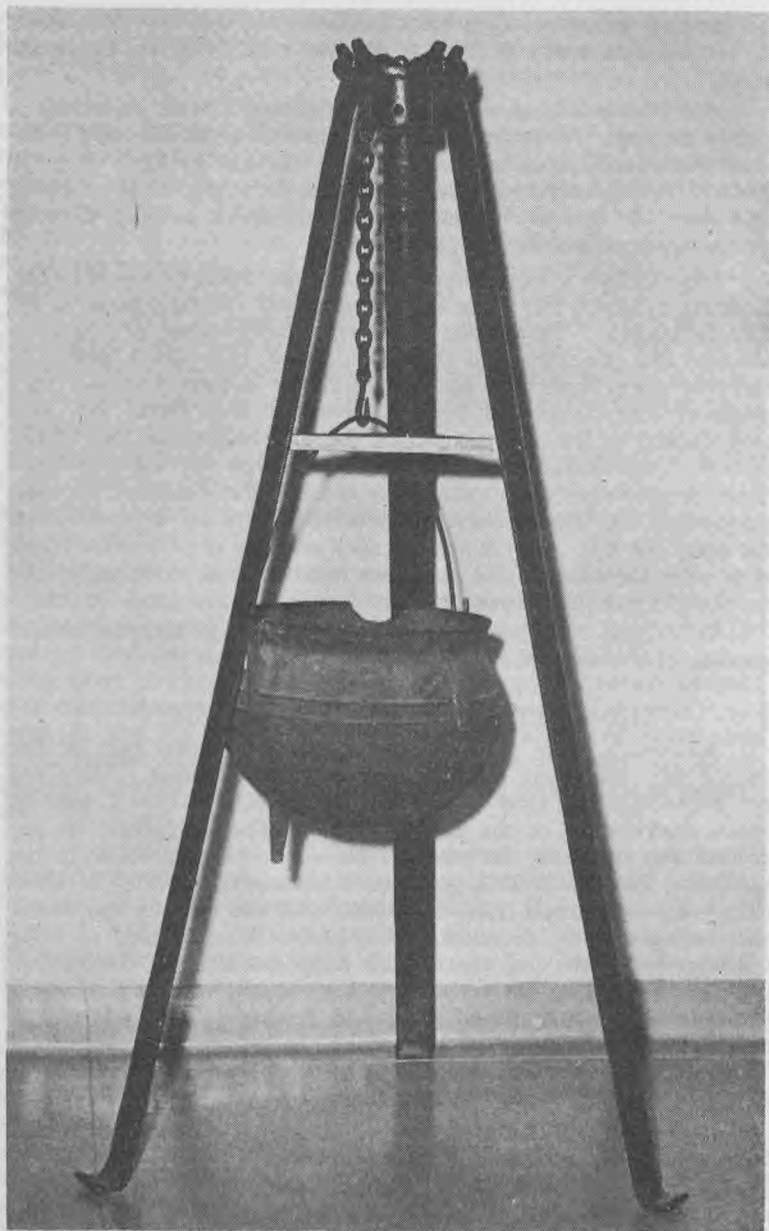
On August 24th they filed with the Secretary of War the official minutes of the Peace Conference.

THE ARMY ENTERS SALT LAKE VALLEY

Meanwhile there had been no movement on the part of the people who had gone south to return to their homes. They did not know how the army would act. Commissioner Powell went to Provo where many of the people were encamped and there he addressed the people in the most affable way. He was frank in his assertions that the federal government demanded nothing of them that it did not demand from every other state and territory and that it was the right of the president of the United States to send an army wherever he pleased and wherever his judgment dictated. He further continued by telling the people that the national constitution would protect them in their human rights and he hoped that the seeds of contention would not germinate among the people of the territory. "I want to see our soldiers facing the enemies of the republic—but American citizens, never."

So the army that had broken camp on June 13th marched through Salt Lake Valley on the 26th of June, going to a point west of the Jordan River in a single day. The following was the order of the marching divisions:

1. Brevet Colonel P. F. Smith's battalion, constituting the advance guard.



Tripod and Kettle used by Johnston's Army—Pioneer Museum

2. Tenth Infantry and Phelps' battery.
3. Fifth Infantry and Reno's Battery.
4. Colonel Loring's battalion of mounted riflemen.
5. Volunteers.
6. Colonel Cooke's Second Dragoons constituting the rear guard.

Each command was followed by its train and a portion of the supply train. The headquarters were with the advance.

As the army marched through the city, true to Colonel Johnston's promise of orderly conduct, "not a field was encroached upon, not a house molested, not a person harmed or insulted by troops that had been harassed by a people now entirely at their mercy. But by their strict subordination they entitled themselves to the respect of the country as well as to the gratitude of the Mormons."

As a token of respect for the Mormon Battalion, Colonel Cooke passed through the city with head uncovered and thereby endeared himself to the members of his old command.

The Peace Commissioners rode with the General Staff. "It was one of the most extraordinary scenes that has occurred in American history. All day long from dawn until sunset the troops and trains poured through the city, the utter silence of the streets being broken only by the music of the military bands and the monotonous tramp of the regiments and the rattle of the baggage wagons. The numerous flags which had been flying from staffs on public buildings during the previous week, were all struck. The only visible groups of spectators were on the corners near Brigham Young's residence and consisted almost entirely of Gentile civilians."

CAMP FLOYD

In 1855, the Mormon settlement at Fairfield, Utah County, was started by John, William and David Carson, William Beardshall and John Clegg, following a survey made by Amos Fielding. Others soon followed and one year later, acting under the advice of the authorities, they built a rock fort as a protective measure. In July 1858, Brigadier General Albert Sidney Johnston led his expeditionary forces numbering about 2,500 United States soldiers, to this small town and established a camp for his men. Thus it became a United States Fort, an overland stage station, established in 1859, and a pony express station from April, 1860 to October, 1861.

General Johnston had intended to build his camp nearer to Salt Lake City, but after reaching this vicinity it was agreed they march through the city and go some thirty miles south to establish their quarters. They reached Cedar Valley in July and immediately the building of barracks was commenced. The Army brought about 6,000 head of horses, mules, and cattle, and 600 wagons filled with provisions and army implements. All building centered around the

spring of water which had brought the first settlers to the vicinity. The parade grounds, shooting targets, barracks, guard house and the officers' homes were opposite the spring. The houses in which the soldiers lived were made of adobes. The soldiers spent their time in drilling, practicing, etc., and according to the following, were called to various parts of the state:

Great Salt Lake City, March 10, 1859.

Elder A. Calkin.

Dear Brother,

The bulk of the army are at Camp Floyd, passing the time as best they can—an army of observation, among so law-abiding a people, having but little to do except to attend drill, prepare and consume their rations, and hunt after deserters. There is a small detachment in Juab County with some government stock, another in Sanpete for the same purpose, one at the Sevier Bridge, and another near Chicken Creek, on the south route, to stop deserters; and Judge Cradlebaugh, who commenced holding court in Provo on the 8th inst., has one company of Infantry with him, professedly to serve as a lock-up in the absence of jails, when he well knew or should have known that the civil officers were all sufficient for such duty, or at least that the troops should not be quartered around a court in a peaceful city until it had been demonstrated that the civil authorities were insufficient.

I remain, as ever, your brother in the Gospel,

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

Col. Philip St. George Cooke succeeded in command March 1, 1860, and changed the name to Fort Crittenden, February 6, 1861.

Fairfield became a busy city and in 1860 it was said to be the third largest city in Utah. For about three years the vicinity was known as Camp Floyd, Cedar County, as the legislature had designated this western valley as Cedar County. Johnston's Army remained here until July 1861. They sold their surplus equipment as best they could, Salt Lake City and neighboring towns being benefitted.

NOTICE

LARGE SALE OF PUBLIC MULES, WAGONS AND HARNESS ON

THURSDAY, 14th JULY next.

Will be sold at Public Auction at Camp Floyd, U. T., to the highest bidder for specie or government funds, 2,000 or more excellent DRAFT AND SADDLE MULES, with several hundred ARMY WAGONS, together with HARNESS for the same, complete.

The MULES are all young, sound, thoroughly broken, and in good condition, and the WAGONS and HARNESS are in complete repair, with all equipment for immediate service.

The SALE of this valuable property will commence on the day above mentioned, in lots of one or more, and will continue from day to day, until all are sold.

G. H. CROSSMAN DEPY, Q. M. Genl.
CAMP FLOYD, U. T., June 22, 1859.

Some of the pioneers maintain that President Young bought about 35,000 dollars worth of beneficial material from the fort and placed it in a store, using the profits to help erect the Salt Lake Theater.

The western part of the soldiers' camp was allowed to fall in ruins, the south and eastern part is now farm land. It was built of rock 23 by 85 feet, with an 11-foot wall five feet thick. The guard house was 20 by 48 feet, with a wall three feet thick and ten feet high. Many rocks of the foundation can still be seen, some weighing a ton or more. Old settlers claim these rocks were hauled by man power in a large cart with high wheels. The large rocks were chained under the axle, hoisted by an old fashioned windlass. Using a long rope, thirty men pulled the loaded cart a distance of five miles from the quarry to the fort. When a soldier was disciplined, he was given so many days on the rock rope.

The new town required great quantities of supplies, which had to be freighted in, chiefly by ox team, from the end of the railroad on the Missouri river, across the plains, through the mountains to Salt Lake, and south to Camp Floyd. Long lines of loaded supply wagons moved westward, and the empty wagons passed them going east for more bacon, flour, powder and lead, plus plenty of wet goods for quenching the desert thirst. Much hay and grain was hauled in from farms near and far, and brought fabulous prices. Flour cost more than \$28 a hundredweight. All prices were high, and money was cheap. One farmer who had delivered considerable produce stood at a cashier's window to receive his pay, which was counted out to him in twenty-dollar gold pieces. The farmer re-counted the sum and discovered that he had been paid twenty dollars too much. He called the cashier's attention to the error, but the latter barked, "We never rectify mistakes here!" At another time a twenty-dollar gold piece rolled into the sawdust on the floor and a bystander put his foot over it. The cashier looked for it a moment, handed out another coin, and promptly forgot the incident.

When the shadows of the Oquirrh Mountains reached out across the valley, the civilian part of the camp sprang to life. Kerosene lamps lighted the dance halls and gambling tables. Fiddles played and boot heels stamped out the rhythm of the dance. Gay couples in strange costumes swung madly through the measures of old-time dances, while from adjoining rooms faro dealers monotonously chanted the give and take of fortune. Bullwhackers and mule-skinners, just in from the long freight roads, forgot their cares and abandoned themselves to the distractions of the camp. Stage drivers and pony riders mingled with

the crowd, killing time between runs on the overland road. Pistol smoke, knives, horse stealing, etc., were too common to attract much notice.

So the camp flourished for three years, and then the Civil War broke out. As suddenly as the camp had sprung into life it vanished. Wagons were loaded with necessary provisions, and the great stores that were left on hand were sold to the highest bidder—many of them from Salt Lake, who bought food, clothing, and other kinds of provisions at very low prices. About four million dollars' worth of goods were sold for approximately a hundred thousand dollars. It was here that the foundations of many western merchandising enterprises were laid.

Not all the munitions of war could be moved quickly by the soldiers. It was not considered good policy to leave these to the "Utah rebels," so they were destroyed. Pistols and ammunition were dumped into the sloughs below the spring; cannon balls were fired out onto the bench, and finally great stores of guns and ammunition were melted into lead, which collected in low places and cooled. (After the soldiers had gone, the canny settlers retrieved the lead and molded it into bullets.) Two heavy mortars were dumped into wells. What became of them is not definitely known. It is said that one was later located, hoisted out, and taken away as a souvenir. The other remains, but its exact location is not known. People tried to retrieve it but the water was too deep in the well. They succeeded in getting a chain on part of the gun, but it slipped off or broke. Water came into the well faster than it could be bailed out, so efforts to salvage the mortar were finally abandoned. Floods from the west hills have long ago filled up the well.

The commissary building erected in 1858, was sold to a local farmer. The stone used in building the arsenal was taken by the settlers and can still be seen in the foundations of some of their present homes. Even the adobes of the barracks and stables were carefully removed and used for building houses, barns, chicken coops, and fences. Most of them, however, have melted away. The hotels, saloons, dance halls, etc., were gradually torn down as the camp followers moved away, and that material, also, was used by the permanent settlers.

Now, with the exception of the foundation of the arsenal, a cemetery, and a few mounds that mark the site of barracks and breastworks, practically nothing remains to show that here for three critical years preceding the Civil War, this most important unit of the United States army was kept in isolation, quite out of the picture. Finally, when war broke out, the army, almost to a man, moved south-eastward, blazing a new trail to the Green River, then over the Continental Divide, down the river valleys to the Mississippi, and so into the ranks of the Confederacy. What irony! Johnston's Army had

been sent thousands of miles overland to put down the Mormon rebellion—a rebellion that did not exist—and then when the nation's greatest crisis arose, it went over to the Confederacy!

One landmark yet remains as a reminder of the military post. South of the town, about half a mile, is the government cemetery, where lie the bodies of the soldiers and civilian employees who died during the three-year occupation. The cemetery occupies a three-acre plot of ground surrounded by a high iron fence. No grave is marked! If there were any headstones, all have been obliterated. However, in the center of the plot stands a large monument of Vermont granite, on which is a bronze plaque showing the shield of the United States army, and beneath it these words:

IN MEMORY OF THE OFFICERS, SOLDIERS
AND
CIVILIAN EMPLOYEES OF THE ARMY IN UTAH WHO
DIED WHILE STATIONED AT CAMP FLOYD
DURING THE UTAH CAMPAIGN
FROM
1858 TO 1861
WHOSE REMAINS ARE INTERRED IN
THIS CEMETERY

Erected by the War Department.

TWO STORIES

President Young, upon learning that the Expedition was much in need of salt, sent eight hundred pounds to General Wells with directions that it could be retained in camp, but that he would much prefer that the salt be sent to the Utah Expedition encampment, if the condition of the roads would permit. General Wells immediately made plans to carry out the request, and in a letter to the commander in charge of the troops said, "With a view of gratifying the wishes of the Governor, I have taken pleasure, although in a furious snowstorm, in fitting up Messrs. Earl and Woodward with packs and additional men and animals to insure its safe delivery." For the additional men General Wells ask the same consideration as Governor Young requested in his accompanying letter for Messrs. Earl and Woodward.

President Young told the commander in charge of camp "that he was welcome to the salt, but should he prefer making any kind of compensation he asked that it be sent in a sealed envelope, stating the weight received and the amount and kind of compensation returned." This was done in case the commander should feel a sense of obligation to President Young and decide to return the gift.

When General Johnston arrived at the camp he flatly refused the salt saying "that he could accept no favors from traitors and rebels and that any communication must be made under a flag of truce."

Later the salt did find its way into camp, being turned over to some Indians who smuggled it in and sold it to the soldiers at \$2.50 per pound.

President Young also informed Colonel Alexander that a small white mule, a great favorite of the Colonel's, had strayed into one of the settlements and that he had personally had the animal placed in his own stables and properly fed, it being in a weakened condition when found. He said it was being held subject to the Colonel's orders, "but," he added, "if you would like to leave it in my care during the winter, it will probably be in better plight for you upon your return to the east next spring." President Young, even in these trying times, was the possessor of a fine sense of humor.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A. J. ALLEN

Andrew Jackson Allen was born on the 5th day of September, 1818 in Pulaski County, Kentucky to Rial Allen, who was born in North Carolina in 1791 and Margaret Evans, born in Tennessee in 1784. In his thirty-ninth year he began the following journal of his life:

My parents moved to Calloway County in 1828 and in 1834 the elders came with the Gospel to that county. Two of my brothers joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, their names were James and Lewis. My parents were Baptists and opposed my two brothers. At this time I was young. My brothers emigrated to Missouri to Far West in 1835 or 36. I grew up and married a wife in 1841 on the 29th of April. Her name was Delilah Andrus. Her birthplace, Illinois, time May 6, 1819. Her father's name was Archibald, birthplace, Virginia, January 9, 1771; mother's name Frances Bennett, born in North Carolina May 5, 1785. It was in 1840 I commenced my trade of farming.

I went to Nauvoo in 1844 having a desire to see the Prophet Joseph Smith and was accompanied by James. When we reached the city Brother Joseph had been murdered. I expected to be baptized in Nauvoo but the Prophet being murdered and the people feeling so bad, I returned home and did not.

In 1845 I heard the Saints were preparing to immigrate west into the wilderness so I sold my possessions for what I could get and immigrated to Nauvoo in February 1846. There, myself and wife were baptized in the Missouri River in April and started to the west with the Saints not knowing where they would settle. I did not travel with the main companies but myself and father and two

brothers making four families, traveled to Garden Grove and fell in with the company of Captain Jefferson Hunt. We traveled with him up to Kaneshville on the Missouri River. I wintered over at Kaneshville. The word was when spring came for all to continue their journey that could get sufficient fit outs. So I traveled on being one that got ready, getting seeds of all kinds as much as I could.

We started on the 13th of June, 1847. I had two ox teams. One of my sisters, Marthy went with me. My wife and her were the only help I had to help me drive the team. I had four small children. My two brothers not being able to get a fit out could not go on and we had to part for the time being . . . We reached the Valley September 25, 1847.

In the spring of '57 there was a call made for the brethren to turn out, fit themselves out, and go east to locate a settlement at Deer Creek, make a mail station, spend the summer and return in the fall. I was called on for this, not wishing to go I got another man to go in my place by giving him a yoke of cattle to help him to fit out. His name was Peter White. The object of this was to protect our immigration, etc.

July 4th—The brethren met at Cottonwood to drill. Met at the house of worship on Sunday the 5th. The Seventies occupied the day as we had been commanded by the authorities to lay up wheat for the time to come when there would not be sufficient raised to sustain the gathering Saints to this land.

6th—Our settlement was visited by some fine looking Indians; they came from the south, they wanted meat. I killed a sheep and gave it to them and they went away well pleased. Brother Bernhisel had returned home from Washington and told us Congress would not hear of Utah being admitted as a State which was the people's request.

11th—Had a company drill at Willow Creek where I lived for the first time.

24th—Having got through with the harvest I concluded to attend the celebration and picnic party at the head of Big Cottonwood canyon 26 miles from my home. I got to the lake that was at the head of the canyon at seven o'clock in the morning on the 23rd. See the boys catching trout out of the lake which was about 40 rods wide with timber surrounding it. On the mountains was a fine range for animals. There were drums, fifes and brass instruments playing through the day. At sundown the people were called together and Bro. Brigham Young addressed them. In his discourse he told the brethren that they should never be driven from these valleys by their enemies if they would do right; after which the party commenced at half past eight o'clock, continued until 1 o'clock in the morning. In the morning of the 24th was awakened by the sound of drums, fifes, etc. After we had partook of breakfast the people were called

together at 9 o'clock. At ten two flags were hoisted on two high peaks of the mountains on the north and south of the lake seven miles apart. At the same time three rounds of cannons and the parade of the Nauvoo Legion. At half past 11 three more rounds of cannons and they returned to camp again; had some songs from the brethren. Dinner at 12 o'clock, dancing at 2 P.M.; at five the teams were drove up preparatory to start next morning at six. Animals let at liberty, guards placed out to guard animals; drums, fifes, brass bands playing; three rounds cannons at sunset; came together for prayers at 8 p.m. then had a discourse from Bro. Wells who spoke of the mail being taken from our brethren by the government and were refused the chance to bring that part which belonged to our people. He spoke of us becoming a free and independent people, spoke of four members and the members in George Washington's day when independence of the United States was gained. Dancing continued until late at night.

25th—All hands for home, I started at 6 o'clock a.m. on horseback. Passed teams all the way down the canyon, no serious accident occurring in all the camp. *The president first in the canyon and the last out.* The number of persons at this celebration 2587, wagons 464, horses and mules 1028, oxen and cows 332.

AUGUST 2nd—I was at a meeting of home manufactures. Many of the Saints were getting destitute of clothing. The prospect of goods being brought from the States was very dull.

5th—All the reports that come from the States this summer is that there is great excitement among the people stirring each other up to go against the Saints in Utah and kill them off. John M. Bernhisel is our representative at Washington this year.

6th—John Taylor and Erastus Snow returned from the states, say there is no safety for the Saints. They had to pass through the frontiers of Missouri in disguise to save their lives. The word is they are sending a new governor and other Territorial officers, all gentiles, the worst enemies to the Saints they can find, twenty-five hundred soldiers with them to force them upon us whether we are willing or not.

15th—I was at Cottonwood, Nauvoo Legion was drilling, I was called on to go out to the line of Utah territory and meet the soldiers. It was reported they were bothering our immigration on the plains (to know their business here). There were ten men called from the Willow Creek division.

16th—Two men came into Salt Lake City buying up all the ammunition they could. They were taken up as spies and put in prison. Ammunition was scarce. Brigham Young who was the governor of Utah declared he had been driven with his people four times by the people of the United States. They drove us here into the wilderness hoping we would perish, and now they were on our track again

and we had never violated the laws of the United States. He was not disposed to stand it any longer. He told the brethren we would meet them as a mob and defend ourselves the best we could. That he had no notice of any such move, etc.

18th—Our ten met to arrange for a fit out for the campaign, received orders for a start by the 23rd if needed. Received orders to remain at home till further orders; spent the week hauling up and stacking my wheat. Got out of grist and went to mill.

28th—Heard the express that came in from Deer Creek confirming the report that there was a large quantity of baggage wagons on the way with a new governor and other territorial officers and soldiers.

29th—Attended general muster. We were instructed to get our threshing done and get everything ready for the worst.

SEPTEMBER 7th—The latest news is that the soldiers are moving on to Utah through Gen. Harney and some part of the soldiers have been called back to attend to some other affairs.

13th—Colonel Van Vliet, one of the government officers, came to Salt Lake City. Brigham Young spoke on the stand saying, "All the governors of Missouri and Illinois ever done for the Saints was to order out the militia to keep the Mormons still till the mob could destroy them." Van Vliet said, "The Reason Gen. Harney went back was that he had been appointed Governor of Kansas territory, that the army was in the hands of Gen. Wilson and he, Col. Van Vliet had come here to search our winter quarters for the army, etc." Brigham told him the army could not come into these valleys—that we had seen enough of gentile officers driving among this people, that if civil men would come in here, all right, but we had no use for soldiers and would not have them.

14th—Got orders to attend a three days' training on next Saturday. Mr. Van Vliet, which I am told is his name, and Brother Bernhisel our representative to Congress started to the states together. We are awaiting to hear what the army will do when Van Vliet meets them. We expect to be here whether they intend to come into the valley or not.

26th—Got orders to start to meet the soldiers as they intended to come in. Started same day for Salt Lake City.

27th—Traveled out to fort Big Mountain, camp over night. Here we met the express, advised us to leave our baggage wagons. We did so and traveled on carrying our provisions and bedding on our animals; took dinner at East Canyon, traveled on, got to Weber at sun down, took supper, traveled on up Echo Canyon eight miles, camped for the night.

29th—Early start, nooned near Cache Cave. Here Gen. Wells, our general and staff passed us; we took supper at Yellow Creek then

moved on to Bear River and camped for the night; learned the soldiers' camp was traveling up Ham's Fork. We moved on, nooned on Little Muddy, reached Bridger at night.

OCTOBER 1st—General Wells sent a message to them they could winter in the Territory if they would give up their arms.

2nd—Lay in camp, sent Lot Smith with fifty men on to Green River to watch the moves of the back trains. We went to and cached all our property of value at Bridger, also sent out thirty men to watch the movements of the soldiers. I went for one of them. We went 20 miles, camped on Smith's Fork getting there at ten o'clock at night.

4th—We were under Porter Rockwell, took our provisions on behind us, and went on to Ham's Fork where the soldiers were and see how they were getting along and stop them if possible. We intended to stampede, if possible their animals: When we got there it was night and their mules were kept so close we could not get to them and their cattle. We could see they were so weak we concluded not to disturb them. We moved off about two miles and camped, turned out our animals, made no fire and went to bed.

5th—Traveled on, got ahead of the camp on the river seeing their picket guard as we traveled. Put fire in the grass about one mile ahead of them, putting one man out as picket guard to watch their moves. We had fired about four miles when he notified us there were horsemen pursuing us. We made out to the hills and traveled on up the river about 11 miles and camped. At sunset we sent 15 men back to where we left off and fired the grass all the way up to our camp.

6th—When we had just finished our breakfast we saw three men on high peaks we supposed were their picket guard. They were near by our camp. We saddled our animals and commenced firing the grass again six or eight miles further, then sent men to examine their camp again. We were told they were expecting dragoons up from the states. I can now see fire on the Muddy and Black's Fork put out by some of our boys.

7th—We were informed the soldiers' camp is in the same place (not moved). The word is the colonel and general had moved their quarters back to the Bear River. The boys we sent to see after the soldiers' camp missed their way and could not find our camp and camped out. One of the brethren sick today with mountain fever. We lay hands on him in the name of the Lord and the priesthood.

8th—Received our boys that laid out all night. This afternoon one of the soldiers deserted and came to our camp. He told us there had been six desert the night before. Said the officers were very hard on them, etc. We eat the last of our grub today. Our sick man mending fast.

9th—Moved our camp on to Black's Fork. No grub came, no breakfast, many out hunting rabbits. I had some coffee. Moved

on to the Muddy today. Here we got our supply of provisions at sunset—coffee, tea, sugar, meat and flour. Today we sent our deserted soldier into the valley. Snow on the ground three inches deep.

10th—Here we fell in with Colonel McCallister's company. They tell us that Lot Smith's company had burned 73 wagons loaded with supplies for the army. They were loaded down with groceries of all kinds, had on 40 hundred on each wagon. Those wagons were on Green River and Sandy. They also drove off 150 head of cattle that belonged to them. We moved on five miles when we fell in with Lot Smith's Company. We sent word into the soldiers' camp to know if they would leave the country.

11th—Slight snow fell. We learned the soldiers' camp had moved. Sent two men to see which way they had gone. By 8 o'clock we learned they had moved up Ham's Fork. Now there were eighty of our boys together. We started immediately after them; we overtook them in traveling 20 miles; found them in scattered condition. We cut off their cattle which were behind, about seven hundred head and drove them off. We drove them fourteen miles after night. Us nor our animals had not had food or water all day. We thought to drive on to Black's Fork but at 10 o'clock at night we camped, not finding water, and tied our horses to sage brush without feed or water. When morning came we were within one mile and a half of the river.

12th—We drove to the river and killed a fat cow that was in the herd and cooked breakfast. We enjoyed our meal very much indeed. We baked our bread by rolling the dough around a stick and stuck it in the ground before the fire. My animal was weak and this drive nearly used him up. We sent two of our boys into camp with an express and they kept them prisoners. After the cattle had rested and grazed about five hours we sent them to Bridger. I went for one to drive them.

14th—We reached Bridger on the 14th, then sent them on to the valley. I went up to Fort Supply to recruit my animal and here I met with some of my old comrades that had started with me from home. Today one of the boys that was taken prisoner came back. He informed us that there are some mountaineers doing all against our people that they can. Now, we sent out and took one of the mountaineers prisoner that kept a trading post on Green River and all his store. His name was Yates. There is another by the name of Baker now piloting the army.

17th—Still in quarters; plenty of beef, flour, turnips, potatoes, onions, etc. Here there had been some farming done and the people had left and gone into the valley. Today we hear there has been two more of our boys taken prisoners, one of their names is Taylor. Today snow falling all day.

19th—Cold and windy—snow ten inches deep. We hear the soldiers scouting tried to surround some of our boys and fired after them but they failed to accomplish their aim. No one hurt, one of our boys had a ball pass through his hat.

20th—All hands called together to pick out the weakest animals to send them into the general camp at Echo. There were fifty head of the best animals with their riders picked out to watch the moves of the soldiers and thirty left at Fort Supply and Bridger. I stopped at Fort Supply. We hear today that the soldiers' camp has turned about and are traveling down Ham's Fork.

22nd—Today we learned the soldiers' camp moved down the river ten miles.

23rd—Sent out five men to watch the moves of the camps. I lay in camp eight days owing to my animal not being fit to use.

24th—Two more of the teamsters left the soldiers, came to our camp. There was a posse of men sent today to the mountaineer Yate's place to bring in his effects—some goods and some animals.

25th—The soldiers say they are waiting for the general to come from the States with some dragoons.

26th—Our boys were scouting around, came across some soldiers out too, and the soldiers fired at them. This was the second time they had fired at our boys and no hurt done. We acknowledged the hand of the Lord in this. Our boys had instructions not to fire at them if they could avoid it. Our boys took one of their men prisoner, brought him to camp. Twenty more of our boys sent in to the general's quarters with animals we had got.

28th—There were ten men called for at Bridger to go on a scout to the soldiers' camp. I went for one of them. When we got to Bridger we were not needed so we went back to Fort Supply.

31st—There was one more prisoner taken by our boys, 10 head of cattle and 3 mules.

NOVEMBER 1st—Two more deserters came to our camp.

2nd—Twenty more horses taken and one more prisoner and forwarded on. Today we were all called to come down to Bridger. There were 29 men appointed to go with Ephraim Hanks to go on a scout to the soldiers' camp. We received our instruction from General Wells. He told us to do as we had been told and that the God of Israel would be with us to bless us and we would all return safe—that we were out to defend the Kingdom of God and our wives and children. He cautioned us to be prayerful and all would be right. We started at 10 o'clock at night, went 12 miles, stopped, turned out our animals, placed out a guard, made no fire, started early the next morning, traveled 2 miles. Here we got breakfast and organized ourselves as we were directed in fifties and tens. I was chosen captain of one of the tens. Hanks, captain of the company. We had

in the company Major McCrae. We traveled down Black's Fork five miles where we met with Captain Snow's company. They told us we were within ten miles of the soldiers' camp. We camped, got supper at 11 at night. The camp was awakened by the noise of cattle being driven into camp by some of Snow's boys they had taken from the soldiers' camp. At 12 o'clock we started for the soldiers' camp. When we got there we stoppd within one mile of the camp where we could see their camp fires. Sent six men to examine their camp and the situation of their stock, etc. Boys returned, reported not favorable. We went a few miles and waited all the next day and in the evening returned to the same place. At one o'clock made a break on their stock, drove away about 75 head of cattle; started them on to camp and went back and got 60 head more. The boys that went with the first 75 head got lost and let their cattle go. Some of them did not get to camp until 7 o'clock the next morning. It was snowing all that night. One man did not get to camp for two days.

4th—In this drive we got 90 head of cattle.

5th—Tonight one of our company and ten men from another company drove to our camp 180 head of cattle, one mule and took one man prisoner.

6th—Started the stock into Bridger. We got word the soldiers' camp was moving toward Bridger and we started immediately for Bridger. We sent an express to Bridger ahead of us. When we got out on the high land we could see the soldiers' camp moving. We stopped at sunset and got supper. Snow on the ground 4 inches deep and falling fast. Here one of our boys came to us that had been taken prisoner by the soldiers. His name was Taylor. He told us that General Johnston had come up from the States and he says they intend to come into the valley.

7th—Snow ten inches deep and still falling. The general and our boys moved their baggage wagons, etc., from Bridger down to Echo Canyon as they did not intend to fight them at Bridger. Captain Hanks and Colonel Burton and their men camped 12 miles west of Bridger in the cedars. Capt. Hanks with ten men went back to Bridger to watch their moves. The rest of the companies moved on two miles, found better ground and better horse feed.

9th—We started on for Bear River. Capt. Snow with his company at Pioneer Hollow 17 miles from Bridger, to keep up an express station. We reached Bear River at eight o'clock at night.

10th—Snow 12 inches deep and more falling, high winds and cold. This morning we hear that one more of our boys that was taken prisoner was released.

11th—No word from the soldiers' camp. Twenty-seven more of our boys were sent to Echo to general quarters. This morning I got some butter sent from home, got the first word from home that I had received since I left.

14th—Ice on the river to bear a horse. Our provisions running low, nothing but bread. The boys went out hunting, killed two chickens.

15th—Got word the soldiers had moved up Black's Fork within five miles of Bridger. Two wagons came to our camp with provisions and some oats for our horses.

17th—Moved our animals to the hills, fifty men with fresh animals came to our camp, got word the soldiers camp had moved to Bridger. Sent ten men with the finest animals to Echo. Two of those were from my ten.

19th—Laying in quarters. The number in camp 100 men, beef and flour running low.

21st—Fifty more men were sent to Echo to the General's quarters. I was one of the number. We met provisions on the way to our camp.

22nd—Got orders to go on to Weber and recruit. Here the ground was partly bare of snow. Here I fell in with Major Tyler from home at Willow Creek and Colonel Harmon with their command and there were twenty of the boys right from Willow Creek. Here I got a bundle from home that I needed very much.

25th—The major and two other men going home on furloughs. I applied to Colonel Harmon and got to come home on a furlough for eight days.

26th—Started for home with three others. Got to the head of Parley's Canyon at dark, passed through the canyon and got to father Rawlin's at 11 o'clock at night.

27th—Warm and raining in the valley. Reached home at 11 A.M.

29th—Bro. Joshua Terry came in from near the soldiers' camp, said they were building their winter quarters at Bridger. Orders have been received for all the boys to come home but fifty men, they to stop and guard. I suppose while on this expedition I traveled one thousand miles at least. Brigham Young, on hearing the soldiers were out of salt, sent a wagon load of salt to them. General Johnston said they would not have the salt. First took the boys prisoners and afterwards let them go; told them Brigham Young was not governor—that the governor was in their camp. They were out of salt and had been offering a very big price for salt. Their object was to force a governor and other territorial officers on us whether we were willing or not.

DECEMBER 17th—Fine weather—some plowing their land. No late news from the soldiers.

18th—I was in Salt Lake City. Heard that the soldiers and teamsters had fallen out and had a fight, eight men killed. While in the city I saw some teamsters passing through on their way to

California. They were right from Bridger. The teams that were freighting from the States to Salt Lake City were stopped at Bridger by the United States officers. All kinds of goods very scarce, clothing hard to get.

JANUARY, 1858—24th—We are making arrangements to go out in the spring to defend our people from our enemies from the United States as well as those on our borders.

27th—I was selected as one of fifteen to go from Willow Creek where I live.

30th—We were notified to attend a meeting at Cottonwood to get orders in relation to a fit out. We were told it would take six hundred dollars to fit a man out for that campaign as it would be for one year.

FEBRUARY 2nd—Weather fine, stock doing well. The brethren making ready to start on their campaign when called on. The soldiers are still at Bridger and say they still intend to come in as soon as spring opens.

3rd—The California mail come in today. The news is that the president of the United States is going to send on enough soldiers to kill all the Mormons.

26th—We are ordered to get out our outfits and be ready at a moments notice to start out in the mountains on our campaign.

27th—There was a man came to Salt Lake City from the city of Washington whose name was Kane. He seems to be a man of some note. He is pleading for peace. He tells us that the president sees that the soldiers are in our hands at Bridger and the snow is very deep there and their supplies are getting very low. He asks Brigham not to kill them and he thinks they will be called back in the spring. Colonel Kane (for that seems to be his title) is going to visit the soldiers at Bridger as soon as he can. Two elders from Salt Lake City called at our place and preached. There was a good turn out of the brethren and sisters.

MARCH 8th—Colonel Kane started out for Bridger and was accompanied by three of the brethren.

14th—The brethren feel well, some prophecying we will soon go back to Jackson County, Missouri.

21st—The brethren that went with Colonel Kane have returned saying he is still at Bridger and it seems he is a friend of the Saints.

28th—I was in Salt Lake City. Heard Brigham say it was not wisdom for us to come in collision with the United States troops at this time, and if they came into the valley we would vacate this valley and all the northern settlements and travel south.

29th—The brethren met to make arrangement for traveling south. The spirit of God was with us.

APRIL 1st—Colonel Kane and the new governor that was at Bridger are on their way to the valley. President Brigham and his counselors and the Twelve Apostles and part of their families are on the move south. Today we had a fast meeting, 500 men ordered to be ready immediately to go east and be on guard.

2nd—The brethren met, the bishop proposed in our traveling south we organize in companies to suit our convenience, which was adopted. I was chosen captain of one company—there were about eight in a company.

5th—My company met at my house to make some arrangements for traveling. We decided to move our grain first and let our families remain and then return for them.

12th—Colonel Kane and the new governor came and his name is Cumming. He seems to express sympathy for the people, says he does not want to be governor if the people do not want him.

13th—Last night the Indians stole 100 head of horses from Bro. Nail's herd grounds. The Indians that were stealing at Salmon River have come to Cache Valley and stolen 70 bushels of wheat. The people are leaving and that gives the Indians a chance to steal. We believe the U. S. officers at Bridger are putting them up to it.

19th—It is now decided that the people of Willow Creek locate at present at Mountainville in the Utah Valley only a short distance from our settlement—about 15 miles.

21st—A large portion of the brethren that were sent out east to guard against the soldiers have been ordered home.

25th—Mr. Cumming, the new governor, made it public that if there were any of the people in Utah who wished to go away he would see them safely out. Brigham Young called on the people to make it known if there was any who wished to go away. There were four persons who wished to go. They did not belong to the Saints.

26th—I went to Mountainville to look for a place to move as this was the place our settlement was to move to. Other settlements went farther south and located in different parts of Utah valley and some went farther south than Utah valley, just as it might be convenient for them.

27th—The brethren are busily moving their wheat south. The young growing wheat looks very fine.

MAY 5th—I spent the 5th and 6th putting in a garden at my new location, returned home on the 7th to my old place.

8th—The would-be governor Cumming has gone south also, for what purpose I do not know, though I suppose to make all the discoveries he can.

9th—An express came in from Bridger for Governor Cumming. He left on the 10th feeling quite favorable. He said his wife was at

Bridger and he intended to bring her into the valley on a visit. Today was the day for our meeting—the Seventies took the lead. It fell to my lot to preside in the meeting. We had some very good instructions—was to be wise, turn to the will of the Lord and do it. This present move south was the salvation of this people. The understanding was that if the soldiers did come to Salt Lake City every man was to set fire to his own house and burn it to the ground. There should be nothing left for the soldiers to inhabit, so they might get our improvements which they said they would get.

22nd—I was at Provo City. The road south was lined with wagons, cattle, horses, sheep and hogs, etc., moving south. I saw three men from Mexico. They wanted to see Brigham. They had heard of our people going to leave Utah and they wanted to sell us land.

25th—I was in search of one of my animals that had strayed on the east side of Utah lake. I saw a little settlement there of the brethren that had left their homes and traveled south. Their houses were made of willows and "cano" grass. They looked very much like Indian houses.

28th—The orders are for all to be out of Salt Lake valley immediately as there was some that had not started yet.

JUNE 6th—Governor Cumming returned and his wife with him, also an investigating committee straight from Washington to inquire into matters in Utah.

10th—I moved my family to Utah valley and set them down without any covering, only a wagon cover on a wagon box.

11th—The committee and Cumming and Brigham and the Twelve Apostles met at Salt Lake City. They were there three days. There they agreed to be peaceable and bring the soldiers through Salt Lake City and not disturb anything and locate them in Cache or Scull Valley.

17th—I have now got me up a kind of half-face camp, part dug in the ground and part above ground covered with brush and a brush shed in front of it. In this move I am laboring under the disadvantage of a very bad hand. I could not use my left hand for fifteen days. I suppose it to be poisoned.

19th—I went to Payson to see after getting my wool carded. I stopped at Provo on my return to a meeting. Bro. Woodruff and Snow preached, they cautioned the brethren in relation to selling their wheat to the gentiles.

27th—The army came into Salt Lake City marching through and passed over Jordan and camped. Gentile merchants came in with their stores. Brigham told the brethren to not trade with them until there was some arrangements made between us and them.

28th—Brigham told the brethren to be encouraged—that they would go back to their old homes. Today I am at my old place in Willow Creek. I can see the soldiers' camp moving up the Jordan.

29th—The soldiers are camped west of the Jordan River about five miles west of my place. I can see the camp from my house.

JULY 1st—The word came to our camp that we could move back to our homes.

2nd—Me, with others, moved our effects back.

6th—The soldiers camp moved to Cedar Valley.

18th—I was at Salt Lake City. Bro. Brigham has gone back to Salt Lake City. He keeps himself very close on account of the gentile officers and false brethren. He tells the people that public meetings will have to be stopped. There are many gentile merchants and they are trying to speculate with the brethren in the way of dry goods as goods are very high.

AUGUST 7th—I was in Salt Lake City, the streets were thronged with gentiles setting up liquor shops It seems to be a dark time for the Saints, no public meetings, some apostatizing from the church.

15th—We held a meeting at our place. The brethren enjoyed the good spirit. The bishop gave us some good instructions, said we would not have any more ward meetings at present, said meetings had been stopped for sometime at most settlements, then appointed meeting for the lesser priesthood August 22nd.

22nd—I attended the lesser priesthood meeting. He wished the families of the Saints visited and he wished some of the high priests and Seventies to accompany the priests in their visits. I was one who was appointed to go and visit the brethren.

SEPTEMBER 8th—Freight trains continue to come in with all kinds of provisions for the soldiers.

11h—I was at Salt Lake City, see 40 more soldiers come in with beef cattle. Supply trains still continue to come in.

20th—Myself, and one high priest, and one priest spent the day visiting the families of the Saints; found the people with only a few exceptions enjoying a good spirit.

October 10th—Today we had a ward meeting, the instructions were for every man to have and keep on hand two years' supply of wheat.

NOVEMBER 2nd—The brethren plowing and putting in wheat. The weather is uncommon for this country

THEY MADE THEIR HOME IN UTAH

Joseph Sinkler Giles was born April 5, 1832 at West Nottingham Township, Chester County, Pennsylvania, the son of Joseph Giles and Jane Moore. He spent his early years on his father's farm, but at the age of sixteen left home and went to Ohio. From there he went to Illinois where he taught school at Red Oak Prairie and boarded at the home of his pupils. While in Illinois he studied law.

When Joseph was twenty-three years of age he participated in the Indian and Mexican raids in Texas and Florida. This was during the time when Billy Bow-legs, an educated Seminole Indian and others of his band were making raids on the settlements.

Joseph was with Johnston's Army serving as a surgeon when the troops came into Utah. This medical experience proved of great value to him in his service to the people in the early settlement of Millard County.

After staying with the army for a short period he was converted to the Mormon faith. He wandered to Holden and was protected by the good people in the fort. He later went to Fillmore, where he met and married Sarah Huntsman, who shared with him the trials of early pioneer life. He bought a farm in Deseret but did not move his family there as his crops were destroyed by pests and floods.

From Fillmore the family moved to the old pioneer creek south of Holden. Later they moved to Holden and made a dugout. After living in this dugout for sometime they built a two-roomed adobe house. In 1868 he became the first Sunday School superintendent. Later they moved to a farm in the southern part of the town. This home was often turned into a hospital, for patients came from the surrounding country to be treated by the willing physician. Broken limbs, teeth extractions, and all other physical ailments were relieved by his skillful hands. The Indians were very friendly to "Joe" as they called him.

While living on the farm he held the office of County Clerk and County Surveyor. These positions required a great deal of time be spent away from home. He farmed on the sinks at Beaver and hauled hay with ox teams from there to Holden.

When his good wife, Sarah, gave birth to their thirteenth child, she passed away. In this trial he was left to fight life's battles alone, but, by hard work, he was able to keep the family together. After ten years he married Lizzie Carling. Three years later he moved to Fillmore where he resided until his death at the age of 89 years. He was the father of seventeen children.—*Bly McKee*

Charles D. Green was a soldier in the United States Army under Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston. When the soldiers were disbanded at Camp Floyd, Charles and three other men, Joseph B. Forbes, Frank Halsey and Jack Houston remained in Utah making their way to American Fork in search of work. Charles worked on the farms and in the canyons. He had no home or relatives in Utah so my grandparents, Charles and Rosa Logie, took him into their home. Before Charley could earn enough money to buy a coat, he used to wear Grandmother's paisley shawl around his shoulders. When he went to meeting he would say, "I don't think the Lord cares what I wear, just so Charley gets there."

Sometime later he married Alice Gaunt and two daughters were born to them, Lizzie and Janie. Lizzie died. Charley and Alice separated and Charley later married Mary Ann Radman, who was born September 3, 1835 at Bristol, England.

About 1880 they opened a boarding house in Forest City near Deer Creek. After the death of his wife in 1903, he went to live with an adopted son, Loren Fisher Green, in Eureka, Utah, where he passed away in 1905.—*Laura Logie Timpson.*

Charles David Fernando Bonshire Haun was born October 3, 1839 at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, a son of Fernando Haun and—Bonshire Haun. Bonshire was his mother's maiden name. His mother died when he was just an infant leaving one other child, Katie. His father married again and Charles loved and respected his stepmother. She had one daughter, Mary Ann.

Charles attended school in Pittsburg for a time and was a good student, but when he was eighteen years of age he ran away from home and joined Johnston's Army, serving as bugler. When the troops left Utah to return East, Charles remained in Utah. He soon joined the Latter-day Saint Church, fell in love with and married Abigail Gardner. They were the parents of two children, May and Fernando. Fernando died in infancy. He later married her sister, Sarah Gardner, my mother. Abigail left him and married Philip Gauchet, a non-Mormon but May stayed with her father and Sarah until she was a young woman as her mother, Abigail, desired that she be reared as a member of the Latter-day Saint Church.

Charles and Sarah were the parents of eleven children. They owned a good farm, a comfortable brick house, and an orchard. They were both lovers of flowers and worked hard until they had a beautiful place. When Sarah first moved to the farm she lived in a stable, then in a small log house, and finally they built the brick home, then came financial reverses. Charles bought sheep and became so involved in debts that he mortgaged the farm and home and before long lost everything. Sarah died when little Katie was five months old and our Aunt Rachel reared her.

After the death of our mother we children were placed out in various homes and father took the older boys and went to Deseret to work. He labored on the canals and irrigation projects and was president of the Big Canal Company for many years. He filled two missions, one to Switzerland and one to Germany. Some of his converts came to Utah with him, among them a young woman named Margaret whom he later married. She could not speak the English language but was a good wife and mother. To them were born two sons. Six months after the birth of the last child, father was killed by a train, March 20, 1899 in Murray, Utah while on his way to buy machinery in Salt Lake City for his farm. (Spelling of Hahn changed to Haun.)

—*Pearl H. Walters and Katie H. Wolstenholme.*



Pioneer Houses and Enclosures

*Blessed are the meek: for they shall
inherit the earth. Matthew 5:5*



IN THE first settlement of Salt Lake Valley it was the custom of the Latter-day Saints to have the land so divided that every family would have a plot of ground that would be theirs; therefore, the pioneers proclaimed the fact that among them were more home owners than among any other like number of people. Every man was ambitious to possess his own home for it was his kingdom. This love of home distinguished the pioneers as redeemers of the desert.

It has definitely been proved that home ownership makes for a better society. President Joseph F. Smith once said, "Nothing encourages stability, strength, power, patriotism and fidelity to God and to country as much as owning a home, a spot on earth that a family can call its own."

Among the Latter-day Saints who settled the West were many craftsmen. The evidence of their building can be seen even today. They built dugouts, log cabins, adobe houses and lumber homes, within whose walls a way of life unfolded which left unforgettable memories.

'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek thro' the world is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home.
Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home.

PIONEER ADOBE HOMES IN THE SALT LAKE VALLEY

When Apostles Orson Pratt and Erastus Snow, the first of the Mormon Pioneers to view the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, stood at the top of Donner Hill at the mouth of Emigration Canyon, they saw a valley which they described as beautiful yet having but a very few trees scattered along the several streams running from the canyons of the Wasatch Mountains and emptying into the Jordan River.

Although convinced that lumber could eventually be found in the canyons, they realized that roads and bridges, etc., would have to be built and much planning and labor expended before this much needed commodity would be available.

At a meeting held August 10, 1847, the question came up as to what material would be used to build their new homes, it was finally decided that the cheapest and most serviceable material would be Spanish adobes, providing a good clay, close to water, could be found. By this time, the Orson Pratt and Father Sherwood Survey of the City had been completed and an area, embracing twenty acres, covering Blocks 46 and 47 of said survey and extending from Third West Street to Fifth West Street, between Third and Fourth South had been discovered over which was a layer of excellent clay for "dobbie" making purposes several feet in thickness. Fortunately, the necessary water to make the adobes was discovered in two springs—one on Second South Street, between Third and Fourth West Streets and the other on Third West Street between First and Second South.

Immediately, men were set to work making "dobbies" with which to build houses. It was agreed that the site of their first homes would be on Block 48 of the City Survey, covering the area now known as Pioneer Park which lies between Third and Fourth South and between Second and Third West.

It was further agreed that all houses would be built in the shape of a Fort which houses would face the center of the square and the outside facing Third South on the north, Second West on the east, Fourth South on the south and Third West on the west. On the outsides of the houses facing the streets, portholes were provided for defense purposes in case of Indian attacks. The east side of the Fort was reserved for the General Authorities of the Church extending from Third to Fourth South on Second West and only log houses were there erected. The three sides were shut in by adobe houses.

This was the beginning of permanent Anglo Saxon Civilization in the Inter-Mountain West. Here most of the Mormon Pioneers lived for nearly two years. On the north side of the Fort on what was then known as Lot 6, Block 48, of the Orson Pratt Survey located about 350 feet east of Third West Street, was the first adobe school house in the Inter-Mountain West. We have no picture of this

building in the Old Fort, but in an article in the *Deseret News*, published under date of August 10, 1888, Oliver B. Huntington who taught in this school, gave the following description of this Pioneer house of learning:

"The first schoolroom in this Territory was located in the north string (of adobe houses) near the northwest corner of the Old Fort. Most of the houses were built as part of the Fort Wall, with portholes for defense in case of an attack by the Indians, and generally with a six light window opening to the inside of the Fort. The roofs consisted of poles or split logs laid close together and covered with cedar bark or rushes that grew about the marshes.

"Such was the general make-up of the first schoolroom, with an immense quantity of dirt piled on the flat roof as a probable protection from the rain. For the floor we had a similar, but more solid material than that of the roof-hardened clay. The one window was just large enough for six panes of 8x10 inch glass; but we lacked the glass and it was not to be had. There was not a stove in all this territory."

Here the Pioneers lived during the winter of 1847-8. President Brigham Young and his counselors together with other leaders left the Valley in August, 1847 to return to Winter Quarters to arrange for the migration of the second big company to the valley in the spring of 1848. By June that year three companies had left Winter Quarters under the direction of President Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball and Willard Richards. They all arrived safely in the Valley, October, 1848. On October 8, 1848, the fall Conference of the people was held in the Bowery of the Old Fort and it was at this Conference that it was decided that it was then time to distribute the lots, or "inheritances," as established by the Orson Pratt Survey, among the people.

Presidents Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball were authorized, by the vote of the people, to make this distribution. The following day an improvised land office was established in the Old Fort and each head of a family was given a survey building lot or lots on the payment of \$1.00 for Survey and 50 cents for the recording of the designation of ownership. Immediately thereafter men went to work in the "dobbie yard" as heretofore described and started the erection of "dobbie" homes on their recently acquired lots or inheritances.

In a number of instances, when a man had completed the construction of his new "dobbie" home, he would haul to his yard one of the few log cabins built as a part of the Old Fort. This John and Lurena Nebeker did as shown in a picture of their old "dobbie" plastered home on Second North and Fourth West. A picture of the "dobbie" home of Apostle Charles C. Rich which was built on the



View of Southwestern part of Salt Lake City

- | | | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------------|------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. First North Street | 4. Wm. Clayton | 7. John M. Beinhaisel | 10. Salt Lake County Court House |
| 2. Joseph L. Heywood | 5. Patn. John Smith | 8. Endowment House | 11. Morgan College |
| 3. Edward Hunter | 6. Elias A. Smith | 9. Alfred Lambourne | 12. 12th Ward Assembly Hall |
| | 13. Apostle John Taylor | 14. John Taylor School House | |

southwest corner of First West and Second North shows the "dobbies" from the old "dobbie yard" after the plaster had worn away. In their prime, these homes were excellent in appearance and very serviceable in which to live.

The "dobbie" home built by Presiding Bishop Edward D. Hunter at 135 North West Temple which is still standing, and being used, is historic in that in a sermon delivered in the Tabernacle in the late 1870's Orson Pratt stated that on July 21, 1847, he was the first of the Pioneers to walk across what is now the business section of Salt Lake City and the Temple Lot and as far northwest as Bishop Hunter's home on West Temple. (Erastus Snow accompanied him).

Another example of a "dobbie" house was the house in which the author was born and reared as a child. It was located at 163 South First West and in the Orson Pratt Survey was designated as a part of Lots 3 and 4, Plat "A", Block 68. Nicholas Groesbeck, grandfather of the author, acquired this land under a judgment on October 8, 1856. A school house 20'x30' was built on the lot and used as such for nearly 25 years when Nicholas Groesbeck had a two story addition built on the west or front side of the school house; the made-over school rooms serving as a large dining room. It was this room where the author spent most of the delightful years of his youth up to 1896.

In 1892, a kitchen and three-room apartment was built on the east of the big dining room to serve as a home for a married daughter of the family.

This home which grew out of a one-room dobbie school house ended up in a twelve room family home in which the author spent many of the happiest days of his childhood. Many of the old "dobbie" homes passed through similar evolutions and many of the sweetest memories of the common folk who inhabited them will forever be held in sacred remembrance.—*N. G. Morgan*

MY PIONEER HOME

I, Mary Isabella Horne, arrived in Salt Lake Valley with my husband and family on the evening of the 6th of October, 1847 and camped on the Old Fort Grounds. Only those who have had a similar experience can realize how our hearts were filled with gratitude to our Heavenly Father that He had preserved our lives, and that we had met with no accident during our long and perilous journey of nearly four months through an unknown and uninhabited country.

Like the rest of the company, our tent was pitched, wagon boxes were set upon logs for sleeping purposes, and we prepared to be as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, feeling that here was to be our future home. The weather being mild and pleasant, the Brothers immediately went to work to get out logs and to make

adobes, to prepare to build houses for their families . . . There were no trees, no houses, nothing at all for our comfort but what we brought with us one thousand miles. There was no lumber, no sawmills, and only the simplest of mechanic's tools.

It may be interesting to those who never saw a saw-pit, to describe one that they may know how logs were sawed and lumber manufactured in those early days. In the first place a trench was dug as deep as a man's shoulders, and a number of feet long. Strong trestles were built over the pit on which to place a log to be sawed. The saw was a long one, with handles across either end. When the log was placed upon the trestles, one man would stand upon the top of the log, the other in the trench; then one would pull the saw up, the other down, and this slow process was the only way we had to get lumber in those days.

Mr. Horne succeeded in building two small log rooms that season for our family, which consisted of my husband, myself, four children and Brother and Sister Robert Holmes, whom we brought with us, and when we moved into the house there were neither doors, windows or floors. But as soon as the lumber could be sawed we had doors made, and a window of six small lights was put in each room. Our floors were made of hewed logs called "Missouri Puncheons."

As the climate to all appearances was very dry, the roofs were built nearly flat. They were made of split poles laid across the logs, then a thick covering of coarse grass, and on top of that a thick layer of dirt. I can assure you we were very thankful for even such rude houses after living in tents and wagon boxes for so many months.

I will try to describe some of the furniture we had, as all we could bring with us was one chair. Holes were bored in the logs of the house, in which poles were inserted, and posts were set upon the floor to hold the other end of the poles; rope or rawhide was stretched across these, which formed our bedsteads. Two small poles put in the logs the same way, with a packing box laid on its side was our cupboard, with a calico curtain before it to keep out the dirt. Stools were made for seats, boxes used for tables until enough lumber was sawed to make tables, and we began to feel a little more comfortable.

But, Alas! This did not last long. In the beginning of March we had a severe storm of rain and sleet, completely saturating the roofs, so that it rained as fast in the house as it did outside. The first consideration was to secure our provisions, for they were our salvation. Buffalo robes and all available covering were brought into use for protection. We were in a bad situation. Mr. Horne tacked wagon covers to the roof and at the foot of the bed to let the water run off to the floor. We had an oil cloth table-cover which he tacked over our heads where we ate, emptying the water into buckets every

little while. Wraps and umbrellas were used while doing our cooking and housework.

This storm lasted ten days. Almost everything in the house was wet. It rained on us in the house for sometime after it had abated outside. The first day after the storm ceased the whole fort had all kinds of clothing hung out to dry. It looked like a variety rag fair. It was really laughable to see them. We had only got things dry and put in order when a terrible storm passed over City Creek Canyon. A cloud burst, and the water came rushing down to the Fort pouring into some of the houses. Our floor had two or three inches of water over it.

As spring opened there were other difficulties to meet and overcome. Snakes came crawling out of the ground around our houses, terrifying the children. These were soon killed or frightened away. Mice also came out of the ground by the thousands and were a terrible scourge. Before we were aware of it they had gotten into our trunks and boxes, eating our clothing and making sad havoc of everything they could destroy; falling down on us from the roof, running over us at night, crawling into our coats and wraps hanging on the walls, and running up the sleeves and backs when we put them on to go out. As "necessity is the mother of invention" a variety of traps were soon made, the most efficient one being very simple, and which I will describe. A piece of thin board about a foot and a half long and six inches wide was whittled off round at each end, leaving the middle four inches long. A little grease was put on the edges of the wide part, which was then laid over a pail of water. When the mice ran to get the grease the board turned and tipped them into the water. Dozens were killed in the evening.

Sister Haight brought a cat with her. I gave fifty cents for one of her kittens when it was three weeks old, and she proved very useful. From her I supplied several of my neighbors with cats, which, with the traps soon began to diminish the troublesome little pests. Then we had an awful time with bedbugs. The timber of which our houses were built was full of them and it was years before they were entirely subdued.

The cattle being worked down were very poor, the beef had to be boiled all day to make it tender enough to eat. Our cow had to work in the yoke, and consequently went dry, so we had neither milk nor butter. I had to make gruel out of shorts for my children to break their bread in for supper and breakfast. We had a little meat for dinner, no vegetables, but a few segoes and parsnips which the boys dug . . . One circumstance I will relate. One day a herd of deer came running across the valley, and not being used to meeting with any obstruction, were so bewildered and frightened that one of them jumped right over one of the houses into the Fort. Brother A. Brower went into the house, got his gun and shot the deer. We had the

privilege of eating some of the venison, which was very nice after eating poor beef so long.

Sister Leonora Taylor had brought a piece of bolting cloth with her. One of the men made a frame, tacked the cloth to it making a sieve, which was borrowed all around the Fort when the Sisters wanted to make a few white biscuits.

We had little time for amusements the first year. Men, women and children had to work to keep things in order. Yet we felt free and happy, having no fear of mobs. Small gardens were fenced off in front of our houses, with willows and brush, where we planted flower seeds and vegetables which finally grew. But very few vegetables could be eaten; they must go to seed for another year. I believe Sister Leonora Taylor was among the first, if not the very first, to plant apple and fruit seeds. The trees were transplanted on their lot in the Fourteenth Ward, where they grew to be very large trees, and produced fine large fruit of excellent flavor.

A mountaineer from Fort Hall brought some groceries on pack mules. We were all needing them, but had to pass through an unpleasant ordeal to get some. I, with other sisters stood an hour and a half or longer, to take our turn; then each one could only have a pint of very brown sugar, for which we had to pay one dollar. Coffee was the same price, other things in proportion.

To make our houses look a little more finished, I got a little skim milk from a neighbor, who was fortunate enough to have some, put some red lead and lamp black into it, and took a rag and painted the door and frames with it, which made them more home-like and saved labor. We had several bunches of cotton yarn with us. One of the Apostles proposed making a fish net to see if we could catch some fish to help out with our poor beef. The yarn was twisted and the net made, one hundred yards long. I knit twenty-five yards; Brother John Taylor's family the rest. When it was finished Brother Taylor and a number of other brethren went to the Jordan River one evening to try the seine to see if it would work right. Myself and family had just retired for the night when I heard a heavy rumbling sound in the earth, coming from the west. Soon it struck the house. I felt a dizzy sensation, as though I was being pitched backwards, I called to Sister Holmes, who was sleeping in the next room. She was speechless with fright. It was a shock of an earthquake, but it only lasted a few minutes. Others felt the shock heavy enough to rattle the dishes.

Our vines were very productive. Melons, pumpkins and squash were ripening. As soon as they were ripe, we boiled down the melon juice to a syrup in our wash boiler, pared the rinds, put them in the syrup and made preserves, which was very tasty. The next process was making cornstalk molasses in the same way, which was thickened with squash and pumpkin—so we had melon preserves and squash

butter. For coffee, beans, peas, and sliced carrots were used, with a little molasses boiled in it for sweetening. In this way, everyone kept busy. We had only time to make friendly calls on each other to see how we succeeded under difficulties. Still we were happy and enjoyed ourselves, full of Faith and Hope for the future. The Lord preserved us in health in a wonderful manner during those trying times. Crops were beginning to ripen when swarms of crickets took possession of our fields, covering our grain like a black pall. Starvation stared us in the face. Still our faith did not fail. Soon gulls came from Salt Lake and devoured the crickets and our crops were saved. Just as sure as the Lord sent quail to feed the children of Israel in the wilderness, so sure am I He sent gulls to save our crops in this barren valley, where we were one thousand miles from any supplies in the East, and seven hundred miles from the west. We must have starved if the Lord had not sent us deliverance. When the crops were gathered we held a grand Harvest Home, all joined in praise and thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father for His protection and blessings upon us. Our crops were light, still we had some to spare to the emigrating Saints when they came in. Wheat was traded for flour and a few groceries, and with a little milk and butter occasionally, and our melon preserves, helped us out the next year, though we had to be very economical to make our provisions last until another harvest.

We had more time for amusements this year, 1848, having our social parties, dancing parties, etc. The morning President Young was expected in, Apostle Taylor and others started out on horseback to meet him, Brother Taylor riding a Spanish pony. As they were riding across the Fort, his horse reared up and fell backwards upon him, and he was obliged to be helped back to the house, as he was hurt too much to proceed, though his injuries were not dangerous. I was present when President Young called to see him. He made the remark that the horses were like the Spanish people, only the people had the stiffness in their necks and the horses had it in their legs.

Our house was moved from the fort to our city lot in March 1849. Many other incidents might be mentioned but I have already made this article too long. I can truly testify that the prophecy of Brother Heber C. Kimball that goods would be sold here before five years cheaper than they were in the east, was literally fulfilled within the time mentioned.

I can truly testify that in all the hardships and privations we had to pass through (the half cannot be told) there was no murmuring nor complaints. We met together as one family, meeting each other as a brother and a friend, where we were free from mobs and strife, to worship the Lord according to the dictates of our own consciences.

—*Mary Isabella Horne, Juv. Instructor, March 15, 1894.*

HOMES OF PRESIDENT YOUNG

On August 1st, 1847 President Young issued instructions to those he was leaving in the Valley to start building homes, lest a hard winter catch them with only their wagons for shelter. Church History records that the work was done on a community basis and under proper supervision and direction: "Colonel A. P. Rockwood remarked that a log house 18x18 feet would cost them \$40, and one of adobe half as much. Captain Brown was in favor of setting men to work building both log and adobe houses in order to hasten the work . . . After some remarks by Willard Richards, it was decided on that first day of August in the Valley, to put up a stockade of adobe houses. Samuel Gould and James Dunn reported themselves as lime burners, and Sylvester H. Earl, Joel T. Terrill, Ralph Douglass and Joseph Hancock as brickmakers."

The White House: After moving out of the Fort the Saints erected their homes on scattered locations where they had been given lots as part of their inheritance in Zion. President Young's family lived just east of State Street on First Avenue, in what was known as the "Old Log Row" but when the White House was completed in 1854, it became the official residence of President Young. It was located east of the Lion House and stood on the brow of the hill. It was often referred to as the "Mansion House." The house was designed by Truman Angell, brother of President Young's wife, Mary Ann Angell and was the first home of any size built by Brigham Young for his family.

The architecture was of a distinct colonial design and was well constructed in spite of the difficulty of obtaining building materials. It received the name "White House" because of the fact that the adobe walls were covered on the outside with white plaster. It was also unique in the fact that it was the first house in Utah with a shingled roof. The rooms downstairs were large and the ceilings were high; the rooms upstairs were of average size. The plastering and woodwork were painted white and French doors of plate glass joined the downstairs parlors and opened onto the front porch from a small sitting room. There were also a barn, a carriage house, and other out-buildings. The blending of architecture with the beauty of the grounds gave this home a most aristocratic appearance and it was considered by some as occupying the finest location in Salt Lake City. The house was eventually torn down and rebuilt in the lot west of the original site.

The Bee Hive House—This building was constructed about 1852 by Brigham Young as the official residence of the President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. From 1852 to 1855

it served as the executive mansion of Governor Brigham Young of the Territory of Utah. It was also the home of President Lorenzo Snow, 1898-1901 and President Joseph F. Smith, 1901-1918, both of whom died there.

The building was made of adobe and sandstone. The walls are two feet thick. The wide porch with its wide columns give it a very distinguished appearance. The walls in the front hallway are paneled in rich pine wood and each room has its own fireplace, some of the mantels being hand carved. The door frames in some parts of the house are carved with flower and leaf designs. Those who have had the opportunity of visiting this remarkable building agree that the government made a wise choice in selecting this lovely and historic home to be preserved for future generations.

The Lion House—This unique architectural structure built by President Brigham Young in 1855 when he was also serving as Governor of the Territory of Utah, has created more interest than any of the other homes occupied by the Young families. The building is approximately 40x116 feet, three stories high with the narrow side facing South Temple Street. It was constructed of adobes and has very thick walls. All three floors have central corridors running from north to south with stairways going to the top floor.

The basement contained two large rooms for storing vegetables and other food supplies, a community kitchen, weaving and spinning room, and dairy room. The largest room on the second or main floor was known as the parlor or prayer room where the family members gathered morning and evening for devotional exercises. Other small living rooms on this floor later had open-faced stoves installed which would burn either coal or wood. All the rooms in the house were comfortably furnished to meet the needs of their occupants.

Perhaps the most notable feature of this building are the ten dormer windows on each side of the house which give light and ventilation to the twenty small bedrooms on the third floor. At one time a porch ran the entire length of the west side, but this has long since been removed.

The Lion House was so named because of the large lion sculptured by William Ward, a pioneer in the valley, which rests at the entrance of the building. It was here that Brigham Young became ill and passed away August 29, 1877. The building is now used as a social center for small group gatherings but some rooms still house belongings of the Young families.

The Gardo House—(Amelia's Palace) was built to be the official residence of the President of the LDS Church. Mrs. Susa Young Gates, a daughter of Brigham Young, writes: "Just before the death of Brigham Young, he decided to build an official residence for the

presidents of the Church. In 1876 he employed Joseph Ridges, architect of the tabernacle organ, to draw plans and superintend the construction. Brigham Young had keenly felt the need for an official residence where strangers and distinguished guests could be entertained. He often accepted for such visitors the proffered hospitality of the merchant, William Jennings, and it was for this purpose only that he erected the "Gardo House."

The exterior was made of sandstone and brick; the interior was finished in walnut brought from New York. The windows were of the finest plate glass. Ralph Ramsey made the beautiful stairway that was in the front hall.

Many stories have been told about how the Gardo House received its name, among them that Brigham Young built it for his favorite wife, Amelia Folsom. Others say that Brigham Young, Jr., made the remark that this particular house towered above other neighboring houses like a sentinel, appearing to be on guard. Thus the name "Gardo" would be appropriate. It stood on the corner of East South Temple Street and State Street.

John Taylor was the first President of the Church to live in this official residence. In 1890 it was purchased by Isaac Trumbo, a wealthy mining man, and, in 1900, Colonel Emery Holmes purchased the home and added a picture gallery on the west part of the house. Mrs. Holmes was a woman who entertained lavishly so the fame of the house spread far and wide. She revived the name of "Amelia Palace."

The Empey House—At 180 E. South Temple is a buff adobe house with a pine tree beside it, accenting its Gothic architecture. The second story Gothic windows lend height to a cottage-sized dwelling. The two or three brick chimneys are octagonal, the same shape as a bee cell, and a diamond window in the north facade contains a stained-glass representation of a beehive. A mansard portico bay window, and an oddly angled little porch give the house a touch of Victorian elegance. Within the thick adobe walls, window casements are beveled, and there is a flood of light from outdoors.

The first floor bay window lights a high-ceiled sitting room with a fire place and well designed mantelpiece. A gracious curved hall stair ascends to the second floor. There, surprisingly, the Gothic windows light a single corner room, windows and gables give the ceilings intersecting planes that carry the Gothic motif indoors. Another spacious bedroom is lighted by a bay window on the east. The stained glass in the diamond window is exceptionally rich with its golden beehive in the center, delicately hued sego lilies on one side and ripened fruit on the other.

The house was designed by Truman O. Angell and was built about 1865 by Brigham Young for Ann Eliza Webb Young, who later

divorced him. After Ann Eliza's departure the house was occupied by Bishop Nelson P. Empey who married a daughter of Brigham Young. Following the death of the first wife, Bishop Empey married Emma Adams and lived in this house until his death.

Bishop Empey was a member of the Territorial committee to Chicago World Fair in 1893. The house was remodeled the following year. The spirit of Mr. Angell's design was followed with great fidelity. A porch on the northeast corner was converted into a room, the stair was built from the north entrance removing the abomination of a stairway through the parlor; the west slope of the north gable was raised to its present level. The stained glass beehive window, made under the supervision of James Ferguson, a son-in-law of Brigham Young, was used in the Utah building at the Chicago Fair.

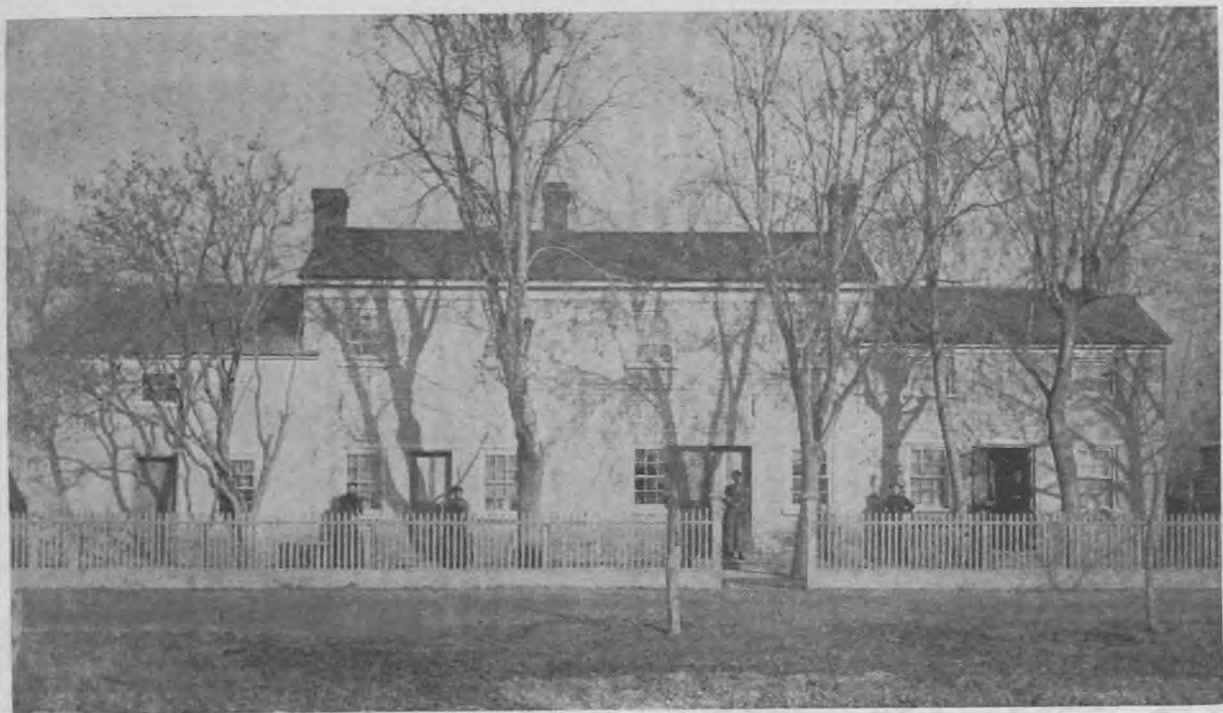
TWO FAMOUS HOMES

The log cabin standing on the southeast corner of the Temple grounds in Salt Lake City is one of the oldest houses in Utah. It was built in September 1847 by *Osman Deuel* and was located just north of the east portal of the old fort. Two years later it was bought by *Albert Carrington* who removed it to the corner of First North and West Temple Streets, where it stood until it was moved to the Temple grounds.

During the survey of Great Salt Lake and adjacent country, Captain Howard Stansbury of the Topographical Engineers made his headquarters in this house.

The log cabin is now standing on a cement base, and is protected by a beautiful building. The old fire place with the bake kettle hanging over it, the earthen crock, the rocker, a table, and the curtain at the window can be seen on the inside. The old cabin is a typical example portraying the remarkable skill of our pioneers in building homes from the limited material available at that time. The daughters of Utah Pioneers have placed their marker on this Pioneer home.

On a little spot of ground at 27th South Street and Highland Drive on the Hyrum Jensen estate, stands a little adobe cottage where the late President Joseph F. Smith of the Latter-day Saint Church, his brother John and sisters Martha, Jerusha and Mary lived with their mother, Mary Fielding Smith, when they came to this valley. There are two rooms in the little house about 16x12 feet in dimensions. The adobes were sun dried by the old process which meant weeks of toil and yet the two boys persevered and soon had a cozy pioneer home for their widowed mother and sisters. The old fire-place, where once pioneer food was cooked in pioneer style, still remains.



The Family Home—Jacob Weiler

President Smith loved and revered his mother next to God and this home was dear to this woman who, single handed, would not stay back, but sold out and secured an oxteam which her boys drove across the plains. One also sees the old orchard planted by the boys, and the largest cottonwood trees seen in many a mile still stand as a monument to their pioneer labors of transplanting. Stone pillars, in the nature of a fence, have been erected surrounding the little home.—*Newspaper clipping*

HIS INHERITANCE IN ZION

Jacob Weiler was born March 14, 1804 in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, the son of Joseph and Rosanna Styers Weiler. He was one of the few chosen to come with Orson Pratt into the Valley of the Great Salt Lake on the 22nd of July 1847, preceding the arrival of Brigham Young. His first wife was Anna Maria Malin, daughter of Elijah and Catherine Malin, whom he married in Chester County, Pennsylvania in 1830. She, with her four children, Joseph, Elijah Malin, Lydia and Catherine, followed in the fall.

But this is the story of Jacob Weiler's adobe home built on the lot he drew when Salt Lake City was laid out in the fall of 1848. The lots were located on 7th South between State Street and 2nd East, Salt Lake City. He built one room 16x16 feet of adobes which he made and laid himself, also doing most of the carpentry work. Some years later he built the east and west wings, consisting of one large room and two bedrooms on the first floor and one large bedroom upstairs. Later, when he was more prosperous, he tore down the one room and built the two-story part in the middle. That part consisted of two large rooms and two bedrooms and a buttery or pantry downstairs and three bedrooms and a closet upstairs.

The walls of this home were of adobe and very thick. The windows had small panes of glass, twelve panes in each window downstairs and nine panes in the upstairs windows. There were four front doors opening into the front rooms. In two of the rooms there were open fireplaces with grates where wood was burned. For years all the walls were whitewashed with lime that was slacked and tinted with blueing. Homemade carpets covered the floors and much of the furniture was made of walnut.

Later there were two large rustic kitchens built on the back of the house, where there was also a large granary and a cellar with the upper part being used for storing wheat and oats. The cellar was quite low and cool and was used for storing dairy products, meats and fruit. Another room back of the cellar was the storage place for potatoes and winter vegetables.

A large barn housed six horses, and room for many tons of hay, a shed for the cows, pens for the pigs and coops for chickens. In

back of the barn was a pasture for the cows. The lot contained an orchard of fruit trees and various kinds of berries. The vegetable garden was watered with irrigation ditches when it was their turn to take the water. There was a well in the front yard where drinking water was dipped up in buckets. Near the house were several large barrels which caught the rain water used for washing, along with the irrigation water. I was quite grown up when the city laid the water mains and then we had a hydrant with city water and the well was filled in.

In the fall of 1858 Jacob married my grandmother, Elizabeth McElroy Foster, who was divorced from her husband. He had been on a mission to England. On his return, he apostatized from the Church and went to California. She was left with two girls, Mary Ann, 5, and Elizabeth Jane, 7 years of age. A legal and church divorce was obtained and her children were sealed to her and Jacob Weiler in the Temple. Grandmother Elizabeth went into the Weiler home and cared for his first wife who had been an invalid for many years, and also took charge of their four children. Anna Marie died in the fall of 1866. Then in the fall of 1868 Jacob married Harriet B. Smith. She, and her baby, died in 1870.

Jacob Weiler was Bishop of the Third Ward for forty years but because of failing health he asked the Authorities for a release, which was granted him June 6, 1895. On June 16, 1895 he was ordained a patriarch under the hands of President Wilford Woodruff. This fine man lived to be eighty-eight years old, passing away the 24th of March, 1896.

I, Mary Elizabeth Foster Crismon, was born in this home January 29, 1873 and when twenty-one years of age was married to Joshua Selley in the Salt Lake Temple. Our wedding reception was held in this old pioneer home. When the estate of Grandfather Weiler was settled, my mother received the old home where she lived for a number of years. It was sold to the city in 1910. The deed for the transaction was the original deed because this property had never changed hands from the time it was given to Jacob Weiler as his inheritance in Zion. The deed was signed by Brigham Young. Grandfather also donated the ground from his property to build the Third Ward's first chapel. Later he sold ground to Thomas Maycock, Orson Hewlett and the Gotbergs. In front of the house there were one large locust tree, four large boxelders, and one apple tree. I can remember the fence made of poles which went from his home to State Street and up to 6th South. The children in the neighborhood used to walk around the block on the top pole using a big stick to balance them.

Grandfather was a farmer all his life and raised wheat, oats, corn, potatoes and hay on the land. He had two pieces of 40 acres and 30 acres on State Street below 17th South and 21st South and

15 acres on 10th South and 3rd East; also pastures of 10 acres on 2nd West and 11th South.—*Mary Elizabeth Crismon Selley*

THE EMERY HOUSE

After the long trek across the plains, Henry Emery and his wife Elizabeth Brewerton Emery entered the Valley of the Great Salt Lake Saturday, October 2, 1852. They rented a place for the winter and began to look around for a suitable permanent residence. The following spring they found a two-room adobe house on half a lot which suited their needs and bought it from Mr. Dennis Winn for \$108.00. The property was part of the old extensive Sixteenth Ward. About ten years later, Henry Emery remodeled the two rooms and built an addition to them so it was changed from a rectangular to a "T" shape. Shortly thereafter the north porch was boarded in and became the kitchen. In this house Henry and Elizabeth reared their family of sixteen children, eight boys and eight girls.

After Henry Emery's death, his widow and her children continued to live in the old homestead. When she passed away, the house passed into the possession of the eldest daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth E. McKean. Since Mrs. McKean lived in Bountiful and could not care for the place, she rented it to her sister Mrs. John Stowe. Several years later Mrs. Stowe moved to Sandy and the house began to fall into a state of neglected repair due to the lack of a tenant. It was then that Mr. W. L. Emery, a son of Henry bought it from Mrs. McKean and moved in.

He reinforced the foundation, put in new floors, enlarged the front windows, and built a cupboard and staircase. He continued this remodeling and repairing until the house took on its present form. At this writing (1939), he and his family are still living in the house. It is their permanent residence. The old home is indeed an heirloom. Since it was first purchased by Henry Emery in 1853, none have lived within its walls except his family and their direct descendants.—*Lorena Nebeker Emery*

HAPPY ADOBE HOMES

My earliest childhood memories were born in two adobe rooms, one square, the other, rectangular, a lean-to over a full-sized dirt cellar in which the frost could never reach the potatoes or dahlia bulbs. Of the excavated cellar's clayish soil adobes were molded, without straw or other binder, by a young, energetic pioneer, Lorenzo S. Clark, then set in the sun to dry, turned frequently and when ready carried one by one by an ambitious young mother, Mary R. Clark, for her husband's hands to place and secure in the position of protecting

walls that provided warmth in the winter and welcome coolness from the hot desert sun of summer time.

Three windows, two outside doors, one door connecting the two rooms and a "liftup" hinged opening in the coarse kitchen floor with steps to the cellar bottom and a wall chimney in each room completed the humble dwelling ready for furniture. There was but little of this, a small four-hole number 6 cooking stove, a double four-poster bed, a cupboard, wire top and wooden door bottom; a wash bench, a strong stool, and a wonderful, large well finished blue clothing box brought from England while filled with pioneer treasures, but now for this new home, supported on two ammunition boxes and serving as the family table. The wooden furniture pieces, excepting the boxes, were made by the same young hands which laid the adobe wall.

As time went on, and additional needs appeared, more such items were added, including a real table, a bench to match, convenient in size for three little children to occupy together at the table, an extension bed to be pulled out full size at night and reduced to a lounging couch during the day, and a small clothing cupboard with a top drawer for the baby's exclusive supplies and two doors which opened to provide space for storing older children's belongings. Some articles must have been purchased such as the coal oil lamp, one kitchen chair, a rocking chair, a wall hanging collapsible hat rack, an eight-day clock and Father's ever trusty loaded gun. A straw-padded homemade carpet in the large room and curtains made of inexpensive muslin edged with hand crocheted cotton lace, these with the framed wall motto "God Bless Our Home," contributed to family comfort; but the choicest article in that early home was a new Singer sewing machine which mother had purchased with the money she earned by "working out" before her marriage.

This beloved home was not built until the 1870's but it was first to me with its straw covered cow shed which we could slide down, its young promising fruit trees, and its thirty-foot deep windlass well which kept food supplies deliciously cold when suspended near the crystal water in a strong basket, besides giving us all the year round choice water that needed no ice. Among those treasures I must not neglect the top of our front pole fence which I could walk so killfully. We were six happy little children, warm, well-fed, and comfortable, as we listened open-eyed to the tales of earlier pioneering by our illustrious, hardy grandparents.

My paternal grandfather, Benjamin Thomas Clark came to Utah in 1852 with a large family including both unmarried children and married ones with little folks of their own. His first winter was spent in a dugout in the banks of the gulch made by Parley's stream in the vicinity of the present Sugar House district. The next year he purchased ten acres of small farm land in the Big Field Survey and built a large commodious adobe dwelling. As described to me, the main feature was a large family room with fireplace, storage room and a

loft above for extra sleeping space and reached by a ladder. Home-made furniture was provided for needs and comfort. This was possible because of this pioneer himself, being a construction man trained in England who brought with him a chest of the finest carpenter tools available. These tools had a most useful period of activity and some of them are still useful.

This grandfather was born in Cambridge, England in 1799. He was devoted to his large family and brought with him as many as would come. The whole family lived together in the large adobe dwelling until the married couples could get a start and set up housekeeping independently. They were a musical family and entertaining and happy with each other. As is characteristic of pioneers these also featured hospitality. Immigrants from England, whom they had never seen before were welcomed to this spacious adobe home as if they were dear old friends.

My other pioneer grandfather, William Wagstaff, also built an adobe house. He arrived here in the Claudius Spencer Company in the autumn of 1853, only four days after the Cyrus Wheelock Company which brought Benjamin Thomas Clark. Neither of these pioneers had ever met each other up to that time. William who was a trained and experienced gardener in the old country, went to work for President Willard Richards the day he arrived and lived on the Richard's premises as caretaker until the demise of President Richards in 1854. His next step was to have built for himself a two-story adobe house at Sixth South and State Streets where he made and developed a profitable and successful nursery and also reared a large family. The adobe home had four square rooms with a stairs going between and a large kitchen living room lean-to in the rear. It stood there for many, many years and saw much family living. There were two congenial wives, Maria and Emily, whose children were also harmonious and loving. William's mother and sister Rachel came to Utah with him in 1853. The remaining five pioneer brothers and sisters came in the 1860's and visited with him in this home until they found their own desirable locations in Utah. All of them praised his generous welcome and guidance. His "going" nursery with its rows of young evergreen, walnut trees, black locusts, poplars, snowballs, lilacs, hawthorns, altheas (then called Rose of Sharon) and desirable fruits impressed them so deeply that one of these is reported to have written to the old home, "William is as rich as a Jew!" He was noted for being good natured, friendly, and peace-loving. His friends, and the friends of his family, were so many that we can easily recognize his as another happy adobe home.—*Annie C. Kimball*

A PIONEER HOME THAT GREW

Isaac Sears, a Utah pioneer of 1864, was born in Caldecote, Bedfordshire, England, December 2, 1845; his parents were John and

Sarah Wagsaff Sears, he being the second born of their eleven children. At the age of twenty-two he married Sarah Jane Gailey in the Old Endowment House in Salt Lake City and proceeded to Kaysville where the young people lived until there were two children. Returning to Salt Lake City he became an organizer and a part of the business firm of "Sears and Jeremy" dealers in hay, grain and seeds. This venture proved successful and as his life's employment, enabled him to support his large and growing family to the end of his days.

The memorable trip from Kaysville to Salt Lake was made in a wagon drawn by a horse and a mule and loaded with all kinds of accumulated possessions as well as the young family. Their precious cow was tied to the back of the wagon and so the twenty-five mile journey must have taken a whole day at least. Little Mary Ann, still only two years of age, kept asking her patient father to get out and milk the cow as she was so thirsty, which took additional time. However, they arrived and located in the Eleventh Ward where they pitched a tent to live in while building the first section of their pioneer home at 756 East Second South Street. This was built of adobe, two rooms, one above the other, but before it was finished their baby son died and this sad event was followed by further misfortune. While they were absent from their new home, all of the furniture was stolen. But, they had pioneer courage and undismayed they plodded on together and in that small bedroom upstairs, four children were born, William G., Sarah Drucilla, Etta May and Jessie; the following were born later: Ira, Harold Ernest, Albert Eugene, Wilton Henry, Ethel Irene and Afton.

A summer kitchen or "shanty" was built at this time on the back of the first two rooms into which the kitchen stove was moved during hot July and August days. I remember standing in that uncomfortable spot, washing dishes; also, we had a long metal bath tub with a hinged lid that we used for a table when it was not in other use. Later on this tub was converted into a drinking trough in the barn yard for the horses and cows.

As our lot extended half way through the block, Father planted a number of fruit trees including plum, cherry, peach, apricots and apple trees, which flourished and gave us much happiness. The irrigation ditch was between the sidewalk and the street and provided water for the surrounding gardens. How we loved that ditch! There was no dearth of activity as long as we could make dams, tiny irrigation systems, waterfalls, water wheels and day dreams with that interesting and fascinating liquid treasure.

As the years passed by and children kept coming the house became too small and so was enlarged by the addition of a two-story adobe part built in 1879, which contained four more rooms, two upstairs, and two downstairs with a commodious useful cellar and a



The House that Grew—Isaac Sears

fireplace with a marble mantel in the parlour. One of the first telephones to be installed in the residential district was in this home and for a number of years the room in which it was placed became known as the "telephone room." In emergencies neighbors and friends from blocks around came to use our phone. I remember our local belle who came frequently to talk with her beau, and if mother was not close by so that she could reprimand us, we curious children listened in.

In 1886 still another addition was built back of the original two rooms. This new part was of brick and included a dining room, up-to-date kitchen pantry and bathroom. It did not show from the front of the house and so cannot be seen in the old photograph. By this time we had running water in the house with a kitchen sink, a larger water boiler attached to the range, and bathroom conveniences. How modern we felt. However, we still had kerosene lamps to fill and clean daily. When we went upstairs to bed we would carry lighted candles amusing ourselves with dropping tallow "warts" upon our hands.

Once a year, in the spring, we would clean the house. All of the carpets must be taken up, carried downstairs and out of doors where they would be beaten and swept. Our heavy beds and ticks were similarly treated. After all walls, woodwork and glass were made spotlessly shining, aired and ready, new straw was spread upon

the floors under the carpets and new straw also placed in the bed ticks. In the winter we frequently had fires burning continuously in four or five rooms, for which all of the fuel had to be carried into the house from the outside coal shed and when reduced to ashes and refuse, carried out again. Truly, the essential work in keeping up these dearly loved homes provided plenty of physical exercise.

Among the outdoor interests we were especially proud of our carriage steps. At first they were placed in the front of the house near the street but later moved to the outside lane which led to the barnyard. The trick was to drive close enough for passengers to step easily into or from the vehicle, but, we children, when driving, had a way of hitting the steps with the wheels and occasionally bringing upon ourselves ridicule and embarrassment.

Father built a large adobe barn in which were the harness room, the buggy room, and a large loft where several loads of hay could be stored. Along the south side of this barn were the stalls for the horses and the good old family cow. We used to give neighborhood plays in the place where the buggy was kept, using the harness room for costume needs. Besides the barn there were wooden sheds for baled hay and straw and to house the sheep to be fattened for the market.

Mother always canned and dried an abundance of fruit and in the winter made a barrel full of mince meat. There were ample stores of fruits in the cellar and a year's supply of flour. The bins in the kitchen were enormous and were also kept full. Apples, molasses and cider, of which there was plenty, helped with informal entertaining, parties, and general hospitality.

About the time when I was nearly grown "Block Meetings" were being held in some of the large-enough homes. Often they came to our home and such good times we had! After the formal meetings we pushed the big old dining table against the wall and danced to father's accordion music, or one of the boy's mouth organs. Quilting bees were also delightful occasions. Friends and neighbors would come and chat while they worked. We children learned many new strange things from just listening in while we threaded the needles.

One of the most popular home entertainments was the surprise party, at one time this was what was called "the rage" and it seemed as though everyone of any importance was being "surprised."

We had many good times in the old home but perhaps those at Conference times were the most memorable. All of our relatives would come from distant parts. Beds were made in almost every room of the house and the table and pantry were laden with favorite foods. Mother was an excellent cook and father was most hospitable and generous. We had music, dancing, visiting, sermonettes, testimonies and family love which have left a golden treasury of memories

which include all of life spent in the dear old home that grew.
—*Drucilla Sears Howard*

A HOME IN BOXELDER COUNTY

The large two-story house now standing on the corner of Second North and Main Streets in Brigham City, Utah is an historical landmark to the citizens of this community for it had its beginnings as a humble dugout built by a pioneer family by the name of Josephson. Later Ruder Clawson and his wife Lydia purchased this dugout from the original owners. Mr. Clawson then replaced the dugout with a two-room adobe house. All the doors and windows were held together with wooden pegs.

As the years went by the Clawson family grew larger and more rooms were added to the house. The two original adobe rooms remained the front part of the house, but they were soon surrounded by additional rooms built of lumber. While the Clawsons were still owners of the house they were visited by Nephi Anderson, who had just completed a book and came to Mr. Clawson to ask his help in selecting a name for it. Mr. Clawson said the book should be named "Added Upon", and it was so named. Sometime later Mr. Anderson again visited the Clawson family, and observing the manner in which this residence had been built, told the owner that his home, too, should be called "Added Upon."

Mr. Clawson was well loved in this community and as a tribute to him and his family, friends and neighbors planted an orchard of carefully selected fruit trees. There was also a mulberry tree and one huge boxelder near the house. Mr. Clawson so loved this home that he dedicated it. He blessed it that it would always have unlimited hospitality and also that it would be a landmark for future generations.

In the year 1902, Mr. Clawson was ordained an apostle and he sold the home to Judge Justin D. Call. Judge Call remodeled the ground floor, four rooms with quarter-sawed oak. The Call's had eleven children, nine of whom were born in this pioneer home. Mr. Call made this home one of true hospitality for it was always filled with people both young and old. Church dances and parties were held here. He constructed a swimming pool and tennis court so that the young people could have a place to expend their youthful energy in healthful and recreational activities.

When Judge Call and his wife passed on his son David inherited the home and he, and his family, are the present occupants. The house as it stands today is a beautiful, large two-storied structure with twelve rooms. Its architecture is of colonial design. The porches are supported by massive white pillars giving it a most imposing look. The exterior of the house is stuccoed and painted white.

This lovely home has many memories. The Clawson boys returned to their former home for a visit after the Calls had been living in it for some time. They made a special request to see the upstairs room for they remembered this part of the house as Santa's workshop. This is indeed a home rich in memories of pioneer traditions and customs.—*Hazel Norton*

DUCHESNE COUNTY

Eliza Jane Farnsworth Gilbert, a widow, from Joseph, Sevier County, Utah, arrived in Redcap (later Arcadia) with her two sons, three daughters, and an unmarried brother, Curt Farnsworth. Her oldest son, Leandrew, had come out before with the Robert Ross family. Eliza Gilbert had sold her home and small farm in Joseph and bought a homestead, and made a down payment on an Indian allotment, located on the Lakefork river and the Redcap canal. Leandrew took over the homestead and began to establish his home there. Eliza and her family lived there until the spring, when they moved to the Indian allotment and lived in a tent.

Tom, John, and their Uncle Curt, worked at clearing the land to get it under cultivation. That first year they raised some grain. During the summer, Tom and Leandrew went up on Petty mountain to log in order to procure lumber to build a house on the new land. They made their camp on Petty Mountain dragging their logs in to the Petty sawmill where they were sawed into lumber. The sawmill was about 30 miles from the land on which they would build their house.

When provisions at the camp began getting low one of the boys would load up a load of fence poles and go down home to get a fresh supply of provisions. It was on one of these occasions that Tom (Thomas M.) had a harrowing experience. He was then nineteen years old. The road was narrow and very steep winding straight down the face of the mountain for about six miles. It was necessary to rough-lock a loaded wagon in order to brake it more effectively. The rough lock was accomplished by wrapping a heavy log chain around one of the back wagon wheels. The chain dug into the earth helping to hold back the load.

Tom had gone little more than a mile when the chain broke, turning the heavy load loose. Soon the team was forced into a run, with the load of poles careening from side to side pushing them along faster and faster. In order to save his life Tom turned the team loose and jumped free of the loaded wagon. At a turn in the road the wagon capsized and broke apart leaving the front wheels still attached with the frightened galloping team. At another turn the wheels jammed into a large tree and broke loose from the horses. When Tom reached his team one horse was down, and from all appearances, dead, with his mate standing quietly over him. However,

the horse suddenly scrambled to his feet, not seriously hurt. Tom untangled his horses and with them returned to the sawmill, shaken but thankful that the accident was not more serious.

In the words of Eliza Jane Gilbert, the story of the house-building continues: "When the boys had enough lumber on hand to begin building our house, my brother-in-law, James Gilbert, a carpenter, planned our home and began erecting the frame work. When that was completed, he built the roof. The next job was to make adobes to line the house, so with the help of my son-in-law, James Moore, my brother Curt, my three sons and my three youngest daughters, I began carrying adobes to lay them out in the sun to dry. It was not long until this job was accomplished. The adobes dried quickly so by late summer we were anxious to get them into the walls.

"The men folks were very busy getting in the crops and building sheds and granaries and corrals. I decided I could lay the adobes up between the 2x4's in the walls so we could have our home livable before winter set in. My girls carried the adobes to me and I laid them up. When three layers had been laid, with broken joints in each layer, I would drive a spike nail in the two-by-four on each side, then bend them down so the adobes would be held in place good and solid. When completed I believe the house could literally have been turned up-side-down and the adobes would have stayed in place.

"We bought unbleached muslin and stretched it over the ceilings so we could live in the house that winter. We built two chimneys so we could have a heater in the front room and the range in the kitchen. We kept warm that winter. The boys hauled pinion pine and cedar wood from the benches on the west of the valley for fuel. The dimensions of our house were 26 feet by 26 feet. It was divided into five rooms; a front room, dining room, small kitchen and two bedrooms. Each year we did a little more improvement on our house until at long last the ceilings were lathed and plastered and the walls plastered. We kept at it until it was painted inside and out. I did most of the painting. The boys did the roof and now and again gave me a lift with the outside wall painting.

"Over the years this home provided a center for many family and community gatherings and entertainments. One year after the school house, which was the church and social center for the community, burned down, our home was used for several months to hold Sunday School and ward meetings."—*Thomas M. Gilbert*

CACHE COUNTY

There is an old log house, surrounded by large poplar trees and pines and beautiful flowering shrubs, and a large well kept lawn in North Logan, Utah. Bishop *Nicholas W. Crookston* began to build the house in 1891. He got the logs in Logan canyon, cut



The Pioneer Home—Nicholas W. Crookston

and trimmed them by hand, and hauled them about 30 miles by team. He did all of the work himself, with the help of one young boy. The logs are matched for size and the house is well constructed. It is lathed and plastered. The foundation is built of rock and there are two basement rooms.

The first three rooms were finished and the family, who were living in Logan, Utah, moved into the house. Later three more rooms were added, and as the family grew, three more rooms were finished. There is a large living room with a fire place and dining room, kitchen, pantry, bathroom and three bedrooms and a large sleeping porch.

Bishop Crookston had a family of nine children who lived and worked on the 90 acre farm, where the log house is located. There were other log buildings on the farm, a large horse barn, a chicken coop, granary and corn crib, and corrals, for cattle and horses. It was the first home in North Logan to have water piped into it, and has had electricity, telephone, and other modern conveniences since they were available in that locality.

Three generations have come and gone, who lived in the old home and it is in good condition and well preserved. The home and grounds are used every year for the Crookston family reunion. People come from many states to attend the gathering, and the grounds are used many times in the summer for parties and reunions.

It is owned and cared for by Lucille Crookston Peterson, a daughter of Nicholas W. Crookston, the builder. On the walls of the living room are hung paintings and pictures that are old and valuable. One painting of Alice Rice, wife of Nicholas W. Crookston was done by the artist Dan Weggeland who painted the scenes in the temple in 1883.—*Lucille C. Peterson*

CARBON COUNTY

In the year 1890 the family of *Eugene Elisha* and *Jane Blake Branch* moved their one room house from their farm, between Price and Wellington, then Emery County, into Wellington. It was on the 24th of December. The furniture had been left in the house so they were all ready for the celebrations the following day. The Branch family then consisted of father, mother, five boys and one girl with another child expected in June, so father built a lean-to which made it quite comfortable.

In the spring of 1891, father bought a parcel of land, which took in the river bank and a hill side. It was bought for pasture, but proved to be valuable in making adobes for the new home. Sand was bought and mixed with the clay from the hill. The mixing of the mud proved to be great fun for the boys. Father was a mason and plasterer by trade, so with the help of his sons they soon had a large room built. This room was made of two thicknesses of adobes. A kitchen, two bedrooms and a pantry were added as a lean-to to the large room and there was a porch built across the front of the house. The family moved into the adobe house in the Fall of 1892.

In June 1893 another boy came to the Branch family. The growth of the family made it necessary to add more rooms to the house. The end of the porch was enclosed with lumber to make a dining room, this served the family for many years. I was the tenth child born to the Branch family and I remember the house as it was first built.—*Effie Branch Liddell*

A Poor House—The *Right* home consisted of two small rooms and a lean-to. The floor was composed of wide knotted boards, covered with throw rugs, and a broken window pane was replaced with cheese cloth. In fair weather the place was fairly comfortable, that is, as comfortable as such a place could be; but when it rained all the pans and kettles in the kitchen were pressed into service to catch the water leaking through the many breaks in the roof. During an all night rain, Mrs. Right had to get out of bed several times to empty these receptacles. By morning her patience was exhausted, her sunny disposition squelched, and her mind firmly made up to tell her husband her plans for the future.

As soon as breakfast was over she came directly to the point. "Brother Right," she said. "If you don't provide a better home for

me, I shall take my children and go to the poorhouse." Mr. Right put his hands in his pockets as he stood looking around at the leaks, the broken window panes, and the wide crack beneath the kitchen door. Finally he said, "My dear, I don't know where you would go to find a poorer house than this one."

Seeing his look of puzzled dejection, Mrs. Right could not restrain a hearty laugh. This cleared the atmosphere and life went on in the usual way in this humble pioneer home.—*Sarah Tidwell Pierce*

DAVIS COUNTY

In the early years of pioneering in San Pete Valley my father *James Christian Berthelson* and his brother *Robert C.* were well known adobe makers for the settlers. Many of the homes, schools and church buildings were made from adobes which they home manufactured. Little did I think as I listened to their stories when I was a small child that I would be writing about the adobe industry of West Bountiful, Utah.

Ofttimes the adobes were made on the ground where the home was to be built, but in early years an adobe yard was established near the lake shore on the Jackson Bottom lands in Davis County. A pug mill was a shallow hole or well dug in the ground and curbed with boards, with a large wooden auger fitted in the middle of the pit. When the clay, water and chopped straw were placed in the pit, a horse was hitched to a long wooden tongue attached to the auger. The horse was driven around and around the well to turn over the mixture. The adobe molds were usually 4x6x12 and when filled and firmly packed were allowed to set, then turned out on a sanded surface to dry. They were covered with dry grass or rushes to prevent too fast drying and cracking.

Another adobe yard was located in west Bountiful. A man by the name of Aslot first operated it then later Samuel Clark. The adobes for the first Church in West Bountiful were made at this site. Bishop William S. Muir supervised this project in 1877. The Saints helped to make the adobes and donated their home produce—such as potatoes, carrots, onions, cabbage, eggs, butter, etc. They were hauled to the Co-op Store and later taken by the Bishop to Salt Lake where he sold them for whatever he could. With the proceeds he bought nails, lumber, lath and other building materials. Mary Jackson Roberts tells us when they were nearly through but needed a few more adobes to finish one wall, her father William Jackson said "Well, come up, and I'll give you the adobes in my granary." The granary was torn down and the adobes used to complete the Church. Seventeen years before this date a schoolhouse was built of adobes. This was in 1860 and in 1870 church was held in this schoolhouse.

During the winter months the old adobe hole was filled with water and soon froze over making a winter wonderland for skating.

The old adobe home now owned by Marilda Hepworth was built by Bishop William S. Muir, and in this home many of the men working on the Woods Cross R.R. were roomed and boarded by Jane Muir. She became well known for her fine foods. Among the adobe homes standing today are: The Byron Rank home built by Walker Pack; the Ulysses Parkin and Orvil Turner homes built by John Pack; the Clawson home built by Mrs. Clawson's father, Joseph Fackrell; the Dave McKean home built by Morgan Grant; the Paul Buys home built for Maggie Grant; the Wally Noble home built by his father Joseph Noble; the Benjamin Ashby, Lon Winegar and Ray Edmonds homes built by the Grants and the Thomas Argyle home built by William Thurgood, all testifying to the excellent workmanship of the builders. The brick industry began here in 1878 and from then on very few adobe houses were made.

—*Agnes B. Mangus*

The Johnson Home—In the year 1881 Otto Alfred Johnson, his wife Huldor Kay and two children came to live in Davis County. Mr. Johnson bought a house located at 7056 South 600 West Bountiful. It was a two-room structure made of native lumber purchased in Salt Lake City. The original walls of this house still stand. At first there was one large straight-walled room and a slant-roofed room at the back which served as the kitchen. In later years several rooms were added for modern convenience.

Lilly Johnson Guyn, a member of North Canyon Camp Daughters of Utah Pioneers was born in this little house along with eight other brothers and sisters.

EMERY COUNTY

I was born April 9, 1893 at Castle Dale, Emery County in the adobe house of Orange and Hannah Seely. Orange was the eldest brother of my Grandmother Sarah Seely and became one of the most prominent men of that community, serving as the first bishop of Sanpete Stake which included Emery, Carbon and Grand counties. He also held many civic offices. While he and J. W. Seely were constructing a mill in Castle Dale, prior to 1898, Orange had the men make sun dried adobes on his lot and build a seven room home for his family in their spare time. For many years this home was the center of Church gatherings, parties, quilting bees, candy pulls and other pioneer activities.

One day I went over to see the old home where I was born, and which is now occupied by a daughter of Orange Seely, Bertrude Win-

ters, and asked how many children had been born in this old adobe home. The answer was eighteen. My birth occurred here in this way. My father was William Jefferson Tidwell and my mother Emma Clarissa Jones Tidwell. The day I was born my father, with his parents, Jefferson Tidwell and wife, accompanied by other members of the Tidwell family, journeyed to Salt Lake City to attend the dedication of the Temple. My mother was left to milk the cows and attend to other chores around the place as she was in delicate health and could not make the long trip to Salt Lake. During the day a violent windstorm came up and feeling the need for help she gathered a few things in a bundle, and taking my little brother Leroy by the hand, went as quickly as possible to the home of Aunt Hannah Seely. Twenty minutes later I was born. When my father and grandparents returned home I was one month old.

This adobe home is filled with pleasant memories for me and all those privileged to enjoy the hospitality of its owners, Orange and Hannah Seely and their descendants.—*Sarah Tidwell Pierce*

GARFIELD COUNTY

The first homes here were made of willows and some were dug-outs. The first log house in Potato Valley (later Escalante) was built by Philo Allen Sr., early in 1876 at the mouth of Corn Creek in Main Canyon and later moved to the townsite in Escalante. The first public building, a schoolhouse, was built of logs in 1876-77. The log house of the first couple to be married in Escalante is yet in a good state of preservation. This couple was Peter Barker and Eleanor Heaps who traveled by teams and wagons to Salt Lake City, Utah and were married in the Old Endowment House, October 10, 1876. The first log house in Escalante to have a lumber floor was owned by James B. Woolsey, Sr. A house warming and dance were held to celebrate its completion. Jeremiah Stokes played the accordion. This home is yet occupied and well preserved.

A high grade clay was found on the north side of the Escalante River. A mill or mixing machine was set up and was operated by hitching a horse to a pole, which was attached to the mill. The horse was driven around in a circle, turning the big mill which worked the mixer. Three molds were made of wood and placed on a board. The slush or slop method was used, where the mold was rinsed in water, before being refilled with mud. This method was considered best, but because of its sloppiness they used the dry sand method. There were many comfortable adobe houses here in pioneer days.

A good grade of red brick was made by placing sand adobes in a kiln, where they were heated and treated for hardening. The first three brick houses in Escalante were owned by John D. Wilcox, Edward Wilcox and D. C. Shurtz, Jr. The bricks were made by Joshua and Ephraim Hawks.

Log cabins were built in the canyon adjoining Escalante where in the spring many families would move to engage in dairying. Loads of cheese and barrels of butter were freighted via teams and wagons in the fall to outside markets going as far north as Salt Lake City, Utah. These products were exchanged for bolts of cloth and supplies which were to provide for their families until the next fall.

—*Ruby T. Osborn*

IN JUAB COUNTY

To Timothy B. Foote is given the honor of building the first home in Salt Creek. This home was a log cabin situated on the old California road. It was surrounded by willows and cottonwood trees which grew along the banks of the stream, but these high willows and trees also made a good hiding place for Indians. Ofttimes Mrs. Foote was terrified when the Indians came in groups, but Mr. Foote was not so much concerned. On one occasion when he was away, Kimball's army was ordered to destroy the house. Some of the later generation have the conviction that Mother Foote may have used her influence in its destruction to prevent her family from perhaps being massacred by the Indians. A monument stands on the spot where the house stood, in memory of this Nephi home located on the fair grounds.

Perhaps no city in Pioneer days, other than Nephi, had the unique location at the intersection of four roads. From any of the four directions the Indians could approach and attack. Because of this fact, it was necessary to have guards always on duty. Men were appointed to guard the cattle and horses; the surplus cattle were sent to Salt Lake City for safe keeping. Men, for safety, went in large numbers to the canyons for wood, as also to their fields and farms to attend to their duties. Even in their religious services, men sat with their guns by their side. Through untiring vigilance, not one life was lost during the anxious time of war with the Indians.

In the year 1853 the people of the community abandoned their houses and moved into a small fort they had built of logs and adobes. The fort occupied the two blocks upon which now stands the courthouse and the bank running from First North to First South on Main Street and to First West. The houses faced each other, the back of them being a short distance from the wall. Small diamond-shaped holes were in the walls for the inhabitants to look through or to place their guns to fire if the Indians were inclined to give trouble.

As the red men would not be appeased it became necessary for the community to have greater protection; hence, in the spring of 1854 Brigham Young advised them to build a larger fort. On May 25th of that year a committee of five men was chosen to devise ways and means of construction. Timothy B. Foote, Joseph Heywood, Jacob G. Bigler, George Kendall and David Webb were the

men selected for that responsibility. It was decided the wall should be three blocks square, twelve feet high, six feet wide at the bottom, two and one-half feet wide at the top and it was to be made of mud and straw. When completed its length around was 420 rods and its estimated cost was \$8,400.00. Two large heavy gates were placed therein, one in the center of the north wall and one opposite it in the south wall. Abraham Boswell who brought the first money to Salt Creek, furnished the funds to install the gates.

To hasten the construction of the wall each man was given his certain portion to build, and the work went on rapidly and steadily. It was such a tremendous task that many hands and feet left stains of sweat and blood in the mud as it was tromped and beaten into place. The dirt used was dug from the ground outside the wall, which left a deep ditch so that the Indians could not reach the wall and do damage.

In June Chief Walker came to the leaders demanding that the wall not be built. He said: "I can not shake hands over a wall." He also stated that he did not want his earth dug up. A partial treaty was effected, after which Walker and his band went away on a hunting trip and were gone until fall. When he returned he found the wall completed with the inhabitants enclosed therein. Cattle were driven in at night and watchmen were with them during the day. After the completion of the work a celebration was held lasting three days, November 11th, 12th and 13th, 1854. Meetings, with prayers of thanksgiving, and songs of praise, dancing, and a time of rejoicing was enjoyed by the people.—*Mary Scott*

SAN PETE COUNTY

Betsy Kroll and Thomas Jefferson Bradley were the parents of three children, Amanda, Abiah and Jerome. The father died April 13, 1833 and after a time Betsy married his brother, George Washington Bradley. They had a large family. They joined the Latter-day Saint Church in Clarence, Erie County, New York and went through the persecutions at Nauvoo, coming west by ox teams in the Lorenzo Snow company of 1848.

The following year the Bradleys were sent with the Isaac Morley company to help settle Manti. Later George was made probate judge of Juab County and they lived in Nephi. From here he and Betsy were chosen to lead a company to help settle Moroni. Eight families left with them from Nephi and they were joined by others from surrounding towns.

The first homes in Moroni were dugouts scooped out of the banks of the Sanpitch River and when the spring run-off over-flowed its banks all these homes were flooded and their contents destroyed. Church authorities came down to look over the pathetic situation and



A Hundred Years Ago—Bradley Home

advised the people to move to higher ground. George and his sons built a house which was one of the very first, if not the first, to be built when Moroni was moved to higher ground. It now has the distinction of being the oldest house in town and will soon be one hundred years old.

When Betsy Bradley died in 1893, Myra Henrie Olson, a granddaughter of Betsy through Amanda Bradley, asked her husband, John Olson, to purchase the place for her. She and John lived and reared their family here. When Myra died in February, 1936, she gave the home to one of her younger sons, Jefferson Olson who now calls it home.—*Callie O. Morley*

Elsinore—The very early settlers of Elsinore were of Danish nationality all united whole-heartedly in the common enterprise of building up the community which became their home. The first logs for these homes were hauled by team and oxen from Clear Creek and Monroe Canyons, going four or eight teams together. Horses were soon trained to guide the timber down the hill, and they also learned to brace themselves when a log got out of control and steer it on a straight path to the wagons. The mountain roads were so steep and rough it required extra brake-blocks to keep the loaded wagons from rolling over.

It was not long before the men learned to dove-tail the logs and fit them into place, chinking wherever it was necessary to keep out the cold. Fireplaces, then shelves for everything, racks for guns,

homemade beds, tables and chairs of birch and maple were constructed, all of which made comfortable living quarters for their families. The floors were covered with clean river-bed sand and each new covering provided hours of joy for the children for they often found brightly colored stones in it. Niels C. Lee was an expert at dove-tailing logs. Peter Larson was an expert at weaving roofs and both these men taught others how to do the work.

Log houses remaining in Elsinore of that period are the Daughters of Utah Pioneers' Relic Cabin; one log cabin of E. P. Marquardson and the first log house occupied by the Jim Law's, which was moved here from Brooklyn, Utah. There are many log houses and dugout homes added to for more room and they still remain in use.

Soon many of the settlers were making their own adobes from the colored clays in Flat Canyon. A number of the earlier homes were built of one or two layers of adobes and the outer layer of brick. So anxious was E. P. Marquardson for a new home with more room that he made an adobe yard on his farm.

Many of the pioneer homes are still standing and are lived in by the children of the builders such as the Joshua W. Sylvester home now owned by his son Woodruff Sylvester; the August J. Kotter home now owned by his son Henry J. Kotter; the Andreas Lorensen home now the property of William Lorensen; Horace Peterson now owns the home of his father Sern C. Peterson; the George Staples home is now occupied by Matilda Staples; the Jens Christiansen home is now the residence of his son, Vigo Christiansen; the Carl Anderson home now occupied by Hyrum Anderson; the E. P. Marquardson home now owned by his son, Hyrum R. Marquardson and numerous others who have taken over the homes of the first builders.

Later a Social Hall was built 29 ft.x 48 ft. of adobe and brick. Bishop Joshua W. Sylvester who served as the first bishop in this community, speaking to his people said: "If every man, woman and child will work hard, we can accomplish this task and we will be blessed." A great many took their own adobe molds and went to work. The adobes were soon made and dried and the building started. The inside walls were made of adobes and the outer layer of brick. The arched ceilings were made of plaster and willows.

Mr. H. P. Hansen who was the carpenter remarked that never had he seen more unity among the people than during the time this Pioneer building was being erected. This old Social Hall is now part of the South Sevier Stake Welfare building.

It was a challenge to each pioneer receiving a lot to see what good uses could be made of the many resources each contained—to build, to grow, and to live from the magic of the good earth.

—Myrtle C. F. Marquardson

SALT LAKE COUNTY

Jacob Kemp Butterfield, our grandfather, was a member of the famous Mormon Battalion. He came to Utah from California after his honorable release from service in the spring of 1848. Two years later he went to Taylorsville and took up land which became known as the Big Field. After his marriage he built a two room log house, with lumber floors and roof where they lived for some time.

Grandfather later built a home of adobes he had made himself. It was a seven room two-story home, with a large kitchen, living room, and a sloped room on the rear which was made into two bedrooms. There were also two bedrooms upstairs. The house had a cellar under the kitchen which could be entered through a trap door in the corner of the room, down a flight of stairs. The upstairs bedrooms could be reached by stairs also from the kitchen. Jacob hauled the logs from the canyons which were made into lumber and finishing lumber in this home. He made his own shingles. His daughter, Lydia, helped carry the shingles to him while he nailed them on. Every room was plastered and whitewashed. The windows were double sashed windows with six small panes of glass to a sash. The doors were of solid wood and the floors were made of 6 or 12 inch lumber. The mop boards were made of wide lumber. Nails were used in finishing this little adobe home. It stands today as a landmark, full of memories, although it has been remodeled.

The description of this old home was given to us by Grandfather's eldest living daughter, Lydia Ann Cole, who was 95 years old last August 25, 1956. She well remembers seeing it in its building process and the gathering of materials for she helped whenever and wherever she could.—*Persis B. Thomas and Emma Jane Doty*

Home, Sweet Home—My grandparents, *John and Sarah Dean Hill*, joined the Latter-day Saint Church in England in 1855. They came as far as Cincinnati, Ohio where they stayed until they had earned enough money to continue the journey across the plains. They arrived in Utah in the fall of 1859, living in Salt Lake City that first winter. In the spring they decided to go to southern Utah, but when they reached West Jordan the people of that community persuaded them to stay for Grandfather was a tanner and they needed someone to run the tannery.

This first home was a dugout but later they moved into a log house known as the Mill House—this home is still standing. Grandfather worked here for many years. When the canals came through the valley he moved his family to a homestead where he, and his son John soon built a home. One large room was constructed of adobe made from clay found on the farm. This room served as living room, dining room, kitchen and work room. It had a large fireplace at one side which was used for heating and cooking. Soon another

room for sleeping quarters was built on with timber secured from nearby canyons. Cracks were filled with plaster.

After awhile grandfather was able to build a better home made from lumber which was hauled from Bishop Gardner's sawmill in Cottonwood Canyon. There was a long porch at the front of the house where, later, window boxes filled with lovely flowers were placed at the sides. The living room, or parlor had paper on the walls and a woven rug carpet on the floor that was cushioned with straw. Green blinds and long white curtains hung at the windows. The fireplace was replaced by a heating stove. The center table was made of hardwood, a cover of scalloped felt and a globe filled with waxed flowers placed in the center of the table and a sofa with the head raised higher than the foot, all added charm and comfort to the room.

In a book case were many volumes of history, Church works, and poems. The chairs were made of hardwood with cane bottoms. Grandfather's rocking chair had a high padded back and a deep cushion. Grandmother's rocking chair was also of hardwood with a woven material over the seat and back. The pictures on the wall included a likeness of the Prophet Joseph Smith—Grandmother said you could tell he was a good man because of his noble countenance—a picture of a woman clinging to a rock as the waves beat around her feet entitled "Rock of Ages" and handworked mottoes over the doors saying "Home, Sweet Home" and "God Bless Our Home."

At the back of the house under the eave drain was a rain barrel. In the farthest corner of the yard, under an apple tree were the bee hives. It was not safe to go outside when Grandfather was taking the honey, but it was worth it for there was lots of dark honey that could be used for honey taffy. Grandmother used much of the honey for cooking and baking. Everything was conserved in the way of fruit for she had known what it was to be hungry and she feared someone might be in need. Near the back fence was a clump of peach trees that grew from a handful of peach stones Grandmother had planted. There were also grape vines and a strawberry patch from which Grandmother earned a little money for extras in maintaining her home and family. In front of the house were the flower gardens filled with their exquisite blooms. It seems that every need had been provided for through time and hard work. When I think of pioneer life my thoughts go back to this pioneer home.

—*LaVerne Hill Homer*

Built in 1853—This home was built by Abram Coons, a pioneer who came to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake in 1850. Mr. Coons was a cooper by trade and made churns, water buckets and wash tubs. The building was made of adobe two stories high and has a cellar 14x14 feet constructed of stone. It is still standing at First



Built in 1853—Abram Coons

North and Eleventh West Streets on the banks of the Jordan River. The people who now own this pioneer home had it covered with stucco. The very thick walls make the house cool inside in the summer and warm in the winter. Apple trees planted near the house nearly a hundred years ago are still growing.—*LaPreal H. McKnight*

In 1870—My great grandfather, Solomon Mathias Prye, joined the Latter-day Saint Church in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. When he arrived in Salt Lake City in 1867, he lived with his son John Israel Prye in the old 19th Ward. About 1870 he built a two room log house with a loft in it. It was situated in the center of the block on 21st East between 16th and 17th South Streets. The log house was kept in good repair by the recent owners until two or three years ago when it was torn down. It was the only log cabin among modern homes in this area.

Great-grandfather's wife and other members of his family did not join the Church. Before he returned to Lancaster, Pennsylvania by train to rejoin his family, he went through the Logan Temple for his endowments. My grandmother, Ann Alston Prye, made the necessary arrangements for his departure and packed his belongings. Just before leaving he gave my mother, Margaret Emma Prye Howard \$100.00 which was put in the bank for her. Mother is a native pioneer and will be 89 years of age November 25, 1957. When mother married my father, Robert Howard, she used this money to buy her trousseau, lamps and utensils.—*Anne H. J. Gebhart*

SUMMIT COUNTY

Charles and Louisa Shill Richins were pioneers of 1853. They were converted to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in England. They crossed the plains in Joseph Young's oxteam company arriving in Salt Lake City, October 10th. At that time they were the parents of one child, Hannah Louisa.

The family lived in Salt Lake City for seven years, then, in 1860, Charles received a call from Brigham Young to go to a little valley situated on the Weber River to help settle that area and to organize a branch of the Church. Charles made the trip alone to Heneferville to make a survey of the country; and, in 1861, brought Louisa, Hannah, and his new wife, Esther, to the sage brush covered valley to make their home.

Charles pitched two tents near the banks of the Weber River, and this was "home" to the Richins families for quite some time. Soon he began to make plans for better living quarters for his families and a great deal of hard labor was spent in digging out three dugouts in the hillside. These, when finished, were quite roomy and much more comfortable than the tents, although they had only dirt floors and no windows. The doors were made from heavy planks held by crude strap hinges. These dugouts served as their homes for one year.

The following year Charles began to build what eventually became known as Bishop Richins "Big House," the house known to more people than any other between Echo Canyon and Salt Lake City. The first year Charles built two rooms over the dugouts; then, the year after, three more rooms. Additions were made year after year, until when the house was finally finished it contained two stories and fifteen rooms. The foundation of the home was made of sand rock, which was dug with pick and shovel up Bachelor Canyon, about two miles south of the settlement; the lime came from lime stone ledges up Main Canyon, west of Henefer. The house was made of brick lined with adobes, both of which were made near the town. The adobes were plastered over to make the finished walls.

Joseph Dawson was one of the first masons. He made and laid so many adobes that he became known as "Doby Dawson." It is said that he helped to lay the brick and adobe in the Richin's home. Other early masons were Charles Lusty and George Gilbert.

The wood in the house came from a sawmill up in "Bishops", named for Charles when he was the first Bishop of Henefer. The lumber was red pine sawed with a large circular saw and planed by hand. The Big House was the first in the valley to be made of any material other than logs. James Wignall, an early day carpenter, helped to build the home.

The Big House was a mansion compared to the tents and dugouts of earlier years. It had two stories, two stair cases, one front and

one back; two rock fireplaces, one in the large kitchen and one in the spacious parlor. The parlor was nicely furnished. It boasted a piano, a tall clock, a beautiful table which extended to seat twenty people which was a frequent occurrence.

The kitchen was a long narrow room with a wood stove at one end, a fireplace in the other. There was only one window but it had a door with glass in it. On three sides of the house was a porch that jutted over the dugway which was rocked up to prevent its washing or falling away and allowing that part of the house to fall, but it had a porch and four or five steps to reach the landing.

About thirty or forty feet down the dugway Charles built a large granary or storage place. It had several storage bins, which were filled to capacity after harvest time. The granary was made of rock and had a dugout underneath used as a root cellar for storing different kinds of vegetables.

There was a well at the back of the house lined with rock and it had a little roof over the top. Water was drawn up with a bucket and a windlass. It was also used as a refrigerator for perishable foods.

In 1878 Charles married Agness Wilmott, a beautiful fragile girl. She was twenty, and by now Charles was over fifty years of age. So the third bride came to live in the Big House. Children came and grew up and new babies came. One spring three babies were born. One can well imagine the huge washings in large wooden tubs on wooden wash boards. Esther's eldest daughter tells how she and Prudence, daughter of Louisa, each had a tub and the clothes were rubbed in three different waters. Water was heated on wood stoves after being carried from the well and the soap was made by the women of the family.

Louisa was an herb doctor and a midwife. She was a quiet, stately woman with small beautiful hands. She attended many of the women in the settlement at the birth of their children, receiving no pay, but serving only for the love of serving. Occasionally she was asked to help in the care of sick animals which she willingly did. One room was used by Louisa to mix and store her medicines. No one else was allowed to enter the room. Another room in the house was used to repair clocks. Leonard Richins repaired clocks for people all over the valley.

Each wife had private sleeping quarters for herself and family, but there was just one kitchen and the families all ate together as one, including anyone else who happened to come along. The three dugouts had now become the cellar or basement. One room was provided with shelves and more shelves were built around the walls of the cellar.

The growing boys in the family were kept busy milking a large herd of cows. The milk was set in shallow pans on the shelves in the cellar, then skimmed and the cream made into sweet butter.

The skimming of the milk was quite a job in itself. My father, Parley Richins, remembers that at one time his pet cat was lost and after a long search they found her in a large churn in the cellar. She had jumped into the churn, given birth to her family, and then was unable to get out. They were all dead when discovered. Needless to say it took plenty of hot water and lye soap to put the churn in condition for use again.

During the years this home had many uses. Since Henefer was the first Mormon settlement the immigrants reached after coming down Echo Canyon, it was natural that they would stop there. Charles, being the Bishop, took anyone in who needed food or a place to sleep. He had become a successful farmer, stock raiser and also dealt in real estate so he was in a position to furnish work for those who desired it. Many of the early settlers in this area first worked for Charles, became attached to the settlement, and stayed to build homes. Since there was little money in circulation at this time, Charles paid these laborers in other commodities such as meat, milk, cheese, butter and even in vinegar which he made in large quantities from apples grown in his orchard in Pleasant Grove.

Both men and women found work at the Big House. The men cut the grain with cradles while the women followed behind and tied it into bundles. Many were the tasks in the home. Aside from churning and cheese making, the women made all the clothing, moulded candles for lighting, cured and stored meat in the brine in the dark cellar and many other tasks too numerous to mention which were done by the pioneer woman.

On occasion the back porch became a dentist's office, where many a tooth was extracted with crude instruments. The parlor of the Big House was used for meeting purposes, religious, business, or whatever the need. It was also used for parties, receptions and, on occasion, was used to lay out the bodies of those who had passed away. The coffins were made locally, and were built in the form of a body, lined with white muslin and covered with black velvet, if any was available.

Charles entertained many of the Church authorities in the Big House. He also provided food for Chief Washakie, his white squaw, and fifteen hundred of his Indians, who were camped on the river bottoms below the house. The story has been told over and over how Charles killed a fat beef, kept half of it for his own use and gave the other half to Chief Washakie.

The home was used as a tithing and fast offering settlement house. Tithing was paid in "kind," hay, grain, butter, eggs, vegetables, brick, adobe or whatever the individual happened to have. Whatever tithing was not needed in the settlement was taken to the General Tithing Office of the Church in Salt Lake City by ox team, and other supplies needed, and not available, were brought back.

Such was life in the Big House until the Manifesto was issued which made polygamy illegal. Charles sold the Big House to Mr. William Bennett and took his wives away; eventually to Mexico, to avoid persecution. He purchased considerable property from President Diaz of Mexico, later bought herds of cattle and stocked his ranch, then began the construction of another home. He died in Mexico on August 27, 1903 at the age of 75 years. Esther and her family came back to Henefer. She lived there until her death. Perhaps I should add that Charles was the father of thirty children. Louisa was the mother of five boys and five girls. Esther had five boys and five girls. Agness had four boys and six girls.

The story was told to me by my Aunt Hannah, eldest daughter of Esther; the Hannah of the wash board and wooden tubs, who has since passed away; by my father Parley T. Richins who is now in his 81st year, and by other people who were born and reared in the small settlement of Heneferville, now known as Henefer, the only town located directly on the Mormon Pioneer Trail.

—*Maxine Richins Wright*

Holladay—In 1853, at the time of the Walker War, two forts were built in this vicinity, one at Holladay, and one in South Cottonwood Ward at Union. The fort at Union was a ten-acre plot surrounded by a wall twelve feet high, and six feet wide at the bottom. It was made of adobe, rocks, and clay and had port holes and lookouts.

The fort in Holladay covered four acres of ground. The walls were made of mud and straw. They were about eighteen inches at the base and tapered as they extended upward to a height of from five to six feet. There were two port holes in the south wall, about two feet square on the inside and tapered to a very small hole at the outside. The William Casto home formed a part of the wall.

In an interview with Milo Andrus on January 10, 1923, he said: "I remember going to meeting in the schoolhouse in the fort at Holladay. The house was built a little north of where the school (Olympus Junior High School) now stands.

Several years later when speaking to a Daughters of Utah Pioneers group he said, "The fort was closed in on three sides; the north side left open. There were other forts built—one called Fort Herringman and another in Draper and also the one in Salt Lake City where Pioneer Park is now located. They were all built alike, closed in on three sides, with the north side left open."

It took two years to build the fort at Holladay. Some of those who helped in the building were Ezekiel Lee, Rodney Badger, Lyman Stevens, George Boyes, William S. Covert, William Hutchins, William Riter, C. A. Harper, David Brinton, Solomon Chase, Winslow Farr, William Casto, Robert Covington, William Hyde and William Bringhurst.

The fort, however, was never used as protection against the Indians. They were friendly, though aggressive and the settlers got along with them very well. There was a camp on Spring Creek where the little boys liked to spend their spare time. The following story is told by Bishop Andrus illustrating the relationship between the settlers and the Indians. An old Indian with a gun came to the door of a woman while she was rendering some mutton grease. He asked for some bread, went over to the pan and dipped in his fingers, putting a big piece of grease on the bread. The woman told her son to get the ax. He did, and she said to the Indian, "If you touch any more of that grease I will hit you with the ax." "White squaw heap brave," he said. He turned and left.

The first homes in this vicinity were cabins, but, before the cabins were built, temporary homes had been made in dugouts. William Bringham and Charles Harper each made one on the north bank of Spring Creek. Nearly all the homes built between the years of 1848 and 1860 were of logs which were chopped and hauled from nearby canyons. These houses were built in oblong shape. The logs were smoothed and edged with a broad axe. After they were cut the right length, they were laid in the wall with the ends dove-tailed together. This formed the sides and ends. The gable was three logs higher than the square. From the gable extended the log that held the boughs, lumber, rushes, or dirt which made the roof. The fireplace, in one side of the room, was from three to four feet wide. But because of rattlesnakes the people did not live in them very long.

They soon learned to make adobes that were in common use by Indians and early Spaniards. All the adobes for the home of William Howard, which was built in 1856, were made with this process. Mrs. William Casper handled nearly all the adobes that went into her house. Furniture in her little home consisted of a slab of wood for a table, small stools, chairs, stove and a bed that was brought from the old country.

The early settlers of what is now Big Cottonwood Stake were interested in education. The first community enterprise was the building of a schoolhouse which could also be used for Church purposes. In Holladay the first schoolhouse was a small adobe structure 14x14 feet with a dirt roof. The school had only one desk which extended the entire length of one side of the room. It was not long enough to accommodate all the children at the same time; therefore, they were obliged to take turns in doing their written work. Lyman Wood, the first teacher, taught thirty-five pupils his first year. He was paid an average of one dollar per child for each month and only those who had children attending school, paid. Later Big Cottonwood bought a small one-room adobe house from William Covert for a schoolhouse. This was also used as the meetinghouse.

Milo Andrus in talking about the schools said: "The school in the fort was about 16x14 ft. Later the south end was taken out and the building made large enough to dance a two-set instead of one." The boys took turns chopping wood for the fireplace."

In an interview in June, 1915, Martha Moses said: "I first taught school in a little log house situated on what is now known as Quist's farm. There were no windows, although there were openings which made it rather airy."—*Emily Carlisle*

TOOELE COUNTY

Carl Eric Lindholm was born November 16, 1835, at Finnbo, Sweden, the son of Johannes Persson Skantz and Britta Catarina Olsson. He had one older brother, John (Jan) Petter Skantz and later on these two brothers had their name legally changed to Lindholm. Carl heard the teachings of the missionaries in his native land and was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints January 27, 1856. He was the only member of his family to join. While serving as a missionary he earned money doing tailoring work, a trade he had learned as a young boy, acting as interpreter for those not familiar with the Swedish and English languages, and also serving as secretary and keeper of the financial reports of the missionary districts.

While working at the tailoring trade he became acquainted with Johanna Nilsson, who had also accepted the gospel, being baptized February 21, 1859. This friendship developed into love and they became engaged. It was necessary for her to go to Stockholm, but she soon wrote Carl asking him to join her there so that they could make plans to go to America together.

On May 15, 1861, Carl and Johanna were married by Mission President John Van Cott on board the *Monarch of the Sea* en route to the New World. Apostle Lyman Rich and George Q. Cannon were also on the ship and were advising many young couples to get married since the vessel was over crowded and it would make traveling more comfortable for all.

The boat docked in New York from whence they journeyed to Florence, Nebraska and joined the company of Captain Samuel A. Woolley, arriving in Salt Lake City September 22nd of that year. Carl was ill most of the way across the plains.

On September 24 they accompanied Lars Nilsson to Tooele where they were kindly received by Mrs. Nilsson. Carl and Johanna worked at their trade of tailoring and also did farming and any other work they could find to earn food and necessities for their first home in Utah, which was a dugout. As soon as possible Carl built a one room house of adobes and later on other rooms were added. This home is in use today, owned and lived in by William H. Sharp at 383 North Main Street. The walls are almost twelve inches thick. Carl and

Johanna's children were all born in this home except the two first sons.

In May 1865 Carl E. Lindholm and Robert Mattins started a joint account of their adobe making: During the month of May they made some 4350 adobes; June, 2550; July, 5600 and August approximately 5000. This was in addition to working in the hay and garden, also time out for tailoring work. Carl also made 400 adobes for himself in July. The adobes were made in a big mud pit. It was necessary for Carl and Robert to mix the mud with their bare feet. Doing this work caused Carl's health to break; a serious kidney trouble developed, and he passed away at the age of forty years. Many of the homes in Tooele built of adobes home manufactured by these two men are still in use.

Carl and Johanna's two youngest sons, Albert and Alma learned how to do plumbing. When they were very young men they installed a bathroom for their widowed mother in this pioneer home. Few residences at that time, 1890, could boast such a luxury.

—*Martha H. Lingren*

Adobe Rock—If you had been one of the early pioneers sent out to explore the Tooele Valley in the year 1847 and 1848, you would have seen a large pile of rocks resembling a fort lying near the north entrance of a valley covered with grass. This valley would appear to be about 25 miles long and 15 miles wide. Climbing on top of these rocks you would discover that the only inhabitants of the valley was a band of Indians camped on the west side of the valley. You would also find antelopes, cranes, snipes, gulls and mosquitoes abounded there, if you should tarry at this spot for long. These rocks formed a conspicuous land mark from which is seen all of Tooele Valley. About 30 rods west of these rocks was a large spring.

Soon after his arrival in Utah, Captain Howard Stansbury, government surveyor, built a small adobe house for the use of his herders. These herders were taking care of government mules and other stock at this large spring now known as Adobe Springs. Soon the name "Adobe Rock" was given to this land mark because of the adobe house built close to it.

The Tate Home—Thomas Atkin, Sr. was a cabinet maker and he built and finished some very fine log houses by smoothing and planing the walls on the inside, then whitewashing them with clay and water. The cracks between the logs were filled with cloth and then chinked with clay. A large fireplace in one end of the cabin supplied both warmth and a place to cook. Through community cooperation many such log houses were soon built and the first dugouts were deserted for these much improved homes. One of these log cabins is located on the grounds of the County Court House where it was moved from its original location across the street. This cabin was built by Zachariah Edwards in the year 1855.

The use of adobes soon came into use. One of the first adobe yards in Tooele was located in the southwest part of town. Mr. Lindholm and Mr. Hugh Rogers were among the first to practice the art of adobe making. They dug their own clay and used molds to press them into the desired size. The first adobe building was located on the corner of First South and Main Streets on the N.E. corner. This was a fine big structure two and a half stories high. It was used as a hotel and boarding house for more than forty years before it was torn down. In the building was a large room used by the community as a gathering place for dances, home dramatics and it was also the scene of many parties for distinguished visitors.

"The Nelson" on the east side of Main Street, about First North was built about this same time and was used for the same purposes. The Overland Stage stopped here to allow the passengers time for meals and to rest from the constant pitch, bump and rock of the coach over the rough roads. Mark Twain stayed here on his way to Nevada. This building was later converted into an apartment house and sheltered countless families in its more than fifty years of use. A little over a year ago it was torn down. Other early adobe homes were those of the Dews, Cleggs, Bonelli and Atkins which are still in use.

As a general rule the houses were one story high with four or five rooms and sometimes an attic room finished under the steep roof for the needs of the growing families. The sage and prairie grass grew high and the summers were long and hot in Tooele Valley. The fear of fire was ever with the pioneers so they soon began to build a distinctive type of house. This was a two story structure. The windows were not too big or too many on the ground floor. The second story was reached by a rather steep stairway. They reasoned that if intruders came they could retreat to the upper floor and the head of the house could then shoot down the stairway with advantage. The windows on all sides could be used as lookouts, and the high pitched roof was far away from flying sparks. The Tolman, Elkington and Ormes homes were built in this manner. They were the first nice homes built outside of the mud wall and were erected in the early 1870's.

I would like to tell you about my home for it is typical of these first places of abode. It was built over 80 years ago by John Tate and was located on Vine Street. Mr. Tate was a farmer and merchant and was also active in all Church affairs. Mrs. Tate was a pretty little redhead who must have liked the color of blue for if you scrape far enough under the layers there is always blue paper or paint. They were the parents of two small children when they moved into their new home. It was two stories high with two rooms on each floor. A steep stairway ascended to the bedrooms above. The hearth was 3'x6'x8' and was built of sandstone. The foundation

went into the ground three feet and was made of sandstone which was hauled from the hills south of town. The walls of the home were laid so perfectly that you can still hang a plumb bob along the window frames and find them absolutely straight. It is said that while a mason was working on the chimney he heard his dog barking in the distance. "John", he said, "let me borrow your horse—something is wrong at home." When he got there a drunken Indian was chasing his wife through the house and barn. The dog was barking wildly and chasing the Indian.

Mr. Tate was called on a mission to the Southern States and upon his return he added a large wing to the house making it a "T" shape. The new rooms now became the kitchen, with a real iron stove, a large dining room big enough to seat fourteen children and any other guests, for it was the custom of these hospitable people to bring people to their home—especially at Conference time. During this remodeling period the old kitchen hearth was made into a stylish mantel. A piano and other fine pieces of furniture filled the parlor as the room now became the center of family living.

Two more extra bedrooms were added upstairs. In the doorway between the kitchen and the dining room was a "Baby-board." This was a piece of lumber 1"x12" slipped into a deep U-shaped slot piece of wood nailed on each side of the door casing. Mrs. Tate said that for twenty-two years there was a baby just old enough to toddle into trouble in the house. The cook stove and the hurrying feet made it necessary to keep the little one safe in the dining room.

After fifty years the members of the Tate family were all grown and scattered so the parents moved to Salt Lake City where they could do Temple work. In time four more rooms were added and the old house was finally converted into apartments. Mrs. Tate lived to be nearly a hundred years old.

In Grantsville in the early 1880's the prosperous sheep and cattle men built many fine two story adobe houses, mostly on Main Street. They were trimmed with scroll work of cut wood in many beautiful designs. The lacey trim went along the gables and across the porches. The windows were trimmed with carved and fancy sills. Tall trees and shady lawns were set apart by white picket fences—a bit of paradise to weary travelers as they came into town from across the desert. Many of these sturdy homes are still occupied although in remodeling the original adobe walls have been covered with other facings.—*Virginia Alsop*

UTAH COUNTY

The first adobe making in Springville was in 1850 by three brothers, *John, Alex, and William Nichols*, who were called the "adobe boys." These early adobes were very large. The "adobe boys" built a two-roomed house of these adobes within the confines of

the fort. The rooms were large enough to dance two cotillions in and they were used for all social gatherings until the log school house was completed. The main clay beds were located northwest of town now known as the city pasture, and another east to the foothills on fourth north. William Miller built the first adobe house outside the fort which was later turned into a tithing office.

Bishop Aaron Johnson, the first bishop of Springville, built a larger adobe house in the spring of 1852. This house, in its associations, became quite historic because it was the only place for several years that was large enough for meetings, dances and public gatherings. It was here that the teachers held their deliberations; that the choir practiced; that the band met to practice, and most of the business meetings were held. It was two stories high and had twelve rooms. The three lower rooms were very large and were connected by folding doors.

The adobe yard that was used in making this house was laid off in the eastern part of Bishop Johnson's field, near which flowed, from beneath the bluff, a clear, cool spring, where often the laborers sat at noon time in the shade to eat their bread, which often had no other dressing than a dip in the sparkling water.

Abram Day was the first adobe layer in Springville. He laid the adobes for Bishop Johnson's home and Thomas Tew was the tender. It was upon this house that Mr. Tew took his first lesson in the trade which he followed for forty-eight years.

Myron Crandall, Richard Bird and several others built early adobe homes. Most of the people tried to build their own homes, but when necessary, they would exchange work and materials with others in order to get their homes built. After their regular day's work was done they would go to the clay beds and work the clay, or mould it, or would bring a team and wagon and load the adobes which had been thoroughly hardened and take them to their home site. Very often young couples would spend their evenings in this way, before and after they were married.

In 1854 the early settlers built the Old White Meeting House, located on the southeast block of the intersection of Main and Center Streets, directly east of the City Park. It was built of these hand-made adobes and plastered over them. The lumber for it was hauled out of the canyon by those who had teams and wagons. This building was used for a school house as well as for church services and for dramatic entertainments until the Big School House was built.

Early in the morning of July 4, 1856 work was started on the Big School House. Thirty teams went to gather the stone for the foundation from a spot then designated as the Second Bridge in Hobble Creek Canyon. The delivery of these thirty loads of stone was a prelude to their Independence Day celebration. The adobes

for this building were moulded by Luke W. Gallup, Thomas Sprague and Newman Bulkley. They, with a contingent of mixers and moulders, prepared the adobes for the walls. They were 4x6x12 inches in size and were laid four adobes thick up to the square and three adobes thick from there up. The timbers were cut high in the canyon and were run out part way on the snow after it was frozen; dragged down the lower part of the canyon to a "skidway"; loaded on wagons and transported to the sawmill at the mouth of the canyon, where it was converted into lumber suitable to be used in the construction. Some of those who were active in the construction were James Oakley, Thomas Tew, William Mendenhall, and George B. Matson, who had learned the mason's trade in Delaware. The school house was finished in time for Christmas in the winter of 1856-57.—*Venna A. Reese*

American Fork—The honor of having erected and occupied the first house in American Fork apparently belongs to Matthew Caldwell. The home was built a short distance south of the intersection of First East and Second South Streets on the east bank of the old bed creek. Matthew Caldwell, a member of the Mormon Battalion and his family consisting of his wife, Barzilla and their three children, Thomas, Rachel Almira and Curtis Washington, crossed the plains in the summer of 1850, arriving in Salt Lake City September 17, 1850. They brought with them a herd of cattle, who, after a wearisome trip across the plains, were tired and sadly in need of feed and pasture. Upon their arrival in Salt Lake Valley, Brigham Young, being aware of the excellent feeding grounds in the American Fork district near the shores of Utah Lake, directed Matthew and the herd boys that were with him to proceed there with their livestock. The directions were followed and Matthew Caldwell and family together with the herd boys and the cattle, arrived in American Fork about September 20th where they found ample feed for their animals.

The wagon box was lifted off and became the family's temporary living quarters. The father took one of the yoke of oxen and the running gears and proceeded to Provo River bottoms where the necessary logs for a one-room log house were secured. Farther up the river smaller timber was obtained for rafters. This timber, together with willows from along the American Fork Creek and rushes from near the lake and a dirt covering for a roof, together with some chips and mud to fill the crevices between the logs, provided the material for this family home. It was completed during the fall of 1850. A shanty was also added to provide sleeping quarters for the herd boys, who made this log house their headquarters during the winter of 1850-51. Daniel H. Jones in his book "Forty Years Among the Indians" referring to the winter of 1850-51 says: "Passing through American Fork, a bitter cold winter night, brought four of us to the

humble home of Matthew Caldwell, built with unhewn cottonwood logs, where we were kindly greeted and housed for the night." They remained in American Fork until the following spring, when he was directed by Brigham Young to take the cattle to Spanish Fork. Later he became the first mayor of that city.

The last of August or the first of September 1850, *Washburn Chipman* and *Arza Adams* came down to American Fork to cut hay for the winter. They used the grove at 300 South Center as a camping place. One day, while resting after dinner, Arza picked up his axe and started into the timbers. When asked where he was going, he said, "I'm going to get some logs to build a house." Washburn said, "I'm going, too." Accordingly the two cut enough logs for the construction of two, one-room, log houses. This was not an easy task as the timbers from which the houses were to be built were taken from cottonwood trees and were very crooked. By considerable trimming and patching they were made to answer the purpose for which they were intended. The Chipman house was built near the grove and the Adams home was across the road. It was completed and occupied by Arza and his family during part of the winter of 1850-51. Apparently, the Chipman family did not occupy their home until the following spring.

The log house generally consisted of one square room, with sometimes a shanty added at the back. The ceiling was low to keep in the heat; and the chimney, built of rock or mud at one end of the room in the center of the wall, ended in a fireplace. The door was made of rough material, and the one or two windows were small. Greased paper or other translucent material was often used in them. The floor in most cases was smoothed packed ground itself.

In the late fifties, the clay, sun-dried adobe was in demand for the building of homes. At first adobes were made on the ground near where the houses were to be located. This was found, however, to be bad practice. In many cases the soil was not suitable and the adobes would not stand the weather. A kind of blue clay was found in the bottoms southwest of the settlement which was ideal for adobe making. As the mills were generally located in that section the making of adobes became an important industry. Some of the adobe houses built eighty-five years ago are still standing in fairly good condition.

In the beginning, the clay was mixed by hand or by tramping with the feet. Later an adobe mill was fashioned. It was made of a strong lumber four feet square and four feet deep, with a pine log eight feet long and one foot in diameter placed upright in the center of it, in which spokes were transversely inserted sixteen inches long and a foot apart. On the top of this log a pole was securely attached, at the end of which a horse was hitched, the animal going around in circles. The clay was fed in the mill at the top where it was ground or pulverized, enough water added to make it the proper

consistency for moulding. It was important that the adobes be made of uniform size, and an ordinance was passed by the City Council fixing the size, four inches thick, six inches wide and twelve inches long. An experienced adobe maker, with one assistant, could make 1000 adobes a day. The adobes when cured sold from six to eight dollars per thousand, although at times they were sold as low as \$4.00 per thousand.—*Annie C. Hansen*

Grandma's Home—A pioneer home so dear to my heart was the home of my Grandmother, *Elizabeth Conrad Hooks* who came to Utah with a company of Saints under the direction of Frank Hyde in October, 1870. Grandfather Hooks came to Utah the summer of 1864.

This little house made of hand hewn logs hauled by oxteam from Provo Canyon was located on 6th North between 6th and 7th East in Provo, Utah. It was a one-room building about 15x18 feet with an attic, and a lean-to on the north side. In a few years the outside was covered with siding boards but the inside remained the same. White plaster was used for chinking and the large handhewn beams with boards across served the dual purpose of ceiling for the main room and floor for the attic. Narrow stairs behind the front door led to the upstairs bedroom where there were many books and the big trunks containing the family belongings from their former home in Michigan.

The main room had a front door, a window on the south, a window on the west, one on the east, and a door on the north to enter the lean-to. A rag carpet covered the floor. By the east wall stood a Franklin stove used for cooking and heating, the pipe of which went up through the attic room and helped to keep it warm. There was a woodbox behind the stove; a bench with a wash basin and bucket of water with a dipper in it, and a roller towel hung on the door. In the corner was an open-faced cupboard where grandmother kept her lovely dishes, some white and blue, and others with a dainty moss-rosebud pattern; a gray crock cookie jar which never seemed to be empty was a real treat for us children. The brass buckets always shone like the sun and the iron kettles used for cooking were always in their proper places. There were little chairs with rawhide bottoms and a rocking chair which was something special with its cushion and back-rest made of cloth on which was printed big red apples.

The bed stood in one corner, all dressed up in its white starched valance and the pillow shams and counterpane with such fine hand-work. Near the bed was a chest of drawers above which hung a mirror, and on it was a little treasure chest given to Grandmother by Grandfather Hooks. One picture, I remember, was titled Faith, Hope and Charity and was the likeness of three lovely girls, one in white, one in red, and one in blue. Outside the house were many beautiful flowers.

The key to Grandmother's door was the biggest brass key I had ever seen and it opened the door to a heart as big, if the house was small. We were always welcome at Grandma's and how happy we were when we could visit her.—*Ida A. Ercanbrack*

In Spring Creek—George and Elizabeth Mills Brown and eldest son, Thomas, came to America from England landing in New Orleans, November 8, 1841. After moving to several different places for a short stay they arrived in Salt Lake City September 9, 1852. Another blacksmith was needed in Provo, so George Brown was requested to fill the need and in late September the family moved to Provo to make their home. There were now five children. They selected a quarter section of land in a picturesque spot just below the bench and west of a tributary of Provo River, now known as Spring Creek. The cabin was built of logs put together with wooden pins. Mud was used between the logs to keep out the cold and willows were laid on the thatched roof and covered with soil. A large fireplace supplied heat and cooking facilities.

Trouble with the Indians came in 1853-54, so the Brown family, with others, left their homesteads and moved into town. Crops were raised on the land and the cabins were used as summer homes whenever they thought it safe to return to them. Some years later the eldest son married and he and his wife made their home in the cabin. Later they moved to Corinne, Utah.

On July 28, 1875, George Brown passed away and 4.18 acres of the homestead on which the cabin was built passed to his son Thomas. Alma Brown, a younger son, brought his bride, Mary Ann Duke Brown, to the cabin to make their home and January 27, 1880 a son was born to them. Afterwards they moved to their own home across the creek.

Thomas sold the old home and property to his son Thomas G. Brown, who, with his wife, lived there a short time. He sold it to Steven and Annetta Jones for \$850.00 February 26, 1886. The Jones had two children, Frank and Edna, when they moved there. Mable and Florence were born after the move.

This cabin has the distinction of being a home for a long period and has been the scene of many happy gatherings of neighbors and friends. "Ma Jones", as she was affectionately called, was noted for her ice cream and often made a big freezer full. She never had any trouble disposing of it for the neighbors' children were usually on hand to help eat it.

After the death of Steven and his wife the property was sold to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gutrich and the cabin abandoned as a home. Mr. Gutrich very generously presented the cabin to Grand View Camp, Daughters of Utah Pioneers who planned on having it moved to Grand View Church grounds, renovating it and using it as a place

to meet occasionally—but were met with too much opposition. Later the cabin had deteriorated so much it was deemed advisable to leave it. So, this cabin with the spirit of hospitality and good will that always seemed to prevail within its walls, stands today as a monument and symbol of the work and character of the pioneers.—*Lillian G. Jones*

WASATCH COUNTY

Jonathan O. Duke, Sr., came to Provo, Utah in the early days of its settlement and carried on the trade of masonry and adobe making. In 1860, his sons, John and Robert S., came to Provo Valley and established a brick yard just north of town where they made improved adobes. However, it was not long before they made bricks, and many of the home in this vicinity, made of these light colored bricks, are still standing in good condition. This trade was carried on for many years.—*Ethel D. Johnson*

The Builder—*Thomas John Edward Watkins* had settled with his young wife, *Sarah Jordan*, in the village of Maidston, Kent County, England where he could carry on his profession as architect and builder as his father had done before him. On the 13th day of April, 1834, the third son, whom they named John, came to bless their home. They were the parents of four other sons, William, Thomas, Edward and Fredrick, who died at the age of twelve, and one daughter, Jane.

When John was seventeen years of age he fell in love with Margaret Ackhurst from the neighboring town of Faversham. His parents were opposed to such an early marriage, so John and Margaret posted their banns in another village and when the time of announcement was over, they eloped and were married. In 1852 they moved to London where work was more plentiful. The population of this great city was increasing rapidly causing an expansion of building which spread away from the center of the city. John, having also been trained as an architect, readily found employment. He first worked for a lawyer, then went into the contracting and building business on his own and within a short time became quite prosperous. About this time his brother William and wife left for Australia. They were later joined by Edward and many of their descendants are still living in Melbourne and around Sydney.

It was while living in London that John first listened to the Elders of the Latter-day Saint Church. The religion they taught seemed so reasonable that he made a further study of the gospel and believed in all its teachings and principles except one, that of gathering with the Saints in Zion. He could not see why a man could not serve God in one place as well as in another.

Thomas Watkins, the father of John, was very busy during the year of 1853 and early 1854, building a row of cottages to rent on his property in Rainham, Kent County, England where they now lived. While working on a scaffold he fell and broke his leg. After it was set and healed it was found to be crooked. He, being a proud man, rather than be lame for the rest of his life, had it broken and reset, but an infection set in causing his death May 27, 1854. These were sad days for the Watkins family. Part of its members were in Australia, John's home and business were in London but he was left in charge of the family estate which was to become his after the death of his mother. There were many contracts and unfinished buildings which involved heavy responsibilities. John's mother had reacted unfavorably to his youthful marriage, and, now, she became increasingly bitter as she discovered that he had joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. She declared that she would rather bury him than have him belong to the Mormon Church and if he did not give up this religion, she would disown him. This he refused to do and they never became reconciled to each other from that day forth.

In 1854 the spirit of gathering rested on John Watkins as the Elders had prophesied it would and he became willing to make any kind of sacrifice if he could gather with the Saints in Zion. It was not until 1856 that he was able to raise enough money on his holdings to make the trip to America. In May of that year John, and Margaret with two children left England for Boston; thence, by rail to Iowa City, where they joined a handcart company preparing to cross the plains under the leadership of Edward Martin. John served as bugler for the company. His duties were to awaken the camp in the morning to assemble for prayer, to call them to meetings and to give the signals for starting and stopping on the trail. It was also his duty to ration the flour. The company arrived in Salt Lake City November 30th.

Soon after John Watkins arrived in Provo December, 1856 with his family, he found work at his trade. He was given a contract to build an Opera House, a place of amusement for the people. He drafted the plans and specifications and as soon as the weather permitted the following spring work commenced. This building was the first Opera House in Provo City and was known as Cluff's Hall. It was the scene of all pioneer festivities in concert, drama, opera and dancing. The building was constructed of adobe which was made of clay located in the northern part of the city.

One of the first merchants of importance in Provo was Andrew J. Stewart. In 1857 or 1858 John Watkins built a pretentious store building for Mr. Stewart on the north side of Center Street. While John Watkins was erecting this building it became an established fact that he could lay brick and adobe with great speed. Some of the men got into an argument about this so they laid a wager as to

how many he could lay in a day. The wager was for adobes and John won. He became known as the man who could build a house in a day. Most of the pioneer homes consisted of two rooms. Years later a Mr. Snow of Provo, who had known John Watkins, told the story that one day he and his father were going to the canyon for a load of wood and on the way they saw John Watkins leveling land for the foundation of a house. They stopped and talked a few minutes then went on their way. When they returned to the spot the two room house was built up to the roof.

In 1858 John Watkins, his wife, Margaret, and Harriet Mollott (Steele) went to Brigham Young's office. It was here that Harriet became the second wife of John Watkins. On the 21st of March 1863, John, Margaret and Harriet and a young girl, Mary Ann Sawyer, started for Salt Lake City for the marriage of John and Ann in the Endowment House. The roads were rough and the oxen slow. Before they reached Salt Lake the oxen almost gave out, so Harriet and Mary Ann took turns walking in front of them holding out a small bundle of hay just far enough ahead of them to coax the oxen on their way. When they reached Salt Lake they all went to the Endowment house, received their endowments and were sealed. When they returned to Provo the three wives and eight children all lived together.

In 1864 Brigham Young, accompanied by the Provo Brass Band made a tour up Provo Canyon into Provo Valley visiting Heber and the other settlements. John Watkins was the leader of the band. He liked the country so well that he decided to settle in what is now Midway. In 1865 the home in Provo was sold to Mary Ann's parents and the families moved to Midway. After the peace treaties with the Indians, the people began moving out of the fort and building homes in that vicinity. John Watkins secured two pieces of land, one a block south and east of the fort. On this he built a rock house with three apartments for his families. The other piece of property was a block east of the fort. Here, he began to plan and build the house of his dreams. Close to the rock house, John built a lime kiln and began burning lime for his own use and the use of the public.

The plot of ground that John had obtained on the main road a block east of the old fort was slightly higher than the road. With the help of his boys he began to grade and terrace it. The center section was graded to street level. Each side was terraced with rocks to support the spacious lawns. Native pine trees were brought from the nearby canyons and planted to adorn the grounds. On one occasion John and his son, Arthur, were after wood up Snake Creek when they saw a small swamp pine. They brought it home and planted it on the east lawn. At this time the tree still stands and measures 17 feet 3 inches in circumference.

John then started the real work on the house. He located a bed of white sandstone and, with his boys, cut and finished the sandstone blocks for the corners, steps and pillars. He then went hunting for clay. He located a red clay bed from which he made bricks and burned them. People tried to discourage him but he kept right on and thus built the first brick house and made the first brick in Wasatch County. The fancy cornices, posts and pillars were sawed and planed by Moroni Blood. The beams and rafters, lath and shingles came from the Henry Coleman sawmill. John did most of the interior decorations.

Margaret was offered the privilege of living in the new house with Harriet and Mary Ann but she preferred to live by herself with her grown-up family. Building was John Watkin's life's work. He had charge of building and decorating the rock meetinghouse which was erected on the old Public Square. On January 29, 1893 he was ordained Bishop of Midway. He died December 23, 1902 leaving behind a record as a builder few men in the intermountain territory have ever equalled.—*Mary A. Schaefer*

Charlotte's Home—When I was a small child I often visited the home of Charlotte Gurney with my mother. She was a frail little woman with gray hair parted in the center and combed back into a tight little bob at the back of her head. She was usually dressed in a neat print calico gown and a spotless white apron, at the bottom of which was a crochet lace edging. She was an original pioneer and I do not have her complete record, but, when the pioneers of Snake Creek, during the Indian troubles of 1866, moved together for protection and built Fort Midway, Charlotte and her husband, Charles Gurney, were members of that fort. They were the parents of a son and daughter.

When the Gurneys moved out of the fort they lived a short distance from our home. Their property consisted of one half of a city block and on the northwest corner of their lot they built a log house. It was one large room about 22'x15' with a door in the east side and, at first, one small square window in the west. In later years another square window was added in the west wall. These windows could be opened so they could supply fresh air and light. The roof was a low gable type with boards running from the ridge to the eaves, with slabs over each crack to keep out the rain. The ceiling was of 8 or 10 inch boards, as was the floor. The logs were all chinked between with plaster and then all white-washed with lime once a year.

A bedstead stood in the northwest corner with a straw tick and two feather pillows. It was always covered with a white bedspread and the pillow cases were trimmed with a deep knitted or crocheted lace. At the windows were white muslin curtains edged with lace

and draped with tie-backs. Under the window stood a small table with a white muslin cover also edged in lace and on it was the family Bible, a small wicker sewing basket and a coal oil lamp. A shelf ran along the west wall with books, a few bric-a-bac and a small lacquered box for letters and family souvenirs. Along this west side, under the shelf, was an old fashioned sofa with slats with a piece that slid in and out to make an extra bed. Over this was a print cover.

A home made wooden chair stood by the south wall. In the center of that wall was a wood burning stove with a reservoir attached to hold hot water. This stood quite high above the floor on four iron legs. East of the stove was a plank bench with wooden legs set at an angle, to keep it from tipping over, and on this was two water buckets. Above the bench hung a long handled tin dipper. On the east end of the bench was the wash basin and soap dish and above it a looking glass and comb case. A homemade cupboard with the top part open held the dishes. A drawer below for forks, knives, and table cloths and space below, enclosed with wooden doors, held the pots and pans. Between the cupboard and the door on the east stood a square wooden table put together with wooden pegs. This was covered with a colored oil cloth. At the foot of the bed on the north was a series of pegs and nails high on the wall on which to hang clothing. A print calico curtain covered these to keep out the dust. Another large box held the family linens. One other home-made chair adorned the room, and a large wooden rocker with a flowered cushion which belonged to Gurney, added an air of comfortable living. The floor boards were always scoured white. A homemade carpet covered half of the floor and two or three braided rugs were scattered around. On the wall were a number of pictures cut from magazines with a little square of colored card board on the corners to keep them from tearing through.

The outside yard had several large cottonwood trees and a patch of red clover on each side of the path leading to the north, where there was a pole fence and a small opening for a gate with three sliding bars serving this purpose. On the west side of the lot was a rock fence about four feet high. These fences were very popular in the community as the people had to clear their land of the rocks, a formation of petrified grass and weeds, a lime formation from the hard water of the place, but of late years these fences have disappeared for material for rock homes, churches, schools and community centers, as they lend themselves to be easily cut into building blocks making the buildings cool in the summer and warm in the winter.

On the south of a building was a large chimney made of cobble stones and mortar. At the back of the house were fruit trees and a vegetable garden, also sheds for the animals and chicken coops. I

never saw the Gurney's drive anything but oxen yoked to a two-wheeled cart.

Charlotte Gurney was president of the Relief Society from its earliest history until the time of her death. My mother Mary Ann Watkins and Cynthia Wootton were her counselors. They, with their co-workers, helped secure funds to build the Relief Society granary for storing wheat and the Relief Society Hall for meetings. Both have long since been torn down. These ladies were the town nurses caring for the sick. They also helped lay out the dead, made burial clothes and trimmed the coffins.

When Mrs. Gurney died the old log home was sold and moved to make room for a modern building. Only the memory of the frail immaculate little woman remains in the hearts of all those who knew her.—*Mary A. Schaeer*

WASHINGTON COUNTY

One of the most difficult missions was the Dixie Cotton Mission. While small groups in Santa Clara, Washington, Toquerville and farther up the Virgin River had established themselves earlier, the big Cotton Mission trek came in the winter of 1861, and followed through 1862, with St. George, Santa Clara and Washington as principal locations. First wagons reached St. George in late November, the main body following within the next two weeks, and by December 21st, the camp was well established. All had left Salt Lake City following the October Conference.

George Faucett, who drove one of the first teams into St. George with his father and sister, Hannah Nixon; William and Sophronia Carter and a few others, arrived November 30, 1861. Their efforts were to find local building material. George held the reins for his mule team while William Carter guided the same plow with which he plowed the first acre in Salt Lake City, and they plowed a wide, double furrow from north to south across the St. George Valley and through which they converted the East Spring stream.

The location for the ditch was across a continuous bed of light gray clay, which these experienced pioneers knew would be desirable for making adobes. A few wagons arrived each day, and by the fifth of December some of the men had made a small mixing pond and a wooden form into which they molded the first adobes. As the double formed boxes were filled men carried them and spread the adobes to dry in a cleared sunny place. The clay seemed so good and the adobes looked as if they would be fine. However, the men had no cow-hide hair, or other material to use as a binder and when the rain came the adobes dissolved and very few were usable.

This was a good lesson learned in time for safety; so the next time adobes were made with a binder of dried wire grass, which grew plentifully where the stream had formerly spread out across the

valley, and with other grass roots. When the adobes dried these made sturdy building blocks.

By the time the lots were drawn and people moved onto them, adobes were being made in quantities. A mule-driven mixing device was set up and served for many years in making building adobes. Sand and gravel were hauled from the nearby Virgin River and with hair scraped from cow hides at the leather tannery, provided a good mix with the clay and a desirable binder. These first adobes, made in quantity at that time and through the years, are still to be found in the walls of dozens of well-preserved pioneer homes. The Brigham Young home, a sturdy landmark, was built of this type of adobe as were most of the homes in this area.

The first and only meetinghouse that had been built (until such time as Ward chapels were erected), in St. George is our Stake Tabernacle. Prior to their erection other structures were used by settlers, such as our pioneers, in which to hold their religious services. The first public gathering place for meeting was in the Old Bowery erected close to where the Lyceum stood. The walls were made of willows interwoven between cottonwood poles set in the ground which, in the fall, after its erection, was plastered over with mud. The roof, too, was made of green boughs and willows such as grew in the vicinity. Tallow candles in wooden chandeliers furnished light for evening gatherings. All in all, it was a very neat, primeval structure that was thankfully enjoyed by the early resident.—*Ruth Picketts*

Forts—As timber was not readily available here in St. George and vicinity, there were no log houses built, as far as I have been able to learn. A few rock houses were built, as the rock from Red Hill just above the town had been used for the Tabernacle, and for the walls of the Temple after the foundation was completed, being made of the black volcanic rock obtained from the Black Ridge west of town. Among those who built homes of the Red Rock were the George Brooks home up on Mount Hope; the Daniel D. McArthur home, a block and a half west of the Tabernacle on Tabernacle Street (and which just recently was torn down) and the Frederick Foremaster home down in the lower part of town at 400 South and near 200 West.

Adobes were the main material used in the homes built here. Many of them are still standing. Where remodeling has been done, the workmen say that the walls are still very strong and sturdy, and are expected to last many years. A clay formation and soil was found just east of the early plat of the townsite, and was called "The Adobe Yard." In a few instances the adobes were made on the ground near the house which was to be built, as in the case of the Soplironia Carter home. In her history, she says that she mixed the

clay, then the mortar and carried it to her husband in brass water buckets, while he laid up the walls of the house, after he returned from his day's work. The two rooms at the back of their present home are the ones built at that time, and, later, an addition was built in front of them. This part of the house is still standing, and her youngest daughter is living in the home. My Father's home was built over eighty-three years ago, and is still in good condition.

There were three different forts in this vicinity—Fort Harmony, Santa Clara Fort and Fort Pierce. In the Fall of 1852, the first settlement in Washington County was made when John D. Lee took a small company and set out to colonize Harmony, a fort on Ash Creek, about twenty-five miles south of Cedar City. It was thought to be well selected as a Military Point.

Later it was used as headquarters for the Indian missionaries sent down to make peace with the Indians, with Rufus C. Allen as Captain, and Jacob Hamblin, Thales Haskell, A. P. Hardy, Samuel Knight and others forming the company of twenty-one men and two boys in all. Later, it was found that Fort Harmony had its difficulties. The ditch had been completed, but it would not hold water; in places it was as porous as a sieve. Since a part of their work was to supply food for themselves and for some of the Indians, prospects looked dark indeed. It was finally decided that a few of the number should stay at the farm to contact the Indians there and care for the crops, while others went on with their missionary labors, and still others went to the settlements in the north to work for provisions. Some of the group returned to the tribes of Indians on the Santa Clara, and had, what they considered, a very successful mission.

In the fall of 1855, Jacob Hamblin and others moved their families from Fort Harmony to the Santa Clara. That winter (1855-56) they built a Fort. By the combined efforts of the ten missionaries, four stone masons from Cedar City, and some local Indian help, the structure was erected in less than ten days. Built of hammer-faced rock, the fort was one hundred feet square with walls two feet thick and twelve feet high. Brigham Young later pronounced it the best fort then in the Territory. It was located a short distance above the present town of Santa Clara. (In James G. Bleak's *Annals of Southern Utah*, he says that the Fort was completed in three weeks.)

Soon after the settlement of Southern Utah or the Cotton Mission, it began to rain, and it is told that it rained some each day for forty days. Then came the floods. Snow had been falling on Pine Valley Mountain which helped the cause along. One night the people in the Fort at Santa Clara were awakened and every few minutes there would be a loud splash as a large piece of the bank fell into the water. Those nearest the stream began moving to higher ground. They picked their way through the darkness, carrying their quilts to the top of the hill and tucking shivering children into their damp folds.

Those in charge ordered everybody out of the fort, which also meant that they must move food, clothing, and bedding. A rope was stretched from the fort gate to a tree to be used as a life line for the people. The business of moving had continued all night. When daylight came, it brought only more clearly their predicament. The mad river was slashing into the bank, carving out pieces as big as a house. Already one corner of the fort was gone. All day long the people watched the fruits of their six years labor go. Tree by tree, their largest orchard went, each one bending slowly as if bowing to the will of the river. By nightfall, the whole little colony was washed away and the people stood shivering and shelterless on top of the hill, their few household effects piled in confusion around them. The flood then began to recede. This has always been known as "The Big Flood," although several others, but not so serious, have come down since then.

Fort Pierce—From any line of travel, out where the geography stretches with utter scorn of man-made boundaries, sits Old Fort Pierce. Though it is only eight miles south from St. George by Bee-line, the route is so dim and inaccessible that it can be reached only by horse or by jeep, unless one is willing to hike the last two miles. To come upon it squatting on its knoll like a turtle watching the pool of water against the cliff below, is like going back ninety years in history.

The building is not large, and its thick stone walls are held together by mud mortar. There are no windows, only portholes form tiny openings along the sides, while its one door is now just an open place in the walls on the east. On alternate sides small appendages jut out from the main walls, whose portholes give a clear sweep of the full length and width of the building, so that no Indian could shelter himself close against the wall. Inside, these form a semi-private area for a bed or storage, though there is no separation from the main room.

Originally the building was covered with a roof of cottonwood poles, with branches and foliage giving some shelter from the sun. In case of rain, a wagon cover or canvas could be spread over the poles in the corner or along one side. Now the whole is open to the sky, the poles long ago burned in campfires in this land of little fuel. The original door and frame have likely come to the same end.

In 1863 President Young wrote Jacob Hamblin to have a fort built along the line of travel from St. George to Pierce's Ferry on the Colorado. This was to serve as a herdhouse for the men who were in charge of the cattle on The Strip, and as shelters for families enroute to Arizona via this ferry.

During the first years in Southern Utah, explorers had pushed out into this area and located a route south and west of St. George where people could get to the Colorado River—the only place in the more than two hundred twisting miles to Lee's Ferry. Jacob Hamblin had led two companies through on this trail, crossed the river, and penetrated into Arizona, only to find the terrain so rough and forbidding as to make it impossible to send large companies this way. Even so, the fort was needed as shelter and protection for those who had charge of the cattle.

With the beginning of the new Temple, it served a new purpose. To this day the old Temple trail is still visible about one-half mile north of the fort. It went to Trumbull Mountain, and down its twisting length were brought the giant timbers that form the cross-beams of the Temple. To the plodding oxen this pool of water offered such relief that they sometimes stampeded when they came in smelling distance of it—with disastrous results to their outfits. From the east the Navajo trail runs from Pipe Springs across the higher land, down the Hurricane fault and on to this watering place. This was the route of the Navajo during the restless, angry years of 1865-66. Here the Mormon Militia stood guard against their night raids.

With the completion of the Temple and the settlement of the Indian troubles, the fort remained a center of activities of the cattlemen of the Strip, a gathering place for the cattle, where there was water enough to hold the first arrivals from scattering while other areas were covered. Now it stands as lonely and deserted as an unmarked grave, except when the roundups bring waiting herds, when the campfire forms a spot of light in the darkness, the smell of bacon and coffee scent the breeze, and the sound of the cowboy banter and songs die away in the distance. For the most part only the desert animals visit it, as another pile of rocks to take shelter in.

So it stands a reminder of the past, every noon sending the desert animals to shelter from the heat, every evening making the distant bluffs bloom in rose and lavender, every night bringing soft feet and bright eyes into activity around it, while the wind sighs through the portholes and around the corners—a forgotten landmark of an almost forgotten era.—*Juanita Brooks*

The Big House—The house in St. George on the corner of Main and First North street was the home of Erastus Snow who was president of the southern mission. The home was built of sun-dried adobe. The lower walls were four adobe thick or 32 inches wide while the upper walls were three adobe thick or 24 inches wide. It had a shingled roof. The Big House was used as a home for some of the Snow families at different times, also as a hotel. It served as winterquarters for Brigham Young until he built a winter home of his own in St. George.



The Big House—Erastus Snow

The main part of the building was four stories high, and since it was the largest home in the town it was affectionately called "The Big House." It was built in the shape of a T, the main section going north and south facing Main Street, with one long wing going east and west, with a two story porch going the full length of this wing facing south. Steps led up to the second level of the porch from the east and west. The first floor or basement on a level with the ground, contained separate rooms each with a fireplace. The superintendent of Erastus Snow's farm lived here at one time. Some of these rooms were used as laundry rooms, and, in the early days big wooden tub-like barrels, cut in half, containing pounders were used for cleaning the clothes. Children of the family played house in these rooms in later years.

On the floor above, opening out onto the long porch, were the huge dining room and the kitchen, pantry, etc. The third floor contained guest rooms.

On the west a few steps led up to the main entrance on the first floor. Here were the large living rooms with high ceilings and a long wing to the north with living quarters. It was here that Col. Thomas L. Kane and his family stayed during the winter of 1872-73 when Brigham Young brought them to St. George. The St. George

Tabernacle was dedicated at this time. This north wing had a long veranda along its east side leading to the dining room, so the building could also be entered from the north. The two stories above contained guest rooms and up in the attic were many small rooms with tiny doors under the eaves through which children of the family delighted in running in and out, going from one room to another.

Water for the house came from a large cistern south of the house which was filled with water from the ditch. On top of the house the American flag was often unfurled from a flagpole. Close to the house on the north side and facing first north street was a small adobe building called the office where much of the Church office work was carried on in those early days.

In 1888, after Erastus Snow's wife Elizabeth moved to a home of her own, several Snow families lived in the Big House until it was purchased by one son, Mahroni Snow, and he, and his family, ran the Snow Hotel here for about twenty-five years. Later it was purchased by Samuel Judd and it was called the Dixie Hotel. The office building and the north wing of the main house made wonderful sample rooms for traveling salesmen to display their goods.

The Big House was a famous old pioneer home which should have been preserved. But along with our precious Old Salt Lake Theatre it was torn down to make way for progress. A service station and several small business houses now occupy this corner.

—*Anna Snow Clements*

WEBER COUNTY

In 1854 a fort was begun in the town of North Ogden, Weber County, Utah for protection from the Indians. This enclosure was five blocks long and two and one-half blocks wide, with a street running around the entire inside wall of the fort. Two hewn timber gates were set, one in the south wall, and one in the west wall near the south leading out to the farms. The west wall could not be entirely completed because of the swampy condition, caused by the streams from the mountains flowing down and spreading over the lowlands. The walls were made of rock with dirt backing.

Those who had farms some distance from the fort built homes within. The west street in the fort was known for many years as "Pioneer Street," because all homes were built and occupied by the following pioneers: Solomon Campbell, John Shaw, Benjamin Cazier, and Franklin G. Clifford. Several large springs of good water were within the enclosure.

A new adobe schoolhouse was built within the fort, near the center. A two-story adobe tithing house with basement was built on this same block. The tithing house was later remodeled for a meetinghouse. Next to this building on the east was the adobe home of Bishop Thomas Dunn, the first bishop of North Ogden.

Several old adobe homes are still standing. One is the home of Minerva Wade Hickman. She made the adobes for this home. It has since been remodeled and is now a modern dwelling.

My grandfather, Lafayette W. William's adobe house is still standing, built in 1853 or 1854. It is in the north center of the old fort. The adobes are 12"x5½"x3". Some rows of adobe are laid lengthwise in the wall and other rows are laid crosswise to tie them all together to strengthen it. The walls are very thick making the windows deep seated—just right for the primroses and geraniums grandmother kept in the windows to brighten the house during the cold winter days.

There were at least two yards in North Ogden where adobes were made—one near the Second Ward Church and another near the canning factory. Some of the earliest homes were dugouts used until adobe or log homes could be built. The logs were cut in nearby canyons, dragged down the mountains with one horse, then hauled to the building site. Two sides of the logs were hewn flat with an ax, so they could be laid flat against another log. Small sticks having a wedge edge were sometimes used between logs to cover cracks and mud called "chinking" was forced in to fill the small holes.

By 1856, the population had increased to three hundred and fourteen persons. A spirit of mutual help and interest prevailed. If a house was to be built, the owner secured a set of house logs, invited the neighbors to a "Raising" and enough of the house would be put up in one day, so that one man could finish it.—*Bessie J. Montgomery*

John and Sarah Ann Bidwell Mower came across the plains by ox teams arriving in Salt Lake City, September 25, 1850. In the fall of 1851 they came to North Ogden, Weber County—the west end—later known as Pleasant View. Everything looked desolate, nothing but sage brush, grease wood, rocky mountains and hills. Winter was coming on and it was necessary to prepare some kind of a home, so John went into the nearby canyons and hauled out logs.

The Mower home was a one-room log house which was built just below the canal. They lived in the log house for a short time, then began the building of a permanent home, one mile south of Utah Hot Springs. This home was made of adobes. John dug the clay and molded all the adobes by hand. He built drying racks on the knolls just below the Utah Hot Springs. Each day he went to the racks to turn the adobes and when they were thoroughly cured, he hauled them home.

At first, one room was built, and soon after another room of adobes was added to the first. A third room was built on the back of the northwest corner. A fourth room was made from the well-porch, as it was called, because the well and pump were located there. The house faced northeast, and in the front was a long porch, supported by sawed lumber posts. At the north end of the porch was a

small room which was used for storage. On the north wall, in the north front room, John built a large old-fashioned fire-place and hearth of rocks, in which pieces of sage brush were burned. At the right side of the fire-place, a cupboard was built in the wall, and on the left side was a chest.

At the time the house was torn down, it was discovered that the ceiling joists were made of large hand-hewn logs and the rafters were of very rough sawed lumber. It is not known just how the roof was at first covered, but for many years it was shingled. The doors were made of rather heavy panels of wood. At first a latch was used instead of door knobs, later knobs were installed on the original doors. Candles made by Sarah Ann were first used to light the house, then kerosene lamps and lanterns, and finally electric lights. As long as the house was occupied very few of the original panes of glass in the windows ever needed repairing. When the house was first built a cellar was excavated under the floor in the north front room and was opened by a trap door in the floor. It was used to store the winter supply of vegetables and fruits.

The grounds around the home were very beautiful. At the back of the house was a spring which John banked up in order to make a pond where they kept ducks and geese. Beautiful colored hollyhocks grew near the house and in the front was a large lawn of knott grass, which Sarah Ann swept with a sage brush broom. There were two purple lilacs, the starts of which, along with roots of currants and gooseberry bushes, they brought across the plains in dampened bur-lap bags.

It was indeed a restful place for weary travelers, and in about 1860-61 it was one of the main stations for the Stage coach. Meals, which were prepared for the passengers by Sarah Ann on an old fashioned cookstove, were always ready to serve when the coach arrived. The stage coach horses grazed in nearby pastures, and the tired ones were replaced with other horses. Years later Thomas Budge, who had lived with the Mower family for nineteen years, related to his family his experiences when a young boy helping to catch the horses in the pasture and getting them ready to continue on their way. On December 16, 1880 Thomas Budge married Frances Maria Williams, and their first home was in the large east front room of the Mower house, which was the birthplace of their first child, Annie May Budge (Cragun), May 1, 1882.

This pioneer home was later made into a very comfortable residence and was occupied by relatives of John and Sarah Ann until 1934. One of the younger members who lived there is Donna Dickemore Penrod. In 1952 the house was still standing, but was torn down a short time later. Memories of this pioneer home and its lovable, hospitable owners are dear to all those who remember them.—*Annie B. Cragun-Donna D. Penrod*

David Evans and his wife *Eliza Perkins* having arrived in Ogden after their long journey across the plains in Captain Edward Bunker's company in the summer of 1856, moved to what was then called Mound Fort and from there to that part of Ogden which is now Pleasant View. Here they built a log house, two rooms and a lean-to. Aunt Eliza, as we called her, was always fixing something new to make the log house a real home. She braided rugs, crocheted doilies, and made many other articles to brighten the interior. But as more people were added to the family circle, such as Aunt Eliza's invalid mother, and a three year old child belonging to Eliza's sister, more room was needed. Then, too, David had taken another wife.

They now went about building a large adobe house with four rooms on the main floor and three rooms upstairs. Being very hospitable Welsh people they entertained many friends. The adobe house is still being occupied by the family of a Mr. Harper. There have been some changes in the interior but the solid adobe walls still stand, a visible reminder of the builders of long ago.

—*Elizabeth M. Jones*

In Bingham Fort—Near and adjoining the Old Bingham Fort on what is now West Second Street still stands some of the oldest homes in Ogden. The Old Bingham Fort home, inside the fort, was known in pioneer days as the Bingham Farm Home. It was built of logs and was first inhabited by Erastus Bingham; then, in 1888 by Samuel Wilson and his wife, Eliza Racham, who lived in it for seventeen years. Florence Wilson Hunter, a relative of the Bingham family, lived in it for sometime and then it was purchased by the Mills family. It is now in the possession of the Sons of Pioneers near Sugar House.

Just east of the Bingham Farm Home was a little log cabin in which William and Martha Hall lived. About 1886 they left and moved to North Harrisville road, where they built another log cabin, which has just recently been torn down.

About this time William Gillard Stone, with his wife, Jane Stride, and two sons, Fred and Cy Stone lived in a house known as the "Stone House." It is told that when William lived in England his home was in a stone house; when he first came to Utah his home was in a stone house; and later he came to live in this stone house. To distinguish him from the other Stone boys, people called him "the Stone who lived in the stone house." Finally he was nicknamed "Stonehouse Stone."

The William and Eliza Hutchins' log home still stands on the west end of Second Street and with a new frame addition is now owned by Victor Reno. On the old Crane property south of Second Street and just below Wall Avenue is an original log house now occupied by Clarence Stomberg. It has been well preserved. Another

home on the corner of Second and Wall Streets was that of the Peter Shermer family, now occupied by Lubin A. Welker and his wife. It was made of adobe, and having been remodeled, is still in excellent condition.

James Hyrum Stone and his wife, Mary Ellen Melling, bought twenty acres of land from George Gates and built a square adobe house. After the first year James built a lean-to with a sloped roof. Upon the death of his father, William Stone, and acting according to the wishes of his mother, Mary Kruse Stone, pioneers of 1852, her one-room house, which was formerly her mother's was moved to Slaterville and placed beside the two-roomed house of James Stone. This house has been remodeled and at the present time is occupied by a granddaughter, Gladys Stokes. The two adobe rooms and the one log room are still easily detected. Ethel Ross, a daughter of James Stone, well remembers her family living in this house in early times.

(The above information was contributed by John Wheeler, Florence Hunter, Ethel Ross and Edna Stone all pioneers in this part of the city of Ogden, Utah.)

Huntsville—The date of the founding of Huntsville, Weber County, Utah is the fall of 1860. It is a beautiful little town about thirteen miles east of Ogden, through Ogden Canyon. The settlers of this valley were members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

In the spring of 1861 a branch of the Church was organized with Jefferson Hunt as president. In 1865 Elder Francis A. Hammond was appointed president of the settlement. In the year 1877 he was ordained a bishop and in the year of 1879, he, and others, in the valley began a movement to build a new meetinghouse. Donations were requested and the people responded favorably. Work began, everyone doing their part, and, in 1883, the building was completed, a beautiful place in which to worship.

The dimensions of the little Church were 70x35 feet. It had a tower and a steeple with its highest point 98 feet from the ground, a seating capacity of eight hundred—this included the gallery space. The seats, furniture and all the woodwork were home made and all finished attractively. There were five Gothic windows on the east and west side, two on the south end and these gave light to the interior. The entire cost of this building and its furnishing was \$11,800. It was dedicated Sunday, July 8, 1883 by President John Taylor.

The Deseret News reported, "the meetinghouse is one of the finest in the Stake and will answer the purpose for which it has been erected for many years to come." How true these words were. The building is still in use, seventy-four years later. The people of Huntsville Ward are now building a new Church, and when completed

the old meetinghouse will be torn down, but not the loving memories we have of it. David McKay, father of President David O. McKay, our beloved Church President, succeeded Bishop Hammond in 1885 and served as bishop for twenty years.

PIONEER HOUSES IN BEAR LAKE VALLEY, IDAHO

Bear Lake Valley, Idaho was settled in September 1863, when a group of pioneers came to establish a permanent settlement under the leadership of Charles C. Rich. It was late in the year and it was necessary to begin at once to build houses for their families. The men cut and hauled logs from the canyon to make these homes. They were made of logs and had dirt floors and roofs. By the next spring thirty-four log houses had been built to house the one hundred sixteen people living in the settlement.

The log houses were built along North Twin Creek in no particular pattern at first, but after the town was surveyed on the north side of the creek a townsite was started, which was named Paris, after the man who surveyed it.

A meetinghouse was erected the first winter and it was also made of logs. It was twenty feet wide and sixty feet long, with one window in it. A stage was built and on February 23rd a play, "William Tell" was put on in the meeting house.

In 1864 several other settlements were made as about seven hundred more pioneers came into the valley. Many more log houses were built for the new settlers. The builders did not put many doors or windows in the houses, as this helped the heating problem. To cover the windows, greased white muslin was used for the early houses' as the pioneers did not have glass for them. This let some light in and also helped to conserve heat.

The first schoolhouse to be built in the valley was at Bloomington. It was built in the fall of 1864, the same year Bloomington was settled, and was their first public building. It was made of logs and measured sixteen feet by twenty feet. It had a large chimney and fireplace and the building was heated by the fireplace. The floor was made of logs which had been split and laid side by side with the smoother side up. It had a dirt roof. The building was divided into two rooms by a wagon cover.

Several of these log houses are standing today as monuments to the early pioneers of Bear Lake Valley.—*Editb Haddock*

IN OXFORD, IDAHO

Completed in 1878 in Oxford, Idaho and ready for occupancy July 18, 1878, was this adobe house into which the family of William Frederick Fisher came to live. Mr. Fisher was a merchant in Rich-

mond, Cache County, Utah when he was called to take charge of the Oxford settlement in 1876. In this year the Fisher store and trading post was established and finished in 1877. It, too, was made of adobe.

The house was a two-story building with ten large rooms and a large basement room used as a cellar. It contained a long table on which pans of milk were placed morning and evening for the rich cream to be churned into butter and the milk for family usage. The walls of the house were eighteen inches thick which made deep window sills for potted flowers. There were five rooms on the first floor and five upstairs; one down stairs porch on the east front and two upstairs porches on the east with a west first floor porch and up stairs porch.

The writer was born in this house January 4, 1880 and the night of January 10th a terrific wind came from the Oxford mountains, nearby on the west, and blew the roof of the south gable corner-wise across the street and it landed in a vacant lot. It has often been said that "Stella raised the roof when six days old." The roof was replaced and shortly afterwards another gable was built of lumber on the north of the house containing the downstairs bedrooms and one upstairs bedroom with a porch for each front bedroom, which made seven porches on the house.

Three children were born to my father and mother after they moved to this home; also a few grandchildren. My only son was born twenty-three years, lacking two weeks, later in the same room in which I was born.—*Stella Fisher Brossard.*

TWO HOMES BUILT BY GRANT CAMPBELL

Grant Campbell was a pioneer who came to Salt Lake Valley in July 1852. Like many of his fellow frontiersmen, he was a skilled woodsman. He worked for several years, when a young man, in the timber areas of Minnesota and was known as an expert in the use of the broad axe. After he and his little family arrived in Salt Lake City, President Young sent Grant to help construct homes for the families in the new colonies. He built or help to build many homes of rough new logs in North Ogden, Providence, Utah; Downington and Montpelier, Idaho; and Auburn and Fairview, Wyoming. There may have been others but the records have been lost to the surviving families and to time.

Two of these homes are still standing; one is occupied as a home by an elderly couple in Fairview, Wyoming. The other is a two-room log cabin located on Clay and Third Street in Montpelier, Idaho. Some shingles and a brick chimney are the only modern additions to the original structure, excepting a little plaster on the ceilings. The logs are so precisely hewn that they fit perfectly, one



One of the First—Grant Campbell, Builder.

on top of the other—there is no mud filling or chinking between the logs. The log ends are grooved and interlocked and the inside walls are smooth as though flat boards were set one on top edge of the other and stay exactly in place without nails. The logs were cut smooth and flat on three sides and they still fit surprisingly well. The floors are of very wide and well worn pine boards. Most of the door and window casings are of the original rough finished lumber.

For a period of approximately ten years, 1867-1877, with the addition of a dirt-floored lean-to kitchen, a two mother polygamist family called this humble cabin home. Nine babies were born here—three are living today. This old cabin was lived in until about ten years ago.

The log home now standing in Fairview, Wyoming is two stories—downstairs kitchen, living room, storeroom and pantry; upstairs are two bedrooms. For many years this was home to several of the youngest children of this large, wonderful family. The construction of this house is very similar to the older cabin other than wedge-shaped strips of boards were fitted into a curved portion of the outside face of the logs. Shingles, glassed doors, window, screen doors and plastered walls and ceiling have modernized this pioneer log home.—*Caroline Campbell Nash*

THE PIONEER ADOBE HOME

*The Adobe Home—what year was it built?
It began back in the eighties, long ago.
The lot full of sage brush, prickly pear, lizards and silt,
It looked that way until they began to sow
Lucerne, grain, potatoes and food for chow
For a family of six and the old Judy cow.
But while the building of it took very long,
There was never an evening without its sweet song,
The children would gather around Mother's knee,
Where reposed the "black book" full of songs of the free.
And always a welcome for friends far and near,
Children, grown-ups and all we held dear.
The Mother smiling so sweet and fair
Made you feel the work's not a care;
The adobes to make, the plaster to bring;
You worked right along and wanted to sing.
The spirit of laughter and song put in
To that adobe home made you want to win,
Over the sage brush and prickly pears, lizards and all,
Until your pioneer troubles seemed mighty small.
The adobe home—when was it built?
Dozens of years—filled up to the hilt.*

Irene Branch Keller

THIS I REMEMBER

When I was a small child I went with my father across the street from our home to get wood. I am still wondering why he had all of the outbuildings across the street. What fascinated me was the way father piled wood so neatly on his arm until he was completely loaded, so to speak. First he had to chop it and this I was also watching him to do, when a fellow came down the street on a horse—he was a crazy, prancy type of horse, and when he was almost to where we were, he came sidewise towards us. The next thing I remember I was in my mother's arms in my nightgown. I suppose they had undressed me to find out the extent of my injuries. When they decided I only had my breath knocked out, or scared out of me, the man, whose name was Joe Spori, was very much relieved, as were my parents. He gave me a hand full of small coins. Now this is where my log cabin story begins.

The walls of the cabin were made of cottonwood logs. They are much harder to build with than the pine logs used in our home, which was built some five years later. Not only were the walls very crude, the roof and the floor were of father's own craftsmanship. You see, the roof was of willows and brush to hold out the dirt, which also held out the rain, sun, and snow. But wait until I tell you about the floor. Cottonwood logs are so much larger at the end next to the ground than the tip end, they must be placed just so or soon everything will be out of plumb. Now the walls were built with the small end matched to a large end and guess what? The floor was made the same way. Three sides of the logs were hewed as smooth as could be done with an axe, then laid as closely together as possible, the large ends matched with the small ends. You, of course, have guessed by now that the reason I remember the cracks in the floor is because this is where all my money went. Young as I was I can remember.

This, I remember, was remembered and written by Alice Howard Myler, whose father was Orrin Myler, whose father was a member of the Mormon Battalion. His name was James Myler.—*Alice Howard Myler*



Stories of Long Ago

*Blessed are the pure in heart for they
shall see God.—Matthew 5:8*



FOR MANY years the Jews had been looking forward to the coming of their King. Many pictured him surrounded by wealth and the splendor which the mighty Orient provided. So long had this been their thought that it was nearly impossible for the majority to recognize the humble babe, born in a stable in Jerusalem and cradled in a manger, as their King. Great lessons we learn from His life of trial. A King with a spiritual power—rather than one of outward display and earthly splendor—He walked in humble places and associated with the lowly. He drew men to Him because of His righteousness and God-given power. He was mighty in influencing people to conquer themselves. He was the Son of God. The story of His birth as told by St. Luke is the most beloved of the stories of long ago.

And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed.

And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem.

To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child.

And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.

And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the fields keeping watch over their flock at night.

And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone around them; and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the City of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And it shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angels a multitude of heavenly hosts praising God, and saying.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

TREKKING BACK WITH GRANDPA

Grandpa, Charles William Carroll, born October 7, 1859 at Provo, Utah is over ninety-eight years old. He is stooped and shuffles when he walks. His hands are veined and knotted; his face and neck brown and wrinkled; his hair sparse and gray. But his eyes, though sunken, are still bright with interest. His mind is alive and young. He has a sense of humor. It is fun to go trekking back through the years with him. Today I said, "Grandpa, tell me about your earliest memories." He leaned back in the old rocking chair that was Grandma's during all the sixty-four years of their married life, drew the afghan snugly over his knees and closed his eyes. He sat still so long I thought he might have fallen asleep. Then he began to rock gently and said.

"Of course you know that my father, Charles N. Carroll, born near New Brunswick, Canada and mother, Kezia Giles Carroll, were pioneers coming to Utah in the early 1850's. Father lost his wife and two children while crossing the plains. He arrived in Utah with one son and settled in Provo. It was there he met Mother who had recently emigrated from England with her parents who had joined the Church. They were married and lived in Provo until after my oldest sister, Kezia, named after Mother, and I were born.

"When I was just a few months old we moved to Heber. Father wanted more land. He saw better opportunities to expand there. We lived there nineteen years. It was there that my three younger brothers and eight of my ten sisters were born. Yes, we were a large family and we lived in a small house. We only had three rooms and some of the times Mother cooked over the fire in the fireplace. I remember sleeping on a trundle bed that slid under Father's and Mother's bed in the day time. Some of the children slept on the floor. Father always kept a few sheep. The hides of the sheep that were killed for mutton were thoroughly dried and cleaned and were spread on the floor for mattresses for the children to sleep on at night.

"One of my earliest memories is of holding the sheep's head while Father sheared. He would stretch the sheep out on the ground and hold it down with his knee while I would try to keep its head still. Not much like sheep-shearing today with an electric machine and all. Mother would wash and card the wool and make batts for quilts and spin some of it into yarn to knit up into socks and stockings and mittens.

"We had a happy home life in Heber even if we were poor and had to work hard. My brother Willard married Charlotte Moulton while we were there and I had my first love affairs. I remember the night some of us were coming from Mutual and I took hold of Janet Murdock's hand. I made a discovery. Touching Janet's hand made me feel different from touching my sister's hand. I had quite a case on Janet, but she found another beau and I found that Susie Witt's hands made me feel like Janet's did. Susie was good to me and I thought she was my girl for awhile. But she was older than I was, and married my cousin.

"About this time Father became interested in the United Order in Orderville. He was the County Attorney in Heber and an important member of the community. But he decided to move to Orderville and join the Order. My brother Willard and his wife went along, too. We traveled by ox teams and moved very slow. But we had some good times in the evenings when we would play games around the campfire after supper. What made it more fun for me was having a passenger, a young girl along with us. Her name was Fan Mulliner. She was a good sport. One night she and I ran a race to an old deserted building away from our camp. I dared her to go in and then I shut the door to scare her. My brother Willard gave me the dickens and ordered me to leave her alone. I thought he had his eyes on her for a second wife, but that didn't happen."

Grandpa stopped rocking and closed his eyes again. I thought he might be too tired to talk anymore, but he stirred again and said musingly, "Living in the United Order was a great experience."

"Yes, I know. Do you feel like telling me some of the things you remember best about it?"

"Well, of course you know that it was organized by Brigham Young who hoped his people could learn to live cooperatively—like one big family. Orderville was one of the several places where the system was tried out. It lasted longer than any of the others and was more successful. The Order started in 1875—that was three years before we joined. It was going good when we got there. All the property was held in common. There was no private property. We turned everything we had into the Order and became part of the big family. Everybody ate at the big table as it was called. Of course there were three long tables in the dining hall and the men always ate first, then the women, and then the children. The work was

divided so that everybody had a share and all were given credit on the books for their work—the men received \$1.50 credit a day, no matter what kind of work they did. The women got seventy-five cents and as near as I can remember children got credit for 12½ cents to sixty cents according to age and sex. Foremen had charge of the different kinds of work—farming, dairying, factory work and so on."

"Factory work?" I asked. "Did they have factories?"

"Yes, in the few years the Order was in operation the people became almost completely self-sustaining. They made their own brooms, soap, buckets, churns, shoes, clothes, and furniture. They had a tannery, sawmills, gristmills, woolen mill. The women were organized to do the cooking and dining room work, tailoring, millinery, and other things. Some were appointed to be midwives and there was a wonderful herb doctor, Priddy Meeks. He had charge of the health problems. He was a pretty good doctor and lived to be over ninety years old and his two wives lived almost that long. He supervised the midwives. They received \$3.00 credit for delivering a baby and taking care of the mother for two weeks. Compare that with what it costs to have a baby now. No wonder they had big families." Grandpa chuckled softly and went on reminiscing.

"Yes, we were healthy. We had plenty of fresh air and exercise and simple food—and not much of it."

"Tell me about the food," I prompted. "You worked in the bakery, didn't you?"

"I sure did. We would mix bread in big wooden troughs. For one batch we would mix up a seamless sackful of flour—about a hundred and twenty pounds. That's the way flour came from the grist mill. About every other day we would bake a batch of salt-rising bread, too. We baked the bread in brick ovens heated with a wood fire. When the oven was hot we would rake out the coals and clean the oven out good before putting the baking pans of dough in. The pans were made in our tin factory. We had good bread and it was really the staff of life for us. We kept our yeast in a barrel. One day Grandma and another girl came into the bakery and were fooling around. She was the prettiest girl in the whole Order and I was wondering how I could get her interested in me instead of in Alvin Heaton, her step-brother, who was courting her. Well, that day I picked her up and made out like I was going to chuck her in a yeast barrel. She went limp in my arms like she had fainted. The other girl screamed and scolded me like the dickens and I was pretty scared for a minute—till I found out she was just pretending.

"Soon after that I was sitting on the ditch bank with Carmi Porter one day and we were sharing confidences about girls. I told him how I felt about Grandma. I'll be darned if he didn't go and tell it around and she got to hear it. A night or two after that we were at a dance. We had dances in the dining hall. We would shove

all the tables against the walls and shave soap on the floor to make it smooth. I was standing by the door when Grandma came in with Alvin and another girl. He was courting two at the same time. That was a common way in the polygamous days. The music started up. We had good music for our weekly dances. Brother Covington and Lon Cox would trade off with the fiddle. That was all the instruments we had, but we thought it was great.

"Well, as I was saying, I was standing by the door when Alvin and his two girls came in. I heard him say to Grandma, 'Melie, I'll dance the first dance with Lucy.' Grandma turned to me with a sparkle in her black eyes and said, 'And I'll dance the first dance with Charley.' I wasn't so mad at Carmi for telling on me after that. I took her home after the dance and from then on she was my girl." He sighed and closed his eyes again. I knew when I looked at him that he was thinking tenderly over the long years they had together—more than half a century of them, and, no doubt, of the twelve lonely years since she left him.

When he roused himself he said apologetically, "We were talking about the food we had in the Order. Bread and milk was the bulk of it much of the time and sometimes we had to water the milk to make it go around. Occasionally there was only enough for the children, the sick and the old folks. We had a pretty good variety of vegetables in the summer, but hadn't found a way of keeping many of them over the winter. Of course we did put potatoes, and some root vegetables in pits. We had some molasses and a little fruit after a few years. Some of it was wild currants and berries growing in the canyons. The milk was brought every day from the dairy up the canyon in tight, homemade cedar kegs. Yes, and we had some cheese. Grandma's grandmother was a famous cheesemaker and taught others how. Before we were married Grandma would spend part of the summers helping in the dairy. We would usually get to town for the dances. We didn't have much meat, sometimes only enough to season the gravy. But, as I said, we were healthy and happy. We were called to our meals by a bugler or by the ringing of the dining hall bell. We were called together in the same way for evening prayers.

"During the winter school was held for the children. There were some night classes for the older ones and some things besides religion were taught in the church organizations. During the ten years from 1875 to 1885 that the Order was in operation, most of the people were contented and hated to see that way of life discontinued."

"Why was it discontinued?" I asked.

"Well, there were several reasons. I guess one of the minor ones was the discontent of some of the younger members after economic conditions in Southern Utah improved following the completion of the

railroad to Milford in 1880, and the prosperity brought about by the development of the Silver Reef mines only a hundred miles away. People in communities around got so they could dress well and have conveniences we didn't have. Our clothes were made of linsey and jeans made in our woolen factory, dyed with home manufactured dyes and made all one style. Our floppy hats, gray jean suits and home-made shoes and our little one-room shanties brought ridicule from other people. Some, especially some of the younger ones, became envious and discontented.

"I remember one young fellow who wanted a store suit so bad that he collected the lambs tails after they were docked, sheared off the wool and hid it till he was sent with a load of wool up north. Then he sold the wool he had collected and bought a new pair of pants. When he wore them to the first dance after he got back he made a sensation. The girls all rushed around him. One of them grabbed him and gave him a big kiss. His popularity made the rest of us envious. But he had to pay for his pride. He was called before the Board—the Board was the governing body—the Bishop always being the president. When he explained how he got his new pants, the Board praised him for his enterprise, but pointed out that he had committed a wrong in the way he had obtained them. Some good came of the incident, though. The Board decided to let the tailors make the pants in the future after that fashion, and some of the youngsters were caught wearing out their pants' seats on the grindstone so they could hurry up and have some new ones.

"Another cause of breaking up the system was the growing discontent with everybody getting the same wages, no matter how hard they worked, or what kind of work, and having to turn all the credit they had on the books at the end of the year into the Order and start from scratch again. I suppose it's human nature for ambitious people to want to get ahead and have something to show for what they do. In the Order some were ambitious and some shiftless.

"But I believe that one of the main causes for the breakup was the death of President Brigham Young. He believed in it and hoped that we people in Orderville could prove that a system of living where all were equal and shared alike in everything could be successful. We felt that the plan was inspired. But when later authorities told us that they did not think the Lord was particular how we made our clothes, or prepared our food, or whether or not we all ate together, and that anyway President Young organized it just for an experiment, we lost heart and gave up the struggle to keep it as it had been."

"You were married while the Order was still in operation, weren't you?" I asked, hoping to have the story go on.

"Oh, yes. When I was just past twenty and Melia (Amelia Snyder) was sixteen and a half we went with three other couples to

the St. George Temple and were married. It was the custom for two or three couples to go together to save expense—and I suppose as chaperone. It took us two days to go from Orderville to St. George. We had two covered wagons with our camping outfits—food, beds, hay and grain for the horses and so on. It was a fine excursion for all of us. I don't know how it would be with some companies when one or more of the men took two girls to marry at the same time."

"Weren't most of the men in the Order polygamists?" I inquired.

"I guess they were, at that. At least the older and most important, that is, the leaders were."

"How did you escape?" I ventured.

"I nearly didn't," Grandpa admitted. A troubled look crept into his eye. After a little pause he told me about it.

"We had been married—maybe five years—had the two older boys. I had sort of worked up in the Church organizations. I'd been president of the priesthood quorums, an officer in the Sunday School and president of the Young Men's Mutual Association and at that time was a counselor to the Bishop. I was the Bishop's assistant in the Co-op Store, too. Well, one day the Bishop said to me, 'Charley, you ought to take another wife.' It was quite a shock to me. Grandma and I had been perfectly happy. We had a lot of fun fixing up our shanty. We had two rooms with a fireplace in one. Grandma had a knack of making a place home-like with little ruffled curtains at the windows and a pretty quilt she had pieced before we were married, on the bed—the bed tick was filled with clean corn husks and her mother and grandmother had helped her make a piece of rag carpet for the floor. We had some nice clean straw under that. I had fixed up shelves and we had some good raw-hide-bottomed chairs. Everything was all right as it was with us. But the Bishop went on to tell that the authorities advised men who were able to take care of them to take plural wives. He asked how I would feel about taking one of his young sisters.

"I told him that I would think about it. The sister he mentioned was a pretty girl and lively. I had always enjoyed dancing with her and being in her company and I reasoned with myself that if I ought to take another wife she would be a nice one. After that I managed to be around whenever I could and finally I came to feel that it would be all right to marry her.

"One night I was just leaving the bishop's meeting when she came out of the hall after choir practice or something and I walked home with her and held her hand and squeezed it when I said good-night. Her hand felt different from my sister's hand, too.

"That night Grandma and I were sitting on the edge of the bed taking off our shoes when I said, 'Melia, how would it be to have another woman in the family?' and before she could say anything I hurried on to tell her what the Bishop had said and who he had

suggested I marry. She just sat there for a minute as if she was stunned; I'll never forget the look that came into her black eyes. It wasn't an angry or a puzzled look. It was a hurt look—as if I had struck her a terrible blow. Then she started to cry. I thought she would never stop sobbing. And I couldn't comfort her. Then after awhile she stopped crying and quietly began to plan as if it was all settled. She talked about the arrangements we would have to make—what things the other woman would have and so on. I didn't sleep much that night and I'm sure she didn't either, but we didn't talk.

"The next day I had to go on a business trip to another town. All the way I kept thinking of that hurt look in Grandma's eyes and her sobs. When I got back I went straight to the Bishop and told him I couldn't do it. She later married my younger brother and I'm sure we were all happier that way."

I could see that Grandpa was tired and that I must bring our little journey into the past for that day to an end. But I hoped to go with him at other times to his years of merchandising and farming after the Order discontinued. I wanted to hear of his building a nice two-story home as his family increased to four sons and two daughters. I wanted to remind him of his wonderful orchards with its bushels of apples that he gave to everyone for miles around, and of the sacks of flour and potatoes and other things he was known to secretly leave on widows' doorsteps. I wanted especially to ask him for some stories he could tell of experiences during the years he was a probate officer and became known throughout Southern Utah as a sort of "father confessor" who could get closer to young people in trouble more often than their own parents. I would like to absorb some of his philosophy which has enabled him to meet the loss of a teenage son, a beautiful daughter just merging into womanhood and a doctor son just beginning his career, with courage and fortitude. I would like to have him describe the early dreams he had for his children and what he did to inspire and steer three sons to eminence—the medical doctor who had achieved success in a few short years of practice, a Ph.D. professor now serving humanity as a technical advisor in Iran, and an internationally known electrical engineer directing the famous Ryan laboratory at Stanford University.

I am sure that when I come to ask him these aspects of his life Grandpa will disclaim any credit himself. His unassuming manner is as outstanding a characteristic as his amazing independence and he will go on being useful to the very end of his allotted time.—

Elsie C. Carroll

HIS CHRISTMAS GIFT.

It was during the very early days of the settlement of Blanding, Utah and the little community was dependent for their water supply on the stream that came down the ditch from the nearby moun-

tain. On the 23rd and 24th of December the water failed to appear and we were under the necessity of hunting small patches of snow, or of carrying water from West Water Springs down in the canyon half a mile away.

The comfort and progress of the town was first in the mind of Walter C. Lyman from the time he was shown the place in a wonderful dream, eight years before. He was eager and watchful for the well-being of the town. On the morning of the 24th of December, Walter took his shovel and started off up the ditch to see what had become of the little stream of water upon which we were depending. He took no lunch with him, having no notion of how far he might go or how long he would be gone, but the farther he went the more interesting the hunt became. He knew there was water up there somewhere if it had not all frozen solid and he figured that he might find it in the next rod ahead.

He walked on and on. He had brought no extra coat, having left on the spur of the moment, and when it began to snow he still would not turn back when at every step forward he might find the illusive water. So he went on mile after mile, and late in the day, soaked and hungry, but warmed with hope at the thought of getting the water down to the needy little community, he found where an ice-jam clogged the ditch and turned the stream off into the brush.

He shoveled away all the stoppage of ice, cleaned out the ditch below and got the water headed again for the town. Coming down the ditch he scanned every foot of it for any other places where the stream might be hindered, or stopped again, and paused to remove obstructions here and there, leaving the channel clear and open all the way. It was after dark Christmas eve when he got home, wet and weary, but exulting in the fact of his having found and removed the trouble; yet he was fearful that in all that long distance the stream might choke up again with floating ice, or the ice which might form in it as it came slowly along.

As he lay thinking about it after having gone to bed, he resolved to go back the next morning if the water had not reached the town. The ditch ran near his home, so near he could almost venture out in his night-clothes to see if the water was in it. He was awake very early, ready to go, when he heard the welcome trickle of the water in the ditch. The town heard it, too, when they awakened, prepared to go with their buckets to West Water. It was Christmas and Uncle Walter had made his appropriate gift to everybody in the little isolated community.—*Albert R. Lyman.*

THREE TREKS WEST

Elizabeth Lucretia Smith was born September 23, 1843 in Doway Hancock County, Illinois, a small community not far from Nauvoo.

She was the daughter of Jackson Osborne Smith and Mary Marie Owens, the fourth child in a family of thirteen children, four sons and nine daughters. Her parents were sealed in the Nauvoo Temple when they had five children.

Grandmother crossed the plains three times, the first when she was a child of nine years. She came to Utah to live with her Grandmother Owens in 1852, leaving the other members of the family in Illinois. Her grandmother lived in Provo Valley but before another year had passed Mrs. Owens died leaving Elizabeth alone with no relatives, but among friends. As soon as a way could be arranged for her, she left Utah to return to her loved ones, who were now living at Winter Quarters. Once again she started back on the long trek with her parents. The family arrived in Utah in 1854 or 1855 and settled near Heber City.

In due time she met James Adams and was married to him November 29, 1857. She was his third wife. He was then 45 years of age and she just past fourteen. Their first home in Utah was a log cabin in Provo.

James was born and reared in New Brunswick, Canada so he was familiar with logging and mill work. He ran a sawmill in Cottonwood Canyon for Brigham Young for seven years. But at the time of the gold rush in California he, along with others, decided to go and get rich in a hurry. Not heeding the advice of Brigham Young when he said, "If you Elders of Israel want to go to the gold fields of California, go and damned, for I say to you, stay with your jobs and farms that you now have, for if you go, you will come back poorer than when you left. You won't even have the shirt on your back." Grandfather went leaving Grandmother with two little children to feed and care for. The third child was born while he was away. He was gone three years and Elizabeth did not know whether he was dead or alive as she had never heard from him in that length of time. When he returned the words that Brigham Young had said were indeed true. He was poorer than when he left. His clothes were in rags and he had one nickel in his pocket, and no job in sight. Two of his wives had married again, but Grandmother was there to welcome him home.

Elizabeth's third trek across the plains was made with James when he was sent to help bring immigrants to Utah. She remained in Nebraska from 1865 to 1868 where two of her children were born. She, with her husband and five children, returned once again to Utah in the fall of 1868. Her baby was then six months old.

When Brigham Young sent a group of Saints to settle Millard County the family went to Scipio. They later moved to Mills, Juab County, then known as Sucker Town, because of the prevalence of mosquitoes. Soon after they returned to Scipio where they made a permanent home. Two more children were born here. One little

daughter, Sarah Eliza, then eight years of age contracted polio which left her crippled.

Elizabeth's first and only home in Scipio was a one-room log cabin with a small back room or lean-to with a dirt roof. It was located in the north part of the town on Main Street. Here her husband passed away at the age of eighty years leaving her with the care of their two youngest children. Grandmother was a practical nurse and midwife. She often had to walk great distances and usually received two dollars and fifty cents for the care of mother and child for ten days or sometimes longer if necessary. Ofttimes the pay was in produce or wood. She made canker medicines, cough medicines and salves always using tree barks, herbs or the sticky gum of the pine trees. She was a devoted member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints living every day of her life so that she would gain favor in the sight of her Heavenly Father. She was a widow for thirty-seven years. On the 16th of February, 1914 she passed away and was buried in the Scipio cemetery by the side of her husband.—*Lora R. Peterson.*

THEIR FIRST HYMN BOOKS

Preface to First Song Book

SACRED HYMNS

for the

CHURCH

of the

LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Selection by Emma Smith

Kirtland, Ohio

Printed by F. G. Williams & Co.

1835

Copyright Secured

PREFACE

In order to sing by the Spirit, and with the understanding it is necessary that the church of Latter-day Saints should have a collection of "Sacred Hymns" adapted to their faith and belief in the gospel, and, as far as can be, holding forth the promises made to the fathers who died in the precious faith of a glorious resurrection, and a thousand years' reign on earth, with the Son of Man in his glory, notwithstanding the church, as it were, is still in its infancy, yet, as the songs of the righteous is a prayer unto God, it is sincerely hoped that the following collection selected with an eye single to His glory, may answer every purpose till more are composed, or till we are blessed with a copious variety of the songs of Zion.



First L.D.S. Hymn Books—Daughters of Utah Pioneer's Collection.

SECOND SONG BOOK

L.D.S. HYMNS

Preface

TO THE FIRST ENGLISH EDITION

The Saints in this country have been very desirous of a Hymn Book adapted to their faith and worship, that they might sing the truth with an understanding heart, and express their praise, joy and gratitude in songs adapted to the New and Everlasting Covenant.

In accordance with their wishes, we have selected the following Volume, which we hope will prove acceptable until a greater variety can be added.

With sentiments of high consideration and esteem, we subscribe ourselves your brethren in the New and Everlasting Covenant.
Manchester 1840

Brigham Young
Parley P. Pratt
John Taylor

The Latter-day Saints have ever been a singing people. Some of our greatest sermons and messages have come through the avenue of song. The Lord, Himself, acclaimed the power of music, when in July, 1830, only three months after the Church was organized, He gave a revelation through the Prophet Joseph Smith, directed to Emma Smith, part of which reads as follows:

"And it shall be given thee, also, to make a selection of sacred hymns, as it shall be given thee, which is pleasing unto me, to be had in my Church. For my soul delighteth in the song of the heart; yea, the song of the righteous is a prayer unto me, and it shall be answered with a blessing upon their heads. . . . Verily, verily, I say unto you that this is my voice unto all."

Emma Smith selected the hymns, and two volumes were published—the first in 1835 with ninety selections, the second in 1841 with three hundred forty selections. These hymns were for the most part those already in use; nevertheless, there were a number of talented hymnologists in the Church at that time, notably W. W. Phelps and Parley P. Pratt, and Emma Smith's compilations contained many of their contributions. These early hymns expounded the truths of the newly revealed Gospel and gave the songs of the Church their distinctive characteristics. A revised hymn book in general use for many years was published by Brigham Young in 1840. Twenty-five editions of this little volume were published.

Prior to the arrival in Salt Lake Valley most of our songs were put to old tunes already used by the people and whose composers were not known; and even afterwards war tunes and love ditties were commandeered to fit the inspirational hymns.

No exclusive inspiration or honor is claimed by the Latter-day Saints for music and song; we are indebted to Isaac Watts, Charles and John Wesley, Dwight L. Moody, Henry F. Lyte, James Montgomery, Bishop Ken, Handel, Haydn, Mendelssohn, and others, for many hymns and songs that are in harmony with our faith.

Many of our favorite hymns were written under trying and sometimes tragic circumstances. They have cheered the Saints in time of trouble, buoyed them up in their faith, and helped them to "stand firm under the pressure of life."

THE EMMETT'S AT LEE'S FERRY

Lee's Ferry was owned and set up by the Mormon Church in order to protect and help the emigrants, missionaries and early travelers who were compelled to cross the treacherous Colorado River. This spot was used prior to Mormon settlement. The first missionaries to the Indians crossed here a few times in the 1850's, but rafting was always dangerous. John D. Lee was instrumental in building the ferry and

it was named for him. Within a few years he crossed to the south side and started a place further west, turning the ferry property to the Warren Johnson family. The Johnson's occupied the property when James Simpson Emmett, his wife, Emma Jane Lay, three sons and six daughters came from Kanab with three wagon loads of goods, cattle and horses and took possession. James believed it was possible to stretch a cable across the river and make a safer crossing and thus make a living by charging a toll fee.

His third daughter, Julia, an impressionable, observing child then ten years gives this sketch in her own words. She was born November 20, 1886 at Kanab, Utah. It was written for her by Rhoda Wood.

"Our cattle were not as well bred as what we see today, but compared to the small scrawny cattle we saw when we arrived, our own were fine. My father was a true pioneer. What he needed and could not make or mend or rebuild and make do, did not amount to anything. He had the health and strength necessary for this work. Mother was his thrifty, practical companion. The ranch acres, built up from the shallow overflow waters of the river, also the Paria Creek, lay in the angle formed by the confluence of the two streams on the west side of the Paria, which here runs south. The land is rich and wonderful. We could and did raise everything, alfalfa, corn, nuts, fruit, berries, sweet potatoes, vineyards, pastures and gardens. At the height of development, five cuttings from 40 acres of dense alfalfa, kept us haying all summer long. We had everything the heart could desire except good roads and easy transportation. Water had to come from the Paria. If the dam went out we had to haul from the river for ranch use.

In August, 1926, American Magazine, Zane Grey, who lived with us while he wrote three of his novels, describes how father built a mile and a half of the irrigation canal around the top of the field, most of the way through solid rock. The river water was as soft as rain water but hard to settle so we would pour skimmed milk into the barrel of culinary water and that helped to clear it.

Father's first operation was to get the cable in operation. He used heavy timbers for a boat on which a team and wagon could be hauled. An apron or ramp of plank led into it. The boat was held to the cable and run along it by pulleys somewhat like a trolley line. There were small boats that could be used with oars. Prior to our coming there the ferry had been operated as boats and rafts maneuvered with oars. There had been numerous accidents and drownings. Even with the cable there was danger. There were guy ropes and an experienced person could, by watching the current, keep from up-setting—the inexperienced one should stay away.

I have seen great logs sucked into a whirlpool. One evening the Indian who brought the mail from Flagstaff hailed us from the other

side to come and get the mail. Our roustabout Indian wanted to take the boat and go. Mother said, "no, he could wait until father or one of the boys came home," but the other kept calling. Our Indian had never taken the boat alone but said he was sure he could do it, so mother told him he could try. The boat lay a mile up the river out of sight of the house. A horse was kept close by so any of us could ride to it within a few minutes. The Indian tried first to take the small boat but could not handle it; so he brought it back and took the large one. Instead of guiding it cornerwise to the current, he held it broadside. It filled and swung downstream. The other man watched it go down, snapping the $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 inch cable as if it were a string. The man in the boat sat head between his knees until the water covered him.

When the men had to take a trip out for supplies or with cattle to the railroad station at Milford, we girls and mother would sometimes be alone there for weeks at a time. The farm work went on just the same. Any of us girls could handle the teams and there were more of us to do it. Only the men handled the boats.

One spring day when the water was excessively high we looked out at the hills on the other side and the river seemed as if it were a great lake. We continued with our work but toward nightfall the water had risen up to the blacksmith shop a few hundred yards from the house. Quietly mother said, "Well, girls, its time to move—gather and pack into bundles clothes and food that each one thinks she can carry. I'll roll up some blankets—hurry now." We each grabbed a sheet or shawl and filled it with such things as we thought best and stood on the porch waiting for her. A roar like nothing else on the earth, it seemed to me, shook and rocked those hills like a great earthquake, the water began to recede and as mother stood in the door her fervent, "Thank God, my prayers have been answered" made us realize how concerned she had really been. The excessive amount of timber in the water had jammed where the river bed boxes up. When the weight behind that jam forced it to give, it must have filled the Grand Canyon.

The river often backed up into the Paria's mouth, to create a wide shallow lake, which, as it settled, became blue as the hot desert skies. I was not afraid to use oars and a small boat but never dared to go on the river. My older sister went one day thinking to stay close in just to get the feel of the water. She did. She lost an oar. By using her one oar, first on one side, then on the other, she reached a sandbar. This bar made a zone of protection between the swift water and what we called the second channel. This channel was not in anyway to be considered a plaything, though at times it became dry, then the wagons could go over and haul off the choice timber and fitewood. That was the last time she went on the river alone.

There was always good fishing and hunting on the Blue Lake. One day father took his gun and rods in a new light canvas boat to try it out to see what he could bring in as meat. He knew that he must avoid the place near the middle where the river water running in and out of the lake created an undertow that was like a suction and very dangerous. He must have been preoccupied or especially interested. In almost less time than telling, he was without gun or boat, cast up onto the sandbar. He was not a good swimmer and having to cross the second channel knew he would be better able to do so without shoes or clothing. When later he came walking up through the alfalfa field dressed in a long beard and an old gunny sack, he was indeed a creature to make us laugh—this in spite of the loss of all except his life—for which we were very thankful.

One day when the water was extremely muddy, my brother came through the field shouting for us to hurry and get the fish. We threw a harness on a team and put it to the light wagon. All sizes of fish were leaping out of the water for air. We backed the wagon into a shallow place and raked and forked the box full. We salted some but having no way of keeping them had to feed most of them to the pigs.

One time father was ready to start to Flagstaff when a herd of sheep were brought up to be ferried over. Thinking to hurry the job father straddled the bell-wearer, in this case a big billy goat, walked it into the front end to tie it there so the other sheep would follow. The goat objected. In the tussle that followed the goat put his horn into father's pockets, expertly ripped it open and then as he butted him into the water the purse fell free and was lost. It contained upwards of a hundred dollars. A small boat succeeded in saving father, but the money for the trip was lost. Father was a powerful man and always took the hard, heavy end of the workload, regardless of what needed to be done.

We buried one brother while we lived at the ferry. Mother and we girls were alone. We had to make the coffin, dig the grave and perform every task of his last illness and death. We carried on to the best of our knowledge. After thirteen year's experience there, mother rode out without a backward look, saying, "I'm glad to leave it."

MAN OF COURAGE

What has happened to Peter Shirts? (Shurtz). That question puzzled Peter's friends in southern Utah during the winter of 1865-66. For that doughty frontiersman and his wife, with their two daughters and a son, had been pioneering the lonely valley of the Pahreah river, eastward across the mountains from Kanab. People expected him to move into the settlement on the approach of winter. But he

did not come. Then unusually deep snows fell.

"We have a hard winter, the canyons are filled with snow . . . The Indians are quite hungry; they can scarcely get in the mountains to get food . . ." reported Ira Hatch of Eagle Valley. When hunger and other reasons caused the Piutes and Piedes to make a series of raids on the smaller settlements, Shirt's friends grew more concerned. Further more, it was reported that Black Hawk, himself, had moved southward with his band and was encamped in the region of the Pahreah. It appeared, as Brigham Young suggested, that "the pitcher had gone to the well" once too often.

Shirts was a veritable Daniel Boone who loved the toil and adventure of pioneering wild new valleys deep in the mountains. He was utterly fearless, vigilant as a hawk and he had a way with the Indians. They called him "Two Fingers," because he had lost two fingers from his right hand in a boyhood accident, and they admired him for his courage. But apparently this time Peter Shirts had pioneered his last valley. This seemed a certainty when an express galloped into St. George on January 11, 1866 with the news that Indians had raided Dr. James Whitmore's ranch at Pipe Springs and driven off a herd of sheep. Dr. Whitmore and an employee, Robert McIntyre, had disappeared.

Forty-four hastily recruited men rode from St. George and Washington. As guides they had two Indian prisoners who had been implicated in the raids. They found that Whitmore and McIntyre had been killed about four miles southeast of Pipe Springs, and a heavy snow had covered their bodies. By accident, James G. Bleak of St. George reported, a horse's foot uncovered Dr. Whitmore's elbow. "Is it the man with the long beard?" asked one of the guides. When answered affirmatively, he led the way to the exact spot where McIntyre lay.

The other guide led a detachment to an Indian camp hidden in a gully. The whites surprised the party of six bucks, three squaws and two children there. The white men searched the camp. One buck refused to move from his seat. Charles Lyte used force on him. The Indian drew an arrow. Captain James Andrus shot him and found he had been sitting on some of Dr. Whitmore's clothing to conceal it. The whites took the Indians' weapons. One brave tried to wrest a gun from them and was also shot. The remaining bucks were marched off. The squaws begged to remain long enough to bury their dead tribesmen. This they were permitted to do.

Marching their captives toward Pipe Springs, the whites passed the scene of the killings at the time the bodies were being lifted into a wagon. Each of the murdered men had been shot with a gun. Whitmore also had eight arrow wounds—McIntyre sixteen. "The boys lost their patience," wrote Bleak; "they turned the four Indian prisoners and the guide loose and then shot them."

This occurred on January 20. On the 23rd a detachment went to see what had happened to Peter Shirts. "The fate of Peter Shirts is still unknown," tells the Journal History in the Church Historian's office for February 6.

The brethren made an attempt to cross over from Pine Springs to Pahreah but found it utterly impracticable in consequence of the deep snow. All the boys returned to the settlements with the exception of a small detachment left to assist the Kanab people in fortifying.

Gen. Daniel H. Wells aided the military activity in the south. He appointed George A. Smith as brigadier-general of the cavalry to organize the forces of Iron Military District which was to include Iron, Kane, Washington, Piute and Beaver counties. Gen. Smith journeyed southward to direct the organization. Erastus Snow was elected brigadier-general at Grafton on Feb. 18. The next day word reached Toquerville that Peter Shirts and his family were alive but "terribly lonesome."

Gen. Snow sent Capt. Andrus and thirty men to bring him in. They reached him late in February and found him alive and well, but worn out by a virtual siege of several months. When he arrived at Toquerville on March 10th, he told this story:

In the fall, when he was preparing to move away, Piutes and others stole all his stock but one cow. Then he couldn't move. He turned his thick-walled stone house into a fort. He walled up all the windows but one commanding his corn crib and cowpen. He left only one door, near which he put his dog kennel. Each night he heavily barricaded the remaining openings. He had a double-barrelled shotgun with plenty of large buckshot. Also he kept his pitchfork, pick, grubbing hoe and other tools constantly ready for use, and he drilled his family on how to employ them in case of attack.

Indians made several attempts to decoy him out. They skulked in the vicinity almost constantly, but he refused to be misled. He did, however, feed 21 Piedes who lived in the valley. Thus he distributed about 50 bushels of corn, 10 bushels of carrots, 3 bushels of potatoes and he traded them for 3 bushels of wheat. He sometimes let these Indians do his chores. In comparative safety, he could oftentimes get his work done. In such ways he brought his family safely through, although the Indians watched all winter to kill him.

With what audacious skill he could manage Indians was illustrated on another occasion. Then also hungry Indians had eaten his stock. But when spring came and would-be rescuers rode into his valley, they saw this amazing sight: Peter Shirts tilling his fields with a group of Indians pulling the plow to make up for the oxen they had eaten.—*Deseret News Aug. 25, 1934.*

ANNA MENNORROW HAMILTON



Anna Mennorrow Hamilton

Anna Mennorrow was born October 15, 1866, the daughter of Lamanite parents, Paw-wow-a-woots (Mennorrow) and Wear-ament, or Jennie, of the Piute tribe. When she was one and a half years of age she was given to John and Mary Hamilton at Hamilton Fort, Iron County, Utah having been born in that vicinity, in exchange for a horse. Food was scarce among the Indians and one mouth less to feed meant more food for the other children. In the Hamilton family she had many foster brothers and sisters and was treated kindly by these good people. During her childhood days she assisted in milking and herding the cows, making butter and cheese and other chores along with the Hamilton children. Her Indian mother came often to visit

her bringing gifts of pine nuts and was usually accompanied by one or two little sisters so that she did not lose contact with her own family for many years. Her mother was eighty years old and blind when she saw her for the last time. She does not know exactly when she died or where she was buried.

In 1874, when Anna was eight years of age, she was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. As Anna grew older she wanted to attend school and the desire became so strong that she determined to go where she could earn enough money to obtain an education as there were no schools where the Hamilton's resided and she could seldom attend meeting or Sunday School.

One day when she was in her teens she decided to go to Cedar City; so unmindful of her obligation of herding the cows, she started down into the valley. Many miles and many hours later Anna arrived at the home of her foster brother and his wife where she was kindly received. She lived in the home of Peter Fife for awhile, then with the family of Uriah T. Jones making her livelihood by doing housework.

In the meantime the foster parents, John and Mary Hamilton had moved to Heber City to make their home. Mrs. Hamilton became very ill and sent for Anna who complied with her request and stayed

to care for her until she passed away. After the death of her foster mother, Anna returned to Salt Lake City where she lived in the home of Sadie Green McNeal while she attended a private school conducted by Mildred Randall. After a short time she went to work for Lulu Green Richards until she had completed her school term. Soon after Anna became interested in a Home Economics course being taught by Grace Cannon in the old Constitution Building. The course cost \$20.00 and when it was completed Anna was given a letter of high recommendation which helped her to get positions in some of the best homes in Salt Lake City including the A. W. McCune's and H. G. McMill residences.

Deciding that she would like to see more of the world Anna left Salt Lake City for San Francisco, California where she secured employment in the home of an army captain for two years, then went with the family to Seattle, Washington when he was transferred. After the children out-grew Anna she worked in the home of Mr. Pantages, of show fame, and later in a home for aged women. While living in a boarding house it caught fire one night and she was injured. Her worldly possessions were also destroyed. Upon leaving the hospital she was given necessary clothing by a kindly doctor.

Returning to Salt Lake City she was employed for a number of years in the home of John C. Howard; then she worked at St. Marks Hospital as a pastry cook and later as head cook. From St. Marks she went to the Salt Lake County Hospital and from there to the Bingham Hospital where she was employed as head cook for four years.

Anna was a member of the Fourteenth Ward, Salt Lake Stake of Zion. She was selected Relief Society teacher and set apart for that office on the 28th day of January, 1942 by Elder George D. Eyre. She gathered the genealogy of her parents and family as far as she was able and had baptisms and other Temple ordinances performed for them. She has served as Daughters of Utah Pioneers librarian for Camp 14. She now lives at the home of a foster niece and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Hatch in Kennewick, Washington where she writes she is kindly treated and that she is making new friends but not forgetting the old. She is a kindly, humble person striving in every way to be a faithful Latter-day Saint. Hers has been a life of service to others and a credit to her Lamanite heritage.
—Alice Christensen

LETTERS OF LONG AGO

My Grandfather, Jonathan Davis, fell in love with my Grandmother, Alta Hancock Davis, he told us children, when he found her sitting on an old quilt singing at the top of her voice while she was picking duck feathers, which she later sold to earn a little money.

Years after their marriage she wrote the following letter to her grandchildren:

My Dear Grandchildren:

I must tell you what has happened in the last while. I killed my pet cat Maretta. She got into the fresh-churned butter, I picked up a monkey-wrench and tost it to frighten her away but Maretta just slumped down dead. I did everything I could to revive her, but little Maretta died. I am heart broken. I loved her so and just yesterday Tom, the white pigon died himself. I had just died Laura's dress a bright red in a brass kettle over a bonfire in the back yard, when Tom flue right into it and he is now a bright red.

With love—Grandma

Brigham City, Dec. 30, '84

Dear Grandma: (Phoebe W. Woodruff).

We wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. I am going to Mr. Peter's school. I like him jest splendid. Leslie sent me a nice little bead pearse—it came from Niagara Falls.

I had two teath pulled yesterday so I could not go to school, he pulled them both at once. Dora Snow married Joseph Dudley, they had their wedding dinner at Minnie Snows. We are having very cold weather. We have a mile to walk to school by the time we get there we are jest about froze. I did get my feet frosted once. Christmas I went to a children's dance and Santa Claus came out and gave us all a handfull of candy. Aunt Eliza is hear yet, she thinks some of living hear always. We would be happy to hear from you.

From your affectionate granddaughter,

Flossie Snow

The following is a transcript of a letter written by President Joseph F. Smith to John Eastham and children at the time of the death of Jane Eastham, who had mothered the young missionary while he was laboring in England, prior to 1865.

My dear Friends:

I see, by a brief notice in the Deseret News of last evening, that our beloved and cherished mother in Israel, Jane Eastham, died on the 22nd instant. I feel that I cannot suffer myself to be silent on receiving this sad news, and although perhaps, silence on my part would best become the sorrow I feel for the earthly loss we have all sustained by the departure of one so good, and true, and faithful, in all respects, as Mother Eastham.

Her unwavering kindness to me and all my fellow-travelers in a distant land, her generous hospitality to the

servants of God; her motherly care and genuine solicitude and sympathy for the youthful elders, who ever found a Mother's welcome under her blessed roof; together with all her many noble virtues, as a woman and a saint, have endeared her, most affectionately and sincerely, to everyone who knew her.

From the depths of my soul, I can utter the words of the "News", "God bless Mother Eastham," and I bless her memory beyond all price. She *was*, and *is*, worthy of all confidences and affection. She was always an ideal of perfect womanhood in my mind—true, pure, gentle, prudent—a faithful and consistent Saint of God. What greater honor could anyone desire than that.

All her virtues were God-given, and therefore, her own. Nothing we could say would add to or diminish aught from her sterling worth. She was God's own daughter, and He loved her far more than we know how. And while we mourn her absence from us, no more to return to mortality, the great Father of us all, and myriads of Saints behind the veil are welcoming her gracious Spirit back to them. Her toil, her sorrows, her pains and sufferings are past. And, now, in the paradise of the good and pure, she happily awaits the resurrection of her precious body from the dust, to dwell in glory, immortality and eternal life.

While I drop with you the tear of sympathy and sorrow, I rejoice, with you, in the knowledge of the truth, and thank God that we shall meet again if we are faithful, with our beloved ones who have gone before us to God, from whence we came.

Cheer up, my friends, we do not mourn as do those who have not this blessed hope. I know that Mother Eastham has "fought the good fight" and "kept the faith", and that, henceforth, there is laid up for her, a crown of everlasting life.

God bless her noble examples, to the good of her children, and children's children, to the latest generation!

Brother Eastham, you have my sympathy and my friendship. I beseech of you to continue forever, true and faithful to your covenants with God and your companion.

Give my love to all the children. I know what it is to lose a mother, and they also have my heartfelt sympathy. I sincerely hope it may be as well with all of us, as with our mothers.

God bless and comfort you all, is the earnest prayer of your brother.

(Signed) JOSEPH F. SMITH

The following paragraphs were taken from a letter written by Elmeda Harmon, wife of Appleton Harmon, about the period of the Move South. They were living at Spanish Fork, U. T.

"June 23, 1858.

"Cousin Levi Harmon let us camp on his lot. Appleton made our tent as comfortable as possible with our stove and furniture. Father and Mother Stringham and Shorty and Dad and Ma Harmon were nearby living in wagons and tents. I had just finished braiding straw hats for the three little boys, Bryant, Willis and Appy. It was hard to get enough straw to make them. A few days later they made boats of their hats and sailed them down the creek. It was such fun seeing them go under the bridge and out again. Levi and Eunice and all the people in the town have been so kind to us.

"June 24, 1858, I was very tired but happy that day, for about 10 a.m. a sweet little brown-eyed boy came to us. He weighed 10½ pounds and was the prettiest baby I ever had. A cold canyon wind blew until noon, the baby cried and I cried with the cold. Ma Harmon was the midwife and Annie Quamby did my work. Appleton had gone back home (Salt Lake City) to look after things and came back when the baby was a week old. He brought some black native currants. My how good they did taste! Aunt Haddy, my brother Bryant's second wife, sent me a little half-worn yellow flannel petticoat for the baby. I was never so thankful to get anything in my life, for all the clothes I had for him was two little calico dresses. We were all pleased when Eunice gave us a rare treat. She gathered all the pie-plant she had, all there was in town, and made three pies. So we each had a piece of pie in honor of the baby. Father Stringham went down to the creek and caught enough fish to last a week. He blistered his back in the hot sun and had blisters to last a week also. Fried fish and salt-rising bread tasted very good to a sick woman.

"We named our baby Hosea Frank Harmon, Hosea for his Uncle Hosea Barns and Frank for Frank Leslie's magazine. When baby was three months old we returned to Salt Lake City."

Long years have passed, full of joys and sorrows, pleasures and pain, but my dear little baby has always been a comfort and blessing to me through his babyhood, childhood, and manhood.

"THE BOUGHTEN"

Measured by the wonders they performed and the outstanding courage they manifested we are likely to think of our revered pioneer ancestors as fashioned of some superior material which made it

possible for them to endure as they endured and achieve more than we can ever comprehend.

Consider Brother Thomas Quirk. He was born on the beautiful Isle of Man in 1806, where he lived through a normal, lively boyhood, expecting to spend there all of his days working in the local steel mills, raising a family as the other inhabitants were doing, paying his way through this mortal existence and, in the end, receiving a decent burial.

But in the early 1850's he found himself with his young wife, Mary Ann Cowley Quirk, and two daughters preparing to cross the great Western Desert, a performance filled with doubts, fears, dangers and anxieties beyond his most imaginative apprehension. This gentle soul was troubled. How could it be otherwise when stories of the journey as made previously were in the air and on every tongue? The great cholera epidemic was at its worst and the horror of it shocked his fine sensitive English being.

The most repellent thought to him was that of the essentially crude roadside burials of which he was told. Of course, he or his own might not die on the way—many lived to gather to Zion—but, alas!—some were less fortunate. His impressive emotions strained until he could not endure the contemplation. However, any thought of giving up the trek did not enter his mind. At last he found a way of pacifying his anxieties. He would purchase a proper burial coffin and take it along with him. Always burials on the plains were in rough-hewn containers, if any. His would at least be a bought-one or "boughten" as he called it. Nor would it be a burden to carry as, carefully wrapped to preserve it from defacements and injuries, it could be useful as a container for carrying delicate goods safely.

So it was; and peace of mind settled in the midst of the little family.

In 1852, Brother Quirk, his good wife, his two children, and the "boughten" arrived safely in Zion. After a few years in Salt Lake City, Grantsville was selected as a permanent family home, where he resided at a location named after him "Quirk Street."

The only proper place for storing the precious, shiny black "boughten" was under a bed where it, carefully wrapped in a protecting quilt, remained quietly awaiting the inevitable. This came at last when the good people of Grantsville were permitted to actually behold the highly esteemed possession which had the distinction, in 1888, of being the very first "boughten" placed in the Grantsville Cemetery, a honor for which it had waited patiently for thirty six pioneer years.—*Annie Kimball*

JOURNEY FOR A BUCKET OF PICKLED BEANS

My grandmother, Emily B. Spencer, wife of George Spencer, was born June 14, 1834 in Buffalo, New York. She crossed the plains with her husband a short time after they were married and arrived in Salt Lake City in the year 1851. Their first home was in Nephi where both she and her husband taught school. Later they lived in Moroni, then Ephraim and Manti, but finally settled in St. George, Utah where they built a little home.

After her husband died, Emily lived in Cannonville, Utah near two of her married children. At one time she paid a visit to her son Flavel (later called Frank) in a small town in Colorado near Sanford. To know that Emily was a very small woman might be of interest to the reader of the following incident, which was taken verbatim from her writings.

"I scoured the wooden pail and started to Emma Eccles to get the pickled beans that she owed me for a book (Emily Spencer had published a book of poetry). I thought she lived directly west and made a bee line west through the brush. Came to an extra good wire fence, followed the fence south and seeing no better place, turned up my dress and crawled through, catching my red petticoat on the barbs. Saw what I supposed was a house and shed a good way off and went along by the partition fence toward them. When I reached them found it was a shed and hog stable and yard and I knew I was in Bro. Beers hog ranch. I did not see any hogs so concluded he had sold his 300 except a few he might have somewhere else. I saw a patch of ground plowed, so I walked until I came to the western fence, crawled through the gate, that I couldn't open, and was in the road that led to Sanford. I could see no house west, so started north as I thought I saw a house. After a long time I reached it after passing the hog ranch that seemed interminable, counting 37 pigs in a bunch. Afterwards I heard he had 200 there. He owns a large field of barley and when it is ripe turns in his hogs and they help themselves and fatten for the Denver market.

"I came to the house and rolled under the fence and found it a horse stable without a roof. I turned east and coming to a wire fence rolled under it and was out in a road going north. Passed a yoke of oxen lying down. One had such ugly horns, lopped a way down. Looked back and saw a man coming with a coat over his arm, stopped until he came up with me and I could inquire where Emma Eccles lived. He told me where Sister Eccles lived and to come along with him and he would put me on the right road. We walked on until we came to a road that led west where we parted, I taking the west road and he the north to his ranch house. He told me a better road to go home. I went a mile it seemed to me, and rolled under another wire fence, and taking a north west course at last came to the low adobe house and was warmly welcomed. Sister Eccles cooked me some eggs

and gave me bread, butter, eggs and milk and citron preserves for dinner. Then we had a good visit looking at the 72 little chickens and her numerous thrifty house plants and at three started home with seven new kinds of house plants, some cypress and petunia seeds, a roll of newspapers and the pail of pickled beans.

"It seemed very heavy and the sun exceedingly hot while the wind blew cool. I took the road as indicated and walked pretty well only stopping to change the pail from one hand to the other. Came past the ranch where some one had a tent and felt if I went further it would take me away east of my son's house which is so low I could not see it, so rolled under the fence and came on down until I saw stock or horses and not caring to go by them rolled under the dividing fence and saw the stock was the same ugly yoke of oxen I had seen before in the road. Came to a gap and found myself by the hog ranch again. Came southeast and passed a dead critter and thinking it was Heiner's cow turned east to the fence, but could not find the house. Crossing so many dry ditches bewildered me and I was lost. I turned north but saw no sign of habitation. The pole fence was new to me but I concluded to go south to the end of the fence and then see if I could find my way by any landmark or find where I had pulled up brush (Emily pulled up rabbit brush for fuel when wood was scarce) and then my way would be clear. The fence stretched ahead of me. I lost my bundle of papers, set down the pail of pickled beans but started back after them as I thought I might lose them too, I turned back and picked them up and came on hardly knowing where the papers were lost. The fence merged into a wire one and then I saw the house and my heart was glad for the sun was nearly down and the prospect of wandering around in the rabbit brush at night among the coyotes was not cheerful. I soon reached home and Letitia, my daughter-in-law was so glad, she was afraid that I was lost."—*Ellice Woodruff Smith.*

CALLED TO OAK CITY

Elizabeth Jane Cowley, my grandmother, was born on the Isle of Man December 2, 1829, the third child in a family of seven. Her father was Matthias Cowley and her mother Anne Quayle. When she was eleven years of age two Mormon missionaries, John Taylor then one of the Twelve Apostles, and Elder Clark came to the Isle of Man and preached the Gospel. The Cowleys heard them and were convinced that the principles they taught were true. In November, 1840 they were baptized and immediately made plans to come to Zion. They sold their farm for enough to pay passage and set sail April 2, 1841 on the ship *Rochester*.

The Cowley family was living in Nauvoo when the people were forced to flee that city. A cannon ball tore out one wall of the Cowley home during these persecutions of the Saints and they fled to a corn

field for protection. The family then moved to St. Louis, Missouri and it was here that Elizabeth Jane met John William Dutson, a member of the Nauvoo Legion. They were married August 10, 1850 by Elder William Dunville.

John William Dutson was born in Hereford, England September 28, 1828, the son of John Dutson and Ann Green. He was baptized September 24, 1840 by Philip Green. After the father was lost at sea the mother with her two children, her parents, and brothers and sister, emigrated to America on the ship *Medford*. The family arrived in Nauvoo in the summer of 1843 where John worked in a brickyard and assisted the family in building a brick home. John wanted very much to leave with the first company of pioneers, but his Grandmother Green, who was not able to make the trip, asked him to stay and care for her and her daughter and he decided to do so.

After the exodus from Nauvoo they, too, went to St. Louis, Missouri to make their home. Here his grandmother and aunt died. During this time he took an active part in Church work. He was also an accomplished violinist and singer.

John William Dutson and his wife, Elizabeth Jane, had four children born to them in St. Louis. The two eldest, sons, died in infancy; then a daughter Rebecca Deseret, was born. After the birth of their second daughter, Florence Virginia, they began preparations to cross the plains. An independent company organized by John Taylor with J. H. Hart as captain was preparing to leave St. Louis so they cast their lot with them. John was appointed captain of the second ten wagons. They left Florence, Nebraska for Great Salt Lake City June 30, 1857. Elizabeth Jane walked and carried the baby Florence Virginia and a young girl who came with them took charge of Rebecca.

When they neared the Valley they were glad to find that Elizabeth Jane's two brothers, John and William Cowley, feeling anxious about their welfare, obtained wagons, fresh horses and provisions and had come across the mountains to meet them. This was much appreciated and needed.

After spending a few days in Salt Lake City the family moved to Fillmore. Six more children were born to them in that community. Elizabeth spun wool, made soap and candles and did the countless jobs performed each day by pioneer women everywhere. Although the furnishings of the home were poor, the only table being the box that contained their clothing on the trek across the plains, it was always adorned with a white cloth which, somehow, seemed to make the frugal meals taste better.

John William Duston was called to Oak City to be Superintendent of the Sunday School and to organize and lead the choir. They moved from Fillmore to Oak City in 1871 where they spent the rest of their lives. He died in May 1887, and she October 23, 1902. Eliza-

beth was the mother of ten children, three girls and seven boys. Grandfather had three wives and nineteen children. They were a happy united family.

The two babies who were brought across the plains in 1857 were married in the Endowment House on the same day, March 14, 1878. Rebecca D. Dutson married Ole Jacobson. Florence Virginia Dutson married Niels Peter Nielson. They traveled from Oak City in Millard County by team and covered wagon to Salt Lake City to be married. Rebecca was the mother of eleven children and Florence Virginia the mother of nine children. They were both faithful and active members of the Church and held many positions of responsibility.—*Zella N. Lovell and Margaret N. Willis*

JOHN LOWDER'S FIND

In 1862, soon after Stephen S. Harding became Governor of Utah he sent John Lowder early pioneer of Parowan, Utah, who had recently been engaged in freighting with a six mule team from San Bernardino, California to Salt Lake City for Walker Brothers, to procure ten cords of maple wood from Bingham Canyon for his personal use. Mr. Lowder with James Briniger and two other men began building a road up the canyon in order to reach the timber. One Sunday morning, not wishing to engage in labor, the men strolled up what is known as Car Fork, a branch of the main canyon, hunting for game. In looking across the mountain they saw a place where the hillside had apparently broken off revealing a vein of galena or lead ore several rods long and about a foot wide. They were unable to get to the vein, but obtained samples from the canyon below where the earth had fallen from the mountain side.

The next day Mr. Lowder, while in the act of stooping for a drink in the creek in the main canyon, saw what appeared to be uneven strands of fine wire in the bed of the stream. Reaching in he drew a portion of it to the surface and found it to be a net-work of small wires of all lengths and sizes. On his next trip to Salt Lake City he took these samples—those taken from the side of the mountain and from the stream bed—with him. The lead samples were sent to the office of President Brigham Young where they remained for a number of years. The wire taken from the stream was taken to a goldsmith, Charles Smith by name, there being no assayer in Salt Lake City at that time. He made a test and pronounced it copper. He offered the sample back but Mr. Lowder said "if it is just copper, it is no use to me." Shortly after Mr. Smith was shot and killed in a dispute over water and it is not known what became of the samples of copper left with him.

Sometime after these events General Patrick E. Connor came into the Valley and some of his prospectors discovered that Bingham

Canyon contained large deposits of copper. On the 17th of September 1863 the first recorded locations were made. At that time Mr. Lowder was away on a freighting expedition and when he returned all the ground that bore traces of copper in the West Mountain District had been located.—*Louella Dalton*

A BOY'S EXPERIENCE IN ARIZONA

In 1879 my father, Alexander G. Matheson, then a boy of fourteen years was sent with the company of Saints who settled Snowflake, Arizona in charge of his uncle Solomon Wardle. It was his responsibility to look over the new country, note possible locations for sawmills or roller mills and after the company was settled to return home and report his findings. The company was made up largely of people from Parowan under the leadership of Jesse N. Smith. Alex was to care for and drive the loose stock belonging to the company.

On the way an elderly couple seemed to have wandered away from the main group and became lost in a box canyon. It was several hours before they were found. The crossing of the Colorado River was accomplished without great loss and also the many miles through Navajo country. Father said his clothing became so worn it scarcely covered his body. There was never enough food and after the company finally reached its destination, more stringent poverty. Mary Jane West made him a pair of trousers with whatever she had on hand. The only schooling he had was for a few weeks while he was waiting for an opportune time to start back to Parowan.

Seeing no future in remaining longer in this barren land Alexander determined to go home. He was accompanied by an elderly one-legged traveler. Little is told of their trip back through Indian territory, their foodless days or their fears. At Kanab the old man disappeared. Along the way Father spent a long hoarded dime for a little flour. This he took out of town, mixed it with water and baked it into a small cake. For the following three days he had nothing to eat at all. Shortly after he arrived home.

The Matheson family did not move to Arizona.—*Rhoda Wood*

"ELIAS"

Elias Gardner was born April 2, 1807 in Vernon Oneida County, New York, the son of William and Nancy Gardner. Sometime before Elias was two years of age he moved to the birthplace of his mother in Berkshire County, Massachusetts. There the father left his wife to support herself and four sons as best she could and was heard from no more for seven years. Elias grew up in the home of his grandmother and he always thought rather bitterly of his father for deserting his family.

At the end of the seventh year William returned to the city where he and his family had formerly lived seeking information as to their whereabouts. In the meantime Nancy had remarried thinking she would never see her husband again. William made inquiries at a blacksmith shop he had once owned, and was told by the owner that Nancy still lived in the old home but that now she was his wife. After hearing the story the blacksmith told William that he would inform Nancy that her former husband was in the city and if she still wanted to be married to him, he would step aside. But William, feeling that he had no right to the love of the woman whom he had deserted, went to the house to look upon her once more through a window then went away never to be heard from again. He left a present for her with her husband. Nancy always surmised that the gift, a beautiful shawl, came from William and she prized it highly. Shortly afterward she died.

Elias was just a young boy at this time. When he was eighteen years of age he married Harriet Smith. They were the parents of two children. On the 2nd of March, 1830 Harriet died and two years later he married Amy Pritchard. Elias joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, being baptized October 7, 1841. He came to Utah in 1847. He was an active worker in the Church all during his life. He had several wives and a large family who loved and respected him for his many fine qualities. He passed away February 15, 1891 at Annabella, Utah and was buried in a little place called Glenwood.—*Alveretta Gardner*

A SCHOOL TEACHER'S PRAYER

This little item was written by Joseph S. Horne, early Utah pioneer, in February, 1936 concerning a boyhood memory:

In my boyhood days there was one winter our school teacher who was Wm. Bagnall, a very devout man who was regular in offering prayer every morning in school. I still remember a part of his prayer. It is: "O Lord, we are full of sin; we have done what we ought not to do; and failed to do what we should have done, and there is no help in us. But we are not like those who suffer, saying in the morning, "would to God it was evening," and in the evening, "would to God it was morning"—and have no rest for their souls. Lord have mercy on them.

IT SHALL BE YOUR SHIELD

Such a simple thing—an old fashioned night cap; so dainty and frivolous too, with its lace and ribbons to tie in a bow under the chin, but it saved an expectant mother from being left a widow and four children fatherless.

Great-grandfather, Daniel Allen, Jr., was born December 9, 1804 in Whitestown, Oneida County, New York. Both he and his wife, Mary Ann Morris, were baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1834. Both worked diligently for the Church. They sold their farm in Huntsburg and turned the full amount, \$600.00 to the Prophet Joseph Smith to redeem Zion and to help purchase lands in Jackson County, Missouri, according to the revelation.

In 1836 Daniel Allen bought two city lots in Kirtland, Ohio built a home and boot and shoe shop and acquired \$1600 in property. He helped build the Temple and was a shareholder in the Kirtland Bank. All was lost at the time of the persecutions. He then worked for fifty cents a day at Savannah, Georgia and soon saved enough to rejoin the Saints at Far West, Missouri.

In April 1840, Daniel moved his family to Nauvoo, Illinois. During the six years they lived there he helped build the Nauvoo Temple and paid for a share in the Nauvoo House. In July 1843, Joseph Smith assigned him as a special missionary to Rock Island County, Illinois and at the last conference in Nauvoo he was selected chairman of a group of three to dispose of houses, lots and farms in Bear Creek district in preparation for leaving that beautiful city.

During the height of the persecutions every man connected with the Church, and especially those who had dared to stand guard at the jail in Carthage where the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum had been incarcerated, were in danger of being killed by the ruthless mob. Daniel Allen had been one of the guards and on this particular evening he felt extremely disturbed. Mary Ann felt there was something special about the prayer that night. Later he spoke quietly to her of the premonition he had had all day. "Mary Ann, I have a feeling the mob will be after me tonight. Many who stood guard are already dead . . . I must find a way to outwit them if I can." Tucking the children into bed with a good night kiss, his answer came. There on the dresser lay his wife's night cap—it was not only a frilly white night cap, perhaps it was life! Mary Ann agreed that it was worth a try and helped to tie it tighly under his chin. He then got into bed with the baby in his arms and a prayer on his lips.

Not long after came a loud pounding at the door. Mary Ann calmly opened it and when the men demanded to see Daniel, she invited them in saying he was not there but they could search the house if they so desired. After carefully going over the entire house and glancing quickly at the figure in the bed cuddling the sleeping child, they stormed out exclaiming, "There is no one there but an old woman in bed with her child!" When all was quiet again Daniel and Mary Ann knelt and thanked God for their deliverance.

The persecutions continued. Soon the baby was born, and during the exodus from Nauvoo across the Mississippi River, in the dead of winter, Mary Ann contracted pneumonia and died when they reached

Soap Creek. Daniel was left with the five children, the infant being just two months old. They stayed at Winterquarters, Nebraska for a time and there Daniel married Louisa Jane Berry. Together they crossed the plains, arriving in the Salt Lake Valley September 22, 1849 in the Orson Spencer Company. In the ensuing years ten more children were born to them.

In 1854, Daniel married Sarah Whiteley and to them were born seven children, the eldest daughter was my grandmother, Harriet Allen Lowe. He was sent to pioneer many places, among them Provo, Parowan, St. George, then back to Parowan and finally to Escalante where he died in 1892 at the age of 87 years. In each of the places he lived he built a tannery and a shoe and boot shop and at Parowan perfected a method of tanning which is still well known as the "Allen Tan".

The fear of violence was left behind in Nauvoo, but the precious night cap held its rightful place upon his head throughout his lifetime—not from fear, but from respect for his first wife's humble plea that fateful night so long ago, when she said, "Wear it always, Daniel, for it, too, shall be your shield."—*Ila L. Bauer*

"SWAP 'EM SQUAW"

Mrs. Cyrenia Hall of Wellsville, Utah often recalled that as a child she received dolls for Christmas made first from potatoes; then rag dolls, and still later dolls with boughten heads fastened to bodies made of rags. Her first store present was a beautifully decorated cup brought from Salt Lake City to Wellsville in 1869. At the time of her death she still had and cherished it. She said that when she went to the Christmas parties her mother made her take her knitting along so she could keep busy while the other children played.

An interesting experience related by Mrs. Hall was the occasion of an Indian wedding held on Christmas day. A band of Indians was camped southeast of Wellsville and upon learning of the event the young people made a trail through deep snow to the camp grounds to witness the wedding. The Indian maiden was very lovely in her dress embroidered with many brightly colored beads. After a few words spoken by the Chief the ceremonial dance began, followed by a feast. As the young people stood watching the Indian bridegroom stepped up to Cyrenia's escort, Eli Hawkins, and chucking her approvingly under the chin said, "Swap 'em squaw." Cyrenia became so frightened she ran nearly all the way home and that was the last Indian wedding she ever attended.

For their own festivities music was sometimes made on a comb with tissue paper over it. J. H. Hall was the musician and the dancing usually took place in the home of Ed. Mitton. A few years later there were two bands in Wellsville, a Republican and a Democratic band.

They rode through the streets on Christmas eve in sleighs making appropriate holiday music for all.—*Jane Glenn*

"I ALWAYS KNEW I DIDN'T KILL THAT COW"

John James Ellett was born in England, December 29, 1820. He joined the Church in 1840, and emigrated to Utah in 1851. He was a member of the Anson Call Company, who were the first settlers of Fillmore. An incident in his life, during the early days of Fillmore, shows the true character of this man.

A prominent citizen of the community awoke one morning to find his cow dead in his yard. She had been killed by someone who, evidently, had used an ax to cut a deep gash in her side. The whole neighborhood became aroused and angered.

Soon it was discovered that the ax at Mr. Ellett's woodpile was covered with blood. He admitted ownership of the ax, but denied knowledge of the killing of the cow. However, circumstantial evidence was pretty strong, and at a Bishop's trial, he was convicted of the act, and instructed to pay for the cow, or be disfellowshipped from the Church. Still protesting his innocence, and mindful of the great financial burden it would be for him, he agreed to pay.

His family argued that if he paid for the cow, he would be admitting guilt. But he said, "My Father in Heaven *knows* I am not guilty, but if my brethren *think* I am, I must pay for the cow. I cannot let such a trivial thing stand between me and my membership in the Church." So, he cleared up the obligation as fast as he could and tried to forget it.

During the years of 1856-57 the Church instituted what was known as the "Reformation." President Young issued a call to all members to reform their lives, make right their wrongs, forgive each other, and, in general, try to do better. In response to this call special meetings were held throughout the Church, for the purpose of giving the people a chance to comply. Such meetings were held in Fillmore, in one of which a man arose saying: "I have been bearing a heavy load on my conscience for a long time. And now, in response to the call from President Brigham Young, I am going to relieve myself of this burden. It was I, not John Ellett who killed the cow which he had to pay for. She had been bothering me for sometime and this particular night I heard her at my swill barrel. I dressed hurriedly and went out to drive her away, just as she tipped the barrel over. This angered me still more, and as I chased her across Brother Ellett's yard, I picked up his ax and hit her a real blow. Immediately, I realized what I had done, and knew the cow would die. I returned quietly to my home, replacing the ax on Bro. Ellett's woodpile as I went. Until now, I have never had the courage to admit I was the guilty one. Now, I want to ask his forgiveness and pay him for the cow."

John Ellett, who was in the audience, jumped to his feet and exclaimed, "I always knew I never killed that cow!"—*Moneta Baker.*

A CHILD AND A TOY

In the ill-fated Edward Martin Handcart Company of 1856 trudged forty-eight year old Ann Allred Williamson and her six children, Ellen, Ann, Mary, William, John and Betsy. Time after time Captain Martin felt obliged to make an inspection of the carts belonging to these weary, foot-sore, destitute travelers, discarding everything he felt the owners could do without in order to lighten their loads.

At the Williamson cart, among other precious possessions, he threw out a little solid iron lion, a toy very dear to the heart of Mary. She pleaded to keep it but even that was extra weight and must go. The little girl watched closely where the articles were disposed of and that night slipped quietly out of bed and hurried to the spot. Carefully going through the pile she at last sighted her precious toy. She tied a string to it and wore it around her neck with the little lion resting on her back underneath her clothing all the rest of the way to Utah. The weight of the object against her tender skin for so long a period of time left an imprint on her back which was plainly visible all during her life. She was eighty four years old when she passed away. Her daughter, Mrs. Amy Prothero of Paragonah now has her mother's, Mary Williamson Barton's cherished toy and it is her most prized keepsake.—*Nora Lund*

LOG CABIN SCHOOL MARM REMEMBERS

"I found no need for the 'Board of Education'—children are human and should be treated as such." Uintah Basin people are proud of their veteran school marm, Mary Rogers Orser who is now ninety one years young. Mrs. Orser looks back over her thirty-six years as a teacher, principal and superintendent and remarks, "If I had to do it over, I'd do it again. I never got rich teaching—in fact, when I retired I made more money staying home. Working with young people is the secret of staying young."

People enjoy talking to Mrs. Orser. She is as fragile as some rare old vase preserved for new generations to admire. Tall, queenly, her beautiful wavy silver hair arranged in a knot at the back of her head, she makes a commanding figure. All through the years she has displayed excellent judgment in the handling of school problems, problems which are much the same now as then, only the generation and the setting differ. "Teachers have to be able to handle nearly every situation from bad boys to board members, parents, transporta-

tion, health, heating, weather and housing problems" and, with a twinkle in her gray eyes, "even a Governor if need be."

"I recall one April Fool's day when I arrived at the Glines Ward school three miles out of Vernal, Utah and found the remainder of the season's wood all piled up in the front hall. The lady janitor couldn't get in to build the fire. Furious, I ordered the eighth grade boys to move the wood. They balked. I sent for the Board member who lived nearby. Hearing that he was coming the boys hastily carried the wood out. Fires were made and school resumed. Talking it over with the offenders, they said, 'Mrs. Orser, you didn't go at it right, or we would have done it.' I learned a great lesson there. Pupils, like the rest of us, like to be asked, not forced, to do a thing."

Mary Rogers went from a two year normal course at Brigham Young Academy to teaching a portion of a year at Provo in Mountain View School; but in reality she began her teaching career in Lost River, Idaho, a small farming community in 1886. Carefully reared, she still remembers the dismay she felt when she viewed her first school, a small one-room log cabin with a dirt roof. A pot-bellied wood-burning stove stood in one corner. Desks were made of rude slabs, and seats were fashioned like milk stools. She taught eight grades under one roof. Farm boys came to school during the long winter, leaving school as soon as the weather broke in the spring. Several of her students were taller than she.

During the severe winter, Mary's beloved mother died and she returned to her birthplace, Provo, Utah, with the body. She remained in Provo the rest of the season, teaching in the old Page School.

The next year found Mary returning alone to Idaho, this time to teach at Houston, now a ghost town. Her school in Houston was spacious compared to Lost River—but still a log cabin 16'x20' in size. There were desks here with a comfortable wood burning stove. Her students ranged in age from six to sixteen, and from the first to the eighth grade. That winter the snow on the level was three feet deep. Students furnished their own transportation and brought their own lunches. One student, Mrs. Orser tells, fell in the snow coming to school, still grasping his dinner bucket handle. When he arrived at school his little hand was frozen tightly to the bucket bail. Sending to the nearest farm house for some kerosene, she soaked the tiny hand and the frost left it without ill effects.

She remembers with amusement the visit of a professional gambler. He brought with him his younger brother, almost a grown man, who could neither read nor write. Would Miss Rogers take him on and teach him to read and write? During the long winter months Mary worked with the young man. When spring rolled around he could do both passably well and she was given \$20.00 for

her services. Others were hungry for education so she taught the three R's by correspondence.

March 26, 1891, she married her childhood sweetheart, Franklin M. Orser. They moved to Jensen, Utah, a small pioneer community in the Uintah Basin. Her husband raised cattle. Mrs. Orser found life very lonely here so she returned to school teaching. Sorrow came into her life about this time for her first born son lived only three months.

Believing firmly in education she and her husband returned to Provo where Frank attended the Brigham Young University. She taught school for a time at Spring Glen, but soon another son, Lynn, was born. The Orser family returned the following year to Jensen where Mrs. Orser taught until her third son, Dee, was born. Needing a teacher to complete the year, they persuaded Franklin Orser to take over. After teaching for three days he resigned. "I wouldn't teach those grinning monkeys for a million dollars", so the school waited for Mary to return.

In 1902, Mrs. Orser was made first woman superintendent in Uintah County and she brought about many beneficial changes. After the Indian Reservation was thrown open for settlement, Frank and Mary Orser moved to Roosevelt, where she now lives. She was assigned to teach in the Roosevelt Elementary School. When she first saw the room given to her, she said "No, I can't teach in such a place . . . it isn't conducive to good discipline or learning, something will have to be done . . ." and Mary Orser did it. People were poor in worldly goods, but not in heart and soon the room was renovated, making it the nicest room in the school. Mr. John Strong, a local decorator, offered his services free of charge if she would furnish the plaster and paper. Text books came from as many different states as settlers and the students used what books they could get—but learn they did.

Mrs. Orser served as principal of Ballard School for many years which was a two mile walk from the Orser home, but she walked it regularly twice a day. Here she taught some Indian students as well as white students. They were beautiful penmen, loved art and music—the only trouble was that they did not come to school very regularly.

Now, this gracious lady sits on her sun porch and watches the students go to Union High School. She follows with interest their progress and it was here that, at 90 years, she spearheaded the drive to give frontage for a sidewalk so that Union's students would not be forced to walk the State Highway.

At Christmas she receives as many greetings as anyone in town. Her home is filled with beautiful flowers and plants sent by admiring friends. In the autumn of her life a great teacher still teaches, "If you can't say anything good about a body, don't say anything." But one hears much good from her lips.—*Lenore Hutchings*

(Mrs. Orser has since passed away).

A UNIQUE DISGUISE

During the early years when the United States marshals were hunting men who had married more than one wife, President Wilford Woodruff spent much of his time in and around St. George, Utah where William H. Thompson could take him from place to place. In 1885-86 Mr. Woodruff stayed in the home of John and Emma C. T. Squire. He loved to hunt and fish and inasmuch as their home was at the foot of the Old Red Hill they had their own spring. They had a pond in which they stored irrigation water and it was usually stocked with black bass. There was also plenty of wild game in the vicinity.

President Woodruff went to the vineyard each morning before daybreak with his gun where he passed the time hunting and reading. Emma Squire made him a "Mother Hubbard" dress and a sunbonnet similar to the ones she wore. He would put them on when he went back and forth from the house so that people passing could not recognize him. Emma also wrote his letters. In this way his handwriting could not give his whereabouts away to the "enemy."

After he had spent some time in this home an inquisitive neighbor became very anxious to find out who was staying with the Squires family. As an excuse to come to their home she began to borrow such items as an egg, which she would return in a short time, then a cup of flour, and so on until she had made several trips during the day. As a further excuse to find out who the visitor was she decided to talk to Mr. Squires. She had watched him go to the corral to harness the horses. In a few minutes she went around the haystack in search of him and found him talking to President Woodruff. That night William Thompson found another place for President Woodruff to stay.

Years later Emma met one of President Woodruff's granddaughters and learned that they still had the Mother Hubbard dress and sunbonnet in the family. They had often wondered who made them for him as the family knew they had been used many years before in places where he had been in hiding.—*Agnes Squires Pickett*

THE NEW HOME

The following story is told by Elizabeth Domgaard Anderson, a daughter of Niels Peter and Elsie Kirstine Nielsen Domgaard. The parents left Denmark in 1852 in the John E. Forsgren company arriving in Salt Lake City September 30, 1853. They were advised to go on to Manti where they arrived the 16th of December of that year. It is said that Elizabeth was the first Danish child born in Sanpete county.

"All the excitement that pre-Christmas days bring was in our home. We had received an invitation from Aunt Stena, my father's sister, and Uncle George Thompson to spend Christmas with them in

Mayfield. Andrew, the eldest boy, was four and baby Arthur had just learned to walk. There were several days of preparation before the trip. I had been busy for weeks knitting stockings and mittens and making clothing for the children. The toys had all been made by their father, and all Santa needed to do was to fill the little stockings.

"The day before Christmas was a beautiful day. Snow had fallen during the night and when the sun came up the trees and shrubs sparkled as if covered with diamonds. Just before climbing into the wagon I made one more check of the house. The newly braided throw rugs, the white starched dimity curtains, the beds so smoothly made, presented such a lovely picture that for a moment I hated to leave.

"Naturally we traveled slowly with the horses and wagon but there were many things to see and talk about as we rode along. The air was crisp and cold but with the warm rocks that had been in the fireplace all night for our feet and plenty of warm coats and quilts, we were comfortable and the time passed quickly.

"Uncle George and Aunt Stena were happy to see us and gave us the warmth of their hearts along with the warmth of their big fireplace. Santa arrived during the night. The dinner table, next day was spread with a white cloth and laden with plenty of food.

"After two days of visiting and enjoying every minute of it I was ready to return home. Andrew, my husband, announced that he had been talking with the men and they had almost persuaded him to stay in Mayfield, buy land, and make our home. At first, I refused to listen but in the end I was overruled and arrangements were made for us to stay. A storm came up and I didn't go back with Andrew to get our furniture. I never saw our home again where we had had so much love and happiness.

"We moved into a one-roomed log cabin with a dirt floor. The rats were so numerous that we had the children sleep with us for fear they would be bitten. In time we got rid of them. Days, weeks, and months passed by and I am sure I cried enough tears to float a battleship. Many times I dreamed I was back in Ephraim in my own little house and when I awakened and realized where I was my grief knew no bounds.

"In the spring we purchased a lot and with the help of friends soon built a log house on it. By fall it was completed and we moved in. Andrew was a kind and devoted husband which made disappointments and hardships easier to bear. With faith, determination, and the good wishes of our new found friends we anchored a new beginning.—*Grace A. Madsen*

"SARAH"

William Jacque was a soldier in the English Army and while on a recruiting party in the southern part of Somersetshire he met and

fell in love with Margaret Smyth. A year after their marriage they moved to Ireland where two children, Sarah and Samuel were born at Limerick. From there the family moved to Portugal, Spain and then came back to England where three more children were added to the family.

When Sarah grew to young womanhood she married Joseph Couzens in England and to them were born five children, Elizabeth, William, George, Samuel and Sara Jane. Joseph joined the Latter-day Saint Church in January 1848 and Sarah about six months later. In 1851 they left England and started for Utah but had to remain in St. Louis, Missouri for one year in order to get enough means to go on. They arrived in Salt Lake City September 4, 1852 where they stayed through the winter; then went to Lehi where Joseph worked as a rock mason. He was killed by an Indian at Pelican Point February 20, 1856 while rounding up cattle and laid to rest in Lehi's old burying ground, along with two other men who were killed at the same time.

Being widowed so suddenly and so soon after reaching the land of Zion was a great blow to Sarah but she determined to carry on. When the call came for people to go north into Cache Valley, she went with her family. Her eldest daughter, Elizabeth who had married and left John Lowe because of disagreements with one of his wives, now had married John Walklet Brown and was living in Lehi. Later they too came to Cache Valley to live. There again Sarah had near tragedy in her life, for her son, Samuel, who was about twenty years old, was shot in the chest by Indians. Though he lay at death's door for many months he recovered. He lived to be fifty-three years old and became the father of eight children. He and his wife, Phebe Hatch Couzens died within a few months of each other.

Sarah was lonely after her children married so she married a Mr. Lilley. They lived at Hooper, Weber County. About this time her son George went to work for a man who was taking livestock to California. She never heard from him again. William, too, went to California in search of work. When neither of her sons returned she was heartbroken and grieved herself to death.

After his mother's death William learned the whereabouts of his sister Sara Jane Anderson in Oregon and through her he also found Elizabeth and Samuel. He learned too, that George had been shot and killed, somewhere between Nevada and California, by a transient traveler whom he had refused to let play his precious violin.

Sarah Jacque was buried in the Hooper City cemetery about 1879 at the age of 70 years. She was always faithful to the Church of her choice in spite of the many sorrows and trials with which her life was beset.—*Ila Bauer*

BUILDERS OF INDUSTRY

Fancy or plain, but always the right fit, for the best was none too good for those who patronized John Lowe's Saddlery & Shoe Shop in Salt Lake City in early pioneer days. Shoemaking and leathercraft was a family trade handed down to John, my great grandfather, from his father, James Lowe in Bath, Lancashire, England. A brother, Robert, also learned the trade.

John married Ann Perrett in England. They were the parents of several children before they joined the Church and having accepted its principles, they sailed for America, arriving in Utah in 1848. His first home was erected on the corner of what is now Main and Second South. He worked at making shoes whenever suitable leather could be secured, sometimes people had to bring their calf or cow hides in and wait for their shoes to be made from the raw material.

Elizabeth Couzens became John's plural wife in 1852 on Christmas Day. To them were born two sons, George Alma Lowe, and Joseph W. To his first wife, Ann, were born eight children. John then married a third wife, Fannie Weight and to her were born three sons. The shoe shop and saddlery were both successful for John was a perfectionist. As the families grew it became apparent that there be other means of support and that the children have work to busy their hands, for he believed that children must be taught how to do and appreciate honest labor.

The John Lowe families took up a homestead along the Weber River near Brigham City. There the family learned to till the land, but because of frailties of mankind, discontent crept in and unhappiness grew until Elizabeth could stand the conflict no longer, for the third wife was not of the same faith, and so left the home of her husband.

Elizabeth remarried, this time, John Brown, and they pioneered Cache County, then Toquerville, and eventually in Parowan, Utah. It was here that her son, George began to show a remarkable likeness to his energetic father. He apprenticed in a saddlery and harness shop and soon became efficient at working with all kinds of leather. After his marriage to Harriet Allen in 1873, he continued the leather business during the winter months and worked at farming and dairying in the summertime. He also taught his sons to work with leather, but as factories began turning out shoes and other leather goods in quantities there was little need for shops other than for repairs.

George then had the urge to try a new business, so he, in cooperation with his son George Lowe, Jr., and Collins Clark decided to try a new industry in Southern Utah. They went to Mt. Pleasant and there each purchased sixteen head of purebred Rambouillet sheep.

This was about 1899. It was a bitter struggle for the first four years. Collins soon became discouraged and sold out but George and his son kept struggling along and eventually became known throughout the West for their fine rams.

Always glad to help a worthy cause George, Sr., welcomed the opportunity to help start the Agricultural College in Cedar City. The Lowe flock took top honors for many years and the town of Parowan recognized their pioneer Rambouillet Sheep breeders by having their name printed in gold on a huge velvet curtain in the Opera House: "George A. Lowe and Son, Pioneer Sheep Breeders." The old Opera House is gone long ago, but the curtain is a relic of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers in that community. So the civic pride, the thrift and industry and the desire to always put the best into every endeavor has followed the blood lines of John Lowe, the Utah pioneer, and made his descendants truly builders of industry, even unto the fourth generation.—*Ila L. Bauer*

FATHER GRAHAM

This story was told by Joseph H. Richards, one of the principal participants. It will live in the memories of many of the old timer's children for generations. It cast a gloom over the people of that little community at the time it happened and long after.

"She was a monstrous bear, weighing nearly 1,000 pounds we figured. On the morning of November 24, 1864 Andrew P. Shumway and his father-in-law, Thomas Graham, started for a load of willows and with a sleigh drawn by a pair of mules. They drove about 3½ miles southeast of Mendon Fort to the Little Bear River (Muddy). Father Graham stood his rifle against a clump of hawthorns, and carrying his axe, proceeded into the thicket on the banks of the river, while Shumway commenced unhitching his team. Shumway's attention was immediately attracted to Mr. Graham in the grasp of a monstrous grizzly bear.

"Shumway jumped into his sleigh, wheeled his team about and started with a bound for home. Mr. Richards writes: "I think it was during the first snow of the winter of 1864. I was riding the Old Fort with a sleigh and pair of mules on the run. I was the first person he approached. He said: "Father Graham has been killed by a bear!" I lost no time in getting my pistol and following his sleigh tracks as fast as a good horse could go, and I was on a good horse. I found the old man 3½ miles from home, lying on his back, dead, with his neck broken and his head nearly severed from his body; a bite or bites by the bear and a bite in the groin and both his legs broken above the ankles. His axe was laying a short distance away and his small bore rifle was standing against some haw bushes. I followed the tracks of the bear and two yearling cubs. I tracked them to where they had gone into the brush or hawthorn

thicket in a place that had been entirely surrounded with water but was frozen over and three or four inches of snow covering the ice.

"By this time Brad Bird (or Robert Sweeten) and then Joe Baker came. We decided going in after the bear. I went in first, Baker (or Sweeten) following. I had Graham's gun and an old dragoon colt revolver. The brush was so thick we had to lay down on our horses. I had the butt of the gun forward and when the bear rose on her hind feet, about ten feet in front of me, I tried to turn my gun around, but could not. We had no business with our horses in there, so decided to get a dog. I was the only one with a dog. I started for home, but before I returned with it, several men had gathered, some from Mendon and some from Wellsville. Among this number were Daniel Hill and Robert Hill from Wellsville, and James H. Hill from Mendon.

"Just as I was nearing the place I heard the shots of the guns and the bear was lying dead as I came up. They said that Daniel Hill had said, 'Boys, lets go in and get the bear!' and with that he started up the trail, which was about $3\frac{1}{2}$ or 4 feet above the ice around the island. James Hill was next to him and others prepared to follow.

"They had just started into the brush when the bear reared up, right in front of them with her mouth open. Daniel shoved the muzzle of his gun near her mouth and tried to shoot, but it missed fire. James shot over Daniel's shoulder. I shot one of the cubs. I suppose it weighed about 200 pounds. This cub was fairly good eating. The other cub got away and ran to the western mountain. Andrew Shumway and myself took Thomas Graham's corpse to Salt Lake City for burial.—*Eliza Hill Beardall Brizzie*

THE DEATH OF JOHN HILL

Sunday night, August 30th, 1863, John Hill met a tragic death. He and his nephew, Robert Hill, my great grandfather, went to a field near by the old mill site where corn, carrots and sorghum cane were growing. They had already discovered that bears were feasting on the crops on former occasions and had concluded to ambush themselves and thus surprise the intruders. Five young men, David Croft and Al Callihan being two of them, from Hyrum, Utah, a small town four miles south east of the mill, had also noticed similar ravages produced by the bears and had determined upon the same plan.

John Hill and Robert Hill arrived at the scene of action first. Creeping around the edge of the corn patch in which they heard sounds as if something was there, the two men were sighted by the first five from Hyrum. Upon discovering the two objects made visible by the dim moonlight, this party of men mistook them to be the bears for which they were searching, halted and fired simultaneously. Their

illusions were instantly dispelled when John Hill, who had been pierced by five or six bullets, sprang to his feet saying, "Boys, you have riddled me now!" and fell to the ground dead.

The horror of the young men at the thought of their awful deed can scarcely be told. They tenderly conveyed the body of the victim to Wellsville and explained as best they could the tragic ending of the life of John Hill. They sought in every way to give aid and consolation to those whom they had unintentionally bereaved. The earthly remains of John Hill were taken to Salt Lake City for burial.
—*Eliza Hill Beardall Brizze*

FROM THE DIARY OF WILSON HOWARD DUSENBERRY



Wilson Howard Dusenberry

Mahlon Dusenberry came to Utah in 1860 accompanied by his wife, Aurilla Coray, and their five children, John B., Mary Ann, Warren N., Wilson Howard and Martha Jane. Mr. Dusenberry was not a Latter-day Saint but his wife had embraced the principles of the Church. Mahlon did not approve of settling in Utah and took his family to Los Angeles and later to Sacramento, California. Aurilla, his wife, as thoroughly disapproved of the type of pioneers who lived in California at that time. They separated because of this difference of opinion. The father and John B. remained in Sacramento, while the mother and four children moved to Provo, Utah. Mahlon was a carpenter and lived in Sacramento until his death August 22,

1899. John in later years came to Utah.

Wilson Howard was eighteen years of age when they arrived at Provo and he and his brother Warren N., were left with the responsibility of providing for the family. His two sisters were Mary Ann, whose first husband was James P. Long, then later she was married to David Watson. The other sister was Martha Jane (Mattie) who married Charles Dean Glazier.

Wilson Howard Dusenberry was born April 7, 1841 in Perry, Pike County, Illinois. He returned to Utah in 1862 and immediately

identified himself with the educational system in Provo. Among his many contributions to religious and civic achievements are the following: School teacher in Utah County, 1863-65; County Superintendent of Schools 1874-80; with his brother Warren organized the Timpanogos Branch of the University of Deseret in 1870, which was really the beginning of the Brigham Young Academy. Secretary and treasurer of the Brigham Young University since its organization in 1875 until he moved to Salt Lake City. He was a member of the City Council from 1872-88; County Clerk 1875-83; Mayor of Provo City two terms; Member of the State Legislature 1880-1882-1884; Cashier of the First National Bank 1882-91; Cashier of the Utah County Savings Bank 1891-1901; Assistant Postmaster of Provo 1901-1913.

In 1864 Wilson Howard Dusenberry married his cousin Harriet Virginia Coray. When she was twenty-four years of age she passed away leaving two children and on November 25, 1874 he married Margaret Smoot. To them were born six children.

Throughout the diary he speaks of Uncle Coray who was his mother's brother; of his cousins Howard, Mary, and Harriet Virginia who became his wife. Addie was the wife of his brother Warren.

Harriet Parker Mack, a granddaughter, pays his tribute to her grandparents:

I remember visiting my grandparents during two week vacations from school from the time I was eight years of age until high school age. They lived in a three story home diagonally across from the Tabernacle on what was then called Academy Avenue. Huge purple lilacs grew on either side of the front gate and large black walnut trees were set back further on the front lawn. A cobble rock path led to the house which was quite a distance from the front gate. The usual entry was made into the sitting room. There was also an entrance hall near the parlor door and the foot of the stairway to the second floor. The dining table was never without a snowy cloth and was usually set for many extra places. There were five bedrooms on the second floor and the third floor attic also had two or more furnished rooms where we children played on rainy days.

Grandmother had a millinery shop in town and I was allowed to watch her trimmers create wonderful hats of the finest fabrics. Grandfather was constantly putting interesting books and magazines into my hands that my mind might develop. I'm sure that no one could possibly have had a finer pair of grandparents, whose hospitable home was a joy to visit.

When Grandfather retired from the Post Office they gave up the big home and rented a smaller place for a short time after which they moved to Salt Lake City. They bought a small home on "T" Street and it was while living here that he passed peacefully away on March 20, 1925. Losing little Cora May before her 2nd birthday, his wife, Harriet, and later the infant Harriet Virginia, then

Eva shortly after her third year, along with Charles who left home in his early manhood never to return, were terrible blows to bear. He was fortunate in having two fine women to share his life. Margaret survived him a few years.

LIFE IN 1863

January 1863—During the past few years I have had a great desire to keep a diary, but never could make a firm resolution that I would do so. Through the influence and persuasion of my cousin, M. J. Coray, I entered into an agreement with her that we would commence our diaries today. I intend by the grace of Heaven to keep a daily account of my poor, non-eventful and sinful though *ever intended honest existence on this bubble called earth*. Today is Sunday. It is one of our common, windy, cold and snowy days. One that would give anyone but a Laplander the blues! I have spent the day, however, very pleasantly. The forenoon was spent in reading; the afternoon was enjoyed by a visit to Uncle Howard Coray's. The evening was instructively spent at Church. Mr. David Johns and Bishop Blackburn gave us some very good life lessons. When I got home I was nearly frozen. Retired for the night thinking of the sunny skies of California.

Monday: Clear and cold. Saw Dan Bachman about some wood of which we are minus as well as other things too numerous to mention. The evening was spent at home where Uncle and Aunt Coray dispelled the monotony by their lively presence. Their little girl, Mary, came up also. We danced one round of the waltz when I hurt my frozen toes which put an end to the dance.

Tuesday: As I was too lazy to hitch up the horses I went to the mill and packed four sacks of flour home on my back. Was engaged most of the afternoon in looking over the arithmetics. During the afternoon it was circulated that Orson Hyde would preach in Cluff's Hall . . . but it proved to be a "sell," a Mr. Keigh "killed" the evening with a talk on pastry cooking.

Wednesday: I have stayed at home all day and studied. In the evening we all went to Bishop Miller's to a little social gathering. After a bounteous supper the kitchen was cleared and we danced everything from a jig to a waltz (My frozen toe no better.)

Sunday: In the evening went to hear Mr. McDonald preach upon the subject of "Celestial Marriage." It was very good but I am unable to decide what I think about it at the present . . . Fixed my fiddle and improved its tone considerably . . . Wrote a letter to father and John in Sacramento.

February 4th:—A beautiful, warm day. Spent part of it down at the haystack sunning myself. Later compared Davis's Higher Arithmetic with Tomson & Kay's. Concluded that Davis was far

behind the others . . . Evening, went to our Mathematical School. Spent an hour riding down the hill on a board.

6th: Visited the 4th Ward School taught by Mr. Johns. Came to the conclusion that he would make a better playmate than instructor.

8th: How welcome the Sabbath Day of which our Lord did say, "Remember and keep it holy." Thus proving that we are meek and lowly. Reviewed the rule for Cube Root.

9th: Went to the Old Seminary and voted, next day visited Warren's school.

14th: Valentine's Day, was handed a delicate little Valentine, the first I ever received. Found out later that it was from cousin Hattie.

15th: I was slightly vexed at Hattie for exciting my curiosity about something, then refusing to tell me. It is a trivial thing to mention but I do so in contemplating defective humanity. Alas, how ready to chide others and not ourselves!

20th: Brother Warren sick so I had to teach his school. The little brats were determined on having a spree. I checked their cheer a little, however.

22nd: Upon this day one hundred and thirty years ago was born a man the world to show, that virtue and right, against anarchy and might, can be triumphantly led on, by such names as Washington. Another attempt at poetry. Console yourself, friend diary. It is only weak minds that are always vainly grasping at poetry. Helped Warren collect wheat for school bill. Hattie and Mary spent the evening with us. Walked home with Mary. She took my arm without my asking her. How I was shocked!

March 15th: We rode over the Provo River and upon the bench. We would stop and gaze into the clear depths of the little nooks and gather bubbles from the gurgling brooks.

17th: Hauled a load of hay from the lake bottoms.

19th: Taught school in the afternoon. Warren is going to Salt Lake.

21st: At Uncle's . . . heard a sermon from Brigham Young, also about his arrest for polygamy.

26th: Learned that a school teacher needs a false face, so that he can laugh! Some of the scholars told me that they did not like me as well as Warren. Children are the personification of candor, but how necessary it is for us to forget it when we are grown up.

29th: The people have resolved to finish the meetinghouse which they have been two years building.

April 1st: The school jogs along better . . . In the evening went to hear Orson Hyde preach but he didn't appear in town as planned. Had to limp home on account of my frozen toe.

3rd: Started for Salt Lake City in company with mother, sister Mattie, Warren and cousins Mary and Howard. We stopped at Green's Station as a wind and sand storm arrived.

4th: Arrived in the city at 2 o'clock. Stopped at Capt. Hoopers'. His wife is a perfect lady. In the evening attended Cousin Mary to the theater. Was surprised to see such a splendid building (Salt Lake Theater). The plays are all farces which I do not fancy, yet they were well performed. Warren and I slept (laid) in the wagon in the corral. It was full of oxen and I thought several times the wagon would be upset.

5th: In the forenoon went to the Tabernacle. It is the largest church I ever saw. Orson Hyde preached. Took dinner at Knowlton's. In the afternoon was at a meeting again. The house was crammed. Brigham Young preached. He is a very good speaker and a very smart man. We all walked up over the little mountain back of the city for a fine, clear view. Spent the evening at Hooper's.

6th: A disagreeable day, the wind blew a perfect gale, sand flew by like demoniac spirits hastening to their abode. Went to conference in the forenoon, did not like the preaching.

7th: My 22nd birthday. Started to find a cousin, Melissa Coray, at the bowery, but found out that it was quite difficult to find someone that I had never seen. Located her at her aunt's. She is fourteen years old and quite pretty but has a weak voice. In the evening went to a party at the Lawrence's. Made several new acquaintances among them Miss Carmichael (Zion's sweetest poetess), and Miss Snow who played the piano very well.

8th: Took mother and the girls down to Knowlton's. Bade them goodbye, then spent a few hours with Cousin Melissa, but the time came I had to bid her goodbye. I could not help feeling a degree of sympathy for the poor girl. I hope she will think of me often for I will think of her. Evening, most of them attended the theater but I went to Hooper's to enjoy their library.

9th: Bade a reluctant adieu to G.S.L. City and arrived at 6:30 P.M. in Provo in a snowstorm, all very much fatigued but well pleased with our visit.

10th: I look out upon Provo and I am disgusted but that is all I will say.

11th: Concluded to move into another house. Had to take an old hut in the same block with a Mrs. Watson. Had my hair shingled for which I was laughed at. Toward evening took a walk with Hattie, Mary and Warren. Visited the graveyard.

15th: I have a semi-yearly streak of the blues. I despise myself, but somehow pity everybody. Heard that Stonewall Jackson was dead. Peace rumors.

17th: Noon on top of the mountain. Martha is down in the gulch writing while I (with Hattie by my side arranging a bouquet of

wild flowers), am on the point of the mountain, where Utah Lake, the valley, and surrounding mountains can be seen in one sweeping glance.

20th: Penned a pig for the seventh time. Returned from school very hoarse—cause—incessant talking.

25th: Received a letter from brother John with Father's advice: "Keep yourself free from the curse of Mormonism."

June 1st: Forty scholars. Evening took a walk with Hattie. The moon is full. Oh, how I love the old bright moon. Upon returning home came upon an old ass, feeding. Approached it closely and thought how the Savior of Mankind rode upon the back of one of its ancestors into Jerusalem.

25th: Was at the bowery all afternoon with my little flock to see Pres. Young.

27th: A vast concourse of people at the bowery. Joseph Young gave us a gospel sermon. George A. Smith, a comical one and John Taylor gave us a pleasing one. Brigham blessed us and the meeting closed.

30th: Whipped some truant boys. I never saw such unstudious and ill mannered students.

July 4th: The glorious birthday of Uncle Sam was celebrated with a little stir. A military review, reading of the Declaration, toasts, and in the evening a military ball. Attended Cousin Hattie the first time since last Christmas. How changed! Heaven be praised.

5th: A very good meeting at the bowery. Evening walk with Hattie. Aunt says that I have no moral courage. I always thought differently.

7th: Heard of the battle fought between Meade and Lee. The report says the hardest battle ever fought in America. The events of three years have passed over. I could see everything as it was then. The wagons, father and our childish romps—took an "airy flight" to California. How foolish these air castles!

11th: With a wagon load of friends visited Rock Canyon in quest of raspberries.

24th: The anniversary of the Mormon arrival in Salt Lake Valley. The people of Provo were as uninspired as usual. A procession in which part of my school marched around the public square and back to the bowery, where speeches, music, toasts, songs were delivered.

30th: Three years ago today we landed in Provo. What changes since then. To mention all would fill these pages, yet would be useless as they are written on the tablets of memory, imperishably.

August 4th: The people of Provo are too unconcerned or too lazy to visit the schools. I know that the scholars have learned something! Vacation of two weeks for rest and work in the canyons. Toward

night started with Warren for Slate Canyon. Midnight arrived at the camp. One mile straight up.

5th: Morning . . . I can look out on the wondrous and mighty works of nature. Lofty peaks, gigantic rocky cliffs and deep tangled jungle, surround us on every side. Helped Warren drag logs down the mountain. Was not surprised to find myself rolling down the mountain under a log, slightly bruised. Back at camp. Coldest water I ever drank, appetite equal to a caged grizzly. Different from teaching school! The coolness and purity of the air prompted sleep . . . Learned how to load logs. Picked a lot of elderberries as we were thirsty and hungry. Was as sick as I conveniently could be . . . learned not to eat raw elderberries. Nearly sundown when we reached home—a little dirty, a little ragged, some wiser and a heap sick.

13th: Hattie's birthday. May the star of her destiny ever shine as brightly as her eyes. That fireside peace, contentment with nature and happiness ever be hers. Picking groundcherries, tears of childish laughter ran down my cheeks at Warren's wrath.

15th: Received \$5 on my school account. It is worthy of note.

Sunday: Heard two historical discourses from George A. Smith. Very good. Some scandalous gossip was communicated to me. I heed it not, people must talk.

17th: Enter once more on a three months siege of school, teaching 44 scholars. Soon increased to 54.

24th: Hurrah, packing up again but only for two blocks. Moved inside of the Tithing Wall into a nice two-storied house. Change quite agreeable although reports say that it is haunted.

26th: Number of scholars 62, all small, I have an awful time!

28th: Helped Warren stack hay. At school Rose Barnell is the worst child I ever saw. No visiting at school. Never expect any—.

30th: Heard Orson Hyde preach. Part of it very good and part was very contemptible.

September 1st: Our peaches are ripe, or rather we can bite them. Visited Uncle's molasses factory they have just started.

4th: It was 9 o'clock at night. A solitary pedestrian was trudging along the streets of Provo to a dance given by the brass band, when the echo of his steps answered *alone, alone*. At the dance he met Miss Benson, a lady of refinement, of whom he said, "I behold a lady."

5th: Visited several molasses machines. Learned how to make molasses.

7th: Three years ago today we left Provo. I left carelessly, joyfully and hopefully. Attended a gardener's and mechanical club meeting.

8th: The work on the meeting house progressing well.

9th: Scouring the town for a school bell without success. Ate my regular peck of peaches each day.

10th: Was at Uncle's peach orchard. Oh, gluttony.

14th: At school. Received a letter from John. They are back in Sacramento.

16th: Mrs. Southworth's beautiful story "Self-Made" was read with interest. Nothing I have ever read interests me more.

17th: I have a little school bell. Evening, a call from two of our California emigrating friends, Mr. Steele and Canada. It was a California evening.

20th: At meeting twice. Heard some Danish preaching and English translation by William Cluff who is just in from Denmark.

22nd: Evening call from Mr. Cluff. He is agreeable and intelligent.

23rd: An unexpected call from Hattie at school.

24th: Something new and wonderful! Picking, lugging and cutting peaches.

25th: A half holiday. The County Fair opened today. The fruit and everything is very good for this country. A farewell in the evening at McEller's Hall. Attended Cousin Hattie to the ball. The best company and dance we have ever had, that is, in my opinion. I fear Hattie would say differently. Indeed I was in a whirl of delicious ecstasy—blunders by the dozen. First stage of lunacy I presume.

26th: It is hardly worthy of note to say that I was at the fair. But the evening performance I put down as a disappointed, ridiculous and contemptible affair. I attended Miss Amada McEwan to the dance. Hattie's evasive and ambiguous answer to my invitations caused me to do so. At the dance I was told that Hattie was dressed and waiting for me. Well! I was in turn surprised and grieved, as well as vexed. Yet the evening passed pleasantly and I am at home . . . I will plead "Not guilty," and yield to nature's rest and balmy sleep.

29th: The ring of the music has vanished from my mind, but it leaves many unpleasant, though not regretful thoughts, of the dance and human frailties in general.

30th: Our orchestra met at our house this evening. I did not wish to speak of it until I learned something about music.

October 1st: Martha and Hattie called this evening. Several old "standing accounts" were looked into. Betwixt Hattie and I the crooked is made straight. Since Saturday night she has considered (and with reason) herself grievously insulted. It was misunderstanding versus the same.

3rd: Worked all day on a pig pen and gathering in pigs.

4th: Meeting at the bowery. A family dinner at Uncle's was enjoyed. Orchestra met at the home of By Pace, our leader.

7th: Warren is trying to go to G. Salt Lake City for the educational convention.

10th: Working, fixed the darned old pump. Read some comic dramatics. Charles XII and Nature's Nobleman. First plays I ever read.

11th: At meeting twice, Orson Hyde preached, also called on us in the afternoon. Evening, Jo Rich is with us again. Our cousins spent part of the evening with us. Oh, how I hate fidgetiveness (although it attracts attention). They reminded me of a visiting day of my childhood, when weary with play, we would cry, "I want to go home."

12th: I received the "California Teacher." A pretty and valuable pamphlet. Wm. Cluff spent the evening with us. He presented Mattie with the likeness of Johanna Louise Heilberg, the celebrated actress.

14th: Commenced reading "Cobbetts Letters on English Grammar." The best work I ever saw.

15th: Warren received a letter from Mart Brown. He is in Copenhagen. Saw how Uncle's machines look in the night.

16th: An awful, blustery, dusty day. Three years ago today, we drove into the vineclad orange blossoms and undying flowery city of Los Angeles. The reminiscence is pleasant.

18th: A cold meeting in the bowery. Miss Snow of G.S.L. has called to make us, of Provo, a visit. The evening was quite a merry one as our cousins, Wm. Roberts, wife and brother were present.

20th: Have an immeasurable number of chores to do. Warren is making school desks at Cluff's Hall for our school this winter.

22nd: Winter has come, you bet. Shelled *flint* corn.

24th: Running around town after school bills, no use. Lee Walker from Sacramento (with whom I crossed the plains from Illinois) passed through town en route to California.

25th: Visited the saw mill, also the tithing hay stacks with my books. There stretched upon the sunny side and was content with myself and all the world besides. Orchestra met and played well.

26th: Weather warm. Evening called at Uncle's. Cousin Martha has sealed her diary from public gaze. There are two reasons. It is either the *warm, heart gushing style* or *icebergally cold*.

27th: The only thing aside from school and wood chopping is, the band met and we have a new hand at the bass viol, George Taylor, and he is very good.

28th: My thoughts are entirely retrospective. One year ago tonight we camped nine miles from Sacramento. I regretted much leaving California but my mother wished to come, and we came, and its all right.

29th: Mattie has forsaken school. A letter from Aunt Gordon. She has a poor widow's lot in California.

30th: Noon, home from school, sick, tired and frozen. No fire, no dinner, nobody about the house. Mother and Mattie have gone to weave a carpet.

November 1st: Uncle and Aunt visited with us today. Warren's birthday, the 27th.

2nd: The coldest weather ever for this time of year. I run to school, run home, cut wood and freeze.

4th: A great many are sick, Cousin Martha is. Weather warm.

5th: At school all are nearly sick. Tried to sink into an oblivious sleep but could not with the "botherations of the school."

6th: The last day of school. I'm pleased and sad. The little cards of merit and prize books were held in a "sacred light," judging from the clasp of their little hands as they passed out with their "Goodbye, school master." Who can teach school without forming ties of affection! Not I. The band met here.

7th: Running around as usual. By evening was very sick, a victim of the plague.

8th: Am well but very weak. Sauntered around all day. Evening went with Hattie to meeting and was interested.

10th: Sick again, some cursed peaches I ate yesterday or I should say, my cussed thoughtlessness, by eating them.

11th: Worked on a wheat bin. *Wheat is very scarce but I will get some.*

12th: Sick. Congratulated Wm. Cluff with his partner for life, Miss Ann Whipple. Rain and snow.

14th: Hauling straw and seed. Evening very cozy at home, reading Peterson's Magazine, happily.

15th: Worked half a day and am ashamed of it. We had a goose dinner. Martha, Hattie and Mary were here, also. Bishop Miller and his "women." Evening meeting a toothpick trade.

17th: Wrote a letter to Aunt Gordon. Favored Uncle's family with some well executed pieces on the violin.

18th: A sidewalk is being made around the Tithing Block.

19th: Borrowed a team and collected wheat. Evening at McEwans.

20th: Had the pleasure of carrying the cussed, not blessed, carpet home today. Hallelujah!!

21st: Worked like Sam Patch on the stables, etc. Watson is coming home today. Frank Knowlton passed through with his bride.

22nd: "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," comes the blast. Became disgusted with my whiskers and shaved. Howard, Hattie, and Mary spent this evening with us.

24th: Freezing and cutting wood. The band serenaded Mr. Cluff. He invited us in and passed the apples around.

25th: Called at Uncle's. They have a new cooking stove. Watson has at last got home from the Bannock Mines.

27th: A son was born in the house of David Watson. One generation passeth away and another one follows.

28th: Home at midnight. The anniversary of our arrival in Provo will soon be among the things that were. With the dying year I have but few regrets to bury (and they are my fault) while the many happy scenes will be stored away for remembrance. I have learned much, but may the next anniversary find me a professed Christian and a better boy. Farewell thou eventful year!

30th: Witnessed an astronomical and phantasmagorical performance. Very good. Also saw and heard a cymbal-like stone upon which King David played.

December 1st: Warren has at last gone to Salt Lake City. I am sick again—a severe cold. The band met.

2nd: Our school was to have opened this morning but the hall is not done. Postponed until Monday. Although sick I attended a ball at Union Hall with Mattie and enjoyed it well.

6th: Worked all day at the Hall. Desks all scum and ice. Commenced reading the "Voice of Warning," perfectly, honestly.

7th: The first term of the Provo High School commenced this morning. We had 83 scholars (Great Confusion).

8th: We had trouble classifying them but succeeded. Evening, Hall cleared for a party. Attended Hattie and Mary and enjoyed it.

10th: Well, the school had increased to 97.

11th: Changed the desks and rostrum to the east end of the hall. The report has circulated that we know nothing of grammar. All right, such froth of ill humor is contemptuous in the extreme . . . learned from whence it came.

12th: Regular work at the Hall all day. Cousin Martha returned from G.S.L. City. She looks well and seems well pleased with her visit. Particularly with Mrs. Hooper, "The precious little jewel" as she justly terms her.

13th: School increased to 119. Helped rehearse Charles XII, was going to take a part but the thing upset.

14th: Mattie started to school. Hall is chuck full, but John H. McEwan is ambitious.

15th: Had to clear the Hall for a Ball given by the Grand Jury. We were there and it was a nice party.

16th: School still increasing. Spent the evening at McEwans, reading "Self-Made."

17th: Cluffs have made us a bedstead, *wonderful*. Evening at a tea party at Tanner's, was enjoyed very much.

18th: Fixing the school seats. I now think with everyone else that Mr. Southworth is an old, stingy cuss. Band met again. Music can be learned.

19th: Working at the Hall again. I shall not do so anymore.

20th: Made some changes in the school today. More scholars. Evening accepted the part of Lt. Harry Ellsworth in the play "Love in '76." A new star has arisen.

22nd: Uncle, Aunt and Howard started for G.S.L. City. Refused some scholars admittance as the school is full.

23rd: Although we are out here in the mountains of Deseret, yet there are things that surprise me, one is this. Compositions with me and everyone else that I know had to be *hammered* out. Here it is different. An evening scene at Uncle's.

25th: Christmas. Well, I walked in the Hall, the band met and By Pace gave us the best dinner I ever ate in Utah. I accompanied Cousin Hattie to the ball given at Cluff's Hall. Another wonderful anniversary—one year ago tonight I took Hattie when—but no resurrection—it was buried. We enjoyed the large and agreeable party very much.

26th: Forenoon at rehearsal, afternoon asleep with my very sore eyes. Evening made my wonderful appearance on the "boards", made some huge blunders but knew my part. Most of them did not.

27th: I said that I would not work at the Hall any more on Sunday but I'll leave henceforth, go and work all day contentedly. My eyes are quite well thanks to the healing properties of an alum curd.

28th: Well, I know not what to write. The school opened again and the day passed. Evening read the Ledger at McEwans. Uncle and Aunt returned. Howard will remain until next spring.

30th: Missed school, too cold, recessed until Monday. I have forgotten to say that it snowed every day for a week. Bought some lumber for desks.

31st: The last day of the year. Visited Aunt's school. Was pleased with part of the performances . . . Martha, Hattie and Mary spent the evening with us. I shall not sit up until midnight and bid adieu to the old year because I am tired, discouraged and irritable with myself and the world. I am "at war". I try to be a fatalist but cannot. There was a "burial project" but I shall not go to it. I'm too unforgiving, too much of an Indian. How true says the maxim "Our faults sit upon our backs." So goodnight, I shall retire and hope that next New Year's Eve I shall feel differently. (Signed, 1863, W. H. Dusenberry.)

LIFE IN 1867

Grandfather's next pocket diary was started some few years later. Events and the struggle to earn enough for so large a family gave him no time for diary writing. However, he and his Cousin Hattie Coray mentioned so frequently in the first diary had married and joined his mother's flock in the same home. This event took place December 4, 1864. The second diary resumes in 1867.

"After a lapse of over two years I again resume the details of my quiet life. Through carelessness (that is Warren and I) let the stage go without the "way bill"; therefore, had to ride over the little ferry ten miles to overtake the stage. Was at a family dinner at Uncle Coray's. Good. (His Uncle Howard is now also his father-in-law). Evening attended a ball at Cluff's Hall. Home early, tired. I have not made any promises to the coming year, but intend to live as well as my frail mortality permits; hoping that by determination to increase in faith, knowledge and meekness, I will be better qualified to enter the next year, happily." This second diary has the dates printed at the top of the pages and are not in Grandfather's own hand as the first diary was.

January 2, 1867: I was engaged in posting our books after a busy day in the store. Hattie is making arrangements to go to Salt Lake City. We are to have our endowments in the House of the Lord.

3rd: Weather quite cold. Uncle, Aunt, Hattie's (illegible, possibly a pet name for their son) and Nellie are off to the city. Had a long interesting talk with Br. McDonald. A number of errands to attend to in G.S.L. City.

4th: Had quite a time getting ready for the stage. Bro. John B. Milner goes to the city with me. Had a very interesting ride. Roads very rough. At dark arrived in G.S.L. City. Was received by Mrs. W. H. Hooper. Several calls to make for the necessary garments tomorrow. Retired late, wondering what would come before me on the morrow.

5th: Morning early, Hattie, Nellie and myself found our way through the Temple Block to the Endowment House. Oh, merciful Lord what wonderful blessings Thou, in Thy mercy, have given unto us. What volumes I have seen and heard this day. How dark and uncertain are the ways of the ungodly world. - Pres. Heber C. Kimball sealed Hattie and I to be husband and wife through time and all eternity. Left the House completely full. Was in Pres. Young's office a few minutes in company with Hosea Stout. Met a great many respected friends. Evening we all foolishly went to the Theater. "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

6th: Very naturally spent the day at the Tabernacle. Elder W. W. Woodruff, Chas. C. Rich and Jos. W. Young gave us some good lessons in our everyday religion. Evening a pleasant time at Mrs. Hooper's. Read the lengthy article in the November 16th number of the Phrenological Journal entitled "The Mormons." We are certainly creating a considerable stir among the nations of this earth. Brigham Young commands the respect and obtains the amazement of the world.

7th: Met Joseph Rich for the first time in two years. He is a comical genius. Called on D. O. Calder on business as also on many others. Had a pleasant time at the Deseret News Office. A

pleasant chat with Bro. Joseph Bull. Saw him "set up" the 1st number of the 2nd Volume of the Juvenile Instructor. What a glorious time they are having sleighing. There is a continual jingle of bells. Pres. Young's large sleigh is quite a sight.

8th: Our little Charlie is quite ill. Was at the Hooper's most of the day. Afternoon called at the Daily and semi weekly Telegraph. Evening called in the House of Representatives. Had a pleasant time with Jos. Rich and others. Read Pres. Young's sermon on the Court signing. It is a masterly piece.

9th: The stage has been called and we are off for home. Roads very rough. The drivers put us through the liveliest time yet made. 5 p.m. home all right. Charley slept all the way home.

10th: Was in the store all day. Evening, the Chapman Dramatic Group gave us a very fine evening's entertainment. The boys of Provo need some policing. The greatest confusion I ever saw in that hall.

11th: We are having an awful time trying to settle up the Semi-Weekly Telegraph account. Bro. McDonald was appointed agent about one year ago and he turned it over to me with little authority to act. The result has been that neither of us has done anything. Now the chaos is laid in the shade. We received two telegraphic dispatches. Success to our Deseret Telegraph line.

13th: Got Bro. J. B. Milner to help us pitch into the chaos of the Telegraph Agency. We were at it all day and part of the evening. Then (it being necessary) the Bible was extensively read and commented upon. Was entertained as well as instructed.

14th: We have at last got rid of that foolish stage driver, Manuel Lopez. He is the most thorough fool I ever saw. The weather is quite springlike. A busy day at the store. Oh, the miseries of store keeping!

16th: Still run about Telegraph accounts. We have Albert Jones posting our everlasting accounts. Evening at Cluff's Hall. One miserable vagabond Mrs. R. Frazier advertised a poetical entertainment and dance. There were about 20 dead leads (the old creature can only talk—she would face the devil). Most of the school girls could beat her reading.

17th: Forenoon spent visiting sister Mattie and Charley. They have moved to themselves. Afternoon, the blues like the devil. The traveling agent of the Juvenile Instructor passed through our place. They wished us to act as agents here.

18th: A labyrinth of accounts in the store. Evening was at the 4th Ward schoolhouse to watch an old Welshman make a fool of himself with a Diorama.

19th: The stage came through in 7 hours, very good traveling considering the bad roads. Evening Warren and I were invited to the 4th Ward school house to join the 52nd Quorum of Seventies. Through some mistake there was no meeting but we had quite a

whittling meeting, some interesting expressions concerning the true position of the Latter-day Saints.

20th: We are having a terrible snowstorm. Mr. Benson spending the day with us. He and Warren are getting up a Constitution and Bylaws for a Literary & Library Society. Evening, Howard, Mary Eppie and Nellie spent the time (so they said) very well. I have some "marks" to show that they were here. Oh, foolish men that we are to scuffle with women. Their (pin) points are always ready. We have settled with a number of our old scaly debtors today. Evening was vexed at J. B. Maiben's awkward letter in reply to my note of last week. Also had a pleasant visit with Joseph West, telegraph operator. Took a lesson in the lightning art.

2nd: Mr. M. Salisbury, proprietor of the South Mail & Express Company and E. W. Crutcher arrived this evening. Quite a pleasant party.

25th: Up early and off for the City in a sleigh. Cold, but made the trip in good time. Called at the Daily & Semi-Weekly Telegraph. Later to supper with Mr. Salisbury. Spent the evening with J. B. Maiben over the chaotic state of the agency. Mrs. Salisbury kindly offered me a comfortable bed in the office. Met Mr. Bright Spear, mail agent, as well as many others.

26th: Ben Bachman just got in from Montana. Had a sumptuous breakfast at the Challenge Restaurant. Was pleased to learn that Bro. Amasa M. Lyman was going to Provo with us. Bought a large buffalo robe for Milo Andrus. Arrived at home at 5 p.m.

27th: Spent a short time in the morning in the meetinghouse. It will soon be finished. What a glorious consumation. Elder Amasa Lyman made something of a confession of what he preached a few years ago in Dundee, Scotland about the atonement of Jesus not being necessary. Gave us a long and beautiful discourse upon the same. How I do like to hear him preach. Evening J. S. Milner gave us a spirited sermon upon the right of the first born to the Priesthood. Proved from the Bible to the contrary.

29th: Mr. Clift, Div. Agent of the S.U. & Ex., Co., is just in from Pahkanagett. Addie (Warren's wife) has gone to Payson for a visit.

31st: Elder Geo. A. Smith of the Twelve; Joseph Young, Pres. of the Seventies; Horace Eldredge and H. J. Faust arrived from Salt Lake City. Meetings at Cluff Hall. Elder Amasa Lyman was also present. A good time generally. The point of the preaching is concerning the election next Monday. Evening, Mr. Salisbury is with us again. The commission for us to take charge of the Post Office also arrived tonight. Attended meeting. Am certainly charmed with Amasa Lyman's preaching.

February 1st: Spent the day in putting up and taking charge of the Post Office. President Joseph Young delivered a lengthy and

interesting discourse. Bishop Harrington of American Fork is with us. His wife is going to California.

2nd: Was ordained a Seventy in the 52nd Quorum, under the hands of Pres. Alfred Young, Geo. W. Bean and Samuel S. Jones. Oh, the anticipation of the future. I pray that I may live up to them.

3rd: Have spent the entire day in the meeting. Elder A.M. Lyman is inexhaustible. He has delivered two very long and most beautiful discourses I have ever heard. He is poor in purse, but rich in spirit. I can conceive of nothing nobler, or more desirable than to have such a gift as his. Found it very difficult to report his sermon. Evening Bros A. F. McDonald gave us an interesting sermon in the Fourth Ward schoolhouse, connecting the Book of Mormon with the Bible.

4th: Spent in reading the Post Office laws. They are lengthy but quite interesting. I had almost forgotten the election but of course *everybody* has voted, with a vengeance.

8th: Took dinner at Uncle's. Evening little Charley got severely burned.

9th: Evening Warren and I attended the Quorum meeting. Warren was ordained. Was called upon to speak. A heavy argument about "wealthy religion, . . . first seek ye the kingdom of God and all things will be added thereto."

10th: Felt to curse the practice of shaving. The Gen. Agt. of the Juvenile Instructor, John Nicholson, is with us.

13th: We are getting in a labyrinth of exchange in our merchandise exchange accounts. Are taking cattle. Heavens, where will it end. Evening, Mr. H. Bright, Special Mail Agent for Utah and other territories arrived via stage. He is another great talker and, of course, pretty sharp.

24th: Warren and I went down to Charley's. He has a sick ox which will die of course, the sulky devils. Never try to doctor a sick ox.

March 1st: The school question is becoming terribly mixed. We have the privilege of doing just what we please. "A flock without a shepherd." Visited Benson's school for the first time. He is a good educator, but being mortal is not perfect.

2nd: The day is spent arguing the school question which is too long a story to tell. Suffice it to say the council have declared that Provo is one district and I have called for an election. There is a party who claim they are fighting the Priestcraft, by opposing the measure. The difficulty dates back two years ago when the people were not consulted about what they wanted, as per order of the County Court. Of course, someone is to blame.

4th: County Court sits today. Warren as supervisor has to dance attendance with his report. Stage very late. Mr. Haines and Ben Hampton are stopping with us. "Hasty words quickly spoken

lead to friendship broken." Election of school trustees. Warren is into another office, the "High Functionary" as Dr. Roberts calls him.

7th: Had a lengthy argument with Wm. Brown and the rest of the School boys. Bill has become quite a giant in size and thinks he is in mind. He is sharp, but will learn a great many things as the world jogs along.

8th: The roads are monuments of the past, they have never been as bad as they are today. Our little S. M. & Ex. Co., is the only one that makes any time at all.

10th: Am poorly today. Tore an old watch into pieces partly for curiosity. Could not get it back in order. Read Pres. Brigham Young's sermon of February 3rd. A language indeed. I was particularly interested with this remark: "I will not let my thoughts run on the things of this world, I employ the best men I can to look after my property." Evening our cousins and Dr. Roberts are here. They brought their chess board and men. Took my first lesson in the intricate game.

13th: We are still buying cattle. Can now realize the beauties of a farmer's quiet life. "How blest the farmer's simple life, How pure the joys it yields. Free from the world's tempestuous strife, Sweet with the scented fields."

15th: A dozen things to do at once as usual. Evening the dramatics and musical association attempted a ball with Joseph Cluff as manager. He is the grandest nuisance of a manager the world can produce. He revels in a stupor and is indifferent to the comforts of the audience. Here's hoping that he will never attempt to manage another ball. However, danced a heap and enjoyed it tolerably.

16th: The Quorum meeting again, but few there. Attempted speaking a few minutes. What a thing this is of standing before the brethren who have been studying Mormonism for years and teaching them Life Eternal. Yet it can be done.

17th: Our bright little boy is and has been quite ill but is now feeling better. His ambition and nerve are enough to keep half a dozen on the move.

19th: The entire day was spent threading the labyrinthian mazes of the agency of the telegraph papers. We learn from experience, that is some consolation, hence, if we ever take a jumbled up account of an agency—well there is no use talking, we will never do it again. Several changes on the stage line. We have lost Samuel Engals who has been stock tending here for some two months. I venture to say that he is the best and most agreeable man that we will get again.

22nd: Morning spent in hunting a buggy tongue for Freeman. Have a severe cold. Evening, Warren was elected President of the Board of Education. I believe that he will get sick of some of his offices in the course of time.

23rd: John McEwan brought me an old church record. It is the blindest, most incomplete concern I have ever seen. Someone is at fault. . . . Bishop Miller says he does not know of a scratch of the pen for the last six years.

24th: I have spent this day in hard labor, in doctoring a sick cow. Oh, the vim, verve, and ambition that a sick cow has. She quietly died. Some hay saved. Shoveled snow off the house, shed, etc. Evening read the history of Joseph Smith that is published in the *Juvenile Instructor*. It is very instructing to me, being a young Latter-day Saint, but of little experience, to read of the marvelous things that the Prophet Joseph Smith was capable of doing.

April 2nd: Commenced this day by horribly murdering a young calf. Oh, dear, dear, I shall never do so again. One of our old sick cows came down with the Holler Horn.

6th: A grand conference opened today with a special prayer by Pres. H. C. Kimball. Pres. Young gave the elders, as a text, never to cease their labors until the people were of one heart and one mind. He preached the word of wisdom as also did Pres. Kimball and Elder John Taylor. Rejoiced in the preaching. Evening spent agreeably in the theater.

7th: Abounded in much good preaching. I had forgotten to say that I learned from Bro. Geo. A. Smith that Warren and I would be called to go on a mission. Was too dumbfounded to say anything. Slept but very little last night in consequence of it.

8th: The conference still in "full blast". I was there all of the time. It was held in the bowery. Afternoon, about 50 names were read to go on missions, among them Warren and Howard. Conference then adjourned. Evening at the theater. I had almost forgotten to say that I had a great long visit with Aunt Abigail Abbott. Aunt is very ill.

9th: Running around on errands. At the *Juvenile Instructor's* Office and called at Mrs. Hooper's. Afternoon found a dispatch at the S. U. & Ex. office from Warren. Learned that Aunt was just alive and that she wished a prayer circle to remember her. Was fortunate in having the necessary arrangements promptly attended to.

10th: In the state of mind for home. Warren is quite willing to go on a mission.

11th: Commenced looking over our accounts. Got discouraged and saddened at the rash and careless way that we have been living for the last two years. There are a world of accounts and business transactions to arrange. Retired very sad.

13th: Warren and Howard are off for G.S.L. City to attend to the missionary call in the historian's office. The most gloomy day I ever remember of spending.

14th: Don't know how this day passed. Evening, Hattie and I called at Uncle's. Aunt is getting along quite well.

19th: Making fence posts and getting tools repaired.

20th: Uncle and Warren are winding up our accounts. The whole town and country are in debt. Making fences all day. The Board of Education met us tonight for the purpose of an examination of teachers. Melissa Briggs, Lapriel Daniel, Addie, Mary Ann (sister) and myself were "put through."

21st: John was rebaptized by Bro. McDonald. Warren and I down looking round on the "block" (This property planted in fruit trees.) It is the dearest spot I ever knew. Addie has gone to Payson, her mother is quite sick.

22nd: Commenced the day with 10,000 duties. Most of the time for the Juvenile Instructor's interests. J. B. Maiben agent for the Telegraph is bothering us again. I wish to say here for the benefit of all my kindred that may come along, to *never* accept the agency for a paper. I can't imagine a more provoking thing.

23rd: Took a tramp over the mountain looking for cattle. President Young and friends are in town en route to Dixie. The basement of the meeting house was fitted up. Had a meeting in the evening. President Young gave us a glorious gospel sermon, on perfections as well as other matters. He is a ruler and dictator in Israel.

24th: Went with Warren and Howard to see the President. They learned that they were to go to the southern states of America: to go among the people and find out their feelings about accepting Mormonism. Had the pleasure of meeting and shaking the hand of President Young and of hearing him call upon our Heavenly Father in prayer. After breakfast the president and company visited the meetinghouse. He was much pleased with our endeavors.

28th: Sunday meeting is in the basement of the meetinghouse. Warren and Howard were called to express themselves concerning their missions. They expressed themselves very well.

29th: William Roberts is opening his drug store.

30th: Evening we were giving Hugh White a straight up and down view of some of the actions of the S. U. & Ex. Co. When J. V. Long came in, he wished a Daily Telegraph and Warren handed him J. B. Milner's. I will leave the story at this point not knowing the cause and for fear that I would say too much. It will be understood that J.B.M. came in and several got insulted and *one* was astounded.

May 4th: Spent the time trying to get a team, irrigating the young apple trees, working on the block, etc., and unloading wheat. Warren returned by stage and put in his resignation as a member of the City Council. - It is a positive fact that the more quiet a man's life is, that is the less public positions he fills, the more he is respected and the easier it is for him to sleep at night.

5th: The ringing of our splendid meetinghouse bell summoned us there at 10 a.m. Elder Barney from Dixie and Bishop Miller

spoke in the forenoon. Afternoon J. B. Milner spoke at length, upon many interesting points, followed by D. Carter.

7th: Oh, the blessings of hope. There could be no heaven without it. Got some deeds of our block from John Leatham.

8th: Taking an inventory of the remnants of our goods that were, and waiting on Wm. Roberts to come to the point about a purchase. Evening, by request of John M. Jones, played the 2nd violin in the "circus" of Geo. Bartholomew.

9th: Still on the inventory and nothing settled. Evening, the circus gave part of a benefit for Warren and Howard as missionaries. The "stock" is at last purchased with a great flow of words. Well work, work of the brain, and of the nerve, is the only order of the day.

11th: D. H. Kinsey bought the rest of our stock of goods and crafts. What a relief to not have a lot of goods to watch night and day. Fitting up an old room for the Post Office.

12th: Howard and Warren are busy picking up their donations traps, bacon, eggs, etc. Howard is off on the train. We have a world of work yet on hand before Warren can get off.

15th: Settled the meetinghouse and Tithing accounts.

17th: Ran over the accounts of Eldredge & Clawson, got it in satisfactory shape. Warren is getting impatient to leave.

18th: Warren and I are down town settling for the last time. I have nothing more to say, in fact, I am too full to say anything. I know that I am foolish to look at the "Mountain," in the future, with dread, for I *do* believe that I can surmount it. The poets tell us "Where there's a will there's a way." Still the way can be very hard and difficult.

19th: Warren is off for the Southern States, for a time unknown . . . Our little Charley was blessed by Uncle Coray and myself, uncle being mouth. May he live up to this blessing is all I wish to add.

21st: Finished planting corn with a world of trouble. Evening very tired but duty called me to sit up with Robert Hodgart, who died near midnight. His friends speak of him as being a polished gentleman, a scholar and a philosopher.

June 1st: Aunt Coray rode out as far as our place today. She gains very slowly.

2nd: Up early and took the cows to the S. Ward pasture. Our little Charley is one year old today and a bright little fellow he is.

3rd: Tinkering around the Post Office.

4th: Assisted in making arrangements to receive the escort that has charge of the bodies of Maj. J. W. Vance and Heber Houtz who were killed on Sunday last in Sanpete by the miserable Lamanites who need driving from our borders—but where could they go?

5th: Running from the Post Office to the block, trying to raise something to live upon. This depending upon the public, is the poorest thing a person ever did yet.

6th: We are having such a time weaning Charley, he is quite determined to have his way about it. Sleepless nights are the order.

8th: Raining with some snow. It is very cold for this time of year. Received a long letter from Warren. He is at Fort Bridger. Gen. W. B. Pace and A. F. McDonald started for the seat of war in Sanpete. Oh, these miserable Lamanites, when will we be rid of their murderous society, or when will they be regenerated? John B. Milner is running against the City Council in relation to a "Stray Pen." Bishop Miller became very excited and moved that J. B. M. be disfellowshipped. Carried. Obeying council is the text nowadays. There is, it seems, no other way to have authority among the people but to harangue them upon obeying council from Sabbath to Sabbath. It is a question that I hardly understand.

10th: Assisting W. D. Roberts in taking stock. Evening, I had a headache as we had been handling poisonous drugs, also I have been writing those awful Latin names until I am quite crazy. Mr. Haines of the S. U. & Ex. Co. is with us. He tries to justify himself concerning some items connected with these vagabond stage drivers.

13th: Over on Lake Bottom with the surveying party. James C. Snow will make his fortune yet, out of that bench provided he surveys it many more times. Was pleased to meet the friend of my better days, Bishop Wm. Cluff. He is one of those men that you can't help remembering at a glance. I believe that I would know him fifty years hence.

15th: Evening received a dispatch via telegraph from Warren and T. Swartout. They are at the North Fork of the Platte.

17th: Bro. Geo. A. Smith took dinner with us . . . Running around town to get a collar for "Bob." The City Council have become so interested in behalf of dogs, they have ordered collars for those who wish to live.

18th: The fellowship of J. B. Milner is up before the High Council, Geo. A. Smith presiding. L. J. Nuttall had taken an account of the meeting when J. B. M. was disfellowshipped. Bishop Miller did not call for my report of the same. J. B. M. did. I appeared there with my record. Why L. J. Nuttall wrote an account, the future has yet to explain. Geo. A. Smith says that they are just the same.

20th: Great excitement concerning school exhibition of John Royal's school in the basement.

23rd: A. H. Noon and myself started a Sunday School in the 4th Ward. The bridge over the Provo River has come down, a complete wreck. It was built by a whiskey company so, of course, could not stand. Took a back seat in the meeting as I feel myself relieved

from the office of Church recorder. There is not enough business for two. Evening took a walk to witness the rolling torrent and to see the bridge scattered along the bank of the river. \$8,000 gone in.

25th: Received open directory of Salt Lake City, Provo, etc. Ten dollars given the poor devil to publish a bundle of trash and lies about Utah.

26th: Pruning and trying to advance my apple trees. Called on Edward Meacham who "has had long experience in the orchard line." He tells me not to prune much, that nature should have its way.

27th: Frank Glazier helped me plow the corn. How natural it seems as I did but little else for twelve years.

29th: Up early, became vexed over the irrigation science. Learned that water will not run up hill.

July 4th: Aroused by the booming of cannons, quite a lively day. Large procession. Miss Lila Daniels impersonating the Goddess of Liberty.

6th: Busy over the quarterly account of the Post Office affairs. Great excitement over the Sweetwater Gold Mine, a great many of our citizens have gone, Peter Stubbs and D. H. Kinsey among the rest.

9th: Making a brush fence. Charley, our bright little boy, can speak several words quite distinctly.

10th: The rush to the gold mines is still on the increase.

11th: Well, I am working until the sweat almost blinds me. Dark, our city is awestruck by the drowning of Sister Harriet Bailey, wife of Sidney Bailey, while crossing our desperate little Provo River.

14th: Bro. David Johns is appointed Supt. of the Sunday School Association; S. S. Jones his 1st assistant and myself 2nd.

15th: This great nuisance, Wells Fargo & Co. will not carry mails across the plains, hence, we are deprived of getting any letters from Warren and Howard.

16th: I was about to commence irrigating when lo! the heavens poured their garnered fullness down, much to the satisfaction of everybody, including myself, if I did get drenched. Our little Charley begins to walk—an item worthy of remark.

19th: Forenoon visited Melissa Rigg's school. She has had very good success. Afternoon, visited M. A. Watson's school. A large successful school, well attended.

27th: Forenoon in the drug store . . . Later joined the military company for a drill under L. J. Nuttall. Was much pleased with same, it being my first endeavor. It is a great science.

31st: Charles West is assisting me on the fence, we made a good job of it. Received a letter from Warren dated July 3rd at St. Louis. He is going to visit Perry, Illinois, my birthplace.

August 8th: Will have to go to the city in order to settle with the S. U. & Ex. Co. I am sick of this performance.

9th: Remodeling the Post Office. Afternoon we were quite surprised with a call from Bishop Edward Bunker of Santa Clara with his family and Miss Cynthia Abbott . . . Mother had not seen them for twenty years.

12th: The suspicions of yesterday concerning the S. U. & Ex. Co. is confirmed. The time will come when they will have to make all things straight. Called on the different merchants with whom we have an account. What a contrast to the men who live by the dollar.

13th: 10 a.m. Off for the home of W. D. Roberts and wife, also Mary Coray and the prospect of a good time. It was soon evident that the time would be long enough as Bill's mules are the slowest team I ever saw. Alas, nor whip nor yell would affect them. 8 p.m. left Pleasant Grove, the moon was full and a clear sky framed us, hence we had a good old time reminiscing of the past.

24th: President Young and company arrived in town. Schools and others were out in force. 10:30 doors of the meetinghouse opened, a great rush, many from out of town. Pres. Young is much pleased with our House. Elder John Taylor read the dedicatory prayer, followed by remarks by Pres. Young, Elders O. Hyde, Pratt W. Woodruff, Geo. A. Smith and Geo. Q. Cannon. Choir led by J. E. Daniels. Afternoon meeting in the bowery; evening, meeting of the priesthood. Pres. Young advanced the teaching to the young men and maidens to marry and build up the Kingdom of God. He spoke powerfully.

25th: Bro. A. M. Musser is stopping with us. A vast concourse at the bowery. The teachings of Pres. Young and the Twelve, of a very interesting nature. Shortly after 4 o'clock the company left for Payson. Hattie had her hair shingled, believe that she will get tired of it. Before leaving this page I wish to state that during the meeting yesterday, B. H. Stenhouse, editor of the Daily Telegraph drew a "caricature of my phiz."

September 2nd: Our little Charley is quite ill as are a great many children, several have died.

7th: Seven years ago today we left Provo for California. Now, if I was not married and drudged down with the practical things of life, I would become romantic over the anniversary. But as it is, I let it pass with only a thought of a moment's length.

8th: Had an interesting time at the Sunday School. Had just given the class a question, what is the Holy Ghost? Answered, "God's minister upon the earth." I am at a loss to satisfy *myself* on this question. Attended the funeral of old Mother Haws . . .

9th: Bishop Miller informed me of the increase of rent of the property where the Post Office is; they want half the fruit, etc. Afternoon made a platform for drying fruit.

10th: Charlie is some better; castor oil with paregoric and also consecrated oil will cure him. At last, got a letter of 12 pages from Warren. He had just received our letters of June 1st.

12th: Attended a general fast and prayer meeting in the meetinghouse. A large attendance and all seemed to feel the good influence thereof. The meeting was in behalf of the sick.

17th: Sickness is still in our midst. Took a huge dose of ginger and painkiller with faith that it is a very good dose for this time of the year.

18th: With Charley Glazier looking around J. W. Lewis' large store and theater of brick. It will add much to Provo. Our little Charley is quite ill yet but believe that he is some better. Evening, attended the singing school in the basement. Whitney MacDonald died this evening at about 10 o'clock of diarrhea. Bro. S. S. Jones has lost a little boy. Went with Bro. A. F. McDonald to the graveyard. Was there trying to find the corners of our lots; but what with careless surveyors, etc., were unable to do so.

20th: Recommenced wearing flannel. Spent the morning in settling the long and chaotic account with S. S. Jones. Warren had always made *jumping* accounts. Running to Taylor's mill in the vain hopes of getting some flour. There are some ten of us in the family and I sometimes wonder how it would seem to have only one besides myself to care for. However, I realize that it is a blessing for us to learn to have responsibilities while young.

22nd: Thanks to the kind mercies of heaven our little Charlie is quite well.

24th: Had an interesting chat with Bro. McDonald on the school question. He proposes a school with a sky light . . .

28th: Peeling apples. Later visited Owens orchard to witness the new cider mill work.

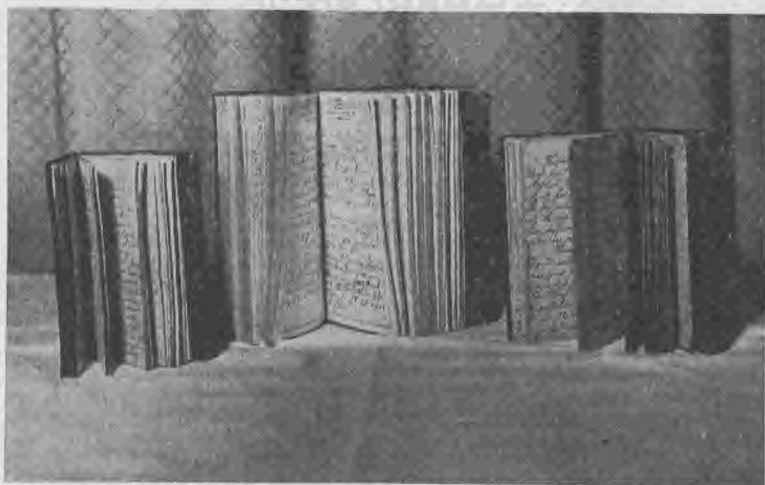
October 4th: I forgot to mention the singing class in the basement . . . We number about one hundred and forty.

5th: Mary, Watson and I fitting up the Post Office. Such a scrubbing and papering. I am left with the drug store.

6th: Yielded to desire to "get things along," and painted the Post Office furniture . . .

8th: News from the conference. Amasa M. Lyman is dropped from the Quorum of the Twelve and Joseph F. Smith is in the Quorum. The question is the necessity for the atonement of Jesus Christ. It is a time to reflect. Bro. Lyman has spent the greater part of his life in the gospel, traveling and preaching and this seems to be his reward. Heavenly Father, guide us.

9th: The day passed, I don't know how—as I was shocked beyond everything that has as yet come before me. I went out of the Post Office to the stage when John (brother) introduced me to his wife! Shades of Murudes, stand back. I was struck dumb. He had never seen the woman before. Her name was Harriet Wilson. He met her at Geo. Merycks. She is tolerable looking; came from England last year.



Diaries of Wilson Howard Dusenberry and his wife, Virginia.

November 5th: Addie had a fine boy at 11:05 a.m. Warren is very much interested about it. He was born with a veil over his face. The old women say that is a good omen.

10th: John came in this morning and coolly told us that he and Harriet had parted. What a creature he is, no guessing about what he will do.

25th: This morning at 5 o'clock a little daughter was born to us. We have decided to call her Cora May.

April 29, 1870. Look back through the long vista of years and am sad. On the 16th of September, 1869 our little darling, laughing angel, May—weary of the trials of this "dark valley" passed to the realms above. She was lingering with the measles when the grim monster—death—seized her. My faith was for her recovery. Hence, I had but two minutes to say farewell. I deem an explanation necessary. These blank pages are somewhat as my life, during the rest of 1867. *Blank* and yet they were not; for they were days of trials, of economy, of labor, of experience. Still they were dark days for me. I do not remember having smiled during the greater part of the year. I now realize that it was foolish—that it is better to surmount the difficulties and press forward to new labors, new difficulties, and new hopes." End of Diary.

A FAREWELL MESSAGE

"A few words from your daughter, Kirstine, to my parents:

"Pray God for courage to accept this great truth contained in this book and now restored, so that rejected knowledge may not be a testimony against you on God's great day to come. I pray God that on that great day we may be able to gather together in joy and happiness, and that we may then be crowned to God Glory, and that He may say to us all, "Come, now, my faithful children, you shall be rewarded for your labors." This matter and my desire that you may know the truth and accept it, have made me shed in secret many burning tears, and they have been increased when I have thought of the ungodliness of mankind. The years are speeding on, the day is approaching when all must listen to the Shepherd and render obedience to His will or receive punishment. The great king is coming to reign and rule. Sin and evil will be banished. May God grant that you may be among the worthy ones. My heart grows tender when I think of these things. God gave that all mankind may repent. I shall pray to my heavenly Father that all who read these lines may comprehend the true purpose of His Holy Book, and lay down the burden of sin. That which I have written is for all who may read these lines. I pray God to lead you into eternal life."—*Annie Kirstine Mauritsen*

On the morning of July 28, 1923 Senator Reed Smoot and I in company with A. R. Peterson, President of the Norwegian Mission, left Oslo to find the home of Mr. Smoot's mother. After a drive of an hour or two we reached the house. It was a fine little farm house on the side of a small valley between two hills. Lower down were the usual outbuildings of a farmstead. There was also the old cherry tree of which Mr. Smoot had heard his mother speak. It soon developed that Senator Smoot's cousin was the proprietor of the farm and that he and his family lived there. After much pleasant conversation we sat down to a table. Soon after the meal was over I stepped into an adjoining room in which I had seen the old family Bible. Being interested in old books, I looked through the Bible, beautifully printed on excellent paper. On the flyleaf facing the title page was a record of the births, marriages and deaths of the family for more than one hundred years. I was about to close the Book when I happened to observe that a leaf in the back of the book was covered with writing in the old Gothic script used in the country at the time of his mother's girlhood. I became doubly interested when I found that the writing was a farewell message of the young woman when she decided to leave her ancestral home for life among the Mormons. When I told my find to Mr. Smoot he was greatly pleased and asked me to make a translation of the above message. When Senator Smoot read it, he was deeply moved.—*John A. Widtsoe*



Their Contribution to Utah

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake: for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven. Matthew 5:10.



SHORTLY after the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1830, a plan of sending missionaries into different parts of the world was adopted. The principles of the new Church were to be preached "to every nation, kindred, tongue and people." Samuel, brother of the Prophet Joseph Smith, was the first called. His field of labor was in the surrounding localities. Then four Elders, including Parley P. Pratt, were called to carry the message of Mormonism to the Indian territories. At a conference held in June, 1831, Parley P. Pratt and Orson Pratt were appointed to serve as missionaries in the western states including Ohio, Missouri, Indiana and Illinois. In 1834, Wilford Woodruff was sent to the southern states, and three years later Heber C. Kimball baptized George D. Watt, the first convert in England.

Many heard the Gospel message and made plans to cast their lot in the gathering place of the Saints. Each new convert endeavored to spend part of his time in spreading the newly found religion. Their task was one of self sacrifice, often working at menial jobs by day to earn their livelihood and proselyting by night. Such was the task of Addison Pratt and his companions when in 1843, they answered a mission call to the South Sea Islands. They made their way to the Atlantic coast where they remained until they had earned enough money to pay their passage to the Islands. They were six months on the ocean. When they reached their destination, they again did manual labor in order to carry on the work of spreading the Gospel among the peoples of the Islands.

In 1849, two years after the Saints had reached the valley of the Great Salt Lake, Addison Pratt was again called to report for a mission to the Islands. During the time he and other missionaries labored there, many were converted and those who could made their way to Zion where they, in turn, gave both a spiritual and temporal contribution to the land which they now called home.

The present chapter relates many of the experiences of the missionaries who served in the far off lands of Australia, New Zealand, the Society Islands, Samoa and India and the converts who came to Utah as a result of their labors.

AUSTRALIAN MISSION

The Australian Mission, generally called the Australasian Mission from 1854 to 1897, consisted, in 1930, of the island continent of Australia, the smaller islands of Tasmania and other islands. The mission is divided into six districts, or conferences, namely, New South Wales, Queensland, Victoria, South Australia and West Australia (all in Australia) and Tasmania. The area of Australia equals that of the United States, exclusive of Alaska. Although so extensive, Australia, including Tasmania, has a population of only about 6,300,000 located largely in the southeastern part of the island continent. Of the aborigines, known as Bushmen, there are only about 75,000 survivors, most of whom are residents of the northern part of Australia.

In 1840, *William Barrett*, a young convert to the restored gospel in England, being about to make a voyage to Australia, was ordained an Elder by Apostle George A. Smith and appointed to labor as a missionary in that country, as opportunity might present itself. He delivered his message in Australia, but is not known to have made any converts.

About 1842, *Andrew Anderson*, one of the first converts baptized by Apostle Orson Pratt in England, went to Sydney, New South Wales, with his family and reported that in 1845 he had raised a branch of the church of eleven members there.

The real opening of the Australian Mission marks the arrival at Sydney, Oct. 30, 1851, of Elders John Murdock, and Charles W. Wandell, who had been appointed by the Church authorities to open up a mission in Australia. They secured the "Old Assembly Room" in Sydney in which to preach, and soon made a few converts. These new members being liberal with their means, the two Elders were enabled to publish 2000 copies each of Parley P. Pratt's pamphlet called "Proclamation," Orson Pratt's "Remarkable Visions," the "History of the Persecution of the Saints" and 500 hymn books. On June 2, 1852, Elder Murdock returned to Utah, leaving Elder Charles Wandell in charge of the mission, which then consisted of 47 members, some of the local brethren acting as missionaries. Soon

afterwards a branch of the Church was organized at Melbourne, in the province of Victoria. On April 6, 1853, Elder Wandell left Sydney for America, with a company of emigrating Saints. A few days later Elder Augustus Farnham, who had been appointed to succeed Elder Wandell as president of the mission, arrived in Australia with ten other Elders, and immediately commenced missionary labors. In 1854, the missionary work was extended to New Zealand, after which the mission became known as the Australasian Mission.

On April, 1855, another company of emigrating Saints, numbering 72 souls, left Australia for Utah. In 1856 more Elders came into the mission, some of whom were appointed to labor in New Zealand.

In February, 1863, *Thomas Ford*, president of the mission, died suddenly in New South Wales and his first counselor, William Broadbent, took charge of affairs until all the Elders from Zion had left Australia. In 1866 Robert Beauchamp, a local Elder commenced to give lectures in Melbourne before large audiences. He was quite active in visiting the branches, which had become somewhat disorganized after the departure of the Elders from Zion. In 1868 Elder Beauchamp and his family migrated to Utah, but in December of the same year, after he had located his family in Tooele County, Utah, he was called to preside over the Australian Mission and returned to Australia. In 1870, he reported that there were four branches of the Church in the mission, namely Sydney and Melbourne in Australia, and Karori and Kaipoi in New Zealand. Elder Beauchamp labored diligently for three or four years, but when, in 1874, William Geddes, an Elder from Utah, arrived at Sydney to succeed him as president of the mission (bringing with him ten other Elders) he found that Elder Beauchamp had lost the faith.

In 1878, missionary work in New Zealand was stressed and, after 1880, when work among the Maori in New Zealand was commenced, Auckland became the headquarters of the Australasian Mission and very few Elders were sent to Australia for several years. On October 28, 1897, the Australasian Mission was divided into the Australian and the New Zealand Missions. Andrew Smith, then laboring as a missionary in Australia, was called to preside over the Australian Mission which was to consist of Australia and Tasmania. At that time there were only about two hundred members of the Church in Australia. Work in the mission continued and prospered and many families emigrated to the Rocky Mountains in the United States of America, where they or their descendants are numbered among the active members of the Church.

On December 31, 1930, the Australian Mission had a membership of 1313, including 53 Elders, 51 Priests, 38 Teachers, 65 Deacons, 906 lay members and 200 children. Clarence H. Tingey presided, assisted by thirty-two other missionaries from Zion. The headquarters of the mission was located in Sydney, New South Wales,

where a modern chapel and mission home had been erected. There were also chapels owned by the Saints located at Adelaide in South Australia; at Melbourne, in Victoria; at Banktown, in New South Wales; at Brisbane, in Queensland; at Perth, in West Australia and at Hobert Town and Glen Huon in Tasmania.

Following are the names of the presidents of the Australian and Australasian Mission, including New Zealand, from 1854 to 1897; John Murdock, 1851-1852; Charles W. Wandell, 1852-1853; Augustus Farnham, 1853-1856; Absalom P. Dowdle, 1856-1857; Andrew J. Stewart, 1857-1858; Thomas Ford, 1858-1863; William Broadbent, 1863-1865; Robert Beauchamp, 1868-1874; William Geddes, 1874-1875; Job Welling, 1875-1876; Isaac Groo, 1876-1877; Fred J. May and Thomas A. Shreeve, Aug. 1878-Dec. 1878; Elijah M. Pearce, 1878-1880; George Batt, 1880-1881; William M. Bromley, 1881-1883; William T. Stewart, 1883-1886; William Paxman, 1886-1889; Angus T. Wright, 1889-1890; John S. Bingham, 1890-1891; William T. Stewart (serving a second term) 1891-1893; William Gardner, 1893-1896 and Ezra F. Richards, 1896-1897.—*Jenson's Encyclopedic History*.

ZION'S WATCHMAN

Zion's Watchman was a periodical published in the interest of the Church at Sydney, Australia, where the restored gospel was first preached in 1851. As the membership of the Church increased, it was decided to publish a monthly periodical entitled "Zion's Watchman," of which the first number was issued from the press August 15, 1853. Only one complete volume was published, the last number of which was dated April 12, 1855.

Four issues were published in 1853, dated respectively Aug. 13, Sept. 24, Nov. 12, and Dec. 17; nine numbers in 1854, dated respectively Jan. 28, Mar. 4, May 6, July 1, Aug. 5, Sept. 16, Oct. 14, Nov. 15, and Dec. 15; four numbers in 1855, dated respectively, Jan. 15, Feb. 15, March 15, and April 12, making seventeen issues in all, the last issue containing Nos. 32 and 33.

A second volume was commenced, and at least three numbers (16 pages in each) were published, of which No. 1 was dated May 15, and No. 3, June 18, 1855. Thus only 20 issues of "Zion's Watchman" were published, but most of the issues contained 2 numbers each, aggregating 312 pages. The size of the periodical was the same as the *Millennial Star*, published in England, the reading matter on each page measuring $4\frac{1}{4} \times 7$ inches. Augustus Farnham was editor and publisher of all the numbers. The mission office was part of the time, during the publication, at 103 Paramatta, Sydney and at 25 Bank Street, Chippendale, Sydney. During its brief existence *Zion's Watchman* represented the *Cause of Zion* which it advocated in an able manner; it contained some well written articles on the Gospel and gave some interesting details of the introduction of the same into

Australia. The main cause of stopping the publication, was the return to Utah of the Elders in 1855. The subscription price to Zion's Watchman was six pence per number.

NEW ZEALAND MISSION

The New Zealand Mission consists of two main islands of New Zealand, namely, the North Island and the South Island, and several smaller islands. This mission is divided into fifteen conferences, or districts, namely Auckland, Bay of Islands, Hauraki, Hawkes Bay, Mahia, Maori Agricultural College, Otago, Poverty Bay, Taranaki, Waikato, Wairarapa, Wairoa, Wellington and Whangarei.



A Maori House, New Zealand

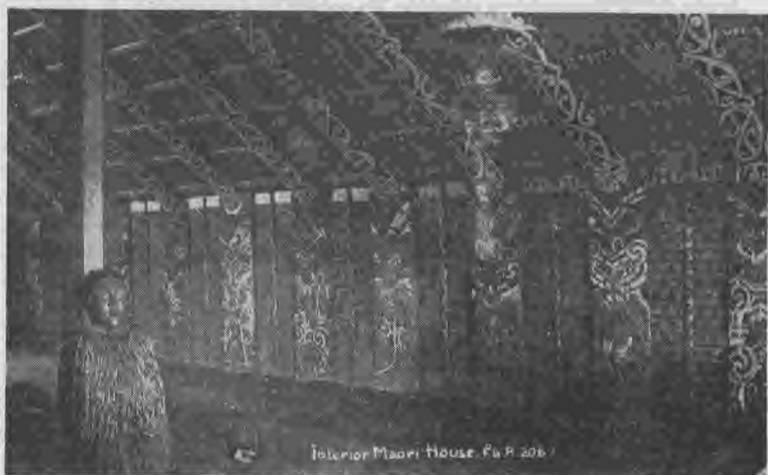
The New Zealand Mission was originally an outgrowth of the Australian Mission. As early as 1854, at a conference held in Sydney, New South Wales, it was decided that Augustus Farnham, president of the Australian Mission, should open up a mission in New Zealand. In company with William Cooke, an Australian convert, he left Sydney October 20, 1854, for Auckland, where they arrived October 27th. They preached in Auckland and vicinity on the North Island and in Nelson and vicinity on the South Island, but did not baptize any converts. On Dec. 11, 1854, President Farnham sailed from New Zealand, leaving Elder Cooke in charge of the work in New Zealand. By the end of March, 1855, Elder Cooke had baptized ten persons at Karori (near Wellington) and organized a branch of the Church—the first branch in New Zealand.

In 1867 Carl C. Asmussen, an Elder from Zion, came to labor in New Zealand. He baptized two persons, William and James Burnett, brothers, at Kaiapoi on the South Island and, with the assistance of these new converts, commenced missionary labors at Christ Church. On June 6, 1867, Elder Asmussen left New Zealand, placing Elder William Burnett in charge of the branch at Kaiapoi, which consisted of seven members. In 1870 Robert Beauchamp, then President of the Australasian Mission (which included New Zealand) visited New Zealand, and with the assistance of the Burnett brothers and Elder Henry Allington, a school teacher at Karori, reorganized the branch of the Church at Karori which, with new converts, consisted of 20 members. He appointed Henry Allington to preside over the same. Shortly afterwards Pres. Beauchamp left, placing William Burnett in charge of the New Zealand conference, assisted by his brother, James. But, as usual, persecutions arose and, in 1871, the question of the Mormon invasion was considered sufficiently important to be brought before the Colonial Parliament. No action was taken on account of insufficient evidence of malfeasance.

December 30, 1871, one of the first companies of emigrating Saints from New Zealand on record, 11 souls left Auckland per steamship *Nevada*. The company arrived in Salt Lake City February 10, 1872. Another company of nine emigrating Saints in charge of Henry Allington left Wellington for San Francisco, California, in April, 1872.

In the fall of 1875 five Elders from Zion came to labor in New Zealand, namely, William McLachlin who was appointed to preside over the conference, Thomas Steed, Fred and Charles Hurst and John T. Rich. They labored with some degree of success until January, 1877, when the Utah Elders were called home. In August, 1878, Thomas A. Shreeve, a Utah Elder, arrived at Lyttleton, New Zealand, as a missionary, who being the only Zion Elder there, took charge of the conference, succeeding Elder William Burnett. Elder Shreeve was succeeded by Elijah F. Pearce, president of the Australasian Mission, who moved the headquarters of the mission from Sydney, Australia, to Auckland, New Zealand. In 1881 John P. Sorensen, a Zion Elder, labored quite successfully in a Danish colony in Wairarapa Valley (North Island), and published a small hymn book in Danish for their benefit.

In January, 1881, William M. Bromley arrived at Auckland to preside over the Australasian Mission. He felt impressed to present the gospel to the Maoris. Some previous attempts had been made but with little success. Assisted by William J. McDonell, a local brother, he visited the Maori settlements at Orakei, near Auckland. Soon afterwards Elder John S. Ferris commenced to labor among the Maoris on the Coast of the Bay of Plenty, Elder Sorensen in the native villages near New Plymouth, and Thomas L. Cox, a local Elder, and his wife, among the Maoris near Cambridge. Among those baptized were Ngataki, one of the natives of King Tauhio's advisers, and Papene



Interior of a Maori House

Eketone, an educated Maori, who later rendered valuable aid as an interpreter and translator.

On February 25, 1883, a branch of 27 members was raised up in the Waotu settlements with Hari T. Katera, a native, as president. Many operations of the spirit were manifested— healings, visions, dreams, etc., and one woman in Waotu, said to be dead, was restored to health through the administrations of Elder Cox. The organization of other branches of the Church among the Maoris followed, and in 1885, when the total membership of the Church in New Zealand was 1,238, the majority, or 1,038, were Maoris. At the close of 1887 the Church membership in New Zealand was 2,573, of whom 2,243 were Maoris. In March 1887, Elders Ezra F. Richards and Sonda Sanders, Jr., were set apart to translate the Book of Mormon into the Maori language, assisted by Henare Potai and Pirihi, educated natives. The volume was published by President William Paxman in April, 1889. In 1895 Elder Andrew Jenson visited the mission in the interest of Church history.

At the close of the year 1897, Elder Ezra F. Richards who had presided over the Australasian Mission for about a year, with headquarters at Auckland, New Zealand, was appointed to remain in charge of the work in New Zealand, thus becoming the first president of the New Zealand Mission. At this time the Church membership in New Zealand numbered nearly 4,000, ninety per cent of whom were Maoris.

In 1907 the publication of a magazine in the interest of the mission was commenced at Auckland, under the title of "Elder's Messenger." Later the same year, the name was changed to "The Messenger." Part of the periodical, issued semi-monthly, was printed in English and part in Maori tongue. Commencing with the second volume, issued Feb. 6, 1908, two issues were published simultaneously, one in English—"The Messenger"—and one in Maori—Te Karere.

Following is a list of the presidents of the New Zealand Mission to the year 1906: Ezra F. Richards, 1897-1898; Ezra T. Stevenson, 1898-1900; John Ephraim Magleby, 1900-1903; Charles B. Bartlett, 1903-1905.

Henry Allington—My father, Henry Allington, left Birmingham, England in the year 1840 and went to New Zealand. He settled in Karori, near Wellington, and became a school teacher. One of his neighbors took a trip to England and through the United States. En route he gathered a number of books and when he returned to Australia he told my father he could read them. At that time books were very scarce and father was glad to have them. One of the volumes was the Book of Mormon. He enquired of his friend concerning the book and was told that some man gave it to him in the States and that was all he knew about it. After carefully reading it he became convinced of its truthfulness and immediately sent to Salt Lake City, Utah for other literature. There were few missionaries in Australia at that time and when he met them he had thirteen people ready for baptism. He was considered the father of the New Zealand Mission. He was baptized in 1869. He lived there about sixteen years before coming to Utah. I was born in Salt Lake City while my parents were here the first time, December 20, 1873. My father died in Holladay.

—*Walter Allington, Sr.*

SOCIETY ISLANDS MISSION

The Society Islands comprise four groups of islands lying in the South Pacific Ocean known respectively as the Windward and the Leeward Islands of the Tahitian group and the Tuamotu and Tubuai archipelagoes, all being under the French protectorate. These groups contain a great number of islands, but only a comparatively few of them are inhabited, and, of these, many are deserted except during the pearl-diving season. Many of the islands are of coral structure, comprising a circular coral reef upon which land has formed and luxuriant vegetation grows. Inside the reef is a lagoon and the ring usually has one or more breaks through which vessels pass into the lagoon.

The Tuamotu group, according to a government record of 1895, contained eighty islands, but only part of them are inhabited. Of the islands somewhat prominently associated with Latter-day Saint

missionary work are the following: Ragirola, Arutua, Kakura, Neau, Apataka, Manaeha, Fakarava, Anaha, Arataka, Faieta, Takapoto, Takarua, Hau and Kakahina. The principal islands of the Tubuai Archipelago are the islands of Tubuai; Rorutu, Rimatara, Vavatu, Rivivi and Raparopara. The principal islands of the Marquesas Archipelago are Nukehiva, Huapu, Uauka, Eiao, Huahuna, Hevaoa, Tauati and Fatuheva. Of the Cook Archipelago the principal islands are Rarotongoa, Atiau, Mangara and Uacitupake. The principal islands of the Leeward group of the Tahiti Archipelago are Borabora, Huahine and Riata, and of the Windward group, Tahiti, Morea, Maïeti (or Taturua) and Mahitai.

The mission is divided into four conferences, or districts, namely Tahiti, Tubuai, Upper Tuamotu and lower Tuamotu. The headquarters of the missions are at Papeete, on the island of Tahiti, where there is an L.D.S. chapel and a mission home. Stone chapels have been erected on Takarua, Mohu, Taahuia and Huahine (Tubuai) and lumber chapels at Rotoava on Takarua and on the islands of Takapoto, Morokau, Hau and Hikuera.

On June 1, 1843, Noah Rogers, a High Priest, and Elders Addison Pratt, Benjamin F. Grouard and Knowlton F. Hanks, (Seventies) left the city of Nauvoo, Illinois, for the Sandwich Islands, having been appointed to labor there as missionaries. Having reached the Atlantic Coast on October 9, 1843, these Elders boarded the ship "*Timoleon*" at New Bedford, Mass., but, while en route, Elder Hanks died of consumption November 3, 1843, he being the first L.D.S. missionary to die at sea while on a foreign mission. On May 4, 1844, the other Elders landed on the island of Tubuai, where they were so well received by the natives that Elder Pratt, whose knowledge of the Hawaiian tongue enabled him to understand their language, decided to remain on Tubuai. On July 29, 1844, he organized the first branch of the Church on Tubuai and, in due time, he had made converts of nearly all the natives on the island.

Meanwhile Elders Grouard and Rogers had left Tubuai for other fields of labor. They landed on the island of Tahiti, where they commenced their missionary work and succeeded in converting and baptizing a number of white men, whom they organized as a branch of the Church. Among these was John Hawkins, who later rendered efficient aid as a missionary. Elder Rogers also made a trip to the Leeward Islands and did some missionary work on Raratea, Borabora, and other islands, but without much success, his way being hedged up by missionaries of sectarian churches. Finally, being an elderly man, he returned to America and arrived at Nauvoo just as the Saints were being expelled from that city. He died from exposure, being the first man buried at what afterwards became the famous Mormon cemetery at Mount Pisgah, Iowa.

After doing some successful missionary work on Tahiti, Elder Grouard extended his labors to the Tuamotu group, meeting with

great success on the island of Anaa and some other adjacent islands, where he organized several branches of the Church. Being unable to continue the work alone, he sent an urgent request to Elder Pratt on Tubuai to join him, which he did, and together these two Elders succeeded in baptizing over 2,000 converts on the Tuamotu group. Finally it was thought expedient for one of them to return to the headquarters of the Church in Salt Lake City, Utah and report their labors. As Elder Grouard had married a native girl, Elder Pratt was the one selected to go, and he sailed from Papeete, Tahiti, March 28, 1847 for America.

After the departure of Elder Pratt, Elder Grouard commenced to labor on Tubuai, where he was received with joy and gained the confidence of the king or chief of the island to such an extent that he was made practically the chief man, next to the king, on the island. Nearly all the natives became members of the Church.

In May, 1850, Elder Addison Pratt returned to Tahiti on a second mission, having been appointed by Pres. Brigham Young to preside over the Society Island Mission. He was accompanied by Elder James S. Brown and was joyfully received by the native Saints and by Elder Grouard, who joined them soon afterwards. On Oct. 21, 1850 Elder Pratt's wife and family, three other Elders from Zion, with their families, and three unmarried Elders arrived on the islands to labor as missionaries, but of these only Sidney Alvarus Hanks, Jonathan Crosby and Simeon A. Dunn remained long on the islands.

Elders Pratt and Brown, on the Tuamotus, met with great success and it is estimated that there were 900 members of the Church on that group at that time. To assist them in their labors, the Elders built a schooner which was called "Ravaii" (the Fisher); Elder Grouard was placed in charge of it. Thus the missionaries continued their labors until 1853, when, on account of a change in the local government of the islands, the American Elders were banished from their fields of labor. The native Saints also suffered severe persecutions, and in order to protect themselves gave other names to their community organizations, such as "Church of Christ," "Abraham's Church," "The Sheep," etc., and, being as sheep without a shepherd, fell in error. "Reorganite" or Josephite missionaries also came among them and drew them away from the true Church.

In this condition the natives were found by Elder Joseph W. Damron and William A. Seegmiller, who arrived from Hawaii, their field of labor, forty years later. These Elders in 1892 met with a cold reception, except on the island of Takaroa, where a branch of one hundred faithful Saints was discovered. Elders Damron and Seegmiller finding it difficult to prove to the natives that they had been deceived by the "Reorganite" missionaries, the First Presidency of the Church sent one of the former Elders, James S. Brown, to preside over the Society Island Mission. He was still remembered by some of his old friends. He arrived at Papeete, Tahiti, September

20, 1892, and by the end of 1892, with the assistance of Elders Damron and Seegmiller and Elders Elando Brown, his son, and Thomas Jones, who had accompanied Elder Brown, a Church membership of nearly 500 was raised. Elder Brown remained in the islands until July, 1894, and performed a wonderful mission, the labors of the missionaries being, however, mostly centered on the Tuamotu and Tahitian groups. In 1896 Elder Andrew Jenson visited the mission in the interest of Church history. In 1898, more missionaries having arrived, the work was extended to the Leeward Islands, and to the Cook Islands and the Marquesas group.

Following are the names of the presidents of the Society Islands Mission to 1900: Noah Rogers, 1844-1845; Addison Pratt, 1845-1847; Benjamin Grouard, 1847-1850; Addison Pratt (second term) 1850-1852; native Elders, 1852-1892; Joseph W. Damron, 1892; James S. Brown, 1892-1893; Joseph W. Damron, (second term) 1893-1895; Frank Cutler, 1895-1896; Daniel T. Miller, 1896-1899; Wm. H. Chamberlain, 1899-1900.—*Jenson*

Jonathan Crosby was born in the town of Wendell, Franklin County, Massachusetts, on the 20th day of July, 1807. On December 2, 1833 he was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The following October he traveled to Canada and there he married Caroline Barnes, who was born in Warwick, Franklin County, Massachusetts, January 5, 1807. A year after their marriage she also became a member of the Church and in his journal he tells frequently of how they rejoiced when they became united in the same faith.

Mrs. Crosby was the sister of Louisa Barnes Pratt, the first woman missionary to the South Sea Islands whose diary is published in *Heart Throbs of the West*, Vol. 8.

Jonathan Crosby performed three missions during his life in the Church. The first was in Kirtland, Ohio, in 1838, when the Prophet called missionaries to go into the surrounding states to take the Gospel message. He, in company with Warren Smith, who later was one of the victims of Hauns Mill massacre, left in early winter for a mission to the states of Virginia and Pennsylvania. Although he had been working on the Kirtland Temple, without pay, until its completion, he left his family in Kirtland and traveled without purse or scrip, enduring many threats by mobs. They were driven from many towns, yet a number of conversions were made and baptisms performed. On this mission he contracted chills and fever but he continued preaching until he was called back to Kirtland.

After the Saints moved to Nauvoo, volunteers were again called to do missionary work. He filled a one-year mission to eastern Canada and the northern states leaving Illinois in the fall of 1842. While there he converted and baptized the parents of his wife, her two sisters and a brother. Jonathan then went to Massachusetts, the place of

his birth, and while there baptized his father and stepmother, his only brother and two sisters. They returned to Nauvoo with him. During her husband's absence Caroline earned a living for herself and family by braiding and making straw hats which she sold for fifty cents apiece. She also taught school during the winter months.

The Crosby family came to Utah in 1848 and two years later, he, in company with Addison Pratt, was called to go on a three-year mission to the South Sea Islands. He sold his home and carpenter shop to Brigham Young and with his family started by team for San Francisco. While crossing the California mountains Jonathan stopped for awhile to prospect for gold. One nugget, which he sold to an assayer, brought him \$40.00 and this helped them on their way to San Francisco. From there, being without further means, they relied entirely on the promises made to them by President Young when he said "if they would obey the call, the Lord would provide." They were given passage free to their destination when the captain learned they were missionaries, providing they would help load fuel on the return trip of the ship *William O. Alden* to Maine.

On board the ship was a group of French people who had a chest filled with many fine carpenter tools. En route sailors had gathered many pieces of driftwood and learning that Mr. Crosby was a skilled worker with wood, they offered him their find to make up into anything he wished. The Frenchmen sold him their tools and also bolts of velvet and silk cloth. He soon set to work making beautiful chests, many of them hand carved and with pearls set in the lids. These he lined with the velvet. He gave the captain of the ship one of these chests and also a lady's writing desk for his kindness to himself and family. He also made and sold walking canes with pearl-like handles and many other articles for which he received enough money to keep his family while they were on the islands. While laboring as a missionary Jonathan made many converts. Mrs. Crosby brought two small native boys to Utah with her and they lived in the Crosby home until they were grown.

Jonathan Crosby died June 23, 1892 and Caroline died February 16, 1884. Both are buried in Beaver, Utah.—*Jane Crosby Mumford*

THE SAMOAN MISSION

The Samoan Mission embraces the group of islands in the South Pacific known as Samoa or Navigator Islands, now partly owned by the United States. With the exception of one, Rose Island, the Samoan Islands are of volcanic origin; most of them are lofty and broken and rugged in appearance, rising in some places to nearly 4,000 feet above sea level, and covered with the richest vegetation. The Samoan group comprises fourteen islands of which only Savaii, Tutuila, Upolu and the Mannua group are important. The total area is about 1700 square miles. Barrier reefs encircle the larger islands, more or less,

and especially Upolu. Between the outer reef and the shore stretch lagoons of multi-tinted water, varying in width from 200 yards to two or three miles. This generally smooth belt of water is, in effect, a canal encircling the islands, and is the highway along which all intercourse is had between the different points of the islands. The members of the Latter-day Saint Church on these islands are nearly all natives, Polynesians.

In December, 1862, Walter Murray Gibson, who, through self-appointment, presided over the Hawaiian Mission at that time, called Kimo Belio and Samuela Manoa, two native Latter-day Saint Elders of Hawaii, to go to Samoa as missionaries. Belio, a married man, was about fifty years old; he left his wife in Hawaii when he started for Samoa. Manoa was a single man about twenty-seven years old. The two Elders sailed from Honolulu December 23, 1862, on a whaling vessel and arrived at Aunuu, one of the Samoan group, January 24, 1863. Belio was one of Gibson's twelve apostles; Manoa, who was born on the island of Maui in Hawaii, was baptized on Maui when Elder William W. Cluff labored there as a missionary. He had been ordained a teacher and an Elder and was subsequently ordained a Seventy by Gibson.

After their arrival in Samoa, Belio spent several months on the island of Aunuu, but it is reported that they only baptized one person. After awhile they extended their labors to the larger island of Tutuila, where they baptized quite a number of natives and lived among them. Altogether they baptized 42 souls, most of them on the east end of the island of Tutuila. Still later, Belio went to Apia, on the island of Upolu, and baptized four on that island. It is understood that the two Hawaiian men baptized in all 50 persons on the Samoan Islands. In 1868 Manoa married a Samoan wife.

Under date of April 15, 1871, Elder Harvey M. Cluff relates that a communication had been received from Samoa to the effect that the two Hawaiian brethren, who had been sent there from Hawaii ten years before, were doing a good work among the people of Samoa; that they had raised up branches of the Church and had built meeting houses, and that there were something like 200 members of the Church in Samoa. George Nebeker, president of the Hawaiian Mission, wrote under date of August 19, 1872, that good news had been received from the Hawaiian brethren laboring as missionaries in Samoa, but that they were anxious to hear from their brethren in Zion.

Elder Belio died at Tula, Tutuila, June 3, 1876, after which Manoa continued to hold meetings until November 3, 1882, when he met with an accident which confined him to the house for fifteen months; during which time the natives who had belonged to the Church joined other denominations. During the following six years, or until 1888, the preaching of the gospel in Samoa was at a standstill.

In June, 1888, Elder Joseph H. Dean who was laboring as a mis-

sionary in Hawaii, was called on a mission to Samoa, to open the gospel door to the inhabitants of that archipelago. Together with his family he sailed from Honolulu, June 10, 1888, and arrived at Pologa, Tutuila, June 17, 1888. From Tutuila Elder Dean and family went to the island of Aunuu, where they arrived June 21st. They were received and made comfortable by Manoa and his wife.

Elder Dean held his first meeting at Aunuu June 24, 1888, speaking to the assembled people, with Manoa as interpreter. The following day Elder Dean baptized his first convert, Malaea, a native woman, in Samoa. He also re-baptized Manoa and ordained him an Elder. Success followed the labors of Elder Dean, who soon baptized a number of other natives. Missionary labors were also extended to the island of Tutuila.

On October 11, 1888, three American Elders arrived in Aunuu, namely, William O. Lee, wife and baby; Adelbert Beesley and Edward J. Wood. On October 27, 1888, a new LDS meeting house was erected at Aunuu. It was a comfortable, commodious building, 18'x36'. The Saints enjoyed a feast and concert in commemoration of the event. On Sunday, October 28, 1888, the first conference on the Samoan Islands was held in the new Aunuu meeting house, at which time the house was dedicated to the Lord. On this occasion the general and local Church authorities were sustained, and Elder William O. Lee was sustained as superintendent of the Sunday School, with Adelbert Beesley and Manoa as his assistants. A Sunday School had been taught in Aunuu before but no general organization effected. A Relief Society was also organized at Aunuu, with Florence R. Dean as president and Louisa C. Lee and Leutuva, a native woman, as counselors. Pologa was also chosen as a missionary to labor in connection with the white Elders on the island of Tutuila. According to the statistical reports read at this time, the Samoan Mission consisted of 35 baptized members of the Church, including 2 Elders, 1 Priest and 3 Deacons. Of missionaries there were five in the mission, namely, four Americans and one Hawaiian.

In November, 1888, Elders Dean, Beesley and Wood made a trip around the island of Tutuila, visiting nearly all of the towns and villages on the island and holding meetings in nearly all of them. In December, the four Elders from Zion, Dean, Lee, Wood and Beesley, went to Leone, on the west coast of Tutuila, where they bought a first class boat, with sails, masts, anchor, four oars, and everything complete with new copper fastenings, for \$140. The brethren were exceedingly pleased with the idea of owning a boat, which would enable them to travel from place to place and from island to island. The boat was dedicated by Pres. Dean January 9, 1889, and named "Faaliga", which is the native word for "revelation."

During the following years missionary work was carried on on all of the principal islands, mostly on Tutuila, Upolu, and Savaii. Many natives were baptized, branches organized, meeting houses

erected, and missionary labors, generally, were carried on with success. On December 31, 1893, there were 253 baptized members of the Church in Samoa, including 3 Elders, 2 Priests, 12 Teachers, 5 Deacons and 231 lay members. On that date 27 Elders and 4 missionary sisters from Zion were laboring on the islands as missionaries. Elder Andrew Jenson visited the mission in 1895 in the interest of Church history.

The following is a list of the Elders who presided over the Samoan Mission from its beginning to the year 1900: Kimo Belio, 1863-1876; Samuel Manoa, 1876-1888; Joseph H. Dean, 1888-1890; William O. Lee, 1890-1892; George E. Browning, 1892-1893; Ranson M. Stevens, 1893-1894; Thomas H. Hilton, 1894-1895; John W. Peck, 1895-1896; Orlando Barrus 1896; Edward J. Wood, 1896-1899; Wm. L. Worsencroft, 1899.—*Jenson*

JOHN Q. ADAM'S STORY

Elder Joseph Henry Dean and wife, Florence Ridge Dean, were laboring as missionaries in Hawaii when called to open the Samoan Mission. Within two years nineteen more missionaries had arrived to strengthen them. Others were Edward J. Wood of Salt Lake City who became prominent as Stake and Temple president in Canada, George E. Browning of Ogden, also prominent in Church, civic and financial affairs in Ogden, Adelbert Beesley, Brigham Solomon, Brigham Smoot, George McCune, Caleb E. Summerhays and others who became prominent in later life.

These early missionaries to mid-Polynesia were truly men chosen to do a fundamental work in founding a mission in primitive times and surroundings. They had to eat native food, travel rough volcanic trails on foot, talk the native language, and undergo many privations not now necessary in Samoa.

In the very beginning trips had to be made by row boat between Eastern and Western Samoa, as the tiny regular sailboat was erratic. An overnight trip meant two days or more by small boat then, especially if no wind propelled their boats, and they had to resort to rowing. It was just such a trip that occasioned the following incident. Several Elders and native crewmen set out from Pago Pago for Apia. En route a terrific storm came up. Their course lay westward along the south coast of Tutuila Island, then diagonally across the sea between the islands and down the north coast of Upolu Island to Apia. But despite frantic rowing and bailing out water they were driven straight west, down the south coast of Upolu. It seemed impossible to land through the tremendous surf, but through the heavy rain natives ashore saw their peril and put to sea in canoes, finally, dramatically, rescuing them. It was a miracle for many have been drowned there under similar circumstances, as the

writer can testify. Then Captain Kenesin came to Samoa, was converted, and in his small sailboat such trips became safer. He always carried missionaries free.

The mission had only been opened nine months when tragedy struck shipping in Apia harbor in the form of a terrific hurricane in March 1889. Apia harbor is open to the sea. In it were anchored three United States men-of-war and a British warship, backing up a king, while three German warships lay at anchor a few hundred yards away. The cannons of each side were on the other; tension was oppressive; it required but one slight overt act to precipitate a world war. Then the hurricane struck. The British ship alone, escaped. The three U.S. ships were wrecked, many sailors perishing. The Germans lost all three vessels, one dashed on the reef and two sinking in deep water, and hundreds perishing. The Elders stood ashore, helpless, unable to give aid. They recorded it in vivid style in their records.

The fame of the immortal Robert Lewis Stevenson is world-wide. He had sailed the South Seas for months, seeking a Utopia in which to spend his few allotted years, suffering from tuberculosis. He decided upon Samoa. He had a jungle estate cleared, built a mansion, and until his death was a lavish entertainer. He formed a deep attachment for the Elders, often having them at his banquets. They, to show appreciation, had several bags of Utah potatoes shipped to Apia, presenting them to Mr. Stevenson. He was deeply appreciative of their thoughtfulness.

Samoans have from time immemorial been seafaring, waging war in great canoes against Tinga, Hawaii, and New Zealand. That is why Captain Cook named Samoa the Navigator Islands. But the distance between the islands and Utah, over 5,000 miles, precluded any heavy exodus to Zion. When the Latter-day Saint Church established a Hawaiian colony in Tooele county, at Josepa in Skull Valley, to give the native Saints access to the Salt Lake City Temple, quite a few Samoan Saints joined them. The name, Josepa, is President Joseph F. Smith's name in Hawaiian. Josepa was a lively little village and one year took the first prize as Utah's cleanest, neatest village. It was disbanded when the Temple in Laie, Hawaii was dedicated in 1919, and is now a ranch.

Among the earliest members to come to Utah was Captain Kenesin. He had a family by his first wife (white). When she died he married a Samoan, Ellen Triaun. His son, William, came to the United States as a boy with a missionary. His older two sons brought their families, while one son took his family to Hawaii.

Then, in the last decade of the 19th century and the first two decades of this century, these Samoan Saints came to America, usually with missionaries returning from Samoa: Siafa Katoa, who graduated from the Brigham Young Academy and was sent back to his native

islands as a missionary. He made a good one, then became a high chief. Charles Schwencke, also graduated from the B.Y. Academy. In each of his college years he was head of the debating team which won most of the debates. He was editor of the "Banyan". Following graduation he became a High School principal. Roy Purcell settled in Santaquin. He was once headed for Leland Stanford University. Alice Polanakaia came as a girl, later went back to Hawaii. Caroline Satele has lived in Utah most of her half century here and is still an ardent Temple worker. Kaintoka Moors, came as a boy, died here. Kippen Saiwasina came, studied music here and then became a noted band master and chorister in his native land. He now lives in California. Nellie Josephs came as a girl, matured, and was sent back to Samoa on a mission. Ida Thorne had the same experience as Nellie, except that she returned to the United States at the conclusion of her mission, and became a fine nurse. Emma Purcell spent her later life in Utah. Lena Ah Mu, Elisa Crichton, David and Hilda Danielson came with the writer and wife thirty four years ago. Lena led her classes in piano and typing at the L.D.S. college. She is now in Samoa. Elisa and Hilda are living in Laie, Hawaii, each the wife of one of two bishops of the two Laie wards.

SHIPS SAILING FROM THE ISLANDS

On May 16, 1852 the ship *Calao* sailed from Papete, Tahiti, bound for San Francisco. On board were Addison Pratt, his wife, Louisa and their four daughters; Benjamin F. Grouard, his native wife, Nahina, and four children, and Hiram Clark, the young man who accompanied the Pratt family. They arrived in San Francisco July 1, 1852.

June 2, 1852: John Murdock left for San Francisco on the ship *Harmony*.

On November 24, 1852, Elder James S. Brown boarded the barque *Abyssinia* which called at Tahiti en route from Sydney, Australia, to San Francisco, loaded with coal. It arrived at San Francisco January 8, 1853.

On April 6, 1853 a company of 30 souls sailed on the ship *Envelope* with Elder Wandell in charge.

On March 22, 1854 the barque *Julia Ann*, sailed from New Castle with a company of 63 souls on board, under the direction of William Hyde.

On April 27, 1855 a company of Saints numbering 72 souls sailed from Hobson's Bay (Melbourne) Victoria, on board the brig *Tarquenia*.

September 7, 1855 the barque *Julia Ann*, Capt. B. F. Bond, sailed from Sydney with 28 Saints on board, Elder John Penfold, Sr., appointed in charge. The vessel dashed on a coral reef between

Mopea and Scilly Islands. All saved but five adults and three children.

May 28, 1856, President Augustus Farnham and Josiah Fleming sailed from Sydney per sailing vessel *Jenny Ford* with a company of emigrating Saints on board, bound for Zion.

June 27, 1857 the American ship *Lucas* sailed from Sydney with 69 Saints on board, bound for Utah. Elder William Madison Wall was president of the company and Elder Absalom P. Dowdle was superintendent.

September 14, 1857 a company of Saints bound for Utah sailed from Sydney, Australia in charge of Joseph A. Kelting.

January 1, 1859 a company of Saints, about 30, sailed from Australia bound for Utah in charge of Elder Thomas S. Johnson. They arrived in San Francisco March 21, 1859. Name of ship *Milwaukee*.

October 17, 1865 a small company of Saints in charge of Elder J. D. Spencer sailed from Melbourne in barque *Albert* for San Francisco, en route to Utah. Landed at San Francisco Jan. 26, 1866.

CHARLES W. WANDELL, PRESIDENT

Mr. Wandell was president of the Australian Mission from 1852 to 1853. He was born April 12, 1819 at Courtland Westchester County, New York. Becoming a convert to the Latter-day Saint faith he was baptized January 5, 1837 in New York and commenced his missionary labors soon after, filling missions to several of the surrounding states. After the martyrdom of the Prophet he went to St. Louis, Missouri and a few years later to California, where he became associated with Samuel Brannan and later with Apostle Parley P. Pratt.

In 1851 he was called, together with John Murdock, to open a mission in Australia. The two Elders arrived at Sydney October 30, 1851 and after laboring under adverse conditions they succeeded in raising up a branch of the Church at Sydney and made openings to preach in other places. On the departure of Elder John Murdock in 1851 for Utah, Charles Wandell succeeded him in the presidency of the Australian Mission until April, 1853 when he returned to America.

Sixteen years later Mr. Wandell joined the Josephites and soon afterwards he was called on a mission by that church to Australia together with Glauod Rodger. En route these two men visited the Society Islands where they located a few Latter-day Saints, as a remnant of the work commenced by Elders Addison Pratt and Benjamin Grouard many years before. They continued their voyage to Sydney arriving in January 1874. A little more than a year later, March 14, 1875, Charles W. Wandell passed away in Australia.

ON THE SHIP — JULIA ANN — 1855

Caroline Annie Merchant Wilson was born January 12, 1841, at Vacey Allwyn River, Australia. She was the daughter of Richard and Elizabeth Barnes Merchant, and the seventh child in a family of eleven children. In 1854, a part of the family were converted to the Mormon faith, and joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

In the year 1855, the mother and her six young children sailed from Sydney, Australia on the American ship *Julia Ann* for the New World, leaving behind them their father and older brothers and sisters. Caroline Annie was fourteen at this time and with her mother, three sisters and two little brothers, she sailed in the company supervised by Augustus Farnham. They left Sydney, Australia on the 29th of May arriving at San Pedro, California on August 15th, 1855. From there they went by team to San Bernardino where they stopped for a short time; then, in 1857, traveled on to Beaver, Utah where they settled with other families who had come here as converts to the Church.

Caroline Annie was now sixteen years of age and it was necessary for her to help her mother make a living for the family. She took in washings and ironings and any other work she could find. It was not long before the mother, unused to such hardships, died. Caroline Annie was sent to Payson, Utah to work for a Mrs. Tanner and the other children were placed in various homes. While working at the Tanner home she met Thomas Henry Wilson, who had come from England as a convert, and was working at the Tanner ranch. After a short courtship they were married on July 17, 1859. During the years seven children came to bless their home.

On July 17, 1919 they celebrated the anniversary of the sixtieth milestone of their life together. She passed away on the 28th of September, 1919, at the age of 78 years.—*Florence Stanger McFarland*

AUGUSTUS A. FARNHAM — JOSEPH H. RIDGES

Augustus Alwin Farnham was born May 20, 1805 at Andover, Essex County, Massachusetts, the seventh child of Peter and Chloe Wilson Farnham. He was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on the 21st of April, 1843 and he, and his brother, John W., were endowed in the Nauvoo Temple December, 1845. John was killed during the persecutions in Nauvoo.

Augustus married Mary Jane Pottle who was born April 20, 1817 at Exeter, New Hampshire, and who was also a member of the Mormon faith. While crossing the plains to Utah two of their three little daughters, chasing each other in play, tripped and fell into the camp fire and were fatally burned. Their little bodies were placed in a tin casket made by Augustus and brought to Utah where they were buried on the banks of City Creek, near Salt Lake City, under a

big tree. He first came to Utah, October 19, 1848 with the Third Company of Willard Richards or in Brigham Young's company of that year.

Early in the year 1853 he was called to the Australian Mission. Not wanting to leave his wife, Mary Jane, then in delicate health he asked that his mission be deferred until after the birth of their baby and she was able to care for the family. When told he had asked for a delay she said, "No, the Lord has called you and the Lord will take care of me." He arrived at Sydney, Australia April, 1853 on the ship *Pacific* and was made president of that mission by vote, April 10, 1853.

During the course of his mission he came in contact with *Joseph Ridges*, a cabinet and organ builder who had learned to build organs in England, where he had persuaded the janitor of a well known church to permit him to remain locked in the church for the purpose of playing and studying the working parts of the organ. The following report was taken from the *Deseret News*:

"Then something happened that temporarily changed the course of Joseph Ridges' life. In 1850 rumors spread over England that gold had been discovered in Australia, and Joseph, now twenty three years of age and eager for adventure, decided to go to that distant country and dig for the precious metal. He was five months on a sailing vessel before he landed at Sydney. He then made his way to the mines, but as usual, the mines were disappointing and Joseph did not find any gold. In order to make a living he began to do carpenter work and cabinet making. He also started to build an organ which he thought he might sell to one of the churches in Sydney.

"Then the course of his life was changed again. He came in contact with a Mormon missionary named Augustus Farnham and heard the message of the restored Gospel. He accepted the truth and on November 15, 1853, was baptized by Elder Farnham at Sydney."

Elder Farnham persuaded Joseph to finish the organ he was building and then donate the instrument to the Church in Salt Lake City. The plan was agreed to and, in 1855, the organ was completed. In the spring of 1856 Elder Farnham and Joseph H. Ridges boarded a ship at Sydney bound for San Pedro, California; stored away on the boat was the precious organ, packed in tin cases.

On their arrival at San Pedro the two men moved inland to the Mormon colony at San Bernardino where they remained throughout the winter. In April 1857, they began the journey to Salt Lake City with a wagon train, taking the organ with them. President Brigham Young was evidently pleased with the gift as he had Joseph Ridges install the organ in the old Tabernacle. A note in the *Deseret*

News informs us that the organ was played there for the first time on October 11, 1857.

Upon arriving home Augustus first met a small boy playing on the lawn near the house. He called, "Hello, sonny, what's your name?" The child answered, "Gussy Farnham." "Is that so—that's my name, too." When he entered the house he found his wife packed ready to leave for the East on a wagon-train the following day. No amount of persuasion could prevail on her to remain. This child he had talked to was his own son born after he had departed on his mission. The mother also took with her their daughter. Thus a tragic climax to his five year mission for the Church. He gave all he had possessed except his testimony and a stalwart character which finally helped him overcome his sorrow.

Augustus then married Caroline Pill of St. Peter's Port, Isle of Guernsey, Channel Islands, on the 7th of February, 1858, in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. Their first home was in a dugout and later he built a small log cabin.

On the return voyage from Australia Elder Farnham was put in charge of a company of Saints emigrating to Utah and among them was a twelve year old girl, Hannah Reese, and her brother who, after their arrival in Utah, went on to California where they stayed for some two years. Hannah returned to Salt Lake City where she again met Augustus. Not long after he took her to see Brigham Young, requesting that he marry them, but President Young said, "She's a nice little girl, Brother Farnham, take her home, take care of her and be a father to her." However, on February 22, 1860 he did marry Hannah and on September 19, 1862, a son, Joseph Levi Farnham, was born to them. At that time she was nearly eighteen years of age, having been born in Australia on November 21, 1844.

When Augustus returned from his mission the Brigham City tabernacle was under construction. It was built of adobe with walls three feet thick and presented a difficult roofing problem. Twice following completion the roof was blown off. Bishop John Stoker called for a carpenter who could "put the roof on to stay." Augustus A. Farnham took the job and rebuilt the roof which has endured all the tests of time.

While working on either the Tabernacle in Brigham City or the LDS Church at Willard, Utah, Augustus was taken violently ill. He died May 2, 1865 and was laid to rest in the burial grounds of his long time friend, President Brigham Young. Later the body was removed to the City Cemetery.

Caroline Pill Farnsworth continued teaching school to provide for herself and daughter, Alice Jeanette. She died in 1894. Hannah Reece Farnsworth lived in the home of President Young doing housework and it was here that her little son, Joseph, had an accident, resulting in lockjaw and he died soon after. She later went to California, married again, and died there in 1941. His first wife and

their two children were never heard from again and that branch of the family is unknown to us.—*Alice Maud Burton, Ella Call Cook and Lorna B. Schlote.*

MISSION PRESIDENT — 1856-57.

Absalom Porter Dowdle, president of the Australasian Mission from 1856 to 1857, was born June 1, 1819 in Franklin County, Alabama, a son of Robert Dowdle and Sarah Ann Robinson. He married Sarah Ann Holladay and came west with the so-called Mississippi Company in 1846 where they spent the winter at Pueblo, Colorado on the Arkansas River. He was appointed to preside over the Saints at Fort Pueblo.

Mr. Dowdle, with his family and other families, arrived in Salt Lake Valley with Captain James Brown's detachment of the Mormon Battalion which followed a short distance behind the original pioneers of 1847. Not long after Elder Dowdle was called to fill a mission to Australia arriving at Sydney April 1, 1852. When Augustus Farnham was released of his duties as president of the Australasian Mission, he left Elder Dowdle in charge. He presided until June 27, 1857 when he sailed for America on the ship *Lucas* homeward bound.

ANDREW JACKSON STEWART

Philander Barrett Stewart was born in Williamstown, Massachusetts in 1776. He married Sally Scott in 1801 and soon after the young couple moved to Ohio. To them were born twelve children, four sons and eight daughters, but death from contagious fevers claimed the lives of five of their children. In 1825, Philander, while attempting to rescue three women from a capsizing boat, lost his life.

Four years later the widow with her seven children sold the farm in southern Ohio and on a flat boat built by two brothers, embarked with these brothers and their families, making a total of twenty people, going down the river to Shawneetown, Illinois; then nearly across the state of Illinois by oxteam to Beardstown, Morgan County, where they settled on a farm for about ten years.

Andrew Jackson Stewart was the youngest son, born September 12, 1819. When he was twelve years of age he rescued the daughter of his employer from falling down a well. The little girl's name was Eunice Pease Haws and the grateful mother promised Andrew, not realizing it was prophetic that, "When she is grown up, you may have her for your wife."

When a young man, Andrew hauled passengers from Beardstown to Springfield, Illinois. Once he carried some men who were going to work on the railroad near the State Capitol, but upon reaching their destination, the travelers refused to pay. It was on this occasion that

Andrew met the future emancipator. Finding all efforts to collect unavailing he sought a lawyer by the name of Abraham Lincoln. After explaining the case to Mr. Lincoln he was given the following solution to his troubles, "Take their baggage, Mr. Stewart, you already have it—pawn it for the amount due you, and then if those gentlemen want their trunks, they may redeem them." The young teamster decided to follow this sagacious advice but when the men were apprised of this plan, they soon paid their fare.

About the time the Stewart family moved to Illinois the Mormons were being driven out of Missouri and came to Illinois where they founded the city of Nauvoo. All the children, with the exception of Lucinda, the eldest, became converts. Andrew assumed the responsibility of his mother after his brothers and sisters had married and continued working as a farmer and storekeeper in that community. Later he joined the migration of the Mormons across Iowa and settled on Keg Creek, near the present site of Council Bluffs. While working in this vicinity he again met the father of the child he had rescued and going home with him, renewed acquaintanceship with Eunice. After a short courtship they were married January 1, 1844. She was also a member of the Mormon Church.

After the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph Smith, Andrew expected to be a member of the first group that crossed the plains to Utah, but he was selected to remain in Council Bluffs and assist in taking care of those families who were left behind. He helped to outfit his brother, Benjamin Franklin Stewart, who was a member of the original band of pioneers. In May, 1850, Andrew left for Utah, arriving in Salt Lake City September 15th.

On October 21st of that same year he, with other men, were called by Brigham Young to settle on Peteetneet Creek, the present site of Payson.

In 1856 Andrew was called on a mission to Australia. He petitioned the government in Australia for the right to solemnize marriages and register births and deaths according to the laws of the country. While serving in this faraway land he received news that Johnston's Army was on its way to Utah Territory.

The following notes were taken from his journal regarding his mission:

"Left Provo May 13, 1856, went to Washoe Valley, Nevada—surveyed there for two months, assisting brethren to locate on farm lands in connection with Orson Hyde. August 26th left Washoe on foot with pony packed to cross the Sierra Nevada mountains, with Brother George S. Clark. Had earned \$455 cash and \$21 in gold dust. At French Gulch sold the pony for \$45. Went on to Stockton in a wagon and from there on to San Francisco by boat; October 8, 1856 embarked for Australia. Arrived at Melbourne December 10th, sixty-two days out of San Francisco. December 18th went on to

Sydney. Brethren in Sydney advised me to shave off my mustache, so I would not be taken for a "Beardy", which I did."

This was at Christmas time and while he speaks of considerable rain, he also mentioned the extremely hot weather. On May 15, 1857 Andrew Jackson Stewart was unanimously sustained as president of the Australian Mission. On May 18th of that year Andrew solemnized the first marriage of the Latter-day Saint Church in Australia.

Upon his return to Utah he served as territorial surveyor and, in 1860, was assistant Attorney-General. He also served as deputy clerk of the Supreme Court. He was a successful agriculturist, specialized in stock raising and was president of the Utah Stock Association. He died at Benjamin, Utah, December 5, 1911.

—*Lulu Stewart Miller*

THE SHIP LUCAS

The following are the names of the Latter-day Saint converts who came from Australia on the ship *Lucas* June, 27, 1857 with Captain J. D. Daggett in command: From the Gurr records,

William M. Wall, President; Absalom Dowdle, First Counsellor and superintendent of provisions and supplies; George Roberts, Second Counselor. The acting teachers were George Hunter and William Hawkins.

Robert and Hannah Arbon, four children; *Joseph and Sophia Cadd*, two children; *Richard and Mary Bowden*; *George and Elizabeth Hunter*; *William and Eliza Hawkins*; *William and Ellen Robb*, eight children; *Susannah Drummond*, second wife of William Robb; *George and Ann Burton*, three children; *William and Elizabeth Gurr*, two children; *Richard and Sarah Ann Rillstone*, one child; *William and Mary Ann Gingell*, five children; *Enoch Eldredge and Ruth Buckman Gurr*, five children; *John and Emma Stuchberry*, daughter; *George and Susan Roberts*; *Robert and Tresa Cochrane*, three children; *George Ward and Edmund Harris*.

Elder Absalom Dowdle inspected supplies and provisions and reported all things ready for sea on the 26th of June, 1857.

June 27, Saturday: The pilot came on board at eight o'clock and gave orders to weigh anchor. Ship under way at 9 o'clock, soon after Brother Stewart Clark and Chaffin Potter had come on board. They accompanied us to the mouth of the harbor about seven miles from Sydney. Then they took an affectionate farewell bestowing their blessings upon the company. Captain, officers, and crew soon left Sydney in the distance, having a fair wind from the west, driving us at a rate of 7 knots per hour toward the East. The sea, being rough, sea sickness commenced that night and was very unpleasant.

30 — President Wall made a few remarks then nominated George Hunter and William Hawkins as teachers of the company.

July 2 — This morning a steady gale, very rough. Most of the Saints sick.

10 — After dinner Elder Dowdle and Elder Hunter weighed out provisions to the passengers such as they desired to be weighed out to them.

13 — After most of the company had retired to bed they were alarmed by the heavy sea which struck the ship shaking her from end to end and half filling her upper deck with water. She sustained no damage. Pres. Wall and Dowdle went to pacify the frightened passengers. The gale lasted through the night.

17 — Provisions weighed out for dinner. Elder Roberts made out a scale showing the amount of provisions for each family. Pres. Wall assisted Dowdle in serving the provisions.

18 — Company in good spirits, most of the sisters sewing.

24 — Friday. Blowing strong all night, still ahead. Pres. Wall spoke on the celebration of the 24th of July, but as the weather was boisterous each was to do the best he could. Elder Dowdle spoke about the eventful day.

August 2 — Presidency named and blessed a child belonging to Robert Hamblin.

11 — A slight disturbance with two of the brethren but all was soon all right by their forgiving one another. Pres. Wall gave some good instructions on the principles of forgiveness.

15 — School at 2 P.M. During tea time one of the children, daughter of John Stuchberry climbed upon an old stove, fell back and the pipe, which was loose, fell too. It struck her foot cutting it very badly.

18 — Tuesday. This morning wind hauled more ahead, sending us more to the West. The most dangerous part of the Pacific Ocean. At 2 p.m. had school on the quarter deck on account of sickness between decks. This day Elder Harris declined to teach any more. He stated that some of the parents found fault with him. Elder Dowdle volunteered his services. Elder Harris was not voted in to teach but kindly offered to assist Elder Roberts.

19 — This morning Sophia Cadd gave birth to a son at 20 min. to 5 a.m. She is the wife of Joseph Cadd. Some of the children suffering with whooping cough.

31 — Assembled between decks at 11 o'clock for meeting. At night the usual custom of the Captain coming on deck to pay his respects to the passengers and many received a good sprinkling. A good time while it lasted.

September 6 — Three children were blessed. First, the son of Robert Cochrane by Elder Wall and named Charles Rich Cochrane, born on ship Lucas Aug. 16th. Next the son of Joseph Cadd, blessed by Elder Dowdle, named Heber Cadd, born on ship Lucas, August 19th, and another son of Joseph Cadd born April 6, 1856, named Joseph Cadd.

14— This evening at 20 minutes to ten Sister Gingell gave birth to a son. All mothers that have given birth to children on board have been delivered about 20 minutes after being administered to.

17— Prayer by Elder Dowdle, he also made a few remarks for the Saints to prepare themselves for the trials that were yet before them. Exhorting them all to faithfulness.

22— At 5 min. past 3 a.m. Sarah Ann Rillstone, wife of Richard Rillstone, was delivered of a son on board ship.

October 9— Friday. Fair wind, going along 5 knots. About 3:30 p.m. sighted land— first land since we saw the Three Kings north of New Zealand. Peace reigned throughout.

10 — Passed three islands also sighted the coast of America.

12— This morning wind light, weather fine. Anchored in San Pedro Bay. Pres. Wall went ashore to arrange about the accommodation for the company. In the evening prayer with singing.

13— Tuesday: Most of the company went ashore with their baggage into the rooms that were engaged for the company for a week, until teams arrived from San Bernardino. Elder Wall and Robb started off to San Bernardino to get teams to convey us there, but after arriving at Los Angeles they met some of the brethren with their teams who agreed to come to San Pedro to assist us in moving to that place. The company left San Pedro in the afternoon and started for a place about three miles distant to water the cattle, while Brother Wall and Robb stayed at Los Angeles. They were in great danger from some who had apostatized from the Church. They beset the houses round about but the Lord protected them and they got away safe and arrived before the teams at San Pedro. The next day we started for a place called Mente. Arrived there at nightfall. One wagon broke down and we stayed one day at Mente, till more teams could be got. The next day at about 3 P.M. arrived at San Bernardino. We soon got empty houses and on Sunday we were received by the people by vote put by President Cox.—*Rosella L. Gurr*

SAILED ON THE SHIP LUCAS

Mary Ann Woodhams Gingell, my great grandmother, was born in Hastings, England. Her parents were David Woodhams and Lucy Richardson. The Gingells moved to Camden, Cook County, Australia where four children, Charlotte Elizabeth, Eliza Jane, Henry Twaits and David were born. They then moved to Sydney where Stephen, William, James George, Sarah Mary, and Joseph came to bless their home.

In 1857 William and Mary Ann and five of their children, having identified themselves with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, set sail for America on the ship *Lucas*. Mary Ann gave birth to her tenth child on the high seas whom they named Josiah W. On

board were many converts and several missionaries who were a great source of comfort and inspiration to the weary travelers who were not accustomed to such hardships. After arriving at San Pedro the company rested for a short time and then made preparations for the trek across the plains.

The Gingells arrived in Utah in 1857 and soon moved to Parowan, and later to Paragonah where they arrived New Year's Day, 1858.

In this little community they endured all the hardships of pioneering. Sometime between 1861 and 1870 they moved to Evanston, Wyoming. Their first home was built of logs brought from a camp near Piedmont. The first marriage in Evanston was held in this home. The young couple were David Gingell and Caroline Jage. It was solemnized by Rev. Mr. Stevens, a clergyman of the Episcopal Church who had stopped in Evanston for a few days.

Mrs. Anderson, Genealogical Secretary in Evanston in 1953, says of her great-grandmother: "As a little child I can remember Mary Ann Woodhams Gingell, then quite old, going with her small bag to the homes to help deliver babies as she was a midwife."

Mrs. Gingell died in Evanston, Wyoming—*D.U.P. Files*

TWO MISSIONS TO AUSTRALIA



William Madison Wall

William Madison Wall, son of Isaac Wall and Nancy Liddiard, was born September 30, 1821, in Rockingham County, North Carolina. At the age of seven years he was left an orphan and for a short time went to live with his uncle. He then lived with a family by the name of Haws and when nineteen years old married their daughter, Nancy. They were married June 7, 1840. She was born August 23, 1823, in Wayne County, Illinois. They heard the teachings of Elder Arvel Cox and joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1842. The family was living in Nauvoo at the time of the persecutions of the Saints and during this time a baby girl was born to them whom they named

Nancy Isabelle. In the spring of 1850, they left with their five children

for the long journey across the plains to Utah. They entered Salt Lake City in September of that year.

William was soon called to help settle Provo. In June, 1851, he was ordained Bishop of Provo Third Ward and that same year was chosen a captain under Col. Peter W. Conover in the Walker War episode. His duties called him away from home many months at a time laboring in the Tintic district to help keep the Indians in that section. He was a member of the first city council of Provo and the first sheriff of Utah county. In 1853 he married Elizabeth Penrod.

William served two missions to Australia and was in charge of a company of Saints on board the ship *Lucas* which left Australia June 27, 1857. It was he who converted Enoch Gurr and family and they came to Utah with that company. He married two of the Gurr daughters, Susannah and Sarah, my grandmother, in 1864. Previous to this time he had also married Emma Ford.

Mr. Wall and Enoch Gurr helped build the first road through Provo Canyon and later Mr. Wall operated the first toll gate there.

About 1864 he moved to Charleston, Wasatch County where he became engaged in stock raising and farming business and was also chosen president of the Wasatch Stake. He moved to Heber, then to Wallburg, where he was made bishop. The town was named for him. During his lifetime he held many important Church and civic offices. He was a friend of the Indians and spent much time working among them.

William Madison Wall died on September 18, 1869 at the age of 48 years. He was the father of thirty children.—*Ida Wall Hand*

TRULY, PIONEERS — 1857

Early in the Nineteenth century in a little town in Sussex, England, Northiam by name, lived a humble family, James Gurr and his wife Sarah Eldredge. They had ten children, *John, William, Sarah, Enoch Eldredge, Ann, Edward, Thomas, Harriet, Mary* and *James*. Edward and William were accidentally killed. Enoch Eldredge seemed to have possessed a little more of the spirit of adventure than the rest, perhaps because he had a friend of the same nature, John Buckman, or perhaps as we shall see from subsequent events, it was the spirit of God working on him to fulfill his purpose in eventually bringing salvation to his family and future generations.

Enoch was a tall, well built man with grey blue eyes. He fell in love with and married Sarah Higgins, a young widow with a little daughter. From this marriage were born one boy, and two girls, William, Jane and Mary. When the news of the discovery of gold reached their little village Enoch and Sarah decided they would join a company going to Australia. So, in 1838, Enoch now being nearly twenty-five years of age, left England with his wife and family on the sailing ship "*Amelia Thompson*". John Buckman, and his sister, Ruth,

were among the group. At this time Ruth was twenty-eight years old. She had studied nursing and was a mid-wife.

On the way to Australia the dread disease Smallpox broke out on the ship. Everything possible was done to save the lives of those who had contracted the disease but Enoch's wife, Sarah, and their baby died and were buried at sea. The wife of John Buckman also died. They finally reached Sydney in New South Wales and started life anew. They never found gold but they found a land of opportunities. Enoch and Ruth Buckman were married about 1839. Five children were born to them. One day two strangers appeared at their home. They were invited in and after having been given a good meal, they began a long discussion on the truths of the Gospel. Many such evenings were spent and on the 23rd of December, 1853, members of the Enoch Gurr family were baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by John Eldredge and confirmed by Elder Graham. Other Elders came to their home including Andrew Jackson Stewart of Benjamin, Utah; William Madison Wall of Provo, Utah and Elder Fleming. They were always made welcome.

When the call came from Brigham Young urging the Elders to return to Utah at the time of the coming of Johnston's Army, Enoch made arrangements for passage on a sailing vessel for America with a group of converts and missionaries. He worked as a cook on the vessel and Ruth did much to alleviate suffering among the sick on the four month's journey. The company landed in San Pedro, California and were there some time buying provisions and outfits for the journey to Utah. They were finally ready to start but one family could not procure a team so Ruth said, "I will leave my cedar chest (which was filled with clothing and linens) and they can ride with us—some of us can take turns walking." They came in the *Ezra Curtis Company* and suffered many hardships crossing the desert in Nevada.

When they arrived in the Valley Enoch and Ruth and their children settled in Provo. He helped to build the road through Provo Canyon. Here again Ruth did much good among the sick and also helped to bring many babies into the world. After the road was finished up Provo Canyon, Enoch moved his family to Charleston, but later moved to Benjamin Ward, Utah County, where he built a log home. They were among the first settlers in this community and planted some of the first trees in that locality. Around the home they planted a willow fence which grew up to be a row of black willow trees.

Enoch had been a freighter in Australia so he began hauling freight from Salt Lake City to the Douglas Store in Payson and then hauled produce back to Salt Lake City. His daughters, Susannah and Sarah, married the same man, William M. Wall. He died in Provo in September 1869 leaving Susannah with three children and Sarah with two and another expected within a few months. They were then living in Wallsburg. Because of ill health of the mother Enoch

brought Susannah and her children to Benjamin where they lived in the family home. Later Sarah and her three children came to live with them. Enoch was then fifty-nine years of age and Ruth sixty.

Sometime after 1872, the family joined the United Order at Prattsville in Sevier County. Enoch kept his team and wagon and two cows. He put everything else into the Order but he knew he had a great responsibility in providing for his family and the six grandchildren and working with the team brought in additional money which they needed so much. His two daughters worked hard all the time and Ruth took care of the children. She also served as midwife in the community.

Enoch filed on a salt spring, got out salt and sold it, but things did not work out as expected and the Order broke up. They did not receive much as their share but they went to Richfield and joined another Order. Again Enoch put in everything he owned except the team, wagon, and a few cows. The women continued to work but soon the Order broke up and they were left without anything.

Enoch and his son, Peter, rented a farm on Chicken Creek, where they went into stock raising but since there were no schools nearby for the children he decided to return to Benjamin where they lived on the lower ranch owned by his friend, Andrew Jackson Stewart. Two years later Peter died. Enoch, unable to do the heavy work of the ranch, moved to a farm in Sigurd on the Sevier River. He cleaned out the old salt spring and with the help of the women and children was able to make a living.

During all these years Ruth was by his side helping him to rear the family of grandchildren. She had taught her own daughters how to sew, cook and knit and now she did the same for her grandchildren. She was a very devout woman and read from the Bible to the family every day. After some of the children were married Enoch and Ruth returned to Benjamin but he only lived six weeks. He died March 12, 1887. Ruth died there, also, January 5, 1889. She was laid to rest by the side of her husband in the Benjamin cemetery. All their lives they had served the Church of their choice humbly and faithfully.

The following was taken from records concerning the ocean voyage to America:

"No wind, not even a breeze to stir the sails. Everyone was on ration, of course, brown sea biscuits. Water was also rationed. Grandfather Gurr had stomach trouble and could not digest the coarse bread so the old Captain gave him some of his white bread. The Saints on board met and prayed for the calm to cease and for wind so they could continue on their journey and be saved. Soon the wind began to blow and they sailed on for a few days when a terrible storm overtook them. It was so bad that even the Captain told them they could not save the ship. William Wall was with them and amid the cries of the women and children, some of the Saints asked him to

pray. He gathered them together and prayed and the storm ceased. During the storm Ruth tried to comfort those who were afraid and helped to bolster their faith and courage."

William Gurr, son of Enoch and Sarah Higgins was born October 12, 1834 in Northiam, Sussex County, England. He left his native land when he was four years old with his parents, brothers and sisters for Australia. Here he met Sarah Elizabeth Barker who was also born in Northiam and who had gone to Australia with her parents. They were married in Sydney, Australia April 27, 1854. Two children were born to them, William Heber and Sarah Elizabeth. They joined the Mormon Church and came to America on board the ship *Lucas* with a company of Saints under the supervision of Elder William M. Wall.

When they arrived in the Valley they traveled to Parowan where they made their permanent home. Seven more children were born there, two of whom died. All during their lives William and Sarah were faithful members of the Latter-day Saint Church.—*Rosilla L. Gurr*

GEORGE ROBB'S STORY

George Drummond Robb was born in Sydney, Australia on September 23, 1855 to William and Ellen Belle Robb. The Robb family heard the preachings of the Latter-day Saint Elders, was converted, and emigrated with other families to Utah. The trip was made in the American ship *Lucas*. En route young George jeopardized his chances of reaching the promised land by falling in the Pacific Ocean. He was rescued, however, and arrived with the members of his party at San Pedro, California. The group did not remain in San Pedro for any length of time. They moved to San Bernardino, California and soon thereafter moved again to Red Creek, Utah arriving December 28, 1857.

George, together with his brothers and sisters, Anne, William, Tom, Alexander, Adam, John, Albert, Samuel, Jane, Nell and Ellen took advantage of whatever was available in the way of educational opportunity. Since there was very little money and a great deal of hard work to keep the families fed and clothed education was somewhat neglected. George received three months of formal education and this at odd times when he could be spared from farm work and when the community was fortunate enough to have a teacher. George was baptized by Silas Smith on December 16, 1867, in Red Creek and formally admitted to the Church. He was confirmed that same day by John Gribble. He had been blessed in Australia by Josiah Roggeron.

William Robb, Sr., during his middle life, had acquired quite a herd of cattle. It was part of young George's duties to help with the care of these cattle. Through some misunderstanding, bad weather,

and lack of help, many of the animals were lost. This was one of George's keenest regrets. The memory of his failure to keep the herd intact grieved him to his dying day.

In 1877 George married pretty little Caroline Jones. She was sixteen years of age at the time of their marriage. The young couple earned their living as everyone else was doing—farming, cheese making, cattle raising. On September 8, 1878 their first daughter, Mary Anne, was born. Shortly after the birth of the infant, young George received a call to fill a mission among the Indians in the San Juan country. He was asked to take his family and to help colonize that district in addition to carrying the gospel to the red men. Asked what settlers did with their lands and homes when they accepted a call to fill a mission or establish a colony, George answered "We just left them," without a trace of bitterness. While in the San Juan country another daughter, Ellen, was born. George and his family remained in the San Juan country for two years and then returned home.

When George reached the Colorado River on his way home, he found it to be a raging torrent. The ferry man refused to take him across. George, impatient, as was his nature, asked to be allowed to use the boat. He filled it with his equipment and took it across the river. "I thought my arms would be torn from their sockets," he often told his grandchildren. He reached the other side in safety. "Then I remembered the Indians on the opposite side where I had left Cally and my little girls. I feared those Indians. I recalled the numerous times they had wanted to trade their blankets for my red-haired papoose." Without pausing for rest he made the return trip and brought his wife and children to safety.

George and Caroline decided to pay a visit to George's brother, Albert, who operated a small store in the Indian country. While they were there a group of Indian men came in and demanded that the blankets which they had traded for sugar and bacon be returned to them. Albert refused. The Indians became sullen and ugly, but they left the store. George tried to reason with his brother, advising him to give up the blankets. "Those Indians will be back," he prophesied. "If I do so this time, I may as well close the store, because that is just what I would have to do every time," the brother said. George concluded his visit and went on his way. Sometime later he heard the outcome of this incident from his brother's wife. The Indians did return and once again demanded their blankets, and once again the trader refused. The Indians then bound him, sat an Indian on his back and marched him to the door. Outside an Indian on a horse shot at Albert, but Albert dodged the bullet, and the Indian on his back was killed. Infuriated the Indians tied Albert to the heels of the horse and dragged him back and forth through the store until he was dead. They then got into their canoes and went down the river. One remained behind, and he instructed Albert's widow to gather as many possessions as could be loaded into

a wagon, and he would take her to a place to of safety. "They will be back," he warned the woman. The Indians did come back and sacked and burned the store. The woman and the Indian, Poss-n-posey, saw the blaze from across the river.

Shortly after reaching home, George was called on a second mission. He accepted the call and went this time to western Colorado. Again he took his family with him. While they were on the Mancus two more children were born—George, Jr., and William, Jr. George had built the furniture; the beds were great logs split in two and bound together with rawhide strips. These were covered with ticking stuffed with straw.

Returning home from this mission of three years, the family exhausted its supply of provisions. There was no money with which to purchase more. George found it necessary to stop at Price, Utah to try to earn money. This occurred in 1883. At that time the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad Company was extending its line through the Price River Canyon to Salt Lake City. Here George was able to obtain work through the summer but by the time the job was completed, winter had set in. George and his family remained with the family of Henry John Mathis until spring.

In the spring of 1884 several families from the Red Creek area came to Price to make their homes. Among them were Caroline's sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Empey, Ernest Horsley and family, Soren Olsen and his family, so the Robbs decided to remain. George bought a piece of land and built a small log house. He began farming, and from time to time he was able to purchase more land. He also bought a few cattle. His father made him a gift of fifteen head. George and Caroline and all their children worked very hard. The family arose early every morning. George fed and watered the horses and hitched the team to the wagon to go to the field. Meanwhile Caroline fed, watered, and milked the cows, fed and watered the chickens and cooked the breakfast. Then the family assembled for morning prayer. After the blessing was asked upon the food, the family sat down to breakfast. When the meal was finished, the master of the house, accompanied by his older children, went to the field, carrying with them a jug of water and a generous lunch which Caroline had somehow found time to pack. They returned at evening to find the cows, chickens, pigs, bees, and children cared for, the garden tended, the house clean and tidy, and the supper prepared. In her leisure time Caroline made clothing, tended the sick—she was midwife for the community—and did her church work.

During the time when farming did not require all his attention and the cattle were safe in the field, on the range, or in the corrals, George earned extra cash by hauling freight or passengers from Price to the Duchesne country or Uintah basin. All supplies brought in on the railroad had to be transported to the Uintah basin by wagon.

In the year 1890 a deadly epidemic of diphtheria struck the community. A great many people died. The customary funeral service was given up. Each morning a great wagon went rumbling down the road on its awful mission of gathering the dead. If a white flag hung from the gate post, the impromptu hearse stopped and took away the loved one and disposed of the remains. One morning it stopped at the Robb gate, and took away the body of the eldest son, eight year old George. When he began to show symptoms of the disease, all the children were sent to live in the granary in the care of ten year old Nell. When the doctor came, he showed the parents large white lumps in their child's throat. The boy was choking to death. The doctor attempted to remove the lump with crude surgery, but after he had severed the lump, he had no tweezers with which to remove it from the throat. It lodged itself deeper in the child's throat making breathing impossible. George quickly inserted his fingers and withdrew the lump, but the child died of hemorrhage.

George Robb formed the habit of spending the late Sunday afternoon playing the reed organ in the little parlor. This towering instrument with its terraces of racks, carved panels, and little shelves encircled by small railings of intricately carved spokes, stood majestically at one end of the room. The tiny shelves held innumerable candle sticks, and those candlesticks were polished until they gleamed in the lamp light. On a center table was a copy of the Bible, the Book of Mormon, a green plush album, and a beautiful hand-painted china lamp. It was a room that any man could be proud to gaze upon.

As the family increased, there were ten children now, the little house became too small. Father George decided at long last to increase the size of it. He moved the family into the west side while he worked on the east; then the family lived in the east side while the west side was built. Then as a crowning glory he built an "upstairs." While putting shingles on the roof, George slipped and fell the full distance to the ground. His hip was broken. The doctor of the community never attempted to set it. For the remainder of his life George walked on crutches or hobbled about with the aid of a cane. Kind neighbors and friends completed the house, but George never saw his "upstairs". After many months he was again able to ride a horse, but the work of the farm for the most part had to be done by the children under his direction. He was obliged to sell much of his livestock.

With the coming of the railroad many other changes came to Utah. Coal mines had been opened in Emery County and people flocked to that area to obtain remunerative work. In 1906 it was decided to divide Emery into two counties. The northern portion was called Carbon with the county seat located at Price. The increase in population and the number of non-farmers who came, gave George and his friends many more opportunities for selling their produce.

The sale of George's cattle brought many times the price cattle had previously brought. A bank had opened in Price and George bought shares in it. His savings increased, but they failed to give George the sense of security they should have given him. To the end of his life George regarded himself a poor man. He gave generously to the building of the new tabernacle and then deprived himself to make up for his extravagance. When the new High School was built he again contributed generously, so that his four younger children might not have to leave home in order to obtain an education.

The years went by and soon George was left with only one child, his youngest son, who had never been well. Caroline had always said that this child was born too late. George guessed she was right. She was always right; "Cally" had been a good wife. Yet this last child, born ten years after the others, was a constant joy to him and Caroline. Lacking the vitality to be out and going with the other children, he spent much of his time at home with his parents. He loved the farm and the animals and made that his life's work.

In 1922 Caroline died of a heart condition and then George learned to know what poverty was really like, but it was a spiritual poverty. His children were kind, generous, and helpful but they could not take the place of a man's mate, the companion of forty-five years. He lived on in the old house alone for the next twenty years during which time seemed to stand still for George. A steady stream of grandchildren were presented to him. His children took him to their homes for visits. He attended Sacrament meeting regularly, but little else occurred in his life. During this time he sold what was left of his livestock. He died in 1942 of causes incident to old age.—

Zella Pessetto

FROM MY FATHER'S DIARY

John Nye and Charlotte Osborne were married about the year 1834 in the parish of Waterberry County, Kent, England. Father was a farm laborer and accepted any other kind of work he could find. This was very poorly paid, the average wage being about \$2.00 per week. When my father heard of the discovery of gold mines in Australia in the year 1851-52, he got the fever and succeeded in getting enough means together to take his family on an emigration ship to Australia, sailing with wife and six children from Graves End, England in 1852 on the bark *Helleu*. It had seen East India service and had been condemned, then put on the emigration line for Australia. There were 300 emigrants on board. Shortly after we got to sea, a great deal of sickness broke out and quite a number of emigrants died.

While crossing the Equator, under the burning heat of a tropical sun, the sailing vessel becalmed for three weeks and sickness prevailed and while rounding the Cape of Good Hope, we were in continuous storm and were hatched down for another three weeks. On

the trip 32 persons died and were buried at sea. At last after a long and weary sail of one hundred and thirty two days, we reached Portland, Australia and in the course of two or three days were permitted to go ashore.

Father soon obtained employment and we stayed there five or six weeks. About two weeks later, father and my two oldest brothers John and James went on foot to Port Pheary, several days' walk, where they obtained employment on a large cattle and sheep ranch. Father sent at once for mother and the children and they arrived there two days later and met my sister Emma who had taken service there about a month previous. Father and James were hired as shepherds; mother was hired to cook for father; John was employed as hired man and Emma as cook for the ranch.



Ephraim Hesmer Nye

In December 1853 mother gave birth to her youngest son, Osborne. About this time father had a valuable horse killed by a steer. John was riding after the steer to corral it, when it suddenly turned on the horse and plunged its horns into the horse's shoulder. A veterinarian was called when the horse was first injured and he turned out to be George Wilson, a member of the Mormon Church. However, the horse died, but the family listened to the gospel taught by this man and an Elder William M. Wall, the latter by whom the family was later baptized.

We learned that there was a branch of the Church in Sydney and soon after we started for this place, eight hundred miles overland. Brother Wilson accompanied us. We were overtaken by the rainy season, concluded to winter there and continue our journey the following spring. For four months the family and Brother Wilson engaged in lumbering. During this time letters had been sent to Sydney to the Mormon Elders, supposed to be located there, but received no reply. And now a train of circumstances took place which it becomes my painful duty to report. My parents, who it seemed had not been overburdened with love for each other, had become estranged. It seemed utterly impossible for them to dwell together any longer. Father seemed to show no affection nor kindness towards any member of the family except Stephen. Mother was of a kind

amiable disposition and wanted the love of her children. My brother Stephen, then about eight years old, was father's favored son. Mother determined on a separation but a divorce was out of the question as no one in ordinary circumstances could afford to obtain one.

One day, when father was away on business and had Stephen with him, Mother left the home taking John, Emma, Charles, Osborne and me. Although she was filled with anxiety at the thought of leaving Stephen she was sure that father would take good care of him. We traveled thirty miles toward New South Wales, where we awaited the arrival of my brother James and George Wilson. We learned that father was determined to follow us, but in his anxieties, sailed for South America instead of North America.

John, now the head of the family, and George Wilson were in partnership as fishermen for eight or ten months and at this time, they contacted Mormon Elders who got in touch with James McKay, a Mormon, but not an elder, and Alexander Somerville. The latter stated that although he was not an Elder, he was appointed president of all the Saints in Victoria and was in a position to furnish information. Although in the dead of winter, the family decided to start for Kyanton, still accompanied by George Wilson, a journey of two hundred and seventy miles through mud and slush and continuous rain and thus exposed to all the changes and conditions of the atmosphere, we journeyed toward the true light and the words of the Saviour were fulfilled "We asked and we received." On our arrival at Kyanton, after a careful examination of our history and standing, President Somerville, of the Victoria conference, concluded that we should be re-baptized.

Our great desire now was to go to Utah, but being without funds, such of the boys as were old enough secured work and six months later we journeyed on to Melbourne and took passage on the ship *Milwaukee* for San Francisco, California. A company of Saints were formed and we stayed on board ship ten days before the ship received clearance papers, sailing on New Year's Day in 1859. Considering all things we had a pleasant trip. We had plenty of water, good provisions and good health prevailed among the ninety passengers. The trip occupied seventy-nine days and during that time no land nor sails were seen. We arrived in San Francisco, March 21, 1859 and lived there three months but as work was scarce we moved to Stockton and the four boys, John, James, Charles and myself obtained employment on a ranch where we lived until August 1860.

During the year 1859 father embarked from South America landing in San Francisco. He learned of our removal to Stockton and finally started with Stephen to join us. They were welcomed with joy by all the family but father and mother could not reconcile themselves to living together again. Peace reigned for about three weeks then disagreements came again. About August 1860 we joined

friends at Sacramento and proceeded on our way over the Sierra Nevada mountains to old Carson Valley, where a company of twenty wagons was organized. We traveled up the Humboldt River, over the Goosecreek mountains, through Thousand Springs Valley and thence reached Brigham City, through Ogden, Utah, and stopped at old East Weber, later known as Uintah, about October 1860. The family was baptized again, making three times in all.

John Nye was called among many others to help the new settlements in southern Utah. He was a pioneer in St. George. His son, Charles, was also of that party. Their particular mission was to search out all available water supplies. He received his endowments in the Salt Lake City Temple October 26, 1861 and was sealed to Harriet Shearn in the St. George Temple.—*Ephraim Hesmer Nye*

Ephraim H. Nye, was called on a mission to England in 1882, where he was president of the London conference until June 1884, baptizing ninety-seven converts. He served as home missionary in Weber, Utah for twelve years and, in 1896, was called to preside over the California mission. Later he served as a missionary in Salt Lake City and then was sent to the Southern States mission. He went to South Carolina, after finishing his reports, to see about getting a young Elder who had been badly beaten and bring him back to Ogden and while there, doing this act of mercy, was stricken with a heart attack and died May 15, 1903. Father's funeral was held in the Ogden Tabernacle. His whole life was filled with the work of the Master and I am sure that he found grace in the sight of God.

—*Hattie Nye Bacon*

LATER MISSIONARIES

William Geddes was born December 8, 1832 at Bilston, Lanarkshire, Scotland, the son of Hugh and Agnes Graham Geddes. Inasmuch as his parents were very poor it was necessary for William to work in the coal mines when he was very young, leaving meager opportunities for an education. When he was fourteen years of age he became interested in the Mormon religion and was soon convinced, converted, and baptized by Elder James Jordon November 30, 1847, against the wishes of his parents. Writing about these difficult times he said:

"I will have to leave my parents home or give up my religion. I have received a testimony that the Gospel is true and restored to the earth. I could not give up my testimony so I went away for a period of seven years but suffered much from hunger on account of my youth and backwardness. (He was known as the Boy Preacher of Glasgow). I baptized many into the Church. I continued to preach the Gospel until 1854, March 12th, when I emigrated on board the ship *John Wood*. I gave my money to help the poor to gather to Zion and agreed to work my way to Zion and worked as a steward.

I drove a team across the plains and arrived in Salt Lake City October 2, 1854. Worked a great deal on a stone quarry to procure rock for the Temple."

In 1855 William Geddes married Elizabeth Stewart, daughter of a Mormon widow to whom he had given his ticket at the dock in Liverpool, England. A year later he married Martha Stewart, a sister of Elizabeth. They were the daughters of Archibald and Ester Lyle Stewart of Scotland, the father having passed away in his native land.

William, with fourteen others, was called by President Young in 1859 to settle Plain City, Weber County. They built a canal through nine miles of difficult country and endured three years of struggle and perseverance before any crops were grown. Many became discouraged and left but William stayed on and for the next few years turned his attention to agriculture, stock raising, contracting, salt manufacturing and community development. He was especially interested in establishing good schools. It is said William owned the first wagon, clock, stove and organ in Plain City and his home was always open to the young people for community social affairs.

At the death of his first wife, Elizabeth, Martha took her five children and mothered them as her own. In 1869, William married Emma Hope Stewart, his first two wives' sister-in-law.

When Plain City became an active progressive town, President Young called William to Southern Utah to assist in opening the Dixie country.

In 1872 he was called to fill a mission to Scotland and while there he visited his people. He wrote: "Father repented when I returned from America. I preached the Gospel to him and he believed it but died before he obtained it."

After two years of successful work in Scotland (1874) he was called to take charge of the Australian mission. At one time while staying at a hotel he asked the proprietor to call him in time to take a certain ship to another island. That night in a dream he beheld the sinking of the ship with all passengers aboard. The next morning he related his dreams and warned to people not to sail, but no attention was paid to his warning. About nine o'clock word came that the ship and its passengers had gone to a watery grave.

In 1880 he homesteaded in Preston, Idaho where he helped in getting out the first charter for irrigation canals in Oneida County. After living in Preston for a few years he sold his farm and moved back to Plain City. He died suddenly of a heart attack August 23, 1899, at the age of 67 years, and was buried in the Plain City cemetery. Altogether William Geddes had spent eleven years of his life in missionary work.—*Edna Geddes Eames*

Isaac Groo was born April 8, 1827, at Neversink, Sullivan County, New York, the son of Samuel Groo and Mercy Tuttle. His father died when he was about seven years of age leaving his mother

with a large family to support. At the age of sixteen he purchased a farm and made a livelihood from the ground also attending school whenever and wherever he could. Four years later he married Sarah E. Gillett, a member of the Mormon Church. After selling his land he engaged in school teaching along with the grocery business.

On January 1, 1852 he was baptized a member of the Latter-day Saint Church and traveled among the local branches of the Church in Sullivan County. In 1854 he crossed the plains to Utah. Isaac Groo held many important Church and civic positions and also continued his teaching activities. He served as regent of the University of Deseret and was a Lieutenant Colonel in the Nauvoo Legion.

In 1875-76 he filled a mission to Australia, serving as president of that mission. After his return home he engaged in cattle business in Wyoming, but finally sold out his stock and returned to his old home in the Ninth Ward, Salt Lake City where he passed away January 24, 1895 after a long and distinguished career.

William McLachlan was born near Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, Scotland May 30, 1840. His father was Gilbert McLachlan and his mother Hannah Glencorse. He was the fifth child in a family of six sons and three daughters. When he was twelve years of age his mother died and a few years later he left Scotland for England, where he worked with a brother in the drapery business. On the 9th day of July 1859, he was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. In 1860, William married Caroline Filer, who, like himself was a member of the Church.

On June 4, 1863 they set sail for America on the ship *Amazon*, arriving in Salt Lake City October 4, 1863, with Captain James Woolley's company. On the way to Utah they buried one son on the banks of the Missouri River and another at Florence, Nebraska. Thus the joy they felt upon arriving in the City of the Saints was strangely subdued, and for a time much of the brightness seemed taken out of their lives with the loss of their only children. Still they acknowledged in their chastening, the hand of Him who loveth all His children.

Shortly after coming to Salt Lake City he learned the carpentry trade and worked at it until he was called on a mission to New Zealand in 1875-6 and part of 1877. Upon his return to Utah he continued his Church work and at the time of his death was president of Pioneer Stake. He died on the rostrum of Pioneer Stake hall after having just concluded an address to the priesthood December 3, 1916.

—*Isabel C. McLachlan Sharo*

Fred J. May was born in Southampton, Hampshire, England January 16, 1844 to John May and Mary Lewis. In 1866 he emigrated to Utah and arrived in Salt Lake City the following year. He became a convert to Mormonism after his arrival in Utah and was baptized May 6, 1868. He filled a mission to Australia in 1878, being ap-

pointed president September 15, 1878, with Thomas A. Shreeve as his assistant.

Elder May returned to Utah in July, 1880 and continued his Church labors until May 19, 1910 when he died in Salt Lake City.

Thomas Arthur Shreeve was born February 15, 1851 at Norwich, Norfolk, England. He was baptized in May, 1864 and labored in the Norwich branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints until 1869, when he emigrated to Utah. In 1875 he was ordained an Elder and later ordained a Seventy by Parley P. Pratt. In 1878 he filled a mission to New Zealand where he organized four branches of the Church. On Christmas Day, 1878, he organized the Papanui Canterbury, the first Relief Society in the Southern Hemisphere, with sixteen members.

Returning home in 1880, he settled in Ogden, Utah where he took an active part in civic work and also served as a home missionary. Elder Shreeve's favorite study was the Book of Mormon and he became an adept student.

Elijah F. Pearce, was born September 4, 1831, in Newton, England. He was the son of George Pearce and Esther Pollard. He became a Mormon convert and was baptized January 1, 1851 shortly after he came to Utah. On October 10, 1878 he was set apart for a mission to New Zealand, arriving there December 18, 1878. On December 24, 1879 he was placed in charge of the Australasian Mission succeeding Fred J. May and Thomas A. Shreeve. President Pearce made his headquarters at Christ Church, New Zealand, and his labors were concentrated in that part of the mission.

On March 3, 1880 he left Auckland, New Zealand for home. He died June 30, 1922 in Salt Lake City, Utah.

George Shepard Taylor was born 16 July 1860 in Salt Lake City, Utah to George Hamilton Taylor and Elmina Shepard. He was married February 9, 1882 to Anna Christina Smoot, daughter of Abraham O. Smoot and wife Anna Kiristine Morrison. George moved to Provo, Utah and began business in a book store, which later became the Taylor Paper Company. He left his home and business for his first mission to New Zealand on the 20th of October, 1884 returning home January 21, 1888.

Because of being so young the missionaries grew long beards in order to have more influence with the older Maori people. They were living at that time in the native's thatched homes. One aged blind Maori told his family to ask these Elders to pray with his family, and if they raised their hands above their heads when praying, the family would know that the Elders had the true gospel. This was a habit of the Elders at that time.

Years later George S. Taylor was called to be the Mission President in New Zealand. He left Provo, Utah for his second mission

with his wife Ida Alleman Taylor, and two daughters, Miriam and Priscilla, November 3, 1920, returning home the first of August, 1923, having suffered a heart attack while performing missionary labors. He died January 16, 1924. He loved these humble people and they, in turn, loved and respected him.—*Ida Alleman Taylor*

FROM THE DIARY OF JOHN CLARENCE STEWART

John Clarence Stewart, my father, was the son of John Riley Stewart and Frances Ellen Van Hoosier who were married while crossing the plains to Utah in 1862.

When John grew to manhood he went on a mission to New Zealand in the year 1883. He kept a diary of his labors among the natives and was successful in converting many to the Latter-day Saint faith. From his diary we quote:

September 6, 1884: The people threw away their English prayer books and asked for baptism. We went four miles to Tikikino for the baptism and about twenty followed us. We held a meeting and I had to talk in Maori again as the man who tried to interpret Bro. Newby was no good.

7th — Sunday. This was a day long to be remembered. Twenty three asked for baptism. Three children we blessed. 10:00 a.m. was set for the time. I let Elder Newby baptize them as he hadn't baptized any yet. After dinner was over they spread mats on the ground and the sacrament on boxes covered with white cloths. I spoke to them and they were confirmed.

8th — After breakfast 2 couples were to be married. So at 11 a.m. we sang a hymn and had prayer, then I married them. The Saints all sang songs of praise and thanksgiving — that we had come to them and brought the Gospel. They talked till 11 p.m. and followed us for miles when we left.

11th — Went to Hastings and got letters from Pres. Stewart saying 89 more were baptized there where he was. He told me I was to come up where he was real soon.

October 1 — . . . Finally a small boat took me to Warhur. I supposed the town called Wairia was only four miles away but found it 20 miles.

5th — The Maori people followed me and asked for a meeting. There were 50 present and had good order and I talked for about an hour. After dinner I went three miles to the next place and they welcomed me. They rang the bell and the people came. About 250 collected and I spoke for one hour. After we dismissed, the men started asking questions and I had to stay till 11 p.m., and was so tired I rolled up in a blanket and went to the corner to rest, but the Maoris talked all night. Not much rest as one blanket wasn't very soft.

6th — I came to Toha's (head Maori) and had a good sleep. Another crowd collected and I showed the pictures of the Prophets and Salt Lake.

16th — I left for Wai Whare 10 miles. About 16 Maori followed me. . . . Fifteen more Maori were baptized at 5:30. . . . As the meeting was about to close, Maoris brought their children to be blessed. Sixteen were blessed and fifteen were baptized. . . .

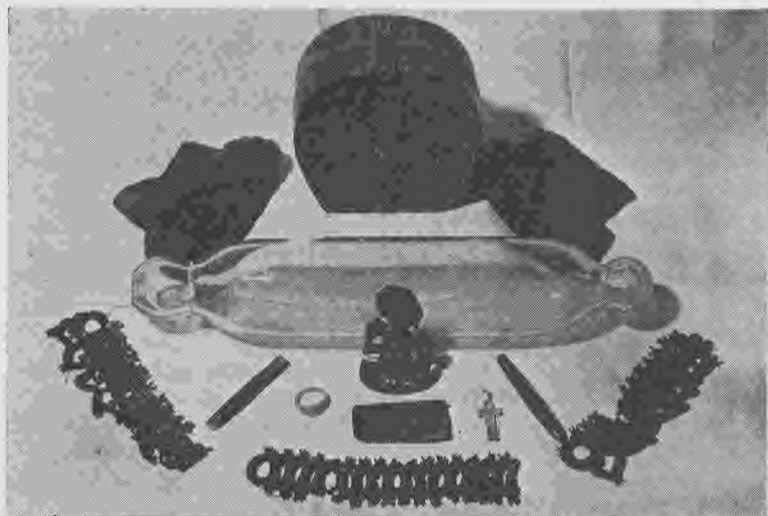
Father's diary is filled with villages he labored in and the success which followed him throughout his missionary labors in this faraway island. There were 144 baptisms recorded in this one year of his diary, also 220 mentioned in one of his letters to his mother, all on one island while he was there as presiding Elder.

When Elder Stewart returned he brought home with him a little Maori boy who had been given to him because of their great love for one another. His name was Piriki Whaanga. At that time he was about eight years of age. He lived only to his twenty-sixth year when he was fatally injured while riding a horse. An English lady also came with him. Her name was Jane Rountree.

A few years later seven or eight Maori came to Kanab, Utah, the president of the branch lived there. His name was Hirini Whaanga, and he was said to be of royal descent. His wife, Mere Whaanga came with him and also Hirini's brother's wife, Abigail, who was Piriki's mother. There was also Piriki's little brother named Kanab for the town in which my father lived. Three teenagers, named Watni Smith, Sydney Christi and Edna Pomeroy and others came. Hirini named my sister after his wife, and daughter, who had died.

Mere Whaanga had her picture in the *Deseret News* on the 20th of February, 1943. One picture showed her with Rufus K. Hardy and a near relative who was in the air force, Tame Hawaiki-range Waerea of Nuhaka, New Zealand. The other picture was at age ninety-five with a quilt she had made and given to President Grant of the Latter-day Saint Church. The article said she came to Utah with her husband Hirini in 1890. He was called back to New Zealand on a mission by President Smith and died soon after returning to Utah. She returned to New Zealand where she remained until she was ninety-five years old, then Rufus K. Hardy made arrangements for her to return to Utah so that she could be buried by the side of her husband when she passed away. While in New Zealand she fed and sheltered hundreds of missionaries and traveled all over the country in the interests of the Church. I went to see Mere shortly before her death. She was a great credit to her people.

The following gifts were presented to Elder John Clarence Stewart by the Maori people on his return to Utah: One jade idol, to be worn tied on a string around the neck; one jade piece fashioned as a boomerang with boar's teeth tied to it; two straight pieces of jade to



Articles brought from New Zealand by J. C. Stewart.

be used similarly; one piece unfinished jade; one broken white bone ring and 1 pair of red and brown wool wristlets.

Before leaving New Zealand he gathered some beautiful articles for his bride to be, my mother, Editha Johnson. Among them was a clear glass rolling pin which he watched the natives blow, some seed bracelets and a small hand-fashioned bone cross.—*Ellen S. Hemsley*

THE BANKS FAMILY — 1855

William Ellis Banks and *Ellen Eyre Banks* were both born in Dansby, Lincolnshire, England. He was born March 16, 1820, the second son of William and Sarah Moore Banks. *Ellen Eyre* was born September 21, 1821. She was the daughter of James and Ann Naulor Eyre. The Banks were married in England and lived there until after their first three children were born. About the time the third child was born, England was starting the colonization of their provinces, including Australia, and the family was attracted by the liberality of the English government. In 1837 they set sail for Australia. They were on the ocean six months and during the voyage two of their children died and were buried at sea.

When they arrived at Australia, William worked at fencing a large ranch. Later he went to work in the mines at Balarat, and his family moved to Melbourne where his brother Joseph and wife, Charlotte, a sister of Ellen, found them. Joseph then secured a wagon

and moved the two families to Balarat to join William. Meanwhile William decided to return to Melbourne to visit his family and upon arrival found them gone. Desperately he searched for them but was unable to find a clue to where they had gone, and, so, heartsick he returned to his mining job. While passing through a small village on the return trip he observed a little boy with curly hair playing on the sidewalk. He approached the boy and asked his name, all the time saying to himself "dash my rags if that's not *my* boy." "Oh, I'm William E. Banks' boy" was the reply. Soon the family was reunited.

The two brothers and their families next moved to a small town called Forest Creek where they worked in the mines. They took out one pound of gold a week which they sold in Melbourne for \$21.00 per ounce. While working at the mine the brothers accumulated considerable property and money.

Joseph had joined the Latter-day Saint Church in England and brought the gospel to William and Ellen in Australia. Later another brother, John, also joined the Church.

During their stay in Australia four more children were born to Ellen. Their names were Francis, George, Charlotte and Ellen. Little curly headed George, at a very early age, would climb upon a chair and preach to his family at great length. During one of these sermons he turned to his sister Charlotte and said, "You and I will go to heaven after a little while, dressed in little red dresses." Ellen remembered the little boy's words and it troubled her a great deal. A few months later the two children contracted croup and died. They were buried in their little red dresses.

The spirit of gathering took hold of the brothers and their families, and they began to prepare to gather with the Saints in Utah. Elder Frost engaged passage for a large company and they set sail on the ship "Tarquenia" on the 23rd of April, 1855. Just off the coast of Honolulu the ship sprung a leak, so they landed there July 5, 1855. The vessel was repaired and they set sail again on the 18th. Four days later they returned to Honolulu for further repairs.

On the 20th of August the good ship Willamette picked them up and brought them to San Francisco, where they docked in October, 1855. After four days in that city they went to San Pedro by boat and after another four days went on to Los Angeles thence to San Bernardino where they found work making ditches. There Ellen Banks began her life work of helping to bring babies into the world. During her life she delivered some four hundred without the loss of a single mother. While they were living in San Bernardino Ellis Banks, Jr., was born April 3, 1857 and was a child in arms when the family came on to Utah, arriving in Parowan, April 25, 1858. They came by the Southern route and passed near the Mountain Meadows shortly after the great tragedy of this western land.

William Ellis Banks was pointed in his speech and fearless in his defense of the truth. He was a Seventy in the Church. Once,

just a short time before his death, Bishop Dame called him to speak at the sacrament meeting. He had not been asked to speak for several years and in his remarks turned to the bishop and said, "Brother Dame is a good man, but don't deal with him, for he will nip you if he can." Needless to say he didn't speak in church again. He died true to the faith January 7, 1889 and was buried in the Parowan cemetery.

Ellen Banks continued her practice of midwifery after his death for several years. Everyone loved her and many have been blessed by her kindness and devotion. She died at the home of her daughter, Lovina Banks Bentley, in Parowan, July 11, 1897.

Francis who was born at Sydney, Australia died July 30, 1911; Ellen who was born in Melbourne, Australia, December 18, 1854, died April 13, 1858 at Wheat Grass Ranch and was buried in the Parowan cemetery.—*Roberta B. Rowley*

"THE JENNY FORD" — 1856

Josiah Wolcott Fleming was born on the 26th day of April, 1808, at Middleton, Harrison County, Virginia, son of William and Ann Fleming. In 1828 he married Nancy Bigler, daughter of Mark and Susanna Ogden Bigler, of Shinnston, West Virginia. Josiah built a little home near his father's farm and here their first two children were born, a daughter named Sarah Ann, on the 28th of August 1832, and a son, Thaddeus Ellis, on the 28th of August, 1835. In 1837 they were converted to the Mormon faith and baptized by Jediah M. Grant in the West Fork River.

The following year they decided to join the main body of the Church at Far West, Missouri and from there went to Nauvoo, Illinois, where they again went through the persecutions of the Saints in that city. They came to Utah in 1851. In a letter written that year to his father in Virginia he said in part: "It was a long and tedious journey and very hard on both man and beast, suffice is to say we survived and withstood the hardships of the journey. And when our eyes beheld the extent and beauty of this valley, our hearts rejoiced and we fell to praise the God of Israel for his care and protection over us to see this goodly land. We think we have one of the choice lots in the city, 25 rods from the Temple Block. We have a nice house built of adobes, a beautiful stream of clear running water from the mountains, within forty feet of the door. The United States mail comes to the city once every month."

The following was taken from another letter that was written in 1852:

Dear Isaac, honored and affectionate brother, family and friends:

Having been called on a mission to Australia, I left my beloved family and friends in the vales of the mountains, in good health. I rented my house in the city, left Thaddeus

and his mother a house and farm of forty acres in the Utah Valley. Also two city lots, a good span of horses, wagon, etc. And on the 3rd of December arrived at San Bernardino. Here we disposed of our effects and was helped to the coast by our friends.

Arriving in San Pedro, we went on board the Col. Fremont brig. In San Francisco, the Captain put a piece in the daily news stating that the Col. Fremont had arrived with thirty-six Mormon Elders on board, with our names and different missions. Soon our friends came to inquire after us, and began to administer to our wants, both those who belonged to the Church and those who did not. When the news reached San Jose, an agent came over in the first steamer across the bay to see us. He said they wanted some of the honors of helping to bear this mission to the nations, and gave us, himself, \$4,000, praying for our safety in the Redeemer's Kingdom. You can see by the above that the Lord is moving the hearts of the people in our behalf.

The next day we went on board the ship "*Pacific*", and sailed on February the first for Australia. After a long and tedious journey, we arrived in Sydney. We were set apart to our several fields of labor. . . .

Among those Josiah Fleming converted to the Church and baptized was Apostle Francis M. Lyman's wife, Rhoda. After laboring faithfully in the mission field for four years, he was released and set sail for home. He, with Augustus Farnham, were passengers on the *Jenny Ford*.

This testimony was taken from his journal, May, 1856:

"Last night the wind was very high, and a heavy sea on, this morning it was less, we ran out a short distance in a quarterly direction by the Island. And while we were yet in full view of the town the wind ceased to blow, so we had no control of the vessel which was thrown before the waves toward the shore. A fearful sight as they dashed against the breakers flying high in the air.

"Every sail was set, and every possible means was used to save the vessel from the approaching danger, but to no purpose. In a short time we discovered a huge rock at which our vessel was drifting. We soon realized the fearful danger, without any earthly means of preventing it. Every soul on board was waiting to see the vessel dashed to pieces; at this critical moment I called some of the Elders to come and stand between the passengers, crew, etc., and the breaker. And by the power of the Priesthood and mighty faith, we might have power with our Heavenly Father to turn the vessel in another direction, as it did not seem pos-

sible that we should come to such a fearful death.

"Yet we continued to drift broadside toward the rock, and when the last wave passed and the vessel towered within a few feet of the rock, only waiting the next wave to dash it to pieces, I lifted my eyes to my Father in Heaven, perhaps for the last time. I felt the power of God immediately rest upon me and I said, 'Oh, God, the Eternal Father, in the name of Jesus Christ, thy son, I command this vessel to stand still and go no farther toward this rock.'

"The next wave came rolling on, and raised the vessel to its full height, which soon passed and the vessel lowered in the same place. When I saw this, I again lifted my voice to my Father in Heaven, and in the name of Jesus commanded the wind to blow and fill the sails, which it did instantly and the vessel with all on board was out of danger in a few moments.

"I afterwards remembered that this power had been given me by Joseph Smith, Sr., and John Smith, Patriarchs who said I should have power over the winds and waves of the sea and they should be subject to my voice. (Signed)
J. W. Fleming

In the meantime his son, Thaddeus, had been called to go on a mission to the same place where his father had labored and they passed each other on the sea. They never saw one another for nine years.

Josiah was three months crossing from Sydney to San Francisco, and there he received transportation to his home and loved ones in Utah Valley. From then on until the time of his death, he lived a peaceful and happy life. He was beloved by his children, grandchildren and neighbors. He passed away January 6, 1873 at his home in Provo at the age of 73 years.—*Nellie Fleming McEwan*

THE MOYES FAMILY

William Moyes was born June 25, 1817, a son of William and Mary Pierce Moyes, in the Parish of Othroham, Cornwall, England. In 1840 he married *Mary Eastcott*, the daughter of William and Elizabeth Vendel Eastcott. She was born April 23, 1817, in Jacobston, Cornwall, England. In 1841, this couple and one son, *William Jr.*, went to Sydney, Australia where they rented a farm on the Patterson River and took up farming and stock raising. Ten children were born to them while living here but three died shortly after birth.

In 1855 the family first heard the Gospel as preached by Elder William Baxter, and was converted and baptized by him. Shortly after they made preparations to emigrate to Utah and the next year started on the long journey to Zion. The children contracted whooping cough on the voyage of eleven weeks but all arrived safely in Cali-

fornia. They remained one year in San Bernardino and raised a crop to stake them on their trip across the plains.

On December 1, 1857 they left San Bernardino in company with Francis M. Lyman, Marcus L. Shepherd, Sidney Tanner, Horace Skinner, Alfonso Farnsworth, Jonathan and Alma Crosby, J. W. Christian, J. P. Baker, Addison Pratt, John Hunt, E. C. Mathews, Thomas Parkinson, Henry Gale, William Flake, Charles Mickelson, James Puffer, Ephraim Twitchell and William Hawkinson. They crossed the desert with ox and mule teams arriving in Beaver, February 15, 1858. The journey had taken two and one-half months in the dead of winter.

The Moyes family's first home was a cellar where they lived for one year. Then the father and boys built a log room with a dirt roof and floor and they thought themselves very fortunate. The menfolk took up land, fenced and cleared it, and planted crops. It was late in the season when the crops were planted and an early spring frost destroyed their crops before they matured. Kind friends and neighbors divided with them and they were able to get along until the next harvest. In the meantime the family bought a cow and a few sheep. The mother and daughters carded and spun wool on a spinning wheel made by Joseph Jackson. The hand loom was made by Robert Rees. Dyes were made from the natural resources around them.

In 1862 the eldest son, William Jr., with other young men were called by Bishop Philo Taylor Farnsworth to go to Florence, Nebraska and help bring in emigrants. In 1864 the father was called to make the same journey, and four years later, Richard, another son was called for the same purpose. While the men were away the mother and daughters carried on the farm work.

In 1888, William Sr., was called by Brigham Young to help settle the Muddy Mission, now called Overton, Nevada. After this mission was closed they moved to Saint George where William and his son, John, worked on the Temple; then moved to Beaver where they spent the rest of their lives. Mrs. Moyes died April 23, 1874 at the age of 57 years. Mr. Moyes later married Zelpha Hunt. He died February 16, 1909 at the age of 92 years.—*Mary F. Williams Goodwin*

"RHODA"

Mrs. Ann Stanley Taylor of Vacey, New South Wales, Australia left that country with her six children from Sydney on the sailing vessel *Jenny Ford* on the 28th day of May, 1856 and landed on the 15th of August, 1856 at San Pedro, California with a company of other converts. Among the members of the Latter-day Saint Church meeting the boat was a young man by the name of Francis Marion Lyman, then eighteen years old. He was greatly impressed with the beauty and charm of Rhoda Ann Taylor as she came down the

gang plank and decided then and there that someday he would marry her, which he did.

The children who came with their mother were *Rhoda Ann, Ellen, Jane, Susan, James Jr., and Samuel*. After several years of pioneer life in Utah the mother with her two youngest children, Samuel and Susan, returned to their home in Australia. All are since deceased.—*Mary Lyman Gowans*

GRANDFATHER MALMSTROM

Charles Eric Malmstrom, my grandfather, was born at Boda, on the Island of Oland, Kalmar County, Sweden, September 28, 1840, and christened October 4, 1840 as Carl Eric, son of Carl Mattson and Anna Greta Olofson Mattson. His father and mother were born in Finland and moved to Sweden after the birth of six children. They bought a farm in Sweden which bore the name of "Malmstrom" meaning "Meadow Stream". It is understood that Carl Eric Mattson changed his name to Charles Eric Malmstrom, perhaps taking the name Malmstrom from the name of the farm. Charles is not a Swedish name, so it is believed that he changed his given name from Carl to Charles.

We have no information concerning grandfather from the time of his birth until February, 1863, at which time he married Larantina E. ————. She deserted him the following May, after which a child was born to them. Later he left Sweden for Australia. It is presumed that he became interested in religion for there are pictures of him standing in a pulpit in Australia with a Bible in his hand. The photograph was taken at 90 Bacobe Street, East Theoties, Royal Melbourne, Australia.

Charles met Matilda Edwards, daughter of Joshua John Edwards and Sarah Ann Wright Edwards, and they were married December 4, 1865, in the Manse of the Scots Church, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia by Rev. Hetherington. Their first child was born December 4, 1866.

Charles was baptized on December 16, 1867 into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and Matilda on March 20, 1868. It is not known whether this was done before or after they left Australia. When they arrived in California they were short of funds and after working for a short time to get enough to live on, they went to the Church Farm at San Joaquin located near Stockton, California. Charles Bennion, their second child was born there on June 9, 1869. Soon they had enough money and provisions to travel by wagon to Salt Lake City. The records show they received their endowments on December 20, 1869.

At a later date they were sent out with others by Brigham Young to help settle Skull Valley. They endured many hardships in this

isolated place and here my father, Ariel Joshua Malmstrom was born November 29, 1871. The family moved from Skull Valley to Mapleton Bench in Utah County and inasmuch as he was one of the first settlers on the bench, he was entitled to the first water rights. He was in court many times to help settle water disputes during those first years.

The Malmstroms were the parents of seven children. Grandfather Malmstrom passed away at Mapleton April 18, 1901.

—*Matilda M. Linebarger*

GRANDFATHER-JOB WELLING

Job Welling, my grandfather, was born January 9, 1833 in the town of Audlem, Cheshire County, England. His father, John Welling was born in 1800, near Shropshire, England and his mother, Mary Ann Comer Welling at Cheshire, England. His brothers and sisters were Lemuel, John, Mary, David, Hannah, Thomas and Ann, all born at Audlem.

Job was an industrious lad. He, and his brother, Thomas, learned the tailoring trade. Tom heard the Gospel and after carefully examining its principles joined the Church and became a traveling Elder. One of his first converts was his brother, Job. Tom turned against the Church through some misunderstanding. Job, however, was ardent enough in his beliefs that he did not let Tom's actions influence him. He consented to be a traveling Elder and while on a visit to Portsmouth met Frances E. Yoeman, who later became his wife.

Two children, Job Jr., and Frances, were born but Frances died in infancy. Job was anxious to come to Utah, so on the 23rd of March, 1856, he, his wife, and child, sailed from Liverpool on the ship *Enoch Train*, arriving in Boston on May 1st. From here they traveled by railroad to Iowa, where on the 9th of June, 1856, they joined the first handcart company, under Captain Ellsworth, en route to Salt Lake City. Among those who died along the way was their nineteen months' old son.

Grandfather and his wife stayed in Salt Lake City for two weeks then moved to Farmington where he immediately established himself in the tailoring trade, besides farming and carrying on his civic and Church duties. He was a member of the Nauvoo Legion. Five children were born to Job and Frances in Farmington, but three died in infancy. On December 29, 1865, Job's wife died leaving him the care of Willard Key and Annie Maria, their two small children.

On May 12, 1866, Job married Marietta Holmes, daughter of Elvira Annie Cowles Smith Holmes and Jonathan Harriman Holmes. She readily recognized Job Welling's fine assets, and also her heart went out to the children. On December 20, 1869, a sister Phoebe Louisa Holmes, became the third wife of Job Welling. Grandfather

must have found "that something" in the Holmes girls for he asked the third sister, Emma Lucinda to become his wife. But it was not until just before he left in June, 1875 for a two years' mission to Australia that she gave her consent and they were married.

Job and his two companions, Thomas Steed and Jacob Miller received permission from Brigham Young to go by way of England so that they could visit with friends and relatives. They left Farmington June 16th and arrived in New York June 22nd. At 3 p.m., the same day they set sail for England. Jacob was seasick most of the time.

They arrived in Liverpool on July 5, 1875. Job did some sight seeing but his foremost interest was in looking up the family he had left some nineteen years ago. He found his sister, Mary, in the same house but she did not know him. Finally, after quite a lengthy conversation she exclaimed, "Job, is it thee?" Grandfather experienced much joy and pleasure in these reunions with his family. He wrote in his diary, "Father soon learned that I am at Mary's and he comes and takes me with his left (his only) hand and sways to and fro with emotion and says, 'Job, Job, I thought you were dead!' " Job visited the entire family and also friends and found that many of them had changed so that he could hardly recognize them. There was great rejoicing and a sad leave-taking. Before leaving, Grandfather visited his mother's grave. He also obtained all the genealogy he could on his family.

August 26th he left Liverpool en route to Melbourne, Australia, and arrived there fifty-two days later on October 20th. In his diary he gives a very interesting account of the peculiar manner in which the water behaved — the great mountains of water rising on both sides of the ship — giving the passengers a very insignificant feeling. He also tells of the unusual experience encountered when they came to the division of North and South, actually feeling the meeting of the tides which formed great ridges such as could be made by continual back-furrowing. This occurrence was entirely strange to most of the seamen. And, of course, there was much about their studying and preaching the gospel on the boat.

On his arrival in Australia there were myriads of problems awaiting him. He made many friends for himself and the Church. He was able to use his ability as a tailor while there in making suits for the brethren. Throughout his diary he expressed his love and devotion for his wives and children and his constant anxiety for their welfare.

On March 13, 1877 he was released. He returned by way of San Francisco and then by rail to Utah arriving home May 20, 1877, where he was warmly welcomed by his family and friends. He was now in debt quite heavily for missionary expenses so he immediately went to work to get it paid. He went into the merchandising and tailoring business and also owned some large tracts of land which he farmed.

On the 7th day of March, 1886, Grandfather Welling died of a heart attack. His survivors were three wives and twenty children. Although he was only 53 years of age at the time of his death, yet his accomplishments were many and varied.

In Grandfather's choice of the three Holmes sisters as wives he showed excellent judgment. While he was on his mission and at his death, the wives took over the responsibilities of providing, of disciplining and of managing very well. Grandmother Phoebe said when asked what they did when their husband and provider left, "What didn't we do! We taught school, did nursing, weaving, gardening and carried on the best we could. It was a pleasure even if there were hardships. I nursed all three babies and stayed at home doing the weaving and household tasks until the babies could be weaned. We had a carpet loom and I made carpets for all who brought their rags to be woven."

Grandfather, though in faraway Australia, had the responsibilities of his family very much in mind. He wrote them where to plant certain seeds and to whom to go for any assistance needed. They all seemed to share and share alike in the large family. The first wife, Marietta, was the righteous judge, being even tempered and serene of nature, and never favoring her children above the others. One of the sons, Milton H. Welling, in his tribute to his Mother said: "If these women ever had a disagreement I never heard of it. If a voice was raised in anger, I do not know it, neither did any other living man. There must have been many midnight conferences and anxious decisions, but at dawn we were on the march—always forward."

In Grandfather's letter were found some of these beautiful expressions: "Great waves racing, rolling, tumbling in and breaking into numerous small ones, and then arranging themselves again as in battle array — only to spend their fury upon each other, and again they are dashed to pieces." "The sea is almost smooth, and it waves as gently in the slight breeze as a field of tall timothy or red-top hay would before a light wind." "Our boat rides the waves like the queen of the seas."—*Marjorie Welling Groesbeck*

AUSTRALIAN CONVERTS

In faraway Adelaide, Australia, sometime prior to the year 1912, Rosena Teague Pedler and her husband, William, had recently buried an infant daughter. Missionaries of the Mormon Church came into their home bringing comfort to the bereaved parents and explaining the principles of their religion. Rosena embraced the Gospel and was soon baptized, but William refused baptism until the time of his death September 22, 1949. He is buried in the family plot at the Pedler homestead of Trevalsa. This name was brought from Cornwall, England, when some of the family migrated to Australia. Rosena bore fervent testimony to her children, with the result that the

name of Pedler continues upon the records of the Branch to this time. The eldest son, William Joseph and his wife, Lily Violetta Cook, having joined the Church, decided to emigrate to Zion.

William Joseph was a tradesman. He was skilled in the craft of wicker-work and basket weaving. This he was teaching in a vocational school for the blind in Adelaide. William Howard, Evelyne Olive, and Ernest were their three children. The names of the missionaries who linger in the minds of the children over the years due to continued association are: Elder Wesley E. Tingey of Centerville, Utah; Elder William B. Moore, of Ogden, Utah; and Elder Joseph Fred Palmer, of South Jordan. At the time this family departed in October, 1915 for America, one of the Sisters of the Branch accompanied them to be married to Elder Moore. Myrtle Thredgold also sailed with them.

The shadows of World War I were over land and sea, and the ship's lights, the British liner *S. S. Niagara*, were screened carefully each night so as not to attract enemy aircraft. The voyage took one month. The Pedler family landed at Vancouver, British Columbia, in November of 1915, and made entry into the United States from Canada. They went directly to South Jordan, Utah, arriving on Thanksgiving Day, where they were welcomed into the home of Elder Joseph Palmer, despite the fact that a son had been born that day to Mrs. Palmer.

Subsequently the family lived in Bountiful, North Salt Lake, and Salt Lake City. Seven more children were born to this couple. Eight children still remain, all living in Utah.

The father, William Joseph, died on the 6th of February, 1944. Lily Violetta Cook Pedler died on the 18th of October, 1946. Both are buried in the South Jordan Cemetery.—*Caroline Britton Shelton*

FROM NEW ZEALAND

The following story was told to me some forty years ago by *Frederick William Hurst*, grandfather of my husband as he visited in our home in Shelley, Idaho. He was one of a family of eleven children and joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in New Zealand. After filling a mission to Australia and Hawaii, he came to Utah where he secured a position as a keeper of a Pony Express Station in Ruby Valley, Nevada. The Indians at that time were very hostile since they felt that the white man was usurping their lands and food supplies. They knew that food was kept at the station which was sent in by the government for the riders and keepers of the station. The army officers had given strict orders not to give the Indians supplies, consequently many such attendants were killed and stations burned. Mr. Hurst believed in the policy of Brigham Young toward the Indians and being naturally a kind-hearted man, had a great desire to alleviate their suffering.

Christmas came and he, a young unmarried man, thought of home and his loved ones in faraway New Zealand and of the good times and good things they had to eat, especially at this time of year. He decided to give the Indians a treat for Christmas. In addition to the bread, which he had given them from time to time, he gathered the ingredients for a huge plum pudding. He placed the mixture in seamless bags and then lowered them into tubs of boiling water over a bonfire. The Indians were deeply appreciative of this act of kindness and needless to say, neither he nor his station were ever molested.—*May Hurst.*

TO THE EMPIRE OF INDIA

The East Indian Mission comprises the great Empire of India. Thomas Metcalf, a private of the 9th Regiment of the British Army in India, having by chance obtained an L.D.S. tract wrote to the office of the Latter-day Saint mission at Liverpool, England, asking for additional literature on the church. His request was promptly complied with.

Two sailors, Benjamin Richey and George Barber, who had been baptized in London December 27, 1849 by Elder Henry Savage, visited Calcutta in 1850, where they discussed the subject of Mormonism with a number of people. When they returned to England they purchased a number of books and pamphlets on the subject and sent them to their friends in Calcutta. These people had become so interested that they, too, wrote to England for church literature.

Early in 1851 Joseph Richards, who was employed by the ship *Gloriosa*, was ordained an Elder by George B. Wallace and authorized to preach the Gospel in India. He arrived in Calcutta later that same year and, on June 22, 1851, baptized James Patrick Meik, Mary Ann Meik, Matthew McCune and Maurice White.

A branch of the Church was organized in Calcutta, called the "Wanderers Branch" and, on June 29, 1851 Maurice White was appointed to preside over the little branch by Joseph Richards who soon afterwards returned to England. The three brethren were ordained to the Priesthood and set apart to labor as missionaries in India. On October 5, President White baptized a native woman by the name of Anna, and a week later, John Grundy and wife, which increased the membership to seven. Maurice White then went to England.

About this time Lorenzo Snow was opening up the mission in Switzerland and concluded to extend his missionary operations to India. He called Elder William Willis and Elder Hugh Findlay to go to India as missionaries. When they arrived in India there were only six members in the little branch. Meetings were held in the residence of James P. Meik at 2½ Bazaar Street in Calcutta and at the Matthew McCune residence in Cooley Bazaar. Joseph Sutton was bap-

tized by Elder Willis on December 28, 1851. Soon after a lecture hall 17x47 feet was built by Elder Meik in which meetings were held.

In the meantime in a special conference held in Salt Lake City in the Tabernacle August 28, 1852, Elders Nathaniel V. Jones, William F. Carter, Robert Skelton, Samuel A. Woolley, William Fotheringham, Richard Ballantyne, Truman Leonard, Amos Milton Musser, and Robert Owen were called to go to the East Indian mission. They boarded the ship *Monsoon* for Calcutta and anchored in that city April 25, 1853 ("Heart Throbs"—Vol. 4.) Most of the missionary work up to this time had been done in and around Calcutta, but when these Elders arrived to take up their duties, labors were extended to Madras, Bombay, Rangoon, Karatchi, Pooma and other places and small branches of the Church were organized. Elder A. Milton Musser labored for nearly two years in the province of Sindh where he erected a small meeting house but, generally speaking, the preaching of the Gospel in India did not meet with much success.

When the Elders returned to Utah in 1858 missionary labors came almost to a standstill. Elder Meik emigrated to Utah in 1869 together with other Saints. Elder Mills, who had remained in India, reported that the Madras branch, organized in 1854, formerly had fourteen members, six had died, five were in poor standing and that only he, and his two sisters, remained faithful members of the Church.

In 1884, William Willis, Henry F. McCune, Milson R. Pratt and George Booth were called to labor as missionaries in India and endeavored to reopen church activities there. These brethren arrived in Calcutta August 1, 1884. A few people were baptized. Later William Willis went to Burma but left that place December 12, 1884 en route to Utah leaving Henry McCune and Milson R. Pratt at Moulmain, Burma where they remained for three months preaching and distributing tracts, but had little success. In the meantime they had been appointed to labor in New Zealand and sailed from Calcutta June 10, 1885 for that country. Dr. George Henry Booth returned to Utah in 1888, which practically ended the East Indian Mission.

A few members of the Church remained in some communities, and a branch of the Church still existed in Karatchi, Sindh, presided over by Robert Marshall. John H. Cooper, who had been appointed president of the East Indian Mission in 1903, arrived June 25th and was kindly received by the Marshalls. Their sons, William, John and Charles Augustus were baptized. When Elder Cooper left Karatchi in 1903 the branch consisted of 13 adults and 4 children, all zealous members of the Latter-day Saint faith.

MISSIONARY IN 1853

Levi Savage, Jr., was born March 23, 1820 in Greenfield, Huron County, Ohio, the eldest son of Levi Savage and Polly Hames. In the early 1840's the family became members of the Mormon faith.

They endured all the persecutions prevalent at that time and were with the exiled Saints in Council Bluffs when the call came for the Mormon Battalion. Levi enlisted and made the entire march to California. Upon his discharge he started for home—but where was home? He knew that his parents with their family were on their way west to Utah so he, with other soldiers, journeyed to Salt Lake City. Here he found his father and brothers and sisters, but his mother had died and was buried not far from Council Bluffs.

On January 23, 1848 he married Jane Mathers who had taken charge of the children after the death of their mother on the long trek across the plains. On December 29, 1852 Jane died leaving an eleven months old son. From his journal we quote:

"The following October at conference I was called to go on a mission. At that conference there was near one hundred Elders called upon to take missions to different parts of the world. I left my little boy with my sister Hannah. He was my only child, she and her husband were to have whole control of him and what little property I had left for his support."

Levi traveled by team with other Elders to San Francisco, California, from whence they sailed to Calcutta, India. It was a long hard journey. Not many days out he came down with smallpox and Levi and his companion were isolated from all others on board ship. They were the only two who contracted the disease. "We arrived in Calcutta all safe and in good spirits, being six months and four days since I left Salt Lake and two months and twenty-seven days since we sailed from San Francisco. Here we did missionary work for four years, returning by way of New York, from there we went to Iowa City and joined the ill-fated handcart company which left Iowa July 1856 led by Capt. Willie." On arriving in Salt Lake it was a joyous meeting to find his five year old son in good health.

Soon after his return he married Ann Cooper, an English widow with two little girls, who had also been in the Willie company. He moved his family to Holden, Millard County and went into the stock business. Later they moved to Kanab in Kane County but because of Indian depredations in the year 1865, move to Toquerville, Washington County where he passed away December 13, 1910 nearing 91 years of eventful life.—*Louie Savage Ison*

THE McCUNE FAMILY

The Gospel found *Major Matthew McCune* in Calcutta, East India, where he was serving in the British Medical College in order to help the backward natives of that country understand modern hygiene and to prevent the wholesale death which often occurred there from the blight of superstition which marked the oriental medical magicians.

The father of Major McCune was Robert McCune who was born in Newtonard, in the northern part of Ireland, and was a descendant



Relics of the McCune family — Pioneer Memorial Museum

of one of the famous Scotch settlers, sent into Ulster County by King James the First to help colonize. Robert McCune settled on the Isle of Man where his son, Matthew, was born July 23, 1811. His mother was Agnes Jelly. On reaching majority Matthew went to Paisley, Scotland where he engaged in the manufacture of Paisley shawls with his Uncle Fleming for a number of years. He finally disagreed with the business policy of his uncle and sold out his interest. He then went to London where he married Sarah Elizabeth Caroline Scott. Not long after his marriage he was given a major's commission in the British army and went out with his division to East India in 1835. He was billeted to the cantonment of Dum Dum near Calcutta and it was here their children were born.

The first son was Alexander John, born Feb. 21, 1835; then Agnes Jane, born March 21, 1838; Henry Frederick, born May 31, 1840; Alfred Robert born April 8, 1842; William Thomas born September 15, 1844; George born December 27, 1846; Alfred William, born July 11, 1849; Edward James Fleming born September 27, 1851. In February, 1843, Alexander was bitten by a mad dog and died on the ninth day, plunging the parents into great sorrow. Alfred Robert and William Thomas died of cholera within an hour of each other and were buried in one grave. At the time of the cholera scourge hundreds of English soldiers and civilians died daily. This led Matthew McCune to take up the study of medicine.

The home in Calcutta occupied by Major McCune was an official bungalow having forty rooms with the usual retinue of servants. His

intimate friend, Captain James P. Meik, lived not far from him. Both of these men had joined or instituted the Plymouth Brothers Association attached to the Baptist Church of India.

The Major sometimes entertained soldiers from the British Man-of-War in his home. Two sailor boys, Benjamin Richey and George Barber, about eighteen years of age, heard the singing in the McCune bungalow and in their eagerness to enter the walled-in-gardens, common to oriental homes of wealthy people, knocked repeatedly upon the outer gate, finally beating the gong in their determination to get inside where the singing was in progress. The noise reached the attention of Matthew McCune and he directed his servants to open the gate. He himself welcomed them.

After the entertainment was over the talk drifted to religion. Both of these young men, who were members of the Latter-day Saint Church, though they did not hold the priesthood, joined in the discussion. Their questions and replies to other questions attracted the attention of their host. He invited them to remain. The boys gave some literature to their new friends. As a result Major McCune and Captain Meik wrote to Apostle Lorenzo Snow, then presiding over the Italian Mission, for some Church works. The books arrived three months later and as a consequence, Matthew McCune and wife, Captain Meik and wife and Maurice White were converted to the Gospel. They wrote requesting an Elder be sent to baptize the converts. In 1851, another sailor, Joseph Richards, arrived in Calcutta and baptized these five, all of whom emigrated to Utah and remained faithful to the end of their lives. These with a Mrs. McMabon were practically the only converts from East India.

In 1852 the war broke out in Burma and Major McCune's battalion of artillery was ordered to the front. Before leaving he baptized his older children. Soon after his departure several Elders from Utah arrived in India and were received at the landing stage by his son Henry McCune, and a number of servants to escort the Elders to the bungalow. When the party saw Henry, Chauncey W. West took him in his arms and said, "Brethren, this is the little man I saw in my vision last night." The Elders asked why the boy had brought so many servants and when told that they were to carry their luggage and wait upon them the Elders were both amused and surprised. Arriving at the bungalow Mrs. McCune appointed a servant to each Elder and they retired each to his own room under very different arrangements encountered usually by Mormon missionaries.

In a short time the Elders were sent to the various parts of India, but the climate and the bitter indifference of the people induced the mission president, Nathaniel V. Jones, to abandon the work. Major McCune was advised to leave India as soon as it was possible for him to wind up his affairs, for the judgment of God was about to be poured out upon India, a prophecy which was fulfilled to the very letter in the great Sepoy Mutiny in 1854. The Burmese troops,

having subjugated the Burmese empire, peace was proclaimed, and, in 1856, the Major decided the time had come for him to emigrate to Zion, across the world. The experiences of that long, tedious and dramatic voyage on the ship *Escort* around the world were shared by all similar emigrants.

On reaching the Valley they were persuaded by Elder Ballantyne to settle in Nephi and here Major McCune brought up his family of boys. The McCunes were unused to toil of any kind. They had to learn to drive ox teams, cook around a camp fire, chop wood, mend and sew, bake and clean. However, no one ever heard a complaining word or criticism of the authorities of the Church from these Latter-day Saints.

Major McCune became a doctor in Nephi. He had two other wives, one of whom was Ann Midgley, my grandmother, who had two children, Grace McCune and my father, Matthew Midgely McCune. Six years later he married Isabella Chalmers. He reared a large family of sons and daughters in difficult pioneer surroundings which taxed both faith, courage, loyalty and physical powers. He worked and merged his own highly trained faculties into the solution of pioneer problems shared by community associates.

His first wife died in 1876. He died in 1889, the beloved and honored friend of Brigham Young and Erastus Snow and of all the early pioneer leaders who recognized his strength and wisdom.—*Joy McCune*

HANNAH PETERS BOOTH

"I was born in Chunar, India. My father was a native of Portugal and my mother was from Manila. My husband was an officer in the English Army in India, as were also my father and grandfather. We lived in affluent circumstances, keeping nine servants, a carriage, etc., and I gave my attention to the profession of obstetrics. When the Gospel was introduced into India, my son Charles, who was a civil engineer in the army, met the Elders at sea and was converted. He brought to me the Gospel, which I embraced with joy and from that time was eager to leave possessions, friends, children and country to unite with this people. My son George, a surgeon in the army, remained behind, although he had embraced the Gospel. My sister, a widow, and my son Charles and his wife — daughter of Lt. Kent, a son of Sir Robert Kent of England—and their infant daughter, came with me. Reaching San Francisco, we proceeded to San Bernardino, arriving there in 1855.

"Having in India no occasion to perform housework, we found ourselves greatly distressed in our new home, by the lack of such needful knowledge. We bought a stove, and tried to make the first fire. I made the fire in the first place that opened, the oven, and was greatly perplexed by the smoking and not drawing. We were too mortified to let our ignorance be known, and our bread was so

badly made, and our cooking so wretchedly done, that we often ate fruit and milk rather than the food we had just prepared. We also bought a cow, and not knowing how to milk her, had great trouble. Four of us surrounded her; my son tied her head to the fence, her legs to the post, her tail to another; and while he stood by to protect me, my sister and daughter-in-law to advise — I proceeded to milk — on the wrong side as I afterwards learned. After awhile, however, some good sister kindly taught us how to work.

“Just as we had become settled in our new home the Saints prepared to leave San Bernardino, in the winter of 1857-58. We sold our home at great sacrifice, and six of us in one wagon, with two yoke of Spanish oxen, started for Utah. On the desert our oxen grew weak and our supplies began to give out. We, who at home in India had servants at every turn, now had to walk many weary miles through desert sands and in climbing mountains. My sisters and I would, in the morning, bind our cashmere scarfs around our waists, take each a staff, and with a small piece of bread each, we would walk ahead of the train. At noon we would rest, ask a blessing on the bread, and go on. Weary, footsore and hungry, we never regretted leaving our luxurious home, nor longed to return. We were thankful for the knowledge that had led us away and trusted to God to sustain us in our trials and lead us to a resting place among the Saints. After our journey ended we began anew to build a home.

“I am, after twenty years among this people, willing to finish my days with them, whatever their lots and trials may be, and I pray God for His Holy Spirit to continue with me to the end.”

According to notes in Journal History of the Church under Missionaries for India appears this item dated May 15, 1884: “It has been decided by the First Presidency of the Church to make an effort to reopen the door of the Gospel in East Indies. This step has been promoted by the presence, and at the suggestion of Dr. George H. Booth, who has relatives in Utah and arrived here from East Indies on a visit on the 23rd of April, accompanied by his son. Dr. Booth is a son of ‘Grandmother Booth’ of Beaver, lady well known and respected in the community. He was baptized in India when quite young and purposes returning to Utah as soon as he can settle up his affairs. He is a physician by profession. He leaves his son, an intelligent young man, with his grandmother at Beaver. The young man purposes entering upon the study of law.”

Further notices state that Dr. Booth and three missionaries left for India by train for San Francisco on June 10, 1884.

On the Way: June 11, 1884 — Four Mormon missionaries are domiciled in the American Exchange Hotel. They will leave tomorrow on the China Steamer, en route for Calcutta. They intend to found a permanent mission in the Indian capitol and are hopeful of gathering an abundant harvest there. A reporter of the D. R. called on the Mormons and was very courteously received. The missionaries are by

no means the ordinarily concerned types of the Latter-day Saints. The leader of the party, William Willis, is an intelligent looking man past middle age. He has a benevolent aspect and wears a long white beard. He is willing and anxious to impart information on Mormon topics to all inquirers.

Dr. Booth (George H.), who has been in the Church for thirty years is a resident of Calcutta. He looks like a typical Attache of British Consulate in San Francisco. His hair is black, slightly tinged with gray, and is parted in the middle. His beard is worn rather long.

ARRIVAL OF THE ELDERS IN CALCUTTA

Deseret News, Aug. 7, 1884.

At the Fifty-Fourth Semi-Annual Conference held early in October 1884 the following names were presented from Hindustan: William Willis, Milson R. Pratt, Henry F. McCune, and George Booth.

George Henry Booth was born September 12, 1883, at Chunar, India, the son of William Booth and Hannah Peters. He was a doctor by profession and associated with the medical department of the British Army. He was educated in the Military Academy at and graduated from the Calcutta Medical College.

His mother emigrated to Utah in 1855 with several members of the family and, in March 1884, he came to visit his relatives. Upon his return to India he was called to labor as a missionary. He returned to Utah in 1886 and resided in Salt Lake City. His wife and family did not come at this time. His wife died so he never returned to his former home.

After remaining in Salt Lake for a year or two, Mr. Booth went to Colonia Juarez. He also lived in Deming, New Mexico, where his second wife Charlotte Elizabeth Taylor died. He returned to Salt Lake City where he practiced as a physician until he died at St. Marks Hospital following an operation. He was 78 years of age. He had served the greater part of his life among the peoples of the Far East as a missionary and a doctor.—*Lenna Wilson Bowler*

WILLIAM AND ELIZABETH TAIT

William Tait was born in Dawn, Patrick, Ireland, on the 3rd day of November, 1818. He was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Glasgow, Scotland, in the year 1841, and in the year 1842 sailed for India in her Majesty Queen Victoria's service as regimental drill master. He remained in the service until 1854. While there he married Elizabeth Xavier, daughter of James and Annabella Xavier. She was born in Bombay, India, December 23, 1833. Her parents were of high rank and Elizabeth was reared in the lap of luxury. She entered college and was graduated in 1847

when only fourteen years of age. The marriage took place January 21, 1850 when she was seventeen years old and two years later she was baptized into the Church to which her husband belonged. Her family was very much opposed to her baptism and Elizabeth was the only member who ever joined the Latter-day Saint faith.

During this time the Mormon Elders were welcomed into their home among others, notably, Elder Amos M. Musser and Elder Hugh Findlay, the latter with whom William sailed for America in the year 1855 on the ship *Victoria*. He arrived in Cedar City, Utah on the 6th of March 1856.

Elizabeth did not come with her husband at this time as she was shortly expecting the birth of their third child and it was thought best that he come ahead and prepare a home for her. During this period a little son died of cholera. The older boy had come to America with his father. After the birth of her baby, a girl, the parents again plead with Elizabeth to remain with them saying that she or her child would never want for anything; but all they offered did not keep Elizabeth from keeping true to the gospel which she had embraced and the man she had married. While crossing the ocean to England her little daughter died and was buried in Liverpool. This was one of the hardest of her trials to bear, but the president of the mission was so kind to her that she decided to go on.

Elizabeth arrived in Iowa City in July, 1856, where she joined the handcart company of Captain James G. Willie, enduring all the sufferings of that brave band. Much of her load had to be discarded along the way including the beautiful clothing and jewels she had brought from her homeland. An experience she often related in later years was as follows:

One day when the company had stopped to rest and prepare the noonday meal, she, and a woman companion, wandered a little way from camp and lying down under a large sagebrush were soon fast asleep. When the company was ready to move on they made a brief search for the women, but not finding them went on thinking they might be ahead. Several hours later the women awoke only to find they were left behind and that it would soon be dark. They followed the cart tracks as best they could, calling at the top of their voices, but to no avail. After walking quite a distance they came to a stream, and feeling sure that the company had crossed not long before, they stood on the bank and shouted as loud as they could until they heard voices on the other side. Two men from the camp heard their cries and brought them safely back.

In the meantime William had learned that his beloved wife was with the Willie company and had come to Salt Lake to meet her. How great was her joy when she was reunited with her husband. After a short rest in Salt Lake City, William and Elizabeth started on their journey to Cedar City. The trip consumed a little more than

three weeks as it was made by oxteam. A few days after their arrival Elizabeth assisted her husband in teaching school which profession she followed for about two years. She was a devoted wife and mother assisting her husband and children in everyway she could to make an honorable living. She was a fine seamstress and it is said that she made most of the white shirts worn by the men of that community at that time. During those first years it was exceptionally hard for her to do the many chores customary to pioneer women because of her previous upbringing but she soon learned to do the tasks that all women of that day had to do and there was never a word of complaint. Her life was her home and family leaving all public work for her husband.

Shortly after their arrival in Cedar City William was appointed by Colonel William H. Dame as drill master of the Tenth Regiment of the Nauvoo Legion. He was an efficient officer and was loved and respected by all with whom he came in contact.

During his lifetime William never accumulated much in the way of worldly goods. He helped to build the Old Fort and owned five acres of ground there on which he raised some small grain, potatoes and vegetables. When the fort was abandoned he secured a home in the central part of town near Main Street where he lived for a number of years. Later he bought two lots on First East. One of the most valuable pieces of land he owned was a five acre tract in the West Field which he traded to Andrew Corry for a stove. Cook stoves were a luxury at that time. Later he secured more land in the South Field and still later owned a few acres in the North Field. He also had a few horses and some cattle.

William passed away after a brief illness October 29, 1896. His funeral was held in the Cedar City Tabernacle. At the time of his death he was a member of the High Priest quorum. His whole life was spent in the service of his community and his Church.

Elizabeth was the mother of ten children, six of whom were living at the time of her death. She passed away at the home of her daughter, Mrs. John Day in Enterprise, on September 7, 1914, and was laid to rest by the side of her husband. Their names will always be held in honorable remembrance by the people of Southern Utah. "Well done thou good and faithful servants, enter thou into thy rest."

—*Mahala Tait Sorenson*



From the Journal and Diary of Isaiah Moses Coombs

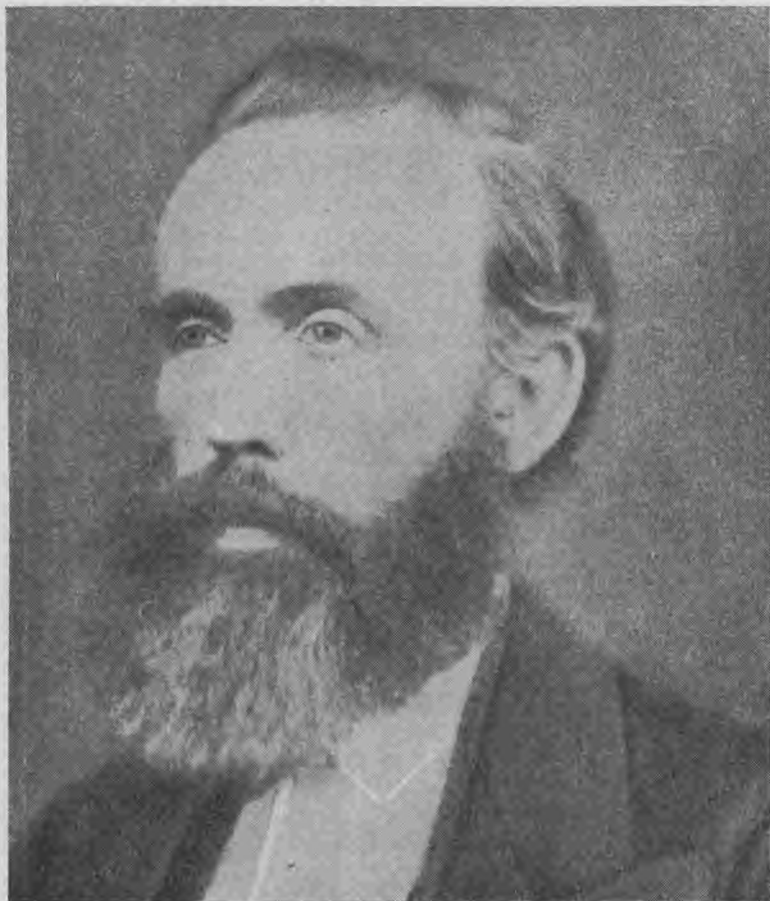
*Blessed are the merciful for they
shall obtain mercy. Matthew 5:7*



THE DIARY of Isaiah Moses Coombs was selected for this year's publication after having read many diaries, journals, and autobiographies. It is the story of a man who was humble, sincere and of deep religious convictions. Isaiah kept a diary and in later years wrote an autobiography, both of which were placed in the archives of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. His son, Arthur F. Coombs, copied from these records the greater part of his writings which were given to us. We have edited them, using both the autobiography and the diary.

Isaiah Coombs was a man of great faith willing to make any sacrifice for the religion he espoused. Throughout his life he showed outstanding loyalty to the leaders of his Church, always expressing thanks for the privilege of knowing and serving them. He loved President Brigham Young and was closely associated with him. During the seventeen years he was the keeper of the tithing office, his records were so perfectly kept that President Young sent Isaiah to teach others who had the same responsibility, the methods that were used so successfully by him. Few men were thus chosen.

Mr. Coombs showed great love for his wives and children. As each new babe came into his home he expressed his joy and thanks to God for the child. When death took one of his loved ones he mourned deeply. He was never rich in a worldly sense but rich in the love and service he gave to others. Isaiah lived only fifty-two years but he lived a full life, proving that it is not how long a man lives but how well.



Isaiah Moses Coombs

Isaiah Moses Coombs was born March 21, 1834, in Columbia, Monroe County, Illinois. His parents, Mark Anthony Coombs and Maria Morgan, were both members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Isaiah received a good common school education and commenced to teach school in his native town at the age of seventeen. He followed this profession for many years.

When Isaiah was about ten years of age he met, for the first time, his future wife, Sarah A. Turk, whom he described "as an angel, fair and lovely." She was the daughter of a widow, Eliza B. Turk. On November 30, 1854, he was married to Sarah. One year later he made plans to emigrate to Utah but Sarah refused to accompany him, having never accepted the principles of Mormonism. While

stopping at St. Louis, Missouri on his way to Utah, he was ordained an Elder and appointed clerk of that season's emigration. He crossed the plains in Captain Isaac Allred's company, bringing with him the body of Alfred Gregory, a returned missionary, who had died at Atchison, Kansas.

On his arrival in Salt Lake City, Isaiah received a certificate entitling him to teach school in Utah. When the Fourteenth Ward Sunday School was reopened May 15, 1856, Isaiah was appointed teacher of the Book of Mormon class and later became superintendent of the Sunday School. On September 12, 1856, he left for a mission with Apostle Parley P. Pratt and labored in Illinois and Arkansas. He visited his wife, Sarah, and made every effort to induce her to accompany him to Zion but, again, she refused. During their separation she had given birth to a child which lived only a short time.

After Isaiah's return to Utah he married Fanny McLean whom he had met on his mission. They made their home in Payson with the exception of a few years spent in Parowan. He taught school until 1869, when he was called to take charge of the tithing office. In 1875 he married Charlotte Augusta Hardy. Throughout his entire life he worked unceasingly in the Church and in civic affairs. Mr. Coombs compiled a history of Payson which was later published by Tullidge. Isaiah died May 20, 1886 at the family residence in Payson.

FANNY McLEAN COOMBS



Fanny McLean Coombs

Fanny McLean was born in Sunderland, England, June 6, 1842, the eldest daughter of Fanny Porter and Francis McLean. She came to the United States with her parents in 1850 and, in 1856, she and her brothers and sisters were baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by Elder John Banks. The same year the family moved to St. Louis, Missouri, with the exception of the father, who had died two years previously. While in St. Louis she became acquainted with Isaiah Coombs (her future husband) who was laboring in that city as an LDS missionary. In 1857 the family came to Utah.

Fanny was married to Isaiah M. Coombs July 28, 1858, at Spanish Fork. She was the

mother of fourteen children, three of whom died in infancy.

"At an early period in married life her character was vividly portrayed by the Patriarchs of the Church, who sealed upon her 'the attributes of wisdom; the gift of prudence; the gift of rearing sons and daughters to God; the gift of counsel in her family; the attribute of faith; that she would be a comfort and a consolation to her husband all the days of her life.'"

To her husband, she was more than a wife; to her children, more than a mother. She was a companion, a wise counselor. Every principle that God has revealed for the salvation and exaltation of man and woman was adopted by her in a spirit of self-sacrifice and sincere devotion, which endeared her not only to her family, but to all who knew her.

Fanny died March 14, 1885 at her home in Payson at the age of 42 years, 9 months and 8 days.

CHARLOTTE AUGUSTA HARDY COOMBS

Charlotte Augusta Hardy was born in Mansfield, Nottingham, England, April 7, 1851, the daughter of John Thomas Hardy and Charlotte Birchby. When Augusta was two years of age the family came to America as converts to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. While crossing the ocean little Augusta was stricken with Smallpox and nursed through this illness by Harriet Lewis. She afterwards named a child for her.

During her girlhood Augusta learned to card and spin wool; she also taught school and was a clerk in the Co-op store. It was here that she met Isaiah Coombs who was secretary for the store. At that time polygamy was accepted and, as they both believed in obedience to all the principles of the Church, she became the plural wife of Isaiah Coombs June 28, 1875 in the Endowment House. They were married by Apostle Woodruff who, after the ceremony, turned to Isaiah and said: "Brother Coombs, you have taken a wonderful woman. Be good to her."

Augusta was talented in dramatics and many times took the part of the leading lady in such productions. It was in this role that she is



Charlotte Augusta Hardy Coombs

best remembered by the people of Payson. She loved the stage and followed it until she was passed fifty years of age and it was in the theatre that she spent some of her happiest days.

Eleven years after their marriage her husband passed away, leaving her with five children to support. She could not leave her young family to return to teaching or clerking, so she purchased a loom and made carpets. This wonderful woman passed away July 30, 1913.

FROM MY JOURNAL

My history, so far as it is connected with this plane, commenced on the 21st day of March 1834 as it was on that day I was born in the town of Columbia, County of Monroe, State of Illinois. I was a weakly babe and grew up a weakly boy. I do not remember having many severe spells of sickness, but I was never stout and robust like many of my playmates nor like my brothers and sisters. I was a good runner and could outstrip most of the boys in a fair race and I was a very fair jumper, but when it came to wrestling, boxing, or any trial of strength, I was nowhere. On this account my parents never put me to any kind of labor, but allowed me to grow up unused to any kind of toil, unacquainted with any trade. I do not wish to censure them for taking this course with me. They thought it was the right course. My experience teaches me, however, that I would have made a far stouter, healthier man if my parents had been less indulgent, had trained me to some light labor, out of school hours and thereby strengthened my muscles and hardened my entire frame. My parents' plan was to give me a good education and leave me to choose some profession when I should grow up. I was accordingly sent to school at a very early age and was kept there almost constantly until I was seventeen years old. In those days, Columbia was but a small village and the country in its vicinity was sparsely settled and we had no railroad nearer than St. Louis which was 13 miles distant, and it was our nearest market.

At that early day the subject of education was but little appreciated in out of the way places like Columbia, and it was but seldom that we could boast of a right good school. Good school teachers were not likely to halt there for more than three or four months before they would pass on in search of a more appreciative community and better pay. As a consequence our school was constantly changing hands, a new teacher almost every six months, and with him a new system or more frequently no system at all. But notwithstanding all these drawbacks, I made very fair progress in my studies, and at 17 years of age was as well qualified to take charge of a common school as most of my teachers. When I was about 13 years old an Irishman by the name of P. H. Dixon came to our town and opened a school. He was a younger son of a nobleman and had been educated to be a Catholic Priest. Through some love intrigue however, his

father cut him off with a shilling and sent him adrift on the wide world. To this man and to the one who succeeded him in our school I am indebted for much of my limited education. I must say however that the best ordered school I ever attended was taught by a New England lady, a Miss Cleghorn, afterwards Mrs. Gardner. She was not only a good teacher, but a splendid disciplinarian. She secured the affection of her pupils and ruled them in love. No birch sticks or leather straps disgraced her schoolroom, no angry words or loud threats were heard, all was gentleness, peace, order, and with very few exceptions, hard study.

My school boy days were as a whole spent happily, joyfully. Alas, they were all too fleeting and transitory. I was fond of school, fond of study, was a great reader, and spent most of my time in these pursuits. I loved play as well as my associates but never allowed it to interfere with my studies. I was in fact a staid, sedate and sober minded boy. I do not remember that I have ever either as a boy or man, taken the name of my Creator in vain or been intoxicated with any kind of liquor. I do not make this record of myself boastingly, neither do I take any praise to myself on this account, but as I am writing a history of my life to transmit to my children, I think it is hoping that they may improve on it as much as they possibly can. I am full of faults and weaknesses and follies but I do not intend to make mention of them on these pages. I am trying to overcome them and hope by the grace of God to so far succeed that my good qualities may so much outshine the bad ones that in the final summing up of my character by the great Judge of mankind, I may not stand condemned.

My father much desired to afford me the advantage of a collegiate course but could not possibly afford the expense, particularly as we did not live in the vicinity of such an institution and he would have been obliged to pay my board as well as tuition. To go to college and acquire a finished education to become an orator and make a stir in the world was my boyhood's ambition. But such was not my destiny. God had decreed for me to walk in a different path, and when I look back now, at the age of thirty-eight, I know my career, I feel to acknowledge the over-ruling hand of a kind and loving Father in all that transpired with me. I have said that I was a sober minded boy. I may say I was also a spiritual minded character. I early adored the shrine of Deity. I had the daily example of family prayer set before me by devout, sincere and honest parents, and was not slow in learning my duty as a private worshipper. The shady nooks of adjacent groves were the scenes of my early horizons, and I loved to retire to these secluded spots and adore the great Creator.

I had great faith in the ordinances of the church and in my father as an administrator in those ordinances. My father was wont to go up to Nauvoo twice a year to attend conference, but never had the privilege of gathering with the saints until long after they were driven into the wilderness of which more anon. The fact of our

being Mormons brought much persecution on our family of which I had my full share. Notwithstanding most of my playmates were relatives of one grade or another, mostly cousins on my mother's side, I found myself early subjected to ridicule, taunts and many times to blows on this account. Our house was frequently stoned, the windows smashed in. Such was frequently the lawless and mobocratic spirit that prevailed in those days throughout the whole of the western country wherever a Latter-day Saint could be found. But my parents did not live during all my childhood in Columbia. For a number of years they resided in Upper Alton and Monticello. At the latter named place my father raised up a large branch of the church over which he presided for quite a time. But I have a very vague recollection of those days, I was so young. I remember distinctly however, the moving back to Columbia, the meeting with my cousins. Some time after this occurrence my father was taken with some disease which disabled him from working more or less for years, and we were as a consequence in poverty and distress, and this was the reason for not gathering with the Saints in Nauvoo. In those days there was but one church in Columbia that could boast a meeting house and that was the Methodist Church. Nearly all my mother's relations belonged to that church, and in fact nearly everybody in the county was connected with it. They had their two days' meetings, camp meetings, revivals, etc., and I used to attend all of them. I was, however, proof against conversion, being too well taught at home in the religion of Heaven to be caught with sectarianism. These meetings nevertheless made deep and lasting impressions on my young mind and I have no doubt that at them I learned many useful lessons. Christianity, so called, notwithstanding its fooleries, priestcrafts and bigotry was beyond doubt on the whole contributed largely, perhaps wholly, to the present civilized state in which we find the leading nations of the earth. With it have always been identified men of undoubted piety, honesty and ability who have molded society and thereby prepared the way for the establishment of the true church of Christ in these days. Such men as Wesley, Calvin, Luther, and a host of other divines, who have figured in the Protestant world, who have held liberal views cannot be made responsible for the present illiberal and narrow contracted policy of those who profess to be their followers. Well, I was a constant attendant at their meetings all through my boyhood. I was also always at their Sunday School, reading the Bible, studying the catechism and otherwise showing my respect and reverence for everything that pertains to religion. Other boys of my age would attend the meetings but they would take the back seats where they spent their time talking, playing and making sport, whereas I always went up well toward the front, sat down with the men and acted as they acted.

WIDOW TURK AND HER DAUGHTER

When I was about ten years old, a man by the name of W. H. Gayle, a millwright by trade, came to live in Columbia. His wife had been bedridden for many years and was childless. With them lived two sisters of his wife, Mrs. Eliza B. Turk, a widow, and Miss Virginia Harris. These ladies were very tall, fair and handsome women, and had well cultivated minds and refined manners. I have said that Mrs. Turk was a widow — she was also a mother: if she had not been it is not likely that her name would ever have been recorded on these pages. She had, however, but one child, a golden-haired, blue eyed fairy, something more than five years younger than myself. I need not say after the foregoing eulogism that the child was a girl. I remember well the first time I ever saw this little maiden, and how my heart went out to her at the first glance. It was as if I had seen an angel, so fair and lovely did she seem to my sight. Some two or three years after the arrival of this family, Mrs. Gayle died and Mr. Gayle removed, I think, to Cincinnati, leaving his sisters-in-law and my little fairy in Columbia. A close intimacy sprung up between our families even before the death of Mrs. Gayle, and after that sad event it became even closer and more friendly. The name of my fairy was Sarah Agnes — not a very romantic name truly, but then I am not writing a romance, and besides the name of Sarah always sounded sweet to me, both my grandmothers being so called, and then it sounded so much like Mary, that name of all names, the sweetest, the holiest, the best. She, having no natural male protector, I proudly assumed that position toward her, accompanying her in company also with my sister Mary, to all juvenile gatherings, parties, etc., caring not a jot for the jokes of my boy friends on this subject. We also for years attended the same school, recited in the same class and romped on the same playground. Together we wandered through the fields and groves adjacent to our town in quest of wild berries, grapes and fruit. My little wagon being loaded with these delicacies we would pull it home and there divide equally the product of our day's sport. I cannot say labor, for such it did not seem. We were unlike each other in a great many points of character, but that seemed to make no difference in our regard for each other. I was grave, she was gay. I loved quiet sports, she loved noisy ones. I was naturally a recluse, preferring solitude or at most the society of but a few choice friends to the gaities of the noisy crowd, she would plunge with eager zest into those gaities and was a favorite at all parties and a leader in all sports; I was religious in disposition, she was indifferent and careless on such subjects. I used to take her to parties, balls, and dances, dance with her once or twice, do the honors to a few of my favorite cousins and most intimate friends, and then retire to some quiet nook or corner and seated by the side of some old lady perhaps, spend hours in quiet conversation on some staid subject that Sarah would

scarcely have thought it worth her while to listen to, much less participate in. There I would very often sit until she would seek me out to join in some games that she had got up. I enjoyed dancing and romping, particularly if Sarah was one of the party, but a little of such sports did me and then if I could draw her to one side, for a quiet chat, I was more than happy.

Mrs. Turk when she first came to Columbia was a member of the Campbellite church, but as that church had no other members at our place, she had no difficulty in changing religion and going over to the Methodists. Mrs. Turk was quite a pious woman as the world goes, i.e., she was regular in her attendance at church, read the Bible, etc., but often thought that in that heartfelt religion which was enjoyed by some of her more ignorant sisters, she was sadly deficient. I would not charge her with hypocrisy but certainly she was not honest in her religious convictions. She was, however, possessed of an ardent loving temperament with much force of character and considerate ambition. She favored and encouraged from the first the intimacy between her little daughter and me; in fact it was an understood thing with her and my mother, that Sarah and I were made on purpose for each other and would marry when we got old enough.

MY CHOSEN PROFESSION

Time thus passed on until the autumn of 1851. I now found myself possessed of as good an education as could be acquired in a country school and thought it high time for me to be looking about for a situation. The trustees of a school district known as Galls Settlement heard of me and came to offer me their school for the ensuing six months. I accordingly went down to Waterloo, the shire town of our county district, just eight miles, went before the school commissioner, was examined as to my qualifications and received under his hand a certificate that I was capable of teaching the common branches of an English education. I remember as if it were but yesterday the Sabbath afternoon that I started out to the scene of my labors, distant about three miles from Columbia. My good father accompanied me half way, reading me many important lessons of wisdom from the storehouse of fifty years' experience, some of which are as vivid in my memory as if they had fallen from his lips but an hour ago. I regarded my father as a veritable sage, as the wisest and best man that had ever graced the earth. In leaving the shelter of his roof, though I was only going three miles away and was to be home every week to see them, I felt that I was almost leaving the world, that I was a castaway and my heart was very heavy. Our way lay through a thick wood through which a wagon road had been cut many, many years before.

Next morning I commenced labors as a school teacher, in a log building in the midst of a beautiful grove of oaks. It had been

built by the early settlers of the country for a school and meeting-house and had been used for this double purpose ever since. A description of this rude schoolhouse may perhaps be interesting as they are now almost obsolete. It had one door for entrance. On each side a log had been sawed out and a double tier of 8'x10" glass formed a window which in winter scarcely admitted sufficient light to read by. There was no plaster, white wash, paint or ceiling, and the benches and desks were of the rudest manufacture. No accommodations for the teacher whatsoever — no desk, no chair — nothing. I had not been there long before I replaced the slab seats and desks with some of a more approved fashion and made other improvements, both for my own convenience and that of my pupils. Here I labored unremittingly for one year and a half, giving so far as I could learn universal satisfaction. I boarded five days of the week, first with Esq. Peterson, then with Jacob Gall, Mrs. McDonald and John Bradshaw. The nearest house to the schoolhouse was that of Jacob Gall, some three or four hundred yards. The balance were from a half a mile to one, two and three miles. Many of my pupils came the latter distance through the woods and fields. I went home every Friday evening and spent Saturday and Sunday with my father's family. During this time my intimacy with Sarah increased daily, in fact we were about this time engaged to marry when we should get older and have means enough to commence housekeeping. The first schedules I returned to the school commissioner won for me much praise on account of their neatness and precision. I was soon after solicited to take a school in Waterloo, but I chose for many reasons to plod along with my country school for the present. I recall with pleasurable emotions those early recollections. In my rude log schoolhouse I was as happy as the king in his palace; happy in the enjoyment of the present and happy in the contemplation of the future, all rosy with promise to my young mind. I did not anticipate anything very grand certainly, nothing but what I might reasonably attain, and was all the more happy for my moderate ambition. To be the possessor of a quiet, comfortable homestead with Sarah for a companion and with an income sufficient to supply our reasonable wants would have satisfied me very well.

Sarah and I were regular attendants at the Methodist meetings and at the Sunday School also. Having been early taught by my father in the religion of heaven, I was not slow in detecting the false doctrine taught from the pulpit in the school. These I would point out to my companion. I tried to teach her the true relationship of men to the Creator and also some of the first plain principles of the gospel as I had learned them from my father. By this means her mind became enlightened on many points where her mother was ignorant. By reading the revelations of God to Joseph Smith I saw the fate that awaited this great nation. I knew that ere many years should roll away that it would become disintegrated, that the

North and South would be arrayed against each other and that desolation, blood and death would sweep through the land like a whirlwind. This picture I used often to point to her, but it seemed impossible for her to comprehend or believe it. This was a subject that vexed the minds of statesmen and sages. To them the future of the United States was wrapt in gloomy mystery. They knew that danger threatened the State, but could not divine the exact direction from whence it would come or tell the proportions it would assume. But my mind being partly lit up by the light of revelation I comprehended measurably the situation. These were strange subjects for lovers to discourse upon, particularly lovers of our years and experience, but it is true that we did talk upon them, not always of course, for we were too young to be always grave and serious.

It was while I was teaching at Galls schoolhouse that my father and family moved to Waterloo. There I often visited them, it being but six miles from my schoolhouse. After I had taught the school at Galls for a year and a half, I accepted another at Carrs Settlement where I taught one term of three months, boarding all the time with my uncle John Carr who lives two miles from the schoolhouse and about the same distance from Columbia. This schoolhouse was also situated in the woods and was just such a building as the one I had quitted. I now received such pressing invitations to take a school in Waterloo that I concluded to accept, and accordingly opened a school in the Methodist meetinghouse in that town. My school was well attended and I was liberally paid for my services. I taught some eight terms there, making my home with my father and family. Here I made many warm-hearted friends, and led a life of unalloyed pleasure. Among my associates of those days were, first my tried and loved friend, Dr. Dryden Rogers, Dr. John Rogers (Dryden's father), Cornelia Rogers, Rev. John Peters of the Baptist Church, H. C. Talbott, Editor, Waterloo Patriot, Tom Quick, lawyer, Dr. Cornell, E. P. Slate, M. T. Horine, School Commissioner, Judge John Morrison, Hon. W. R. Morrison, W. L. Adelsberger, P. M. and many others. During the winter of '52 Dryden and I and a number of others organized a Lyceum for our mutual improvement. Our meetings were public and were well attended. Waterloo in those days was a thriving little town considering that it was twenty one miles from market and was inhabited almost exclusively by an agricultural community. It could boast of four churches, viz: the Methodist, Baptist, Catholic and Dutch Reformed, five or six stores, about the same number of grocery shops, a printing office, two gristmills and eight or ten lawyers. Here, as at Columbia, I was a constant attendant at the Sunday and evening religious meetings. In fact, there was not a church member in the whole town whose face was more familiar to the Baptist congregation than was mine. But they could not convert me. I stood the test of several revivals, saw scores of persons go successively to the anxious bench, and down into the water, but never once felt an inclination to

join them. I was convinced that many of them were sincere in their profession of religion, but could not help seeing that a vast majority were converted through excitement and fear. The appeals of the preachers were always made to the passions; never to the understanding. Mr. Peters was a very eloquent preacher, but I could never get the idea out of my mind that he was preaching for a living and that as the song says, "he cared more for the fleece that he did for the flock."

MY CHOICE

Cornelia Rogers was, as I have before intimated, the sister of my lifelong friend, Dr. Dryden Rogers. She was a brunette of the most splendid type. I do not intend to attempt a description of her person. That would be foreign to my object in writing this history. She was a pretty girl certainly, but she was not near as pretty as she was good. She had been a member of the Baptist church from childhood, as were also her father, mother and relations, and she was a Baptist because they were Baptists. She was regarded by all who knew her as a model of virtue and goodness and such she most certainly was. I was charmed with her at first sight, not with the casket particularly, but with the soul that looked out upon me from her magnificent eyes; and as our acquaintance ripened into friendship, my admiration for her character and virtues increased and we learned to love each other with a love that was most pure and holy. It is true we never told each other so in so many words, because I was the affianced husband of another, a fact which she was well acquainted, but our eyes betrayed us every time we looked at each other. I found myself in a monogamic land and loving at the same time two women well enough to make them my wives, and they each loving me in the same degree. I could not marry them both for it was against the law. I must choose between them, but which one? I was like the father whose two children were drowning before his eyes; one he could save, but the other must sink in the dark waters and be forever hid from his loving sight. As I could take but one, I felt in honor bound to cleave unto her whom in boyhood I had espoused. Having once decided, I tried but tried vainly to tear my heart from the object of its affection. In all the years that have come and gone since then, I have not forgotten her nor ceased to love her, and in the morning of the resurrection when heart shall cleave to heart and soul to soul, I expect to claim her as mine.

Mr. Peters, the Baptist minister, once invited me to his house to stay all night with him. He was a venerable looking old man. We had been sitting by a blazing fire enjoying its genial heat for some time and conversing on different subjects. The old gentleman however seemed to be preoccupied; I could not help thinking that his mind was not in the conversation we were carrying on. Suddenly he turned to me and made as near as I can remember the following speech: "Mr. Coombs, you have been in Waterloo for nearly two

years during which time I have observed you very narrowly. You have been a regular attendant at our church, and unless I am much deceived you are inclined to be religious and devotional. You will one day join some of the churches of the day and be an ornament therein. Now why not decide on this subject at once and place yourself in a position to do much good. If you think proper to join the Baptist church I will give you an immediate ordination and set you to preaching the gospel as soon as you like. With practise I am satisfied you would make a good preacher, in fact that you would shine in that profession. I have a great many engagements that you might fill for me and thereby get the practice that you need, and at the same time relieve me. I am growing old; my voice and eye sight are both failing me and I shall soon pass away. When that event takes place you will be prepared to take my position as pastor of the church here and a long life of usefulness and honor awaits you. I have observed your preference for Miss Rogers and her preference for you. You are poor, she when she attains her majority or marries will have a considerable property. Now why not avail yourself of the opportunities that a kind Providence has thrown in your way to advance your interests, and marry this young lady who is in every way an eligible companion for any young man in the country, join our church, be ordained an Elder, and enter upon a life of usefulness and pleasure?"

He had painted so bright a picture before my young mind that he expected nothing but an answer favorable to his wishes. I told him that I appreciated his kind feelings for me and then I thanked him from my soul for his goodness, but that I found it impossible for me to pursue the path that he had pointed out. In the first place I already had an affianced bride and that I could not with honor throw her off and marry another and that the unjust laws of the land would not permit me to marry both of them. In the second place I was satisfied that the Baptist church was not the Church of Christ, that its ministers were without authority to preach the gospel or to officiate in any of the ordinances of the gospel, and that I could not therefore conscientiously join it. Said I, "You know my father is what they call a Mormon. He has taught me the gospel as it was preached by Jesus and His Apostles; he has taught me the true order of the Church of Christ and I am convinced that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is the only true Church of Christ on the earth and I expect to cast my lot with it the first favorable opportunity."

The old gentleman looked perfectly amazed at this declaration and it was some time before he would believe that I was in earnest. When he at last saw that I meant all that I had said, he began to dissuade me from my purpose by representing the unpopularity of the Mormons, the persecutions they had passed through, and that they would still have to endure. I told him that I thought of all these things, I had counted the cost, and had fully made up my mind to obey the gospel as revealed through the despised and martyred prophet,

Joseph Smith, and there ended our conversation on the subject. I have often thought since of the temptation that was then laid before me and I can truly say that to me it was no temptation at all. Waterloo being but eight miles from Columbia, I went there very frequently to see Sarah and the many relatives that I had in that town and vicinity. Sarah and I also corresponded regularly through the post, and thereby kept up that sweet interchange of feelings and ideas so much prized by real friends. In the meantime I had outgrown the prejudices of my relatives. I never talked with them on religious subjects and they had no idea of my Mormon proclivities. I was solicited by the school authorities and my friends generally in Columbia to go there and open a school with the assurance of a liberal patronage if I would do so. I think it was in the spring of '54 that I dismissed my school in Waterloo and removed to Columbia. During my sojourn in Waterloo, Sarah and I corresponded regularly every two or three weeks. The following are copies of some of her letters.

"Columbia, Oct. 9th, 1853

"My much loved Isaiah:

In accordance with promise I this evening seat myself to write to you to inform you of my well being and wishes for yours also. Oh! Isaiah, how pleasant it is to love and to feel assured that your love is returned. This is my experience. I have loved you for the last two years and have been loved as long a time, and it seems to me if things were to change, it would be like losing part of my own existence. But I am assured that it will never be. No, thou wilt never change. Time can not part us: death may do its work but we will meet above. Sweeter part of my soul! I love thee. I do not suppose there are any words in the English language that expresses as much as these three words—I love thee. How often have these words thrilled my heart and how thankfully were they received. My actions still whisper them to me while life shall last.

I will now bring my letter to a close by subscribing myself yours now and forever. One who feels what she writes

Sarah A. Turk."

Extract from a letter written Nov. 14, 1853

"Oh the time is coming when you will not be away from me long at a time: then I shall never be lonesome like I am now. Oh, won't we be happy then. You say you will and I know how it will be with myself. You are so kind to me that I scarcely know how to be thankful enough. Why is it? I cannot see any worth in myself and yet you are so kind to me and love me so well. I cannot see why it is unless it is because you know I love you."

But now letter writing was obviated. We lived in the same town and were in each other's society every day and as happy as lovers can well be. Yes, I was in my native town among my uncles, aunts and cousins and the associates of my boyhood. Many of them had

hated me as a boy because I was the son of a Mormon and because I was trying to make something more of myself than a plowboy. But I have lived down all this petty feeling and was now among them as a school teacher at their own earnest solicitation and treated by them with the greatest consideration and respect. The same schoolhouse in which I had studied as a boy, now received me as the teacher. I felt as if I had indeed achieved a victory. For a long time my father's voice had not been heard among them and they had almost forgotten that he was a Mormon, or if they remembered it, they thought that I did not share the religious ideas of my sire and would settle down among them as a sensible man of the world. They had no idea that the early teachings of the father had taken a firm hold on the mind of the son and that they were yet to shape his actions and character. If they had dreamed this the door of their schoolhouse would never have opened to admit me as the teacher of their children. Columbia was by this time quite a large town; could boast three churches, the Catholic, Methodist and Lutherans; three schoolhouses, two gristmills, three stores, tailor shops, etc. The population was about evenly divided, one half Americans and one half Germans, and a great change had come over the face of society. With the influx of the German element has come breweries, distilleries and all their accompanying evils. Not that all these things were not there before but they had wonderfully increased and multiplied. These things were not in my way however; they were vices to which I was not addicted. I as instinctively shunned them as I would the deadly rattlesnake of my native fields and forests. There was an undercurrent of good society both among the young and old and most of my relatives were numbered among that class, and it was in that class that I mostly mingled and associated. Not being a member of any of the churches I felt free to associate and converse with both professors and non-professors of religion. I attended meetings on Sundays and very frequently balls and, in fact, had a life of pleasure generally. I boarded with a man by the name of John Kearns, a merchant.

I commenced at one time to read law under a Mr. Thomas Quick of Waterloo but as he soon after removed to some other section of the country and as there was no other lawyer in the town that I could fancy as a teacher, I abandoned the study. I was anxious in those days to become a public speaker. Oratory possessed many charms for me and always had from my early boyhood. Music has ever had an earnest admirer in me but the voice of song has never sounded so sweet to my ear from the pulpit, the bar on the rostrum, it was a sound I always loved. I had been told in my juvenile days by a phrenologist that nature had formed me for an orator if I would cultivate my powers. He advised me to choose the pulpit as a profession. My love of oratory accounts partially for my regular attendance at meetings on Sundays. Many times my Methodist and Baptist friends thought they had

secured a convert to their religion, when I was a convert to the eloquence of the preacher rather than to his doctrine.

MOTHER'S PASSING

One Wednesday afternoon a messenger from Waterloo informed me that my mother had been taken suddenly ill and wished me to hasten to her bedside as she had an impression that she would not live over Sunday. I immediately dismissed school and went to see my mother. A physician had been summoned to her bedside who pronounced her by no means dangerous. I was not satisfied and procured a second physician, and he too thought favorably of the condition. On Saturday night she became delirious. About 3 o'clock Sunday morning I retired to my bedroom to seek a few minutes sleep. I had not been there long before my mother came to herself and called for me. She took me by the hand and after bearing testimony to my obedience to her and telling me how much she loved me, she bade me farewell, as she said she was dying and would soon be at rest. Her farewell words to me were the last she uttered in this world. She passed away about two hours after in great pain. All night I sat by the body of my beloved mother, refusing to be comforted. My sister Mary and Miss Cornelia Rogers kept me company. I could not control my feelings. It seemed to me as if all the light, joy, and gladness there was in the world had been banished, and I was in utter despair. Mr. Peters, the Baptist minister, came next morning and tried to comfort us. I shall never forget the kindness manifested to us by him and Miss Rogers on this trying occasion. We buried the remains of our loved mother in the Columbia graveyard side by side with the only child she had ever lost, little Amanda. A large concourse of people were at the funeral as my mother was universally respected. Her cousin, John Morgan, delivered the funeral sermon over the grave and there we left her to her peaceful slumbers.

We took dinner that day with Mrs. Turk and family and returned in the evening to our now desolate home in Waterloo, my affianced bride accompanying us. This was on the 24th of April, 1854, my mother having died on the 23rd. Sarah tarried with us several days to cheer our loneliness, and we then returned to Columbia, she to her duties at home and I to my school, leaving my grief stricken father and brothers and sisters in Waterloo. My sister Mary was to be henceforth my father's faithful housekeeper.

MARRIAGE TO SARAH

I began to preach the gospel more earnestly than formerly to Sarah and her mother. I succeeded in making quite an impression on the mind of each of them, but on account of the unpopularity of the thing, they could not bring themselves to receive it. I had already

caught the spirit of the gathering and knew that sooner or later it was my duty to gather with the Church. I now began to reason with myself on the connection I was obviously forming with a woman that hated the principles that I loved. She seemed set in her opposition to the gospel and there seemed to be no probability of her becoming one with me on that all important subject of her ever being willing to go with me to the gathering place of the Saints. Dearly as I loved my affianced bride for her sake as well as my own had I not better refuse to consummate that which could only end in trouble, and go my way leaving her free to choose her own path. I concluded at last that although it might tear my heart strings asunder that I would break my engagement with Sarah at once and set her free. I accordingly did so without consulting with any human being on the subject. She knew that I loved her and hoped that my love for her was paramount to my duty to my Creator, and that when called upon to choose between love and duty, that the former would gain the day. She was overwhelmed with grief and if she had then been left to decide for herself, she would have given herself entirely up to my guidance; but her mother who from the first had feared that Mormonism was true and had set her face against it, had become very bitter against the Church, and having a great influence with her daughter succeeded in influencing her better judgment. We parted, not in anger but in deep sorrow. Soon after this Sarah went to St. Louis to visit a relative. On the 5th of October Father and I also went to St. Louis to attend a Conference of the Church. We enjoyed a good time, but not having Sarah's address, did not get to see her. I suffered much on her account. I at last laid my entire history before Elder Erastus Snow, one of the Twelve, and asked his counsel as to what I should do. He advised me to keep my engagement with Sarah, to marry her and leave the event with God. Knowing the influence that most husbands have with their wives, I accordingly hurried home and wrote to her my feelings on the subject so dear to both sides and the wedding was fixed on the first day of November. The intervening days were spent in the most agreeable manner possible. It seemed that we had but just learned to appreciate each other. We were not rich and therefore our wedding preparations were not on a very extensive scale and were soon completed. On the appointed days at 7 o'clock P.M. we were married at the residence of Mrs. Turk by Esq. J. B. Bradsgawm, J.P. in the presence of a few mutual friends. We had no wedding tour and no time for indolent leisure. I immediately resumed my duties in the schoolroom and for several weeks the tenor of our lives ran smooth and evenly. We had loved long and well and now at last were united by bonds that we fondly hoped could be as enduring, at least, as time. Toward spring the fact of my having been baptized leaked out and became the subject of general conversation. When asked about it, I did not deny the im-

putation but on the contrary putting a bold face on the matter went to preaching the gospel to all who would listen to me. Many of my patrons became highly incensed at the idea of their school teacher being a Mormon and began to withdraw their children from school and to clamor for my dismissal. I knew that eventually I should have to quit.

About this time, an uncle of Sarah's, a Mr. Daniel Turk, came on a visit. Neither my wife nor her mother had ever seen him before. When he learned that I was a Mormon, his fury knew no bounds. Being a giant in physical proportions and strength, he seriously contemplated annihilating me utterly. My mother-in-law welcomed him with open arms seeing in him an able coadjutor to induce me to abandon my design of gathering with the Saints. Sarah was afraid of him from the first, and when he threatened to follow me to the frontiers, if I started with her and to kill me wherever he found me, her mind that had all the time been wavering on the subject of accompanying me, was made up that she would remain. I told him flatly that I should go to Utah when spring opened and that I would take my wife with me if she wished to go.

In the meantime my once thriving school was now almost deserted, and I saw myself daily become more and more isolated from the community. Very few of my old friends stood by me in this trying hour. If my wife had been one with me I should not have minded it, for I had fully calculated on everything else; but she too was drifting away from me, and this it was that drove me almost to distraction. Still I labored on heartsick and weary until the 6th day of April when I went again to St. Louis to attend conference. While there I again sought the advice of Bro. Snow. After hearing me through, he said, "You can have your choice of two things, either go on a mission to England to preach the gospel or go home to the valley. If you go to England your wife will likely repent while you are gone and be willing to go with you anywhere by the time you get back; if she sees you starting for the valley she may change her mind even at the eleventh hour and conclude to accompany you."

After a night's reflection on the subject, sleeping none, praying much, I decided to go with the emigration to Utah, be the final decision of my wife what it might. "Very well," said Bro. Snow, "that is as I would have decided myself. It is the best thing you can do." Accordingly, on my return home I represented to Sarah how my affairs stood. I told her that the only course left for me to pursue was to go among the people whose cause I had espoused and cast my lot with theirs and that I had resolved to go that spring, and to start in a very few days. Said I, "You are my wife and as such your place is by my side. I shall expect you to accompany me." She wept long

and bitterly, calling on me to renounce Mormonism and stay with her. "Your school," said she, "will soon be full again when the people learn that you are no longer a Mormon, and beside this there are many positions of honor and profit open to you if you will but identify yourself with the people." At the close of our interview I felt more desolate than ever for I knew that there was but one course for me to pursue and it seemed more evident than ever that in pursuing that course I should have to sever myself from the dearest object of my affections. What made me feel worse than anything else was the knowledge that in a few months my wife would become a mother, and that during the most trying and critical period of a woman's life she would be without a husband's sustaining arm and tender care. But I thought of all of this before I made up my mind. I had counted the cost and I was ready for the sacrifice. I dismissed my little school and in sadness and silence prepared for my long and lonely journey.

At length the day arrived, the hour when the parting hand must be taken. Father, brothers and sisters bade me good-bye but they looked forward to a joyous meeting, distant perhaps, but sure, when they should follow me to the gathering place of the Saints, and this thought was an anchor to the soul; but when I came to part with my wife, my heart sank like lead within me. Henceforth, we were to see each other no more in this life. Such was the thoughts of my anguished soul as I pressed her to my aching heart. That ordeal was passed in silence. No word was spoken. Hurrying away I entered the wagon that was waiting, buried my face in my hands, and looked not up again until Columbia and all its near and dear associations were left far behind. If I had not turned to a pillar of salt or ice, the sight of my beloved wife standing in the door would have melted my heart within me and I should have returned, and thereby braved the displeasure of the Almighty and perhaps have yielded little by little to the voice of the tempter until I, with her, should have been eternally lost and shut out from the presence of God and the holy Angels. The responsibilities resting upon me were too great. My father, brothers, and sisters tied hand and foot in Babylon with the iron chain of poverty, looked to me as a deliverer; they expected me to go ahead and open the way for them to come. A long line of ancestors who had died without the gospel in the ages past were calling to me with their spirit voices and bidding me go up and assist in rearing a temple wherein to officiate for them that they might come up and receive blessings equally with the living. And last, though not least was the consideration that I was obeying the voice of God and that I was taking a course that would secure my own glory and exaltation and that would eventually either in this life or that which is to come enable me to bind my wife to me in bands that could not be broken. She was blind then but the day would come when she would see.

The thirteen miles that intervened between Columbia and St.

Louis were soon travelled over. I went immediately to Pres. E. Snow's office on the corner of Washington Avenue and Fourth Street and was received by him with open arms.

TO ZION

I was informed that a company of Saints would start up the river in a few days and that I could go with it. But the few days lengthened out to two weeks before we started. I spent the time writing in the office, visiting among the Saints and walking about the city with my brother Hyrum who was learning the printer's trade in the office of "*The Luminary*," a weekly paper published by Bro. Snow. Here I counted my money and valued my clothing and found myself worth just one hundred dollars. Ten dollars of that I handed over to the church clerk as a commencement of my tithing, the receipt of which is carefully kept among my papers.

Finally on Tuesday the 8th day of May, I embarked with a large company of Saints on board the *Golden State* bound for Atchison, Kansas, the outfitting point for the overland journey to Salt Lake. Nothing worthy of record occurred on this trip. We were just eight days in making it. We found many large camps of Saints scattered on the prairie near Atchison, outfitting for their journey across the plains. Far as the eye could reach in every direction were to be seen the tents of Israel with their vast herds of cattle grazing on the rolling prairie. The largest of these encampments was out about twelve miles from the river at what was known as "Mormon Grove." All the camps finally centered around this point near which a large tract of land was taken up by the church which the emigrants fenced and cultivated, but which was soon afterwards jumped by some rascally gentiles. I soon found employment, first as a herdsman, then as cook for the returning elders of the Church, and finally as clerk and collecting agent for the Superintendents of the Emigration, Elders Daniel Spencer, R. Ballantyne and Erastus Snow. In these several capacities I labored and toiled heart-sick and weary for over two long months. I think during all that time I received but one letter from my wife. In the performance of my duties as collecting agent, I had to make frequent trips to Atchison. These trips were nearly always performed on foot and frequently when I could scarcely stand for bodily weakness. But I did not complain and no one suspected how much I suffered.

One hot afternoon I was sitting in the tent humped up over my writing suffering from a severe attack of cholera morbus. My suffering was excruciating. While I sat thus Elder Daniel Spencer came to the tent door leading a horse by its bridle. "Here Bro. Coombs" said he. "I wish you would mount this horse and take a ride about twelve miles out to the little Grasshopper where Bro. Secrist company will camp tonight and borrow some money for Bro. Snow." I answered that I could not possibly — that I was racked with pain and had made

up my mind to die that night. "Oh, no," replied Bro. Spencer. "You shall not die — you will have a pleasant canter over the prairie and I promise you in the name of the Lord that you shall return feeling much better and that you shall be sick no more till you get home."

With that promise I allowed him to help me into the saddle, and after receiving my instructions proceeded slowly and wearily to wend my way through the encampment till I reached the highway on the prairie. Here I gave my horse the rein and just as the sun was sinking beyond the western horizon I started off on a keen gallop for the distant Grasshopper. The first few jumps of my steed occasioned me great pain, but I hung on to the pommel of the saddle determined that that ride should either cure or kill me. I had not gone far before all pain left me. Thereupon a wild, reckless spirit took possession of me and putting spurs to my horse I dashed along the road at headlong speed, whooping and yelling as I went. But I continued not in that mood a great while. On reaching a grove of timber I dismounted and on my knees returned thanks to God for this manifestation of His loving kindness to me. I there promised if He would forgive the lukewarm service I had hitherto rendered him that I would in future give Him my whole heart. I arose feeling that I stood on holy ground, remounted my horse and pursued my journey. I came up with Capt. Secrist company just as they were camping for the night. I spent the night in the captain's tent, formed a pleasant acquaintance with him. Next morning I transacted the business with which I was intrusted and started on my return just as the company was striking their tents. I never saw Captain Secrist again as he died of overwork on the journey and was buried by the wayside.

At last what was known as the Church train was being fitted out for the journey and I was to accompany it. One of the Salt Lake missionaries, a Bro. Gregory, had died at the Grove on his return home from the Eastern States where he had been to get some means that had been left him by some relative, and his body was to be taken to his family in a metallic coffin. A light wagon was selected for this purpose and two yoke of young half broken cattle were purchased to draw the same. This wagon and team with Bro. Gregory's body and effects were placed in my care with instructions to take them to the family of the deceased in the far off city of Salt Lake. Bro. Snow helped me yoke my wild team and hitch them to the wagon and as I was a new hand entirely with an ox team, never having before handled one, he condescended to drive out half a mile for me on the road. The train had got the start of me and were at least two miles ahead. I had taken the precaution to tie a rope to the horns of my near leader and was taking hold of this when Bro. Snow bade me goodbye. Away I started July 28, 1855, an independent teamster bound for Utah. I went on gloriously for a time, but alas! the chain that connected my leaders with the tongue of the wagon broke. I managed to stop my team but in trying to toggle my chain together one of the oxen took

a notion to kick up its heels and have a run, and as I was in the way I received one hoof in my stomach which sent me to the grass breathless, perfectly hors du combat, and away the leaders ran in the direction of the train that was now about a mile ahead and in plain sight followed by the other yoke with the wagon. As soon as I could recover my breath I started in pursuit as fast as possible. It did not take us long at this rate to overtake the train and some of the brethren soon helped me recover my refractory team. Fortunately they had kept the road and as it lay over a level prairie no harm had been done.

That evening we camped on the Big Grasshopper and next day returned to the Grove with our teams to draw out some more wagons and this we did also the next day. We had not more than one third enough teams to draw the wagons that had been assigned us but we had been promised some more in a few days. But we got no more teams and at the end of two weeks dragging through the mud we had to leave ten wagons by the side of the road. Even then we were too heavy loaded, and after breaking one wagon down in a mud hole, we left three more. The wagons then left were all loaded with church property: books, clothing, steam engine, etc. Even after this we dragged along but slowly. I have often wondered how Bro. Snow could have had the heart to start out a train so late in the season and so illy provided with teams. A thousand miles of weary travel lay before us. We labored under another disadvantage which proved to be a serious one before we got through. We were the last train on the road. Scores of large emigrant and merchant trains had traversed the road before us and their teams had eaten out the grass so thoroughly on the line of travel that our poor oxen had hard fare indeed. In many localities the ground was full of alkali and as the grass was short many of our cattle got alkalied and were left behind to die. Of the four oxen that I started with not one lived to reach Salt Lake. Our company numbered 61 souls including the women and children. Out of this number two died. One, an old man, died and was buried on the banks of the Little Blue. The other, quite a young man, Joseph Redfern, fell off his wagon tongue and was run over, which caused his death in two or three hours. This was as we were crossing Scotts Bluff, and we buried him that night on Horseshoe Creek.

Isaac Allred, a returning missionary, was Captain of our company, James Pace was his counsellor and Jas. C. Sly was captain of the guard. The last two named were also returning missionaries and all three were fine men. We dragged slowly and wearily along. We at last got into the mountains and found better feed for our poor animals in the shape of bunch grass, but as it grows high upon the sides of the mountains, it was hard work for them to get at it. The scenery was now more diversified and grand and travelling actually seemed less laborious than when we traversed the unbroken plain. At last we reached and crossed Green River. Here we found ourselves compelled to call a halt, and send on to the valleys for assistance. Capt.

Allred, myself and eight others of the brethren remained with ten wagons and all the worn out cattle while the rest pushed on for Salt Lake. We grubbed willows out of the midst of a dense thicket and here we had a picturesque camp where we spent two long and tedious weeks. During that time our provisions ran out entirely, but were again replenished from the camp of a trapper in the vicinity whom Capt. Allred accidentally found one morning while hunting for game. At length on the evening of the fourteenth day a solitary horseman was seen approaching our camp at a swift gallop from away toward the west. It proved to be the eldest son of our Captain with the news that Bishop Abraham O. Smoot was at hand with plenty of cattle and provisions.

It was a joyous meeting of father and son after a separation of over three years, and we, who had never before seen the boy, was scarcely less glad to meet him for the news he brought us. We were now, of course, in the midst of the Rocky mountains, those grand, old rock ribbed hills I had read of as a boy and my heart throbbed with wild joy as I trod their lofty summits or walked in the deep vales and canyons between them. Old winter was coming on apace. It was late in October that we abandoned our friendly willow camp and set our faces once more homeward. It was a cold, windy, snowy day. Mountains were already shrouded in snow half way to their base and the wind that came sweeping down from those dizzy heights was piercing cold. I was placed in charge of about ten yoke of our worn out cattle that could but just creep along and with a sick man placed in my wagon was appointed to bring up the rear. Long before night I found myself in the rear and my cattle almost ready to lie down in the road with fatigue. With the helpless man in my wagon I felt far more lonely than if I had been entirely solitary. I tried to grope my way but the road was so completely covered with the drifting sand that I was completely baffled. I accordingly let the oxen take their own course and plodded on by their side bewildered and anxious not knowing whether I was travelling east or west. At last, I observed a light in the distance which proved to be the camp fires of my friends and soon I heard the friendly shouts of brethren who had been sent back to help me on.

And thus we toiled on through snow and sand drifts, threading canyon after canyon, climbing mountain after mountain for eleven weary days. Fort Bridger was left in the distance, and at last standing on the dizzy top of Big Mountain we caught a glimpse of the distant valley of the Great Salt Lake, the home of the Saints. Our hearts swelled with joy at the sight and we gave vent to our feelings in three hearty cheers. That was the last night that we spent in the mountains. When I arose next morning I threw from my blankets at least six inches of snow. By noon we had gained the bench land that overlooks the lovely city of the Saints with the lake from which it derives its name sleeping in the distance. Date Nov. 2, 1855.

IN SALT LAKE VALLEY

In a very short time we found ourselves traversing the streets of Salt Lake City. That night we lodged in an unoccupied building on East Temple Street. I slept with Bro. E. E. Phelps, with whom I had formed an acquaintance at St. Louis, at the residence of his father, Judge W. W. Phelps in the 14th Ward. The next morning but one, I passed an examination before Judge Phelps in his capacity as Regent of the Deseret University and received from him a certificate of qualification to teach a common school.

My next night was spent at Townsend's hotel where I secured lodgings for one week, which cost me seven dollars. The next week I boarded with Bro. Peter Wentz at a private house and by that time I had secured the 14th Ward School and was received as a boarder by Sister Leonore Taylor, first wife of Bro. John Taylor, one of the Twelve Apostles; he, himself, being at the time on a mission to New York. I had a school of some fifty scholars all winter, and was well liked as a teacher. On the Sunday after my arrival I saw President Brigham Young for the first time and heard him preach. During the winter I made many friends and formed many pleasant associations. I was a constant attendant at all meetings of worship and at many business meetings. I assisted in organizing a Literary Society that was called the polysophical Society; the exercises in which were speechifying, declaiming, essay reading, singing, etc. We held these meetings weekly and found them very profitable. I had not been long a member of the Fourteenth Ward before I was called to act as a visiting teacher under the bishop, Bro. A. Hoagland, a very kind and estimable man. I boarded part of the time with him. Among other meetings I attended that of the Lesser Priesthood presided over by Bishop Edward Hunter, and won golden opinions from that excellent man by my regular attendance and the interest that I manifested in the labors assigned me. Soon after my arrival in the city I paid my respects to Bro. and Sister Weinol, old friends of our family in Columbia. With them and Sister Hannah T. King I spent many pleasant and agreeable evenings. On the 14th day of March I received my endowments in the House of the Lord and was soon after ordained a Seventy and enrolled in the 29th Quorum of that body of Elders.

The year of my arrival in the valleys was one of hard times. The grasshoppers had preyed on the crops until starvation seemed to stare the people in the face. Grave apprehensions were entertained by many, of a famine. Being a thousand miles from the frontiers with no connecting railroad on which to bring supplies, we found ourselves thrown on our own resources of sustenance. Under the same circumstances any other people would have starved to death. But the Saints hearkened to the counsels of the prophet and were saved. A public feast was proclaimed every week and what was thus saved was distributed to the poor. Every man who had bread divided with his neighbor and thus the community was saved from the horrors

of famine. I heard of no instance of rich or well-to-do men taking advantage of the necessities of the poor. President Young himself set the example in this respect and dealt out to the people as long as any remained in his bins. Greens, wild roots, etc., were freely eaten by all classes so as to spin out the bread stuff until the harvest of '56. The first grain cut was barley and upon that the people subsisted for two weeks. It was indeed a trying time. During all these months I had no tidings from Illinois.

A MISSION CALL — 1856

Sometime in the spring of 1856 I received two letters, one from my dear wife and one from my brother Hyrum. Ah, those letters — those messengers from the world I had left — how welcome were they — how eagerly were they perused. They informed me that I was a father. That a man child had been born unto me. Oh! who can ever portray the contending emotions that convulsed my being at these tidings. I longed for the power of an immortal that I might transport myself in a moment to the side of my wife and babe. I felt as if I were caged, bound hand and foot and I struggled in spirit to free myself. And yet I was not sorry for what I had done. I could not however put out of my mind the intense longing to see my loved ones. It seemed as if I could not contain myself. While in this state of mind I one day met Bro. Erastus Snow and as he had always taken a very kindly interest in my welfare, I told him the news I had received and my feelings in relation to it. He advised me to go to President Young and lay the whole matter before him and then act on any counsel he might give me. I lost no time in adopting this advice.

During the whole of this recital he sat with one hand on my knee, looking in my face and listened attentively to what I had to say. At the close he took me by the hand in his fatherly way and said, "Bro. Coombs, you had better take a mission to the States this fall to preach the gospel and to visit your wife. Brother Snow had represented your case to me before. He is going to start on a mission to St. Louis in a few days and will be in charge. He would be pleased, I know, to have you as a co-laborer. Travel under his directions; visit your wife as often as you please; preach the gospel to her, and if she is worth having she will come with you when you return to the valley. God bless and prosper you." Such was the counsel of God's prophet to me and I need not say that it sounded to my ears like the voice of my Father. It was sweet — it was just what I had hoped he would say to me, and it was entirely satisfying to my soul. I felt as if I had suddenly been transported to the seventh heaven, so great was the joy that filled my bosom. I could return and look upon the face of my wife once more — could look upon my innocent babe and listen to its sweet prattle and could see my aged father.

The labor of the schoolroom now became exceedingly onerous to me — time hung heavily upon me at whatever I was engaged; it seemed as if the summer would never close. The golden reign of autumn, however, did at last arrive to gladden the hearts of the destitute whose grain had been devoured the preceding year by the rapacious grasshopper army. Yes, the golden wheat was at last safely garnered, and bread, good, sweet bread was once more on every table.

And the missionaries, having seen their families provided for, began to think of starting on their journey. Horses were got up and shod; wagons and carriages were put in repair and equipped for the road. But I having neither horse nor wagon, how was I to go? I did not know, but was sure that I would manage somehow. I had been very economical, but as there was very little money in the country I had been obliged to take produce, lumber, etc., on school bills; and how should I ever be able to exchange these articles for an outfit? It seemed impossible for a long time, but I at last, succeeded through the kindness of Mr. D. H. Wells in trading for a good Indian pony and harness. This was but part of my outfit. I spent days visiting my brother missionaries to see if some of them would not take my pony into their team and me into their wagon. But all seemed to be provided for. I at last found a brother by the name of Saunders who was in the same predicament as myself, had one horse and harness and nothing else. We talked of buying a light wagon and hitching onto it but we had not the means to pay for it. And thus time passed on until two days before we were to start and I had, as yet, no idea how I was going. I had done all I could do and I now left the matter in the hands of God in full faith that He would open my way. That night I dreamed that I had two horses and that I was to hitch one with Bro. Parley P. Pratt and go in his carriage. I awakened with the firm conviction that my dream was from the Lord and would be fulfilled. On going out on the street the first man I met was Bro. Saunders who, hailing me when still at a distance, announced that he had engaged to drive team for some men going with our company and that I could take his horse and hitch on with some other team or I could pack my things on him and ride mine. Said he, "All I ask of you is that you will deliver my horse and harness to me when we reach the Missouri river." I called immediately on Bro. Pratt and we soon agreed to travel together, and thus was my dream literally fulfilled. That day was spent getting my things together, visiting friends and preparing for the journey.

At last the thirteenth day of September, 1856 dawned upon the valley of the Great Salt Lake and the missionary company took its departure from the lovely city of the Saints bound on a mission of love to many dark parts of our earth. As we rolled past the Lion House, Pres. Young came out on the sidewalk to bid us good bye and give us his kind *God bless you* to cheer us on our long exile.

That night we camped between the Big and Little Mountains, a picturesque spot and generally either the last or the first camping ground of the traveler. Here a matter of dispute was settled between Bro. Saunders and me. He was disappointed at the last moment about driving the team as promised, and he insisted on having his horse returned to him. The subject was laid before the camp and it was unanimously decided that I should keep the animal according to agreement. The brethren promised to take turns in giving Bro. Saunders a ride so that he could go along to his destination. Bro. Saunders did not like the decision.

I had learned by letter before I left the valley that my brother Hyrum was on the plains, and I was now expecting to meet him every day. At last as we were entering the valley through which flows the Weber River, we met some advanced teams of Capt. Thomas' train and I was informed that my brother was but a short distance behind. And sure enough we had no sooner crossed the river than we came in sight of the whole train. Far in advance was a single horseman, whom I instinctively knew to be my brother. It was he sure enough and we were soon in each other's arms. He was now 17 years old and had changed much in the manly direction since I parted with him in St. Louis 18 months before. But we could not part before a thousand and one questions were asked and answered on each side; so he accompanied us to our next camping place, the mouth of Echo Canyon where we camped early in the afternoon. He stayed over night with us and the next morning resumed his journey toward the west.

Our missionary company continued its journey across the dreary plains. On the way we met several companies of Saints traveling toward the mountains. Some three or four of these companies were pulling handcars; poor way-worn and weary pilgrims. Some of these having started late must inevitably encounter snow storms and be subjected to great privations and distress. We encountered cold weather ourselves before we reached the Missouri river. Several nights I suffered severely with the cold; two of them I came near freezing. My provisions gave out at Ft. Kearney where I was obliged to sell a coat in order to lay in a fresh supply. In the main I enjoyed the trip exceedingly. I found Elder Parley P. Pratt to be not only a man of God but a very agreeable companion. We rode or walked side by side almost the entire distance and the time was spent in the most interesting and instructive conversation possible. He was like unto an everflowing fountain — his conversation always interesting — always full of intelligence. I learned from him many valuable truths which I hope I shall never forget. He had the manuscript to his autobiography with him, thirteen chapters of which he read to me. He was intending to get it published while on his mission but could not raise the necessary means. I noticed after we passed Fort Laramie a great change in Bro. Parley. He seemed from that day very much depressed and moody. He would often look around on objects that

we were passing, would sigh heavily and exclaim. "*Soon the scenes that know me now will know me no more forever.*" Once he told me while we were riding along that the whisperings of the spirit forbade his going into the State of Missouri — that if he went on to Missouri soil he would get into danger and likely lose his life. At another time he told his wife Eleanor, who was on her way to New Orleans, to get her two children that she had had by a former husband (McComb) not to write to him if she got into trouble, for said he, "If you do I shall fly to the rescue and will lose my life by it." She promised faithfully not to get him into danger. It seems that Sis. Pratt had left McComb for Mormonism some years before, but that he had kept the children, and that they were now living with Sister Pratt's parents in New Orleans. She was now on her way to that city to try to induce her parents to let her have the children and to get them away by stratagem if other means failed. As McComb lived in San Francisco she thought it would be an easy matter to accomplish her design.

Our thousand miles of weary travel was at last accomplished and on the 25th day of October, 1856, we rolled into the city of Florence, Nebraska, 45 days from Salt Lake City. Here I found friends with whom I tarried several days before I could secure a passage for St. Louis, Missouri. I sold my horse and harness for some clothing and money for my further journey.

Bro. Pratt, in order to avoid Missouri, struck across the State of Iowa in his carriage, intending to take the R. Road at Iowa City for New York. He was accompanied by his wife and Sister Sayers who had travelled with us across the plains, and by some two or three of the brethren. I will say here that he was over-persuaded by his wife when they reached Iowa City to accompany her on her journey as far as St. Louis and that he had no sooner landed there than deadly enemies got on his track who lost no sight of him until he was put to death.

FATHER AND FRIENDS

On the way down I scraped a casual acquaintance with one of the deck hands. I told him I had been wandering about in the Rocky Mountains for the last year, and that during my absence my father had removed to St. Louis and that I was unacquainted with his address. At his request I proceeded to describe my father. Said I, "he is an old man, with long flowing white locks and beard, the latter reaching down almost to his waist, and are as white as snow; he has a very reverent appearance and when not at work is always reading; though old, he never uses spectacles, his eye sight being as good as when he was young. A young lady, his daughter, keeps house for him and he has two other children, a boy and a girl living with him." "Why," said the man, "I know that old fellow well, at least by sight. He lives next door to

my mother and I see him every day when I am at home. I can pilot you to his house the darkest night that ever blew." Accordingly when we landed at St. Louis, which was on the night of the 10th of November, I was conducted by this man to a house where he assured me I would find my father. It was near midnight — all looked dark and somber — the silence of the tomb reigned supreme. With a trembling hand I knocked at the door. Immediately a voice, which I recognized as my father's, demanded to know who was there. With a voice tremulous with emotion I answered that it was his oldest son. In a moment the door flew open and I was in the arms and hanging upon the neck of my good, old father. A lamp was soon lit and my brother and sisters came out of their beds to welcome the returning wanderer. They had heard that I was on the way and had been anxiously expecting my arrival. There was no sleep for any of us the balance of that night. My joy at returning was dampened with the intelligence that my babe had died about three months since and that my wife felt very bitter toward me. Our babe was born Oct. 11, 1855 and died July 18, 1856 being just 9 mos. and 8 days old. This news was a heavy blow. My father gave it a blessing for and in my name, before it was taken sick.

The day following my arrival in St. Louis I reported myself to President Erastus Snow as ready to go on duty as a preacher of the gospel wherever he might dictate. He kindly told me to take time to visit my folks and recuperate and that he would then set me to work. I remained in the city over Sunday and went to meeting. I now found myself introduced to a congregation of several hundred persons as a missionary from Salt Lake — a preacher of the gospel. I felt very much embarrassed as I arose and took my station in the stand that had been graced by a Snow, a Spencer, a Pratt, an Andrus and other eloquent speakers. What embarrassed me more was the elevated position in which I found myself placed in that little tucked up pulpit at one end of the chapel; which was so different from our mammoth Mormon stands, made large enough to seat a small congregation and situated more on a level with the main floor of the building. Seated far below me was the major part of the congregation. Their upturned and expectant faces told me plainly that from the flattering introduction that I had had to them they were anticipating an eloquent sermon from the son of Father Coombs who was well and favorably known to all that part of the congregation who belonged to the church. At my right hand, seated with the balance of the High Council and High Priests of that Stake of Zion, of which quorum he was president, was my father, praying no doubt for his trembling son. Involuntarily I lifted my eyes, hoping by looking away from the people I might be enabled to collect my ideas. But alas! in the galleries before and on each side of me were speaking eyes, all looking down at the trembling neophyte standing at the preacher's desk. It seemed as if I had been attacked on all sides at once and seeing no chance for dodging I began my dis-

course. The spirit of God rested upon me in my weakness and I was not put to shame. My sermon was short but the Saints said it had the right ring in it.

THE PARTING

On the 16th day of November 1856, I started over into Illinois to visit the scenes of my childhood and early youth. My good father accompanied me as far as the Carondelet ferry in a bus. There I crossed the river to the Illinois side and continued my journey on foot over a new plank road that had been built across the bottom from the river to the bluffs. A walk of about six miles brought me to the home of my cousins Sarah and Isaac Lunceford. Sarah was a double cousin, our father's being brothers and our mother's sisters, and, also, always seemed to me more like a sister than a cousin. Here I tarried over night. In the morning, bright and early, I resumed my walk toward Columbia and as it was four miles distant I was not long in reaching my destination. I had as much as half the length of the town to traverse before reaching the home of my wife and it so happened that I walked the entire distance without meeting a soul that I knew. It was with a palpitating heart that I thus traversed the main street of my native town once more. It would be impossible to describe my feelings. I was soon in the house where I had spent so many happy hours in the days gone by — my wife was standing before me and her hand was in mine. We stood thus a full minute — neither speaking. My heart ran out to her prompting me to take her in my arms, but there was such an iciness in the look with which she regarded me that I restrained my feelings and sank into a chair weary and heartsick. Oh, I had not dreamed of such a meeting as this. But I will not dwell upon the scene. Before we parted she softened somewhat in her manner and was more friendly, but at the best I could not ignore the fact that an icy barrier had sprung up between us that chilled my heart to the core. She expressed herself as being more bitterly opposed to Mormonism than ever before, having read some books written by Apostates with the sole purpose of misrepresenting us and the doctrine of the Church. To me this was indeed a sad interview.

The next time I called she seemed to feel much better, at least toward me. I may as well state here, however, that during all my stay in the States, we were nothing more to each other than friends. I never proposed or hinted for a closer intimacy only on condition of her baptism into the Church. I felt that I could not take her as a wife on any other terms and stand guiltless in the sight of God or my own conscience. With us it seemed there could be no compromise. I could not yield to her wishes and she would not bend to mine. And so I merely visited her as a friend. This was a source of wonder to our mutual acquaintances; and well it might be for had not my faith been founded on the eternal rock of Truth, I never could have stood such a test, I never could have withstood the temptations that assailed me, but should have yielded and have abandoned myself to the life of carnal

pleasure that awaited me in the arms of my beautiful and adored wife. She was now indeed beautiful. I had thought her lovely as a child — as a maiden she had seemed to me surpassingly fair, but as a woman with a form well developed and all the charms of her person matured, she far surpassed in womanly beauty anything I had ever dreamed of. In height she was above most women. Her eyes were blue, almond shaped and full of expression; her skin was almost transparent in its virgin fairness and here hair was light and silky in texture. But I am no novel writer and can not do justice to my subject. I stayed with her until 5 o'clock and then took my leave.

Called on a number of my relatives. All seemed glad to see me but would not allow a word of Mormonism. Uncle John Carr told me if I would remain that he would build a schoolhouse on his place and employ me as long as I would teach at \$35.00 a month. I told him that I had come to teach and preach the Gospel and not to teach school. He held out many inducements for me to stay but I spurned them all. I thank my Heavenly Father for preserving my life this long upon the earth and for granting unto me the privilege of again beholding my native town and the many loved faces that I left behind me when I gathered with the Saints.

FROM THE DIARY 1857 TO APRIL 1858

NOVEMBER 21st, 1856 — I shall start for St. Louis in the morning and know not when I shall be back. Sarah is as yet determined to follow her own way and says she is becoming more hardened to Mormonism every day. I told her whenever she wished to hear from me to write to my address in St. Louis. Called on a Methodist preacher to get the privilege of preaching in his church.

JANUARY 30th, 1857 — After school Fanny McLean (future wife) asked me where I lived. I told her. She said she and her mother were coming to see Mary (sister) on Sunday.

FEBRUARY 6th — Went to the office and had the pleasure of once more seeing and conversing with Pres. Erastus Snow. I was never more rejoiced to meet any man than I was to meet him again. In the course of our conversation he told me he wished me to take a mission next week to Arkansas to be gone till the 1st of April.

9th — Met with Pres. Snow and the rest of the U. S. Elders and joined with them in a prayer circle. Bro. Snow offered up a glorious prayer for me. After school they took up a collection for me to defray my traveling expenses to Arkansas. The full amount was \$15.00. We then engaged in a dance till 12 o'clock.

13th — Started early from the St. Louis levee. Just as we were leaving, I stepped out on deck and as I did so I heard my name called by someone in the crowd that had collected on the shore to see us off. I returned the salute and waved until I lost sight of the people.

22nd — Sunday — I preached this morning to a crowded house at Daniel Holt's at ———. I concluded my discourse by bearing my testimony to the truth. The devil and his imps were there with all their power. I had not only to talk but to bring all the whole power of my soul to bear against their evil influence.

I have today baptized 5 persons, this makes in all 13 persons I have baptized in the State of Arkansas.

31st — Arrived at St. Louis this evening at 9 o'clock. The folks had all gone to bed but I soon aroused them. John had been sick for some days. I am glad to see my folks again. Bro. Snow was glad to see me and expressed himself satisfied with what I had done during my absence. He thinks he will send me back to Arkansas after Conference to stay during the summer.

APRIL 4th — Called at Bro. Snow's rooms this morning. Called also at Sister McLean's and conversed with her and her daughters a couple of hours. I like the spirit manifested in that home very well. Fanny resembles my wife more than anyone I ever saw. I wish Sarah was in possession of as good a spirit as Fanny. Oh well, never mind, Sarah will do better after a while. *I must wait.* Took dinner at father's. Went to meeting at 2 o'clock. I was called to the stand by Bro. Snow and invited to speak. I did so, giving an account of my mission to Arkansas and bearing my testimony. After meeting Sister Fanny came up and invited me to go with her to supper. I went and enjoyed myself in their society.

5th — Attended three meetings at the chapel today. I was in the stand all the time. Preaching by George A., Erastus and many others of the traveling Elders. Bro. Snow moved that Bro. Isaiah M. Coombs return to Arkansas and resume his labors in that state until further orders. The motion was sustained by the whole congregation. Bro. Snow invited me to remain here a few weeks before I return and to do all the good I can while here.

6th — We closed the business of the conference at 10 o'clock this morning. The establishment of settlements on the frontiers has occupied our attentions more than any other subject. Attended a social party at the chapel this evening and was happy in the midst of the Saints. Sister Eliza R. Snow's lines on the death of Jedediah M. Grant was recited by Sister Fanny, and she did it admirably, too. I like her manner of reciting much. I asked Bro. Snow if he had any objections to my paying a short visit to Columbia. He replied, "Certainly not. I don't want you to go on your mission right away and I want you to make yourself useful in the meantime."

8th — Called on my mother-in-law (Mrs. Turk). I found my wife, her mother, and John Wright sitting in the room. I was received very coldly but took an offered chair. Not a word was spoken for some time but the silence at last was broken by Wright. He commenced by abusing the Mormons and closed by using the most abusive language to me. He said that if he was related to Sarah he

would have taken my heart out long ago. He took out a large knife, and walking back and forth over the floor, he gave vent to all kinds of names and trying to provoke me to a quarrel. I never disdained to notice him at all. Mrs. Turk never tried to hush him and Sarah, too, was mute. I arose calmly from my seat and turning to Mrs. Turk, I bade her good evening with a firm determination never to enter her house again unless I could be secure from insult. Returned to St. Louis by bus.

MAY 24th — I see in the paper an account of the murder of P. P. Pratt. The great, the noble Parley has gone. I may be slain myself for the testimony of Jesus and I pray God that I may, rather than I should apostatize.

JUNE 3rd — Called at the Republican office to get letter of Sister Eleanor Pratt's published. Editor Clark thought Bro. Brigham had lost his right hand man. I told him he was mistaken, that God was Brigham's right hand man.

8th — Went down to the boat this morning. Baptized 21 persons in the font this morning and assisted in confirming them. Among them was my brother John.

10th — Received a letter from my wife (Sarah) today warning me not to come to Columbia again as my life had been threatened in case I should. She writes in a friendly spirit but hints she will write no more to me and that she only wrote this time to warn me. Says if she ever wants to see me she will appoint some other place than Columbia to meet me.

11th — I went down on board the *Silver Heels* about 8 o'clock this morning and remained talking with the Saints until she started, which was about 4 o'clock P.M. It carries precious freight in its cabins and on the decks. John Taylor, Erastus Snow of the Quorum of the Twelve, J. H. Hart, his lady and baby are all on board together with over a hundred others, all of whom are bound as far as Florence and the most of them through to the Valley. Bro. Snow told me as he bade me good-bye that there was a great work for me to do yet before I return to Zion. When the boat started I took a position on the hurricane deck of another boat and waved my handkerchief as long as I could see the people. But few Saints are now left in this city and I wish they too were gone, for it is a cruel place. I shall leave soon and hope I shall not return for some months.

OCTOBER 23rd — Left Mr. Gull's this morning and rode to Waterloo. Went to the school commissioner's, Mr. M. T. Haines, and got a certificate of qualification — good, moral character to teach school.

24th — Henry Agnes has agreed to board me this winter for \$1.50 per week. The common price is \$2.50 per week. He lives about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile from the school house so I will have a nice walk three times a day, which will be good exercise for me.

Called on Mr. Gulls. He says that he and the other directors have concluded to give me \$37.50 per month for my labors which is \$2.50 more than I asked for. People begin to think that I have got tired of Mormonism and am going to settle down here once more and not go back to Salt Lake. I think I will rather surprise them next spring. Since that idea got about a great many men stop and speak to me that before would never recognize me at all. Well, m-m-m is the word at present.

26th — Commenced my school this morning. I am sitting in my schoolhouse writing now. Six years ago on the 13th of this month I commenced my career as a school teacher in this very house. This scarcely seems possible but it is true. Since then many changes have taken place. This is, indeed, the same schoolhouse, the same store and these are the same desks and benches as of yore. When I look around, my eyes rest upon the same scenery as they did then, but the people have changed, oh, how much! I would scarcely know them if I saw them any other place.

My schoolhouse is surrounded on every side but one by a thick forest and that side is bounded by a large field belonging to Esq. Gull. This house is the only one in sight. This is a log house some 24 ft. square. It has one door and two windows. It is in need of a good chinking and refitting. The directors have promised to fix it up before cold weather sets in. We have very comfortable desks and seats and a good stove, plenty of wood so we shall be pretty comfortable in the cold weather.

NOVEMBER 24th — Came out to my schoolhouse very early this morning. Cut wood and made a fire an hour before school time. I found the following notice nailed to the blackboard.

Notice Notice Notice

"Elder I. M. Coombs, Sir, you are hereby notified to leave Monroe County within twenty days or we will grant you the pleasure of hugging a black jack. This you are not to omit under the penalty of lynch law given under our hands and seal. Many Citizens. Tar and feathers General Jackson. Hell and Thunder! Look Out!

DECEMBER 12th — Called at J. Edward's and borrowed a pick and shovel and went to the graveyard to fix up the grave of my little boy. I also put up a stone at the head of my mother's grave and one at the head of my little sister. I wish I was able to put up a tombstone at each one of those graves.

20th — I understand that threats have been made to tear down my schoolhouse in case I do not leave. I shall pay no attention to it. Called at the office and was with Bro. Eldredge. He let me read a letter from Bro. Brigham who advises that we wind up our business here and be ready to return home early in the spring.

JANUARY 4th, 1858 — Recommenced my school today with 27 scholars which is more than I have had any previous day. I am known far and near as the Mormon teacher and people acknowledge that I am the best teacher that was ever in the country.

20th — I did not receive the threatened visit last night but slept in peace. I realize that I am in the hands of God and that every blessing comes from Him. If it was not for His care over me they would have killed me long since. He who hardened the heart of Pharaoh softens the hearts of whom He will and I feel to rejoice under His preserving care.

23rd — Mr. Gull had a working frolic today and invited me to dine with him. I did so. Milton and Monroe Agnew and many of my most bitter enemies were there. I spoke to them all as though I thought them my friends and most of them spoke in return. Monroe was the only one that would not speak. All the rest treated me very kindly.

MARCH 22nd — Arose very early this morning. My wife and her mother left Columbia about 7 o'clock a.m. and have gone home. It is quite possible I shall see them no more in this life. It grieves me to part with Sarah. I know that all things will yet be ordered and counted for the best.

25th — The last day of my school. My term of schooling closed this evening and I am once more free.

APRIL 5th — Came out to Columbia this evening to settle up my business affairs that I, too, may be in readiness in good time.

RETURN TO UTAH

9th — Left Columbia this morning and came to St. Louis. Found my father and family all well. Called at the office and found it full of missionaries. I have to leave my family behind again, which gives me much sorrow. I would willingly run the risks of staying another year in order to go with them, but I have been counseled to go with the rest of the missionaries this spring and I must go. I hope we will meet in the mountains next year.

13th — Bade my father, brother John and sisters, Mary and Maria, good-bye at noon. Not a tear was shed for we felt that soon we would be reunited. Father gave me a large bowie knife. It was half-past one o'clock when we left the landing. The name of our boat is the "*Omaha*." The number about fifty, twenty of whom are missionaries.

23rd — Arrived at Florence, Nebraska, about 3 p.m. There are a host of us here now. We are 815 miles from St. Louis. Have had a chat with D. O. Rideout. He and I think of fitting out together.

The company consists of 110 people of which there are 60 returning missionaries from Europe and 25 from the U. S. There are also 21 other men, 1 woman and 3 children.

27th — Bought some provisions for the the trip over the plains. This company of Elders which is soon to start out on the plains are about to undertake one of the most perilous journeys that history give any account of. Nothing but the call of God's vice-general on the earth could tempt us to start. When we consider that a large army, (Johnston's Army) full of deadly hate to us as a people, lies just in our path homeward, and that another large army of the same stripe will be in our rear and that we will be passing the country of several large and war-like Indian tribes who have been stirred up to deadly hate for the whites on account of the inhuman treatment they have received at their hands, we must acknowledge that the prospects before us is to the eyes of humanity a very dull one to say the least. But notwithstanding all the dangers and difficulties that are in our pathway, we have the assurance that our Heavenly Father will protect us and with a mighty hand and an outstretched arm, conduct us to our homes in safety. We know that the Lord has called us by the mouth of His servant, Brigham, and we know that he requires nothing of His children that is impossible. According to the council we have provided ourselves with weapons of war which we will use should occasion require, but we have faith that the way will be opened for us without fighting.

I have not heard directly from my wife since I parted with her in Columbia, do not know anything of her movements or intentions. I had hoped that I should have had the privilege of taking her home with me this time, but she still chooses to remain in Babylon and I am obliged to go without her. As it was against council for women and children to cross the plains this season, I offered to remain another year if she would yield obedience to the Gospel, but she refused to do so. From my wife I now feel perfectly free. I have labored with all the strength and wisdom that my Heavenly Father has given me to save her. I have denied myself many blessings in the Kingdom, passed through much hardships and dangers in order to bless her and to secure to myself her society in the Celestial Kingdom of God, but she has ever held back and obstinately said, "No, I prefer the gentile traditions in which I have been educated and I am determined to stick to them if I am damned for it."

Since I left Great Salt Lake City I have traveled over 6000 miles for the sole purpose of promulgating the truths of the Gospel. When I get back home I shall have traveled 7000 miles and been gone near two years. Now in all that time and after travelling over so many miles, what have I effected? Well, if I have done nothing else I have cleaned my skirts of the blood of this ungodly generation and am now going home with an experience which money could never have purchased. I have borne my testimony to hundreds and thousands of

my race and have been a living, moving witness of the Gospel in their midst. I have been driven from one city to another and my life sought after in several instances, but like my Divine Master, I have submitted my cheek to the smiter, knowing that it all was working out for me an exaltation in an enduring Kingdom. I have suffered shame and reproach among my kindred and my name has been held in derision by those who once respected it and all because I am a follower of Jesus Christ and a believer in the divine mission of Joseph Smith. No one has come forward and accused me of murder, adultery, theft, of any other crime save that of being a Mormon.

MAY 27th — Have traveled 20 miles today and are camped about 5 miles west of Chimney Rock. About 3 miles back we met Col. Thomas L. Kane with an escort of six men on their way from Salt Lake City to Washington, D.C. The Col. went out to Utah a few months ago as a special envoy from Pres. Buchanan to negotiate terms of peace with Gov. Young and is now on his return home. The escort is commanded by Howard Egan and are all of them Mormons. Bro. Egan was the bearer of a letter from Pres. B. Young to us. It informs us that Great Salt Lake City and all the country north of Utah County had been evacuated and left without inhabitants save a few hundred men who have been left in charge of the property. The headquarters of the Church is now established in Provo City, 50 miles south of Salt Lake City. The letter states that the Governor seems disposed to take hold of the thread of Justice and set us right before the people, and that he has officially contradicted many of the false reports that have been made against the Utonians. He is now with the troops near Bridger but will soon follow the Saints to Provo with his wife.

The Saints have an army in Echo Canyon ready to dispute the further advance of the troops. Pres. B. Young advises us to take the Sublette cutoff to Green River and then take the trail to the head of Echo Canyon, avoiding, if possible, any collision with the troops. In case we are met by the troops we are advised not to fight them for he is anxious that they should strike the first blow. He cautions us against the Indians and mountaineers, especially the latter, and advises that we are ever on our guard and keep our scouts considerably in advance that we may not fall into a snare. It seems that all Hell is boiling over but the boys are not in the least frightened. We intend to go home in spite of all the troops, mountaineers, and Indians that are in the mountains, the Lord being our helper.

30th — Four wagons drawn by mules passed up the river on the opposite side early this morning. As they appeared to be light-laden and were going very fast, we concluded that it must be an express to Col. Johnston. We had just started when they hove in sight. We came on about 10 miles and camped for noon and to mend a broken wagon. We held council in which it was decided that, as news of our presence had already been received at the Fort, there would be no

utility in trying to pass unnoticed and that we had better hitch up and go on immediately. We had no sooner made this decision than we proceeded to act upon it. When we were about two miles from the Fort, a heavy roar startled us. On looking around, we saw that the whole heavens were becoming obscured with dark, heavy clouds which were sending forth ever and anon, sharp flashes of lightning. In the midst of one of the most terrific storms I ever witnessed, we rolled past the Fort within direct range of her heavy guns. The mingled wind, rain, hail, and snow almost blinded me. The storm raged with but one momentary interruption until we were fairly out of danger and then it cleared, the clouds disappeared and the sun burst forth to cheer and to gladden the hearts of the drenched, way-worn, but happy travelers. When we consider how seldom this part of the country is visited by thunder showers, we must acknowledge that this was sent by our Heavenly Father to preserve us from the hands of our enemies.

JUNE 9th—It has been raining almost all day. At the 5th crossing of the Sweetwater, we met a large party of apostates on their way to the States. I never saw such a hard looking set in my life. They say that another still larger party is a few days journey behind.

HOME, SWEET HOME

21st — Breakfasted about one-half mile up the Big Mountain. Met some boys from home. Moved between the mountains. After dinner we hitched up once more and rolled into Great Salt Lake City. We arrived here about 4 o'clock p.m. To see this loved city once more gave me more real happiness than I had before experienced. It is with joy and thanksgiving that I find myself at home. I have been all around the 14th Ward trying to find some of my old friends and oh, how desolate everything appears. The houses are all closed up and the owners have gone south.

22nd — Left Salt Lake City early this morning. Met my brother, Hyrum, about 2 miles north of Lehi. He was at Provo this morning when he heard that I was coming. He had walked 20 miles. It was indeed a joyous meeting on both sides.

23rd — Came on to Provo today. Bro. Southworth made me an offer of \$20.00 per month and board and washing if I would assist him in his store until I could find something better to do. I have gone to work and am hard at it.

27th — Have written two letters, one to my uncle Simeon Howd at Beaver, Utah, and one to Fanny McLean of Payson.

JULY 2nd — My brother, Hyrum, started on a visit to Uncle Simeon Howd at Beaver to see if he could get work for him and me, but got as far south as Salt Creek (Nephi) and was there advised to go no further as it was unsafe to travel alone in that part of the

Territory on account of the Indians who were very hostile. He delivered that letter to Fanny McLean at Payson and brought back an answer from her and a request for me to visit her tomorrow and escort her to a party which is to be given in Payson at 4 o'clock P.M. We set out on foot to Springville, 6 miles from Provo and stayed overnight with Sister Streeper.

3rd — Soon after breakfast we resumed our journey to Payson, 12 miles from Springville. We met a continual procession of teams on their way home to the north part of the Territory. Israel, in her balmiest days, was never so obedient to Moses as we are to Brigham. This move has done more preaching to the world than all the Elders have the past ten years. Arrived at Payson about 12 p.m. and came to Sister McLean's. Escorted Sister Fanny to the party given in the Bowerly in this place. My brother and I are staying at Sister McLean's tonight. We had a pleasant time with the family today, talking of times past and present.

I took Sister McLean aside and asked her if she would like to give her daughter, Fanny, to me. Her reply was "Yes, Bro. Coombs, I have not intended her for anyone else until she saw you. You are welcome to take her and can speak to her on the subject as soon as you like." She told me that Fanny had had a great many offers of marriage since she left St. Louis and although some were very good and desirable ones, she had refused all, expecting that I would someday return and ask for her. I then spoke to Fanny on the subject but she wished me to allow her to consult her mother before giving a positive answer. Of course, I could not object to that and the matter rests until tomorrow. Sister McLean lives at the Woolen Factory in this place.

A HAPPY MARRIAGE

4th — Independence Day. After breakfast, my brother Hyrum started for Beaver again. This morning Fanny and I took a walk in the fields, during which I asked her what decision she had come to. Her answer was, "If you will wait a month or two I will marry you." As this was my own mind, I agreed to it and we are now under covenant to each other in case I can get the consent of Bro. Brigham to our union. My object in calling at the President's office last Monday was to ask him if I had the privilege of getting a wife, but he was not in and I have not had a chance to see him on the subject since. I think, however, that he will not object and that it will be all right.

Sister McLean (Fanny's mother) was married to a man by name of Henry Green.

5th — Left Payson about 10 a.m. Fanny came with me to the outskirts of the town. I showed her the picture of my wife. She thought it very beautiful and so expressed herself. Did not appear to be a bit jealous herself. Arrived in Provo about dark. I feel tired, having walked all the way from Payson, 18 miles.

11th — Attended meeting in the Bowery (Provo). In the afternoon I was called upon to preach and responded to the call. Bro. Brigham keeps hid up at present as S. L. City is full of gentiles who thirst for his blood. Called on Bro. W. Woodruff for counsel. He advised me to write to Pres. Young, and said he would deliver the letter and explain things to him.

12th — Bro. Green, Fanny's stepfather, called at the store this evening and handed me a letter from Fanny. She is very anxious to be with me and writes a very pretty letter, closing by saying, "I am yours forever."

13th — Bro. H. S. Eldredge has just arrived from the States. He left my Father and family all well. Bro. Brigham is guarded constantly by three armed men, who stand at his door.

18th — Left Provo yesterday on foot and came to Payson. Arrived at Bro. Green's about 10 o'clock and found all the folks in bed. This morning took a walk with Fanny and talked with her much on our future prospects. She appears willing to go with me any place I wish to go. Bro. Green has made me an offer of \$40.00 or \$50.00 per month if I will go with him to American Fork. Can't make up my mind till I hear from my brother Hyrum.

19th — I arose about daylight this morning and went out in town to get a conveyance for Fanny, but could not succeed. After breakfast she and I started for Provo on foot. When we had walked about 2 miles we came to two teams from Iron County. I secured passage in one of them for Fanny but walked myself. I arrived at Bro. Southworth's about noon. Fanny beat me but one-half hour.

27th — Bro. Southworth returned from the City this morning. Brought a verbal answer to my letter to Bro. Brigham which was for me to go ahead and get me a wife as soon as I pleased.

28th — I was married this afternoon to Sister Fanny McLean. I thought that notwithstanding my unsettled conditions, I had better get me a wife and then I will be ready for the next move. Bishop J. L. Butler performed the ceremony and gave us his blessings. We will remain here with Bro. Green for a few days. Bro. Green has moved his family here to Spanish Fork.

31st — Left Spanish Fork this morning and started for Provo. Left my wife with Bro. Green's family until I return.

AUGUST 3rd — On Monday, about 3 o'clock p.m. I started from Provo in company with three ladies, viz, Emma Woodruff, Sister Pratt, and Sister Stevens, bound for S. L. C. Had considerable trouble on the way and stayed over night on Cottonwood.

6th — Dined with Bishop Hoaglund. He tells me he thinks school teaching will not pay until winter and then he would like me to come back and teach in the 14th Ward. Was very friendly. Bade them goodbye about 3 o'clock and started south. Came as far as Cottonwood and stayed over night with Bro. David Brinton.

8th — Renewed my journey before sunup. Took breakfast at Battle Creek (Lehi). Walked to Provo, 15 miles. Then I met with my brother Hyrum, who has just returned from Beaver. He says there is no prospect for us to do anything there. Came on to Spanish Fork.

9th — Went fishing with Fanny, Hyrum, and a lot of others. Hyrum will start for S. L. City in the morning to try to get a job at driving stage.

16th — On Saturday evening, last, my Uncle Simeon Howd of Beaver came to Brother Green's in search of me. First time I have ever seen him. He married my mother's sister, Lucinda, and is among the early pioneers of this territory. He insisted on my going home with him on a visit of two or three weeks. He thinks I will like Beaver and settle there, but Fanny says no.

18th — We left Spanish Fork with Uncle, bound for Beaver on Monday and arrived at his house in Beaver City about sun down today and received a hearty welcome from Aunt Lucinda. She is my mother's sister and the only one of a large family that has ever come into the Church besides my mother. I had not seen her for 18 years. She lived at my Father's home for several years and then moved to Nauvoo, Illinois. I could not remember her features at first, but I see now that she resembles my mother a great deal. I am rejoiced to meet her once more in the flesh. Bro. A. Lyman, Geo. A. Smith, C. C. Rich and E. Snow of the Twelve are all in this place on business. I have seen and talked a short time with them.

WE MOVE TO PAROWAN

On Friday I came to Parowan, 35 miles south of Beaver. Came to Bro. J. Hiatt's. His second wife is a daughter of Aunt Lucinda, and, therefore, my cousin. Her name is Martha. When I saw her last, she was not three years old. I like the looks of this city better than any I have seen south of Salt Lake. It is a beautiful place. I am so pleased with it that I have concluded to settle here. The directors have made me an offer of the school and say they think there are enough scholars to keep myself and wife employed all the time, and my pay will be sure. They will build me a house this fall and let me pay for it as I can. I have accepted the offer and am to commence my school in three weeks.

23rd — Have been making arrangements with the trustees about my school. Returned to Beaver and found my wife and all well.

25th — I am to start back to Spanish Fork tomorrow with Uncle Simeon to get some things I have there. Uncle has a load of oats he is taking to Johnston's Camp at Cedar Valley. Arrived at the camp Sept. 1st, and after disposing of our load, started for Salt Lake City. I heard more profane and vulgar language in the camp what little time I was there than I had heard in all the time I have lived in the territory.

SEPTEMBER 2nd — Arrive in this city (S. L. C.) about 11 o'clock a.m. and went immediately to H. S. Eldredge where I stayed for dinner. Have seen a lot of my old students today and they seem to be as glad to see me as they would if I were their father. They want me to come back and teach them again this winter. The city is full of gentiles. It is no longer the peaceful city I once knew.

7th — Started for home this morning. Called at Provo City and got some things I had there. Arrived at Spanish Fork. Fanny's mother and sisters are very disappointed in my settling so far from them. My record concerning my Mother-in-law is that she is one of the best women I ever met. She deserves all praise for the manner in which she has brought up her children and for her implicit confidence and faith in the Almighty. May she be blessed forever.



Fanny Porter McLean and daughter
Mary Ann

17th — Arrived in Parowan today and by instructions from the bishop (Bp. Lewis) we came to the building formerly occupied as a schoolhouse and here we have, for the present, taken up our abode. It is quite a comfortable house, excepting the lights which have been most all broken out.

20th — Commenced my school this morning under very favorable circumstances. Have had fifty scholars today. Was obliged to call my wife to assist me.

OCTOBER 3rd — Father Isaac Morley was here today and gave Fanny a rich blessing.

9th — Today concluded the purchase of a house and lot in this fort from a Danish man by the name of John M. Larsen, for which I am to pay \$140.00. \$20.00 of this I am to pay down and balance by New Year's. Went into the mountains today with one of my pupils. Brought back a load of mountain soap. Good to wash hands and scour wool, but not good for much else.

NOVEMBER 14th — Brother Larsen moved away today and I have moved into my house at last. I am much pleased with my new home and so is Fanny. I thank God that He has prospered me in obtaining it, and realize that it is a rich blessing from Him. I have now an inheritance in Zion. I hope to prove myself worthy of it. I have this day dedicated it in prayer to God.

JULY 17th, 1859 — Fanny started this morning on a visit to her mother at Spanish Fork, 190 miles distant. She will be gone 3 or 4 weeks. In the meantime Hyrum and I will batch.

August 10th—Fanny got home yesterday evening, bringing with her her sister, Mary Ann, age 10 years old. Have made a small addition to my house, a small bedroom, 7 by 14 ft. Plastered it today.

OCTOBER 19th—My wife has given birth to a pair of twin girls. The first one was born at 8 o'clock and the other an hour later. The old women have all gone home and I am left alone with wife and babies. The former is sleeping very quietly on the bed with one of the babies by her side and the other little one is under my watchful care and is sleeping on a pallet before the fire. My wife has had a very favorable time and bids fair to recover speedily. May God grant it. The babies appear to be in good health and will, I hope, live to be a blessing to their parents. The oldest weighs $5\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. and the younger 6 lbs. We have named the oldest Mary and the younger, Ida.

JANUARY 16th, 1860 — I told the people here last night that I did not want a single child to grow up here in ignorance on account of poverty, that if any were really unable to pay school bills I would teach their children gratis.

FEBRUARY 19th — General Johnston and escort passed through here this morning en route to California. I had a good look at the old fellow. A party is being held in the Council house, but I do not choose to attend. Have been digging my parsnips and making them up into molasses which is very palatable. From 10 bushels of parsnips have over 5 gallons of molasses.

APRIL 25th—I see in the Deseret News that a branch of the Agricultural and Manufacturing Society was organized in Beaver City on the 29th of last month, including the counties of Beaver and Iron and that I was elected Secretary of the Society for the ensuing year. The first annual exhibition will be held in this place on the 6th of September next.

JUNE 10th — Myself and family were weighed today. I weighed 130 lbs., Fanny weighed 100 lbs., Lexy (Fanny's sister) 86 lbs.; Mary 14 lbs. and Ida 16 lbs.

AUGUST 14th — Received a letter from Sister Mary dated July 3rd and 6th. All are well. They will be in Salt Lake City by October 15th. She says they are coming rather destitute but that it was only by the mercies of God that they are coming at all.

Have been fasting and praying today in behalf of those I love so dearly who at this time are on the plains.

SEPTEMBER 30th — Attended two meetings today. The people seem to be dead on the subject of education and indeed on every other subject except *Self*. I intended taking a list around for the refitting of the Council House and if I fail to get the means and proper support for a school I shall pull up stakes and go elsewhere.

OCTOBER 16th — I see by the Deseret News just arrived that the company in which my father and family crossed the plains arrived in S. L. C. on the 3rd of this month. He is expected here Saturday next.

Judge Lewis saw him at Conference and says that father looks thin but was in good spirits though anxious to find a resting place with his children. Immediately on receiving the above good news, I killed not the fatted calf, but the fatted porker with which to make merry on their arrival. My pig weighed 220 pounds.

22nd — My brother, John Mark, arrived today. Went out as far as Little Creek to meet him. Father, Mary J., Louise and Hyrum have stopped at Beaver for a few days. Have hired a team and am going for them tomorrow.

23rd — Had the happiness of being folded in my beloved father's arms today on my arrival at Beaver, also in those of my sisters. I have had many joyful times, but this is the happiest period of my life to welcome those I so dearly love to Zion. My wife and babies are with me and share my joy. We are all spending the night with Uncle and Aunt Howd.

24th — Returned home bringing with me my father and all his family. They will all remain with me this winter and as much longer as they please. I feel happy to have them under my roof and that I am able to make them happy and comfortable.

31st — Father, Hyrum, John and I have been repairing the house and making it comfortable for the winter. We all went into the canyon to get fire wood.

LIFE IN 1861 — 1862

JANUARY 16th, 1861 — Received a letter from Bro. Christensen in answer to my last. He is still anxious for me to move to Ephraim. Says that the school trustees expect to satisfy me if I will come there and teach for them. They want me to take charge of the larger children only, and will reserve that place for me till I come.

19th — In a conversation I had today with Pres. Pendleton and others, I told them I thought I should leave here in the spring and seek a place where I could get some stock for my labors. Bro. Pendleton said that if I would stay he would try and induce some of the brethren here to let me have a cow or some other kind of stock, and asked one of the brethren who was standing by if he couldn't part with a cow to accommodate the school master. The man addressed said he had none to spare but said he thought such a brother might spare a cow or calf to give me a start and so it is. I think that taking everything into consideration, my best policy is to move north as soon as possible after the opening of spring.

MARCH 17th — Packed up my things and started for Payson about noon. Bade my father, sisters Mary and Maria and brother John goodbye. Have 450 lbs. of luggage besides my wife and babies. My home and lot which has cost me \$200.00 I gave to father a few

days ago, also a bedstead, table, etc. Father gave me a silver watch when he first came down here.

27th — Arrived at Goshen at 4 o'clock P.M. Will remain here with Fanny's mother and family a few days. Mr. Green gave me a new hat and Fanny's mother and sisters loaded her down with presents for her and the babies and seem to vie with each other in acts of love.

APRIL 9th — Moved over from Goshen 12 miles. My father-in-law who is en route to Beaver on business deviated from his course enough to bring my family and effects to this place. The trustees of this district give me every encouragement. Rented a room of Sister McClellan. My wife is pleased with her new home and the babies fairly crowed to get into a house once more.

MAY 7th — Commenced meeting for Bishop Young. Moved over into one of his houses, two rooms for which I pay \$3.50 per month.

28th — Received a letter from my Father by S. P. Clark; the following is an extract:

"I often think you would have done well here at Parowan, but suppose you know best. I have not executed the transfer you have made me, and shall not do so. The place is yours when you wish to return to it or dispose of it otherwise. In the meantime, I am under lasting obligation to you for the occupancy of it and so is Mary and Sissy. We all yet live here together in your house and the evening or morning seldom passes but you and Fanny and the babies are remembered in our prayers. I sometimes feel very delicate. If I had no God to lean upon, what a miserable being I should be.

"My son, I want to talk with you a great deal, but I cannot say all I want to in this way at this time, but I will write you again when I learn you have become stationary. My first-born, be comforted. We all owe to you, in a great measure, the blessings we enjoy of being here in the chambers of these mountains. Your life has been a blessing and a consolation to me in this house of my pilgrimage, and the God of Jacob will bless you abundantly for the sacrifices you have made in His cause, my noble boy, but I can write no more now.

Mark Anthony Coombs"

JUNE 6th — Fanny is 19 years old. Bought some earthenware made in the City. Our babies are just beginning to try to walk. We take a great deal of comfort in them and think them to be the prettiest and sweetest children in the world. The president and company arrived here at 4 o'clock P.M. on their return from their southern tour. After supper they continued their journey.

8th — Have been examining Smith's New Arithmetic. It is decidedly a Standard work and in my opinion, far superior to any now in use.

9th — My folks are all enjoying a nap and have left me to pass away the time in solitude for a few hours. Well, I like to be alone once in a while and commune with my own thoughts, study the workings

of my own heart and thereby profit. In this way I can sometimes discover some of my faults and weaknesses and try to rectify them. Truly, solitude, as well as society, has its charms.

14th — The Deseret News extra announces the death of Hon. Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois. This is another of Joseph Smith's prophecies fulfilled to the very letter. Bro. Joseph told him at least 25 years ago that he would one day aspire to the presidency of the United States, but that if he should raise a hand or use an influence against this people that he would never get there. After Joseph died he did use an influence against us — aspired to the presidential chair and was defeated, died a political death and now has died a natural death and has gone into the spirit world. This is another evidence of the divine calling of Joseph Smith, the great latter-day prophet.

June 24 — Opened a common English school in this place today with sixty scholars. I shall teach all the branches of a common English education. I feel at home once more that I am engaged in my old and favorite occupation, and surrounded by such favorable circumstances. I never saw a more interesting or prettier, neater set of children in all my experience and I have now taught near 10 years.

JULY 26th — Bought a cow yesterday of Sister Curtis for \$40.00 to be paid in school teaching. This is the first cow I have owned in this Territory and I think I know how to appreciate the blessing.

AUGUST 22nd — On this day we passed through the most fierce ordeal of my life — an ordeal that has almost driven me crazy. My little twins had been sick through the diarrhea for some days past, but we had not felt uneasy about them though we did all we could to cure them. About one o'clock a.m. our little Mary was seized with vomiting and purging at the same time. In the meantime my wife was taken sick and I was placed in a quandary. I ran to some of the neighbors for assistance. About 4 o'clock p.m. the baby suffered severely. She lingered until about dark when her little spirit took its flight and left us nothing but the clay tenement which she had inhabited. About 9 a.m. on this same day my wife was confined and delivered of a fine boy. It was welcomed in this world on a day of sorrow and deep affliction.

I buried my little girl on the following day. Have trembled for the life of our little Ida but I believe that God has listened to my prayers and is now blessing her with a slow recovery. I shall never forget the kindness of our neighbors, especially of Bishop Young. Fanny's mother arrived a few minutes after the birth of the child and will stop with us for a few days.

29th — Our babe being 8 days old, I blessed him and conferred on him the name of Isaiah Mark as determined a few days ago, for myself and father. He continues to thrive exceedingly.

SEPTEMBER 4th — Orders have been received from headquarters to revive the military in this district and to muster into training all persons liable to bear arms. This is a general movement throughout the

Territory. The major of this division waited on me this evening to ask if I would accept the office of Adjutant under him. I accepted it and have done some writing in that capacity.

OCTOBER 3rd — At conference at S. L. C. Met my father in the street. Was rejoiced to see him after an absence of six months.

6th — Father, being invited, took supper with President Young and was treated with great attention by him. I encountered them on the street going to evening meeting at the Tabernacle and joined them.

7th — My father was called on by the President to speak, which he did giving his experience, etc. He was quite interesting in his remarks and was listened to with attention. After meeting, Elder W. Woodruff of the Twelve, took father and me home with him to supper. Bro. Woodruff's experiences have been pretty much the same as Father's only more wonderful. That was the main reason of his attention to him. Father received his endowments Dec. 9th in the House of the Lord.

NOVEMBER 11th — All the folks, except me and the two babies, have gone to the theater tonight. I volunteered my services to stay home and take care of the children. I like to be with my little children better than to go to theaters, balls, or anything else. Little Ida and I have had a glorious time together.

JANUARY 25th, 1862 — Bought a city lot of H. G. Boyle. Am to give him 70 bushels of wheat for it. It has a good post and pole fence around it costing not less than 60 bushels of wheat and is situated in the extreme south part of town. There is no prettier lot in this place. The only drawback about it is, it is a little to one side of the business part of town.

MARCH 16th — My father arrived about 8 o'clock this evening from Parowan. He has walked all the way from Beaver over muddy roads and through heavy storms and for all that he seems as fresh as a young buck.

18th — Started for S. L. C. today, traveling in company with Bro. T. E. Daniels and family. Father and Hyrum were along with another team. We arrived at 12 p.m. on the 21st. My wife received her endowments on the 22nd. By request of Bro. W. Woodruff I had the privilege of officiating in the House of the Lord and thereby learned a great deal. My wife was sealed to me over the altar for Time and all Eternity by Pres. D. H. Wells. Pres. Young did me the favor of sitting down by me and conversing with me twice. He showed my father a particular mark of friendship. Sister Eliza R. Snow asked for an introduction to my wife and invited me to bring her up to the Lion House. The next day attended meeting at the Tabernacle. In the afternoon Pres. Young delivered a very interesting discourse. The Tabernacle was filled to overflowing. Started for home on the 25th. Came to American Fork and stopped over night. The next day we came home where we found all well.

SEPTEMBER 8th — Friday finished shingling my house. Put down the floors and boarded up the gable ends myself. On Saturday, hired a man to paint it and in the afternoon, moved in, although it lacks considerably of being finished.

12th — Went to Summit yesterday with Bro. W. R. Tenney. Took dinner with my wife's mother, after which we were over to Bro. Butterfield's by his solicitation to have a talk with our newly imported Gentile Governor, S. S. Harding, who is Bro. Butterfield's brother-in-law. Had some interesting talk with the governor on the prevailing topics of the day which we all enjoyed until 3 o'clock when a deputation from the quorum of Seventy in that place, who were holding meeting at the schoolhouse, waited on the governor, inviting him to attend and speak to them. He accepted the invitation and we adjourned to the schoolhouse to listen to what he might have to say. After singing and prayer, he entertained us with some remarks expressive of his good intentions with regard to us as a people.

I was then invited to speak and did so. I enjoyed a good rich flow of the Spirit and spoke for half an hour, showing the causes of the present warfare in the States. Said that God held the nations of the United States accountable for the persecutions that had been heaped upon this people. To this remark the Governor took offense and said that the President of the United States entertained no hostile feelings against us and thought it unfair that the whole people should be held accountable for the acts of a few. I made a few additional remarks in explanation of what I had said previously, with which the governor expressed himself satisfied.

OCTOBER 1st — My father arrived from Parowan while we were eating breakfast. My sister, Mary, arrived about one hour later and we had another joyful meeting.

When Pres. Young was at Parowan, he told father to come up to conference and he would ordain him a Patriarch. Father was ordained Patriarch on the 8th of October under the hands of Elders Geo. A. Smith, Orson Hyde, and John Taylor. Mary received her endowments on the 9th and was sealed to father for and in behalf of our sainted mother, who died without that privilege.

DECEMBER 13th — Have got our weaving all done. 15 yds. of flannel and 9 yards of linsey, enough to make wife one dress, Ida two dresses, the boy one dress and two pair socks and self two pair pants and a coat. I was never as thankful for a suit of broadcloth or silks as I am of our home made.

ACTIVITIES DURING 1863 - 64

FEBRUARY 17th, 1863 — Our new mayor, B. F. Stewart, has appointed me to be City Recorder.

APRIL 13th — Father gave me a Patriarchal blessing this morning, the richest, the grandest I ever heard uttered by mortal. He

blessed my wife and children this afternoon. May the blessings he has pronounced upon us return upon his own head fourfold.

OCTOBER 20th — My wife passed through a severe ordeal last night in giving birth to a fine female child. It was born precisely at 10 o'clock and weighs just 8½ lbs. I feel under a renewed obligation to my Heavenly Father for the present well being of my wife and child. As a father I bid it welcome to my humble home.

27th — I have just blessed our little one, confirming on it the name of its mother Fanny, which is also the name of its grandmother.

JUNE 3rd, 1864 — Received a beautiful letter from my father. After describing the suffering he had endured lately from an attack of liver complaint, he says, "On Saturday last I went to the South Mountain to seek the face of my Physician and to pour out my complaint into His ear where none but He could hear. I asked Him to relieve me of my distress or let my weary soul return again to His paternal embrace. He heard the voice of my mouth and by His Holy Spirit enlightened me to know that He had stored up virtue in the noxious thistle, exactly suited to my disease, and as it was before me I gathered it, brought it home, stewed it in water, ate it and found relief. Blessed be the name of Him who lives from age to age without change."

SEPTEMBER 19th — Bought some coal oil and a lamp to burn it in. A luxury which few in this part of the country indulge in. My lamp with shade cost me \$4.75. Have commenced working on the molasses machine. Got one gallon molasses for twelve hours work.

NOVEMBER 21st — Opened school at the new schoolhouse this afternoon. Assisted in the forenoon in putting up the stove, etc. This building is 26 by 36 ft. It has 3 windows on each side and two in the front and there is also the door entrance facing east. The room is finished off in splendid style both inside and out. It is made of adobe. It is at present furnished with 20 desks and seats, each of sufficient length to accommodate 2 pupils and so arranged as to give an aisle on each side. Desks for 20 more will be furnished soon.

DECEMBER 24th — Wife is baking and fixing up notions for the morrow, filling the children's stockings with dainties, etc. We all feel happy this evening because we are all well and comfortable. Last Christmas Eve wife was sick and all was gloom.

31st — The last day of the year, 1864. It finds me and mine in the possession of peace, health, plenty, and happiness. Thanks to a merciful Father for his guidance through another eventful year. My heart swells with gratitude to Him for all His blessings. He has not bestowed upon me great riches nor yet great treasures of knowledge, but He has supplied all my actual wants and He has given me a contented mind and a hopeful disposition.

TREATY WITH THE REDMEN

MAY 7th, 1865 — Started a Sunday School this morning by request of Bishop J. B. Fairbanks. I have taken the Superintendency of it. If I can only secure the cooperation of a corps of zealous teachers, we will have a very interesting Sunday School. It is an institution that I have always favored as I know it is to be of incalculable benefit to all who participate in it, both teachers and pupils. I made a few remarks on that subject just before dismissing this morning.

JUNE 7th — Went with the President (Brigham Young) and party over to Spanish Fork Indian Farm this morning. The Indian agent, Col. Irish was there and read an article of agreement between the Government of the U. S. and the Utah tribes of Indians, by which the Indians were to obligate themselves to vacate their present possessions and remove to *Uintab Basin*, for which they were to receive an immense sum of money to be paid annually. They were then to receive the arts of civilization, and their children are to receive an education. The chiefs were not disposed to entertain the idea a single moment. They said they loved the Mormons and did not want to be separated from them, and had rather be poor and stay with them than to be rich away from them. They expressed much love for Brigham Young, but had very little confidence in the promises of their Great Father in Washington unless Pres. Young would back it up.

8th — Went to the farm again this morning to attend the treaty with the Indians. They were punctual to the hour and all the chiefs, except Sanpitch, signed the treaty and felt first rate about it. The President blessed the Indians in the name of the Lord and assured them of the good faith of the government in this treaty.

The speeches of several of the chiefs were very *eloquent* when portraying the wrongs they had suffered at the hands of the soldiers, the love they had for Brigham Young and the Mormons and the rapidity with which their race was dying off and passing away. When the treaty was signed and concluded the Indians were sent home to get their squaws and papooses. Blankets, skirts, calico, tobacco, etc. were then distributed among them with a liberal hand by Col. Irish.

DEDICATION OF TABERNACLE AT NEPHI

22nd — The President and party arrived in our town about 6 o'clock p.m. He is attended by a much larger party than usual this time. There is to be a party at the hall this evening in honor of him and his company. Two string bands, one from Provo and one from Nephi will be in attendance. I am one of the few invited guests.

23rd — Six o'clock a.m. Attended the party last night with my wife. Pres. Young, several of the apostles and many other honored

guests were present. I enjoyed myself highly until midnight when I came home. I go with the president and company to Salt Creek (Nephi) this morning when a two days meeting will be held commencing tomorrow. Started for Nephi at 8 o'clock. We reached Santaquin in good time for meeting that was held in the Bowery erected for the occasion. The company took dinner after meeting was adjourned and then proceeded on their journey to Nephi where we arrived a little before sunset. The Nephi brass band serenaded the president several times during his stay.

24th — At 10 o'clock the following morning, the large and beautiful new meeting house was thrown open and was immediately filled. Elder Geo. A. Smith of the Twelve proceeded to dedicate the building and the lot upon which it stands, to the Lord. Elder O. Hyde, John Taylor, Pres. Young then addressed the congregation.

In the evening the chorus from Payson, Spanish Fork and Nephi assembled in the meetinghouse and entertained as many as could get admittance with sweet strains of song and music. They sang alternately and vied with each other in their effort to excel.

25th — Eight of the Twelve Apostles were present, viz, Pres. O. Hyde, John Taylor, W. Woodruff, A. M. Lyman, Lorenzo Snow, F. D. Richards, Geo. A. Smith and Geo. Q. Cannon. Our train of carriages and wagons was very large and we traveled very fast. Besides a large body of horsemen who acted as vanguard and rearguard to the company, two armed men rode, one on each side of the President's carriage. To me, this was a very impressive scene and I felt to pray. May God shield His prophet and protect him from all harm, and may he live to lead Israel back to the Center Stake of Zion and do all the good his heart desires. And that is the silent breathing of my soul every day that I live.

AUGUST 20th — The Indians threaten to be troublesome in this locality at present. Two of the San Pete Indians were arrested by Col. McClelland the other day, and as it was proven that they had been engaged in the recent massacre over in that county, they were dealt with as their crimes merited. This has made that tribe angry with the Payson people, and they will no doubt seek revenge.

JOYS AND SORROWS

22nd — Isaiah Mark is 4 years old today, and our little Mary has been asleep the same length of time. My children are all well again. Little Fanny is one of the smartest children I ever knew. She will not be 2 years old till next October and she can say anything she hears with a degree of plainness. Never heard her equal by a child of her age. She can count to 10 and has done it for nearly two months past. She knows very near the whole of the "Dismal Swamp." (Song)

SEPTEMBER 4th — My peaches are getting ripe. I shall have several bushels this season. Butchered a yearling heifer this evening. Am collecting on my molasses for the ensuing year's use.

OCTOBER 14th — Attended a grand muster of the militia this afternoon and was voted in as Captain. A general muster of the militia of the whole county is ordered at Provo in a few days when Gen. D. H. Wells and staff are expected to inspect the command.

MARCH 15th — My wife gave birth to a fine female child last night. It was born precisely at 11 p.m. March 14th. My wife's sufferings were intense but short. She is now, at 4 o'clock p.m. quite comfortable and the baby does nothing but sleep. It weighs just 9 pounds.

25th — Blessed the baby and conferred upon her the name of Gladys. Fanny has been up most all day and baby is good and quiet.

JULY 14th — I was acting sergeant of the guard last night. Besides stationing the guard in the evening and releasing them at sunrise, I had to visit all the posts 3 times during the night. I am tired out. I got home at 4:30 o'clock and slept until 8.

DECEMBER 31st — The eventful year of '66 is almost gone. Only 3 hours remain of it. They will hurry by on rapid wings and the old year will be among the things that were, and are to be no more forever. These are the most solemn hours of all the year to me, and I love to spend them as I am now, sitting alone with my God and my own thoughts. At such times I review the past and try to learn useful lessons from the retrospection. May the future years of my life be spent as well as have the past, that I may have no cause to blush in reviewing my life when I shall approach the shore of eternity.

FEBRUARY 26th, 1867 — 7 o'clock p.m. Was told by our telegraph operator, about 2 hours ago, that my good old father died yesterday at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. And so the blow so long averted by the merciful hand of God, has fallen at last, and my future life must be cheerless indeed. I can never hear his loving voice again. He died away from me. I was not near to receive his dying behest or smooth his passage through the dark valley. Oh, this will be a life-long regret. My father was a pure-minded, honest, noble, good man, and as such, his rest must be sweet and I do not feel to begrudge it to him. As much as I mourn for him, I mourn more for my dear sisters. I realize in some measure, the utter loneliness and desolation that has come to them on the loss of their idolized parent. May God comfort them as He only can. (I include his obituary).

"Died in Beaver, Utah territory on the 25th day of February, 1867 of liver complaint. Patriarch Mark Anthony Coombs, age 65 years, 17 days. Father Coombs was born in the southern part of the state of Maine near Isles borough on the 8th day of February, 1802.

"At an early day, he chose a seafaring life, and for many years his

home was on the briny deep. As captain of a merchant ship, he sailed on every ocean, visited almost every civilized and heathen land, and finally circumnavigated the globe in a cruise of nearly three years duration. He was naturally endowed with an iron constitution, but by much exposure to the diseases of torrid climes and the hardships incident to a life on the ocean, this was early broken down, and in the later years of his pilgrimage, he was much afflicted with the disease that finally severed the thread of life and set his immortal spirit free to return to its Father and God.

"From his early youth, he was an ardent lover of the scriptures which he ever read with delight. He soon became convinced, however that the religion of the Bible had perished from the earth and that God had no authorized church among men. He, therefore, never attached himself to any of the pretentious sects of the day, although his parents and indeed, ancestors for several generations past, had belonged to that strict and very consistent sect, the Quakers. Perhaps the greatest reason why he held himself aloof from the churches was a dream of vision which he had in which God showed him He was about to set up His church once more and warned him to go west in search of it.

"In the year 1830 he abandoned the sea forever and started for the then wilds of Southern Illinois, partly to visit a brother who had settled in that part of the country, but chiefly to search for the Church of Christ. Soon after his arrival in Illinois, he met with and married Miss Maria Morgan, who proved to be a faithful and loving wife to the day of her death which occurred on the 23rd of April, 1854. She bore him seven children, five of whom are still living and reside in this territory.

"We now come to the most important period of his long and eventful life. On the 15th day of April, 1832, at Independence Landing, Missouri he was put ashore from a steam boat by order from its captain because he would not be as severe on the men in his capacity as mate as he, the captain, thought he should be. That day he met with some of the Elders of the Church, was immediately convinced of the divinity of Joseph Smith's mission, and on the same day was baptized by Father Isaac Morley and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

"Said he to the Elders, 'I have been in search of this Gospel all the days of my life, and now that I have found it I do not wish to postpone my baptism a single day.' He was soon after ordained to the Priesthood and entered upon his labors as a preacher of the Everlasting Gospel in which he took great delight and for which he suffered much persecution.

"On account of circumstances over which he had no control, he did not gather with the Church until 1860. On his arrival in Great Salt Lake City, he was received and welcomed by Pres. Young in a truly fatherly manner, which left an impression of gratitude and love

in his heart that he has carried with him beyond the grave. It was as bread cast upon the waters which will bring a rich harvest in days that are to come. On the 8th of Oct., 1862, he was ordained under the hands of Elder Orson Hyde, John Taylor, and Geo. A. Smith to the office of Patriarch, which office he magnified and honored to the last."

MARCH 31st — The prospects for another Indian war this season is said to be rather alarming. "Black Hawk" is still alive and is mad as ever with the Mormons. Fears are entertained of a scarcity of bread stuffs before another harvest. God grant that both of these calamities may be turned aside.

APRIL 10th — When I left Parowan I gave father my house and lot there that cost me \$200.00. I sent father at one time, a transfer of the property but he never executed it. Said he was contented to enjoy the possession of it but that it was my property and that at his death it should revert back to me.

24th — Preparations have been making all day to receive Pres. Young and party who arrived at half past 5 o'clock p.m.

MAY 14th — President Young and party passed through here at 3 o'clock this p.m. from their southern tour. I had my school drawn up in line and saluted him in passing. He stopped his carriage a few minutes to shake hands with me and to tell me of the death of my sister Mary's little Fanny. Bro. Geo. A. Smith in the rear of the train, halted to impart the same sad news.

23rd — Elder Orson Hyde preached here last night on the all important subject of laying up grain.

SEPTEMBER 2nd — Taught school. Have written an article on School Government for the *Telegraph* by request of the editor, T. B. H. Stenhouse.

JANUARY 17th, 1868 — Have been all day collecting 5 bu. of wheat which will board my family just that many weeks.

26th — Sunday — I organized a Sunday school at Pond Town this afternoon. Put in Bro. Higgins as superintendent.

MARCH 19th — Spent over half of the day trying to collect some bread stuff. Succeeded in raising 15 lbs. flour and 1½ bu. potatoes after visiting several of the most wealthy of my patrons. People are scared nearly to death over a prospect of a grasshopper war this season, and are loath to part with their grain.

MAY 31st — Walked to Provo (18 miles) this morning early. Arrived at 8 o'clock and in time for Sunday school.

JULY 14th — 5 o'clock A.M. Joy! Joy! A child is born and the mother is safe. My beloved Fanny was safely delivered of a fine son at 3 o'clock this morning and is now resting sweetly in the arms of Morpheus. God be praised for His never failing kindness to me and

mine, and may I be enabled to be a better man and become more worthy of such great blessings as are daily showered upon me. 2 o'clock p.m.— have just weighed the baby and find that it weighs just 10 pounds.

JULY 20th — Went to Provo this morning. Attended school of the Prophets and enjoyed a foretaste of Heaven.

22nd — Fanny is still improving. Blessed our little babe last evening. Confirmed upon it the name of my beloved father, Mark Anthony. God grant the earth may never again be without a Mark Anthony Coombs upon it.

SEPTEMBER 26th — President Young and company reached here on their return from San Pete County at noon today. We had a sumptuous repast prepared in the hall for them. The hall was tastefully decorated and festooned with all kinds of fruit grown here.

The President met with a pretty serious accident while in San Pete and fainted away several times. He is now, however, as well as usual.

CHRISTMAS DAY — The children all ran to their stockings this morning to find that Santa Claus had been more mindful of them than at any previous occasion. Candies, cakes, apples, almonds, dolls, and books, not forgetting the coveted French Harp, were hailed with delight and pleasure. Myself and wife rejoiced as much as they to see their glee. God grant them many, many a Merry Christmas. I took some goodies over to Bro. Boyle's family and invited them to dine with us, which invitation was accepted.

JANUARY 3rd, 1869 — Attended a meeting of share-holders in a contemplated Cooperation Store this evening. Was elected secretary of the society and appointed one of a committee of five to draft a constitution and code of by-laws for the government of the same. I paid over to the bishop \$20.00 and became a member.

4th — Bro. Stephen Markham, an old friend and companion of the Prophet Joseph Smith, delivered a discourse of two hours and twenty minutes length this evening on the early history of the Church.

TAKING STOCK

MARCH 21st — Sunday — My 35th birthday. I wish on this day to note down for future reference, a truthful description of myself and family and surroundings. I stand just 5 ft. 10½ inches in my stocking feet. I am, however, slightly built, weighing about 135 pounds. At this season of the year, I sometimes reach 140 pounds. I am not a stout and healthy man by any means, and cannot expect to live to be very old. My hair is quite black, though streaks of silver begin to show themselves to the close observer. My whiskers are jet black and inclined to be curly. I wear them entire, have not used a razor for several years. My eyes are blue and my

complexion is neither dark nor light. When a boy, I freckled when exposed to the sun. My hands are small, more like those of a woman than of a man. I mention this, not as a matter that I am proud of, but as a fact.

My education is limited to the branches taught in the common schools of the U. S. with the exception of the additional branch of bookkeeping. I have a decided taste for oratory, though do not pretend to be an orator. I speak a great deal in public, but almost always extempore. When I enjoy a rich portion of the Holy Ghost, I express my thoughts with considerable ease, but never otherwise. I depend upon the inspiration of the Almighty.

In disposition, I am not very amiable, being disposed to melancholy and silence. I love to please others, sacrifice a great deal sometimes to do so, but do not always succeed.

My present wife is a tall, fair woman with blue eyes and light hair. She, too, is frail in her build, though much stouter than she looks to be. She is just 26 yrs., 9 mos. and 15 days old.

Our oldest daughter, Ida, is 9 yrs. 4 mos. and 2 days old. She resembles me in features and in constitution. She has been in school all her life and is very well advanced for a child of her age.

Our next child, Isaiah Mark is 7 yrs., 6 mos., and 29 days old — Looks like me, they say, though his hair is the same light hue as his mother's. He is not a stout boy, but is active and wiry and has general good health. He, too, goes to school all the time and learns well.

Our next is my wife's namesake, Fanny. She resembles her mother's family most. She is the stoutest and healthiest child we have. Her hair is very light and fine. She, too, goes to school all the time, reads in the first reader. She is 5 yrs., 5 mos., and 2 days old.

Our next is little Gladys, the household pet, made so on account of her much sickness, as well as by her loving and winsome ways. We consider her a perfect beauty. She is the only child that we have that is small for her age, and we love her for her very petiteness. She is much like my family. She is 3 yrs. old and 7 days.

The list of our household treasures ends with little Mark Anthony, though by the by he is not very little. He is an unusually large, fine baby. Scarcely know who he looks like yet, but if he lives he will make a large, splendid looking man. He is 8 mos., and 2 days old and has as yet not a tooth in his mouth.

Our home has but two rooms and is situated on a city lot in the southern part of town. My lot is crowded with young fruit trees and I will have a fine orchard in a few years, the Lord being willing.

I am a poor man—live on a salary of about \$700.00 a year. I teach school almost constantly, am wearing out at it fast. I own a 5 acre lot just west of town and am bargaining for another 5 acres east of town and am intending as soon as possible to go to farming in the summer time in the hopes that it will benefit my health. I have

a nice stable, large enough for three cows, though we have but two.

APRIL 25th — Our old cow had a calf this morning, so we will milk two cows this summer and have plenty of milk for the babies.



Isaiah, Fanny and their children, taken in 1874

MAY 8th — Have spent two or three hours of the day reviewing my journal of years long since passed away. I see on their pages many things of which, at this more mature age, I am ashamed, but shall not erase or obliterate. I am willing that my children may judge of me by what I record of my life and actions.

17th — My recent letter from Dr. Rogers informs me that Sarah (my former wife) enjoys good health, teaches a class in the Baptist Sunday School, but that her mother has very poor health.

JUNE 3rd — Flour is very scarce here now. I went around to two or three men this evening, who are all owing me and raised all of 11 pounds at 8 cents per pound. It is a mystery to me how people are to be fed until harvest.

OCTOBER 13th — Attended general muster at Camp Wells. I was appointed by general orders to the office of Sergeant Major on Col. W. C. McClelland's staff.

IN CHARGE OF TITHING OFFICE

17th — Attended evening meeting. Bishop Fairbanks talked to the people. Said he had called on Bro. Coombs to take charge of the Tithing Office and that they would have to look up another school teacher. Said he should appoint Bro.* David Lant to preside over the meetings during his absence and Bro. Coombs and Page to assist him. Hoped the people would respect us in this position. Recommended us very highly to the people.

18th — Commenced my labors in the Tithing Office this morning. The bishop has spent considerable time instructing me in my duties and labors.

DECEMBER 15th — My brother Hyrum, arrived this evening. We have had an extremely pleasant evening of it here at home. The children are all in great glee at seeing another uncle. They dearly love all that they can claim kinship with. The Tithing yard is full of wagons this morning, en route for the City, and office is full of travelers. Got a washing machine this morning, cost \$27.50.

CHRISTMAS DAY — Great rejoicing this morning by the children over the bounties of Santa Claus. The brass band came and gave us a serenade. Invited them in to the house and treated them to apples. I feel to thank God for the blessings of the day.

31st — The old year is fast waning. Will soon be a thing of the past and even as it's last day has dawned, so must mine sooner or later. But there is one grand difference between the dying years and me. When it passes it will be forever, it's sunlight will never again gladden the earth or any of it's creations of God, whereas, I shall pass merely from one state of existence into another and shall never taste of death.

JANUARY 8th, 1870 — The Utah Central Railroad reached Salt Lake City today. The event will be celebrated throughout the Territory on Monday next.

10th — According to previous arrangements, the last spike was driven in the last rail of the Utah C. R. R. by Pres. Young at 2 o'clock p.m. Many thousands, according to telegraph, witnessed the ceremony. In this place the citizens assembled almost enmasse to celebrate the occasion. Cannons were fired, flags waved, the multitude hurrahed, speeches were made, prayer opening and closing the program.

I was called upon for a speech and responded. I was also chief toast-master.

JUNE 6th— I had a long conversation with Fanny the other evening on the subject of my getting another wife and to her credit I will here record the substance of what she said on the subject: "I will never stand in the way of your getting another wife. I hope you will get some good woman and the better looking she is the better I will be pleased. I want you to get one that neither you nor I will be ashamed of. I will be as proud of her as you will be yourself. I will try and be agreeable and make her feel at home. I will not be jealous nor worry myself with thinking that you love her more than me. I will pray to God to direct you aright in your selection, that you may make a wise choice."

JULY 17th— Mother's Uncle Arthur, arrived this morning. Arthur Porter is the youngest of five brothers. He is 45 years old and is a bachelor. He and James have lived in Victoria for some 12 or 14 years. His brother Tom, who lives in England, is in a decline and has sent for him to come and see him before he dies. Tom is rich and has no children, though he has been long married. Benjamin Porter, another brother, lives in England, the only one excepting mother that belongs to the Church.

SEPTEMBER 17th— Another little son was born to us this morning precisely at 1 o'clock. It is a fine, large, healthy looking child. Fanny had the easiest, most comfortable time she has ever had.

25th— Sunday— Our baby, being 8 days old, I have blessed it and given it the name of Arthur Francis. Arthur is for my maternal grandfather and Fanny's uncle. Francis is for Fanny's father.

OCTOBER 6th— Have laid up about 10 bushels of apples this fall, half of which are winter apples. Bought them for \$1.00 per bushel.

JANUARY 1st, 1871— Have spent a pleasant day. We are all in good health. Have plenty to eat and wear, an abundance of fuel at the door, a good dwelling for ourselves and comfortable quarters for our dumb animals. Are walking in the light of the Gospel, have communion with God and men.

APRIL 11th— Have just heard that our good Bishop has been appointed on a mission to Europe. What the world will Payson do without the fatherly councils of Bishop Fairbanks. I cannot bear to think of it. May God influence His prophet to make a wise selection of a man to fill his place during his absence. The Bishop says Brother Simons would be left to preside during his absence and me to attend to the tithing department.

MAY 1st— The Sunday School started on an excursion to the lake at 8:30 o'clock this a.m. We had some 30 wagon loads alto-

gether, besides a number of horsemen. We went on the east side of the west mountains.

JUNE 5th — Have been having my house painted by John Betts.

AUGUST 20th — Conference at Provo. Had a long talk with Bishop Smoot this morning. At his request, called with him on Pres. Young at his home. Met Bro. Wells, Cannon, Taylor, Burton, Ellerback and others there. Was present at family prayers, in which the President led. I enjoyed an hour there very pleasantly.

OCTOBER 6th — After meeting, fell in with Bishop Hunter. He complimented me highly on the reliability of the Payson Tithing Office since I have been running it.

11th — Went with my sister, Mary J., to the Endowment House early this morning. She was baptized for Mary B. Jones, an old sweetheart of my father's and was sealed to father through me as his heir. By proclamation of Pres. Wells, there was a mass meeting held this p.m. to raise means to aid the distressed citizens of Chicago, which had been almost annihilated by fire.

22nd — I was called on this morning by men who have been appointed, to examine into the conditions of arms, etc. I have a good Springfield rifle, for which I have 100 rounds of ammunition, one good revolving pistol with a can of powder, two single barreled pistols and one saver. I consider myself pretty well armed for a civilian and wish all my brethren were armed as well.

CHRISTMAS DAY — All hail the natal day of our blessed Lord. Great rejoicing among the little folks this morning on finding that Santa Claus had not only not forgotten them, but had been more profuse in his gifts than any former occasion.

26th — Pres. Brigham and party, among whom are Pres. Geo. A. Smith and others, arrived about 11 a.m. and went out north at noon. They are traveling post haste, having relays of horses at convenient distances all along the route. He expects to reach the city tonight sometime.

HAPPENINGS OF 1872 - 1874

JANUARY 1st, 1872 — A Happy New Year to all my friends everywhere. May the incoming year witness this people coming out of the wilderness. 1871, goodbye forever, and many thanks for your bounteous gifts. There is to be a Grand Leap Year Ball tonight at Union Hall. I am to attend with my wife, not her with me, but me with her, if you please, for this is Leap Year.

JULY 20th — Our new meeting house was dedicated by Elder Woodruff at 10 o'clock a.m. Attended two meetings today. The preaching has been splendid. Kept full minutes.

OCTOBER 26th — Fanny was safely delivered of a female child at 5 min. past 12, midnight, last night. She never suffered so little at a confinement and never was as strong and well as soon afterwards and this in answer to my fervent prayers to God in her behalf.

NOVEMBER 1st — Baby being 8 days old, I blessed it this evening. Gave it my own dear mother's name, Maria. Fanny is not so well today.

DECEMBER 13th — Pres. Brigham Young and company arrived from Salt Lake City this p.m. enroute to St. George to spend the winter. Gen. Thomas L. Kane, our old friend, is of the party. He and his family are going to spend the winter with the president.

JANUARY 21st, 1873 — My old cow that I bought when I first came to Payson nearly 12 yrs. ago, died this morning of old age. I had been warned two and three years ago that if I did not beef her she would die on my hands. I sometimes thought I would do so, but as often repented, and now I am not sorry that I did so.

FEBRUARY 24th — President Young telegraphed to us from Nephi to have 7 span of animals ready by noon tomorrow to take him on to Provo.

25th — It snowed nearly a foot last night on top of the sea of mud and slush. I started out early this morning to hunt up teams for the president. Found it heavy walking. So many horses are sick with epizootic that it took all forenoon to make up the number. The president, instead of arriving at noon as he expected yesterday did not get here till 3 o'clock p.m. and then concluded to lay over till morning and hold a meeting this evening. The meeting commenced at half past six. President Young first addressed the congregation, warning, counselling, admonishing. The brethren who have been with him in the south say that he was never so full of the Spirit and power of his calling as he is now and that we may expect great changes in affairs temporal and spiritual. He, this evening, told the Bishop before the congregation to *trim off the dead branches, cut them off slick and clean and let them go.*

26th — President Young and party resumed their journey this morning.

MARCH 21st — My birthday — am 39 years old. I have been thinking things over today. Not working much, trying even not to think much, that mind as well as body might have a rest, as both are sadly in need of "Nature's sweet restorer" after the toil of winter.

It is a lovely day — the sun shines beautifully, and scarcely a zephyr stirs to ruffle the sweet serenity of reposing nature. Wife and children are all well. All at home and I in the midst of them, happier far than a King or any earthly potentate, with heart throbbing with gratitude to God for all His goodness to me and mine, and to man and when I sink to rest, may it be said of me by those who know me

best, "*There lies an honest man — the noblest work of God.*"

Things for which I feel thankful today; First of all, for my life here on this beautiful earth; 2nd, for the Gospel and Holy Priesthood of the Son of Man; 3rd, for the abundant opportunities afforded me to do good; 4th, for an intelligent, faithful and loving wife, a helpmate indeed; 5th, for lovely and dutiful children, 7 living and 2 dead, but I must stop for I cannot enumerate a hundredth part of the blessings for which I feel thankful today.

God knows my heart and will never lay the vile sin of ingratitude at my door.

APRIL 4th — Started this morning for Salt Lake with three of my children, Ida, Isaiah and Mark. Paused at Springville, when meeting with Bro. C. D. Evans and took him aboard for the trip. Reached American Fork in good time and stayed for the night.

5th — Started at $\frac{1}{4}$ past 8 a.m. with the bright sun shining on us. But before we had gone two miles, the sun was obscured and it began to blow a perfect gale. Came direct to my mother-in-law's, now living in Salt Lake City.

7th — Bought my wife a brooch, \$4.00. Went to meeting at 10. Dined at Mother's. Gave her \$5.00 and a nice ham.

8th — Called at the President's office. Had long talk with Pres. Joseph Young. At the afternoon meeting we had preaching by Bishop Smoot and Elder Cannon. The authorities of the Church were presented in the afternoon meeting. Pres. Young chose 5 more counselors. He withdrew from the office of Trustee in Trust and Pres. Geo. A. Smith was elected in his stead with 12 men as his counselors. The Patriarch of the Church, John Smith, was not sustained on account of some misunderstanding. Have had supper with Bishop S. A. Woolley where I am staying all night.

9th — Have spent most of the day down town in the stores and shops. Bought a bureau, cost \$26.00.

10th — Started at 8:30 a.m. for home.

19th — Received a letter from Pres. Young to say that he is willing for me to have two lots opposite the tithing office here if I will pay into the Trustee in Trust the sum of \$40.00.

22nd — Received the following telegram from my sister Mary. "Bro. Pendleton departed this life at 11 o'clock last evening." Answered as follows: "God bless and comfort you. Will see you soon."

MAY 4th — Yesterday I let out the contract for building my house to Bros. W. C. and L. W. McClellan. They to finish it to the turning of the key for \$800.00. I start for San Pete County tomorrow to settle tithing accounts for the bishops of the several wards and expect to be gone from 2 to 4 weeks.

19th — Reached home at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 2. Found my family well. Called at the office and had a talk with the bishop and Bro. Page.

JUNE 28th — Yesterday took Isaiah and Mark and went to the mouth of Spanish Fork river, distance 8 or 10 miles, on a fishing excursion. Camped in a beautiful little dell for the night. Spent the forenoon of the day fishing, but as it was windy the fish would not bite, and we had very poor luck.



Home of Fanny McLean Coombs

JULY 10th — Sold my house and lot today to Hugh McClellan, for which am to get \$800.00. He is to pay \$400.00 by the 15th inst. and the other \$400.00 in monthly installments of \$50.00.

AUGUST 14th — Hired a team and moved my family and effects up to my new place opposite the tithing yard, and into the old adobe house in which Isaiah was born and our little Mary died, now nearly 12 years ago.

I see myself a stranger in a strange place, poor, friendless, and with a sick family on my hands. How God has blessed me since then. Not with riches, it is true. I never craved or asked for that, but with lovely children, a house full, with a pleasant and comfortable home with a fair measure of health and strength, enough to eat, drink and wear, and above all, with the fellowship of His good Spirit and of the Saints.

The house that we are living in stands on the S.W. corner of the lot. It contains but two small rooms and as it will not hold all our effects, we are partly camping out of doors. We have an abun-

dance of delightful shade and in it we cook and eat, and under the trees we have a bed in which Isaiah and Mark sleep. I hope we will not be compelled to live in this way a great while. The carpenters are pushing the work on our new house with vigor and will, if nothing happens, get their part of the job done in another two weeks, and if I can secure a plasterer immediately, the house will soon be ready for use. Four weeks from now, I think we shall move into it. The new house stands on the S. E. corner of the lot. The soil is very rich and fine. I have, in fact, a very fine little place. I, in prayer last night, dedicated it unto the Lord and I trust that He will let His blessings rest upon it.

DECEMBER 30th — Slept last night at Bro. Jones. (Provo). Met with the convention at 9 this morning. Before I went to bed last night I drafted articles of organization for our Sunday school Union. When the committee met together this morning, it was ascertained that I was the only one that had done anything, though all agreed last evening to do the same as I did and then compare this morning. My articles were presented to the meeting and with very little attention, they passed as I had written them. They enlisted quite a number of speeches, however, all of which were highly interesting. Bishop Smoot, among others, addressed the convention. A Sunday School Union was organized with David John, Supt., and Samuel S. Jones, William Paxman and myself as assistants.

APRIL 17th, 1874 — Left home this morning and came to Nephi to attend a two days meeting which had been appointed by Pres. Young for tomorrow and next day.

The president and party came in from the south soon after our arrival. Bro. Townsend and I are stopping with Bro. T. B. Lewis. Bishop Smoot is also stopping here over night.

ORDER OF ENOCH

APRIL 18th — Called with Bp. Smoot and Bro. Lewis and Townsend on the President this morning. He looks very feeble, being afflicted with rheumatism. Spent a pleasant half hour with him. Wrote a telegram for him to J. B. Fairbanks of our place, appointing a meeting there at 7 o'clock tomorrow P.M. Went to meeting at 1/2 past 9. Found the meetinghouse crowded, aisle and all. Pres. Young and Smith occupied the time preaching on the Order of Enoch. They had organized every ward south of Nephi and proposed organizing every ward in the Territory under the Order of Enoch. The president said he had watched from the time we came to these mountains for a time when the people would be prepared to receive this Order. That time has now come. He showed plainly and lucidly some of the good results of going into this Order. I took the minutes.

Attending meeting at 2 p.m. The preaching was all on the same subject as this forenoon and the house was crowded an hour before the

time. A great many people are in from San Pete Co. All seem to be interested and anxious to learn all they can in relation to the Order.

19th — Attended meetings at 10 A.M. and 1 P.M. The preaching was mostly on the Order of Enoch or United Order, as it is called and was splendid. The house was crowded each time and many outside. At the afternoon meeting no one was allowed to attend except those who had given in their names to become members of the Order and the house was crowded. They elected one President and 2 Vice Presidents, 3 Secretaries, 1 Treasurer, and 7 directors. The spirit of this organization seems to take among the people like fire. Some of the outsiders and even some of the apostates apply for permission to join the Order. Their constitution, however, excludes all those that are not members of the Church. Left Nephi at 20 minutes past 2 P.M. and reached home at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 6 P.M. Found the streets lined with people anxiously looking for the arrival of the president and his party. Attended meeting at 7 o'clock. The house was crowded and great interest was manifested. Preaching by B. Young Jr., Milo Andrus, John Taylor, Erastus Snow, and Pres. Geo. A. Smith.

30th — The people of this place (Payson) were called together this evening for instruction on the Order of Enoch. The meeting house was crowded, galleries and all, and much interest was manifested. Being called upon, I addressed the meeting on the all absorbing subject of the day. Occupied 45 minutes, after which read a letter written in 1832 by Joseph Smith to W. W. Phelps on the subject of conversation.

MAY 1st — Pres. A. O. Smoot and other arrived this morning according to appointment, to hold meeting in this place. An organization of the Order of Enoch was effected. Bp. J. S. Tanner of Payson and J. D. Halladay of Santaquin are Vice Presidents. I. M. Coombs is Secretary and W. W. Barnett of Santaquin and L. H. Jackson of Salem are assistant secretaries. J. H. Moore is Treasurer, W. C. McClellan, D. Lant, W. H. Huish, Geo. Curtis, W. S. Tanner of Payson, Eli Openshaw of Santaquin and S. P. Christensen, and R. H. Davis of Salem as directors. 186 heads of families united with the Order. Many signified their intentions to join as soon as they can square up their individual liabilities.

JUNE 13th — Fanny had a miscarriage today for the first time in her life, brought on by washing and ironing during the absence of our washer woman on a visit south. She is left, of course, very sick.

THE JUBILEE

JULY 27th — Left home with my four oldest children last Thursday at 12 P.M. bound for Salt Lake City to attend the *Jubilee*. Went to Provo where we stayed over night with Bro. Jones. Arose early the next morning and were off for S. L. City by the 6 o'clock

morning train. There were not less the 1500 excursionists from that point which included those from Provo and all points south of there. We had 133 from Payson. Arrived at Salt Lake City at 10 o'clock. Met my mother-in-law at the depot. The schools marched in procession to the new Tabernacle and were seated in their allotted places. That vast hall was crowded to its utmost capacity. It was estimated that there were in attendance, 8000 children and 1700 adults. The Tabernacle was most tastefully decorated for the occasion, which must have cost a vast deal of time, labor, and means. The singing of the children was sublime. The music of the bands was most excellent, the spectacle of the assembled thousands was grand beyond description. It was altogether, a scene one can never forget and was in the highest degree inspiring and effecting. Started on our return for home at 4 P.M., reached Provo at 7 P.M. without a single accident. Stayed the night with Bro. Jones. Attended the private session at 8 A.M. Saturday. Our session lasted about an hour and a half, during which we agreed on a ticket. I was offered the office of Co. Supt. of Common Schools, but declined the nomination in favor of W. H. Dusenberry of Provo.

SEPTEMBER 17th — Little Arthur is four years old today and is as happy as a prince. We all think him a fine little fellow.

JANUARY 1st, 1875 — Was at the office until noon. Went with my wife to Bro. D. Lant at 2 P.M., by invitation, to spend a few hours. Had a good supper and stayed till 9 o'clock. There were also there Bro. J. B. Fairbanks and wife, Bro. E. Reid and wife, Bro. J. H. Moore and wives, and Bro. John Finlayson and wife.

4th — Fast day — Our four day schools marched in procession from their respective school houses to the meeting house and were seated in their respective places as allotted to them by the Bishop.

FEBRUARY 19th — Went down to the R. R. Station to see Pres. Young and party as they passed along north. The train stopped about 20 minutes. There were five car loads of excursionists. The terminal of the railroad is now at Yorktown, some 11 miles south of this place. Pres. Young is in good health.

MAY 14th — My wife was safely delivered of a fine son at half past 12 o'clock this morning, and all is well.

Bro. John B. Fairbanks died at $\frac{1}{4}$ to 5 o'clock this P.M. Have telegraphed the sad news to Pres. Young, Smith and Wells, to Bp. Smoot and to the News and Herald. This event makes me feel almost as if the world was slipping from under my feet. I don't know when I felt so desolate and sad. Bro. Fairbanks was my very dear friend. He was a saint, a good man, a wise man, a man full of faith and his loss will be felt not only by his immediate family and relatives, but by the entire community. God comfort the desolate, bereaved family. Have spent most of the evening trying to comfort them and directing matters for the funeral, our Bishop being to Provo

on business. Bro. Fairbanks died peacefully and painlessly. It can truly be said of him, "That he did not taste death."

21st—Our baby being 8 days old, I blessed it, bestowing upon him the name of my old friend, Dryden Rogers.

THE JUBILEE OF 1875

JUNE 1st—Seventy-four years ago today Brigham Young, the great, was born. Left home at 6 this morning with my five oldest children and was hauled to the depot by H. E. Goodman. Found our four cars on the switch and speedily took possession. On counting noses found our party numbered just 336 souls besides children in arms. At 7 o'clock the train came in from the south and hitched on to us and we rolled out for American Fork. Stopped at Spanish Fork, Springville, and Provo Stations. We took other car loads of excursionists in tow and continued our rapid northern flight through a blinding *snow storm*. It's a fact, strange though true, that snow was actually falling this year on the first of summer and that it has been as cold as a March day. As a few of our cars were open ones, some of the excursionists were not very comfortable. I did not sit down once, but was rotating back and forth, looking after the others. Reached our destination a little before 10 A.M. and marched at once to the Bowery, newly covered and arranged for the occasion.

The exercises of the Jubilee commenced at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10 A.M. Songs, hymns, speeches, recitations, etc. were the order of the day, both forenoon and afternoon. Governor Astell favored us with a very able speech which was well received. I opened the afternoon meeting with prayer. It was estimated there were not less than 2100 children at the Jubilee from south of American Fork, besides those of that place and towns north of there.

28th—It was in January 1860 that my wife and I began to talk seriously about obeying the Celestial law in relation to plural marriage. She was not only willing, but anxious for me to take other wives, notwithstanding our poverty, as she understood perfectly that unless we rendered obedience to that order of things that we would forfeit all right to claim each other as husband and wife after the resurrection. With this understanding, I made at least two efforts, while living in Parowan, to obtain wives. The time, however, had not arrived for me to enter into that holy order and I failed in my efforts. I record this fact here that our children may know how early in life their noble and self-sacrificing mother accepted, as an article of her faith this order of plural marriage so despised by the world, but so necessary to the exaltation of man and woman. So I have today taken to myself, as wife for time and all eternity, Charlotte Augusta Hardy. Augusta was born April 7, 1851 in Mansfield, Nottingham, England. Her mother is long since dead. Her maiden name was Charlotte Augusta Birchby. Her father's name is John Thomas Hardy.

30th — Our townspeople are all excitement over the wedding. Many are the congratulations that we receive. Having received notice that a lot of young men intended calling on me for a treat this evening, have laid up 10 pounds of candy for that purpose.

JULY 1st — On this day I brought into our home my wife, Charlotte Augusta Hardy. This was with the full and free consent of my first wife, Fanny, who gave her a cordial greeting to the home she had helped to make and furnish. Next day after Augusta's arrival, Fanny took her through the house and showing her all that we had been able by long-time economy and labor to accumulate to make our home comfortable, told her, "All this belongs to the family. You are now one of us, so take hold and use and enjoy all that you see the same as the rest of us. Everything there is here, except what is in my private bedroom, belongs as much to you as to me. I want to see you feel at home." This speech came from the heart of my peerless wife. She meant every word of it and her actions ever afterwards proved her sincerity. Augusta was treated by Fanny and her children as an honored guest. Fanny led out in this and taught her children how they should demean themselves toward their father's wife.

2nd — The Relief Society had a meeting this morning. Preaching by Sister Snow, Home, and Howard, which was most excellent. The last named spoke on the subject of Celestial marriage in the most forceful manner that made quite an impression on the congregation. God bless my noble hearted Fanny and enable me to live worthy of two such good, pure-minded women.

OCTOBER 3rd — According to telegram, Pres. U. S. Grant arrived at Salt Lake City today on a short visit. Great preparations had been made to give him a suitable reception.

A MISSION TO ENGLAND

12th — Left home a week ago this morning and went on special train to Salt Lake City to attend semi-annual Conference. In the afternoon of that day, started out with the intention of calling at the President's office where he has so many clerks employed. I was, however, by some influence or other, led past the door of this office without seeing it and went in at the next, thinking it was the one I was in search of. I stood on the door step and discovered that I was in the wrong pew. I was on the point of withdrawing without having seen anyone when a voice came from the farther end of the room. "Come in, Bro. Coombs." I knew it was the voice of President Young. I advanced and saw him sitting, in a large arm chair with B. Young Jr. and D. O. Calder, Editor of the News, and the president's private secretary, sitting near him.

After shaking hands around, the president asked me if I knew my name was on the missionary list for England. He then asked

me what my circumstances were and on my telling him that I should have to be assisted to means to take me to my field of labor and that my family would have to be assisted in my absence, he said, "Well, Payson is able to do it." He then kindly inquired how my lungs and general health was and I told him I guessed I could stand it. Although I felt to shrink from such a long and responsible mission, I did not wish to excuse myself and get out of going as many have done. If he wanted me to, I wanted to make myself willing.



Charlotte Augusta McLean's first home.

The President soon after withdrew and I told Bro. Calder how I happened to come to the office, "Well," said he, "you were inspired to come. The Lord led you here and if ever a man was called by inspiration, you are the man. We were talking on an entirely different subject when you came in, but as soon as the President caught sight of you he thought "missionary." I took dinner that day by invitation with the President's brother, Bp. L. D. Young, and afterwards called to see the President again.

Conference commenced next morning and lasted until Sunday afternoon, two meetings each day and a Priesthood meeting on Saturday evening. I attended all the meetings and heard everything that was said. It was the grandest conference I ever attended. I received my apostolic blessing under the hands of Apostle Orson Pratt, Lorenzo Snow, and Patriarch John L. Smith, the last named as mouth. Among other things, was told that I should go in peace and

return in safety, that not a hair of my head should fall, that my tongue should be loosed so that I could bear a faithful testimony, that I should be safe by sea and by land, that I should be powerful in rebuking disease, that I should fill my mission in the true spirit of it, that my enemies would be divided and confounded so that they could not harm me, etc.

19th — Busy as a bee all day long with Bro. Jones to help me. Bro. John Fairbank's son is also in the office. He is to take my place as Tithing and Branch clerk during my absence. This evening attended Teacher's meeting where we had a good time. I gave them a parting speech. The committee appointed to solicit donations for my mission, reported their doings. They had collected \$188.00. The bishop wants to start me out with \$200.00 which he supposes will pay my passage to England and buy me a suit of clothes on my arrival.

22nd — My last day at home for how long, God only knows. Have spent most of it at the office, squaring up accounts, writing, talking with my friends, etc. I could not believe that I had so many friends as the last few days have demonstrated. They throng to me all the time to take me by the hand, bid me good-bye, give me money and to show their kindness in a hundred ways.

23rd — This morning called my family together and gave them my last instructions and counsel. Told them it was my wish for them all to stay together and assist each other. Advised them to keep up family worship and for my wives and eldest children to take their turn in praying. A great many friends called during the forenoon to bid me good-bye. I leave my family in a good house with six rooms in it and a good cellar, two good cows and two head of young stock, two fat hogs in the pen, 11 cwt. of wheat at the mill, 30 bu. potatoes, \$20.00 in cash, \$10.00 order meat shop and pretty well clothed for the winter. I owe at the tithing office \$90.48, at the coop store \$18.94 and other branch store \$17.00, total \$126.42.

At 12½ o'clock this P.M. kissed my darlings good-bye and left them in the hands of God and my brethren and started on my long journey eastward. I left them all in tears but with the best assurance that I shall return and enjoy with them many happy days. My oldest boy, Isaiah, came down to the depot horse back to see me off. I left him crying by the side of the road. At Spanish Fork found Bp. Snell waiting to bid me good-bye. He told me he intended to look after my family during my absence and to see them provided for. God bless him. Had a pleasant trip to Salt Lake. Am at mother's for the night. It was bitter, oh how bitter, to part from home and friends, but it was good, oh how good, to be accounted worthy to go as a messenger of the gospel to the nations of the earth.

24th — Went to the new Tabernacle at 2 o'clock P.M. to meeting. The missionaries were all called to the stand and requested to address the meeting in turn. I was the last to speak. Bore my testimony to the truth and talked about 5 minutes. I did not feel any

more embarrassed in addressing that large congregation or in speaking before the First Presidency and the Twelve than I have many times done at home in our small congregations.

26th — Bade mother and Mary Ann good-bye at 6 o'clock this morning. Saw Sister Douglas at the depot.

31st — On our arrival in New York, came directly to Stevens' Hotel.

NOVEMBER 1st — Enjoyed a good night's rest. Our committee has secured our passage on the Dakota for \$30.00 each.

2nd — Steamed away from New York at 7:45 this morning.

5th — Was taken very sea sick Tuesday towards evening and was so sick all that night and next day that I could scarcely lift my hand. Oh, of all the horrible sensations I ever experienced that of being sea sick is the worst. I would almost rather die any ordinary disease than be sea sick two days. Bro. Paxman has been very sick, too.

10th — We expect to see land about 5 o'clock P.M. tomorrow. I feel much better in health.

12th — Midnight — Arrived at 42 Islington Street, Liverpool at 11½ o'clock. At Pelican Hotel.

13th — Bro. Albert Carrington, one of the Twelve Apostles and President of the European Mission gave me a warm welcome. He assigned me to the London Conference.

18th — Arose late this morning. Got breakfast and went out in search of my wife's Uncle Benjamin Porter. I had his address, No. 29 Henry Street and I had no difficulty in finding him. He had received a letter from mother announcing my coming and was looking for me.

2nd — Received a letter from Fanny dated Nov. 2. All well. Took train at 10½ A.M. and came to Sunderland. On my arrival came immediately to Mrs. Thomas Porter's No. 28 Norfolk Street. He is another uncle of Fanny's. Was received rather cautiously at first, but as we got engaged in conversation the ice got broke and I was treated very kindly. Told him and his wife, Anne, that I had come in this section of the country for the sole purpose of visiting Fanny's relations. I had not come to preach Mormonism to them unless they wished to hear it, but merely to pay them a friendly visit. I was invited to stay for dinner.

RELEASED TO RETURN HOME

JANUARY 16, 1876 — Kensworth — Arose early this morning. I met Elder Henry C. Fowler with a message from Pres. Binder to say that I was released on account of my health to return home. I was never so thunder struck in my life. I had not asked for such a thing and had not intimated a desire to that effect, neither had I indulged a wish that way. It seems that Bro. Binder, in writing to

Bro. Carrington, told him I was not well, that I had a cough, pains in my chest, etc., and that on receipt of that letter, Bro. Carrington wrote to Bro. Binder that he thought it wisdom for me under the circumstances, to go home with a small company of Saints who are to sail from Liverpool on Wednesday next. I scarcely know whether to rejoice or to be sorry,

17th — Received letters from each of my beloved wives. How glad I am to get those letters just on the eve of starting for home.

18th — Reached Liverpool by 1 o'clock P.M. Am accompanied by Bro. Holmes and family of 10 in number and Sister Chriden and five children. The company, including myself, numbers 17.

19th — I go first cabin. Have splendid quarters.

23rd — Sunday — Just three months since I left home. It seems like an age. I was taken sea sick within three hours after leaving Liverpool and have been horribly sick almost ever since.

Friday night a storm arose which by yesterday grew to fearful proportions. Our ship plowed through waves that seemed mountain high. Last night was the most fearful I ever spent on this earth. Huge waves rolled over the deck, staggering the ship and making it tremble like a leaf.

At 6 o'clock this morning I heard one of the stewards exclaim, "My God, if that wave strikes us we can never recover from it." I got up and dressed myself and staggered in to the saloon just as the ship was shaking with this huge wave from its decks. The sight and sounds outside were truly fearful. I went back into my room and kneeling down, asked the Lord to give me power to rebuke the wind and waves that the ship might go safely into port for my sake and for the sake of the few Saints aboard. I then came back into the saloon and sat down. I had not been there long before a huge wave that had just struck the ship had stove in a window in the captain's room and the room was covered a foot deep with salt water. I went up the hatch way to the captain's room. Found our good captain drenched to the skin but not otherwise hurt. The wind was blowing fearfully and the waves were absolutely mountain high and sweeping the deck from stem to stern with relentless fury. It truly seemed as if we were about to be swallowed up in the depth of the ocean.

I stood at the door that leads one to the main deck and looking out at the fearful sight and raising my heart to God for strength, I, in the name of Jesus Christ, and by the authority of the Holy Priesthood, rebuked the winds and waves and commanded them to subside, that our ship, with its precious freight of souls might go safe into port and called on God to seal the rebuke in Heaven as I had on earth. My prayers were answered almost immediately. In less than half an hour the wind died away, the waves lessened and the blessed sun was shining upon us. The infidel would say, "it would have

been so anyway." I say "give God the glory, oh, praise God." On account of the high seas we are going very slowly.

25th—The captain invited me into his cabin an hour ago where we had a long and interesting conversation.

Had a talk with the chief engineer. Among other things, he wanted to know how we Mormons contrive to manage so many wives. I told him it was easy enough. We made each wife faithfully promise to manage *herself*. He thought that a good idea.

19th—Have just returned from singing and praying with my little company. All are well and feel well.

31st—Have been on deck since breakfast viewing the shore of dear old America. Oh, what a happy sight. Thank God, oh thank God, is all I can say or think.

FEBRUARY 1st—Did not sleep much last night. Felt uneasy and anxious about everything but how pleasant it was to be stationary and quiet. No rocking, no pitching, no roaring of waves, no tramping of feet. Oh, the quiet was something delicious. Arose early this morning and went in search of my little company. I bought the tickets for the whole company, 17 in all, at \$51.00 per ticket. It is now $\frac{1}{4}$ to 4 P.M. We are to start from Pier No. 1 at 5 o'clock.

11th—Salt Lake City—Arrived here at 11:40 A.M. I came immediately to mother's and had a happy meeting.

Found that the Legislature was in session. Hon. A. K. Thurber of Sevier Co. called to see me at noon, having heard that I was expected in. He seemed delighted to see me. Put his hands on my head and blessed me. He gave me an invitation to call at the house. I accordingly went there for a few minutes. Was very cordially received there by Hons. J. Grover, Murdock, Lyman and other members who knew me. It was comical to witness the surprise of most of them at seeing me, their thinking me in England. Hon. A. O. Smoot of the council came in and insisted on me going with him into the chambers. I did so. He blessed me and said he was glad to have me back in Utah Co. and that he knew Bp. Tanner would be pleased at my early return. Had a long talk with him, was greeted there also by Hon. W. Woodruff, E. Snow, S. S. Smith, Jesse Smith, R. T. Burton and others who knew me.

12th—Left the station in S. L. City at 7 A.M. for home. Reaching the station at this place, found Isaiah and Eddie Tanner waiting for me with the bishop's team and was driven up to my door. Found my wives and children all well and enjoyed a happy reunion.

13th—Sunday. Attended public meeting at 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ A.M. and preached to a large congregation that had been drawn together by the news of my arrival. I gave them an account of my mission and talked 42 minutes.

16th—Went with my wife this afternoon to a Relief Society meeting in the Vestry. Met there with near a hundred of the sisters

by whom I was warmly greeted. The President, Sister Simons, asked me to talk to the society. I did so for half an hour. Told them, among other things, that I had returned with a feeling to use all my influence towards saving the rising generation and all whom I associate with. Sister Simons and many others made remarks that were very flattering to me. They believed that the Lord had sent me back because I could do more good here than there and they prayed that my lungs might be healed and my life spared for future usefulness.

Augusta is not feeling well and I am, therefore, staying home this evening.

17th — Told the bishop this morning that I was ready to commence work again in the office. Went to the bishop's at 4 this p.m. Met there with Bros. Page, Lant, Simons, Finlayson, Brewerton, Douglas, Hardy, and their wives. Had a good supper and an excellent time which was spent in social converse, singing, etc., until 10 o'clock when we all retired. My wives were both with me.

18th — Received the following letter from Pres. Young in answer to mine of the 14th.

Salt Lake City, Utah
February 15, 1876

Elder Isaiah M. Coombs

Payson

Dear Brother,

Your favor of the 14th just has reached me and the explanation contained therein with regard to your return from your mission to England is quite satisfactory.

I am glad that you have reached home safe and hope you will now rest and take care of yourself until you feel perfectly strengthened.

I rather expected that you would have called on me when you were in the city and I should have been pleased to see you, but presume you felt so fatigued that you were glad to hurry home.

Praying the Lord to bless you continually,

I remain, your Brother in the Gospel,

Brigham Young

26th — Arose early this morning at 3 1/2 o'clock. Bro. Page took me and my first wife and Gladys and little baby down to the station in his wagon. We started from there at 5:40 for Salt Lake City. Fanny wanted to pay her mother a visit of a week or two and I took her down.

Bp. Snell got aboard at Spanish Fork. It commenced snowing soon after we started and was a cold dismal day.

Went to President Young's office and had an interview with that good man. He received me very kindly. Told me he did not expect I could stay long in England and was not surprised at my early return. Made many kind inquiries about my health, etc. Told me he did not want me to pay that note that I signed in Liverpool for my fare home. Said when I got able I might pay that much to the poor. Told his pri-

vate secretary to cancel the note and send it to me as soon as he received it. He was very kind and fatherly throughout the interview.

MARCH 21st—I am 42 years old today. My health is much better this morning than it has been since my return home. Midnight—My wife, Augusta, was safely delivered of a fine son at 20 minutes of 12 o'clock midnight. And this is my birthday present from God. Another precious soul to train for God and his Kingdom.

29th—Baby being 8 days old, I blessed it this morning as it is my custom and gave it its Grandfather's name, John Hardy.

AUGUST 1st—Bought a blank book for \$5.50 in which I propose writing the history of Payson from the time I moved here:

The sources from which I expect to get subject matter are my own private journals and the various ward records that I have kept, such as minutes of Sunday meetings, prayer circles, mass meeting, etc. Several of the brethren have asked me how much pay I expect to get for this work and who I expect to get it from. I tell them that I have done a great deal of public work here for nothing and expect nothing more for this job than I have had for many others.

2nd—The plasterer finished his job on my new home this morning and Augusta has been cleaning all day. The house is all finished now excepting a coat of paint and topping out the chimney. Bought a No. 70 Monitor stove for \$36.67 off Hugh Wilson.

10th—Moved Augusta into her new house this morning. She seems pleased with it. I trust she will be happy there and live long to enjoy it.

JANUARY 1st, 1877—Welcome the New Year. God grant unto me wisdom to spend it in His service. Wrote the following note to Pres. Young.

*Payson, U. T.
January 1, 1877*

Prest. Brigham Young,

Dear Bro.—Your telegram of good wishes from your family and friends on Christmas day was received by me with feelings not easily expressed.

My heart unites with all Israel in wishing sincere blessings to rest upon you.

May this be to you a happy and prosperous year and may it be succeeded by many others just as happy, just as prosperous.

In the bonds of the new covenant, Yours affectionately.

Isalah M. Coombs.

THE YEARS PASS SWIFTLY

MAY 14th—Went to Salt Lake City early on Saturday morning to attend a special conference of that Stake of Zion.

Pres. Young said a man is a true financier who uses the elements by which he is surrounded to accumulate wealth and to furnish

remunerative labor to others. Said all our business should be conducted openly and fairly and thereby promote confidence in each other.

Wanted all presidents and bishops to deal righteously and show no favors to relatives or any one else.

JULY 14—My wife, Fanny, was safely and suddenly delivered of her tenth child this morning at 1 o'clock. It is a fine large boy. Mother and child are as well as could possibly be expected. Fanny never had so short and easy labor as this time. She was delivered alone while I was gone for the midwife. On my way for the midwife I called and asked Sister Hardy to hurry down to my house, which she did, and was there just in time to save the child's life.

The baby's name came to me by inspiration while I was at Fillmore and is Ephraim, which was the name of my paternal grandfather and of my father's brother.

23rd—For the first time witnessed the administration of the Lord's Supper to a congregation of children. It was an effective scene. This move is in accordance with general instructions recently received from Pres. Young.

AUGUST 29th—*President Young died.*

Great God! Let me here pause and ask myself *what next*. It almost seems as if the heavens were falling and all things coming to an end. Brigham Young, the Lion of the Lord, the mighty man of God who has for over thirty three years led the Church of Christ in the midst of persecution and trouble unflinchingly and fearlessly, has left us, has gone as other men go to rest.

FEBRUARY 27th, 1878—The following is a list of offices that I hold, Ecclesiastical and Civil.

A Seventy, being a member of the 29th Quorum. Acting Priest—called to labor in the ward. Clerk and recorder of Payson Ward. Tithing Clerk. City Recorder and Auditor for Payson City. Notary Public for Utah County. Secretary for Payson Coop Merc. Association. Secretary for Payson Dairy Association. Assistant County Supt. of Sunday Schools. Superintendent of Payson Sunday School.

MARCH 5th—Augusta was unexpectedly confined this evening and was safely delivered of a male child at 9½ o'clock.

We did not expect it for six weeks or two months yet. Sister Cutler thinks the child is quite likely to live.

13th—Baby is 8 days old. Named it Frank Albert.

AUGUST 16th—Called to see Bro. O. Simons this morning. He is very sick. He sent for me this afternoon to administer to him. He has heart disease and is pretty sick. I think with good care he may get well. He was very pleased to have me call on him.

19th—It is a busy time with farmers threshing. As I sit here in the office I can hear two or three threshing machines going. Grain is plentiful and very cheap.

OCTOBER 3rd — Arthur was baptized this morning. He told me yesterday he was going to be baptized today. I asked him what baptism was for. "Oh," he said, "he was to be baptized now he was 8 years old and try and be a better boy." God bless him and may he grow up to be a good and great man. I know he has the elements of such a character in him.

JANUARY 30th, 1879 — Bro. Paxman and I have been busy all day on the schedules and have spent the evening on them. We are having a good time together. This percentage will cut my wages down at least one third of what it used to be. But I care nothing for that if they will only treat all alike. I can live on as little as any of them and do as hard work and as good service too. I am not working altogether for the salary I get. I am laboring for the building up of the Kingdom and I honor any man that is working with a design to benefit the common cause. All I want while here below is a competency; enough to eat, drink, wear, and educate my children. All this I expect to get. I am not one particle afraid that God will deny any of my reasonable wants so long as I am a faithful laborer in His cause.

FEBRUARY 26th — Spent most of the day cleaning up my garden patch. The weather continues mild and spring like. The little boys, Mark and Arthur, have done quite a job of digging yesterday and today. What they and Gladys have done in the last two days is as much as a man could do in one day. God bless their industrious little bodies. There is not a lazy bone in them.

MARCH 21st — My 45th birthday. It finds me and mine well and happy. I feel to thank God for the blessings of the past year and for all the blessings he has showered upon me during the whole of my earthly life unto the present anniversary of my birth.

APRIL 4th — Everybody falls in love with our little Ephraim. He is the smartest child about talking we ever had and is also the largest for his age. He began to talk at a year old. He is a natural singer. Could sing almost as soon as he could talk. Now, at 21 months old, he can sing several songs and change from one to the other as quickly as directed, never mistaking the tune to suit the words of the song. He is a very sweet tempered child and is almost idolized by the rest of the children.

9th — My brother Hyrum made me a present of a fifteen dollar Family Bible, designing it as a birthday present. It is a perfect beauty. I certainly appreciate the gift but feel Hyrum could ill afford so costly a present.

10th — Wrote a note to Governor Emery. Apostle C. C. Rich called to see me yesterday. Went down to the station at noon today to see the Twelve Apostles as they passed enroute to Manti where they are to lay the cornerstone of the Temple Monday next.

JUNE 6th — Fanny's 37th birthday. God bless her heart. She is just as pretty, just as sweet, and to me many times as precious as when she plighted her troth to me as a wife. She and I have traveled together now over life's journey nearly 21 years, and she is the mother of 10 children, all living but one. She is a big-hearted woman, full of faith in the Gospel, honest, virtuous, kind, benevolent, wise, courageous, motherly, wifely, in fact everything to endear her to a loving husband. Our children have inherited many of her good qualities notably that of faith in and love for the Gospel.

JULY 7th — Copying father's old letters most of the day. How glad I am that it was ever put into my heart to enter upon this pleasing task. Would to God that the way might open up for me to finish for my departed sire the work he commenced so early in the history of the Church. I long to enter upon my Temple labors in behalf of the dead.

AUGUST 28th — Was up nearly all of last night with my wife. She was sick, though not in much pain. Administered to her several times during the night and this morning.

At ten minutes to 1 o'clock this afternoon she was safely delivered of a large, fine female child. Thank God again for His wonderful kindnesses. Wrote a letter to Fanny's mother to tell her of the happy event.

SEPTEMBER 4th — Our baby, being 8 days old, I blessed it this evening giving it the name of Sarah Agnes in favor of my first wife. The first name, Sarah, is also in honor of my two grandmothers, Sarah (Richards) Coombs and Sarah (Talbot) Morgan, also of my favorite cousin, Sarah (Coombs) Lindford.

19th — Wrote a long letter to Apostle Orson Pratt, giving him an account of several prophetic utterances of his brother, Parley P. Pratt while crossing the plains going on his last mission in the year 1856.

OCTOBER 11th — At 5 o'clock this morning our baby, Sarah Agnes, died. Its little life went out of it as quietly and peacefully as if it were sinking into restful slumber. Bp. Snell, Mother and Lexy came over from Spanish Fork to console us. Mother stayed over night with us. Sunday we were thronged with callers to see our beautiful pet as she lay in her little coffin. At 3½ P.M. we bore her to the graveyard, being accompanied by a large procession of friends. Carried the little coffin with its precious contents on our knees. Bro. D. Stark dedicated the grave and we left our little Sarah Agnes sleeping quietly by the side of our little Mary.

NOVEMBER 22nd — My brother John arrived from Beaver looking fine and hearty. He is certainly a fine looking man. The children are all highly delighted to see him, hear him sing, and tell stories. I am glad to see him once more and find him feeling as well as he does in the Gospel. May he yet be all that our good father would have him be.

21st — The children were talking over today what they wanted for Christmas. One of them asked Ephraim what he wanted in his stocking. He answered, "Me put my toes in my toky."

JANUARY 14th, 1880 — Augusta gave birth to a fine large male child at 20 minutes past noon today. She is doing well. On the 22nd blessed the baby giving him the name of William Ray.

MARCH 18th — Bought a small organ of Sister Wrightman, price \$65.00. It will do for the children to learn to play on and then I can turn it in towards buying a larger one.

JUNE 21st — Concluded a bargain this morning with Jos. Whitehead for his house and lot for \$390.00. One half to be paid this fall, the balance next fall. It is a cheap place as it did not cost him less than \$800.00.

28th — Moved Augusta into the new home which is situated just about a mile from the tithing office and the old home. She will be very comfortable there but it will be very inconvenient for me on account of being so far from my place of business. Just 5 years ago today Augusta and I were married.

AUGUST 1st — Sunday School was well attended and very orderly. I have visited many Sunday schools in this and Salt Lake Counties, as well as elsewhere, but I have failed to find one that comes up in all particulars with our own Payson Sunday school. I do not think that my judgment in this matter is warped on account of my connection with the school.

SEPTEMBER 5th — Sunday — I was up all night. Did not once close my eyes. Fenny was safely delivered of a female child at 20 minutes past 1 o'clock this morning. All is well. Praise the Lord. Sister Sarah Reese acted as midwife.

SEPTEMBER 12th — Baby being eight days old, I called the family together this afternoon, took her in my arms and blessed her. We gave her the name of Esther in honor of good Queen Esther, who in older times, risked her life to save her people, the Jews. We now have ten children living all at home and all well.

NOVEMBER 7th — Went to Provo yesterday, starting early to attend the Priesthood meeting. The 1st was held at 10 A.M. and was the best I ever attended. Another meeting was held at 1½ P.M. at which I was set apart to my office as S. S. Supt. in this Stake of Zion. Bro. Smoot was mouth in setting me apart and gave me a rich blessing.

NOVEMBER 20th — Was sent for last night about 11 o'clock to go to Augusta. Found Augusta very sick. Sister Reese, midwife, came in soon after I got there. Sister Powell also came over.

It was not until 3:45 P.M. today that Augusta was safely delivered of a female child weighing about 9 pounds. Her previous three

children being boys, she is very proud of her first daughter.

28th — Blessed the baby today, giving her the name of Harriet Augusta, the first name is for an old lady in Salt Lake City whom Augusta calls Aunt Lewis, though she is no relation, merely an old friend.

JANUARY 2nd, 1882 — Gladys took charge of the telegraph office this morning as operator for Payson.

MARCH 21st — I am 48 years old today and Johnny is 6 years old. I do not feel any older than I did ten years ago, but when I begin to count from the year 1834, when I was born, I can remember almost a half a century, so I must be growing old whether I feel so or not. Growing old, however, is of little consequence if at the same time we are growing better. If I am not better, I should be.

APRIL 29th — Fanny is still quite sick, though a little better than she was. I wish here to record a grand item about her. For some time past we have been close run to make all ends meet on account of having to buy a place for Augusta and sending the children to school to the Academy. As a consequence, the little children have sometimes been short of clothes, not that they have been uncomfortable, but the girls have thought they were scarcely decent enough. Ida and Gladys proposed that, as they were earning money, they would buy their little brothers a suit of clothes apiece, ready made out of the store, instead of giving me all their money as they have always done. To this proposition, their mother would not listen for a moment. "No," said she, "I will have nothing bought for my children that Pa cannot afford to buy for Augusta's children. All must dress and fare alike. I will not have the feelings of Augusta's little children hurt by seeing my children dressed better than they. Give your money as you always have done, to your father and whatever he can afford to get for the children he will get." What a magnificent feeling is that. It is a sentiment worthy to emanate from the lips of my queen wife. God bless her forever and make me worthy of her.

OCTOBER 16th — At 1½ o'clock A.M. another son was born to my dear Fanny and me. It is a young giant, as fine a baby as I ever saw, and the noisiest. It has the strangest voice. No tongue could express my gratitude to God for all His goodness to Fanny and me. This makes 18 children born to me. One by Sarah, 13 by Fanny and 4 by Augusta.

24th — Baby being eight days old, I this evening blessed it, giving him the name of Leslie McLean. Leslie is for General Leslie Coombs who died recently in Kentucky.

DECEMBER 10th — Attended the two Prayer Circles this morning. Bro. Maeser addressed both meetings. Bro. Maeser says he has presented Isaiah's name to the Academy Board of Trustees as an

assistant there next year and that the proposition met with favor. He also says that Ida has won golden opinions as a teacher everywhere she has taught and that if she wants a school in Provo all she has to do is to say so and she can get it any time.

25th — The younger children found this morning that Santa Claus had not been unmindful of them, but had filled their stockings through the night. Brought Augusta and her little ones down and we all had dinner together, Isaiah, having bought a nice fat goose for the occasion. And, so, I had the happiness of sitting down to my board with all my family around me, 18 in all.

I felt truly Patriarchal and supremely happy sitting there in the midst of the loved ones whom God has given me in this, my Mountain Home. Much of the time my heart was too full for words.

The Payson Brass Band came around and serenaded us. I made them at present of \$1.50. Huish's Brass Band also serenaded us and I gave them \$1.00.

JANUARY 1st, 1883 — All hail to the New Year. May the Lord deal kindly with me and mine this year, as He has in the years that are passed, and may He help us to be true to Him and to our covenants, not only to the end of this year, but always.

APRIL 28th — Ida came home on the train this morning. She has been in Provo attending school teacher's convention. Isaiah was there and gave a lecture on drawing with which Ida was dreadfully pleased. She thinks Isaiah is perfection itself, so smart, so good, and so handsome, and he is all that.

Ida gave me \$60.00 this morning. God bless her liberal heart. May her reward be commensurate with her goodness.

AUGUST 1st — Joseph Curtis died this forenoon about 11 o'clock. He was one of the earliest settlers of Payson. Oct. 20, 1850, James Pace, A. J. Stewart, J. C. Searle camped on this creek and began to make permanent homes. Dec. 1st, same year, Jos. E. Daniels arrived and about the 7th of that month, Joseph and George Curtis arrived and this was the beginning of Payson City, then called Peteet-neet, so named from the creek on whose bank it is situated.

FANNY'S CHILDREN

17th — Mark (15 yrs. old) went to the Presbyterian meeting this evening. It was the first outside meeting he ever attended. When he came home his mother asked him what he had learned. "Oh," said he "the first part of the discourse was good Mormon doctrine. It was about God loving the poor as well as the rich, that He rewards goodness, not positions, etc." Then said he, "the preacher told us, 'God has no body,' but soon afterwards he told us about the children of Israel hearing his voice while traveling in the wilderness and if he has no body, I would like to know how he could speak."

25th — Fanny was married to John C. Harper by Pres. D. H. Wells yesterday afternoon, August 23rd. Bro. Harper is a good man and I hope they will be happy. We are keeping the marriage a secret on account of its being a polygamist one. Fanny's activities under the circumstances by which we are surrounded, is regarded by all who know anything about it, as acts of bravery and heroism.



Children of Isaiah and Fanny Coombs.

OCTOBER 17th — Bishop Edward Hunter died at his residence in Salt Lake City at 8 o'clock last night at the age of 90 years, 4 mos. I saw him at the late conference and shook hands with him at his office.

NOVEMBER 11th — Isaiah returned to Provo this afternoon, taking Gladys with him who will enter the Academy tomorrow as a student for the balance of the school year. Fanny takes care of the telegraph office here and pays Gladys's tuition and board. Ida will clothe her. What God-like children have I.

JANUARY 28th, 1884 — This morning early, news came that the B. Y. Academy had been burned down during the night. For a little while I felt uneasy about Isaiah, knowing that he and Willard Done slept every night in the building. We telegraphed, however, and found that they were safe, having gone on Saturday to Lehi on a visit for a couple of days. They got back in the night after the building was in ashes. All their books and clothing were in their room and all were burned. Isaiah lost no less than \$250.00. His books alone cost more than half that amount. Brought Isaiah home and

fitted him out with a suit of clothes and some under clothing as he had nothing left but what he stood up in.

FEBRUARY 15th — Augusta was taken sick at noon yesterday. After a long and trying time, she gave birth to a large male child at 4 o'clock this morning. Sister C. J. Moon was the midwife.

24th — This evening blessed Augusta's baby, giving it the name of David in honor of my good friend, Bro. David Lane, one of the best men the Lord ever made. Beside the family, there were present two young girls, Aggie Cowan and Maggie Wignall.

APRIL 25th — Ida and I went to Salt Lake Wednesday afternoon. Isaiah married Ela Woolley April 24th, Pres. Joseph F. Smith officiating at the Endowment House. There were present besides myself and Ida, Ela's father and sister, Adella Eardley. I believe her to be a very fine girl, virtuous, honest and industrious, I have no doubt that she will make an excellent wife. I got Isaiah a \$40.00 stove and a lot of provisions, etc., to commence housekeeping with.

JUNE 4th — Bought 5 acres of land in Pond Town field from a Mr. Taylor of Salem. I had long been saving up for this very purpose. Gave \$205.00 for it.

30th — Isaiah and Ela arrived this evening and have moved into my little house on the corner, situated a few rods from my own residence, the house I built for Augusta. It is a nice little house and they will be very comfortable there.

Extract from a letter written by my wife (Fanny) to our son Isaiah.

Oct. 20, 1884

"I was reading yours and Ela's blessings. They give me comfort. You should ask for no more. Don't be neglectful of your duties. Keep the Sabbath by attending to the Sabbath services and partaking of the Sacrament, for this is a commandment of God, that same God that inspired his Patriarch to pronounce such great blessings on you.

I know that Ela, like Martha of old in the Bible, is anxious that her house be in order, but Jesus said that Mary had chosen the better part when she left her cares to listen to instructions of a sacred nature.

When I write thus, I know that had her own good mother been alive, she would counsel the same."

NOVEMBER 4th — Have commenced writing up the history of Payson from records in my possession for publication in the Tullidge Quarterly Magazine.

DECEMBER 17th — Went to Provo on the afternoon train yesterday and gave my lecture as advertised at 7 o'clock in the meeting-house. My lecture was written and took just 35 minutes to read it. The subject was as follows, viz: "The Sunday Schools of the Latter-day Saints, their origin and development, hints on their proper man-

agement, what they have accomplished in the past, and what we may reasonably expect of them with God's blessings, in the near future." Bros. E. Wride, D. John, and James E. Daniels each made a few remarks, expressing a desire to see it in print. Bro. Daniels said I had not preached anything I do not practice. Said he attended the Payson Sunday School last Sunday and could testify it was the fruits of my labors.

23rd — My brother Hyrum and family came on this morning's train. There are six of them. Hyrum, his wife, Josephine, Maria, Lelia, Mary, and Fern. This, with Isaiah and wife and our hired girl Drucile Fillmore, make nine at our home, besides the family. We are pretty well crowded, but in good humor and enjoying ourselves.

24th — Have spent the day partly at the office and partly at home, talking with Hyrum and Isaiah. Have spent the evening fixing up the Christmas tree for the children, using for the purpose a large apple bough and covering it with cotton. When we got the ornaments on and the various presents all arranged, it looked quite nice.

27th — Attended the Tanner reunion this forenoon and listened to some excellent talks by Apostles Francis M. Lyman and F. D. Richards, of which I took minutes.

A GREAT SORROW

JANUARY 20th, 1885 — Read my history of Payson to the committee of the City Council. It was accepted by them and turned over to Mr. Tullidge immediately to be placed in the hands of the printers, to come out in Tullidge's next quarterly magazine. Mr. Tullidge praised it greatly. Said it was the most complete he had yet found in the Territory and best written.

He gives me the enormous sum of \$50.00 for it. I presume it is as much as he can afford to give, but it is not more than a tithe of its value. (Published in Tullidge's History).

FEBRUARY 14th — This is a day of trial. Deputy Marshals are prowling about in all our settlements, hunting up and arresting all the polygamists they can get any evidence against, and arraying them before mob courts. This occasions much expense to our people and forms a rich field for plunder for the myriapodous of the law. They get so much for every subpoena issued. The leading authorities of the Church have all had to hide up to escape imprisonment and fine, and no man in polygamy is safe an hour from like persecution. I have been advised by some of my friends to get out of the way.

MARCH 3rd — My wife, Fanny, has taken cold and is very bad with coughing again. She did not sleep any last night and has been suffering all day.

4th — I sat up with Fanny last night until 4½ o'clock when I was relieved by my daughters, Fanny and Gladys. It was a fearful

night for my poor wife. Constant and severe coughing brought on labor pains which threatened to induce abortion. She is some easier today but not much.

6th — Fanny slept peacefully until midnight when she called me to go for Sister Oberhansley as she was convinced it was impossible to prevent a miscarriage. At 20 minutes to 7 o'clock this morning she gave birth to a 7 month's male child. We were convinced, on its first appearance that it could not live. I, therefore, blessed it immediately, giving it the name of Charles D. in honor of my friend Bp. Evans of Salem, on whose birthday it was born. It lived just three hours and died at 20 minutes to 10 o'clock A.M. This is our 14th baby — my 20th.



Children of Isaiah and Augusta Coombs

7th — Bp. Snell and wife, Fanny's sister, Lexy, came over this morning. We buried our little one at 2 o'clock P.M. Bro. Lant dedicated the grave.

14th — 11 o'clock P.M. My peerless, incomparable wife died at 8½ o'clock. From five until about that time her sufferings were intense. Not so much pain, in fact, I think she had very little. It seemed to be mostly "smothery" feelings, difficulty of breathing, heavy oppression, a tossing two and fro, lying down on her pillow and being propped up, etc. My feelings in witnessing all this can never be known by any but God. She died under my hands without a struggle, and I closed her rayless eyes. Two evenings before she died, during an intermission of pain, she began to sing the hymn commencing "We Thank Thee, Oh God, for a Prophet," from the first to the

last line. And this is Gladys' 19th birthday. What a birthday!!!

15th — Sunday — No meetings, no Sunday School for me today. Have spent the day about my desolate home. Grandma came over this morning, expecting to see Fanny alive yet as she did not get the letter I wrote her last night. The information I had to impart was a fearful blow to her. The funeral is set for 11 o'clock A.M., next Tuesday which will give my brothers an opportunity to come if they wish to do so.

16th — Another desolate day. My brother Hyrum arrived this evening to attend the funeral tomorrow.

17th — At 10:45 A.M. the procession was formed. All together, quite a long procession. We marched by the nearest route to the meetinghouse which is not far distant.

The congregation was called to order by Elder Daniels and the choir sang "Nearer My God to Thee." Prayer by Bp. Booth, a most beautiful and heartfelt prayer. Choir then sang at my request, "Beautiful Day of Rest." This was Fanny's favorite song. We never had a gathering of friends at our house but that she had the girls sing it.

Speakers were as follows: Bp. C. D. Evans of Salem, Elder S. S. Jones of Provo, Bp. Samuel A. Woolley of Salt Lake City, Bp. George Halliday of Santaquin, Counselor Lant of Payson, Pres. D. John of Provo. All these speakers are my intimate friends. The choir sang "Shall We Gather at the River," another of "Ma's" favorites.

Forty-two wagons and carriages, loaded with sorrowing friends accompanied us to the cemetery.

21st — My 51st birthday. Ate dinner at Augusta's. How heavy hearted I feel today. Oh God, help me to put away my sadness and to live for the sake of my loved ones.

24th — Have spent most of the day at the office, feeling somewhat better. Received an excellent letter of condolence from B. H. Roberts.

APRIL 4th — Conference commenced today at Logan and it is the first I have missed for a long time. The people have been counseled not to go unless they have friends there who can take care of them. Mark began with Bro. Wm. Cannell this morning to learn the harness business. He is to get \$1.50 per week for first four months and \$2.00 per week rest of first year. Arthur is helping me about home and is a good and industrious boy.

8th — Yesterday was Augusta's birthday. I was home on it for the first time since our marriage. Have always been to conference on that day. Gave her a hymn book as a birthday present.

MAY 6th — A letter from Isaiah informs me that Ela has a baby girl and they have named it Clara McLean. Ela is but tolerable. And so I am a grandfather. Who would have thought it? May God bless the little one. Baby was born April 29th.

JULY 4th — Have heard a rumor that the judiciary contemplates a raid on Payson this week.

As an instance of Divine Retribution, I copy the following item from the pages of the New York World.

"Chicago, June 29 — William Drummond, a ragged and infirm old man, who was once Chief Justice of Utah, was sentenced to the House of Correction here today for stealing stamps off mail matter left on the tops of street boxes. In a husky broken voice, he told the court that he was dying for a drink."

24th — Pioneer Day, 38 years ago the Pioneers of the Church entered Salt Lake Valley. It has been a great day with us and this is the first time in our history that we have failed to notice it. Flags are at half mast and draped with black everywhere in token of the nation's grief over the death of it's great military hero and ex-president, the great U. S. Grant.

29th — Fanny (daughter) returned from S. L. City this morning. Isaiah came with her to stay a couple of weeks in hopes of benefiting his eyes, which are very bad. He has had to give up all idea of teaching this summer, and fall. Poor boy, my heart aches for him. He is now being treated by Dr. Benedict.

AUGUST 8th — Started for Provo this morning with Bro. Page and my two boys, Mark and Arthur to attend the memorial services in the new Tabernacle, in honor of Gen. Grant, who was buried at New York today.

The opening address was by the Rev. Mr. Lincoln. Then followed speeches by Judge Dusenbury, Pres. Cluff and A. G. Sutherland. Good music by Provo Choir and Payson Brass Band.

SEPTEMBER 22nd — Judge Powers is empaneling a Grand Jury at Provo the last two days. He seems to get men just as he wants. The prospects are that every polygamist must either hide up for a season, or go to prison.

28th — Fanny went away from home last night to avoid possible trouble.

The brethren and sisters, subject to indictment, are constantly on the lookout as they know not the hour when the enemy will be upon them. Many of the brethren do not sleep at home at all, for fears of midnight raids, such as was made at Heber City a couple of weeks ago.

OCTOBER 1st — Augusta had a miscarriage last night and is quite sick today. Little Frank is also sick and has been for several days, with fever.

6th — Several more of the brethren have gone to the "Pen" rather than renounce their religion. Times look dark when viewed from a worldly standpoint, but bright when viewed from the standpoint of a man who knows that the gospel is true and who looks upon all that is transpiring as the signs of the last days.

If things go on it will not be long before our brethren will be in the majority at the Penitentiary.

19th—Isaiah started to the city today with my light wagon, to get his wife and babe. He has secured the school at the Indian Reservation, 5 miles north of Payson (Lake Shore) and will open school in a few weeks. How glad I am to have him so near to me.

JANUARY 11th, 1886—The new Edmonds Bill has passed the Senate. By it, if it becomes law, the women of the Church will all be disfranchised and Church property all confiscated by the government.

FEBRUARY 11th—The Judicial raid on the Saints still goes on and with increased bitterness. A desperate effort was made last Sunday to capture some of our leading men.

MARCH 20th—Am feeling very poorly. Have pains in my head and stomach, the latter being the seat of the disease. It is, indeed, a severe sickness. I never felt so ill in my life as during the last 3 weeks.

21st—My 52nd birthday. The girls invited in a lot of my old friends last night to supper and to spend the evening. There were Augusta, Bro. and Sister Page, Bro. and Sister Hardy, Sister Douglas, Sister Fairbanks, Bro. and Sister Worsencroft, Bro. and Sister Clayson, also Bros. S. R. Marks of Salt Lake City, and Isaiah and Ela. We had a very excellent time. I enjoyed myself as much as my poor state of health would allow. The brethren administered to me before they left and I have felt better ever since.

This morning attended the two prayer circles. At the first, was enabled to bear a strong testimony to the truth of the Gospel, and to prophecy of the ultimate victory of the work. The power of God rested mightily upon me and I felt lifted up to the seventh heaven. I seemed wrapped in the vision of eternity.

23rd—Went over to Spanish Fork in buggy this morning, taking with me Ri and Esther.

Came home towards evening.

24th—Am feeling a great deal better today, for which I feel very thankful. (Final entry of journal and diary.)



Brigham Young—His Wives and Family

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.—Matthew 5: 11-12



WHEN Brigham Young accepted Mormonism, each of its principles became sacred to him. He showed a willingness to give his all to the advancement of the Kingdom of God upon the earth. Even before the death of the Prophet Joseph Smith, he labored as a missionary, going at his own expense to various parts of the world teaching the newly revealed religion; baptism by immersion, the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, life hereafter, Divine revelation, celestial order of marriage, tithing and all other principles set forth in the Doctrine and Covenants.

Under his leadership, the dramatic trek of the pioneers to Utah in 1847 was accomplished, and when he said "This is the place," referring to the valley of the Great Salt Lake, this heroic band accepted his decision. They did not despair, neither did they lament, but they gave thanks to their Heavenly Father that their great leader had brought them in safety to the valley of the mountains.

Because of his loyalty to his God, to his church and its teachings, his enemies were always seeking to destroy that which he was endeavoring to build, deliberately misrepresenting him in both the spoken and written word. But those who knew him best, his family, his neighbors, his friends, and his people, loved and idolized him. Years have passed on and his achievements have been evaluated according to their merits, and the misunderstandings of the past have been appraised in

a new light, until he stands preeminently as the greatest Pioneer leader of western United States.

Brigham Young was born June 1, 1801, in Whitingham, Windham County, Vermont, the ninth child in a family of five sons and six daughters born to John and Nabbie Howe Young. He was early trained to piety but joined no denomination until he had reached the age of twenty-one years, when he identified himself with the Methodist Church to which his parents belonged. He learned the trades of carpenter, joiner, painter and glazier and exhibited traits of practical character which, in after life, were brought into such a broad field of activity among the people he was called to lead.

Joins the Latter-day Saint Church: Brigham's parents moved to Chenango County, New York. On October 8, 1824, he married Miriam Works and located in Cayuga County, New York where he followed his chosen occupations. Early in 1829 he removed to Mendon, Monroe County, New York, where, in the spring of 1830, he first saw a copy of the Book of Mormon which was brought to that neighborhood by Samuel H. Smith, brother of the Prophet. The contents of this book he carefully read with a prayerful desire to know the truth. His investigation resulted in a firm conviction that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of the living God and the Book of Mormon was a divine record.

He was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints April 14, 1832, by Elder Eleazer Miller and was ordained an Elder by Mr. Miller the same day. Three weeks later his faithful wife was baptized. From the day of Elder Young's baptism he became a most indefatigable and fearless advocate of Mormonism. His parents, brother Joseph, and several other members of the Young family also embraced the Gosepl and became active workers in the Church. During the summer subsequent to his baptism, he did much preaching in the regions about Mendon, baptizing a goodly number and organizing several branches of the Church.

With Elders Heber C. Kimball and Joseph Young, Brigham Young visited Kirtland, Ohio, in the fall of 1832, and for the first time in his life became acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith. In the evening of the day they first met, the Prophet called upon Brigham to pray. After Brigham had left the room Joseph Smith uttered the prophecy, "The time will come when Brother Brigham will preside over this Church." In the winter of 1832-33 Brigham with his brother Joseph Young, labored as missionaries in and near West Laboro, Canada. They were successful in baptizing numbers of people and organizing several branches of the Church.

Brigham's Second Marriage: In July 1833, he conducted a small company of Saints to Kirtland, Ohio. This may be called the commencement of his great labors in the capacity of a pioneer leader.



President Brigham Young

In the fall of 1833 he moved with his family to Kirtland and was an important personage in the growth and development of that city. In February, 1834, he married Mary Ann Angell, his first wife having passed away. Zion's Camp was organized in the same year to carry supplies and encouragement to the driven Saints in Missouri, and Brigham Young was among the foremost of the faithful few to accomplish that pilgrimage to and from Missouri. On his return to Kirtland, having journeyed two thousand miles on foot, he occupied the remainder of the year working at the printing office, schoolroom and Temple.

Member of the Twelve Apostles: When the first quorum of the Twelve Apostles was chosen February 14, 1835, Brigham Young was numbered among them; from then until 1837, he spent his summers preaching, baptizing, organizing branches, as a missionary, and his winters working at his trade upon the Kirtland Temple, the painting and finishing of which he skillfully superintended in the spring of 1836. He also attended the Hebrew school in Kirtland in the winter of 1835-36. Soon after this he performed a mission in the Eastern States with Dr. Willard Richards. He returned in May, 1837, and later that same year filled another short mission to the State of New York.

During the financial panic of 1837, when apostasy ran so high in Kirtland and several of the Twelve Apostles turned against the Prophet with false accusations and sought his overthrow, Brigham Young stood firm and loyal, declaring in the face of bitter enemies that Joseph Smith was true and faithful and a Prophet of God. So intense was the hatred against Brigham Young that he was obliged to leave Kirtland to escape the fury of the mob. He left December 22, 1837, and arrived among the Saints in Far West, Missouri March 14, 1838. Soon after this the entire Church moved from Ohio to Missouri.

Brigham Young, during these trying times, was improving the land and laboring diligently in the duties of his Apostleship, especially in preparing and planning for the exodus of the Saints from Missouri, under the order of extermination issued by Governor Lilburn W. Boggs. In this exodus Brigham Young exemplified those gifts of organization and pioneering, which Providence destined him so thoroughly to amplify in the great exodus of the Latter-day Saints a decade later. Brigham not only directed, but worked as hard in a practical way as those over whom he was called at this critical juncture temporarily to preside. He left his own family no less than eleven times to return with teams to bring up the poor and helpless. With Elder Heber C. Kimball he had entered into this covenant, that they would not cease their efforts until all who would should be delivered from Missouri and were safely harboured in a more hospitable state.

The Move to Nauvoo: On the 16th of May, 1839 he left for Nauvoo, Illinois and a week later moved his family across the river

to Montrose, where he secured a room in an old military barracks as a temporary home for himself and family. The climate of Nauvoo was not conducive to good health, but Brigham was constantly doing all in his power to establish the Saints and build up the city of Nauvoo. He continued his labors until September 14, 1839, when he started without purse or scrip to perform a mission to England. His wife with a baby ten days old, was ill and with no means of support in sight. On his way to New York he did much teaching and preaching, sailing from New York March 9, 1840, arriving at England April 6th. Thousands of souls were added to the Church in that foreign land and a permanent shipping agency was established. About this time Brigham Young was unanimously sustained as president of the quorum. Under his direction steps were taken to publish 3,000 hymn books, 5,000 copies of the Book of Mormon, and the "Millennial Star," with Apostle Parley P. Pratt as its first editor. According to Church records, in a revelation given through the Prophet Joseph Smith, January 19, 1841, the Lord said: "I give unto you my servant, Brigham Young, to be president over the Twelve traveling council, which Twelve hold the keys to open up the authority of my kingdom upon the four corners of the earth, and after that to send my word to every creature." The quorum of the Twelve stands next in authority to the Presidency of the Church, and in case of the decease of the Prophet, the Twelve preside over the Church with their president at the head and thus was brought to the front Brigham Young, the man whom God had designed should succeed the Prophet Joseph Smith.

On July 1, 1841, Brigham arrived in Nauvoo from his mission, where he again became active in building up the city as well as attending to the duties of his Apostleship. In July following the call of President Young to preside over the quorum of the Twelve, the Prophet Joseph Smith requested the Twelve to take the responsibility of the Church in Nauvoo, especially in practical matters. They attended to the selling of its lands, locating the incoming Saints, and attending to such other labors as would relieve and lighten the burden resting upon the Prophet. In all this labor Brigham Young was energetic and efficient, proving himself to be a great help. He also served with ability as a member of the city council of Nauvoo. On July 7, 1843, he started on a mission to the Eastern States, one chief purpose being to gather funds for the building of the Temple and the Nauvoo House. He returned October 22nd.

Martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph Smith: While on a mission to the east he learned the sad news of the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum Smith and immediately returned to Nauvoo. At a conference held in Nauvoo, August 8, 1844, the Twelve were sustained as the presiding authority of the Church, Brigham Young arose to speak, and in the presence of the multitude was transfigured by the spirit and power of God, so that his form, size, countenance and voice

appeared as those of the martyred Prophet. Even non-members were struck with amazement and expected to see and hear the departed Seer. (Many testimonies of this occurrence are told in pioneer histories on file in our library.)

The work of the Church went on and in the midst of persecution and bitter hatred Brigham Young stood calmly performing his duties, counseling the Saints, caring for their wants, and pushing with zeal the completion of the Nauvoo Temple which was dedicated before the final exodus from Nauvoo.

Leaves Nauvoo: Brigham Young labored much in the Temple until February 1846, when he left the beloved city and joined the emigrating Saints on the west side of the Mississippi. Twenty thousand Saints were dispossessed of their homes and turned out upon the prairies of Iowa in winter. It required not only a great man to be their leader, but one whose greatness consisted of faith in God and the knowledge that God should be his strength and source of inspiration. Such a man was Brigham, a veritable "Lion of the Lord" in the face of persecution and trial, yet sincere, humble and dependent on the Lord. The Saints were seeking a country they knew not where. To counteract melancholy, and aid them to the exercise of cheerful hope, President Young had them gather around the camp fires and engage in songs, dance and other amusements. He established two resting places, Garden Grove and Mount Pisgah. The main body, with President Young at their head, reached Council Bluffs, on the Missouri River in June.

Call of the Mormon Battalion: While at Council Bluffs he was requested by the government to furnish a battalion of 500 men, to engage in the war with Mexico. This was promptly complied with, taking many of the most able-bodied men from the camp of the Saints. Soon after he crossed the Mississippi to the Nebraska side and established Winter Quarters, since called Florence, about five miles north of Omaha. Here he laid out streets and blocks upon which comfortable log homes were built, erected a gristmill, and in numerous ways provided for the comfort of the Saints.

Leaves for the West: In April, 1847, President Young and one hundred and forty seven others, among whom were three women, Harriet Page Wheeler, Clara Decker Young and Helen Saunders Kimball, commenced their perilous journey across the plains arriving in Salt Lake Valley July 22nd to 24th, 1847. He immediately directed the laying out of a city with ten-acre blocks, with eight lots in each, one and one-fourth acres in size, the streets eight rods wide, and subsequently when water could be obtained, beautiful rows of trees to adorn and shade the same, watered by a crystal stream on the outside of the walk. This was the pattern and most of the cities in Utah bear the

main characteristics of the pioneer city of Salt Lake. In August, President Young started on his return to Winter Quarters, on the way meeting about two thousand Saints who reached Salt Lake Valley in the fall of 1847.

Sustained President of the Church: At Winter Quarters, December 5, 1847, President Young was unanimously sustained by the Twelve, president of the Church, and, on December 27th, by all the authorities and Saints assembled in a general conference at Council Bluffs. On May 26th he started with his family on the return trip to Salt Lake Valley. This year he superintended the emigration of over two thousand souls, arrived in Salt Lake City September 20, 1848, and began at once giving counsel and planning for the general welfare. At a conference held October 8, 1848, he was again unanimously sustained as president of the Church. No man was better adapted to lead in colonizing and building up a great commonwealth, than was Brigham Young. He served as the first governor of Utah, from 1851 to 1858, to the satisfaction of the people of the Territory and to the President of the United States who appointed him. When Johnston's Army was sent to Utah for the purpose of suppressing an imaginary rebellion, President Young declared that if the army persisted in entering Salt Lake Valley as a hostile foe they would find it, as the Latter-day Saints had found it, a barren waste. Accordingly torches were prepared to burn down all the houses and property in Salt Lake City and the northern settlements and the body of the Saints prepared to move south. The move was made, but through kind providence and intervention of Col. Thos. L. Kane, the administration was convinced that no rebellion existed among the Mormons and that Judge Drummond had basely lied about the Latter-day Saints. The Judge had reported that the Mormons had burned the court records. The committee who preceded the army to Salt Lake City found the court records intact, while life and property in Salt Lake was as safe to all classes as in any other part of the Union.

The Builder: In April, 1853, the cornerstone of the great temple was laid in Salt Lake City, Utah, which was completed 40 years later. During this time sacred marriage ceremonies were performed in the Endowment House located in the northwest corner of the Temple block. President Young laid the foundation for three other temples, one each in St. George, Manti and Logan. The temple in St. George he lived to dedicate. In this great temple he explained the order and duties of the various offices in the Holy Priesthood. During his lifetime in Utah from 1847 to 1877, he labored most industriously in both spiritual and temporal matters for the welfare of all the inhabitants of the Territory and indeed for the benefit of all mankind. He built factories, and granaries, etc., and encouraged every form of home industry, which the facilities of the region would justify.

Mines and Railroads: In the development of mines alone, he exercised a check, stating that the time had not come to develop them to any considerable extent. The wisdom of this suggestion is appre-



The Endowment House

ciated by the Latter-day Saints, who know that a rapid development of mining interests at that time would have brought to Utah an element of speculators and political demagogues, who would have waged a bitter warfare against the Saints when their numbers and strength were too limited to maintain their foothold in this region.

President Young was the prime mover in the building of the Utah Central and Utah Southern railroads. He was a contractor, on a large scale, in building the Union Pacific and the telegraph line across the plains, also in building the Deseret telegraph line to local points in the state.

Education: Brigham Young and his associates founded the Deseret University, now called the University of Utah, and one of the first educational institutions west of the Missouri River. In later years, to aid the children of the Saints to obtain an education in religious truths, as well as the secular branches, he founded and endowed the Brigham Young Academy in Provo, and the Brigham Young College in Logan. He was in all respects the friend and promoter of all true education, though limited himself in youth to eleven days' schooling. He founded settlements in many of the western states. During his administration of thirty years as President of the Church,

he made frequent tours, accompanied by associates throughout the length and breadth of the Territory. He was diligent in sending the gospel abroad, opening up new fields of labor in various parts of the earth.

Dealings with the Indians: His policy with the Indians was one of peace. "It is better to feed them than to fight them," was his theory and he carried it out fully. A majority of the Indians loved and respected him. It has been truthfully said that the policy of Brigham Young and his people toward the Indians has saved to our nation, life and treasure.



The Lion House

Family Man: In his family he was kind and indulgent. Indeed he was a philanthropist to all who would receive his counsel and kind acts, for he was not only the husband of a number of wives like the Patriarchs and Prophets of old, and the father of fifty-six children, but he provided means for the support and education of orphans and others destitute of the comforts of life. He believed, however, in the strictest industry, that it was false policy to feed men in idleness if work could be provided for them.

This man, Brigham Young, according to his own family's records, and to those who knew him intimately, had his faults and failings. Once he had made up his mind that a principle or an act was right it was hard for him to change his mind. His daughter Susa Y. Gates said that "he could be sarcastic, but never spiteful; on provocation he

was sometimes very angry . . . he could punish his own boys if they threw stones and etc., but never did he punish unjustly."

In his sermons he was apt to speak harshly of the people who would destroy the Church of which he was President. He denounced those who were not giving their all in building the commonwealth in the new country and the Saints who were neglectful of their religious obligations. The story has been told and retold that on one occasion he found it necessary to rebuke a bishop, adding at the close of remarks, "Now, I don't want Brother W. to apostatize from the Church because I have said what I have." "Don't worry, Brother Brigham," replied the Bishop—"this is just as much my Church as it is yours." It is said President Young smiled.

Once he had lost confidence in a man or woman, it was hard for him to reinstate them in his good graces. It sometimes seemed harsh when he called families to leave their homes in Salt Lake Valley to colonize in a new locality, but if Zion was to be the home of all the Saints many cities must be founded, men and women must make great sacrifices. He was the most beloved man who ever trod the streets of Zion.

HIS TESTIMONY

Brigham Young, my father, was not only loved and honored by the people; he was adored by his own large family. They might, at times, disagree with each other—we are all human—but none of them, neither wife nor child, ever disagreed with him as far as I ever heard. And that not because of fear. Oh, no, never fear! But because we loved him so well and he loved us so devotedly.

When I was in my early twenties and struggling to get a testimony of the truth, I went to my father with my problem. He did not argue with me; he did not quote scripture. He said simply: "There is only one way daughter, that you can get a testimony and that is the way your mother got hers and the way I got mine. Go down on your knees in humble prayer and God will answer your petition."

I spoke about his greatness and wondrous life, and expressed my gratitude that I had been permitted to come to earth as his and my mother's child. He was my wonderful ideal and he had so powerful a testimony. I longed to have one like his.

"My daughter, what am I?" he said humbly. "If it hadn't been for the message of Joseph Smith, I would today be a carpenter in a country village." And then he added solemnly. "Sooner than do anything to lose my testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and the mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith, I would be cut into pieces every night of my life and put together again to take up the labors of the day."

His last words on earth as he was falling asleep in the arms of death were: 'Joseph, Joseph, Joseph, Joseph!' His face was transfigured with joy of that Heavenly reunion.—*Susa Young Gates*

HIS WIVES AND FAMILY

It has been said by members of the Young family and the hundreds of people who accepted his hospitality, that President Young's home was surrounded by an atmosphere of domestic peace. When minor disagreements arose such wives as Eliza R., Mary Ann, Zina, and others, seemed to have the power of smoothing difficulties, which, at times, might have disrupted the harmony and unity of the home. At the same time President Young was a calm, exceedingly kind and gentle father, but stern in the up-bringing of his children, knowing that they must learn early in life the laws of obedience and righteous living. He knew that he must be the head of his family, for order was one of the first laws of Heaven. His wives and children shared a love for each other that cannot be explained. They held in reverence their God-fearing husband and father.

We are including a short sketch of each of the wives of President Young, most of whom were Pioneers of Utah. Probably the greatest compliment that can be paid to him is that no wife married again after his death, although some were still young women, with the exception of Eliza Webb who had divorced him. These biographies are taken from our files, from obituaries, and from a booklet written in 1896 by James H. Crockwell. The dates are verified from a genealogical chart compiled by Mabel Young Sanborn, daughter of Brigham Young, a copy of which was given to Mrs. Carter by the author.

Miriam Works Young, first wife of Brigham Young, was a daughter of Asa and Jerusha Works, residents of Aurelius, Cayuga County, New York. Miriam was married to Brigham Young October 8, 1824. Both were attendants of the Methodist Church.

In the spring of 1829, Miriam removed with her husband to Mendon, Monroe County, where the principles of the everlasting Gospel were first made known to them. They were gladly received by both husband and wife, and on the 14th day of April, 1832, the husband received the ordinance of baptism, and Miriam, his wife, was baptized about three weeks later; it being early in May 1832. She soon became much devoted to her religion, receiving and rejoicing in every principle made known to her. She was a most estimable woman, an affectionate



Miriam Works Young

wife and loving mother, a kind and faithful friend to all who had the honor of her acquaintance. She was the mother of two children, both girls. She died of the dreaded scourge, consumption, September 8, 1832, at the home of Heber C. Kimball at Mendon, New York. At the time of her demise there were five persons at her bedside, namely, her husband and her two little girls, Elizabeth and Vilate, Heber C. Kimball, and his wife. In her last moments the dying wife and mother clasped her hands and gave praise to the Lord. Thus ended in this life the career of the devoted wife and mother, Miriam Works Young, first wife of Brigham Young.

Elizabeth was born September 25, 1825. Vilate was born June 1, 1830.—*Orletta Hatch Davis*

Mary Ann Angell Young, the second wife of Brigham Young was the daughter of James and Phoebe Morton Angell, born June 8, 1803, at Seneca, Ontario County, New York. She was married to Brigham Young February 18, 1834. When very young her parents moved from their birthplace to Providence, Rhode Island.



Mary Ann Angell Young

Mary Ann was always religiously inclined, her family was of old Puritan stock, and she became a member of the Free Will Baptists and was also a Sunday School teacher. Her study of the scriptures, especially the prophecies, so engrossed her mind, that she confidently looked for their fulfillment, in consequence of which she resolved never to marry until she should "meet a man of God," one in whom she could confide, and with whom her heart could unite in the active duties of a Christian life. Thus it was that she remained single until she was nearly thirty years of age.

In the year 1830, she prayerfully read the Book of Mormon loaned her by Thomas B. Marsh.

After this she went to southern

New York where she and her parents were baptized. Mary Ann set out alone for Kirtland, Ohio, the gathering place of the Saints. Here she met and was married to Brigham Young and for forty-five years was a devoted wife to him. She was also a kind and loving mother to his two little daughters by his first wife, Elizabeth and Vilate.

Every one of President Young's wives loved "Mother Young," as Mary Ann Angell was fondly termed. She was a mother to her husband's family, and courteous and obliging to all with whom she came in contact.

Mary Ann, skilled in the use of medicine and herbs, was able to help many of the weary travelers on the trek of 1848. Bringing with her seeds of many varieties she was credited with planting many of the fine trees which grew along what was once known as Brigham Street. Her first home in Salt Lake was a little hut close to the "Log Row." Later she made her home in the White House which was erected for her. Andrew Jenson once said of her: "She was a very gifted and intelligent woman, highly cultured, yet humble and meek, ever ready to help the poor and needy, or ease the suffering of the afflicted. She passed through great trials and privation but through it all she was a faithful wife, model mother and Latter-day Saint, in whose heart native goodness and benevolence abounded."

Mary Ann Angell bore Brigham Young six children, three boys and three girls: Joseph Angell, born Oct. 13, 1834; Brigham Jr., born December 18, 1836; Mary Ann, born December 18, 1836 (died when 7 years of age); Alice, born September 4, 1839; Luna, born August 20, 1842; John Willard, born October 1, 1844. She died in Salt Lake City June 27, 1882.

Lucy Decker Young, Brigham Young's first plural wife, was a daughter of Isaac Perry and Harriet Page Wheeler Decker. She was born in Ontario County, New York, May 17, 1822. Lucy embraced the Gospel when quite young, fully believing the message Joseph Smith brought and was baptized. She moved to Nauvoo where she was married to Brigham Young June 15, 1842.

Lucy D. Young was of fair complexion and of medium height. She was a kind and loving mother, a devoted wife, of a charitable disposition and true in every particular to her religion. She came to Salt Lake City with the rest of her husband's family in 1848 and was always diligent, energetic and attentive to every duty reposed upon her. She was beloved by all who knew her. She bore seven children as follows: Brig-



Lucy Ann Decker Young

ham Heber, born June 19, 1845; Fanny, born January 26, 1849; Ernest I., born April 30, 1851; Shemira, born March 21, 1853; Arta de Christa, born April 16, 1855; Feramorz, born September 16, 1858 and Clarissa H., born July 23, 1860. Lucy died January 24, 1890.

Harriet Elizabeth Cook Campbell Young, daughter of Archibald Cook and Elizabeth Mosher Cook was born November 7, 1824, at Whitesborough, Oneida County, New York. Her father was a skilled pattern maker for machinery. He was well-to-do and saw that each of his children received a formal education.



When Harriet Elizabeth was eleven years of age she first heard the Mormon missionaries preach. Her parents were of Quaker stock and forbade her attending the Latter-day Saint meetings. She received the Gospel and was blessed by John P. Green in 1835, but was not baptized until May 1, 1842. She gathered to Nauvoo in June, 1843. Here she became acquainted with Brigham Young, one of the Twelve Apostles of the Mormon Church. On November 2, 1843 she was married to him with the Prophet Joseph Smith performing the ceremony. Her son, Oscar Brigham Young, was born February 10, 1846 in Nauvoo.

Harriet Elizabeth Cook Campbell Young

When her father learned that she was determined to remain with the Mormons he gave her \$500.00 in gold to help her on the journey west. The trip was begun in May, 1848, under the direction of her husband, who had returned from Zion in the fall of 1847 to bring the Saints then waiting at Winter Quarters to Utah. They arrived in the valley September 20th of that same year. Most of the Young family lived in the fort for a little while, but before long Brigham erected log houses for his wives. Harriet's log cabin stood on the present site of the Capitol building. The cabin consisted of one room with a fireplace, board floor, bed, chairs and a table made of logs. In 1856, Harriet and Oscar moved into the Lion House with the majority of other wives and children. Harriet taught school for a number of years in one of the rooms on the lower floor which was equipped for this purpose. Sometimes the neighbor's

children joined with the Young children in their school work. For years she made shirts, coats and trousers for the boys of the family. It is said that she made most of the bread for she was an excellent cook. She assisted in bookkeeping work for the Z.C.M.I. which brought in extra money to buy choice books, for she was an avid reader.

Harriet was a tall, fine looking woman of fair complexion. She was a member of the 18th Ward in Salt Lake City for many years. Harriet died suddenly of a heart attack November 5, 1898 and was buried in a plot of ground purchased by the family at the time the city ruled that no more burials of the Young family should take place in the private cemetery of Brigham Young.—

Edith Young Booth



Augusta Adams Young

Augusta Adams Young was born in Lynn, Massachusetts in 1802. After embracing the Gospel, she moved to Nauvoo, Illinois, and was married to Brigham Young November 2, 1843. Augusta was tall and dignified yet sociable and kind in disposition. Her complexion was fair and her features finely formed. She was most devotedly attached to her religion, firm and unwavering in defense of the faith she had embraced, never shrinking from any hardships she was called upon to endure. She died in Salt Lake City in 1886, sincerely mourned by her family and friends. She left no issue from her marriage.

Clara Decker Young was born July 22, 1828 at Freedom, Cattaraugus County, New York, the daughter of Isaac Decker and Harriet Page Wheeler. The Decker family moved to Ohio, Missouri, thence to Illinois. When she was sixteen years of age she married Brigham Young, May 8, 1844, and remained at the side of her husband in the exodus from Nauvoo and Winter Quarters. When the pioneer band, led by her great and wise husband, set out on their momentous journey in the spring of 1847, she made that pilgrimage to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake.

Clara Decker Young was not a public woman. She took no part in affairs outside of her home, though her sympathies were with women who were doing charitable and religious work. She was a



Clara Decker Young

mortality—*Jeanette Young Easton*

great reader and always kept in touch with vital subjects, especially those pertaining to literature and the arts. She was small in stature, of medium complexion, a loving wife, devoted mother, and a faithful friend to all needing her friendship. She was the mother of five children: Jeanette R., born December 14, 1849, Nabbie Howe, born March 22, 1852; Jedediah Grant, born January 11, 1856; Albert Jeddie, born 1858 and Charlotte Talula, born March 4, 1861.

Clara Decker Young died January 5, 1889 in Salt Lake City in her old home on State Street, near the former site of the famous Social Hall. She was the last of the three original pioneer women of Utah to pass from

Olive Grey Frost Young, a daughter of Aaron and Susan Grey Frost, was born in the little town of Bethel, Oxford County, Maine, July 24, 1816. She was religiously inclined from childhood, and in her youth often retired to some secret place to pour out her soul in earnest, fervent prayer to God. Frequently she was ridiculed by those who were not so religiously inclined. When about eighteen years old, she and her friend, Louisa Foster learned the tailoring trade, and went to work together from place to place among their acquaintances. While thus engaged in the town of Dixfield, Elder Duncan McArthur visited the place and preached the Gospel as taught by the Latter-day Saints in such a manner that she readily accepted it and was baptized. She endured much opposition in consequence.

In 1840, Olive went to England with her sister who had married Parley P. Pratt, and did missionary work in that land. On her return she was taken sick with the measles while on a passenger boat going up the river. She arrived in Nauvoo April 12, 1843. From this time on she was never well.

The next summer she rejoiced at the arrival in Nauvoo of her father and mother, and two other sisters, thus making six of her family who had received the Gospel. Olive was an earnest worker for the benefit of the poor; her heart was always drawn out to the sufferings of those around her. She readily accepted the principle of plural marriage and was sealed for time and all eternity to Joseph

Smith. After the death of the Prophet she was married for time to Brigham Young in February, 1845. Olive died in Nauvoo, October 6, 1845, of pneumonia.

Louisa Beaman Young, daughter of Alva and Betsy Burrtt Beaman, was born in Livonia, Livingston County, New York, February 7, 1815. She moved with her parents to Ohio and afterwards to Missouri, where she suffered in the persecutions and mobbings until driven with the Saints out of that State. She later moved to Nauvoo, Illinois where she became acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith, who taught her the principles of plural marriage. She became his wife when she was twenty-six years of age, April 5, 1841. She was one of the first women in this dispensation who was married according to the order of plural or Celestial marriage, taught by the Prophet Joseph.

It was in the late fall of 1846 that Louisa became the wife of President Brigham Young. It was a signal honor to share the respect and protection of this great leader. As the year of 1847 dawned, the eyes of the Saints were turned toward the West, that was to be their home, their refuge. Louisa and her people arrived in the Salt Lake Valley early in October of 1847, having traveled in the Jedediah M. Grant company.

In 1848 Louisa gave birth to her first children, a set of twins, both sons. She named them Joseph and Hyrum. Both babes died. Again, in 1850, she gave birth to twin boys whom they named Alva and Alma. Again, they were taken away. A few weeks after their birth, Louisa became very ill. She passed away May 15, 1850, in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, she who had been a valiant wife and mother among the vanguard of Latter-day Saint women to the West.

Clarissa Ross Young, daughter of William and Phoebe Ogden Ross, was born June 16, 1814, in the State of New York, and received the Gospel in the early days of the Church. She came to Nauvoo, Illinois, where she married Brigham Young September 10, 1844, and came to the Salt Lake Valley in 1848. She was of medium height, had dark hair and brilliant dark brown eyes. She was devoted to her children, but was not allowed to enjoy their society long,



Clarissa Ross Young

as she was called away to that great beyond. She died in Salt Lake City, October 17, 1858, after bearing four children whose names were as follows: Mary Eliza, born June 8, 1847; Clarissa Maria, born December 10, 1849; Willard, born April 30, 1852; and Phoebe Louise, born August 1, 1854.

She was reared by Isaac Chase who had married her mother, Phoebe Ogden Ross. She was deeply mourned by both the Young and Chase families, as well as by a host of friends.

Emily Dow Partridge Young, daughter of Edward Partridge and Lydia Clisbee Partridge, was born in Painesville, Ohio, February 28, 1824.

Her parents joined the Church when she was about seven years old, and removed to Independence, Jackson County, Missouri. Emily was baptized when about eight years old and, with the Saints, passed through all the persecutions and mobbings in Jackson, Clay and Caldwell counties, Missouri. In 1839, she moved with the rest of her father's family to Illinois.

She lived in Quincy, Pittsfield, and other places; then removed to Commerce, Hancock County, there they found temporary shelter in a tent. They suffered much through sickness and privation, and the father died May 27, 1840. While in the depths of poverty the Prophet Joseph Smith and his wife, Emma, offered Emily and her sister Eliza a home with them, and treated them with great kindness.



Emily Dow Partridge Young

After having resided with them about a year, the principle of plural marriage was made known to them, and Emily and Eliza were married to Joseph Smith in the year 1843, Elder Heber C. Kimball officiating in performing the ceremony.

After the Prophet's death, Emily was married to Brigham Young, September 1844. In 1846, when she was 22 years old she, with the rest of the Saints, left Nauvoo. After crossing the Mississippi river she was again a wanderer without a home or shelter, and on one occasion she sat for several hours on a log with a young babe, three months old, exposed to the pitiless blast of a blinding snow storm, cold and hungry, but the Lord tempered the elements and preserved

her life and that of her little one. She lived one winter at Mt. Pisgah, Iowa and another at Winter Quarters, Nebraska, leaving for the Valley of the Great Salt Lake in the spring of 1848. She always bore a strong testimony to the truth of the Gospel. In later years Emily did a great deal of Temple work.

She was slim in person, but tall, and of a rather dark complexion. She was the mother of seven children who rank in age as follows: Edward P., born October 30, 1845; Emily Augusta, born March 1, 1849; Caroline, born February, 1851; Joseph Don Carlos, born May 6, 1855; Miriam, born October 13, 1857; Josephine, born February 21, 1860 and Lura, born April 2, 1862.

This wife of President Young died in December, 1899 and was buried in Salt Lake City, Utah. Her last home, given to her by President Young, was a two-story house on Third East Street.

Emmeline Free Young was the daughter of Absalom and Betsy Strait Free. She embraced the Gospel when quite young and came to

Nauvoo with her father's family prior to 1845, and suffered in common with many others the hardships and privations forced upon the Saints through the cruelties of a merciless mob.

Emmeline was married to Brigham Young April 30, 1845. She was above medium height, very fair and of fine appearance. She was the mother of ten children born in the following order: Ella Elizabeth, born August 31, 1847; Marinda Hyde, born July 30, 1849; Hyrum S., born January 2, 1851; Emmeline, February 11, 1853; Louisa, October 31, 1854; Lorenzo D., born September 22, 1856; Alonzo, born December 20, 1858; Ruth, born March 4, 1861; Daniel Wells, born February 9, 1863; Ardelle, born October 26, 1864.



Emmeline Free Young

Realizing that Emmeline with her large and growing family needed a home of her own, President Young purchased a spacious house on upper Main Street into which he moved Emmeline and her family. The house had been built by Jedediah M. Grant, his friend and counselor.

Emmeline died in Salt Lake City, July 17, 1875.

Margaret M. Alley Young, daughter of George and Mary Symonds Alley, was born December 19, 1825 at Lynn, Essex County, Massachusetts. She removed with her father's family to Nauvoo, Illinois in 1842, having embraced the Gospel in their native city. She was married to Brigham Young, October 14, 1846, to whom she bore one son, and one daughter, namely Mahonri M., born November 11, 1847 and Evelyn Lousia, born July 30, 1850.

Margaret died in Salt Lake City, November 5, 1852. She was a woman of small stature, medium complexion, intelligent, energetic and faithful to all her trusts—true to her religion, her husband and her friends. She was devoted to her children.

Susan Snively Young, daughter of Henry and Mary Havener Snively, was born at Woodstock, Shenandoah County, Virginia, October, 1815.

She received the Gospel in 1836-7, moved to Springfield, Illinois, lived there with her sister for five years, then moved to Nauvoo where she and her sister built a home, or had one built, which they paid for from their own earnings. She was married to Brigham Young, November 2, 1844, Parley P. Pratt officiating.

Susan was a little above medium height and of dark complexion. She was energetic and industrious, and ever ready to render aid in every way possible to the needy, or to those in distress. "Aunt" Susan, as she was fondly called, was faithful unto her death which occurred in Salt Lake City, November 20, 1892. She was a woman



Susan Snively Young

of strong will power, positive and determined in her general bearing, yet kind and accommodating. She left no issue.

President Young owned a large farm on the outskirts of Salt Lake City on which he erected a farmhouse. It was here that Susan Snively Young lived for many years, cooking for the men who worked on the farm, caring for the poultry and overseeing the making of the butter and cheese which supplied his large family with part of their living.

Margaret Pierce Young, daughter of Robert and Hannah Harvey Pierce, was born April 19, 1823 in Delaware County, Pennsylvania.

She accepted Mormonism and was baptized April 5, 1840. She emigrated with her parents and family to Nauvoo, Illinois in 1841 and married Morris Whitesides, July 23, 1844. His death occurred in Nauvoo a short time later.

Margaret was married to Brigham Young in 1845, Heber C. Kimball officiating. She was a little above medium height, fair complexioned, active and charming. In later years she helped her husband, cooking and caring for the millhands and other workers employed by him. She was also actively engaged for about two years in raising silk worms. She did much Temple work and was active in Relief Society.

To President Young she bore one son, namely, Brigham Morris, who was his fiftieth child, born January 18, 1854. In her autobiography written in her own handwriting she says: "Clothing was very scarce for several years after we arrived in the Valley. As soon as possible looms were made and we learned to weave our own cloth. I had two woven dresses which served me well. I still retain some of the material." (April 1897).

Margaret Pierce Young died January 16, 1907.

Ellen Rockwood Young, daughter of Albert P. and Nancy Haven Rockwood, was born at Holliston, Middlesex County, Massachusetts, in 1829. She embraced the Gospel when quite young, late in 1837, together with her father's family. She moved from Holliston, with her Uncle Jesse Haven and her Aunt Elizabeth, in 1838, and went to Far West, Missouri, with the Saints. She was married to Brigham Young in January 1846, and arrived in Salt Lake Valley with the family in September, 1848.

Ellen Young died in Salt Lake City January 6, 1866. She was tall and slim, of fair complexion, had a cheerful countenance, and was devoted to her religion, to her husband and to his family. She died in full faith of the Gospel, but childless.

Maria Lawrence Young, daughter of Edward and Margaret Lawrence, was a native of Canada, embraced the Gospel and emigrated to Illi-



Margaret Pierce Young

nois with her parents in 1838. She was married to Joseph Smith in 1843. After the death of the Prophet, she was married to Brigham Young in January, 1846.

Maria was prepossessing in her appearance, a little above medium height, rather dark complexioned, and was a woman of sterling integrity. She died in Nauvoo, about 1847 and left no issue of her marriage.

Martha Bowker Young, daughter of Samuel and Hannah Atkins Bowker, was born at Mount Holley, New Jersey, January 24, 1822. She embraced the principles of life and salvation as taught by Joseph Smith. She moved to Nauvoo prior to 1845 and was married to Brigham Young, January 21, 1846, Heber C. Kimball officiating.

Martha was a prudent woman, faithful to her husband and friends. She was an invalid for many years, but her faith never wavered. She always bore a faithful testimony to the work of God. Martha descended from the founders of Philadelphia, and was a Quakeress by birth. She was of medium height, and fair complexion. She came to the Salt Lake Valley in 1848 with members of her husband's family. Martha died in Salt Lake City, September 26, 1890. She had no children, but the Brigham Young family, including wives and children, loved her dearly.

As Zion grew and prospered under the capable leadership of her husband, Martha found joy and satisfaction in observing the building of such magnificent edifices as the Temple, the Tabernacle, the Social Hall, and the Salt Lake Theater, as well as the many homes that would soon make this city a fitting place of abode for the multitudes who had left their homelands and the once beautiful city of Nauvoo. As long as her health would permit she took her place as the wife of President Young in performing her everyday tasks with a cheerful spirit, thus contributing her part toward the well-being of her husband and the development of the community in which she lived.



Martha Bowker Young

Zina Diantha Huntington Young, daughter of William and Zina Baker Huntington, was born January 31, 1821, at Watertown, Jefferson County, New York. Her father was a direct descendant of Simon Huntington, the Puritan emigrant who sailed for America in 1633.



Zina Diantha Huntington Young

The Huntingtons embraced Mormonism at Watertown and Zina D. was only fifteen years old when she was baptized by Patriarch Hyrum Smith, August 1, 1835. Soon after that she went to Kirtland, Ohio, with her father's family. On one occasion in the Kirtland Temple "she heard an invisible choir singing, 'till the house seemed filled with numberless voices." She was a member of the Kirtland choir. She experienced the persecutions of Missouri and Illinois, during which time her mother died of fatigue and privation. Zina married Henry Jacobs in Nauvoo, and had two

sons, but, this not proving a happy union, she subsequently separated from her husband. Joseph Smith taught her the principle of plural marriage and she accepted it as a divine revelation and was sealed to the Prophet Joseph for time and eternity, October 27, 1841, her brother, Dimick Huntington, officiating.

Zina was a member of the first organization of the Relief Society at Nauvoo. After the martyrdom of Joseph Smith she was united in marriage to Brigham Young and with others of the Saints, left Nauvoo February 9, 1846, crossing the Mississippi on the ice. Arriving at Mt. Pisgah, her father was called to preside over the branch of the Church organized at that place, and Zina D. with her two little boys remained with him temporarily. Sickness visited the camp and deaths were so frequent that help could not be obtained to make coffins. Many were buried with logs at the bottom of the graves and brush at the sides. Her father was taken sick and eighteen days later he died. After these days of trial she went to Winter Quarters and was welcomed into the family of Brigham Young, whom she had married February 2, 1846. With them, she, in May, 1848, began the journey to the Salt Lake Valley, arriving there in the September following. On the journey she walked, drove teams, cooked beside campfires and lived in tents and wagons.

In 1879, she visited the Sandwich Islands, and in 1881, visited the State of New York and other parts of the Union doing missionary work. After the death of Eliza R. Snow she presided over all the Relief Societies of the Church. Augusta J. Crocheron in her book entitled "Representative Women of Utah," published in 1884, describes Zina Huntington Young as follows: "Pictures and words are alike powerless to convey the beauty of her face, her spirit and her life. Each succeeding year adds a tenderer line to her face, a sweeter, gentler intonation to her voice, a more perceptible power to her spirit from the celestial fountains of faith, widens the circle of her friends, strengthens and deepens their love for her, and brings a richer harvest of noble labors to her name."

She had one child by President Young, Zina, born April 3, 1850. Death came to her August 29, 1901.

Naamah Kendel Jenkins Carter Young, daughter of Billings and Betsy Law Carter, was born at Wilmington, Massachusetts, March 20, 1821. She removed with her parents to Sharon, New Hampshire, and from there to Peterborough, in the same State. She was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, April 3, 1842; went to Nauvoo in March, 1845, where she became acquainted with John Saunders Twiss, to whom she was married May 30, 1845, President Brigham Young officiating. Her husband died September 10, 1845 and Naamah married Brigham Young January 26, 1846. She moved with the others of President Young's family to the Salt Lake Valley in 1848.



Naamah Kendel Jenkins Carter Young

Naamah did a great deal of redemption work for the dead in all the temples in Utah. She was treasurer of the Relief Society of the Eighteenth Ward in which she resided. She was rather small, of fair complexion, kind and affectionate, genial in disposition and devoted to the principles of the Gospel. It has been said of her "she went around doing good." She died in Salt Lake City.

Mary Jane Bigelow Young was the daughter of Nahum and Mary Gibbs Bigelow, born October 15, 1827. Her parents joined the

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1838, and from that time on she cast her lot with other members of the Mormon faith. On March 20, 1847, she was married to Brigham Young and arrived in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake in 1848. She was the sister of Lucy Bigelow who was also President Young's wife.

It is said that shortly after her arrival in Zion, Mary Jane went to President Young and told him that she had decided it would be impossible for her to be happy as the plural wife of any man. She had great respect for him but asked that she be released from her marriage vows. Realizing that women should have the privilege of choosing what they deemed to be right, he gave his consent to a separation. She was the only wife to leave the home and protection of President Young except Ann Eliza Webb who divorced him. She died September 26, 1866 in Salt Lake City.

Lucy Bigelow Young, daughter of Nahum and Mary Gibbs Bigelow, was born October 3, 1830, near Charleston, Cook County, Illinois. Her



Lucy Bigelow Young

parents joined the Church in April, 1838, while she was but a child of 8 years. She was baptized and moved with her family to Hancock County, Illinois, where she passed through the mobbings, and hardships in common with the rest of the members of the Church. As a faithful member of the Church she attended the dedication of the Nauvoo Temple. The family left Nauvoo at the time of the general exodus of the people. When about seventeen years of age she was married to President Brigham Young in March, 1847, and arrived in the Valley with members of the family in September, 1848.

Lucy moved into the Lion House in 1855, before it was finished and remained there until

President Young moved her and her family to St. George in November, 1870, where she remained until 1892. She attended the dedication of the St. George Temple and worked faithfully and continuously during her residence there for the redemption of the living and the dead. Lucy also did considerable missionary work in the Sandwich Islands and other places.

She was of fair complexion with brown hair and blue eyes, a little above medium height and rather stout. She was of a lively disposition. She was the mother of three daughters named as follows: Dora M, born May 12, 1852; Susa, born March 18, 1856 and Rhoda Mabel, born February 22, 1863. Lucy Bigelow Young passed away February 3, 1905.

Eliza R. Snow Young was born in Becket, Berkshire County, Massachusetts, January 21, 1804, the daughter of Oliver and Rosella Lenore



Eliza R. Snow Young

Pettibone Snow. She accepted the Gospel of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and was baptized April 5, 1835. Later she removed to Kirtland, Ohio where she taught a select school for girls. She boarded with the family of the Prophet Joseph Smith and gave most of her means toward the building of the Kirtland Temple. When her parents accepted the Gospel and came to that city her joy was complete. In 1838 she left Kirtland with the persecuted Saints for Far West where she remained for sometime nursing her brother, Lorenzo Snow, through a severe illness. She then journeyed on to Quincy and thence to Nauvoo, Illinois where again she resided in the home of the Prophet whom she married June 29, 1842.

In the organization of the first Relief Society, March 17, 1842, which took place in Nauvoo under the personal direction of the Prophet, Eliza was made secretary and kept an accurate record of the organization which she brought to Zion. On June 12, 1847, she started with the second company and arrived at her journey's end in October of that year. Eliza lived in the Old Fort for twenty-two months. On June 29, 1849 she was married to President Brigham Young.

During her childhood Eliza began writing poetry and her great ability was soon recognized. Nine volumes of prose and poetry were published by this remarkable woman. At the time of her death it was said of her: "The inspiration which vitalized her pen and brought forth its words as imperishable as the language was not suppressed, even under the most trying and adverse circumstances, and at frequent intervals of her weary journey she produced poems of rare beauty."

She lived in the Lion House for many years and her sitting room was used for family councils as well as a place where prominent women met to discuss their various activities such as suffrage, women's cooperative stores, sericulture, etc.

Eliza was slightly above medium height, of slender build, her bearing graceful and refined. She had a noble countenance, the forehead unusually high and the features exquisitely cut. The most striking feature of all were her wonderful eyes, deep, penetrating, full of meaning and often illuminated with poetic fire. In speech and action she was thoughtful and deliberate. When she left this mortal sphere December 5, 1888 it was the universal expression of her people that the spirit of one of the noblest and purest of women that ever graced this earth had passed away to the paradise of God.

THE WIFE'S SALUTATION

Our life is a cup where the sweet with the bitter,
And bitter with sweet oft commingle again;
Where we're meeting and parting and parting and meeting,
Pain changes to pleasure and pleasure to pain.

When stern duty demands of my husband long absence,
In spite of my judgment my feelings will mourn;
But the time wears away, though it seems with slow motion,
And my heart beats with joy when I hail his return.

—*Eliza R. Snow*

Eliza Burgess Young, wife of Brigham Young, was a native of England and emigrated with her parents to Nauvoo, Illinois, before the Saints left that State. She came to the Valley in 1849, and was married to Brigham Young October 3, 1850. The only issue of that marriage was a son, Alfales, who was born in Salt Lake City, October 3, 1853.

For some years practically all of President Young's wives lived in the Bee Hive and Lion House, but as the children grew up he either erected or purchased separate homes for several of his wives. In 1869 President Young bought an old colonial home in Provo where he moved his wife Eliza and her son, Alfales. It was here he lived whenever he went to Provo, which was often, as he was deeply interested in the Brigham Young Academy, the Co-operative Woolen Manufacturing Company and other industries. In 1878 she returned to Salt Lake City to live and it was here Eliza Burgess Young passed away in August, 1915. She was the last surviving wife of Brigham Young. She was a beautiful woman, a courageous pioneer and added her strength and talents to the building of the western commonwealth.

Harriet Barney Young was a daughter of Royal and Sarah Eastabrook Barney. Harriet embraced the Gospel in connection with the rest

of her father's family in the early days of the Church, and accepted all the principles thereof. She was united in marriage when quite young with a man who proved unworthy, so after an unhappy marriage of several years she was separated from her husband.

Harriet was tall and stately in appearance, of fair complexion, and had finely formed features. After an acquaintance with Brigham Young, she recognized in him qualities of a good husband and was married to him March 14, 1856. She was the mother of five children, three sons and two daughters, four of her children by her first marriage. One died in infancy. She bore one son to President Young named Phineas Howe. The children were Royal B., born November 1, 1851; Joseph O., born December 15, 1853; Sarah E., born in 1855 and Phineas H. born February 15, 1863. She passed away February 14, 1911.



Harriet Barney Young

One of the most outstanding cases in the Brigham Young exhibit contains the belongings of Harriet Barney Young. She was an extremely artistic woman for among this display are many beautiful articles made by her such as a knitted cap, a lovely pieced quilt, baby clothing trimmed with fine embroidery work, embroidered green cape and many other beautiful items all testifying to her ability as a homemaker. Included in this exhibit is a needlecase made by her when she was very young. Such articles as hairpins, purse, leather powder case, two silk parasols and other items used for personal adornment show her love for beautiful things, and the care she took of them, for many are still in perfect condition. She was very happy in her marriage to President Young and took great pride in her conduct and personal appearance so that she would dignify the position she held as wife of this great man. In this case is a white net bedspread designed and embroidered by Emily Partridge Young. Another attractive piece is a woven cotton shawl made by Clara Decker Young. We also have a wreath presented to President Young by his daughters on his 75th birthday made in a floral design of their own hair.

Harriet Amelia Folsom Young, daughter of William H. and Zerviah Clark Folsom, was born August 23, 1838, in Buffalo, New York. Her father and family embraced the Gospel in 1841, and removed to Nauvoo, Illinois soon afterwards. In the year 1846, when the Saints were driven from that state, they moved to Keokuk, Iowa, and afterwards went to Council Bluffs. Early in 1860 they started across the plains for the Valley of the Great Salt Lake arriving in October of that year. Amelia was then twenty-two years of age, tall and queenly in appearance. She was of fair complexion. She became acquainted with President Brigham Young in 1860, but was not married to him until January 24, 1863.



Harriet Amelia Folsom Young

Shortly before President Young's death he decided to erect an official residence where he could entertain people who came to see him. The family understood that Amelia would live there and was happy that President Young had chosen her to assume the responsibilities of all social affairs. Before the residence was completed President Young passed away. It was finished by President John Taylor and named the Gardo House. Harriet Amelia Folsom Young passed away December 11, 1910.

In the Brigham Young room in the Pioneer Memorial Museum hangs a beautifully tinted likeness of Amelia Folsom Young. There is also a case in which are displayed some of her personal belongings. She was a woman of exquisite taste. Among these articles are five lovely shawls; a large black lace, a red silk embroidered and fringed; a white silk, also embroidered, and two small lace shawls. There are collars of intricate lace and bead work; elegant fans and other accessories. Several dresses which belonged to her are on display, notably a light blue taffeta trimmed with cream colored lace which was worn by her at the Inaugural Ball honoring President Ulysses S. Grant in 1869. The dress contains 16 yards of silk, bought in France, and 125 yards of lace at \$5.00 a yard. Cost of dress approximately \$700. Another lovely dress is a two-piece black silk brocade with pink silk lining, trimmed with black beads. The silk was manufactured in Utah.

Mary Van Cott Young, daughter of John and Lucy Sackett Van Cott, was born February 2, 1844, at Elmira, New York. Her father and family embraced the Gospel and emigrated to Nauvoo, Illinois. From there they came to Utah in 1847. The family home was built on the corner of First South and West Temple Streets.

Mary had been the wife of James Kirby. She divorced him before the birth of her daughter, Luella. Several years later she was married to Brigham Young January 8, 1865. She was a tall, fine looking woman of fair complexion, kind hearted and affectionate, a faithful member of the Church, and a loving wife and mother. She bore one child to President Young, a daughter named Fanny, who was born January 14, 1870. Her first home was located opposite



Mary Van Cott Young

the south gate of the Temple grounds where she died January 15, 1884.

When the Van Cottts left for the West to join the Saints in Utah, neighbors came to bid them good-bye. One man said, "John, you surely aren't going to take your mother out into that wilderness! She will never live to reach her destination." When John answered in the affirmative, the man made a wager with him, saying that he would give John \$30.00 for every year that his mother lived after reaching the valley. She did live to get there; and not only that, she lived thirty years after reaching Utah, passing away at the age of ninety. The neighbor had never failed to keep a promise, but he was rather skeptical about this one, so when a friend came through Salt Lake City en route to California, he asked him to call at the Van Cott home and see if John's mother was really alive. When he knocked at the door and the lady in question answered it, he was fully convinced that Mrs. Van Cott was very much alive and in remarkably good health. This information he promptly forwarded to his friend.

She was a pioneer.

A noble Daughter of a noble sire,

Not a weak clinging vine,

Self-reliant, strong, and fine.

—Elizabeth H. Welker

Ann Eliza Webb, the last wife of Brigham Young, was the daughter of Eliza Churchill and Chauncey W. Webb. She was born in Nauvoo, Illinois September 13, 1844. The family came to Utah in 1848 and settled in Cottonwood. She married James L. Dee April 10, 1863, by whom she had two sons, James E. and Lorenzo. She was divorced from Mr. Dee and later was sealed to Brigham Young, April 6, 1868.



Ann Eliza Webb Young

Becoming dissatisfied also with her second marriage, she entered suit against President Young in 1875. The case was finally settled and she was excommunicated from the Church. For many years she spent most of her time lecturing through the country against Mormonism. Years later Ann Eliza married Moses R. Deming but this marriage lasted only three years. The date and place of her death are unknown.

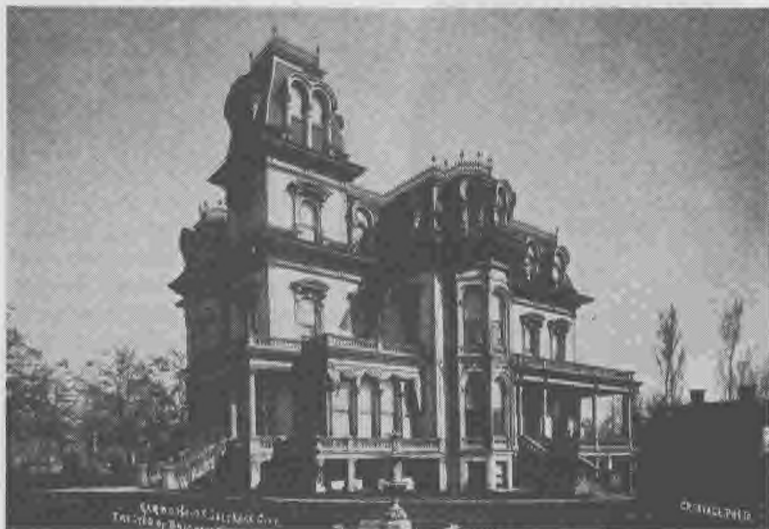
THE FATHER

One striking fact concerning this family is that out of the fifty-six children born to the wives of Brigham Young (ten died in infancy) "not one was halt, lame, blind or impaired in physical powers. They were a race of hardy and bright children full of life and animation." President Young was proud of his children and desired that all should have proper spiritual and intellectual development.

On November 28, 1869 he called a meeting of his family in the Lion House, and under his direction the Retrenchment Association was organized. It purposed that the younger members would assist the older members in propagating, teaching, and practicing the principles of the Church. "Retrench in your dress, your speech, light mindedness of thought, and everything that is bad and worthless and improve in everything that is good and beautiful." President Young firmly believed that his wives and children should set the example in both conduct and dress; that beauty must be sought in the expression of the countenance combined with neatness and cleanliness and graceful manners. He said, "Let the beauty of your adornment be the work of your hands. Let the mothers of Israel make their sons and daughters healthy and beautiful by cleanliness and proper diet. Whether you have much

or little clothing for your children it can be kept clean and be made to fit their persons neatly. Make your children lovely and fair that you may delight in them. Have your dresses neat and comely, and conduct yourselves in the strictest sense of the word, in chastity."

Men, women, and children met and knew President Young. They have left for us their testimonies of his greatness, a few of which we include in the following pages.



The Gardo House (Amelia Palace)

THE GUIDING HAND

Yes, his was the beating heart, the thinking brain, the guiding and directing hand in all the wondrous works of Utah's development, and the development to a great extent of all the surrounding states and territories. Without him or someone like him, and without a people such as he led, this region of orchards, farms and vineyards would now be a wilderness, a desolation; the wheels of progress would have stood still, comparatively speaking, and the westward march of an empire have been delayed indefinitely. Encouraging and fostering every enterprise that would benefit the people and build up the country, he was the first to utilize the telegraph upon its advent into Salt Lake Valley, flashing eastward the lightning message that Utah had not seceded but was firm for the constitution and the laws. He was among the first to welcome the transcontinental railroad, whose path over the plains and through the mountains he had marked out with his pioneer staff twenty-two years before and whose road-

bed across Utah he now helped to build. Nor must it be forgotten that he and his people constructed and owned telegraphs and railroads of their own, and established and promoted numberless other worthy and successful enterprises.

Colonizer, statesman, capitalist and financier; mercantile magnate and organizer of industry; friend of education and founder of colleges and academies that bear his name; builder and patron of theaters and other places of wholesome amusement and recreation, whose moral atmosphere he kept phenomenally pure; governor and legislator of the Territory, whose wisest law he originated, and whose constitutional rights he maintained at every hazard; the leading citizen and master spirit of the community, which leaned upon him as a pillar of wisdom and power; apostle and president of the Church, whose perfect organization he thoroughly understood, whose sublime doctrines he expounded with plainness and profundity, and whose powers he wielded for the common good; a genius himself, recognizing genius in others, and wisely utilizing it for the furtherance of his Master's cause; intuitive, sagacious, a reader of men's hearts, an adept in the knowledge of human nature; a man for emergencies, brave, strong, tried and true; a man of mighty faith, made manifest in mighty works; a benefactor of his kind and a worshiper of the true and living God—who shall say that he was not, what many the world over now concede him to be, one of the greatest characters of the world's greatest age.—*Orson F. Whitney*

TULLIDGE, THE HISTORIAN, SPEAKS

In his character and life-work, this man, Brigham Young, was a supreme enigma. The world has had nothing like him for several centuries; nor may we have his parallel type again for centuries more . . . He was worshipped as few men have been in any age; he has been cursed and hated equally. He may in some sense have been deserving of both for that which has been true in the facts of any great or remarkable man's life must have some equivalent causes. . . . To the popular mind, the whole epic of Mormonism is embodied in the lives of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young; but quorums of great men, in the Mormon sense, have helped to bear the "kingdom"—this ark of the "new and everlasting covenant"—upon their shoulders. And, apostolically viewed, they have been men of great character, great force, and surpassing faith, which constitutes the soul of all new religions that bear the stamp of destiny. . . .

Brigham Young led his people for thirty-four years. Seldom does it fall to the lot of a ruler to sway the sceptre that long; still less seldom to keep up in their lives such an unwearied sensation. His name has now provoked and now charmed all the world. Marvelous psychology has been in the name, to thus prevail. He lived to his seventy-sixth year. His will was matchless; his mind sound. View

the man as we may, Brigham Young is an enduring name. The friction of the centuries will not erase it.

MEETING THE GREAT MAN

It was on a late afternoon in autumn; the rehearsal for that night's play was over, the scene painter's brush was moving rapidly upon the broad spread of canvas before him, and he thought himself alone. Anon was heard the sound of firm, yet almost inaudible footsteps upon the stairs, then the maker appeared and *it was the great man*. Unheralded, the "Mormon" leader had come to the Playhouse upon a tour of inspection. Brigham Young was famed for completeness; he possessed a genius for details. Carefully the President examined each water tank, each barrel of salt. He appeared to think that day of the Playhouse's danger from fire. He broke, with the end of his goldheaded cane, the thick crusts which had formed over the tops of the barrels. I watched him shake his head and compress his lips; there came a frown upon his face. His orders for safety, one could see, had been neglected; he did a labor which should have been performed by others. No doubt, someone would be reprimanded. It is my belief that during the hand shake, which came a few minutes later, between the writer and the "Moses of the West," and in which the writer felt the power of that personal magnetism, I might say a little tingling of emotion from head to toe, that the great man "sized me up," as Americans are wont to say, spiritually, mentally and physically with those steady, keen, and searching eyes.

This was the great man who had caused the Playhouse to be. He caused the theater to be built, and with it and with the dance, he counter-balanced the effect of isolation, of the stern nature around them, upon the "Peculiar People" of whom he was the leader. . . . Meeting the great man—and wherever one met that man he was impressed with his power. It was the same whether it was upon the Temple Square, upon the street, in the wilds of nature or within the Playhouse walls.

—Alfred Lambourne.

THE ACTRESS

Julia Dean, one of the greatest of the early day actresses who graced the Old Salt Lake Theater, made this comment at the close of her farewell performance:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: It is but seldom I lose the artist in the woman, or permit a personal feeling to mingle with my public duties; yet, perhaps, in now taking leave I may be pardoned if I essay to speak of obligations which are lasting. . . . To President Young, for very many courtesies to a stranger, lone and unprotected, I return those thanks which are hallowed by their earnestness; and I trust he will permit me in the name of my art, to speak my high appreciation of the order and beauty that reigns throughout his house.

"I would the same purity prevailed in every temple for the drama's teachings. Then, indeed, the grand object would be achieved, and it would become a school

'To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
'To raise the genius and to mend the heart.' "

FROM RICHARD BURTON, FAMOUS EXPLORER

Shortly after arriving, I had mentioned to Governor Alfred Cumming my desire to call on Mr., or rather, as his official title is, President Brigham Young. About noon I met Governor Cumming on Main Street, and we proceeded to our visit. After a few words of introduction Mr. Brigham Young advanced, shook hands with complete simplicity of manner, asked me to be seated on a sofa at one side of the room, and presented me to those present.

Under ordinary circumstances it would be unfair in a visitor to draw the portrait of one visited. But this is no common case. I have violated no rites of hospitality. Mr. Brigham Young is "a seer, revelator and prophet," having all the gifts of God which he bestows upon the head of the Church; his memoirs, lithographs, photographs and portraits have been published again and again; I add but one more likeness; and, finally, I have nothing to say except in his favor.

The first impression left upon my mind by this short seance, and it was subsequently confirmed, was, that the Prophet is no common man, and that he has none of the weakness and vanity which characterize the common, uncommon man. A desultory conversation cannot be expected to draw out a master of spirit, but a truly distinguished character exercises most often an instinctive—some would call it mesmeric—effect, upon those who come in contact with it; and as we hate or despise at first sight, and love or like at first sight, so nature teaches us at first sight what to respect. Finally, there is a total absence of pretension in his manner, and he has been so long used to power that he cares nothing for its display. The arts by which he rules the heterogeneous mass of conflicting elements are indomitable will, profound secrecy, and uncommon astuteness.

The Prophet received us in his private office, where he transacts a greater part of his business, corrects his sermons, and conducts his correspondence. It is a plain, neat room, with the usual conveniences, a large writing desk and money safe, table, sofa, and chairs, all made by the able mechanics of the settlement. There was a look of order, which suited the character of the man; it is said that a door badly hinged, or a curtain hung awry, 'puts his eye out.' His style of doing business at the desk or in the field, for the Prophet does not disdain handiwork, is to issue distinct, copious, and intelligible directions to his employees, after which he dislikes referring to the subject. It is typical of his mode of acting slow, deliberate, and conclusive.

STAY IN THE VALLEYS OF THE MOUNTAINS

I stood on the Sixth Ward Square, Salt Lake City, in the year 1849 and heard President Brigham Young say to the people assembled there, many of whom wished to go to the gold fields in California: "Some have asked me. I have told them that God had appointed this place for the gathering of His Saints, and you will do better right here than you will by going to the gold mines. Some have thought they would go there and get fitted out and come back, but I told them to stop here and get fitted out. Those who stop here and are faithful to God and His people will make more money and get richer than you who run after the god of this world; and I promise you in the name of the Lord that many of you who go, thinking you will get rich and come back, will wish you had never gone away from here, and will long to come back but will not be able to do so. Some of you will come back, but your friends who remain here will have to help you; and the rest of you who are spared to return will not make as much money as your brethren do who stay here and help build up the Church and kingdom of God; they will prosper and be able to buy you twice over. Here is the place God has appointed for his people. We have been kicked out of the frying-pan into the fire, out of the fire into the middle of the floor, and here we are and here we will stay. God has shown me that this is the spot to locate His people, and here is where they will prosper; He will temper the elements for the good of His Saints; He will rebuke the frost and the sterility of the soil, and the land shall become fruitful. Brethren, go now, and plant your fruit seeds."

Stretching his arms to the east and to the west, with his hands spread out, he continued: "For in these elements are not only all cereals common to the latitude, but the apple, peach and plum, yea, and the more delicate fruits, the strawberry and raspberry; and we will raise grapes here and manufacture wine; and as the Saints gather here and get strong enough to possess the land, God will temper the climate, and we shall build a city and a temple to the Most High God in this place. We will extend our settlements to the east and west, to the north and to the south, and we will build towns and cities by the hundred, and thousands of the Saints will gather in from the nations of the earth. This will become the great highway of the nations. Kings and emperors and the noble and wise of the earth will visit us here, while the wicked and ungodly will envy us our comfortable homes and possessions. Take courage, brethren. I can stand in my door and can see where there is untold millions of the rich treasures of the earth—gold and silver. But the time has not come for the Saints to dig gold. It is our duty first to develop the agricultural resources of this country, for there is no country on the earth that is more productive than this. We have the finest climate, the best water, and the purest air that can be found on the earth; there is no healthier climate anywhere. As for gold and silver, and the rich minerals of

the earth, there is no other country that equals this; but let them alone; let others seek them, and we will cultivate the soil; for if the mines are opened first, we are thousands of miles from any base of supplies, and the people would rush in here in such great numbers that they would breed a famine; and gold would not do us or them any good if there were no provisions in the land. People would starve to death with barrels of gold; they would be willing to give a barrel of gold for a barrel of flour rather than starve to death. Then, brethren, plow your land and sow wheat, plant your potatoes; let the mines alone until the time comes for you to hunt gold, though I do not think this people ever will become a mining people. It is our duty to preach the Gospel, gather Israel, pay our tithing and build temples. The worst fear that I have about this people is that they will get rich in this country, forget God and His people, wax fat, and kick themselves out of the Church and go to h——. This people will stand mobbing, ribbing, poverty, and all manner of persecutions, and be true. But my greater fear for them is that they cannot stand wealth; and yet they have to be tried with riches, for they will become the richest people on this earth." Was there a divine inspiration in this matter or not.—*Captain James Brown, Company C, Mormon Battalion*

LOVE FOR HIS PEOPLE

At one time in the '60's, President Young and party came to Brigham City and very elaborate preparations were made for their entertainment. The dinner was simply grand. The beautiful daughters of Zion had vied with each other as to which should look the prettiest, and the sons, as aids, were ever ready to do their part. Brother Brigham looked at the tables and I thought he was displeased; but after a moment, while his features passed from a sort of half-frown to a heavenly smile, he said in very distinct tones:

"Is Sister Mary Reese here?" That noble Welsh sister answered, "Yes." Then President Young said: "Sister Reese, will you please go home and make a kettle of cornmeal mush and add some milk for my dinner?" Something like ten or perhaps more of his party asked for the same treatment.

Then Brother Brigham said to President Snow, "You send the teachers and brethren out and bring in the aged, the lame, the blind, and all your poor and let them have a good dinner and then give them a free ticket to the theater that comes on tonight. Do this once every year in your city and our Heavenly Father will smile upon you and your city and bless you forever."

It was done. His instructions were faithfully kept in Brigham City and now throughout Zion. While it might not have been this incident which led to the established Old Folks party, I have always thought it was this event that inspired that beautiful practice.

—*Samuel B. Warner*

MEETING YOUTH

At the age of fifteen I was working for Bishop Hunter's sons, Rudolph, William and Oscar, in American Fork, Utah. It was in the year 1871; the boys sent me over to Milo Andrus' place near Sandy with a yoke of cattle and I was riding a small mule. When I got around the point of the mountain, between the point and the Dunyon's place, I met President Young driving in his carriage with a fine pair of mules and a large train of carriages following him. I did not know any of them—not even President Young at the time. I turned my cattle off the road, but when I got even with the President, he stopped and told me to come over to him. Then he asked me concerning my name, my country, where I came from, whom I worked for, my destination and ever so many questions that I don't remember and I answered them all to the best of my ability.

Then he told me who he was and gave me his hand and asked God to bless me. A feeling thrilled my soul that has always stayed with me. To think that the President of the Church would stop a boy and talk with him, filled me with such love for him that it has remained since then as a sweet memory. I saw him many times during the winter of 1874 and 1875, while I was working on the St. George Temple, and heard many good counsels given by him while there.

I was at his funeral in Salt Lake City when he was laid to rest. I have seen him in my dreams at times and it seems that he has been my guiding star through life.—*John A. Poulson*

The following story was told by Heber J. Grant, son of Jedediah Grant, who was the loved counselor and trusted friend of Brigham Young, and is indicative of Pres. Young's great love for children.

When I was about six years of age I jumped on the back of his sleigh with the intention of dropping off after riding a short distance and walking home. His team went so fast that I dared not do so, fearing I would be seriously hurt. We came to a stream a mile or two south from my home. As the driver was about to cross the stream President Young saw me for the first time and he called out: "Brother Isaac" (his negro coachman), "Brother Isaac, stop! Pick up that child. He is almost frozen." I was tucked under a warm lap-robe and when we had gone a little distance he asked, "Are you warm, my boy?" I answered, "yes". He said, "Be happy then for we are going to take you for a nice long ride and when we come back we will land you at your home." He asked my name, and when I answered, he told me how he loved my father and what a good man he was, and he also told me to ask my mother to send me up to his office in a few months that I might visit with him. When I went to his office he remembered me and chatted with me pleasantly. From that day to the day of his death he treated me with the utmost courtesy and took a personal interest in my welfare, and this naturally inspired me with a great love for him.

In Kanosh: My grandfather, Culbert King, was the bishop in Kanosh, Millard County, Utah. Brigham Young was his very dear friend and it was his custom while en route to his winter home in St. George to stop over for a visit with the King family. My mother, Esther Clarinda, told me many times how happy the family was when they heard he was coming. When the time finally arrived the children, dressed in their best attire, went out to meet the caravan with songs of gladness. President Young never failed to pat the head of each child and greet him or her individually. Sometimes he would take them on his knee and talk to them, encouraging them to live right and to strive for high ideals.

His favorite supper was a large bowl of bread and rich milk, and he loved the cream best of all. To my mother and sisters this was rather odd, as grandmother had spent hours cooking chickens, pies and other special foods which the other members of the party thoroughly enjoyed. Sometimes he would take his shoes off and warm his feet by the fire while he told many delightful stories.—*Esther B. Mathews*

Charlotte Evans Adams, born in 1853, often related her precious memories of the occasions when President Young would visit the little town of Nephi, Juab County. She, with other children, dressed in their very best clothes, carrying bouquets of flowers, flags or banners would greet the President with songs and cheers. Mrs. Adams remembered that at one of the parties held in honor of their great leader, she was thrilled when he asked her to dance with him for he was such a graceful dancer, executing the intricate figures of the Lancers, quadrille, and Schottische so beautifully.—*Jesse Archibald Atkinson*

FROM THE RECORDS OF STEPHEN BLISS MOORE

In 1860, Samuel Moore and his family, pioneers of 1847, were called to move to Provo, Utah to help build up the settlement. They originally had made their home in Salt Lake City and at one time owned property, now known as the Walker building on Main Street. His son, Stephen, moved near the Indian farm established in 1854 in the vicinity of Spanish Fork. When a treaty was made between the government and the Indians of that locality whereby they were to remove to the Uintah Reservation located in Strawberry Valley, President Young and other prominent Churchmen aided in the forming of the treaty at which time they and fifteen Indian chiefs met at the Spanish Fork Indian reservation farm.

In 1864, Stephen B. Moore, who was now living at Provo, asked the approval of the Church authorities to locate in Strawberry Valley. The following letter in the possession of Elsie Moore Lott, not only gives consent but shows the anxiety of President Young for the protection of the women and children in each of the new settlements.

G.S.L. City, March 2, 1864

Elder Stephen B. Moore
Provo City, Utah County, U. T.
Dear Brother:

I approve of your wish to settle in Strawberry Valley, as expressed in yours of Feb. 26th and advise that enough go, of those who may prefer going there, to at once locate all the most eligible spots in the valley, both for farming and herding. I also repeat to you my invariable counsel to all who make new settlements, and that is to so conduct your operations in making the settlement that women and children shall at no time be left unprotected against the assaults and violence of wicked men, whether they be red or white.

Your Brethren in the Gospel,
(Signed) Brigham Young

"TRULY A PROPHET OF GOD"

Richard Pickering and his daughter, Emily, accepted the principles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in London, England and came to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake August 25, 1867. Richard and his wife had separated because of a difference of opinion regarding religion. They were taken to the home of Mary Ann Angell Young and here an enduring friendship developed between the Pickerings and members of the Young family.

Emily often recalled one of the regular prayer meetings held in the home when President Young gave his usual counsel and advice to his family. "One evening he appeared in a long-tailed coat with many buttons sewed down the back. He turned his back to us and told us to look at the buttons. 'They are of no use to the coat,' he said, 'they are just there for show. The time will come when there will be many things just for show, so let us all be careful and be aware of the dangers of false pride and vanity.'"

Later Mr. Pickering was made superintendent over the farm and mill in Liberty Park. After the death of Richard in 1870, Christian Anderson, who was working on the farm and had married Emily Pickering, took over President Young's farm on shares. When Christian and Emily decided to make their home in Sanpete County, President Young and his wife, Emily Dow Partridge, gave them two bound volumes of the *Deseret News* for a present. President Young, often made trips to Sanpete County, and he always called on the Andersons. They were only two of the hundreds that were lovingly cared for by him and Emily often said "he was truly a Prophet of God."—*Elva A. Christensen*

PRAYER OF A MISSIONARY

Edward Stevenson, one of the early pioneers of Utah, often wrote in his autobiography and journal of the respect and love of the people

for their great leader, Brigham Young. He was called by President Young to go on a mission to Gibraltar, colony of Great Britain. Concerning this mission Elder Stevenson recorded in his diary the following:

Feb. 16, 1853—This day I shall start, I expect about twelve. This forenoon I did some business and bid many friends farewell. I met President Young about 12 as I was just going home to get my horse to start, when he invited me to get up and he would give me a ride home. I surely esteemed this a great privilege to ride with the Prophet of the Lord just before going. I felt thankful for his kindness and company and took my last farewell for the present and pray my Father in Heaven preserve him and bless him and family until my safe return to behold his society and family and my family and friends and Zion in peace.—*Inf. Emily M. Carlisle*

THE ROBINSONS

Brigham Young was in the home of my great-grandfather, Edward Robinson, many times; not only in Manchester, England, but in Nauvoo, Illinois, and American Fork, Utah. I was born in Edward Robinson's last earthly home, built on what is now the Robinson Park in American Fork. Next to this old home was Edward's son's home, William Smith Robinson, my grandfather, who through the years told me many things concerning Brigham Young. He said:

"Yes, Brigham was a great man. My Pappy (Edward) told me that Elder Young blessed me when a baby and often took me on his lap. That was in the year 1840 when Brigham came to Manchester preaching the restored gospel of Jesus Christ. As soon as my Mammy heard Brigham speak she said, 'That man tells the truth,' and soon after she was baptized and made a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

"The Mormon Elders had food and lodging in our home at any time needed. At one time all of the seven children were sick and Elder Young administered to us. I was the baby and the sickest, but he promised my parents that I would be made well and grow up, live to a ripe old age. I am now 96 years old so I guess that's pretty ripe. Sabbie? ('Sabbie' was an Indian word which Grandfather said meant, 'Do you think so?') If Brother Brigham hadn't been a prophet, he wouldn't have thought of making such a promise. I've been sick enough to die more than once, but always pulled through, without a doctor. You see I've had to live to fulfill that promise, or I'd be a dead man by now. I did have a doctor once, when I had a stroke about 40 years ago, and he told me my heart was bad and that I had to do something about a large rupture but I've just tried to forget about it and I'm still living to take care of my garden. But, let me see, we were talking about Manchester.

"My Pappy told me also that whenever Brigham Young or any of the Mormon missionaries came to ride on the train to Manchester or Liverpool he would let them ride free. He would say to them, 'take your seat quickly and say nothing.' You see he was the first railroad conductor in the world and that is written on his monument in the American Fork cemetery.

"Stevenson's steam engine, the Rocket, went on the rails in 1830, the same year as the Mormon church was organized. That was the beginning of great things. But for Brigham Young, we might have still been living in old England and seen all the bombings and war. It was Brigham Young that talked my folks into coming to Zion, then Nauvoo, and when Pappy quit his fine job as conductor, the company gave him a nice silver watch, which had on it, engraved, 'To Edward Robinson, from the Manchester Liverpool Railroad, 1842.' Pappy said, 'It sure felt good to set your foot on the soil at New Orleans, after being in an old wind-sailing vessel for three months.' Then they came and built a home in Nauvoo, and stayed until the Prophet and Hyrum were martyred. My Mammy went to sleep three months later, when the ninth child was born, and we laid her to rest in Nauvoo. T'was Brigham Young who told Pappy to get ready to leave his home and go west, so he traded our nice red brick home for a team of horses and moved into Burlington, Iowa. Here my step-mammy, Ann Wootten, made bread every day and dried it to take across the plains. Brigham told us to do this and to buy the 'ruffins' from the big Burlington flour mills there. He said this part of the wheat was best. This lasted us most of the way over the plains to Utah; we soaked it up in milk for most of our meals. We all stayed on the John Taylor farm the winter of '49. He had been our neighbor in Nauvoo. We lived in our two wagons.

"I was ten years old when Brigham sent us next spring to help settle American Fork and Pappy bought the land, which is now the park, from Sol Thomas for \$25.00, with a log room thrown in. Sol joined the Gold Rushers. Whenever Pres. Young passed through town north or southbound he stopped first at Bishop Harrington's across the road, then he would come to visit with us. My Pappy had a beautiful rose garden, which Brigham liked to walk through and call the roses by their English names. One was Prince Henry, a deep reddish purple, and one Pappy called Brigham's rose, a double white with a pink center and always when Brigham came to visit in the summer, Pappy pinned one of these on the lapel of this great man's tan duster. Pappy said once to him, when he was working in the garden, 'My old heavy clod-crunchers,' meaning his shoes, 'don't look much like the highly polished boots I wore in the gentry back in England but such is the price of pioneer life, the best of all lives.'"

—Myrtle Robinson Seastrand

BE FAITHFUL AND YOU SHALL RETURN IN SAFETY

In the early days of Utah many people looked to President Young for counsel and guidance when they were confronted with knotty problems and difficult situations. In 1867, my grandfather, Henry Chariton Jacobs, who was 21 years of age, and his brother, Zebulon, 25, were called to fill an L. D. S. mission to Great Britain. This was a major undertaking as it necessitated their traveling by wagon train to Omaha, which was 700 miles away and the terminus of the railroad. Chariton and Zebulon lived in the Lion House with their sister, Zina, and their mother, Zina D. H. Young, who was one of the wives of Brigham Young. According to my Grandfather's account in his journal, he and Zeb had made preparations to start for New York, port of embarkation, on May 10, 1857.

Friday, May 10th—Zebulon Jacobs, John Hardy, Heber Young (Brigham's son), and myself took our bedclothes, clothing, provisions and all other articles to make us comfortable on our journey across the plains, up to Bishop John Sharp's in the Twentieth Ward, as the train was to start in the morning at 11 o'clock. We were going to wait until they reached William Kimball's ranch, twenty-two miles east of the city. We went around all day visiting our friends and feeling well, but in the afternoon we heard a report that our stores had gone down stream. In the evening we went up to James Sharp's, when to our astonishment, what we had heard was confirmed. We felt to acknowledge the hand of the Lord in all things, but could not see His wisdom in that one thing, but time will tell further on—nearly everything we had was gone, but it is all right.

Saturday, 11th — This morning Heber and I hitched his father's team up with the determination of knowing the facts as they really existed. On going up the canyon some 7 or 8 miles from the city, we found the camp as reported—all wet. There were some few articles of bedding, a gun, nothing else of any importance. We made some inquiries of how it happened. The reply was that the cattle were wild and one wagon was hitched behind the other, consequently when they were both on the bank, one pulled the other in. Heber telegraphed to his father, President Young, who was on his way back from St. George, to know what to do. His father replied, "Stick to the ship you started with. Be thou blessed and wait until I return home."

Wednesday, 15th — Commenced to collect things for another start across the plains, and had it not been for my friends would have run short of a great deal. At 2 p.m. a company of cavalry started to meet President Young and company returning home from the south. Went to Cottonwood, six miles south of the City. There were two bands of music. All the schools in the several wards were on either side of the street for almost four blocks, a most magnificent sight. It took the escort about half an hour to pass the President's office. They were saluted by cannon, and carried banners bearing very appropriate mot-

toes. I assisted in unloading the carriage. Was anxious to get to listen to the music. President Young said "pack up and go with the mule team down to the terminus of the railroad, 700 miles." We commenced to do so.

Thursday, 16th — Went down town. Met brother George Q. Cannon who was kind enough to give us \$10.00 to help us off. Joseph Kingsbury handed us \$7.50. Worked all day getting ready. Went to the theater where I met T. B. A. Stenhouse and had ice cream with him. He asked me to accept \$25.00 "as a present from my sister." I shall ever thank him for his kindness and all other men and women who assisted me. He took Zina and mother and me to have some more ice cream after the theater was out.

Friday, 17th — The first thing went down to Clayton's after my picture that she had promised me, then back to Carrington's. Bade them good bye, then breakfasted at 10, after which I went over and finished packing my duds. Took them up to Heber Kimball's, as we were going with his teams. Traded watches with William Hyde, "the Policeman". Came back and G. M. Ottinger presented me with nineteen photographs of the principal men and views of the city, and also some of a few females of my acquaintance. Clara D. Young put \$5.00 in my hand but could not utter the heart-rending word "Farewell." Came back home, went in and kissed all the family. When I last saw my mother and sister they were full of grief, yet felt joy that I had been called to go. I went into the Beehive House and saw the President, who was not well. He took my hand and said "God bless you. Be faithful and you will return in safety." The most of the family were out by the Lion House, and I had to kiss them all over again. The boys were waiting for me, so I tore myself from them, and we, that is, Heber and Ernest Young, Henry Snell, John and I got into the blue carriage and started. Saw Vilate and Chloe at the door. We waved our hands and said farewell. The wind was blowing, dust flying, very disagreeable. Went across the bench and into the canyon and in a few minutes were at the spot where our things had gone down stream seven days before. Went one mile further where we encamped and had lunch. Went to bed but could not sleep.

Thus they began a most difficult and trying journey through bad roads and trails, inclement weather, etc., until they reached Omaha on June 29th. They sailed from New York on July 6th, filled a successful mission, and returned safely home in June, 1870.

—Dorothy Jacobs Buchanan

DEATH OF BRIGHAM YOUNG

The winter of 1876-77 President Young spent at his home in St. George preparatory to the dedication of the St. George temple, which took place April 4, 1877. During the winter he was oftentimes in attendance at the temple doing ordinance work for his kindred dead.



Burial Place of Brigham Young

He returned to Salt Lake City in time to celebrate his 77th birthday June 1, 1877 where a quiet family celebration was held in the Lion House. On August 19th he attended the Boxelder Stake conference, returning to Salt Lake August 23rd. He complained of not feeling well but in the evening attended a large conference of the Aaronic Priesthood where he gave instructions. That evening he sat in council with Eliza R. Snow, one of his wives. This took place in the prayer room and the discussion was concerning the advisability of sending a group of women to give lectures on Mormonism taken from Edward Tullidge's book, "Women of Mormondom." "It is an experiment but one that I should like to see tried," he told Eliza at the close of their talk.

At 11 o'clock that night he became very ill and after a few days it became evident that death was approaching. On August 29, 1877 he passed away in the Lion House. The funeral was held in the Tabernacle where thousands came to mourn the loss of their leader. He was buried in the Brigham Young cemetery located on the brow of the hill at 142 First Avenue, which was part of his private estate.

TRIBUTES TO BRIGHAM YOUNG

On June 1, 1950, a statue of Brigham Young, the great Mormon leader, was unveiled in the rotunda of the National Capitol in Washington, D.C. The following tributes were paid to him in the printed program on that memorable day:

We, in Arizona feel that we owe to Brigham Young and his Mormon pioneers a debt of gratitude for the settlement and the development of our great State The wisdom and foresight



Statue of Brigham Young in National Capitol, Washington, D.C.

of the great Utah pioneer leader in the settlement of the West has been proven by the high state of development that has followed his footsteps.

—Governor Dan E. Garvey, of Arizona

Best known as a religious leader, Brigham Young likewise ranks high among the pioneer figures of the West. . . . History credits him with the development of many of the trade routes, pioneer settlements and industries which have contributed greatly to the growth of the western states.

—Governor Earl Warren of California

The history of Utah is a story of the courage, vision, and achievements of Brigham Young and his followers.

—Governor Walter W. Johnson, of Colorado

One of the finest communities in the whole United States sprang from Brigham Young's founding.

—Herbert Hoover

At the suggestion of Brigham Young, members of the Utah settlements moved into what is now Idaho, and . . . several "firsts" are attributable to them: the first school, the first irrigation works, and the first railroad.

—Governor C. A. Robins, of Idaho

A thousand thriving communities in Western America give proof of President Brigham Young's superiority as a colonizer. A consciousness of the value of human dignity maintained through self-effort; power to inspire mutual helpfulness; a genius for preparedness; love of liberty; and reverence for God contributed to his greatness as a leader of men.

—President David O. McKay of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Throughout Nevada, descendants of the followers of Brigham Young have consistently played a vital role in the building of this State.

—Governor Vail Pittman, of Nevada

Brigham Young's personal integrity and his fine example of honest and sincere treatment of all those who had business or other dealings with him, was a splendid example of the best in human conduct.

—Governor Thomas J. Mabry, of New Mexico

I have the feeling that Brigham Young's most enduring contribution to our civilization was to create a society in the pattern of community. He sensed . . . that men are at their best when they live together not as competing strangers but as mutually supporting friends and neighbors.

—Harry A. Overstreet

Brigham Young was more than the leader of his people. He was a great and prophetic figure in the opening of the West.

—Daniel A. Poling



Brigham Young Exhibit in Pioneer Memorial Museum

Brigham Young lived to become immortal in history as an American Moses by leading his people through the wilderness into an unpromised land.

—George Bernard Shaw

The story of Brigham Young leading his homeless followers across prairies, deserts, and mountains to the Great Salt Lake Valley constitutes a saga of faith, courage, and devotion to an idea, unexcelled in history.

—Governor A. C. Crane, of Wyoming

Brigham Young directed his people to build schools, colleges, and a theater in the wilderness, because he glorified the power of intelligence.

—Levi Edgar Young, Utah State Historical Society



Women and Children of the Mormon Battalion

*Blessed are the poor in spirit: for
theirs is the kingdom of heaven.*

Matthew 5:3



YEAR AFTER YEAR persecutions were heaped upon those people who had joined the newly revealed Latter-day Saint Church organized in 1830. They were driven from place to place, and at last turned their faces to the west, seeking a home where they could worship according to the teachings they had accepted. They were camped on the banks of the Missouri River when, in 1846, a call came from the government for 500 men to go as soldiers of the United States on an expedition to California. It was a time of decision but an affirmative answer was given for they felt the call was an act of providence to help them on their way. Twenty of the wives were on the army payroll as laundresses, and several of the men took their families; therefore, nearly eighty women and children accompanied the Battalion. Four of these women made the entire journey to California.

Before the departure of the Battalion a farewell party was given in which all participated, not knowing when or where they would meet again. At the conclusion of the program a woman sang "By the Rivers of Babylon We Sat Down and Wept", after which an Elder asked the blessings of heaven on those who had gone and on those who were left to face the lonely months ahead.

The great majority of the families of the Battalion were left in temporary camps at Winter Quarters where they were located in cabins

and tents, sometimes only a wagon box constituted their abode. Food was scarce and there was considerable sickness among the Saints. The following letter written many years later is a poignant reminder of the suffering of the women who were left to carry on the responsibilities of caring for their families:

Fillmore City, April 30, 1878

Brother Tyler:

Dear Sir: In complying with your request to give a sketch of the circumstances attending the enlistment of my former husband, Alva Phelps, in the Mormon Battalion, I find, on referring to my memory, that my sketch must necessarily be brief, as at that time I was suffering from a severe illness, leaving events only of the most sorrowful nature to be impressed with any degree of vividness upon my recollection.

We were traveling when the call came for him to leave us. It was midnight when we were awakened from our slumbers with the painful news that we were to be left homeless, without a protector. I was very ill at the time, my children all small, my babe also extremely sick; but the call was pressing; there was not time for any provisions to be made for wife or children; no time for tears; regret was unavailing. He started in the morning. I watched him from my wagon-bed till his loved form was lost in the distance; it was my last sight of him.

Two months from the day of his enlistment, the sad news of my bereavement arrived. This blow entirely prostrated me; but I had just embarked upon the sea of my troubles; winter found me bedridden, destitute, in a wretched hovel which was built upon a hillside; the season was one of constant rain; the situation of the hovel and its openness gave free access to the piercing winds and water flowed over the dirt floor, converting it into mud two or three inches deep; no wood but what my little ones picked up around the fences, so green it filled the room with smoke; the rain dropping and wetting the bed which I was powerless to leave; no relative to cheer or comfort me, a stranger away from all who ever loved me; my neighbors could do but little; their own troubles and destitution engrossing their time; my little daughter of seven my only help; no eye to witness my suffering but the pitying one of God—He did not desert me.

Spring brought some alleviation from my sufferings; yet one pan of meal was my all, my earthly store of provisions. I found sale for the leaders of my team. The long, dreary winter had passed, and, although it was many months before health and comparative comfort were my portion, still I thank the Lord this was the darkest part of my life.

The incidents immediately connected with my husband's death I believe you are better acquainted with than I am, so for me to give an account of his sad fate, would be both unnecessary and painful. If,

in this short epistle, you can find any item of information, I shall be happy in forwarding it to you. Thanking you for the interest you are taking in our dear, departed and the respect you manifest for our honored dead, I am,

Sincerely yours, in the bonds of the everlasting Gospel.

—Margaret Bridges (formerly Margaret Phelps.)

WOMEN INCLUDED ON CALL

Headquarters, Army of the West

Fort Leavenworth

June 19, 1846

Sir: It is understood that there is a large body of Mormons who are desirous of emigrating to California, for the purpose of settling in that country, and I have, therefore, to direct that you will proceed to their camps and endeavor to raise among them four or five companies of volunteers to join me in my expedition to that country, each to consist of any number between seventy-three and one hundred and nine; the officers of each company will be a captain, first lieutenant and second lieutenant, who will be elected by the privates and subject to your approval, and the captains then to appoint the non-commissioned officers, also subject to your approval. The companies, upon being thus organized, will be mustered by you into the service of the United States, and from that day will commence to receive pay, rations and other allowances given to the other infantry volunteers, each according to his rank. You will, upon mustering into service the fourth company, be considered as having the rank, pay and emoluments of a lieutenant-colonel of infantry, and are authorized to appoint an adjutant, sergeant-major and quartermaster-sergeant of the Battalion.

The companies, after being organized, will be marched to this post, where they will be armed and prepared for the field, after which they will, under your command, follow on my trail in the direction of Santa Fe, and where you will receive further orders from me.

You will, upon organizing the companies, require provisions, wagons, horses, mules, etc. You must purchase everything that is necessary, and give the necessary drafts upon the quartermaster and commissary departments at this post, which drafts will be paid upon presentation.

You will have the Mormons distinctly to understand that I wish to have them as volunteers for twelve months; that they will be marched to California, receiving pay and allowances during the above time, and at its expiration they will be discharged, and allowed to retain, as their private property the guns and accoutrements furnished them at this post.

Each company will be allowed four women as laundresses, who will travel with the company, receiving rations and other allowances given to the laundresses of our army.

With the foregoing conditions, which are hereby pledged to the Mormons, and which will be faithfully kept by me and other officers in behalf of the government of the United States, I cannot doubt but that you will, in a few days, be able to raise five hundred young and efficient men for this expedition.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant

To: Captain James Allen
First Reg. Dragoons,
Fort Leavenworth.

(Signed) S. F. Kearney
Colonel of First Dragoons

The women as well as the men were anxious to reach the glorious west; hence, any means offered seemed to be an answer to prayer to help them on their way. Therefore as soon as it was learned that four laundresses would be allowed each of the five companies of the Battalion the wives of the soldiers made application and twenty were chosen. Then it was found that some of the soldiers could take their families if they could meet the expense of the journey. Hence, nearly eighty women and children accompanied the Battalion, also several young men who went as servants or who served as teamsters. Many of these women marched side by side with their husbands enduring the hardships of the journey. They knew hunger and thirst and yet each carried on, four of them to the end of the march in California.

On July 21, 1846, at noon, the Battalion took up the line of march from Winter Quarters to Fort Leavenworth, two hundred miles away under the command of Captain James Allen of the United States Army. A Grand Ball had been held in their honor just before leaving, and it was a solemn time as they bid farewell to their families not knowing when or where they would ever see them again.

On August 1st the company, including the women and children, reached Fort Leavenworth. Here Captain Allen died and Lt. Andrew J. Smith took command of the Battalion troops. A few days later they left Fort Leavenworth reaching Santa Fe, New Mexico, during the month of October. The women, up to this time, had stood the journey without much illness, but many of the men were taken sick along the way. Most of the diaries of the Mormon Battalion members refer to the unjust treatment given them by Dr. Sanderson, the army surgeon. Samuel H. Rogers in his journal states: "The Colonel and surgeon are determined to kill us, first by forced marches to make us sick, then by compelling us to take calomel or to walk to do duty." Hence, on reaching Santa Fe, many of the men were physically unable to continue the journey.

DETACHMENTS SENT TO PUEBLO

Shortly before they reached Santa Fe Captain Nelson Higgins, with a guard of ten men, was detailed to take a number of the families that had accompanied the troops to Pueblo, a Mexican town in Colorado. The Battalion members were dissatisfied with this move not wanting to be separated from their families. Colonel Allen had also promised Brigham Young that they would not be divided, but the officers ruled that some of the families should go back, hence, "on the 16th of September, notwithstanding the fears and protests of their relatives and friends, they take up their line of march for Pueblo, in care of Captain Higgins and the soldiers, whose names, according to the best information at hand are as follows: Corporal Gilbert Hunt, Dimick B. Huntington, Montgomery Button, John Tippetts, Milton Kelley, Nicholas Kelley, Norman Sharp, James Brown, Harley Mowrey, Thomas Woolsey and S. C. Shelton. When the detachment traveled up the Arkansas River and, on the 4th day of October, Norman Sharp accidentally shot himself. Immediately upon their arrival they began to make preparations for the winter."

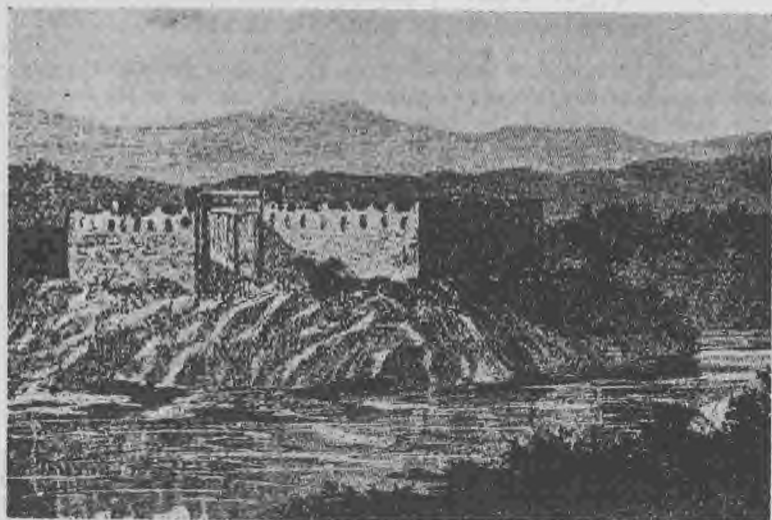
Captain Brown's Detachment. When the Battalion arrived at Santa Fe Colonel Philip St. George Cooke became the commanding officer. He ordered that the sick detachment including the laundresses, and the remaining women and children be sent under Captain James Brown to Pueblo, Colorado to join Captain Higgins. Accordingly the following order was issued:

HEADQUARTERS MORMON BATTALION

Santa Fe, October 15, 1846

(Order No. 8)

Agreeable to instructions from the Colonel commanding, Capt. Jas. Brown will take command of the men reported by the assistant surgeon as incapable, from sickness and debility, of undertaking the present march to California. The Lieutenant-Colonel, commanding, deems that the laundresses on this march will be accompanied by much suffering and would be a great encumbrance to the expedition; and as nearly all are desirous of accompanying the detachment of invalids which will winter near the source of the Arkansas River, it is ordered that all be attached to Captain Brown's party. The detachment will consist of Captain James Brown, three sergeants, two corporals, sixteen privates of company C; First Lieutenant E. Luddington and ten privates of Company B; one sergeant and corporal and twenty-eight privates of Company D; and one sergeant and ten privates of Company E., and four laundresses from each company. Captain Brown will, without delay, require the necessary transportation and draw rations for twenty-one days. Captain Brown will march on the 17th inst. He will be furnished with a descriptive list of the detachment.



Fort Pueblo, Colorado—Courtesy Colorado State Historical Society

He will take with him and give receipts for a full portion of camp equipments.

(2) The commanding officer calls the particular attention of company commanders to the necessity of reducing the baggage as much as possible; transportation is deficient. The road most practicable is of deep sand and how soon we shall have to abandon the wagons it is impossible now to ascertain. Skillets and ovens cannot be taken, and but one camp kettle to a mess of not less than ten men.

(3) Company commanders will make their requisitions on the Assistant Quartermaster, Captain W. M. D. McKissock, for mules and wagons, provision bags, pack saddle complete, and such other articles as are necessary for the outfit.

By order of

Lieut. Col. Cooke

According to Daniel Tyler's journal this detachment took up its line of march and on the 18th of October, he states that they made good time traveling considering the feeble condition of the men and the miserable plight of the teams. The sick men and the women were obliged to walk much of the way. On the fifteenth of November they were within four miles of Pueblo and on the 17th they crossed the Arkansas River, and arrived at the old fort.

It was immediately agreed that eighteen rooms, fourteen feet square, should be erected for winter quarters, and the men who were

able to chop wood were dispatched to procure timbers for the houses, with the understanding that the first rooms finished should be allotted to the sick. The work of erecting the houses was pushed with all possible rapidity, but before they were finished sufficiently for shelter some of the sick had already succumbed from the effects of the piercing winds and mountain storms. Among the number was Joseph William Richards, a very estimable young man, who died on the 21st of November. By the fifth of December the houses were practically completed. They found good grazing for their animals and hunting trips resulted in securing some venison, turkey, and other edible meats. On the 15th of January nine wagons loaded with sixty-days rations arrived from Fort Bent so that they were fairly comfortable. Some further deaths occurred among them, the baby son of Captain and Celia Hunt, John Perkins, Corporal Arnold Stevens and on the 10th of April M. S. Blanchard passed away.

Lt. Willis' Detachment: On the 10th of November, 1846 the Colonel ordered that a detachment of fifty-six men under the command of Lt. Willis be sent to Pueblo. They were furnished with twenty-six days' rations, allowing ten ounces of flour per day. Lieutenant Willis in giving his report says: "That they had one big government wagon, four yoke of poor cattle, five days' rations and two dressed sheep." The suffering of these men was intense before they reached Fort Pueblo between the 20th and 24th of December.

Orders to Move: The winter passed and, on the 18th of May, orders to move were received when Captain Brown and Captain Higgins returned from Santa Fe with them. The wagons were loaded and on May 24th at noon they took up their line of march traveling toward California by way of Laramie on the Platte River. On the 11th of June they were met by Elder Amasa Lyman, Thomas Woolsey, Oswald Stevens and John H. Tippetts bringing letters from the families of the soldiers as well as counsel from President Young. It was a day of rejoicing. Now they knew the probable destination of the body of the Church. (Woolsey and Tippetts had left Pueblo and made a trip to Winter Quarters).

When the commands reached Fort Laramie they knew that President Young and his party were only twelve days ahead and although the road was practically impassable in places, they gradually gained on the Pioneers. Nothing of importance occurred during the remainder of the journey to the Valley of Great Salt Lake where they arrived July 29th, 1847. Here they were formally disbanded without having to proceed to California.

As this chapter deals with the women of the Mormon Battalion a short biography of those available through diligent research is here included.

WOMEN WHO MADE THE ENTIRE TRIP

When the Lieutenant Colonel issued his order that all women return to Pueblo, several of the officers objected, saying they had no homes to which they could send their women, and as all the west was spoken of as California, every man was anxious that his family reach the final destination of the Saints. Only four women (some historians say five, but we can only account for four) were allowed to complete the entire journey, and it was this group that suffered most. It was on that part of the journey through the great western desert that men and women knew the pangs of thirst. Every historian that writes of the Battalion, quotes the words of the Colonel:

"I was met by a man who told me there was not a drop of water in the well. The vision of sixty miles ahead arose to frighten me for the 360 nearly wornout footmen, who confide all to me."

When he arrived at the camping place, he found a few men cleaning out and sinking the old well, while another party was digging a new one. Some mud and water was struck in the old well, but the quicksand ran in and not only obscured the water, but endangered the lives of the men, who were now ten feet or more below the surface. How to remedy the evil was a question. Some one suggested that the wife of one of the captains had a wash tub, which by boring holes in the bottom might answer for a curbing. The Captain's team soon came up and the vessel was called for, but the good lady who had brought it all the way from Nauvoo, or even farther, would not consent to part with it. It was, however, forced into service, bored and sunk in the sand. This proved a failure. Then the bottom was ordered knocked out, when it worked better. Some water came, but, alas, to human hopes, the fluid soon disappeared. All seemed lost. According to Cooke's account, he ordered another detail of men to dig farther, and an hour later all hearts were gladdened with the tidings—water deep enough to fill all camp kettles.

Another incident, this time taken from the journal of Henry Bigler, tells of the men's concern for the health of their wives on the last part of the journey:

"Friday, December 4, 1846. Marched about 12 miles and camped. It is supposed we saw four or five thousand head of cattle. They are Mexican stock, having been brought here by Mexicans who were driven out by the Apache Indians and forced to leave their stock behind and which have increased and became wild, and today four of them were killed and brought to camp. All were bulls. Captain Hunter's wife asked her husband what they were. He replied, saying they were heifers. His object was that she might relish the beef with a better appetite."

The four women who made the entire trip were Susan M. Davis, Lydia Hunter, Melissa B. Coray and Phebe Draper Palmer Brown.

LYDIA HUNTER, WIFE OF CAPTAIN HUNTER

The following letter contains all the information available concerning Lydia Hunter.

San Diego, California

October 17th, 1938

Mrs. Kate B. Carter,
Daughters of Utah Pioneers

Dear Mrs. Carter:

"I am happy to give you the authentic information you asked for when I was in Salt Lake City recently. This history is in the historic Presidio Park Museum:

"With the Battalion rode women, wives of the officers. Mainly among them, Lydia, the wife of Captain Jesse O. Hunter. She gave birth soon after her arrival to the first child of American parents to be born in the southwest. A son, whom she named Diego Hunter, was born April 20, 1847. The mother died two weeks later, having walked nearly all the way from Council Bluffs. She was buried in the old cemetery behind what is now the fueling station on Point Loma. Mrs. Juanita Machado Wrightington, who assisted at the birth, raised the boy, and loved him as her own. Captain Hunter was appointed Indian Agent at San Luis Rey. Diego Hunter went there to herd cattle, died, and was buried there.

"Sincerely,

Mary L. Ibey,
Historian, San Diego Co., D.U.P."

SUSANNA (SUSAN) DAVIS AND DANIEL JR.

Daniel Coon Davis and his wife, Saphronia Fuller, were members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in the early days and were among those driven from their homes. Mrs. Davis, being a frail woman, was unable to stand the hardships of those times, contracted cholera and passed away leaving five children to the care of the father. Later, Captain Davis married Susan Moses who had made her home in the Davis family for many years. She was acquainted with all the children who, even before their mother's death, looked to her for assistance.

When Daniel Davis became Captain of Company E Mormon Battalion he was accompanied by his wife and youngest son, Daniel, on the long journey. The other children were left in the care of the eldest daughter, Ann. President Young promised them he would care for the wives and the children of the enlisted men and they trusted his leadership. After completing the entire journey to California, Captain Davis and his wife came to Utah settling in Farmington. When the county was named Captain Davis had the honor of having it named for him.

Soon he was called to his old home in the East to help settle his father's estate and to take charge of business for the Church in that vicinity preparatory to bringing a company to Utah. He took Susan and the children with him. On the way Captain Davis became ill, died, and was buried near Fort Kearney. Susan and two of the children continued East, while the others returned to Utah. It is said that Susan stayed in the East and married again.

Daniel, the child who made the entire trip with his father and foster mother, lived and died in Morgan County, Utah.

PHEBE DRAPER PALMER BROWN

Phebe Draper Palmer Brown, the daughter of William and Lydia Lothrop Draper, was born in Rome, Oneida County, New York, October 9, 1797. The Drapers originally came from England to America in 1645, locating near Boston. The family spread through the New England States. In 1800, Thomas Draper and wife moved to Canada. His son, William, had left New York and settled in Pennsylvania.

Phebe married George Palmer in 1815 in Canada, when she was eighteen years old. To them were born seven children, Lovina, Osahel, William, Eliza, Lydia, Zemira and Rhoda. They joined the Church in 1833 and gathered with the Saints in Kirtland, Ohio. He died in 1835, leaving her with these small children. In the year 1836, Joseph Smith, Sr., gave her a blessing of comfort and promise. He told her if she was faithful and wise she would be blessed with a companion who would be a man of God, and that she would be able to bring up her family right; that she would have good, happy days.

She suffered the hardships of the Saints, being driven from Kirtland to Missouri, and from Missouri to Nauvoo, Illinois, where the one promise of her blessing was fulfilled by her marriage to Ebenezer Brown in 1842, his wife having died leaving him with a family of four children. They were driven from their comfortable homes into the wilderness, where they were camping in the year 1846.

Phebe went with the Mormon Battalion, being chosen as one of the laundresses. She was a kind-hearted woman and throughout the entire journey many of the burdens of the soldiers were lightened by her sympathy. She was one of the women selected to make the trip to San Diego, California, as her husband was a 2nd Sergeant of Company A. He was not mustered out of service until March 14, 1848. She, with her husband, traveled north where they participated in the search for gold in and around Sacramento, California. She helped wash gold to aid them on their journey to join the Saints who had gathered in Utah. She rode a mule (whose name was Ginny), all the way from California. In 1849, Ebenezer settled in Draper. Phebe

moved from Salt Lake in the spring of 1850 with the children, they being the first family to settle in Draper.

In 1853, her husband married Samantha Pulsipher, and in 1854, he married Mary Elizabeth Wright. In 1870, Mary died, leaving a family of small children, which Phebe took care of, making three families she had reared; her own and two of her husband's. She acted as first postmistress of Draper and held a responsible position in the Relief Society. She was a well read woman and had a fair education for that time. Ebenezer Brown died in 1878. Phebe lived in Draper until her death on February 28, 1879, being 82 years of age, a faithful member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Zemira Palmer was born August 9, 1831 in the Province of Upper Canada, the son of Phebe Draper and George Palmer. After the death of his father his mother married Ebenezer Brown, and when she was given the privilege of accompanying her husband on the march of the Mormon Battalion, Zemira asked to go with them. Although he was not old enough to be a soldier he was given permission by the officers in charge to go provided he could carry a gun and all the other necessary equipment. His mother, knowing the need of a growing boy for extra food, often purposely burned the bread served to the officers so that they would cut off the blackened crusts. These she saved for Zemira who said they tasted better than a piece of pie under other circumstances. After the disbanding of the Battalion in Los Angeles, Zemira helped his parents pan gold in order to get an outfit and enough provisions to join the Saints in Utah.

On December 1, 1851 Zemira married Sally Knight. They were the parents of fourteen children, Alma Zemira, Emma, Newell, Lydia, Phebe, James, William, George, Asael, Jesse Milo, Mary, Martha, Joseph and Chloe. In his later years he was called to live in the United Order in southern Utah where he served as one of the leaders. He died at the age of 49 years in Orderville, Utah in the year 1880.

MELISSA BURTON CORAY

Melissa Burton Coray Kimball was the youngest of the four women who made the entire march of the Mormon Battalion. She was born March 2, 1828, in Western Canada, and at the age of ten, joined the Church. With the rest of her family, she began the march westward, with the body of the Saints. At Mt. Pisgah, she became the wife of Wm. Coray. She was living there as a bride of three months, when the call came for the Mormon Battalion. Melissa knew that her young husband would enlist. He was a military man, having served with the Nauvoo Legion. She was accustomed to placing her faith in God and to taking the advice of those in authority, nevertheless she rebelled at the proposed separation from her husband.

"If he must go, I want to go," she said. "Why must women always stay behind and worry about their husbands, when they could just as well march beside them."

When William told her that there were to be four women with each company employed as laundresses, she saw a way whereby she might go with him. He was a Sergeant in Company B, and if she were in the same company, it would be entirely safe and proper.

Grandmother said that one of the hardest parts of the journey was leaving her father and mother, but as it was a choice between them and her husband, she thought her duty was to her husband. She never saw her parents again. Once in a while she would tell us an incident of her journey that was especially interesting. She was inclined to belittle the walking she did, although other members of the Battalion said that she traveled on foot a large part of the 2,000 miles to San Diego and most of the return journey to Salt Lake. "I didn't mind it," she declared. "I walked because I wanted to; my husband had to walk, and I went along by his side." She said many times they had very little food and less water, but she and her husband got along very well. Many of the men in the Battalion ate until they were satisfied. The result was that they consumed their food at the start and did not have any later on when they needed it badly.

But not so with the Coray couple. Grandmother had learned differently from experience. She looked ahead and figured how many days the food would have to last until they met the next supply company, and then she used only so much each day. She tried to cook wisely, so that no food would be wasted. Although they did not have all they wanted to eat, they were never in danger of starving. She went from campfire to campfire, urging more care in the use of food. She used to relate how, weary and footsore, they had to walk miles and miles without water, and often the men thought they would die of thirst. "That is something," she said, "that only gets worse when you think of it. When I was thirsty, I tried not to think of it." It was at such a time that she learned to carry a pebble in her mouth. This caused the saliva to flow more freely and lessened her unquenchable thirst.

When the Battalion reached Santa Fe, Colonel Cooke decided to send the women and children and sick soldiers to Pueblo for the winter. At this, Melissa Coray almost lost courage. But it was not so with her husband. Along with Capt. Davis, Capt. Hunter and Sergeant Brown, he went to the Colonel to persuade him to let the four women continue. Just what was said at this conference, the women never knew, but they were permitted to accompany their husbands. Grandmother said it was a sad day when they had to bid their companions goodbye.

The nausea of early pregnancy made traveling harder for her, and she had to hide it as long as possible. Once, after marching two

days without water, she saw a number of men crowded around a small spring from which trickled a little stream of water. As it seeped from the rocks they were sucking it through a quill. Grandmother said it was such sights as this that made one's heart almost fail.

William attempted to keep many of the trials of the trip from her, but she knew and shared most of them. One night in Arizona she had a scare that she didn't forget, Mexicans were in the vicinity, and the men were afraid they would be attacked, so they stayed up all night, but nothing happened. About this time, she was becoming extremely weary and footsore, and Col. Cooke seeing her fatigue, got down from his big white horse and offered it to her to ride on. In relating this to her grandchildren, she was always careful to designate "white horse" as though this made the event more important.

On January 29, 1847, the Battalion reached San Diego, and grandmother and Sergeant Coray, with others of the Battalion thought their journey ended. After two days there, they were ordered to the Mission San Luis Rey to do garrison duty and protect the place from the Indians. However, in six weeks or so Company B was ordered back to San Diego and grandmother said they camped at Old Town, near the site which is now known as Ramona's marriage place. Here she anxiously awaited the time when her husband would be mustered out and could make a home for her and the baby she was expecting. When the Battalion was discharged in early summer, her husband bought a wagon and some horses, and they started north. At Monterey, a baby boy was born to her, but he only lived a few days and was buried in the little cemetery there. As soon as she was able to travel, they started out again. She said the trip was hard; the country was new; and there were no roads. They had to pick their way as best they could. In one place they came to a gorge so narrow that they couldn't drive through it. They had to take their wagon apart and carry it through, a piece at a time. When they reached Sutter's Mill they found that gold had been discovered, and some of the Battalion stopped there. Although the Corays were anxious to get to Salt Lake, they had to remain there long enough to get the means to continue. Mr. Coray sent two sacks of gold back east to bring his mother and sister to Utah.

Grandmother said the worst night she ever spent was in Nevada. An advance guard of five men had been sent ahead to find the best route and notify the others. But they weren't heard from. Although the rest of the party thought it strange, they kept on. One night, just at dusk, they came upon the bodies of the five men. They had been killed by the Indians with poisoned arrows, and their bodies had been thrown in a gulch and partly covered with underbrush. The bodies were buried, and the small company camped nearby for the night. They had bought a small cannon before leaving San Diego. They were afraid of an attack that night so the cannon was fired off every little while to scare the Indians. "The firing of the cannon

may have kept the Indians away, but it did us more harm than good, for it frightened our horses so that they stampeded, and we had a hard time getting them back, and some never came back. We arrived in Salt Lake City in December, 1848, and were glad to get here." Grandmother and her husband established their home in the first house built in the old Fifteenth Ward, and it was here that a baby girl was born to them, February 6, 1849. She was Melissa Coray Swan, who, in later years, made her home in Ocean Park, California.

Grief soon entered the Coray household. Sergeant Coray, weakened by the hardships and exposure of the trip, took seriously ill and passed away in March, 1849, less than three months after arriving here. Two years later, grandmother married William H. Kimball, eldest son of Heber C. Kimball. She spent the rest of her life in Utah and died in Salt Lake City, September 21, 1903.

Her picture was in the Utah Building during the San Diego Exposition in 1915. Several years before she died, she made a trip to California, visiting the places where she had been so many years before. She stopped at San Luis Rey mission, which was really her first stopping place in California. She talked with the priests there and could hardly get away from them, they were so anxious to hear her story. She also visited Monterey and tried to locate the grave of her baby, but the cemetery had changed so that she was unable to do so.

—*Mrs. Melissa K. Wallace and Mrs. Blanche K. Richmond*

CELIA MOUNTS HUNT, WIFE OF CAPTAIN HUNT

Celia Mounts Hunt was born 19 September 1805, in Lincoln County, Kentucky, the eighth child of Matthias Mounts and Mary Montgomery. When Celia was three years old the Mounts and Montgomery clan migrated to Gibson County, Indiana, locating near the Wabash River. They moved across the river into Edwards County, Illinois, in 1817, locating on a farm near Albion. Here Celia met Jefferson Hunt at a religious revival. It was love at first sight. Jefferson was tall and stalwart, blue eyes, hair black as the raven's wing. They were a handsome couple—he twenty-one and she a charming girl of eighteen, tall and stately. The wedding took place in December 1823. They were married by Alan Emerson, Celia's brother-in-law. The affair was attended by all their families. The bride and groom each belonged to large families, numbering twelve children in Celia's and fourteen children in Jefferson's. Both of them, being ambitious, frugal and industrious, had every prospect of becoming well to do in a short time. The Lord blessed the young couple with a family of strong children, who were early taught to assist in all the labors of the farm. They were baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on 7 March 1835. Celia was naturally of a

religious turn of mind. She prayed with all her might that her husband would receive the same testimony she had found. Her prayers were answered. They sold their farm and with their five children moved to Caldwell County, Missouri, settling on a farm near Far West. Here their sixth child was born, whom they named Joseph. They were living in Far West at the time the Prophet Joseph Smith came to live among the Saints there.



Celia Hunt

Jefferson was one of the marshals of the day on the Fourth of July when the cornerstones of the Nauvoo Temple were laid. This was a momentous occasion—Celia's heart was filled with gladness, but gloomy days soon followed. She saw her husband go off with the militia when the mobbers began their plundering. Jefferson was a major in the militia and was with David Patten in the Battle of Crooked River when Patten was wounded and later died.

An infant son, whom they named Jefferson, was born and died during the terrible trials at Far West in the winter of 1893. From Far West the Hunt family went to Hancock County, Illinois, settling again on a farm, about eighteen miles from Nauvoo on Bear Creek where Jefferson was made presiding elder. Here a son, Hyrum, was born.

Celia and her grown children managed the farm while her husband was away active in the Nauvoo Legion and working on the Temple. These were busy, happy days. They made trips into Nauvoo to the conference meetings held in the bowery where they could listen to the voice of their Prophet. They suffered with the Saints at the time of the martyrdom of their leaders.

The family of Celia and Jefferson Hunt was made complete when twins came to their home 12 July 1845. Their life was disturbed, however, when mobbers began pillaging the farms adjacent to Nauvoo. The Temple by this time was ready for ordinance work. Jefferson and Celia went to the House of the Lord for their endowments 2 January 1846. On the 7th day of February 1846, they were sealed for all eternity. On this same day, Matilda Nease was also sealed to Jefferson Hunt as his plural wife. Jefferson

and Celia were well prepared to move on this trek. Celia was busy inside her wagon as they journeyed, caring for her twin babies, Mary and Parley. Jefferson again demonstrated his ability as he had done in the move from Missouri to Illinois, to keep a good outfit, organize and manage his own big family, while at the same time lending a helping hand to others. His wagons were among the first to reach Council Bluffs on the Missouri River.

Brigham Young had observed Jefferson Hunt in both these moves. He knew the right man to call as captain of the first company when the Mormon Battalion was being organized. It was on Wednesday, 1 July 1846, at Council Bluffs that President Young introduced Captain James Allen of the United States Army to the people who had gathered to hear his message. Captain Allen stated that the President of the United States had given an order to General S. F. Kearney to enlist men to take part in the war against Mexico. Celia Hunt saw her husband and two sons, Gilbert and Marshall, among the first to sign their names as volunteers. It was on Monday, 13 July, when, according to appointment, Jefferson Hunt called out the first company of volunteers, Celia and her family accompanied him.

Celia Hunt's ox-drawn wagon was driven by her thirteen year old son, John. Tyler's History gives a vivid picture of Celia Hunt on the trek from Fort Leavenworth to Santa Fe:

"During the first part of the journey, the weather was rainy. A terrific storm came up which upset many of the wagons and buggies. There were many sick in our camp, among them Celia Hunt, wife of Captain Jefferson Hunt, and her twin babies, who had taken with chills and fever before they left Fort Leavenworth. They were very sick. The matron lady happened to be in her wagon while her husband held the infants in the tent which blew down. With much difficulty, the Captain kept the little ones from drowning or suffocating. As everything was wet, they were forced to sleep in their wet clothes. Strange to say with all the exposure, neither the good lady nor her "dear angels" as she termed her babies, had anymore chills and fever. This storm lasted for twenty minutes."

Upon the arrival of the first detachment of the Battalion in Santa Fe, October 9th, Celia learned through her husband that she and most of the women, together with 86 disabled men, were ordered under two officers to Pueblo, Colorado, a small settlement close to the mountains. There they would spend the winter. They would be going "at government expense."

Celia's pangs at the parting with her husband were lessened when he told her that her son, Corporal Gilbert Hunt, would be one of the officers. Her company arrived at Pueblo on the 17th of November 1846. She assumed an added responsibility in ministering to the needs of this company as they journeyed over the high mountains and as the sick grew weaker. The story of Joseph Richards as

given in Tyler's History, portrays this fact. Joseph was a young brother of Franklin D. Richards. He had been worn down by the long, hard march to Santa Fe. Tyler says, "Sister Celia Hunt, who often took him nourishment and said comforting words to him, giving him the last food he ever ate a few hours before his death, speaks of him as among the most noble young men she ever knew. He never complained of his lot."

New Year's Day of 1847, was a day of deep sorrow for Celia. Her little twin Parley, 18 months old, died from the effects of the long hard journey. He was buried in the same grave with the newborn child of Dimick and Fanny Huntington, who died on the



Fort Laramie, Wyoming

same day. The men strengthened the fortifications against the almost daily threatening attacks of the Indians and Spaniards. Notwithstanding their tribulations, the camp met together in their meetings and socials. Romance came to Celia's son, Gilbert, when he met and won the heart of pretty Lydia Gibson, the daughter of one of the families of the Mississippi Saints, who were also wintering in Pueblo. Gilbert and Lydia were married some time before the company started to join the pioneers.

Celia's anxiety over her husband and the Battalion was relieved when Captain James Brown returned from Santa Fe bringing a letter from him. This letter bore the good news of the Battalion's safe arrival in San Diego, California. Captain Brown also brought with him the pay checks and supplies for the camp, which made them

ready for their journey to Fort Laramie. They entered the Salt Lake Valley under the direction of Captain James Brown 29 July 1847, five days after the arrival of the pioneers. They brought with them about sixty wagons, one hundred head of horses and mules and three hundred head of cattle. They were welcomed by the President and a few of the brethren at the mouth of Emigration Canyon.

Celia and her family occupied one of the first adobe houses built in the Old Fort. They worshipped and rejoiced in the Bowery erected in the center of the Fort's enclosure. It was here that her husband returned to his family the fore part of October. Here she saw him and her son, John, and several of the company off on the pack trip to California when he went to secure seed grain and young stock. The family knew a long winter of privation before he returned the following May.

In March of 1849, Celia's husband was called to help build Fort Utah, now known as Provo. Here she knew again life in the rough extremes—war with the Indians and the elements, the absence again of husband and father who was away more than a year when he piloted the first company of wagons over the southern route, which history now knows as the "Forty-niners." Celia was ever ready to lend aid to the afflicted here in Provo as in the other outposts where her life was always cast. After two years in this Fort she was told by her husband that he had been called to go with Charles C. Rich and Amasa Lyman to establish a colony in San Bernardino, California. Leaving Salt Lake in March of 1851, they arrived at Sycamore Grove, near San Bernardino, the fore part of June. They were three months traveling to their new home to be. After seven years, the rich lands, the good climate, the industry of a united band of Saints had built a beautiful and prosperous community. It was at this happy time when a call came from the leaders of the Church for the Saints in this prosperous land to gather back to Utah on account of the coming Johnston's Army.

Uncomplainingly, Celia followed where her husband led; however, there was a great trial attached to this move as her three daughters, Nancy, Jane, and Harriet and their husbands were not willing to leave their good homes and go back to Utah. Celia's large family was almost all married. Her husband bought a home for her in Ogden, Utah, where she lived while he and his wife, Matilda and their young family, together with Celia's married sons and their families, lived at Huntsville, eighteen miles up beautiful Ogden Canyon. Here Jefferson Hunt was presiding elder over the town that bears his name and honors him as its founder. After her daughter Mary's marriage, Celia made a prolonged visit to her daughters in San Bernardino. During his absence, Jefferson moved into upper Cache Valley near Oxford, Idaho, to find a larger range for his stock.

Celia returned to her husband's family after Matilda's death and became a mother in very deed to the motherless children left

by Matilda. Celia had ever shown her true worth in the treatment she extended to her husband's other wife and their children, who have said "if ever there was an angel on earth it was Aunt Celia"—or Grandma, as Matilda's young children spoke of her. The northern winters were very difficult for Celia to endure under such primitive conditions. Matilda's grown daughters and her own daughter Mary, whose family also lived in Oxford, were very kind and mindful of her husband when he was in town. Much of Jefferson's time was spent at the ranch, on the range, or the freight road with his four young sons.

It was at this lonely time that Celia yearned to go to her older married children and their families living in southern Utah. She had looked forward to the completion of the St. George Temple where she could attend to the work for her dead. Her whole mind was now turned to this great labor of love for her dear ones.

When death came to Captain Jefferson Hunt 11 May 1879 in his log cabin at the Red Rock ranch, Celia, the wife of his youth, his companion and helpmeet of fifty-three years, was with her children in Beaver, Utah. Slow communications prevented her from being at his funeral. She visited his grave at the foot of the knoll and then remained for a prolonged visit with the family.

In 1881, her son, Bishop John Hunt, of Snowflake, Arizona, made the long journey to Beaver to get his aged mother. The return journey took three weeks; they crossed the Colorado River at Lee's Ferry, went up over Lee's Back Bone, and over the long sandy stretches between Utah and Arizona to Snowflake. It was in the dead of winter, but Celia knew no discomfort. She was very comfortable lying on her feather mattress on the woven rope bed. Celia lived sixteen years after the death of her husband. She spent her time between her daughters in California and her sons, Marshall and John, in northern Arizona. Her first train ride was on the Santa Fe Railroad when she went to California in 1884. She always kept her burial clothes with her, trusting that she might die in Arizona where she could be buried by her church. This wish was not granted. She died in the home of her daughter, Jane Hunt Stoddard, 28 January 1897. She lies buried in the Daley Burial Plot in the San Bernardino cemetery.—*Pauline Udall Smith*

MATILDA NEASE HUNT, WIFE OF JEFFERSON HUNT

Matilda Nease was born 1 January 1828, in Butler County, Pennsylvania, to Peter Nease and Ellen Martin. Her parents joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1843. They were living at Bear Creek, adjacent to Nauvoo, Illinois, when Matilda's father died 20 August 1845. Three months later Matilda's mother followed her husband in death. Her older sister, Mary Ann, married a few days later.

The Nease family were neighbors to Jefferson Hunt's family. He was the presiding elder of the branch of the Church at Bear Creek. Matilda, eighteen years of age, with her young twelve year old brother, Peter, and her ten year old sister, Ellen, were taken into the hospitable home of the Hunts. On 7 February 1846, Matilda was sealed to Jefferson Hunt in the Nauvoo Temple as his plural wife. Peter and Ellen were adopted by Jefferson Hunt and they fared the same as his own family from that time until their marriage.



Matilda Hunt

When the two wagons belonging to Jefferson Hunt crossed the Mississippi River on ice the day following these rites in the Nauvoo Temple, in Matilda's wagon rode an elderly English couple, John and Jane Bosco, who were perhaps relatives or dear friends of Matilda's parents. When the families of the Battalion left Council Bluffs, following the brave band of volunteers, this couple remained in Matilda's wagon. Matilda ministered to their needs on the difficult trek across the State of Iowa. The Tyler History of the Battalion says: "On 28 August an elderly English lady, Jane Bosco, who was traveling with Captain Hunt, died, and before daylight the next morning, her husband, John Bosco, passed away. He was not a soldier. Their oft repeated wish that neither should be left to mourn the loss of the other was realized. They were buried in one grave, and under the supervision of Elisha Averett, a stone wall was built around and over their resting place."

Through this experience, Matilda proved herself a young woman of sterling character as she did in all the difficult situations in this march of the Battalion to Sante Fe. In the separation from her husband in the journey to Pueblo and the months spent there, Matilda conducted herself with the dignity that her position as the wife of the senior captain would demand. Not only at this time, but in the days that followed the detachment's arrival in Salt Lake Valley with the privations the pioneers knew, Matilda was ever a poised, unselfish person. She was in the Old Fort when her husband returned after his discharge from the Battalion on that bright October day of 1847. She felt the loneliness of his absence through

the hard winter of 1847 and 1848, and the joy of his return with the provisions from California when he came the following May.

It was while Jefferson was away on his journey east to meet and assist Brigham Young in bringing the large company of Saints to the valley that Matilda's first baby was born. She was in her wagon set beside Mother Celia's adobe cabin in the Old Fort. Matilda and Celia had been devoted to each other through the vicissitudes they had already shared together. The birth of Matilda's baby daughter and the care Celia bestowed on her as a nurse and a mother strengthened the tie they felt toward each other. The two years Matilda and Celia spent together in Fort Utah, followed by the journey to and the colonization of San Bernardino, continued to cement the solidarity of their relationship.

Two more daughters, Ellen and Olive, came to swell Matilda's family. The little daughters ever held happy memories of their early life spent at their father's sawmill at Big Bear near San Bernardino, on the high mountain. They also remembered their exodus from California to Utah at the coming of Johnston's Army. They remembered how the wagons all stopped at Hamilton's Fort, just south of Cedar City while Aunt Celia officiated at the birth of their brother John's baby, Ida Frances. The same thing happened in two months, when their wagons made a long stop in Parowan, where Matilda gave birth to her first son with Aunt Celia assisting. They named him James Franklin. After the Utah War was settled, the Hunt family located in Ogden, Utah, where another baby boy, named Liberty Independence, was born.

Matilda, with her family of five, accompanied her husband when he located his cattle up Ogden Canyon and established a colony known first as Hunt's Fort, later Huntsville. Matilda spent five happy, busy years in Huntsville. Here another son, Peter, was born. In the fall of 1865, Jefferson Hunt sold his property in Huntsville and moved his stock onto a larger range he had acquired in upper Cache Valley near the present town of Oxford, Idaho. Since Matilda was expecting another child, her husband arranged that she should remain with his son and wife, Joseph and Catherine, while he was in the process of making the move to upper Cache Valley.

Matilda was taken in labor 22 October 1865, and gave birth to twin girls, Jane, (called Jennie, and still living at this writing age 93) in Santa Monica, California and Janette. Matilda was very ill. The doctor from Logan could do nothing to save her life. The infant Janette lived only long enough to receive a name, then was buried in the arms of her mother. They were buried in an unidentified grave in the Millville cemetery. By the time Captain Hunt could be reached and get to Millville, he found his wife and babe dead and buried. His grief was intense. He had a great gift of healing and felt that if he could have reached her side he could have healed her. He had withstood many a hardship, but this was

grief almost unbearable. Matilda Nease Hunt had won the love and admiration of all who knew her. Her memorial marker was placed by the side of her husband's grave at Red Rock, near Preston, Idaho.—*Pauline Udall Smith*

Jane Hunt was the fourth child in the family of Jefferson Hunt and Celia Mounts. She was born 1 October 1831, near Albion, Edwards County, Illinois. She was six years old when her parents moved to Far West to join with the Saints. Jane had vivid memories of the five years of her life in Far West, the move to Illinois, and of their home and farm near Nauvoo. She remembered about the martyrdom, the Temple, and the mobs that raided their farms on Bear Creek. She was a girl of ten when her family, with the first company of Saints, left Nauvoo. It was bitter cold as they crossed the river on ice. In the slow journey across Iowa she had the special task of wrapping hot rocks and passing them up to her mother in the wagon to keep the twins, Mary and Parley, warm.

Perhaps her most vivid memory was of leaving Council Bluffs in her mother's wagon, following the Mormon Battalion, and watching for her father, who had been chosen as Senior Captain over those five hundred brave men marching away to fight for their country. In the three months it took the Battalion to reach Santa Fe, Jane was a faithful daughter. Her mother was occupied in the care of the twin babies. Jane was a comfort in the loneliness that followed them when they parted with their father at Santa Fe, for she understood the hazards of their journey to Pueblo and of the dangers ahead for her father and his men on their march to the coast. She not only helped her mother with the cooking and the babies, but she was most capable in assisting her younger brother, John, in the driving and care of their teams. The oxen were so slow—it required some of her prodding to help move them along. She relieved her mother's cares and gave time ministering among the sick in Pueblo during the six months they stayed in this fort. She adjusted quickly to the hard life in the Old Fort, in Salt Lake City; felt hunger pangs and helped the other children dig roots and gather greens along the Jordan River. She helped fight the crickets on the memorable occasion that the sea gulls came.

By the time her father was called to settle San Bernardino in March of 1851, Jane was a charming, mature young woman. She had captivated the heart of a splendid young man by the name of Sheldon Stoddard. They were married and took their honeymoon with the folks going to live in San Bernardino, California. It was here the young couple built their permanent home. Jane died 26 December 1899. She lived very happily and successfully with her good husband forty-eight years. They were blessed with four children—Mary Aurelia, Eva, Hattie, and Belle.—*Pauline Udall Smith*

Harriet Hunt was born 9 February 1835, to Jefferson Hunt and Celia Mounts. She was one month old when her parents were baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. When she was two years old her parents moved to Far West and was too young to have memories of those days. She was four years younger than her sister, Jane, and shared in the experiences recounted in Jane's story. She could remember wandering through the camp keeping watch over her five-year-old brother, Hyrum.

In Pueblo, she became the special "baby sitter" for baby Mary and often wished her mother might be with them more of the time, for she was away so much administering to the sick. Harriet was twelve years of age when they arrived in Salt Lake Valley, and lived in the Old Fort. She had vivid memories of the two years spent there before she went with her family to settle Provo. She was one of the older pupils in the first school in Provo.

Naturally mature for her years, at the age of fourteen to sixteen while living at Provo, she became one of the leading young ladies in the Fort. She felt the fears and pangs of the Indian War and knew the anxiety her mother and Aunt Matilda felt when John and Peter were out fighting. The boys were called upon to fight with the men. Harriet also felt the absence of her father, who was away for a year and four months piloting the first wagon train of gold diggers over the southern route to California. The Hunt family longed to go where their father might farm and remain at home. Life in San Bernardino was pleasing to her as she matured into an aristocratic young lady.

At the coming of Johnston's Army, President Brigham Young issued a call to San Bernardino for the Saints to return to Utah. When her father and mother made preparation and sacrificed their property, Harriet was severely tried in her faith. Her sisters, Nancy and Jane, and their husbands were not answering the call. Harriet decided to remain with them. However, a year later, when her brother, John, made a freighting trip to San Bernardino from his home in Hamilton's Fort, Utah, he persuaded Harriet to return with him. John took his wife and baby, Ida, and with Harriet, went on to Salt Lake City, where their mother was now living.

In July, 1859, in Salt Lake City, Harriet married John Mayfield, who, more than likely, had been a former suitor of hers before moving to San Bernardino, California. She was twenty-four years old at this time, and probably considered to be almost an "old maid." They returned to San Bernardino to make a permanent home for themselves. There she lived the rest of her life. She was a widow twenty-nine years and died 10 April 1918, at the age of eighty-three. She was the mother of four children—Will, Lizzie, Dora, and John.

—*Pauline Udall Smith*

John, son of Jefferson and Celia Mounts Hunt was born March 9, 1833, in Edwards County, Illinois, the third son in a family of eleven children. When his father was chosen Captain of the first company in the Mormon Battalion, the two eldest sons went with their parents. John, at this time, was a boy of thirteen.

In 1847, after the arrival of the sick detachment and the women and children in the valley, John went with his father and others to California to buy seeds, supplies, and stock for the Utah colonists. Two years later he was one of the group that settled in San Bernardino. He was the mail carrier between that place and Salt Lake City, sometimes with a mule train and sometimes using a light spring wagon. He married Lois B. Pratt, daughter of Addison Pratt, July 4, 1857 in San Bernardino by whom he had eight children.

Returning to Utah in the 1860's he went to Beaver and Sevier counties, later to New Mexico and finally located in Snowflake, Arizona, where he served as bishop of the ward for over thirty years. He died June 1, 1917 at the age of eighty-four years.

—*Newspaper Clipping*

Joseph, son of Captain Jefferson Hunt and Celia Mounts Hunt was born May 7, 1837 at Far West, Caldwell County, Missouri. He accompanied his parents on the march of the Battalion being then nine years of age. In August 1857 he was married to Catherine Conover. They were the parents of four daughters. On November 2, 1879 he married Cynthia Adelaide Hammer (Brown) and to them were born five sons and four daughters. He died September 2, 1916 in Bluff, Utah.

Hyrum, another son of Captain Hunt and Celia Mounts came to Utah with his parents by way of Pueblo, Colorado with the Mormon Battalion when he was seven years of age. He was born October 7, 1840, in Adams County, Illinois. It is recorded that in the year 1858 he married Emma Knowles in Salt Lake City by whom he had four sons and three daughters. In 1869 he married Sarah Henderson and they were the parents of seven daughters. He died in Oxford, Idaho December 25, 1880.

Peter Nease, one of the adopted children of Captain Hunt, being the brother of his plural wife, Matilda, was born July 5, 1834 at Leachburg, Allegheny County, Pennsylvania. He was married to Mary Lockhart and according to family records died in Oxford, Idaho in October 1910, leaving a family.

Ellen Nease, a sister of Matilda, and also adopted by Captain Hunt, was born March 1836 at Leachburg, Allegheny County, Pennsylvania.

Little is known of her history except that she became the wife of Gilbert Stoddard and died in 1879 leaving a family.

MARY McCREE BLACK BROWN, WIFE OF CAPTAIN BROWN

George David Black and Mary Hunt Black

Among those who received the message of Mormonism in the beautiful valley of the Mississippi were George and Mary McCree Black who was born in Copiah County, Mississippi. They were baptized in 1841 by Daniel Tyler and that same year, George David Black, was born February 18th. The father died of malaria in 1845. After his death Mary lost two little girls with the same disease within two months. The shock was so great that she became very ill and the doctor told her that if she did not go to a warmer climate she, also, would die. During this time of sorrow she sent for Brigham Young. He answered her request bringing with him James Brown. They blessed her and told her to return to her home where she could be with her own people. She took with her the two remaining daughters and son, George David, and went to the home of her husband's people who had become Mormon converts. Again the angel of death visited her and took both of her little girls.

In the spring she returned with missionaries to Nauvoo. Shortly after George David was stricken with malaria and fearing that he, too, would die she sent for Brigham Young to come and administer to him. He came as quickly as possible. "Mary," he said, "I will take him down to the Mississippi River and baptize him for his health." The boy recovered and was made well and strong again.

When the Saints were driven out of Illinois and companies were being formed to go west, James Brown invited Mary and her son to go with the company. This she was glad to do, joining the trains of snow-covered wagons in almost countless numbers that poured out of Nauvoo. After reaching Council Bluffs, Iowa, James Brown proposed marriage to Mary. She accepted and they were married at that place.

When James was made Captain of Company D, of the Mormon Battalion he took Mary and George David with him on the long journey where they endured untold suffering. Mary cooked and washed for the men, lived on soldiers' rations and was a ministering angel to the men. Little David was her joy and consolation during these trying months. After reaching Santa Fe, New Mexico, Captain Brown was detailed to take the women, children, and disabled soldiers to Pueblo, Colorado where they wintered. In the spring of 1847, they, with other members of the company, again took up the long journey to the valley, arriving in Salt Lake City July 29, 1847.

George David and Mary went north with Captain Brown when he was called to buy and colonize a tract of land on the present site of Ogden bought from Miles Goodyear, an old trapper with an Indian

wife. Mary lived in the log cabin with a dirt floor and the only furniture was a one-legged bed nailed to the wall. When she saw her new home forty miles from a neighbor, she exclaimed, "This is a hard way to serve the Lord." In this community she later became known as an outstanding cheesemaker. She lived to be eighty-six years of age and died a faithful Latter-day Saint.

David grew to manhood and worked many hours on the land. His education was rather meager, but his mother being a cultured woman had taught him to read from the Bible and tried to instill into his young life the sound and lasting principles which would remain with him throughout his mortal existence. He was baptized and ordained a deacon in 1851.

While the mothers cooked meals over campfires during the sojourn with the Battalion, David often played with Mary, daughter of Captain



Mary Hunt Black

Jefferson Hunt. After the Mormon Battalion was mustered out and Captain Hunt returned to Utah, he, and others, were called to colonize the San Bernardino Valley in California. Thus the children were separated until Mary was about fourteen years of age when her father and his family were called back to Utah on account of Johnston's Army. The Hunt family located in Ogden. Mary was then a beautiful blue-eyed, dark-haired girl. During all the years, David had retained a love for his childhood sweetheart. When he met her again he vowed that no other man should call her wife. Mary returned his love and they were married September 16, 1861 at the home of Captain Hunt, the ceremony being performed by Joseph A. West, the first bishop

of Ogden. Later they were sealed in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City.

The young couple made their home in Ogden until 1871, where four children were born to them; Nancy Jane, George David, Charles Jefferson, and William Jesse. During this time the father took care of large herds of cattle out on Promontory. John Henry Smith also herded cattle in this vicinity and they became staunch friends. George David was a member of the first martial band of Ogden, playing the

snare drum and he was also a good violinist, playing for the town dances. He was honored as the official cannon shooter of the city. During a 4th of July celebration, while shooting the cannon, he did not get away quickly enough and received a shock which impaired his hearing for the rest of his life.

In the fall of 1871, George David moved his family to Huntsville. The snow fell so deep that winter it covered the little dugouts in which many of the people lived. David and Mary lived in a one-room log cabin and here on April 21, 1872, Harriet Erminnie was born. In March of the next year they were on the move again, settling in Oxford, Idaho and here they stayed for eleven years. During this time five more children, Joseph Warren, John Franklin, Mary, Grace and Henry Harrison came to bless their home. In 1874, George David was ordained an Elder by John Boice and, in 1875, was made Presiding Elder over the Oxford Branch, Cache Stake of Zion. He held that position for three years and then was chosen first counselor to William F. Fisher who was called from Richmond to be Bishop of the Oxford Ward. The Black family lived in Oxford until the Upper Snake River Valley was being colonized by the Mormons. George David was called by the President of the Stake, Wm. B. Preston, to go and help build up the valley.

So once more they traveled over mountains and through deep sand, through the Bannock Indian Reservation, then a barren desert with only an Indian agency at Fort Hall. "As we drove through Portneuf we children expected every moment a band of Indians would come rushing out of some of those ravines. Finally we reached the great Snake River, and crossed the old toll bridge at Eagle Rock, then on to Market Lake. How the old wagon jolted over the lava beds. There were no roads, just a trail to follow. Again we reached the river north of Rexburg. When we found out we must ford the wide deep stream, our hearts almost failed us, but we had come to build a new home and knew that was the only way we could get to it. Father told us not to be afraid. We offered up a prayer to our Heavenly Father, then father drove into the stream following the sand bar. How happy we were when we reached the opposite side of the mighty river, and reached our lone log cabin near the banks of the north Teton River, November 6, 1883.

"The snow fell that night and we never saw the bare ground again until the first of May. It was a long hard winter. There were no amusements of any kind. Neighbors had to travel back and forth on snowshoes. The older people visited with each other and read a few books they had brought with them, while the children played games and amused themselves as only children can. In March Thomas E. Ricks came from Rexburg and partly organized a Sunday School so we might have something of a spiritual nature."

As Christmas time came near, the younger children began to talk of Santa Claus which made George David and Mary very sad

as seventy-five cents was the total sum of money in the house. They talked it over and decided that the children would have a little candy at least. He would drive to Rexburg, a distance of seven and one-half miles. The day before Christmas a raging blizzard came, but David hitched his horses onto an old homemade sleigh and started out. He had to ford two rivers before he reached Rexburg. At the first, the Teton, the horses broke through the ice, plunging into the icy water. David somehow got hold of the horses' bridles and got them back on the bank. It was several hours later when he reached home nearly frozen. Mary, although disappointed that the children would not receive even the candy, was truly thankful that her husband was safe at home again and late that night she made a little candy of the precious sugar on hand and parched some corn. With the help of the older daughter, Minnie, she made rag dolls for the little girls using charcoal to make the hair and eyes and fruit juices to paint their cheeks. The children were overjoyed with their gifts and it can truly be said that this was one of the happiest Christmases spent by the family, for every heart in that humble home was in tune.

The spring found George David busy plowing and planting his precious seed. Along with his other duties he became superintendent of the Wilford Sunday School. He was also presiding Elder of the Wilford Branch. When the Bannock Stake of Zion was organized he was chosen a member of the First High Council, and was the senior member. He often walked a distance of twelve miles to attend quorum meetings.

George David was a true friend of the Indians and learned their language. They taught him to hunt and fish and were often amazed when he caught the biggest fish. They named him "Pigga Panguitch" meaning "big fish." After forty years he went to Salt Lake City to attend the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Saints arrival in the Valley. Here he saw an old Indian woman he had known as the young mother of one of his playmates. He stepped up to her and said "Loanna" in her language. She was now almost blind. When she recognized him she cried "Pigga Panguitch," tears streaming down her face. Members of her tribe had been fed in his home and many would have given their life for him.

George David and Mary passed through all the trials and hardships incident to pioneering a new country. He filled many positions of trust, helped build new meetinghouses and schoolhouses as he was a carpenter and plasterer by trade. While living in Wilford three more children were born to them, Celia Margaret, Wallace Edwin and Maude Uline, the latter dying when she was eight years of age.

In 1903, George David moved his family to Grande Ronde Valley, settling in LaGrande, Oregon, where his son Jefferson was the bishop, but they did not stay long for they wanted to be with their loved ones in their old Idaho home. When they returned he built a home at Sugar City but again they moved to Oregon to Mount Glen.

They eventually moved back to Wilford where he bought another, and as he said "his last home." On April 2, 1912, while riding home from St. Anthony on a heavily loaded wagon of wheat, he was knocked off by some boys who were scuffling, fell between the wheels of the wagon and was so badly crushed, he died five days later.

—*Minnie Black Garner*

SARAH BLACKMAN HIGGINS, WIFE OF CAPTAIN HIGGINS

Sarah Blackman, daughter of Josiah and Tryphenia Smith Blackman, was born April 5, 1806 at Columbus, Oswego County, New York. She became the wife of Nelson Higgins and, in 1834, four years after the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, they, with their four children, became members and endured all the persecutions inflicted upon the Saints in Ohio, Illinois and Missouri. When the Saints were forced to leave Nauvoo in 1846, again they, with their seven children, left their homes and possessions. While at Council Bluffs Nelson Higgins was appointed Captain of Company D, Mormon Battalion and Sarah and their children accompanied him on the march. Sarah, with a kind and gracious spirit, added much to the morale of the group.

At the last crossing of the Arkansas River the officer commanding gave orders that some of the women and children who had accompanied the troops as far as Santa Fe be detached and sent to winter in Pueblo. It is said that there was much sickness at Fort Pueblo and but for the tender nursing of Sarah and other women of the Battalion many more deaths would have occurred during their forced stay in this isolated place situated on the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains. When spring came they journeyed on to the valley.

Shortly after their arrival Captain Higgins, with his family, and fifty other families, was called to settle Sanpete County. The roads were long and rough, the men walking all the way through the canyon clearing boulders from the path of the wagons. They made camp at Manti. Holes were dug in the hillside for shelter. When the men came in from work at night they would have to kill snakes in these dugouts before making up the beds. The first death that occurred here was the little daughter of Nelson and Sarah Higgins. To them were born the following children, most of whom accompanied their parents on the famous march of the Mormon Battalion: Alonzo, born in 1828; Almira, born May 28, 1830; Alfred, born July 27, 1832; Drucilla, born December 18, 1833; Carlos S., born January 29, 1842 and Wealthy born at Pueblo in 1846.

Sarah passed away August 18, 1864 at Moroni, Utah at the age of fifty-eight years.

Almira was the daughter of Nelson and Sarah Blackman Higgins. She was married to John Darwin Chase, a member of the Mormon Battalion and was one of the women who accompanied the Battalion on its famous march. In 1849 they were called to help settle Manti where her husband later presided as bishop at Fort Ephraim. In 1856 they went to Carson Valley, Nevada and then returned to Nephi. From there they moved to Moroni. Here Almira and two daughters died the same day having been stricken with smallpox. She was the mother of twelve children.—*Ivy C. Anderson*

RUTH ABBOTT

Ruth and Joshua Abbott were in the Mormon camp when the call came for the Mormon Battalion. Joshua is listed as a private in Company D. His wife, Ruth, journeyed from Santa Fe to Pueblo while Joshua went on to California. Ruth came to Salt Lake with the detachment from Pueblo but L.D.S. Church records later list them as residents of California.

SUSAN SMITH ADAMS

Susan Smith was the daughter of Anthony Smith and Sarah Marman. She was born May 30, 1819, in Grayson County, Kentucky. Her father died just before her birth and she was reared by her stepfather, Dr. Priddy Meeks. Life was rather hard for Sarah until she married Orson Bennett Adams. Their first two children died at birth and she later adopted a son, John S. Page (Adams).

When the Mormon Battalion was called into service in July, 1846, Orson Bennett Adams was chosen as First Sergeant in Company C. Learning that a few women could accompany their husbands she left her three year old child with her mother, and accompanied Orson. Mrs. Adams had been reared in the home of a doctor and was able to do much to relieve the sick and afflicted in the troops while on the journey and when they were stationed at Pueblo.

The following September, after their arrival in the Valley in July, Susan was reunited with her mother and baby, they having arrived in the Jedediah M. Grant company. Her hardships did not cease here for food was scarce and they had nothing but the supplies left in their wagon. The next summer, 1848, Orson paid \$50.00 for one hundred pounds of flour and one hundred pounds of shorts to leave with his family while he journeyed, with others, to the Missouri River. He was gone six months.

After his return they went to Parowan, Iron County. By this time Susan had been set apart as a midwife and spent much of her time among the sick. They were called to the Cotton Mission in Washington County and here they took an active part in pioneering a

comparatively new land. Susan gave birth to a daughter at the age of forty years. She was an active church worker until the time of her death in Leeds, Washington County, January 23, 1892.

—*Mary B. Adams*

ELIZA B. ALLRED

Eliza Bridget Mainwaring was born November 23, 1821 in Herfordshire, England, the daughter of Edward Mainwaring and Margaret Nash. She joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and came to America as a young girl. She married James Tillman Sanford Allred November 23, 1845, and when he became a member of the famed Mormon Battalion on July 16, 1846, she willingly joined him on the long trek.

With Company A, they went to Santa Fe, New Mexico from which place they and others journeyed to Pueblo. Eliza was ill a great deal of the way and they had no wagon. An elderly couple shared their wagon with her. She gave birth to a baby boy which died shortly after birth, but the company could not stop while her husband buried the infant. He was so weak from exhaustion and exposure after the burial that he could hardly catch up with the rest of the company.

Soon after they came to the Salt Lake Valley they were called to help settle Sanpete County, reaching Manti in November, 1849, with a company of thirty people. Here two children were born in a dugout on Temple Hill. On the 22nd of March, 1852, they moved to Spring City, Sanpete County, being among the first to settle there. In 1855 James T. S. was called to the Las Vegas Indian Mission and in November returned to Utah for his wife and family. One son was born there. They stayed two years and then returned to Ephraim.

In 1864, James was called on a mission to the Indians in Circle Valley. Here Eliza died on the 20th of April 1866 shortly after giving birth to a baby girl. On account of Indian troubles she was buried at sundown the same day. Later her body was moved to Spring City. She was the mother of ten children.—*Loa A. Aiken*

ELZADIE EMELINE FORD ALLRED

Elzadie Emeline was born December 2, 1827 in Chautauqua, New York to William Martin and Hannah Mayo Ford. The family moved to Nauvoo, Illinois sometime prior to the exodus of the Saints from that place, and it is recorded that she married Reuben Warren Allred, son of Martin Carrell Allred and Mary Hasket when they were each eighteen years of age, on February 7, 1846. When Reuben joined the Mormon Battalion she made the long journey with him as far as Santa Fe, New Mexico from which point she accompanied

the detachment to Pueblo, Colorado. Her husband made the entire journey to California and after his release they were reunited in Salt Lake City. Here they remained until after the birth of their first child, Elzadie Jane, on May 13, 1849.

The Allred's made their way to California during the days of the gold rush spending the next ten years near Sutter's Mill and later San Francisco where three more children were born to them, Nannetta Cooper, Reuben Adelbert and Mary Lilly, but these years were unfruitful financially and sorrowful as they lost their first three children, two of them in April and May of 1857. After the birth of Mary Lilly in 1858, they returned to Utah and settled in Mt. Pleasant, Sanpete County, where they remained six years. Two more children were born here, Martha Rosabell and George Franklin. The latter died the same year he was born.

In 1864 the family moved to Wallsburg where their last two children, John Warren and Emma Paulina were born. Life was no easier in Wasatch County. John Warren, their only son, had rheumatic fever which necessitated their moving to a warmer climate so, in 1878, they moved to Gila Valley, Arizona, purchasing a stock ranch called Buttermilk Point a few miles from Mathewville. They then went into business selling milk and butter to the soldiers at Fort Thomas. Life in this isolated place was very lonely but the returning health of her son compensated for the loneliness. Elzadie often took long walks and on some of these found quaint Indian relics and pieces of pottery which she carried home and placed under a tree near the house. Over the years this pile grew quite large. Not realizing their value she left them when they sold the ranch and moved to Pima, Arizona, only to learn sometime later that they had been sold by the new owner for enough to financially clear the ranch.

Elzadie was not an active member of the Latter-day Saint Church but all during her life was a firm believer in its teachings. She died December 20, 1887 at the age of sixty years and was buried in Pima.

—*Elzada M. Hurst*

HARRIET BROWN

Daniel Brown and his wife, Harriet, were among those who were sent to Pueblo with Captain William W. Willis' sick detachment. Presumably he and his wife returned to Winter Quarters where they located on December 31, 1851.

In the pioneer Watsonville cemetery, Santa Cruz County, California the following information is found: "Daniel Brown, Company E. Mormon Battalion, born October 2, 1822, died 21st October, 1899."

Buried beside him are Mary A. Brown and Joseph Brown. On Mary's marker is inscribed the word "Mother." We have no further record of Daniel Brown and his wife, but it is presumed that Harriet

went to California with him, as did several of the members of the Battalion. Some question has been raised as to whether Daniel's wife's name was Harriet or Mary.

AGNES BROWN

Agnes Brown and her husband, Edmund L. Brown, were members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. When the call came for a battalion of men to fight against Mexico Edmund was chosen 1st Sergeant in Company E., and his wife accompanied him as one of the laundresses. Agnes is listed as one of the women who returned to Pueblo, Colorado to spend the winter of 1846-47, while Edmund L. made the entire trip to California. It is known that on July 20, 1847, when the company known as the Mormon Volunteers was mustered into service under Captain Daniel C. Davis, Edmund L. was named one of the 1st Sergeants.

Agnes came to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake the latter part of July, 1847. No further information can be found in either church, state, or the Daughters of Utah Pioneers' files.

EUNICE REASOR BROWN

On April 13, 1826 Eunice Reasor, daughter of Frederick and Sarah Kester Reasor was married to James Brown, a son of Robert and Margaret Polly Brown. The marriage took place in Floyd County, Indiana with her father, a Baptist minister, officiating. To this union were born eight children. William, the eldest son, was the first to accept the Gospel, then was instrumental in converting the other members of his family. In the spring of 1843 they moved from Fredricktown, Missouri and in the fall of the same year to Macowpin County, Illinois, then to Nauvoo to be with the Saints. They were among the many who endured the persecutions heaped upon the Saints. One incident recorded was that Eunice had a precious feather bed which she refused to leave when the Saints were driven out of the city. She clung to it saying, "If I can't take it, I will open it and let the feathers fly." Later on it was sold for an ox to replace a tender-footed one. She also had the foresight to provide herself with several dresses before she made the trek across the plains.

When they reached Council Bluffs the call came for the Mormon Battalion and James Brown enlisted in Company D, taking with him his family, as did some of the other volunteers, being given this privilege because they were well equipped for the journey. They, with other soldiers and their families, wintered at Pueblo. En route to the valley on June 2, 1847, Eunice gave birth to a son whom they named John Taylor Brown. He died September 20, 1849, two months before they were sent with other families, under the leadership of Isaac Morley,

to help settle Manti, Sanpete County. Their first home was on the south side of the hill, the present site of the Manti Temple. Eunice passed away July 18, 1858 in Manti, Utah—*Eunice Ann Cox Herbert*

Robert H. Brown, son of James (Polly)Brown and Eunice Reasor, when a young boy, was one of the teamsters for the Mormon Battalion. At the time the Battalion left Fort Leavenworth, Robert was ill and his father was permitted to drive his team. One night a terrible storm arose. All the tents were blown down except one. The cover of the wagon in which Robert was lying was split asunder and the rain came upon him in torrents. He was soon lifted out and placed under the wagon and later removed to the one remaining tent which was held intact by six men. The fury of the storm was finally spent and the camp removed to a more desirable camping ground, where they took a day off to dry their wet bedding. He accompanied his father who was sent with the sick detachment to Pueblo to help prepare shelters for the women and children. In the spring they came into the Valley with Captain Brown's company.

When the members of the Brown family moved to Sanpete County, Robert was a lad seventeen years of age and he faithfully did his part in assisting to build roads and bridges and helping to establish the settlement of Manti. Soon after their arrival in late November, 1849, a militia was organized and Robert became a member of this organization. On the 31st of March, 1852, Robert was married to Eunice Pectol, daughter of George Pectol and Sarah Reasor and to this union were born nine children. He later married Elizabeth Ann Tuttle.

Robert passed away in Orderville March 14, 1877 after a short illness.

Newman was born July 18, 1830 and was only sixteen years of age when he accompanied his parents, James and Eunice R. Brown on the trek of the Mormon Battalion. He was also a teamster, and went to Pueblo with his father's family where he spent the winter of 1846-47. After his arrival in Utah in 1847, he married Sarah G. Pettey, Lora Ann Taylor and Jemima Bell Pectol. They made their first home in Sanpete County. Newman died April 6, 1879.

Mary Ann was born October 2, 1842 and was the baby of the Brown family when they made their journey with the Mormon Battalion. She married Archibald O. Buchanan. She died February 15, 1901.

Sarah Jane, another daughter, was born October 27, 1834 and died October 20, 1920. She became the wife of John Lowry and made her home in Sanpete County. It is said that her part in the famous march of the Battalion was the driving of the cows that belonged to the families.—*Katie Hawkins*

MARY BUTTON

Montgomery Button was born in February 6, 1813 in New York. His wife, Mary Button, was born December 15, 1815. Both were members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Montgomery joined the Mormon Battalion in Company D, and was permitted to take with him his wife and children consisting of Louisa, James, Jutson and Charles. They arrived in Salt Lake Valley July 29, 1847. In 1893 they were living in California where Montgomery died August 18, 1895. Mary passed away on June 6, 1896 and was buried in California.

Jutson came to Utah with his parents. He married Ellen Taylor and they were the parents of nine children. He lived in Circleville and Beaver, Utah but later moved to Montrose, Colorado where both he and his wife passed away.

Charles, one of the children who accompanied their parents on the long trek of the Mormon Battalion, lived in Utah during his early years then went to California where he made his home.

James: It is recorded that James lived in Utah for a time but later established a home in Wyoming where he passed away.

JANE WELLS COOPER HANKS

Jane Wells Cooper Hanks, wife of Ebenezer Hanks, started her trip west with the famous Mormon Battalion. She was an excellent cook and, therefore, proved a great asset to the welfare of the troops. History records that Jane was ever willing to do all she could for those who needed aid in any way. After spending the winter in Pueblo she and her husband came to Salt Lake where they lived for two years.

During the gold rush Ebenezer and Jane went to California where they established an eating house. It is said that she served such fine meals that they soon accumulated a small fortune. From there the family moved to San Bernardino where they purchased a small ranch and during the following three years became the owners of a train of wagons and mules. Soon after they established themselves in the freighting business hauling supplies between Los Angeles and Salt Lake.

At the time of the call home to Utah, people living in the out settlements made preparations to return, and Jane and her husband made their way to Parowan. It was here that Jane died March 27, 1896. Her obituary in the *Deseret News* states that "She has been a remarkable woman and has assisted her husband in various enterprises, such as the cotton factory in Parowan and the development of iron in Iron City."—*Louella Dalton*

EMELINE BIGLER HESS

Emeline Bigler was born August 20, 1824, the daughter of Jacob Bigler and Elizabeth Harvey, pioneers of 1851. She was born in Harrison County, Virginia. She became acquainted with John Hess, whose family had moved to Hancock County, Illinois from their home in Pennsylvania where John was born. On November 2, 1845 they were married and it was at this time that word went forth that the body of the Church would leave Nauvoo in the spring. John's father was stricken with paralysis and lost the use of one side which rendered him almost helpless. From the journal of John Hess we quote:

"April 4, 1846: We started on the wearisome journey with our heavy loads and the incessant rain that continued to fall made our progress very slow, the best we could do was to travel five or eight miles a day. As my father occupied one of the wagons, the rest of the family had no shelter only what they could get crawling under the wagons, and much of the time we were obliged to cut brush and lay it on the ground to keep our beds out of the water. Women and children walked through mud and water and wet grass and waded many of the streams so that their clothes were never dry on them for weeks until after we reached the place called Pisgah . . . We concluded to stop at this place because my father was so much worse that it was impossible to move any farther. Word had gone out that President Young would fit out a company to go to the Rocky Mountains . . . and seeing that I could do nothing where I was, concluded to take my own team and what I had and go to Council Bluffs. . . . So I made my father's family as comfortable as possible and taking my wife and my own team and little outfit, bade the rest of the family goodbye and started traveling in Henry W. Miller's company. . . .

"We arrived at Council Bluffs the tenth day of July and found that four companies had already been enlisted and organized. I was advised by George A. Smith and others to enlist and after considering the matter, I concluded to do so and enlisted in Company E. My wife, Emeline, also enlisted as the government had provided for four women to each company of one hundred men to go along as laundresses. . . . I was solicited to drive one of the teams and for the comfort and convenience of my wife, I consented to do so, and many times I was thankful that I had done so as these teams had to haul camp equipage which consisted of tents, tent poles, camp kettles, etc., which filled the wagons up to the bows and the women would have to crawl in as best they could and lie in that position until we could stop for camp. As I had the management of loading, I could make the situation a little more comfortable for my wife, for this and other reasons I will not mention, I was glad that I was a teamster. . . .

"Finally we reached Santa Fe. . . . Then came the greatest test of my life. I had been a teamster all the way and proved that I could take good care of a team and was a careful driver and as Captain Davis had his family with him, and also his own private team, he wanted me to drive it for him, but the intentions were to send my wife back with the detachment of sick men. This I would not consent to. . . . I told him I would gladly go and drive the team if he would let my wife go along, but he said there was no room in the wagon. Then I told him I would not go and leave my wife—I would die first. This was a bold assertion for a private to make to his captain, but the emergency seemed to demand it. ". . . .Go up to the command and bring Adjutant George P. Dykes. . . . Adjutant Dykes returned to the command and climbing on top of the hind wheel of the wagon shouted at the top of his voice, 'All you men who have wives here can go back with them. I have never seen men go about crying enough to melt the heart of a crocodile before, so I have arranged it with the Colonel.'"

After a winter spent in the old Pueblo Fort John and his wife Emeline, came into the valley on July 29th, 1847. . . . "I had only the outfit of a discharged soldier which consisted of a small tent, a sheet iron kettle, a mess pan, two tin plates, two spoons, two knives and forks and a pair of blankets badly worn, two old quilts, ten pounds of flour and my dear, precious wife Emeline who had been with me through all the trials and the hardships, and had endured them all without a murmur. . . . On the 31st of January, 1862, my beloved wife, Emeline, died in premature childbirth. This was one of the greatest trials of my life as she was the wife of my youth and had been with me through all our poverty and trials of life which we had passed through. She died as she had lived, a faithful wife, a devoted mother and a true Latter-day Saint. She was the mother of ten children."

MARY ANN HIRONS

James Hirons, private in Company D. Mormon Battalion; his wife, Mary Ann, accompanied him. They were among the group that was sent from Santa Fe to Pueblo under Captain James Brown. It is believed that shortly after his release from the Battalion James and his wife returned to Winter Quarters where he resided only a short time. Because of a disagreement with his wife, James went to California and it is not known what became of Mary Ann.

FANNY MARIA ALLEN HUNTINGTON

Fanny Maria Allen, daughter of Clark Allen and Martha Thompson Allen, was born October 26, 1810 in Watertown, New York. At the age of twenty she married Dimick Huntington. Both

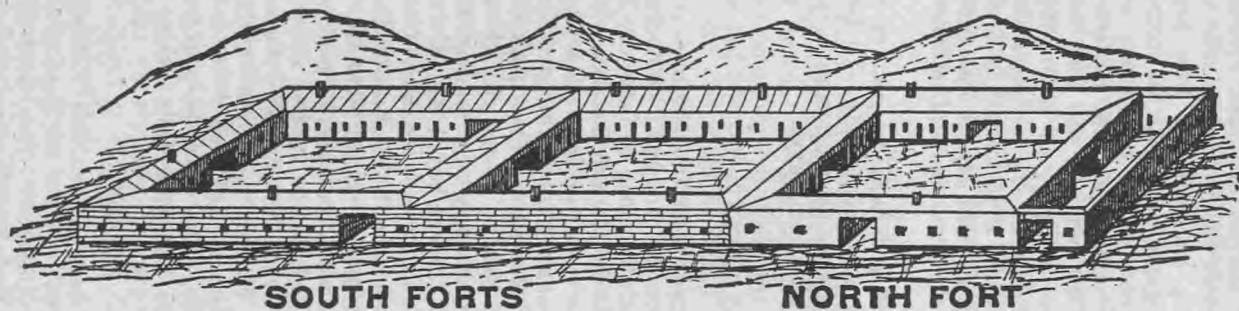
joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. They became the parents of eight children. Dimick served as a drummer in Company D., under Captain Nelson Higgins and Fanny was another of the women who accompanied her husband. While stationed at Pueblo, Colorado, she gave birth to a little daughter, Persenchia, (Priscinda) who died shortly after birth. The life of the mother was despaired of for sometime, but through the kindly administration of two Indian women, she recovered. The children who accompanied them were *Lot, Martha, Zina, and Betsy.*

When the Huntingtons arrived in the valley they lived in the Old Fort for a time where Julia was born June 21, 1848. Dimick died February 1, 1879 in Salt Lake City, Utah. Fanny made her home with her daughter sixteen years before she passed away. The following obituary was published in the *Deseret News* of December 15, 1893:

Once more we are called upon to chronicle the departure of a faithful soul, one of the early adherents to the Church, and one to be remembered forever among those who through untold trials and suffering paved the way for the holy peace of the present day. Sister Fanny Maria Allen Huntington, now dead, was the surviving wife of the late Dimick Huntington of this city who preceded her in death sixteen years ago next February. Deceased was of noble lineage, for Ethan Allen of patriotic fame was a kinsman just a little way removed; and so devotion to what was believed to be the right came to her as a matter of course; and so, however unpopular Mormonism or its Prophet might have been in those early days in the Empire state, for her to hear it and believe, was to acknowledge it bravely before all the world.

Along with her husband and Zina D. Young, she was baptized by Patriarch Hiram Smith, August 1st, 1835, at Watertown, N. Y. and next season, with a little company of ten, including their three children, they went up to Kirtland, Ohio, and from thence to Far West, Missouri, sharing there in the fearful mobbing, violence and final driving from beyond the boundaries of the state of Illinois, where the persecuted and fleeing Saints were then seeking a home. The little company arrived three days later than the Prophet on the site of Nauvoo, and Sister Fanny entered into the duties demanded in a new country, and afterwards participated in that memorable exodus which upon the pages of history is written in lurid gold.

Once fairly delivered from the bitter enemies of the people, she went as the devoted wife of her loved Dimick into the famed Battalion; en route to Mexico where untold hardships were endured, until the time when the Battalion was disbanded and its members endeavored to reach Salt Lake. They did so in a famished condition, having been four days without rations, reaching this valley four days after the pioneers and during the first memorable season being four months without tasting bread.



FORT, GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, 1848.

First Pioneer Fort, located on what is now Pioneer Park in Salt Lake City, Utah, where the families of the Mormon Battalion who had wintered in Pueblo, Colorado, made their first home in the Valley.

In all the subsequent years of married life Sister Huntington was a true wife and faithful worker with her husband in building up this Territory; that poverty, hardship and suffering were hers, is known to all the old residents living and dead. As the mother of eight children, all but two are gone, a son in Arizona and a daughter at Pleasant Green, in this valley, where for the last four years the invalid has lived; her last visit to this city was to attend the dedication of the Temple in April, an opportunity she greatly enjoyed, for the Gospel, its institutions and privileges were all in all to her. She passed away peacefully at 10 minutes to 6 on the 14th inst. Her remains will be brought to this city for interment and the funeral services will be held in the Sixteenth ward meetinghouse on Monday, the 18th inst., at 11 a.m.

The tried, faithful wife, mother and Saint has gone to rejoin her husband, children, the martyred ones and friends. To Brother Huntington, Sister Zina and her family we extend our warm sympathies. May the spirit of comfort be with them forever.

MALINDA A. KELLEY

Malinda Allison Kelley was born October 16, 1815 in ——— Kentucky, the daughter of Isaac Allison and Jane Hunt. Both she and her husband, Milton Kelley, were with the group of Latter-day Saints when the call came for recruits to join the Mormon Battalion. Milton enlisted and his wife, Malinda, went as a laundress. She and her husband were with the detachment sent to Pueblo in charge of Captain Higgins. Milton died on the 4th of November while stationed there. On February 7, 1847 Malinda gave birth to a baby girl whom she named Malinda Catherine. Both were lovingly cared for by the other women of the Battalion and came to Utah in July, 1847. Here they lived in the Old Fort now known as Pioneer Park for the first winter.

Robert Dockery Covington buried his wife, Elizabeth, in December of 1847 and on September 26, 1848, he married Malinda. They afterwards made their home in Cottonwood for a short time at which place a daughter, Mary, was born December 28, 1849. Robert was called to the Dixie mission in 1857 where he established a home in Washington, Washington County. Malinda became the mother of seven children. She adopted a Lamanite girl who lived in their home from the year 1861 to February, 1879, when she passed away. Malinda died November 18, 1894 in Circleville while visiting with members of her family.

Malinda Catherine, daughter of Milton and Malinda Kelley came to Utah with her mother in July 1847. When she grew to young womanhood she married Benjamin Alexander. They lived in Salt Lake City for a time then moved to Vernal, Utah where she reared a

family of six boys and three girls. She passed away in Vernal in 1899.—*Marian Covington Bradshaw*

SARAH KELLEY

Nicholas and Sarah Kelley, accompanied by their small son, Parley, marched with the Mormon Battalion. It is known that Nicholas and his family wintered at Pueblo as members of Captain Nelson Higgin's command. They must have entered Salt Lake Valley in July of '47, but the records of the Church, state and our own files, together with the many families we have contacted, have failed to give us further information.

THE TWO MERRILL SISTERS

Samuel Merrill was a veteran of the war of 1812, having served as a captain of heavy artillery during the country's second conflict with Great Britain. He was in the exodus of the Mormon people from Illinois when the requisition was made for 500 men to go to California and take part in the war against Mexico. Although he was an aged man and could ill afford to spare the service of any of his family, the spirit of loyalty and patriotism were so deeply implanted in the heart of "Father Merrill" that he readily gave to his country's cause one son, two sons-in-law, two grandsons and two daughters. The son was Philemon C. Merrill, who became adjutant of the Battalion; the sons-in-law were Philander Colton and Sergt. Thomas S. Williams, the grandsons were Edwin Colton and Ferdinand Merrill and the daughters, *Albina Marion*, wife of Sergt. Williams, and *Phebe Lodema*.

When the sick detachment was sent to Pueblo the two Merrill sisters were among the group. The fort was hundreds of miles from any settlement and poorly protected, but it was the best refuge that could be obtained at that time. Here the Merrill sisters spent the winter anxiously awaiting the coming of spring when they could journey toward the place which would be their future home.

Spring came at last and then word was conveyed to the isolated little colony that a start had been made by the Pioneers toward the Rocky Mountains. The sojourners at Pueblo were instructed also to proceed westward. No time was lost bidding farewell to the little old fort on the Arkansas. Captain Brown's company fell in wake of the pioneers and all but overtook them before the valley of the Great Salt Lake was reached. The wagon containing Mrs. Williams and her sister arrived at the banks of City Creek five days after President Young had arrived.

In 1851 Phebe Lodema Merrill became the wife of Paremnio A. Jackman and a few years later the husband engaged in business with his brother-in-law, Thomas S. Williams. In the course of time the

firm became one of the largest and most prosperous in the city. In the early part of the year 1860, Messrs. Williams and Jackman took the southern route for California to bring back a wagon train and merchandise. They had a large number of wagons, drawn by 40 span of mules and employed many teamsters. Near Bitter Springs on March 18th the two men were shot down by Indians as they rode in advance of their wagons in quest of a suitable place to camp. The Indians, an old man and his three sons, appeared friendly and told of good grass and water just ahead. The unsuspecting white men allowed the redskins to fall into the rear, when suddenly each rider in front was pierced by two arrows in the back.

Mr. Jackman fell face downward in the sand and his companion supposed him to be dead. Mr. Williams galloped away in a circuitous route and reached his men while yet enough life remained in him to tell the story. As he rode along he tried to pull one of the arrows from his back and the point was broken off inside him. He died that night. When found, Mr. Jackman was still alive but had been terribly tortured by the Indians. He was paralyzed and unable to help himself in any way, except to reach a five-shooter pistol in his hip pocket. Four barrels had been emptied at the Indians, and the fifth bullet was retained, as he told his rescuers, to put an end to his own suffering in case of another attack. Mr. Jackman lived one month to the day and was buried in San Bernardino. It was months before the news reached Salt Lake. Of the entire outfit, but one pair of mules was returned to the widows, the teamsters appropriating to themselves the remainder of animals and the valuable outfits.

The murdered merchants had been possessed of much valuable real estate in the city, but the affairs of the brothers-in-law were known mostly by themselves and the loss of papers and documents consequent upon the men's tragic death reduced the widows from affluence to almost poverty.

Later Mrs. Jackman remarried, but Mrs. Williams remained a widow until her death.

MARTHA JANE SHARP (MOWREY) CAROLINE SARGENT

Martha Jane Sharp, daughter of Abel M. Sargent and Sally Edwards, was born in Floyd County, Indiana, September 24, 1827. While yet a small child her parents joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and gathered with other members in the founding of their settlement in Jackson County, Missouri. The family endured all the persecutions heaped upon the Saints during their banishment from the State of Missouri. Martha's father, with his wife and seven children, left all their earthly possessions and fled over the prairie to Indiana to the home of her mother's parents

arriving there in destitute circumstances. Soon the mother in delicate health after the birth and death of her baby, died, leaving Martha to care for the younger children. Three years later the family gathered with the body of the Church in Nauvoo, Illinois, where they resided until the Saints were again driven out in February 1846. Before leaving Nauvoo, Martha married Norman Sharp in September 1845 and to them was born one daughter, Sarah Ellen (Thomas).

During their flight westward from Nauvoo, while stopping temporarily at Council Bluffs, Norman joined the Mormon Battalion, Company D. She, and her sister, Caroline Sargent, about ten years old, accompanied the Battalion as far as Pueblo, Colorado. After this small company, under Captain Higgins, had left the main command, her husband met with a severe accident while he was taking his gun from the wagon. It accidentally discharged inflicting a severe wound in his arm. About this time they happened upon a band of Arapahoe Indians who told Captain Higgins they would cure the wound, so he decided to leave Norman in their care. Martha refused to leave her husband and was so unalterable in her determination to remain with him that Captain Higgins finally consented to leave her, Caroline, and Thomas Woolsey, a member of the Battalion, with an oxteam and wagon, and the next morning the company moved on. For four weary days the wounded man suffered untold agonies before he passed away. Private Woolsey, with the help of an Indian squaw, buried him in a lonely grave. The next morning the chief told them to go on as fast as they could as there were many war parties close by. They traveled almost night and day until they overtook the soldiers who had given them up for dead. That winter was spent in Pueblo.

On the fourth of July, 1847 Martha Jane married Harley Mowrey. Martha shared with her husband all the privations and dangers of pioneering in Utah, California, and Idaho. She was a woman of highest and noblest character and always an active worker in the Church. Her life was adventurous and eventful even after she had reached the age when most people are willing to lay aside the many tasks of the day. When she was ninety-one years of age their little home in Vernal was destroyed by fire. Here they had lived for thirty-five years. She was a sympathetic and loving mother to ten children, three having preceded her in death. Martha passed away two months after her husband's death in 1920, and they were laid side by side in the Vernal cemetery.—*Harriet A. Dingman*

REBECCA SMITH

While on the march, Elisha Smith, husband of Rebecca Smith, died and was buried by the wayside. He was not an enlisted soldier but was hired by Captain Davis as a teamster or servant. Members of the Battalion laid him to rest as best they could without a coffin, or a

slab to mark his last resting place. Brush and billets of wood were piled over the grave and were burned to conceal his remains from the Indians and predatory animals. His wife, Rebecca, one of the women of the Mormon Battalion had gone with a detachment to winter at Pueblo and did not learn of his death until sometime later. She subsequently married Thomas Burns, who claimed to be a descendant of the Scottish bard, Robert Burns. They resided in Utah.

—Tyler's History—Mormon Battalion

CAROLINE ((EMMELINE) SESSIONS

John Sessions, together with his father, Richard, and brother, William Bradford Sessions, were members of the famous Mormon Battalion, Company A. John's mother was Lucretia Haws. Caroline (Emmeline) John's wife, whom he had married early in July, 1846, was one of the laundresses chosen to go with the Battalion. They wintered in Pueblo and came into the valley with Captain James Brown's detachment.

The father, Richard, and brother, William Bradford, returned East in the fall of 1848 to rejoin their family at Winter Quarters. John and his wife remained in Salt Lake City. They settled in Heber City and later moved to Vernal where she passed away. They were the parents of a large family.

The following taken from the journal of Henry W. Sanderson gives mention of the Sessions family in Pueblo and presents an account of the journey there from Santa Fe, New Mexico and later on to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake:

"Upon reflecting I found that Captain Nelson Higgins under whom I had enlisted, had at the time the Battalion reached the Arkansas River been sent up with the sick and enough able-bodied men to render assistance, and while at Santa Fe, Captain James Brown was assigned to another detachment to return and join him. When I found that my name was among the number I was grieved and went to the doctor and pleaded with him, but he said he had made up his list and would not deviate from it. We drew a little money at Santa Fe. On the 17th the detachment spent most of the 40 dollars that we had received previously for teams and wagon to haul luggage.

"We then left Santa Fe for Pueblo. Nearly all the women that had accompanied the Battalion as laundresses were with us. When we arrived at Pueblo we were nearly out of provisions. They could be had at Bent's Fort a distance of ninety miles. We went to work building houses, at the same time it was determined to send teams for provisions. As soon as I learned of it I made application to be one of the teamsters but was informed that I was too late. E. E. Mecham had also applied with the same result. When the time for starting came one of the teamsters was ill. Mecham was called

to take his place. He said he would not go for he was insulted at the former refusal. He was court-martialed and sentenced to stand one hour each day for a week in the blacksmith's shop. I was then called to go and gladly accepted. There were three teams. Two teams were cattle, with two teamsters for each team. There was a team and two teamsters in the company that belonged to a Mississippi company of Saints that had started for Utah, and as winter was closing in on them, they concluded to stop until spring. My desire was to make the trip purely for adventure

"We made the return trip without adventure and returned to the quarters we fixed for winter. I was healthy and strong and full of vigor. I was given free access to a little rifle. It belonged to Brother John Sessions. With this I managed to keep the mess supplied with meat which was principally turkey and geese. The latter could be found in the river all winter.

"I had, when leaving Santa Fe, got into the mess with John Hess and his wife and John Sessions and his wife (Caroline.) We continued this way until we reached Salt Lake City and were disbanded. I had but two small blankets and slept alone during the entire season notwithstanding we encountered many severe snowstorms. Some of them would overtake me when I was sleeping on the ground without shelter. . . . There were a few settlers at Pueblo—half-breeds. I didn't know their full nationality but they desired to make some improvements. Bro. Hess and Sessions took a job of building a small canal and I assisted them in spading and shoveling. I worked steadily and hard. They would frequently caution me to rest—when I saw them stop, then I would also stop.

"Sometime before the close of winter provisions were low and short rations were issued. Each person in mess had his portion given him and each did his own cooking. Although we drew only half rations, I supplied myself with enough game. I got along without realizing any particular privation and continued to share more or less with other members of my mess. It was gratifying to me to see the two sisters in mess partake of vittles cooked by me with apparent relish.

"As spring came it was understood that we were to resume our journey to California. I had mentioned that another company was sent back during the winter from the Battalion. After they had traveled some days on their route to California they joined us. We left Pueblo on the 24th of May, 1847. We had been advised to take the Fort Hall route as we might get provisions, however there was nothing certain as to there being any available there. I am unable to say how long it was before we reached Fort Laramie.

"When we arrived at Fort Laramie, the Pioneers were four or five days ahead of us. I continued hunting and killing small game every day and notwithstanding our rations were short we lived much on game. I was saving flour and guarding it the best I could. Com-

munications were kept between us and the pioneers. I was continually scouting but generally refrained from killing large game, as I could not get much of it to the train, while it was moving.

"We continued on to Salt Lake. We passed a large snow bank in the mountains in July. The day we reached the Valley it was a very stormy day. We took the cattle out of their yokes and drove them ahead. There were small streams badly swollen. I waded through them several times during the day so that toward evening I had aching bones and fever. I was so sick when I arrived at camp after dark, I went to the wagon and lay there until morning and got up feeling pretty well. My mess mates looked for me the evening before as it was strange for me to be missing from camp duty. We were camped with the pioneers. We had arrived five days behind them. President Young said we need go no farther and we had a few days leisure. . . .

"I remained two weeks in the Pioneer camp. I had been living on food saved out of my rations. I had saved 35 lbs. of flour, 25 lbs. being in one sack and 10 in another. The 35 lbs. were stolen, so I lost my long-kept flour.

"I dropped the potatoes in the first plowing done in the valley. Captain James Brown was going to California as there was a government paymaster there. His special purpose was to collect the back pay due the Battalion boys. I was going with him. He didn't start until two days after the ox train started east for the Bluffs. I was impressed during the night to start east instead of west and as the company had not made an early start I overtook them between Little and Big Mountains. A team belonging to Heber C. Kimball was placed in my charge consisting of two yoke of cattle and a wagon. There was no load except two sacks of salt from the lake. My outfit consisted of the two small blankets, one pair of buckskin pants, one or two shirts, and one pair of moccasins. President Young requested that our government arms and equipage be left to form the nucleus of an arsenal.—*DUP Files.*

ELIZABETH SHELTON

Elizabeth was the daughter of John and Sarah Trains and went with her husband, Sebert Crutcher Shelton, on the famous march of the Mormon Battalion. He was a private, No. 77 in Company D. They were accompanied by the following children: Jackson Mayfield, John Mayfield, Sarah Mayfield, Caroline and Maria. They, with other members of the Battalion, spent the winter in Pueblo, Colorado. The Encyclopedic History of the Church records that "with the Pueblo Company was 2nd sergeant Sebert C. Shelton, seven in family; arrived in Salt Lake Valley July 29, 1847." The five children mentioned are: Jackson Mayfield, John Mayfield, Sarah Mayfield, Caroline and Maria.

SARAH P. SHUPE

Sarah P. Shupe was born September 28, 1822, and in 1846 she was married to James W. Shupe. Both were converts of Mormonism and were at Council Bluffs when the call came for men to join the Mormon Battalion. James enlisted and Sarah was one of the few women allowed to march by the side of her husband. When the women of the Mormon Battalion and the sick detachment were ordered to travel north to Pueblo, Colorado James and his wife were among those who accompanied this division. After their arrival in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake they settled in Riverdale, Weber County, where in 1868, Sarah passed away.

The following quotations were taken from the diary of Andrew J. Shupe, brother of James.

AUGUST 19, 1846: We made the wagon tongue and about 10 o'clock we started and came to the camp of three companies that left the Fort (Fort Leavenworth) before we did. We passed some very good farms of the Pawnee Indians, and they were very friendly to us. We traveled nine miles and came to a creek and camped on a very high bluff close to the creek. It was a beautiful view over the prairie all around, and we pitched our tents. The evening was very warm and it thundered away off for sometime, but the clouds began to rise very thick and dark. By the time that all the company came up, the rain began to pour in torrents and the wind blew at such a rate that we had to hold our tents with all our mights. Just as the rain began to come, James Shupe and his wife went to a wagon and thought to stay in it but the wind blew it over with them in it. Henry B. Miller, Shadrach Holdaway and myself were in the tent. I was in the back end of the tent and the rain came through the tent as if the tent was not there. And the tent blew down in spite of all of us, and the boys got out and left the tent, but it got around me, so that I could not get out for some time, and the wind carried me about two or three yards, and I got my head out and looked up and saw that all the tents were blown down and left all the men in the rain. A young man by the name of Jefferson Bailey saw that I had the tent over my head and he came to me and got under the tent with me. All the hailstones began to beat upon us so that we could scarcely stand to hold the tent over us. The tornado lasted for 5 minutes.

OCTOBER 9th: In the evening we were marched to the upper end of the city (Santa Fe) and camped. They hauled us fodder and wood at this place. The command was given to Captain Cooke through Carney (General Kearney) and he took command of the Battalion and said that the women that belonged to the Battalion could not go across the mountains this winter, which caused some feelings of regret. Cooke said that he could not take wagons across the mountains and they would have to pack their baggage on mules. So he agreed to send all the sick men and the women to the Arkansas River, a place called

Parbello (Pueblo), and the company was organized and Captain Brown at the head. All the men that had wives was to go with them to Pueblo to winter. Some well men were to go with them to guard and take care of them. So I was selected to go with Captain Brown and the remainder was to go on for California. So we were to march on the 17th of October, but we did not get our provisions that day. We started on Sunday, the 18th, and marched 6 miles and camped. While we were at the Santa Fe on the 16th, we got pay for our services, one month and a half, which was ten dollars and sixteen cents. We got \$2.60 in cash and the balance was in checks. The money I got, I paid some debts, that I owed the soldiers, and the check was eight dollars, according to what the officers told me and two dollars of that was to pay for a wagon, that we bought at the Bluffs to haul our knapsacks and 50 cents that I gave to John D. Lee for to pay him for his time and trouble in coming to take our money to the Bluffs, and then \$5 and fifty cents was left, which I sent to my family.

27th: Warm and pleasant, 17 miles and camped, and a young man by the name of Milton Smith died about 12 o'clock at night. He was buried on Wednesday the 28th. The name of the place was called Ryon. We marched 12 miles and I camped at a place where there was a beautiful stream of water. The evening was rainy and cold, some snow through the night.

NOVEMBER 3rd: We marched at 8 o'clock and traveled down the above mentioned ((Cartberg) 8 miles and camped. This day a man by the name of Abner Chase died on the road, about 12 o'clock. He was buried at this place the same day. He had left a family at the Bluffs, but he died in the triumph of faith. He said all he hated was that he had to be buried here in the wilderness, but he said that he would not have to lay very long in the ground.

12th: We marched at one hour by the sun and traveled 12 miles and camped on the bank of the river. As we came to the camp the wind began to blow and the fire got out into the grass, and we had to carry water to put it out, and it took all the men to stop it at this place. Isaac Carpenter killed 6 turkeys in the night—the night was cold and frosty.

17th: The company marched into winterquarters. Myself and Isaac Carpenter were left to guard some loose cattle until evening. We were then relieved by men that were appointed to take charge of the cattle. We then went into camp and we drew 17 days rations.

18th: We went to cutting timber to build houses.

19th: I was detached with 4 men with me to hunt and get and make a grindstone to grind our axes. We went about 5 miles and found first rate grit.

22nd: We went on with our houses.

27th: We moved into our houses.

28th: We built a house for Captain Brown.

JANUARY 25, 1847: A messenger came to this place and stated that the Spaniards had raised a place called Tauc (N.M. Taos,) about 150 miles from this place and had killed every white man but two that made their escape by flight—which told the story. They also stated that Bent was killed in the fight, who was the governor of that province. And about 12 miles on this side of that place, a man lived by the name of Tirley, who had great possessions and he was also killed and all the possessions taken. When this news came to us, a messenger was dispatched with the news to Bent's Fort. We then expected to receive orders to leave this place, but the messenger returned and stated that the same news got to Bent's Fort, just as they did, stating the same thing, and that the quartermaster had no right to order us from this place without orders from headquarters at Santa Fe.

MARCH 27th: One of our men died. He was known by the name of Arnold Stevens. He was sick about one week. He bled to death. He bled in his insides. Just before he died, he requested that his things should be sent to his family. He was buried under the honors of war. At this time Captain Brown with 7 or 8 men, had gone to Santa Fe, to get their pay and to try to get the pay for the soldiers.

APRIL 9th: A man died by the name of Mervin Blanchard. He had been sick a long time.

27th: *Margaret Elizabeth Shupe*, a daughter of James W. Shupe, was born in Pueblo in the barracks on the 2nd day of March in 1847. (I and ten other men had been on a hunting trip for sometime).

MAY 2nd: *Myself* and James Shupe and his wife, Joel J. Terrell and Francillo Durfey got permission to go to Soda Springs and hunt. We got to the springs on May 4th; we killed two deer.

5th: Durfey killed two deer and the next day Terrell killed two and Friday, I killed two, but got only one. On Saturday James killed two and on Sunday 9th, Durfey and myself rode about ten miles up the creek and came to some of our boys hunting. I killed a small deer and let them have it. In the evening we returned to camp. Sarah had got some better. She had been afflicted with a sore leg.

CATHERINE STEELE

Catherine Campbell, daughter of Michael Campbell and Mary Knox, was born in Belfast, Ireland, November 16, 1816. She became the wife of John Steele, member of the Mormon Battalion, Company D. under Captain Nelson Higgins. From his journal we quote: "The 500 men having arrived at the Missouri River were organized into five companies under five captains. In all we had 513 men

and 20 women who got the privilege to go along with their husbands. I also had my wife Catherine and my daughter, Mary, who was about five years old when we started from camp and from our old friends. I left all my earthly possessions with brother Louis Zabriskie, took one blanket apiece for me and my wife, a tin cup apiece, knife and fork apiece, and a spoon, and for the first time laid us down on the cold ground, one blanket under and one over us, and then I felt as though it was hard fare. We were both sick of ague and fever. . . . Colonel Allen was a very kind man and felt for us in our situation, and he had the doctor wait constantly upon the sick, especially my wife. About the 28th of July the health of the company began to improve . . . passed through several small towns, came through Jamestown on the 29th also through St. Joseph, also a town called Bloomington on Friday the 31st. August 1st we crossed the Missouri River and marched to our campgrounds in good order. There were 400 volunteers quartered there and 70 regular troops. We stayed there until the 15th, when we took our departure to join Gen. Kearney's army as fast as we could. He had gone on before with all the troops he could get at the time for Santa Fe. When we got our belts, guns, knapsacks, haversacks and canteens on we were harnessed like a mule.

"On September 2nd we traveled very fast for 16 miles and came up with a company of Missouri cavalry volunteers. Here water was scarce. Here in this desert we were ordered up at 4 o'clock in the morning with the promise we would eat breakfast soon, but we made 30 miles first. My mess consisted of myself, Levi Savage, Ezra Fatoute and Howard Thomas, also my wife and little daughter Mary.

"We soon went on through the great forest of cedar wood and came to San Miguel where ladies were on top of the house, and when they saw that I had women in my wagon they hastened down and sent their old father to invite us in. Then when the women got out of the wagon there was such a hugging as I had never seen before, as that was their manner of saluting. We didn't stay there long as I discovered skulking around the corrals a great number of men, and as my team was the last and I was alone, I must hasten on. It was well I did as I was told they were planning to steal my little girl ((Mary)). After much travel we landed at Santa Fe October 12, 1846, where 250 brethren got there the day before us. The flag was flying, all went merry as a marriage bee. . . .

"At this time our Adjutant, G. P. Dykes, had made out his returns for a division of the company as Col. P. St. George Cooke was to lead the Mormon Battalion to California, and the sick men and women were to go to Bent's Fort and join Captain Higgins detachment and as all the men who had their wives along were able-bodied, I found there was likely to be a separation of the men and their wives. So I went to find out if I could put my name down to go back and be with my wife, although I was not sick. I went to G. P. Dykes who told me to see Dr. Sanderson and he told me I couldn't. So I went

to see all the men who had wives and none of them would go. Finally I found John Hess." (It is recorded in the journals of John Hess and John Steele that these two men were responsible for getting permission from General Alexander W. Doniphan for the men to accompany their wives to Pueblo).

"On the morning of the 18th of October, 1846, we commenced our journey for Bent's Fort. We had 87 men, 20 women and many children and our destination was Pueblo on the Arkansas River under Captain James Brown and others. We built 18 or 20 houses, a blacksmith shop and a large corral. Later we also built a meeting-house. From November until May many companies joined us, many died and were buried. On May 24th the captain and company returned from Santa Fe and brought word to us to leave Pueblo, and on the 29th of July, 1847 we came into the Valley.

"On August 9, 1847 my wife speedily delivered a fine little girls who was named Young Elizabeth Steele, in honor of President Young and for my sister Elizabeth. The child grew rapidly and both mother and child did well. This was the first white child born in the Valley.

"On September 1st I finished an adobe house for my family. We went to work, put in grain and was about to harvest it when the first company came in and turned their cattle loose and devoured our crops. Many of the soldier boys were starving so a petition was sent to the High Council signed by some of the soldiers asking aid for the men of the Mormon Battalion and their families. President Young had told the people to be willing to divide their foodstuff. Said he, 'None of you could have come here had our Battalion not gone on ahead.' This petition occupied the attention of the council for sometime, then they began to make some kind of arrangements to sell off some wagons and purchase provisions, but on the 17th of November our army pay came in from the government. . . . Some cried, 'We cannot live here, away to California.' And the faith of many were shaken, but as the Lord always holds the balance of the power, now came the time the leaders had to call on the soldiers to stay by them. We were told God sent us here and here we are going to stay, come weal, come woe. This seemed to turn the tide of affairs in our favor but times looked dark and hunger stared us in the face every step until the 15th of July when we began to get some new wheat. Prosperity seemed at last to dawn permanently upon me. I was blessed in everything I put my hand to. . . ."

During these trying times and the years ahead Catherine stood loyally by the side of her husband sharing with him and their nine children the joys and sorrows that came their way. They made their first home in Toquerville, Washington County and then moved to Kanarra, Iron County, where Catherine passed away.

—Mildred Christensen

Mary Steele, the little girl who accompanied her father and mother on the march of the Battalion was born December 23, 1840 in Belfast, Ireland. According to the diary of her husband, Joseph Fish, to whom she was married on the 22nd day of March, 1859, Amasa M. Lyman performed the ceremony. She was then eighteen years of age. He says:

We started out quite young, inexperienced and with little of this world's goods. My father gave me what he could; I used his things and worked with him as I had done before. My fortune now consisted of Mary, whom I valued quite highly, for she was a very smart and intelligent woman. My earthly belongings were one yoke of steers, a cow, and one Spanish mare which I traded off for sheep. With this start we went bravely to work. We lived with my father until I could get a small building roofed that my father had built for a granary. We then moved into it and commenced to keep house for ourselves. Our furniture was limited, and more was not easily obtained in this place. James H. Martineau moved north this spring and sold most of his household goods. I succeeded in purchasing from him a clock, looking glass, Book of Mormon, and a few other things which gave us a little start. As for cupboards, tables, and such things I made all we had. Few ever started out in life with so little, and few ever got along so well or enjoyed life better than we did."

Mary was the mother of six children, Mary Josephine, Frances Amelia, Delphina Catherine, Joseph Campbell, John Lazell and Jessie May. The family home was in Parowan, Utah, where Mary passed away.

SOPHIA TUBBS

William H. Tubbs was a private in Company D. of the Mormon Battalion. When he enlisted he was given the privilege of taking his wife, Sophia, with him. They went to Pueblo in Lieut. Willis company from Santa Fe and came into the Valley of the Great Salt Lake July 29, 1847. Records from the L.D.S. Church report that they left for California where they made their future home.

ISABELLA HUNTER WILKIN

Isabella Hunter Wilkin and her husband David Wilkin were among the first converts baptized in Scotland during the year 1840. About this time Orson Pratt, who was in charge of missionary work in that area, came to Paisley and with Elder Mulliner and Elder Wright organized the first branch of the Mormon Church there. David, with two other converts, received his ordinances as priest thus becoming one of the first Latter-day Saint priests in Scotland.

On Oct. 15, 1840, David and Isabella set sail for Liverpool with the first company of Saints on the *Isaac Newton* with Elder Mulliner in charge. This was also the first company to come to the United States by way of New Orleans and up the Mississippi to St. Louis, Missouri. From there they journeyed to Nauvoo, Illinois; thence to Council Bluffs where he was mustered into the service of the Mormon Battalion as Third Sergeant in Company C. This company passed through St. Joseph, Missouri July 29, 1846 and Isabella was one of the women who went with them. At Santa Fe, New Mexico, David was selected to go with the sick battalion to Pueblo, and was accompanied by his wife.

While some claim that Isabella did not live long after her experience in the Mormon Battalion the L.D.S. Church records give the date of her death as June 7, 1877 in Woodbridge, California.—*Fern J. B. Russon*

YOUTHS WHO ACCOMPANIED THE MORMON BATTALION

"I, *William Byram Pace*, was born February 9, 1832 near Murfreesborough, Rutherford County, Tennessee. My father was James Pace My mother was Lucinda Gibson Strickland Pace and was the daughter of Judge Warren Gibson Strickland. She was highly accomplished and well educated, and the source from which I received my early training in music, arithmetic, grammar, etc. . . . About 1838 my parents joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and in the early spring of 1840 they moved to Nauvoo, Hancock County, Illinois where I was baptized, in April 1840. All the boys from eight years up, not capable of bearing arms, were organized into what was called boy companies to learn drill and discipline and were attached to the Nauvoo Legion or Reserves. This was no paper-hat play but sober reality. At this organization I was duly elected captain of one of the companies of fifty and commenced my career in the celebrated Nauvoo Legion. When I was ten years old, my father being an expert drill master, I was initiated into all the mysteries of drill and command.

"On the 6th of February, 1846 my parents crossed the Mississippi and settled on what was called Willow Creek, about six miles from the river. Soon after the camp moved on and finally reached Mt. Pisgah where they established a settlement, planting crops for the Saints who were to follow. . . . then the main body of the camp moved on to Council Bluffs. On the requisition of the President of the United States for a band of infantry to march to California, President Young called upon my father and others to volunteer, which they did, promptly. In the organization my father was elected First Lieutenant Company E. and was entitled to a servant, so he took me to fill that position as I was too young to enlist, and thus I became identified with the Mormon Battalion. . . .

"Memory says it was sometime in October, 1846, we left Santa Fe with teams to make a forced march through San Diego, Southern California. Our line of march took us through many small Mexican settlements where we could buy garden produce on half or quarter rations and we arrived at Warner's Ranch, the first settlement in California on the 8th day of January, 1847. From there to San Diego our roads were interspersed with many difficulties but were overcome. After the first of July, 1847, we began preparations to return to Council Bluffs or to return to the main body of the Church. Horses, mules, saddles, etc., were bought.

"Memory says about the 20th of July 1847 we set out for the Missouri River to find the main body of the Church, whether it be in the Rocky Mountains, in Oregon, or yet on the banks of the Missouri where we left it. We journeyed through rough country which was unbroken and abounded in wild animals. We bought some two or three hundred beef cattle, intending to drive them through but lost many. They were killed, the meat jerked and packed and we moved on, where we encountered many hostile Indians. They were brought into camp and talked to by Father Brown, an aged veterinarian of the Battalion, who spoke in tongues at some length which proved to be understood by the Indians after which they could not do too much for us.

"On the summit of the Sierra Nevada Mountains we met Samuel Brannan direct from Salt Lake who informed us that the Church had established headquarters there and that some of the pioneers had returned to the Missouri River. But several companies were in the valley and more coming. This news was enthusiastically received. We left the overland route and struck without a trail for Salt Lake Valley, where we arrived during the last days of September, 1847. . . . Here some of the Battalion found their friends and relatives and stopped over. A company of thirty or forty under Lt. James Pace, my father, prepared to brave the dangers of crossing the plains in the winter. With low supplies, and hoping to get more at Fort Bridger, we moved on in October encountering snowstorms and hardships. At Fort Bridger we could not buy any supplies and moved on with nothing to eat, depending on game after a journey of nine hundred miles. By scrimping we managed to get over the Sweetwater where we killed a buffalo and fared sumptuously. We there encountered a severe snowstorm freezing nine mules to death. The storms covered up the grass and sent the buffalo to the hills. With our overloaded animals we could not reach them. . . . After many days of traveling and starving and wading through the eight inches of snow, we reached the Platte River. Here we decided to kill a jaded donkey to draw the wolves for meat for our supper but the donkey froze as quickly as the hide was taken off and no wolves came. One of the men decided to try the donkey meat and cutting off a piece he threw it into the fire. As soon as it was cooked we began to eat. After this experience a mule

was often had for supper and no questions asked, but the meat was the poorest.

"The Platte River being partly frozen over, we had a great deal of trouble to get over it. On the other side was a band of Pawnee



Fort Bridger, Wyoming

Indians with which we made friends and feasted on corn, wild turkey, etc. From there to Winter Quarters on the Missouri we had no further trouble, only wading through eight inches of snow and eating mules. We arrived home a day or two before Christmas, 1847."

The Pace family came to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake in September 1850, James serving as captain of one hundred wagons and William Byram as hunter for the camp. William helped to build one of the first houses in the Payson settlement. He married Epsy Williams, daughter of Alexander Williams. At the reorganization of the Nauvoo Legion in September, 1851, he was elected First Lieutenant, Company A., Payson Cavalry. During the following years he served in many responsible positions. He passed away June 18, 1907 leaving an enviable record of service toward his fellowmen.

—*Lucy A. White Page*

Wilson Daniel Pace, son of William Pace and Margaret Nichols, was born July 27, 1831, in Rutherford County, Tennessee. His parents accepted the teachings of Mormonism and moved to Nauvoo, Illinois

where Wilson was baptized at the age of eleven years. When the call came for the Mormon Battalion Wilson Daniel was fifteen years of age and not being old enough to bear arms, he was enlisted in the Battalion as an assistant cook. He made the long march from Council Bluffs, Iowa to San Diego, California, and on March 19, 1847 went with the troops to Los Angeles, where they were mustered out of service in July. Since his family was on the way to the Valley he joined them in Salt Lake City on October 15th of that year.

The Pace family settled in Spanish Fork, Utah and he assisted in pioneering that city. On August 22, 1852 he married Anna Maria Redd and they continued to live in that city for the next ten years during which time five children were born. Later the family moved to southern Utah and seven more children came to bless their home. When the little town of New Harmony was organized August 20, 1867, into a ward of the Mormon Church, Wilson Daniel Pace presided over the ward for nearly thirty years.

In 1887 he moved his family to Arizona where he passed away October 12, 1899.—*Icevinda Pace Rance*

Edwin Colton, son of Philander Colton, being of an adventurous nature ran away from home and followed his father, a private in Company B. of the Mormon Battalion, to California. On the return through Utah Edwin stayed with his Grandfather Merrill in the Salt Lake Valley while his father returned East for the other members of his family. Upon learning that his family was on the way to the valley Edwin, then a boy of eleven years, and a cousin, took two oxen and set out alone to meet the family at Bridger. It was a hazardous thing for two such young boys as the Rocky Mountains was the abode of many Indians as well as wild animals. However, they came through safely and were reunited with their loved ones at Fort Bridger, coming into the valley a short time later in the year of 1849.

—*Elsie Moore Lott*

Other servants to the officers who are entitled to much praise for their patriotism and bravery include Charles Edwin Colton, N. D. Higgins, James Mowrey and Elisha Smith.



In Their Footsteps

*Let your light so shine before men,
that they may see your good works and
glorify your Father which is in Heaven.*

Matthew 5:16



THE GENUINE love shown in the writings that enrich this chapter portrays a deep and lasting appreciation for the achievements of the pioneers. Its purpose is to acknowledge in verse the greatness of the men and women who founded our western commonwealth.

ROSES IN MEMORIAM

As generations usher to their close and decades wane into the yester-
years,
We stand on holy ground who would retrace the footprints of our
sainted Pioneers.
Through dizzy haze and mist of purple sage they glimpsed the
wanton waste of wilderness
Where desolation of the Inland Sea made mocking mirage to their
weariness.

No aisle of roses bloomed along their way, nor grassy avenue for them
was spread,
But beetling crags and sting of sand and shale hurled grim defiance
to their onward tread—
Firm onward tread implanted down the years that steps of ours are
challenged to indent,
Our shoulders braced to hold their torch aloft and send its gleam
across the continent.

For them whose toil-worn hands have carved the way, we proffer
 roses in memoriam,
 And stately markers rear along the land inscribe their names in
 bronze and epigram
 A vast crescendo of allegiance swells for them who builded better
 than they knew,
 To yet reclaim, to ratify and build 'till every dream they dreamed
 shall yet come true.

—*Bertha A. Kleinman*

OH, GREAT ETERNAL SONG!

"Come, come ye saints, no toil nor labor fear,"
 Catch the hidden meaning within this line—
 It is a great, eternal call we hear!
 A call of faith of pioneer design,
 A desert paean under the sky's dome
 Against the tom-tom and the Indian's gaze
 This they sang where the wild coyotes roam
 And the black vulture and the cold night stays.
 But yet, and still their light of faith burned on.
 Sans comfort, sans shoes, sans home left behind,
 They trudged on each until his work was done.
 Such soul-stirring parents are hard to find.
 Are we their children holding the torch high?
 Are we worthy? Will we let their faith die?

—*Ida Isaacson*

MY LEGACY

When I look across the Valley
 Which they found a barren land
 And behold the miracle before me
 Wrought by that inspired band—
 The streets, the homes, the gardens
 Yielding foods they craved in vain,
 And luscious-fruited orchards,
 And fields of golden, ripening grain,
 And pointing spires of many churches
 Symbols of the goals they sought,
 The temple, gleaming in the sunlight,
 I'm humbled by the things they wrought.
 Not for self their days of labor
 Of sacrifice, and faith, and prayer,
 But for God and for their children.
 So, I lift my eyes, a grateful heir
 To all the riches that I see.
 I pray, "O Father, make me worthy
 Of my priceless legacy."

—*Elsie C. Carroll*

I love the flag with its stars and stripes
 And the country for which it stands,
 For the constitution divinely born
 That governs this Promised Land.
 I hope to keep my inheritance
 Holy and undefiled
 And keep these hallowed words in mind
 "The Earth belongs to the Lord."

—*Mary E. Maughan*

MY PRAYER

Intelligence to see the truth,
 Repentance of my daily wrongs,
 Strength to forgive,
 Humility to accept Thy will,
 Wisdom to speak or be silent,
 Faith to endure,
 Courage to go forward;
 This, Oh, Lord, is my prayer.

—*Cleo C. Clark, Davis County*

THE UPWARD CLIMB

We are on the great high-road, that leads to heights unseen;
 This life is but a steppingstone, a resting place between.
 Our third estate and that first one that we kept in ages past.
 God's greatest gift is ours if we but endure to the last.
 Eternal life, that greatest gift that God has given man,
 Eternal truths are ours to grasp and use the best we can.
 The blessings of Eternity are before us as a goal
 For Eternal Progression is the crowning of the soul.

—*Susa G. Walker*

GOD'S PROMISE

God promised that the desert should
 blossom as the rose.
 Man must make that come to pass—
 Tho' man alone is as but grass
 And helpless without God.

Inspired brain, inventive hands,
 Electric power across the lands
 Where sage and cactus grew before,
 Makes the promise seem more sure.

From deep within the aging earth
 Living crystal streams gush forth,
 Reluctant to penetrate the crusted soil
 Which time has tightened to resistance.

Follow the plough guided by the hand of man
 God adds His benediction—sunshine, wind,
 and rain
 Which coaxes into growth the plants of living
 green.

Man has done his part—a miracle the rest
 No, 'twas said—the desert should blossom
 It takes persistent effort—toil and sweat
 Only then can God's promise be kept.

—*Rhoda Wood—Iron County*

THE BEATITUDES

What shall we do to be happy
 In this world filled with sin and strife;
 What will bring us the most satisfaction
 As we journey along through this life.
 Jesus knew, and he gave us the answer
 When he spoke on the Mount that day,
 And gave to us the Beatitudes
 To help us along our way.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit," said He,
 "For theirs is the kingdom of heaven."
 Now let's seek for His kingdom each day
 For no greater joy is given.
 The poor in spirit are the seekers of truth,
 They are those who are humble and meek;
 Whose minds are open to the light of truth,
 And the spirit of God they seek.

He spoke of the blessings of those who mourn
 And the comfort they will receive,
 If they seek their Heavenly Father's help
 In their time of sorrow and need.
 How comforting are the words of the Lord,
 "Blessed are they who mourn."
 For they shall be comforted everyone
 Whose hearts are bleeding and torn.

Next He spoke of those who are meek
For they will inherit the earth.
What greater blessings could we wish for
Than to return to the place of our birth.
Now Jesus was meek, lowly in heart,
So let's make His standard our goal.
Be meek and humble and teachable
And we will find joy in our soul.

"Blessed are they who hunger and thirst
After righteousness sake" each day,
For they shall be filled with the spirit of God
To guide them along His way.
He tells us to ask and it will be given,
To seek and we shall find,
To knock and it will be opened to us
And then we will happiness find.

And then He spoke of the merciful
And the things that we should do
If we wished to gain his forgiveness
We need to be merciful, too.
Let's ne'er speak evil of anyone,
Be charitable to all we know,
Then our Father will show us mercy
If we to others mercy show.

"Blessed are the pure in heart,"
For the face of God they'll see.
What greater blessing could we ask for
Than with our Heavenly Father to be.
Purity is health, strength and power
Wickedness is weakness, you know—
So let's keep our heart pure every hour.

He spoke of the peacemakers, blessed are they
And great will be their reward;
For they are those who will always be
Called the children of God.
They are the ones who are patient and kind,
Loving and gentle each day.
With their gentle voice and happy smile
Drives all anger away.

"Blessed are they who are persecuted
For righteousness sake," said He.
And all who have courage to stand for the truth
Be faithful and follow Me.

Prefer to suffer than yield to sin—
 A blessing to them will be given,
 A blessing that will be a reward for their suffering,
 "For theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

So if we wish to gain these blessings,
 And dwell in that home up above,
 Do to others as ye would like to be done by—
 Fill your hearts with charity and love.
 And keep all God's commandments,
 Walk that straight and narrow way,
 And remember the things He taught us
 When He spoke on the Mount that day.

—*Lydia E. Fisher, Bountiful*

HOW I LOVE YOU

Lois Angeline Smith Bushman was left in Lehi, Utah, with her small children while her husband John Bushman with 200 other men, called by Pres. Young to settle the Little Colorado river country, in the Northern Territory of Arizona, were trying to locate a favorable location. In his letters to her he wondered how she felt about leaving her comfortable home and surroundings, and we find these two poems in her letter to him written March 18, 1877, Lehi, Ut.

"I suppose if I put my sentiments in rhyme you won't care," in her own handwriting on the same piece of paper.

You ask me how I love you
 And pray that I would tell,
 Know then, the love I own dear
 Is deep as deepest well.
 Is high as highest mountain
 As wide as endless space,
 And fresh as clearest fountain
 As pure as purest grace.

You know I love you darling,
 Why do you ever ask
 You know 'tis all my pleasure,
 My heart's delightful task.
 It comes as free as sunlight
 That shines in summer bowers;
 And falls as free as dewdrops
 That gem the blessed flowers.

Now ask me if I love you
If I can tell you more
I'll tell it dear with action,
And not my phrases poor.
I'll tell you late and early
Of love that fills my heart,
That binds our love together,
No more, no more to part.

LOVE SONG

Lead me darling, I will follow,
Whatso'er the path you take,
Be it thru the darkened hollow,
Or among the tangled brake.

Where the spider hangs her curtain
And the wild bird builds her nest
I will follow, sure and certain
If my hand in yours is pressed.

Lead me darling, I will follow
Thru the desert bare and brown
Up the heights swift as a swallow
There to pluck leaves for my crown.

I will go thru dark recesses
Where the laurel branches twine
Feasting on thy sweet caresses
If you'll clasp my hand in thine.

Clasp my hand then, close, my dearest
Lead me in life's choicest way
So the sun of truth may lighten
All our glad oncoming days.

In my heart, Lo, I have throned you
There to reign, my king of men
And with truest love have crowned you
Purer than earth's choicest gem.

REFLECTION

Spoken at the Saint's Soiree in Glasgow, Scotland, January 1, 1849
before she came to Utah.

Enrapt in thought, I stood, one day of late,
Reflecting on the glories of our future state,
No tongue can tell—nor pencils art reveal
The peace, the joy of heart I then did feel;
It was as if it passed before my view,
The glories of a thousand years below;
I felt the spirit of the Lord within,
For all was tranquil, joy and peace of mind.
I stood as in a silence of repose,
And viewed the stakes of Zion as they rose;
Cities, temples, towers—grand was the sight!
It filled my soul with joy, yea, pure delight.
It was not only one that I beheld or two
But countless splendid buildings lay in view;
Gardens with their fruit trees laden to the ground,
All, all was peace and harmony around.
No thorns, no briars, nor weeds were growing there
No filthy smoke, nor foul distempered air,
But soft refreshing was the gentle breeze
That wafted 'mong the foliage of the trees.
The grape, the fig, the box tree, and the pine.
Grew tall beside the cool, clear crystal spring,
The tree of life with all its kind was there,
The perfume of its fruits embalmed the air.
There was no tyrant near, to mar their happy hours,
No hungry beast of prey was prowling to devour.
The beasts of every kind, the myriads of the air
All seemed to harmonize, all seemed to have a share.
Confusion was not there nor jealousy nor strife
Pure love beamed forth from every eye, all, all was
endless life.
The saints and only they with pure delight
Were there to enjoy the splendor of that sight.

With these few lines I'll close. I only felt to write
 When Heaven revealed in vision the spirit did indite
 Imagination some may say and memory their stores
 upturned
 To me it was delight, and with joy my bosom burned.

—*Mary Shields Bevan*

WE PIONEERS

Though merrily we sing 'tis not that we forget
 All our woes of the past—
 What would we gain to sit and pine and fret,
 'Twould not do, our work is vast.
 We gained the place our leaders said
 'Tis freedom's dream, this great frontier
 And here our flag; no foe we dread
 We women of the pioneers.

From the mountain tops our glorious beacon gleams
 A beacon light to minds of men,
 Where schools have grown, our youth to qualify
 To give it truth's priceless diadem.
 From sea to sea; our dreams come true
 And friend to friend clasp hands again
 With joy it caused our hearts to cheer
 We women of the pioneers.

We'll tell you now of a coming day
 Why we'll reap as we've sown;
 We've paved the way for those who're unborn,
 And proved truth by marching on.
 We drove the ox, we pushed the cart,
 We led the old their way to cheer
 We walked all day from sun to sun,
 We women of the pioneers.

Ida Bell Acord Jacoby, San Diego, Cal.

CONTENTMENT

Contentment is a lovely thing
 To live with day by day;
 A task well done contentment brings
 As you go on your way.
 A smile, kind words, a handclasp
 And friends on every side;
 To be content in all you do
 What more to ask of life.

—*Bernice Thompson*

OUR HERITAGE

The poems that follow are evidence that the Daughters of Utah Pioneers have not forgotten their heritage.

IN MEDITATION

I'm the result of a great-grandmother who wore seven petticoats and a brave grandfather who was thrown into a Missouri prison for religious principles.

When I was born, I became the present admiration of a gaunt old woman who walked across the plains. In my bones and sinews are the distant legacy of a soldier who served as an ensign in the War of 1812.

In my blood is the pulse of an English woodcarver and a hat-maker. There is the faint scent about me of the chips of fragrant wood as they fell from his skillful knife, and a tintype of a stiff, starched woman who could make straw into hats for the women around her.

Out of my dreams rises the miasma of a town I have never known and the cobblestones of streets I have never walked. In my hair is the sea spray of an ocean voyage made for religious beliefs and my fingers are sensitive to the ancient touch of linsey wool and fine silk.

I am a young man who defied a Judge to help a Prophet of God; a young midwife who answered calls at all hours to help her neighbors and friends. In me there is a farmer's pride in a row of golden corn and a stable of fine horses; a love of books and writing and the smell of fresh bread.

I am the spirit of a holiday time around Grandmother's fireplace, an old man praying aloud, and a boy on a mission for his Church.

On me are the marks of a thousand miles and bodies. I am part of a procession which can neither begin nor end with me. *For each of us* there is a heritage of heart and hand.

How strange and wonderful it is to be the keeper of a temple!

Norma B. Ricketts, Sacramento, Cal.

A PIONEER MOTHER

Whose indomitable courage, faith and fortitude,
Coupled with never-ending industry,
Measured up to every emergency.
Mother of many, co-partner of God,
Her arms, her heart were ever full.
The homeless waif, the lonely savage
Of her cheer and love and substance gave.

Yes, she mothered them all,
 Not just her own,
 For she walked with God
 Not ever alone.
 Yes, by her they all were blessed
 For she mothered them all—
 She mothered the West.

Luella A. Dalton—Iron County

PIONEER MOTHERS

Oh, pioneer mother, so brave and so true,
 We, a new generation, are thinking of you.
 We're thinking of you as you journeyed along
 Over wild prairie deserts, your courage so strong.
 Did you think of the dangers that threatened you there?
 Did you trust in the Lord to answer your prayer?
 Did you ever complain at the length of the road?
 Or did you keep pushing to lighten the load?
 In the midst of your trials were you ever beguiled
 To shrink from the duty of bearing a child?
 Or did you just feel, as you lay down to rest
 A sanctified joy with a babe at your breast?

Oh, pioneer mothers, to us your most dear,
 We cherish your courage, your faith and your prayer.
 We know that you conquered the powers of sin
 And built up the courage and faith from within;
 You maintained the standard of virtue and truth
 Your faithfulness strengthened the lives of our youth.
 Your faith and your prayers, your power to bless
 Brought comfort and cheer to your home in the West.
 Refinement and culture you strove to retain
 That joy and contentment would ever remain.
 May the joy of real comfort, of peace and of rest
 Be yours to enjoy in this land of the blest.

HERITAGE

All men cannot boast freedom, all men cannot boast love,
 But every man, since Adam fell, can boast of one thing from
 above.
 That thing most dear is heritage, they know the story well,
 Take away man's heritage, he is nothing but a shell.
 Heritage is priceless, it means so much to me
 And by reading many histories of those who used to be,
 I realize the true values of life and liberty.

It is a broad horizon to look upon and say,
I love those dear pioneers who made possible this day,
I love them, and I honor them, I proudly think of them and tell;
Take away man's heritage, he is nothing but a shell.

—*Anna Rae Williams Carter*

MY AFGHAN

There is more than just plain yarn
In my afghan—for I see
More than pattern, stitch and color
In such blended tapestry.
There is patience, so much learning,
And an artist's sense supreme;
Hours and weeks of steady building
To create the finished theme
Of beauty, in this afghan, that
My mother made for me.

All the love and wisdom of her years
She crocheted into its soul;
Tender thoughts and special memories
Were hooked in—row on row.
There were homes and many loved ones,
Passing by in dear parade,
As her fingers fashioned lovely yarn
Of "rosy-velvet" shade
Into this treasured afghan, that
For me—my mother made.

—*Pearle M. Olsen—Sanpete County*

MY MOTHER

Come sit by my side little darling
There's a story I want you to know,
'Tis the life of a beautiful maiden
Who lived a long time ago.
She lived in the country of Denmark,
In a land way over the sea,
But she left it that we might be happy
Yes, she left it for you and for me.
Her father had lots of money,
Rolling hills with meadows below,
And oftentimes over the hilltops
This sweet little maiden would go.

She loved the pretty flowers
 That grew along the way,
 And she would stop as she passed along
 To pick a fragrant bouquet.
 The king had a beautiful garden,
 And oftentimes this maiden would see
 A charming prince as she passed along
 Smiling beside a tree.
 They learned to love each other,
 And oft in a pleasant way
 They would wander over the hilltops
 Making plans for a future day.

But one day two Mormon elders
 Met Karen so young and gay;
 She read the tracts they gave her,
 She believed what they had to say.
 But her father was very angry
 And said in his gruff old way,
 If she wanted to believe such stories
 With her family she could not stay.
 So she came with her friends to Utah;
 She was happy here I know,
 But she did not forget old Denmark,
 And the hills where the flowers grow.

—*Dorothea Nelson Olson*

THE GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER SPEAKS:

Great-Grandmother Ann, were you sad that day
 In the long, long ago when you sailed away
 From your home in a land far over the sea?
 Did your young heart harbor perplexity?
 Did you face your future with doubt and fear
 As your great granddaughter is doing here?
 Of what did you dream in this alien land
 As your tired feet plodded through sage and sand?
 You could not have visioned the things I know
 When you entered this valley so long ago;
 This inland empire where temples raise
 Their arms in rejoicing at Heaven's ways;
 You could not have seen, as I do today,
 The gold of the grainfields, the orchards gay,
 The cities that lie on the valley's breast—
 Each one a jewel that God's hand has caressed;
 Then what was the vision that made you strong?
 What dream gave you courage to journey on?

THE GREAT-GRANDMOTHER ANSWERS:

Great-Granddaughter Ann, the dream I had
Was a simple one, and it made me glad.
Though I knew the heartbreak of good-bye tears,
It banished my doubts and dispelled my fears:
I dreamed of a home in a peaceful place,
Of a good man's love, and a baby's face.
Our home was a dugout where wild sage grew,
But our love was there, and my dream was true.
Oh, child of my Grandson, resolve this day
To set your feet on their rightful way:
No matter what struggle a true love brings,
Hold fast to the good and the simple things:—
A home where no evil or hate abide,
Keep virtue and truth and faith inside;
Hold love as a treasure that has no price,
And a baby's laughter as paradise.
Do your woman's work in this world of woe
For from these things great empires grow.

—*Miranda Snow Walton—Burbank, California*

TO MY MOTHER

As I sit here in the twilight
Thinking of my childhood days,
There comes to me a mental picture
Of my mother's kind, sweet ways,
Always thinking of the needy,
Giving help where ere she could;
Is there one within a million
Who'd have been one-half so good?
I have never known another
Who has given any more
To the ones who had misfortunes
She their burdens gladly bore.
Now on this, your eightieth,
We can look to you with pride
And we think our father lucky,
When he chose you for his bride.
Oh, I thank thee Heavenly Father,
For my mother kind and true;
May I follow in her footsteps
Always seeking Thy will to do.

Helping those who need assistance,
 Giving help along the way;
 May I be thy worthy servant
 Aiding Thee from day to day.

—*Athelia Call Sears Irvine—Weber County*

MOTHER OF MINE

I am grateful to you, dear
 Mother of Mine.
 For your kind and loving guidance
 In a pathway most divine.

(Mother's Answer)

Heart of my heart
 And soul of my soul
 'Tis I, who understand you best
 And fully appreciate your worth
 For I know your thoughts divine
 Then—Do you
 Wonder why I should pray
 And thank God every day
 That you are mine?

—*Hettie Parsons Fackrell—Bingham Co., Idaho*

SINCE MOTHER WENT AWAY

I've learned a lesson bitter-sweet,
 That life is only made complete
 By burdens, difficult to meet
 And bear from day to day;
 I've learned to look with broader views,
 To leave the false and seek the true,
 Humbly my destined way pursue,
 Since Mother went away.

The world's still beautiful to see
 The lilac plumes, the cherry tree,
 The mating birds, the pilfering bee,
 She loved them so always;
 I gaze into the tranquil skies,
 The star-strewn path to Paradise
 And see life in a holier guise,
 Since Mother went away.

I've learned to look with kinder eye
 On all the crowds that pass me by,
 For each must suffer, just as I
 Upon some fateful day;
 But somehow, Heaven seems more near,
 I've more of faith and less of fear
 Pervading peace has come to cheer,
 Since Mother went away.

A sad sweet something fills the place—
 A memory of her dear face,
 Filled with the calm of Heaven's grace
 To be our guide and stay;
 Oh help me, Lord, that I may be
 All that my Mother wished for me;
 My faith and love abide in Thee,
 Since Mother went away.

—*Coral J. Black*

THE QUILTING

One day I went quilting with some others close around,
 And the beauty that I found there was to me quite profound.
 The greetings of each other told of friendship true and old,
 And the stitches and suggestions made it fit in every fold.

Some were speaking bravely of events now past and gone,
 And the test it puts before one when a love mate passes on.
 How can I tell you plainly of the strength these ladies have,
 They have passed the greatest hardship, so serene, calm and sad.

And yet we find them cheerful and eager to give some of their time;
 Glad that they can be of service to some causes that are fine.
 If I should have these similar trials in my days to come,
 I hope I can remember the others that have won.

At the peaceful quilting party, a thought burned in my heart,
 Try to always keep on going, you can't always be apart,
 And beside your simple goodness, passing by each busy day
 Helps some other soul to follow ideals that will always pay.

—*Helen McKay*

GRANDMOTHER

Grandmother sits slowly rocking in her chair,
 Reviewing the long past scenes through age-dimmed eyes;
 She places treasured thought, one here, one there,
 Through full score winter's white and summer skies.
 Her heart re-hears the varied season sing;
 Remembers cloven clouds, revealing blue;
 Knows that the cycled span of life nears spring,
 And speeds thoughts far ahead to catch the view.

Then all the glad, sweet thoughts of youth recede,
 Like blooms give way to harvests rich increase;
 And more effulgent seem the proffered need
 Of these last vantage days, diffusing peace,
 To grandmother, as she rocks, so richly blessed,
 With myriad treasured thoughts we have not guessed.

—*Susa Gould Walker*

FOR LIFE IS WONDERFUL

To my Great-Grandmother Tora Nielsen Starkie, living Pioneer

Skippping unconcernedly along beside
 The wagon, picking flowers from the trail,
 Her youthful eyes aglow with sturdy pioneer pride,
 She seeks adventure, not adult travail.
 Her legs may tire as mile rolls after mile each day,
 But though a limb complains the soul is light
 For every morning brings new flowers her way
 And rocks, and everything to bring delight—
 For life is wonderful at only four.

Within her arms a tiny image of herself
 Brings soft maternal rapture to her face.
 Reflected from a candle on a dugout shelf
 Are husband, home and child in this far place.
 No cushioned chairs, no curtain, and no deep-piled floor,
 But she enjoys her mansion in a hill,
 She smilingly reflects and would not ask for more.
 With diamonds as a choice she'd take this still—
 For life is wonderful at twenty-one.

Beside three simple graves her head is bowed in grief
 For here her children have been given rest
 In quick succession, and she turns to her belief
 In Him who took them, and she now feels blessed;

Her heart may cry, yet death is but a part of life.
 She'll carry on—there's much that she must do.
 Her other children need her as they face the strife
 Of growing up. She'll stay and see them through—
 For life is wonderful at thirty-three.

Her eyes have dimmed with age and still they see much more
 Than eyes of some one-third as old as she.
 They sparkle as she dreams of what has gone before
 And things are as she knows they ought to be.
 Four generations live to call her name revered
 And borrow from her legacy of love.
 Her life is now complete, her family has been reared—
 She smiles and sends a grateful prayer above
 For life is wonderful at ninety-six.

—Pat Johnson

THE JOURNEY

Grandmother, when you were just fifteen,
 You boarded a ship with full white sails,
 And with your parents started West,
 Leaving your native land of Wales.

As you waved goodbye to home and school
 And friends you loved, were there tears near?
 Did you foresee the trials and tests,
 The challenge that waited over here?

The voyage was rough; the little ones,
 Younger than you, needed your care;
 For your mother was taken suddenly ill
 And there was much to do, to share.

America's shores were reached at last;
 You traveled in freight cars through the land
 Till you came to the Mississippi's shores,
 And there formed a gallant Pioneer band.

It was summertime; your parents packed
 As many possessions as they could pull
 Into a handcart, and you took the trail
 For Salt Lake Valley. Your hearts were full.

The journey was long and lonely and hard;
 You played with the children along the way;
 You carried much of your mother's load.
 You learned to work and watch and pray.

But you reached the Valley, the Promised Place,
 In safety, for ever God was near.
 Grandmother, humbly I am grateful to you.
 How great is my heritage, dear Pioneer.

—*Mabel Jones Gabbott*

GRANDMA'S SOUVENIRS

As I look at Grandma's white plate-cloth,
 And fondle Great-grandmother's serving spoon,
 There's a rustle of silk and crinoline;
 A soft voice is humming a Danish tune.

The silver spoon of mirrored sheen,
 Engraved with floral wreaths and scroll,
 Has on its back the name and date.
 I feel it almost has a soul.

The linen cloth is white and blue.
 She embroidered it with words and flowers;
 It has held a snack for many a friend,
 Who spent with Grandma, happy hours.

When Granny's callers neared the door,
 Before the knocker went tat-tat,
 She quickly put the kettle on—
 While they wiped their shoes on the braided mat.

She greeted them with a firm hand-clasp,
 And seated each in a parlor chair,
 Then moved the Bible and laid the cloth
 With her very best china and silverware.

"Lad Kaffen Smage," the small cloth says,
 Which means, "May the coffee taste real good,"
 She smiled and passed the cups and plates,
 Serving her guests the tasty food.

These rare relics are prized the more,
 Recalling the faith which was kept alive
 By Grandma Nielsen and her family,
 As she crossed ocean and plains in sixty-five.

—*Flora Berg Jenkins*

OUR DOCTOR

Written as a tribute to Dr. Priddy Meeks by his Great-Granddaughter.

Some people get old, at sixty, retire,
Spend the rest of their lives in a chair by the fire,
But we have a man in our county today
Who's past eighty years young, though
 his hair's turning gray.
His spirit ambitious and courage so bold
Flings a challenge to youth, for he will not grow old.
His body gets weary as the long hours he spends,
In cheering and doctoring other bodies to mend.
Yet dauntless and faithful he still does his part,
And there's love and affection for him in our hearts.
He says, and a twinkle is seen in his eye,
"I'm not as strong as I once was, but I'm not ready to die.
I'll do all I can to relieve people's pain,
Until a young doctor comes here to practice again."
As we accept his services, his courage and cheer,
And think of the years he has worked without fear,
Makes us realize surely that youth's glorious plan,
Has been exemplified fully in the life of this man.

Arvilla J. Heaton

GRANDFATHER

His noble stature lives with me today
White, curly hair and beard of whiter hue;
So tall and straight, yet eighty years had passed,
He pioneered, helped make the desert bloom.
On that last day at our home I recall
The songs he sang, his stories of the past,
So meaningful, deeds of accomplishment,
We children listened, loved him tenderly
And when the sun was setting that June day
He walked the flagstone path and at the gate
Turned, smiled, and waved a fond goodbye;
Now in that Great Beyond he waits for us.

—Dora Toone Brough—Kane Co.

ON YOUR WEDDING DAY

Heaven today has joined together
These two hearts in holy ties;
Countless angels beareth witness
'Tis recorded in the skies.

Joined through God's eternal cov'nants
 For this life and further more
 Reaching far beyond death's portals
 To eternity's far shore.

May the angels who are smiling
 On your union here below;
 Ever hover 'round your pathway
 Guarding you where'er you go.
 May the richest, choicest blessings
 That to mortals ever come,
 Shed on you their brightest radiance,
 Give true beauty to your home.

—Annie P. Roberts—*South Davis Co.*

GRANDFATHER'S WAGON

Oh, gone is my grandfather's wagon
 That weathered the wind and the snows.
 Now, gone is that battered old wagon;
 The one with the cover and bows.
 Oh, where is that old covered wagon?
 I'm sure there is no one who knows.

It rattled and rocked o'er the prairie
 In the dust of the old wagon train
 It bore all the heat of the desert
 The rocks and the ruts of the plain,
 And provided a refuge and shelter
 In times of grave sorrow and pain.

Long ago it stood in the orchard,
 'Neath the bough of the old apple tree:
 As children we played in the wagon;
 My brothers, my sister, and me,
 Who grew up with a birthright of freedom
 Earned by those who had toiled to be free.

And now there's no room for the wagon,
 That weathered the wind and the snows.
 No room for my grandfather's wagon,
 The one with the cover and bows.
 Oh, where is the old covered wagon?
 I'm sure there is no one who knows.

—Vera Delila Loveland Haws—*North Los Angeles, Cal.*

TRIBUTES

Faith and sacrifice, deep and abiding, are shown in the lines that have been written paying tribute to the Utah pioneers: faith to carry on, faith to accomplish, faith to build, and faith in each other.

THE UTAH PIONEERS

Oh, Time, rushing fast to your ultimate goal,
Won't you pause, won't you wait and for once backward roll?
Roll back many years, one hundred four years today,
And watch a long emigrant train wind its way
O'er valleys and hills, o'er gray sagebrush plain,
All braving the frontier a home to obtain.

Not a house, not a fence, scarce a tree to be seen,
The people look haggard, the oxen look lean,
Yet in each weary face beams a resolute eye
And their souls cry aloud, "We'll win or we'll die!"

This band of brave people had heeded a call
From their great Prophet leader and come one and all,
To settle the valleys and build up a home
In a land where but coyotes and Indians roam;
The weather is cold and the ground white with snow,
But brave and undaunted still forward they go;

Strong men and brave women and many a child
Come bravely to conquer this land rough and wild,
Though hungry and sick from exposure and cold
Their spirits are strong, both the young and the old.

The journey was slow o'er the wild trackless plain,
And often the Indians molested the train
Of oxen and wagons, and stole some away,
Delaying their progress for many a day,
Their rations were scarce, their clothes worn and old,
And some of them perished from hunger and cold,

And many a crude grave was left by the way,
Not even a marker to show where they lay;
And sad-hearted mothers breathed heart-rending prayers,
"Oh, God, keep these graves from the wolves and the bears!"

So westward, still westward, they wended their way
Over rivers and mountains, 'till one summer day,
Looking out from his wagon, a light on his face,
Their sick Prophet-leader cried, "This is the place!"

There, spreading below them, a valley so wide—
The Great Salt Lake sparkling on yon farther side.

"Lo, here we will settle and build up a state;
In the tops of the mountains we'll grow strong and great."
So they planted our flag on the unbroken sod,
Then, kneeling, they lifted their thanks unto God.

They started to work with a strong, fervent will;
They cut down the timber, they built a sawmill.
The old 'dobe fort, and the little log school
Where your dad and mine learned the dear Golden Rule.
They plowed up the brush and planted the corn;
They dug many ditches to water the farm;
They laid out the town and planted shade trees,
And everyone there was as busy as bees,
And when in the evening their work was all done
They met in the schoolhouse and joined in the fun.

They got out a fiddle and some one to play,
The whole population was happy and gay;
They danced all the night from darkness 'till dawn,
And not one among them that thought it was wrong.
The old folks and parents, the young men and girls
In their best Sunday breeches, their homespun and curls;
All joined in the frolic—all cares thrown away
For they work when they work and play when they play;
And I'm sure our parents in their own simple way
Enjoyed themselves better than we do today.

But all was not peace and all was not joy
For often the Indians came to annoy.
They drove off the cattle and plundered the town,
And many a settler has helped run them down;
And many a woman has sat with a gun
At the door of her cabin and watched till the sun
Came up o'er the mountains at break of the day,
And watched the brave men drive the Indians away.
I tell you, dear friends, pioneer women were fine
And brave and courageous—your grandma and mine.

And on every Sunday, the Lord's holy day,
Their horses and wagons and tools quiet lay;
The children were clothed in their one Sunday best,
For to all these good people, the Sabbath meant rest.
Though weary and tired, yet each Sabbath day
They went to their meetings to sing and to pray,

To tell one another, "The Lord has been good,"
 And to thank Him for loved ones, for shelter and food,
 For through all their trials, no matter how mean
 To these Utah Pioneers, the Church was supreme.

Oh, dear Utah Pioneers, you've all passed away,
 And in yonder churchyard your bodies now lay.
 But your children still honor the name that you gave
 And honor your memory so noble and brave.
 I'm glad you had courage and vision to see
 What your suffering and trials must now mean to me;
 And to all the descendants of that noble band
 Who conquered the desert and watered the land.
 July twenty-fourth, 'forty-seven the year,
 You founded this place that we all love so dear.

Your much beloved faces are no longer seen,
 But your children will still keep your memory green.
 On each natal day as the years hurry past,
 We will honor you more than we did on the last
 For you left us a heritage that will endure;
 You left us a faith that is strong and secure;
 And you left us a home in the heart of the hills
 With the wide-spreading fields and pure crystal rills,
 And the pioneers' children, wherever they roam
 Will love and remember dear Utah, our home.

—*Mary Gould Canova*

THEY HAVE

Have you seen a yoke of oxen,
 Have you heard the drum and fife,
 Have you ever seen a redman
 That you feared would take your life?
 They have.

Have you seen a barren valley
 With a cottage here and there,
 Ever seen a loom and shuttle
 Woven cloth, both warm and fair?
 They have.

Have you taken from the sagebrush
 Blossoms, and have made a dye,
 Colored cloth, and made a best dress—
 Danced to "Coming Thru' the Ryë"?
 They have.

Have you worked from early morning
To the wee small hours at night,
Keeping fingers ever busy
Even by a candle light?

They have.

Have you ever worn a dress dear
With four petticoats beside,
Worn them full and plenty long, too,
So your instep you could hide?

They have.

Have you reared a great big family,
Helped to earn their board and keep,
Washed their clothes when they were sleeping
So that children could look neat?

They have.

Have you ever carried water
From the creek to wash your clothes,
Ever run it through a filter,
Stead of through a rubber hose?

They have.

Have you ever made a pieced quilt,
Ever tried a crochet hook,
Ever known a downright hunger
For the time to read a book?

They have.

Have you smiled and called them trifles
When troubles came your way,
Obeyed God, and His counsel,
Calling it the only way?

They have.

Have you lived your lives so grandly
That they're proud to be your kin,
Knowing that to walk in your way
They'll be sure to "Enter in"?

They have.

BRAVE PIONEERS

Across the sea, across the sand
The people came from every land
To join the westward moving band,
To follow Brigham Young's command.

They put their faith in God anew.
They gathered their possessions, few.
They bade their friends a sad adieu
To travel west, deserts subdue.

Pioneers arose at break of day
Eager to be upon the way.
Some rode, some walked, none were passe.
They followed Brigham, come what may.

The Indians lurked near camp at night
Causing the pioneers much fright.
When Brigham said, "Feed them, not fight,"
They made friends with the Lamanite.

Trials and privations they did not mind,
For Brigham Young, though firm was kind.
Surely the promised land they'd find
If they kept up this daily grind.

A brother dies weary, careworn,
A fresh grave dug in lands forlorn.
A helpless widow left to mourn.
Fatherless children, one yet unborn.

Stopping a broken wagon to mend
Their westward way again they wend.
When at length, their journey's end
Prayers of thanks to God ascend.

—Frances C. Yost—Caribou Co., Idaho

WE HONOR YOU

We honor you, Oh! Pioneers,
You were a valiant band
To leave your native countries
And come to this far away land.

Your faith in your God and religion,
Your trust in your fellowman,
Was as strong as the rock of Gibraltar,
Your courage never to wane.

We know your lot wasn't easy,
 And your sacrifice was great,
 Always looking on the bright side,
 Never thinking what might be your fate.

We are the ones who are reaping
 The great spoils wrought by your strife.
 Oh! God we ever thank thee,
 For the Pioneers' life.

—*Jessie Creager—Morgan County*

THEY WERE WORTHY

I love the pioneers, who have made a home for me,
 Deserts have blossomed, grandeurs here we see.
 I love the pioneers, who so bravely struggled on
 O'er plains and mountains, yet they sang this song,
 "Onward, ever onward along our pathway as we roam.
 Guide us, Father guide us, to our mountain home."

I love the pioneers; may I prove myself to be
 Worthy of the struggles they went through for me.
 Help me to be faithful, do my duty day by day,
 Ever brave and cheerful and like them we'll say—
 "Onward, ever onward along our pathway as we roam,
 Guide us, Father guide us, to our Heavenly Home."

—*Stella S. Wood*

THE PATHS

Retrospect

Before the mountain summits rise
 Like sentinels to guard the skies
 Plodding by day, weary at night
 How far to travel to this sight;
 Singing, praying and smiling along
 When fellow men's hearts were cruel and wrong.
 The Prophet's grave in its sacred place,
 To be opened only by higher grace,
 Leaving treasured home and beloved land
 To fall into the despots hand.
 Spreading cheer when hope was gone,
 Helping others to carry on.

Leaving "Nauvoo, the Beautiful."
 Seemed only to be dutiful,
 Leaving graves unmarked along the way
 Praying, hoping for a happier day.
 So far across the arid land
 With Indians lurking on every hand
 To arrive dispirited at last,
 At the inland valley—a desert waste
 What is the fate awaiting here
 After leaving behind so much, so dear.

Introspect

But lo, the courage God loaned before
 Brings ever and ever so much more.
 A temple rises to Almighty God
 And weary feet no longer plod
 In vain, but hasten to work
 Nor do hands shirk
 The work begun, for loved ones gone
 Their temple work is carried on
 Each morn a promise of the bright day
 When earthly cares shall fade away
 And feet the path of service trod
 To find at last the way to God;
 Away from heartaches that used to be
 To the glorious joys of eternity!

—Mabel M. Erickson—North Sanpete Co., Utah

WONDERFUL PIONEERS

You did not stop though the way was hard
 Oh, sturdy pioneers.

With weary step you trudged along,
 A strength to fight against the wrong,
 And on your lips was oft a song.
 Oh, wonderful pioneers.

You did not stop though the way was long,
 Oh, hardy pioneers.

With never a thought for wealth or gain,
 You seldom gave heed to hunger or pain,
 You struggled along with might and main
 Oh, wonderful pioneers.

We are proud of what you left us
 Oh, glorious pioneers.
 Our enduring love for the mountain sod,
 A desire to cling to the iron rod,
 A deep and abiding faith in God,
 Oh, wonderful pioneers.

—*Mary Archibald Williams—Bingham Co.*

FROM ABOVE

How beautiful are the angels
 Sent from up above,
 To guide us in the paths of truth
 With His eternal love.
 If we would heed their warnings
 They give us day by day
 How happy then our lives would be
 As we journey on life's way.

—*Frances Adeline Harrison Hayes*

THE PIONEER TRAIL

This was the trail the wagons made,
 And the teams of horses and oxen staid,
 And the feet of women and children small
 And men who listened to the call.

What was the cause and what the quest
 Of this vast concourse marching west,
 Over the miles of endless plains,
 Forging the streams through sun and rains?

To find a place where all might be
 Safe and protected, happy and free,
 To build their homes and till the sod;
 Freedom to serve and to worship God.

Year after year others followed the trail,
 Some pushing handcarts over hill and dale
 With stout hearts and brave they strove fearlessly,
 With unfaltering faith in their destiny.

Can you see them? The fair young bride,
 Trudging along by her husband's side;
 Playing a game on the old trail there;
 And Mother soothing a little child
 When into the camp rode the Indians wild.

And then when the long day's trek was done,
And down in the west sank the blazing sun;
They gave thanks to the Giver of blessings good,
For kind protection and simple food.

Oft round the campfires burning bright,
They sang their songs in a starry night,
And oftentimes to a merry tune,
They danced in the light of a golden moon.

And along the way in the earth's broad breast,
Are the graves of many who sank to rest,
Whose strength had failed ere they won the race,
And heard the welcome, "This is the Place."

Long has the trail been covered o'er,
And the tired feet walk there no more,
But the path they blazed on their journey here,
Will live forever in memory dear.

These are my people, and this is my land,
May we catch the vision of that valiant band
And may we still hear o'er mountain and vale,
The marching feet on the Pioneer Trail.

—*Drucilla Sears Howard*

THEIR STANDARDS

With a knowledge of God, and a faith sublime,
Leaving home and loved ones far behind;
Equipped with faith, they followed each day,
Their fearless leader over a trackless way.
As they trudged along, not a murmur of fear
Escaped their lips, for their course was clear.

Foot-sore, ill, and short of bread, yet only
Praise and thanksgiving when prayers were said.
They forded the streams and cooked their meals,
From a scanty supply of hoarded meal.
Then they sang and danced, to make others gay
For none knew their fate on another day.

Yes, they must be brave, no turning back,
Ahead only Indians and an unknown track.
Though the future was beset with many a fear,
Ahead lay freedom, for loved ones dear;
To progress according to God's holy plan
Ordained in Heaven for the good of man.

'Tis the faith and standards of these Pioneers
 This world needs today, to calm their fears;
 Unless this is found and practiced again
 Confusion and chaos must come to men.
 Let's hold high the standards of these Pioneers
 Whose praises we sing and memories revere.

They builded better than they knew
 Culture and art, enjoyed by me and you;
 Beautiful valleys and cities, fair to see,
 Their handiwork from mountains to the sea;
 It should be an honor and privilege to us,
 To carry on and sacredly guard this trust.

—*Mary J. Grow Halls—Cassia Co., Idaho*

PIONEERS OF YESTERDAY

To the pioneers of yesterday
 We pay homage here tonight
 We would write their names in histories
 As those who fought a noble fight.
 They left their eastern homes in winter
 When the ice was frozen o'er
 And traveled ever westward
 Both the rich ones and the poor.
 Many days and months they journeyed
 With but one great aim in view
 To build homes in the Rocky Mountains
 Where they could live their gospel true.

Oh, yes, their trials were many
 Some grew sick and passed away
 They were buried deep at nighttime
 And their loved ones journeyed on next day.
 Did you ever know such courage,
 Such devotion and such love?
 Each night they gathered round the campfire
 And sang praises to their God above.
 Some there were who pushed big handcarts
 Over wilderness and prairies wide
 With their footsore little children
 Trudging slowly by their side.

Brigham Young was chosen leader
 Of this band of pioneers
 'Twas he who took the place of Joseph
 As the prophet and the seer.

It was he who led them onward
 'Till the right place came in sight
 For he had seen this land in vision
 When he prayed to be guided right.
 Soon these noble men and women
 Made the deserts blossom as the rose,
 Raised their crops in summer
 And prepared for the winter snows.

Here they builded well their temples,
 Churches, too, sprang up on the land
 And even the old log school houses
 Showed the thrift of this noble band.
 Many followed in the footsteps
 Of those who blazed the trail
 They, too, endured the hardships
 And to them we sing "All Hail!"
 Long live the memory
 Of our noble pioneers
 And may the stories of their bravery
 Be told throughout the coming years.

—*Crystal B. Guymon*

DEAR PIONEERS

Oh, Pioneers; dear Pioneers
 Your noble name we all revere,
 And may we ever proudly claim,
 The heritage you sorely gained.

Your deeds of sacrifice and love,
 Endured and borne, through God above,
 Will ever live for history's fame,
 To glorify our Pioneers' name.

Oh, Pioneers, dear Pioneers,
 Your noble deeds we all hold dear,
 And may the glorious gospel plan,
 Spread nobly on from land to land.

—*Mabel Wood Felt—Cassia Co., Idaho*

THE PIONEERS

The ranks of the Peers are thinning
 The tread of the march goes slow,
 As the feet that have pressed to the inning.
 Turn into the twilight glow.

Mid Heraldic pomp and vesture
 The cavalcade austere,
 Moves on to its last adventure
 In the file of the Pioneer!
 The nation stands at attention
 The cities cordon their streets,
 In proud acclaim and convention,
 An empire honors and greets.
 Fling out the holiday streamers
 Let pageantry gird the plain,
 As the feet of the soil redeemers
 March on to their last campaign.
 A prayer goes up from the nations,
 As the slow file disappears,
 And the souls of the generations
 Pledge deep to the Pioneers!

—*Bertha A. Kleinman*

A PIONEER FORT

I imagine they stood by this building
 These strange, proud people in a strange new land;
 These gentle, kindly people plodding and pondering
 Men and women, weary, waiting, hand in hand.
 The heat waves shimmer on the valley floor
 Their hearts were heavy and their feet were sore;
 Over their heads were the wild bright skies
 That seemed, for a moment, their courage to rise,
 And they would think of a brighter day
 When they could enjoy the scent of new-mown hay.
 And of the traveler who might sometimes pass by
 And enjoy the shade of the cottonwood trees towering
 high.
 Today, no feathered arrows fly.
 But the old trees stand giving shade to you and I.
 No rocky walls holds us in
 We come and go from without, from within,
 Now stone upon stone we build again
 A monument in memory of these noble men
 Their courage gave to us this space,
 And though covered wagons will roll no more
 Their ghosts still crowd the Old Fort door.

—*Mrs. W. T. Stewart—Las Vegas*

THE OLD HOME

The Daughters have not forgotten the homes in which many of them were born. Not only have they expressed a deep appreciation for the walls, the rooms, and the furnishings but, also, for the spirit of unity and love that existed in those early dwellings.

A PIONEER HOMESTEAD

Just an old rock house beside the hill
I have weathered these many years,
Planned and built by the hands of those
Who were sturdy pioneers.

They built me here by the side of the hill
When they started on life's highway,
And with memories of life and love and tears
I stand by the hill today.

I have watched the children come and go,
I have witnessed death and birth;
And they whom I sheltered called me "Home"—
A hallowed place on earth.

My little rooms were filled with life
As the sunlight filtered in,
And the rafters echoed the merriment
Of the children's noise and din.

Then life was spent within my walls,
And at last I stood alone:
The children left the family hearth
To make their place called home.

Oh, happy days that are past and gone,
While I watched so silently;
The song of life is with me still—
But only in memory.

Now adorned with the dust and cobwebs,
Through my broken panes I see
And rejoice with the children's children
Who come to peep in at me.

Rheva B. Pugmire—Seattle, Wash.

THE OLD TURNER HOME

There's a dear old fashioned cottage,
 Just a dear old fashioned nest,
 Far away in dear old Utah
 Where I long to be at rest.
 There's a dear old fashioned parlor,
 Where the family went to sing,
 Round the dear old fashioned organ,
 Oh, the memories they bring.

There's a dear but little garden,
 Where the trees are full of bloom,
 And the song bird's chirp their gladness
 Which dispells all kind of gloom.
 There's a lovely spot by the locust trees,
 Near the old iron fence,
 Where the lilac bush is blooming
 Giving out it's sweet incense.

There's an old fashioned lady,
 Still living in that nest,
 But her birds have flown elsewhere,
 And left her here to rest.
 She is lonely but contented,
 Though things don't seem the same,
 Since there's not a chick or child
 To lisp the dear old name.

I love that dear old cottage,
 With all the memories sweet,
 And I long once more to be there,
 My loved ones dear to meet.
 I'm that old fashioned lady,
 With my crown of silver hair,
 I wonder if they'll miss me,
 When I'm no longer there.

—*Mary Maranda Giles Turner—82 years.*

Yes I'm sure this dear sweet cottage,
 With its little iron fence,
 Will bring forever memories,
 From the flowers sweet incense,
 Of this humble little lady,
 And her kindly deeds of love,
 Until we all shall meet her,
 In that home, sweet home, above.

—*This last stanza is written by her sister
 Almeda Giles Nelson*

SLEIGH RIDES

Sleigh bells are ringing—
Oh, hark to the sound!
The snow lays in whiteness
All over the ground.
Happy the voices,
As the moon shines so bright;
In fancy I'll go
For a sleigh ride tonight.

Sleigh bells are ringing
With musical rhyme;
Young folks are out for
A jolly, good time.
No thought of trouble
For the roads are all clear,
Those were the days when
No autos were near.

Sleigh bells are ringing
I hear them again
As we sang to their rhythm
Love's old sweet refrain.
The horses were pawing
And ready to start,
And the thrill of the ride
Was in every young heart.

Sleigh bells are silent
Their music is dead,
So are the horses
And broken, the sled.
There's honking of cars
And a screeching, loud sound,
But memories come back
When the snow's on the ground.

—*Florence Pyne Billings*

GERANIUMS

I placed a geranium in a pot
And then I watched it grow,
Days passed on, grew into weeks,
Then came the winter snow.
The windows were all frosted glass,
Outside the world was white,
My flower was a spot of red
Against the jeweled night.

Though days were dark and very gray
 And nights were bleak and cold,
 The flower like a flaming jewel,
 It's gentle story told:

"No snow, no sleet can dim my light,
 My beauty glows both day and night.
 Within this room so bright, so warm
 I'll bloom and never come to harm.
 And fill the house with rosy cheer,
 And live and bloom throughout the year."

—*Evangeline A. Robinson*

THE OLD TIN TRUNK

My niece, while sewing her party dress,
 Says, "Auntie, I'm needing a hook,"
 So off to the old tin trunk we go,
 And there to look and look.
 And what did we find in the old tin trunk,
 O' sleeping socks and cap worn by dear mother,
 A packet of letters, an ivory fan
 And a flute that belonged to brother.

A red silk dress with a high waistline,
 With a collar well under the ears,
 Long white silk gloves, an ostrich plume
 Quite the style in by-gone years.
 A beaded dress for a young slim miss,
 A bundle of soft brown curls,
 Shorn from the head of their daughter dear,
 When the bob came in for girls.

And there at the bottom a long white box
 Securely ribbon tied,
 Contains orange blossoms, a soft tulle veil
 That she had worn as a bride.
 Ah, me, the treasures in an old tin trunk,
 If one cares to look,
 We'd quite forgotten our quest that day,
 When we were hunting just for a hook.

—*Julia Harmon Kesler—Davis County*

TO MY MOTHER'S MOTHER'S PORTRAIT

You're nothing but a Portrait on the wall,
 Grandma your young smiling face are all
 The Grandma I have ever had, you know
 Before I came here, you were called away.
 But lots of times when I'm alone, I play
 That you, a happy young English girl of bygone days,
 Are still alive to wear your paisley shawl
 And your long brown and rose colored frocks
 Of taffeta, that rustles when you walk
 And the wafted scent of violet and old rose leaves,
 Dried in the little English jar,
 That Grandfather gave you before he went to War.

When Grandfather died,
 We found your rose colored dress
 And little English jar,
 Wrapped so carefully in his dresser drawer.

—*Ethel Johnson—Wasatch County*

FAMILY PORTRAIT

The old family picture hangs on the wall
 Father, mother, and eight children in all,
 They are looking at me and I at them—
 What memories from that portrait stem.
 Some of the number have passed away,
 But they look from that portrait
 As if to say—
 We are still united, the same as of old
 Though our bodies lie buried
 In a grassy mold.
 But we are the same identity
 The same forever, throughout eternity.
 For God in His infinite and merciful plan
 Said, that there should be no end to man
 No permanent peril or jeopardy
 To dissolve the unit of the family tree.

—*Ida Isaacson*

THE ROCKING CHAIR

Great-Grandfather built it long ago,
 When he was new in this land.
 Using the simple tools he had,
 But the best wood he could find.

So precise in every detail—
 It's the finest of its kind.
 It was Great-Grandmother's finest treasure
 And she used it every day,
 To rock a child to lullaby land,
 Or chase tears and worry away.
 And so down through a century,
 My kin have taken pride,
 In owning the dear rocking chair
 Great-Grandfather made for his bride.
 And I'm so glad he fashioned it
 To last for eternity,
 For a dream of mine came true today
 When Mom gave the chair to me.

—*Ruth Rothe*

GRANDMOTHER'S CLOCK

Today I ransacked the attic—
 I haven't been up there in years:
 And is it not the strangest thing
 The uncanny noises one hears?

I dusted and wound and started
 My grandmother's old fashioned clock
 And much to my amazement
 It started to tick and to tock.

Do you know young lady how old I am?
 I'm more than a hundred years, I guess,
 I traveled the plains long years ago
 Wrapped in your grandmother's dress.

That trek stands out in memory
 As though it 'twere yesterday,
 The traveling was hard, the journey slow
 But still we had time to play.

Whenever we stopped to camp at night
 I was unwrapped with care
 And placed in a spot of distinction,
 And I was proud to stand there.

That was a hard trip, I remember it well,
 Your grandmother died on the way,
 We left a part of our hearts with her
 As we trudged along that day.

That dear father went on again
With three little ones at his knee
Across the hot and endless plain;
Mother and father was he.

That little family is dear to me,
Dearer than many another
The little girl, as the years ensued
Became your grandmother.

I shall never forget the joy we felt—
It filled us with elation
When we knew the journey was ending
And we reached our destination.

Soon I sat on a shelf in a fine old home
And for years and years and years
Ticked off the minutes, the hours, the days
And weeks of laughter and tears.

I helped that father take care of his brood
And get them to school on time;
On Saturday night he would scrub the hearth
And whitewash it with lime.

When the children were out at night—
I guess you would say on a date,
I would strike the hours most faithfully
To let him know it was late.

How well I remember the very time
Your grandfather came to call;
The boys had blackened their shoes with soot,
Your grandmother looked like a doll.

Then I went with John and Christine
To be their treasure and joy,
I measured the endless eternity
Till Christine gave birth to her boy.

I ticked off the years—the time went by—
Our home was really a heaven,
The laughter of children rang through the house
For by this time there were seven.

Ofttimes your grandma said to me—
"Old clock you hurry so,
My tasks are never quite finished
When you say to bed you must go!"

One time my minutes were like days
 When we sat by the bedside of Will;
 The crisis came at midnight
 He was so terribly ill.
 We spoiled him, I guess, when he was well,
 Only once was he punished at all;
 This time he was playing a bit too rough
 And knocked me off the wall.

Oh dear, how I talk and you're busy I know
 So just go on with your mop
 If you don't want to wait until I run down
 Just make my pendulum stop.
 Oh, you precious old thing, I'll not let you run down,
 I'll wind you up good and tight,
 I'll take you down to the living room
 Where you'll loom up in plain sight

You're a priceless antique, a centennial clock
 And I'm going to polish your face,
 Varnish your surface and set you up
 In the most conspicuous place.
 Preserved for my own grandchildren
 And I hope you'll tick on for years
 To constantly remind us
 Of our dauntless pioneers

I wonder if the things you see,
 As you tick off the seconds today,
 Would make you proud of this modern age
 As you are of the by-gone days.
 I hope they will, for I realize
 We've a heritage most dear
 Please help us, old clock, to emulate
 Their lives—this centennial year.

—*Marion Sheratt Hane*

MY WISH FOR YOU

May Hope with shining feet walk on before you,
 And Friendship hold your hand through lonely ways,
 May Peace which dries all tears be ever near you,
 And Love through all the years shine on your days.

—*Drucilla Sears Howard*

GRANDMOTHER'S CANDLE MOLD

Come with me to Grandmother's house,
 Each milepost with jewels is strung.
 Back to a land of long ago
 Where elfins and fairies trip to and fro.
 Where elfins and fairies and we may go
 As we did when our Grandma was young.

The castle is turreted, stately and old,
 It is reached by the attic stair.
 Come. Enter with me this realm of the past,
 For we've come to the land of our dreams at last.
 We've found our dreams and we hold them fast:
 Precious treasure so fragile and rare.

The Queen's insignia, traced by her dear hand prints
 On spinning wheel, photos, quaint old loom;
 And the dear little trundle bed, spindle and churn,
 And, oh! A mold to make candles that burn
 Clear white. Candlelight help me discern
 My heritage stored in this room.

Dear Ancestor, tell me, when I shall have gone,
 When I've been a grandmother too
 Will my lovely heirlooms be archaic then?
 My soul be replaced in this land-of-man?
 Will no one come seeking to know me again,
 As I come now to visit with you?

You answer. I'm contrite. So much is revealed
 By the new light born in your candle mold.
 Though my earthly journey be troubled and long,
 There will come to me, echoes of your fearless song;
 Echoes and candlelight, steady and strong.
 Your hand will be mine to hold.

Let me bear the candle you molded in love,
 From your patience and courage it grew.
 Its grace came from mercy. Your faith bade it shine,
 Reflecting the glory of a God divine.
 Oh, reflect with His glory her service and mine,
 Soft candlelight constant and true.

—Drucilla H. McFarland

PIONEER HUMOR

Several of our writers have realized that the pioneers possessed a rare sense of humor that buoyed up their spirits and became a powerful weapon in combatting the fatigue of the day. Without laughter our pioneers could not have endured.

COURTSHIP

Let us turn back the pages of history,
 To our pioneer maiden fair;
 Tho' she lived mid trials and hardships
 There was romance in the air.
 Lets go back to the days of her courtship—
 What a very small part she plays;
 Father, it seems, played the leading role
 In those good old pioneer days.

Young man falls in love with a maiden
 And is anxious to escort her out
 Before she can go, he must go and see pa
 And tell him what its all about.
 So he goes to her home, a log cabin—
 He hears the girl singing within
 With joy running o'er, he knocks on the door
 The maiden herself bids him in.

Pa arises from his chair at the table
 Shakes hands and is very polite
 "Please, Mr. Brown," the youth stammers on,
 "May I take out your daughter tonight?"
 Pa slowly adjusts his spectacles,
 And looks at him over the rim;
 As if he were trying to make up his mind
 Just what he could think of him.

"You say William Jones is your father,
 Now who might your mother be?
 A Smith you say. Is she Tommy's,
 And who might her mother be?
 Do you know of any consumption,
 Is there any insanity,
 Are there any outlaws or criminals
 Linked up in your family tree?"

"Do you chew or have any bad habits—
Do you drink any liquor or wine?
A young man who smokes tobacco
Can't go with a daughter of mine."
Then pa speaks with an air of contentment,
"You may take this daughter of mine
Out for a walk, but remember, lad
You must bring her in at nine."

Thus the lovers leave the log cabin
For a stroll in the lovely moonlight;
When they could not be seen by her father
He held her a little bit tight.
One evening the lovers were swinging,
He kissed her, Pa heard it inside.
"Daughter, what's this you are doing?"
"Killing skeeters," she sweetly replied.

Sometimes they went horseback riding—
The girl never sitting astride;
She would look bold clothespin fashion
They'd accuse her of losing her pride.
Sometimes they had corn husking parties,
Candy pulls had its place in their day;
Or a dance in one of their cabins
With a lively violinist to play.

One night the young man popped the question
While together they rode in a cart;
He told her how much he loved her
And held her close to his heart.
The maiden could not give her answer,
Tho' in him her Prince Charming she saw;
She gave him a kiss, the daring young miss
And said "You'll have to ask Pa."

Next evening he went to the cabin—
Mr. Brown was out milking his cow,
He wanted to ask for his daughter's hand
But it seems he didn't know how.
So he gathered a huge pile of sagebrush
To burn in the old fireplace,
He picked up the ax when here came her pa
With a frown upon his face.

"What you doing here, young man?" he said,
"I know you was meaning no harm
But a young chap like you should find plenty to do
At home on his own farm."
"I have come," the youth stammered, "to ask you
For your daughter to be my wife
Each time I come here, she's even more dear
And I love her more than my life.

"I've a piece of land just up yonder
For which I traded my coat
Bot a heifer last June, she'll freshen soon,
And also a nice little shoat.
I've a nice can of homemade molasses,
I earned hewing logs for Jim Hall;
I've a nice bunch of pretty young pullets
They should be laying by fall.

"From the canyon I'll haul all the timber,
When the oxen are through on the farm,
To make us a nice little cabin
I'll make it real cozy and warm."
Not a word did Pa say but he led him
To have supper of milk and corn bread;
Ma smiles through her tears at the things she hears,
When Pa tells her what has been said.

Pa gave his consent with his blessing,
They were married and all has gone well
Rearing a family, perhaps it might be
Some one dear to you, who can tell.

—*Kate Hardy Zesiger*

WHEN PA GETS SICK

When Pa gets sick, or goes away
Everything goes wrong,
The pigs get out, the cows get loose,
There's troubles all day long.
From early in the morning
Until way late at night,
There's trouble always brewing
Things never seem just right.
Sometimes we think Pa's judgment
Is not as good as ours;
If we could steer the reins awhile
We would work fewer hours.

We'd plant our crops the modern way,
 We'd do things up so slick
 But then we change our minds again
 Whenever Pa gets sick.

Ma tries so hard to see to things
 To keep them going right,
 But somehow things are not the same
 Though she works half the night.
 When Pa gets back up on the job,
 The fences need repairin'
 Most everything is out of which
 We almost hear him swearin'
 But we all step a lively pace,
 Help do the work up quick
 For we would so much rather
 Pa never did get sick.

—*Kate M. Whitely*

ODE TO AUNT SALENA'S YEAST

We visit often, Florence and I,
 Of the dear old town and days gone by.
 We laugh and we smile and we sometimes cry,
 Recalling our youth—how time doth fly!
 The things we did and the tricks we hid;
 You'd never believe it. Heaven forbid!

We recall our pail, with our flour to trade
 For the grandest beverage that ever was made.
 No doubt you're wondering—"what is the drink"
 But many'll agree when they stop to think;
 Whether bound for the west or for the east
 No drink is finer than Aunt Salena's yeast.

Our mother would measure our sugar or flour,
 And send us forth, at the evening hour.
 We'd get our yeast for the homeward trip,
 And often, too often, we'd steal a sip.
 And when we'd return mother would say,
 "Salena's getting stingier day by day."

And then next day if the bread did not rise
 That yeast was watered, Mother'd never surmise
 And poor Salena would stand in disgrace.
 We were 'fraid Mother'd tell her to her face.
 How we got by, long, long ago;
 For this wily deed, we never will know.

She'll surely forgive us, dear old soul,
 For we kept well on the yeast we stole;
 The vitamins we needed—the yeast did supply.
 She'll forgive us, for the act of a lie.
 She'll live in our memory as a woman of worth
 For making the best, grandest beverage on earth.

—*Eleanor C. Bruhn*

SALT RISIN' BREAD

It was salt risin' bread in Grandma's day
 There was nary a butcher, nor baker, nor
 yeast cake maker.
 The bread was mixed without any leaven
 Then set by the fire, till it raised to heaven
 And Johnny cake or good corn dodger
 Baked o'er the coals in the old Dutch oven.
 When 'twas done, with butter and molasses spread
 Mmmm good, there was just nothing better.
 That old fireplace, served thrice their needs
 For to cook, to light and to furnish heat.

—*Luella A. Dalton*

THE OLD RED COW

To a little town called Oakley, in southern Idaho,
 A pioneer family came to settle long ago.
 It was in the month of April, the year eighteen eighty-two;
 They bade farewell to Utah their journey to pursue.

They were dreaming of a future of fertile land and water,
 While grandmother left behind was thinking of her daughter,
 And of four grandchildren small, the very apple of her eye
 Going all the way to Idaho, would go hungry, surely die.

So she gave her daughter Mary, as a parting gift, I vow,
 It was a gift from Heaven, was this little old red cow.
 She was led behind the wagon as they wallowed ice and snow;
 Fourteen days this family traveled to reach Oakley, Idaho.

There the wagon bed was lifted from the gears onto the ground,
 As a prayer went up to heaven for security they'd found,
 And their trust was in their Maker, their daily bread would
 come somehow;
 And mother would make butter from the little old red cow.

This wagon-bed home was heaven, no encumbrance did it bear;
 Each day in humble gratitude they knelt in family prayer.
 Asked God for His protection, thanked him for His guiding
 hand,
 They had made the journey safely, they had reached the
 promised land.

The years that followed brought many hardships, barefoot
 boys and girls at school,
 Pants and dresses getting shabby, there we learned the Golden
 Rule
 Years they came, and years went by, as father trudged behind
 the plow
 Again we bowed our heads in reverence to mother's old red cow.

—*Louella Tanner Craner*

OLD HITCHING POST

Old Hitching Post, recall with me
 The ancient "horse and buggy days"
 When carts and surreys, wagons, too,
 Were drawn by blacks, or browns, or grays,
 Some prancing horses fumed and fussed,
 When tied securely to your form,
 While many others, more demure,
 Just rested there at night or morn.
 The summer sun beat on your back,
 In winter, snow and ice piled high,
 But there you stood, and loved the feel
 Of ropes, while howling winds passed by.
 When dear Aunt Mary came to town,
 She tied her good old horse to you,
 She brought a basket full of eggs
 To trade for cloth, white, black, or blue
 When Sunday came, a happy day,
 You stood so tall, and looked so proud,
 Because they always tied to you
 While in the church they sang or bowed.

Old Post, no more they need your help,
 They buzz right up and proudly park
 Their Ford's, or "Chevies," Cadillac's—
 Today you're just an "old landmark,"
 And someone said they built to you
 A monument, for us to view.

—*Dora Toone Brough*

NATURE'S GIFT

Ofttimes we speak of the pioneers building their first homes in a desert, and so it was, but the canyons, lakes and streams abounding in natural beauty provided an outlet for their artistic yearnings. The tiniest wildflowers, the sparkle on the distant lake, the glowing sunsets all helped to fill this need.

LIFE

Life is so brief between the bud and
 and the falling leaf.
 Between the seed time and the
 golden sheaf,
 There is no time for malice and for
 greed,
 Therefore with love make beautiful
 the deed.
 Fast speed the night.

—LaRene Harlett Jespersen—San Diego, Cal.

GOD'S HANDIWORK

I have stood on the top of a lofty peak,
 When it seemed I could touch the sky;
 And felt the thrill of a power divine
 And knew that God was nigh.

I have gazed at the beautiful scene below,
 As fair as a fairy-land;
 And knew the picture was painted
 By a wonderful Master hand.
 I have stood in the midst of a desert,
 Where far as the eye could see,
 Were only sand and cactus,
 With never a bush or a tree.

I love the painted desert
 With the purpling mist at its rim,
 With its mystery of lure and lore
 Its shadows vague and dim.
 I have stood knee deep in the meadows
 Of waving lush green grass,
 Smelled the fragrance of flowers,
 Watched the humming bee pass.

I have felt the thrill and the throb of life
That comes on a day in June
With the lilt of bird and a blue, blue, sky
And the scent of the roses in bloom.
I have thrilled in the early springtime.
With the first faint signs of the green.
The merry robin red breast,
And the black bird's glossy sheen.

Have felt life worth the living,
Have known that God was good,
Have seen His handiwork everywhere,
In field and dale and wood.
I have roamed the hills in Autumn
Mid a riot of red, gold and brown,
And felt if an artist could paint it true
He would have fame and renown.

I have been enthralled at a winter scene
That was lovely beyond compare
When the earth was covered with the softest down
And clear as crystal the air.
When a million diamonds sparkled
In every glinting ray,
Turning earth into a palace of gems
Where the wee frost-fairies play.

Then the moon rides high in the heavens,
The beautiful Queen of the Night,
And bathes the world in glory
Clothed in its robes of white.
I have stood entranced by a mountain lake
Reflecting the heaven's own blue;
And the floating on its waters still
Were lilies of golden hue.

I have watched on the brink of a limpid stream
That rippled and danced its way,
Flecked by shadows and sunlight
Or by a moonbeam's ray.
And here I have felt His presence
Who notes the sparrow's fall
And felt in these scenes of Nature
Our Father is over all.

I have stood beside the mighty sea
And watched the blue waves roll,
And heard the low faint pulsing
Like the throb of a living soul.
Far out on its bosom
A ship is sailing free
A bark that sometime will come and bear
My soul to eternity.

—Emily M. Coleman—Wasatch

THE CALL OF SOUTHERN UTAH CANYONS

When blossom time is over
And summer days are here,
A longing for the great out doors
My fevered senses sear.
It is then my gypsy spirit
Urges me to roam
The Southern Utah Canyons
Are calling me back home.
To trail the narrow pathway
To scale the canyon wall,
To camp beneath the murmuring pine
And hear the night bird's call,
To watch the glowing sunset
On the hilltop's tinted crest,
As creeping mystic shadows
In silence go to rest.

The Great White Throne at Zion
The haunt of spirits true,
Bryce's mysterious city
With spires of rosy hue,
Enchanting Cedar Mountain
The brilliant colored Breaks,
The blue spruce, pine and aspen
My roaming fancy takes.
Zion, Mt. Carmel highway
That winds through crags and peaks,
The wondrous man-made tunnel
Where fancied vision creeps,
Vermilion cliffs where cave men dwelt
In ages passed and gone,
Romantic caves, hidden lakes,
Your mystery lures me on.

Where cowboys ride, and cattle graze
 While gaunt grave wolves and lions fierce
 And coyotes yelp at night,
 Chase frightened deer from sight.
 Where hearts are true and kindness lives,
 And all the world is free,
 Oh, Southern Utah Canyons
 Your spirit's calling me.

—*Rose H. Hamblin*

THANKSGIVING HARVEST

Sunsets all yellow and golden in hue,
 Lavender fringed, with puffs of sea blue;
 Corn in great stalks dripping heavy in ear
 Apple boughs bending; allaying all fears.

Bins running o'er with ripe golden grain,
 Soft mellow scents from the pears in the lane;
 Pumpkins gemmed with the dew of the night,
 Purple grapes laden the vine to its might.

Brown russets cradled in soft resting earth,
 A promise fulfilled of nature's great worth;
 Oh, joyous harvest time; bounteous spread,
 Again, God we thank Thee, that we shall be fed.

—*Charlotte H. Singley*

THE HOLE-IN-THE-ROCK PIONEERS

Listen friends, to a story oft' told
 Of the San Juan Pioneers, fearless and bold.
 Who lent an ear to President Taylor's call
 To settle San Juan; to start by fall.
 Their homes were built in Iron County,
 Blessed with content and Heavenly bounty.

But these they left when the Prophet spoke—
 They to obey—His right to evoke.
 From Paragonah, Parowan, Harmony and Cedar
 The people came in response to their leader.
 In '79 these Pioneers started,
 And from those left behind bravely departed.

Through Bear Valley, Panguitch, Red Canyon they went.
 To Escalante where their strength was far spent.
 They were led to believe this route would be best,
 But what lay before them was to prove a great test.
 It was December when they finally camped near the top;
 Two hundred fifty weary people, ready to stop.

Their path was blocked; but one way to go;
 Down a sheer wall to the river far below.
 Could 83 wagons go through a "Hole in the Rock"?
 This challenge came as a very great shock.
 Then how could they drop down the forty-five feet?
 Would they have to turn back and admit defeat?

But these Pioneers knowing a test was here
 Determined to press on despite hazzard and fear.
 They prayed to their God and fresh courage took,
 They blasted, they picked and they chiseled that nook
 Finally, they started down, looking death in the face;
 If the brakes gave way there would be a wild race.

Their prayers were answered—God helped them through.
 Their faith was rewarded with courage anew.
 To ford the Colorado was indeed a great fete,
 But these Pioneers were not the kind to be beat.
 They made rafts of poles, and branches and brush,
 That carried them through the water's swift rush.

The journey took them three months to complete
 Never was one with such hardships replete.
 In settling Bluff City, their patience was tried,
 But courage was strong; self was denied.
 Let's bow in reverence to this sturdy band,
 Led through their faith by God's helping hand.

—*Nora Lund*

TO THE WILLOW TREE

See the willow! How it's bending
 Swaying, bending to and fro
 And the East wind in its rushing
 Whispers things of long ago.

See the wind will break its branches
 Cleve its limbs so lithe and free
 Do not shake it, gentle East Wind,
 List the things it says to me.

Whence this tree so broad and shady
Where the hands that placed it there
Ah, the one who gave it to us
Reposes mid shades of a land more fair.

Yes, the East wind hears my pleading
And I think I hear it say
"I will spare the graceful willow
Spare it to the free winds' sway.

It shall shade the weary traveler
Shade the merry sporting crowd
And they all shall praise its beauty
Say 'How beautiful thy shade.'

It shall bear the snows of winter
It shall bear fresh buds in spring
And the robin and the bluebird
Happy in its boughs shall swing."

And the East wind ceased its talking
Through the kind old willow tree
Today the tree stands up stately
Proud might he who planted be.

Fair willow,
I will cease to love thee never
Cast thy arms to the breezes free
And may all who seek thy shelter
Send a word of praise to thee.

—*Bertha S. Stevenson*

EVENTIDE

I went up a winding hill,
When the dusk was blue and still;
I sit awhile and watched a star
Heaven wasn't very far;
I sang no songs, I said no prayer
I think God saw me sitting there.

—*Lettie B. H. Rich*

FAIR UTAH

Neither have the women forgotten their native State, its emblem, its cities, and the acts of divine providence that blessed the lives of the pioneers.

UTAH STATE FLAG

An emblem in a field of blue
 As constant as the sky is true,
 Bordered in fringe, gold as the sun
 To keep faith until life is done.
 An eagle poised and vigilant,
 To make our peace be permanent.
 Two of our nation's flags unfurled
 To keep our trust in all the world.
 The arrows crossed for Indian friends
 In friendship true that never ends;
 White sego lilies in the sod
 God did provide, O praised be God!
 Numbers eighteen forty-seven
 The year we first found our Heaven
 The beehive, busy industry
 Working with God to make men free;
 Then eighteen ninety-six, the date
 When Utah first became a state.

Lenore B. Shurtliff—Ann Arbor, Michigan

SALT LAKE CITY

Beautiful city by the Great Salt Lake
 My heart throbs with pleasure because of thee.
 I am proud of thy people so honest and true
 Who are eager to learn both the old and the new;
 Of the bright, cheerful sunshine with skies ever blue,
 Which helps us to be happy and so healthy, too;
 And thy broad straight avenues lined with trees
 Are part of the beauty the traveler sees.
 Of the grand old mountains that bid us to rise
 To loftier heights; our goal is the skies;
 Of the clear sparkling waters so pure, that flow
 From the tops of the mountains, covered with snow,
 Of the hills and the canyons so invitingly near,
 Where all may enjoy themselves during the year.
 In the heat of the summer we may all be refreshed,
 In the nearby canyons, find peace and rest.

Much winter sport is enjoyed on the hills,
 Tobogganing and skiing fills all with thrills.
 I am proud of thy schools and thy teachers indeed;
 Whose true lives inspire us all to succeed.
 I am proud of thy beautiful churches so fine,
 Where all may learn of the Savior divine,
 Of the far famed organ whose peals send forth,
 Joy and good will to all on the earth.

—*Etna Holdaway Foulger*

SEAGULLS

Seagulls soaring in the firmament
 Pretend to do a graceful sky ballet.
 How effortless the motion of their glide,
 How smooth the cadence of each dip and sway.
 For just a moment now they sweep quite near,
 Then pirouette and slowly disappear . . .

—*Ruth Rothe*

TRIBUTE TO OUR PIONEERS

As slowly as the setting sun
 They are passing from our view
 Those Pioneers, as one by one,
 We are bidding them adieu.
 But, as on the distant mountains,
 The departing sunset rays
 Cast a hallowed benediction
 At the closing of the day,
 So their passing throws a splendor
 On the days now past and gone;
 Bids us pause in deep reflection
 On the deeds that they have done.
 And the glory and achievement
 As Aurora's mellow light
 Sheds its glow upon their pathway
 Making it appear more bright.
 They have labored bravely, gladly,
 And the heritage they leave
 To their children, is a beacon
 To the life that they should live.

They have borne the trials and hardships
 Braved the desert's trackless waste;
 Killed the snakes and built the bridges,
 And the Redman's hate erased;
 They have suffered all privations
 This fair State to win and build.
 That we could live free and happy
 Now their dreams are all fulfilled.

So we honor these dear heroes
 And a monument we raise,
 To the ideals that they lived for
 And for which they spent their days.
 All Pioneers have won our homage,
 And their childrens, children, here
 Dedicate this humble tribute
 To ancestors, far and near.
 Not just words of praise we offer,
 To the memory of the dead—
 But we dedicate our service
 In the Temples of our God.

—Leona Jolley

MY DEBT

I'm Utah-made. I love that thought.
 It thrills me through and through
 To think: "In me is somehow wrought
 A bit of Utah's skies so blue."
 To think: "By some strange alchemy
 A bit of mountain majesty
 Has come to be a tiny part of me;
 And music of her singing streams
 Is part of my unconscious dreams."

I'm Utah-made. It lifts my eyes
 And sends a warmth into my heart
 To think that all her good and wise
 Have given me a little part
 Of that deep faith which was their star,
 Of dauntless courage, matchless will,
 Which led them here from lands afar
 And keep us planting, building still.
 I'm Utah-made. Since that is so
 Another thought fills me with awe:
 For both my state and me to grow
 I must in turn help make Utah.

—Elsie C. Carroll

THE WILL TO DO

Encouragement given in verse leads the Daughters to greater achievements along the lines of history.

THE WHY OF HISTORY

Why do we write a history
Of the stirring days of yore
When men and women side by side
Toiled where none had toiled before?
YOUTH said one day, in a thoughtless mood,
"History is the old home town,
Old men long dead, old deeds forgot,
Old landmarks tumbling down.

"Give me the Future: there's a book
I can look into with joy,
There I can read fulfilment for
Dreams of each girl and boy.
There will the deeds of the Now be told,
There will our records be,
And even I may write a page
In the book for the world to see."

"Dear Youth," I said, "Did you see today
From this landing 'neath your feet,
The endless steps in the stair you climbed
To gain this sheltered seat?
Did you hear the voice of a Prophet
As he visioned a home in the west,
Or watch the painful plodding
Toward peace in the land of the blest?"

"On your own upward climbing
Did you once in awhile look back
And find that your path was easier
Because someone had blazed a track?
Do you ever pause and wonder
How a warm home came to be
And find as you bask in comfort
'Twas the toil of a century?"

And Youth replied in a tone sincere,
"How can we be so blind
Seeing only the road before us
Ignoring that long one behind?
Someday we'll find that the Future
Rolling toward us so fast,
Can only be ours as we value
The strivings of the Past."

Fern J. B. Russon—Lehi, Utah

DAUGHTERS OF UTAH PIONEERS

Each month we Daughters meet
To honor and revere
Our Pioneers.

In song and history true
We try to visualize
The sacrifice they made
That we might have a home
In this free land.

They, like the Israelites of old,
Did seek a home
Far from the haunts of men,
Where they could worship God
For they a message had received
And found the truth.

They had a Moses with them, too;
A man of God, a leader born.
Unwavering faith, he told them
They must have
To meet the trials of each day.
So with that faith they sallied forth
To blaze a trail o'er desert plains
And trackless sand,

For well they knew that many more
Would follow them to find
A haven in the west.

O'er mountains steep and gullies deep
They found their way,
And many a swollen stream
They had to ford.

Undaunted, they must journey on
From dawn to dusk.
At night, around their campfire bright
They sang and prayed.

If not too tired, they danced and joked,
And many an unseen tear was shed
For loved ones they had left behind,
For they were human, just like us,
Those Pioneers.

Then, when they reached the Promised Land
Their hearts were glad, for they were tired
And many had been sick.

But when they heard their leader say:
"This is the Place"—they wept with joy,
And thanked their God—for surely He
Had recompensed them for their faith,
And they had found a home.

With spirit strong, they went to work
To till the soil and build them homes
Before the winter storms.

They soon had schools, and churches, too,
Those Pioneers.

In time they built a Temple to their God
An Ensign in the West!

Now Daughters—one and all
Let's not forget—but try to keep
Their memory fresh.

For they have left a heritage
That's rich for us!

—Winnifred Morris Tibbs

LET'S HONOR OUR PIONEERS

Have you written your histories? If not, don't delay
For you know the precious moments are wasting away;
Our old folks are leaving us, one by one,
Don't wait for regrets when their time has come!
We want to know of the life they had,
And of their experiences, both joyful and sad.

Have you asked about ancestors on every line?
Then do it NOW while there is yet time!
The stories they'll tell are SO precious to save,
For their knowledge is one wealth they can take to the
grave!
For the benefit of the future and honor of the past,
Record those incidents as symbols and monuments that last.

Some dropped by the side of the long rugged road
 Too footsore and weary to carry their load;
 So God reached out and gently took their hand.
 To lead their soul home to His restful land.
 Many loved ones lie resting 'neath a pile of stone,
 Widows and widowers were left to go on alone.

Yes, orphans and half-orphans helped form that long line,
 Some were ancestors of YOURS and MINE!
 Though their burden was heavy and hard to bear
 They trudged ever on, for FAITH was there!
 Then at the close of each wearisome day
 They danced and sang, then knelt to pray.

Oh, Pioneers, Our Pioneers! Please, let's not let them down,
 immortalize their name; add stars unto their crown!
 They led the way to prepare a place for you and me,
 Let's etch their lives in HISTORIES, for ALL the world
 to see!

—Ila L. Bauer—Iron Co.

DAUGHTERS OF UTAH PIONEERS

We're the Daughters today of the Pioneers,
 In this dear old camp of mine;
 Together we'll work for our dear Pioneers
 Their deeds and histories to find.
 Daughters are we of the Pioneers
 Trying their goal to reach.
 Faithful were they to their Master above,
 And to their country's flag.

You've heard the story of the Pioneers
 That rough, bleak desert trail;
 Where blood prints they left upon the sand,
 That we might understand.
 In reverence now, we bow our heads
 To an all-wise Supreme;
 For we who are left are proud to say
 We're Daughters of Pioneers

—Laura Hair Perry

PIONEERS

When authority called they answered—
 When?—no thought of how or why,
 Packed provisions in wagon box
 Traveled muddy roads, or dusty, dry,
 Eyes ever watching for danger,
 Minds always alert,
 Ever living their religion
 Though struggling in the dirt.
 Wherever called they did their best,
 Trusting their all to Him.
 May it be said of us as then,
 We trust our all to Him.

—Ann Jensen—Bingham Co.

MY KIN

'Neath desert sun, 'mid shifting sands
 Creaking wheel of the caravans
 Tired oxen with head bent low.
 In blinding storms or stifling heat,
 With weary heart and blistered feet;
 Undaunted—On, on they go.
 Westward they turn, nor questioned why.
 Startled, they heard the Indian cry.
 Untrodden, the paths they trod.
 Backward looks, with eyes still wet,
 Cherished dreams, no vain regrets;
 Unfaltering their faith in God.

Lonely camps—no campfire bright,
 Lonelier vigil through the night;
 Grim lipped, staunch they stand.
 Cherished hopes—provisions gone,
 Another sun—another dawn;
 Enchanted their promised land!
 O God, on bended knee I pray.
 Grant me faith as great as they,
 Courage lest I fail.
 In blinding storms or stifling heat,
 With aching heart or weary feet;
 May I, too, build a trail.

—Thelia G. Dimmick

A TRIBUTE

There is majesty and grandeur found where Pioneer Daughters
wrought
A sacred shrine they've builded where precious heirlooms may be
brought.

In appearance it quite resembles the Theater old and grand
That our Pioneer fathers builded with strength and rugged hand.

One thrills at seeing once again the curtain there displayed
Sweet memories of the Old Playhouse and the dramas in it played.

There is dignity and splendor in the grand stairway and rooms
There is loveliness and beauty in our Pioneer heirlooms.

There's a thrill that's most alluring in seeing bright and gay
The dear old grand pianos on which our mothers learned to play.

It seems as though they live again—those pictures on the wall
The paintings of our loved ones dear who've gone beyond recall.

'Twas their dear hands that wrought with skill the heirlooms on
display.
The delicate embroidery and fine laces still quite gay.

The rocking chairs and baby cribs and tables that they made
All may be seen just as they were with the same old hue and shade.

One sees their wondrous handicraft in medicine and art
And marvels at the things they did from which we'd never part.

One thrills to see the Bibles old and ancient pages framed
Reminders of the olden days; how God's word was then explained.

We're proud of them, our Pioneers, and in this building grand
We'll bring our treasured heirlooms; our exhibits we'll expand.

Until its fame will be world wide and people far and near
Will join with us in honoring them—our sainted pioneers.

—N. G. Morgan.

INDEX

A

Abbott, Abigail, 248
 Abbott, Joshua, 486
 Abbott, Ruth, 486
 Abbott, Thomas, 13
 Adams, Arza, 165
 Adams, Barney, 53
 Adams, Charlotte Evans, 447
 Adams, Elizabeth L. Smith, 197
 Adams, James, 198
 Adams, John Q., 271
 Adams, John S. Page, 486
 Adams, Mary B., 487
 Adams, Orson Bennett, 486
 Adams, Susan Smith, 486
 Adelsberger, W. L., 331
 Agnes, Henry, 353
 Agnew, Milton, 355
 Agnew, Monroe, 355
 Ah Mu, Lena, 273
 Aiken, Loa A., 487
 Alexander, E. B. (Col.), 5, 6, 66,
 73, 74
 Alexander, Kate Lublin, 47
 Alexander, Thomas Murphy, 47
 Allen, Alburn, 11
 Allen, Andrew Jackson, 102
 Allen, Clark, 493
 Allen, Daniel, Jr., 219
 Allen, Deliah Andrus, 102
 Allen, James (Capt.), 102, 460, 472
 Allen, Lewis, 102
 Allen, Louisa Jane Berry, 220
 Allen, Margaret Evans, 102
 Allen, Martha Thompson, 493
 Allen, Mary Ann Morris, 219
 Allen, Philo, Sr., 146
 Allen, Rial, 102
 Allen, Rufus, 5
 Allen, Rufus C., 175
 Allen, Sarah Whiteley, 220
 Alley, George, 428
 Alley, Mary Symonds, 428
 Allington, Henry, 262, 264
 Allington, Walter, Sr., 264
 Allison, Isaac, 496
 Allison, Jane Hunt, 496
 Allred, Eliza B. M., 487
 Allred, Elzadie E. F., 487
 Allred, Emma Paulina, 488
 Allred, George Franklin, 488
 Allred, Isaac, 342
 Allred, James, 14
 Allres, James T. S., 487
 Allred, John Warren, 488

Allred, Martha Rosebell, 488
 Allred, Marun Carrell, 487
 Allred, Mary Hasket, 487
 Allred, Mary Lilly, 488
 Allred, Nannetta Cooper, 488
 Allred, Reuben Adelbert, 488
 Allred, Reuben Warren, 487
 Alsop, Virginia, 162
 "Amelia Thompson" (Ship), 284
 Ames, Ira, 12, 13
 Anderson, Andrew, 258
 Anderson, Carl, 150
 Anderson, Christian, 448
 Anderson, Elizabeth Domgaard, 225
 Anderson, Hyrum, 150
 Anderson, Inger Marie, 44
 Anderson, Ivy C., 486
 Anderson, Josephine, 28
 Anderson, Nephi, 139
 Anderson, Poul, 44
 Anderson, Sara Jane, 227
 Andrus, Archibald, 102
 Andrus, Frances Bennett, 102
 Andrus, James (Capt.), 205
 Andrus, Milo, 39, 89, 157, 159, 385
 Angell, James, 420
 Angell, Phoebe Morton, 420
 Angell, Truman O., 71, 126, 128
 Arbon, Hannah, 280
 Arbon, Robert, 280
 Argyle, Thomas, 145
 Ashby, Benjamin, 145
 Asmussen, Carl C., 262
 Astell, Gov., 387
 Atkin, George, 2
 Atkin, Thomas, 160
 Atkinson, Eliza, 30
 Atkinson, Jesse Archibald, 447
 Averett, Elisha, 476

B

Babbitt, Almon, 57
 Backman, Dan, 233
 Bacon, Hattie Nye, 294
 Badger, Rodney, 157
 Bagnall, Wm., 218
 Bailey, Harriet, 252
 Bailey, Jefferson, 503
 Bailey, Sidney, 252
 Baker, J. P., 305
 Baker, Moneta, 222
 Ball, Wm. Simons, 42
 Ballantyne, Richard, 312, 340
 Banks, Ellen Eyre, 300
 Banks, Joseph, 301

- Banks, Sarah Moore, 300
 Banks, Wm. Ellis, 300
 Bannock Indians, 13
 Barber, George, 311, 315
 Barker, Eleanor Heaps, 146
 Barker, Peter, 146
 Barlow, J. M., (Maj.), 62, 64
 Barnard, Ezra J., 12, 15
 Barnett, W. W., 385
 Barney, Royal, 436
 Barney, Sarah E., 436
 Barnhurst, Anna Marie Jensen, 55
 Barnhurst, Samuel, 55
 Barns, Hosea, 211
 Barrett, Wm., 255
 Barrus, Orlando, 271
 Barth, Solomon, 24, 27
 Bartholomew, George, 250
 Bartlett, Charles B., 264
 Barton, Mary Williamsen, 222
 Batchelor, Wm. H., 12, 13
 Batt, George, 260
 Bauer, Ila L., 220, 227, 229, 574
 Baxter, Wm., 304
 Beaman, Alva, 425
 Beaman, Betsy Burt, 425
 Bean, George W., 87, 246
 Beardshall, Wm., 97
 Beauchamp, Robert, 260, 262
 Beck, George, 44
 Beesley, Adelbert, 270
 Belio, Kimo, 269
 Bell, Alfred, 43
 Bell, Carrie, 42
 Bell, Wm., 42
 Belnap, Gilbert, 12, 15
 Benedict, Dr., 407
 Bengtsen, Nils, 4
 Bennett, Eli, 43
 Bennett, Wm., 157
 Benson, Ezra T., 2, 66
 Bentley, Lovina Banks, 302
 Bernhisel, John M. (Dr.), 6, 70, 71,
 72, 104
 Berthelson, James Christian, 144
 Berthelson, Robert C., 144
 Betts, John, 380
 Bevan, James, 2
 Bevan, Mary Shields, 522
 Bigler, Elizabeth Harvey, 492
 Bigler, Henry, 464
 Bigler, Jacob G., 147, 492
 Bigler, Mark, 302
 Bigler, Matilda, 32
 Bigler, Susanna Ogden, 302
 Biglow, Mary Gibbs, 432
 Biglow, Nahum, 432
 Billings, Florence Pyne, 549
 Bingham, John S., 260
 Bingham, Thomas, 13
 Birchby, Charlotte Augusta, 387
 Bird, Richard, 163
 Black, Celia Margaret, 484
 Black, Charles Jefferson, 481
 Black, Coral J., 529
 Black, George David, 480, 481, 483,
 484
 Black, Harriet E., 483
 Black, Henry Harrison, 483
 Black, Jeremiah S. (Atty. Gen.), 58
 Black, John Franklin, 483
 Black, Mary Grace, 483
 Black, Mary Hunt, 480, 482
 Black, Maude Uline, 484
 Black, Wallace Edwin, 484
 Black, Wm. Jesse, 482
 Blackburn, Bp. 233
 Black Hawk, Chief, 374
 Blackman, Josiah, 485
 Blackman, Tryphenia Smith, 485
 Blair, H., 89
 Blanch, Jane Blake, 143
 Blanchard, Mervin, 463, 505
 Bleak, James G., 205
 Blood, Moroni, 171
 Boam, Thomas, 89
 Boice, John, 483
 Bond, B. F., (Capt.), 273
 Booth, Charlotte E. T., 318
 Booth, Edith Young, 423
 Booth, Elsie Edge, 33
 Booth, George H. (Dr.), 312, 317,
 318
 Booth, Hannah Peters, 316, 318
 Booth, John Edge, 34
 Booth, Richard Thornton, 33
 Borrowman, John, 4
 Bosco, Jane, 476
 Bosco, John, 476
 Boswell, Abraham, 148
 Bowan, Joseph, 14
 Bowden, Mary, 280
 Bowden, Richard, 280
 Bowen, Jonathan, and Wife, 14
 Bower, John, 180
 Bower, Sarah Ann Bidwell, 180
 Bowker, Hannah A., 430
 Bowker, Samuel, 430
 Bowler, Lenna Wilson, 318
 Boyes, George, 89, 157
 Boyle, H. G., 367
 Bracken, James B., 3
 Bradford, Wm., 500
 Bradley, Amanda, 149
 Bradley, Betsy Kroll, 148
 Bradley, C. W. (Maj.), 64

- Bradley, Geo. Washington, 148
 Bradley, Thomas Jefferson, 148
 Bradsgawm, J. B. (Esq.) 337
 Bradshaw, Marian Kelley, 497
 Branch, Elisha, 143
 Branch, Eugene, 143
 Brannan, Samuel, 274, 510
 Bridges, Margaret, 459
 Briggs, Melissa, 249
 Bright, H., 246
 Bringer, James, 216
 Bringhurst, Wm., 157, 158
 Brinton, David, 157, 360
 "Britannia," Ship, 509
 Brizzie, Eliza H. B., 230
 Broadbent, Wm., 259, 260
 Bromley, Wm. M., 260, 262
 Brooks, George, 174
 Brooks, Juanita, 177
 Brossard, Stella Fisher, 185
 Brough, Dora Toone, 533, 561
 Brower, A., 123
 Brown, Agnes, 489
 Brown, Alma, 167
 Brown, Daniel, 488
 Brown, Ebenezer, 466, 467
 Brown, Edmund L., 489
 Brown, Elizabeth, 227
 Brown, Elizabeth A. T., 490
 Brown, Elizabeth Mills, 167
 Brown, Eunice Pectol, 490
 Brown, Eunice Reasor, 489, 490
 Brown, George, 167
 Brown, Harriet, 488
 Brown, James, (Capt.), 5, 465, 461,
 474, 481, 483, 489
 Brown, James S., 266, 273
 Brown, Jemima B. Pectol, 490
 Brown, John Walklet, 227
 Brown, Joseph, 488
 Brown, Lora Ann Taylor, 490
 Brown, Margaret Polly, 489
 Brown, Mary A., 488
 Brown, Mary Ann Duke, 167
 Brown, Mary E. W., 467
 Brown, Mary McCree Black, 481
 Brown, Newman, 490
 Brown, Phebe D. P., 466
 Brown, Robert H., 489, 490
 Brown, Samantha P., 467
 Brown, Sarah G. Pettey, 490
 Brown, Thomas, 167
 Brown, Thomas G., 167
 Brown, Wm., 247, 489
 Browning, Clifton S., 13
 Browning, George E., 271
 Browning, John W., 12
 Bruhn, Eleanor C., 560
 Bruhn, Eleanor G., 538
 Brundridge, Wm., 12
 Bryan, George W., 2
 Buchanan, Archibald O., 490
 Buchanan, Dorothy J., 452
 Buchanan, Mary Ann Brown, 490
 Buchanan, Pres., 59, 90, 92, 94
 Buckman, John, 284
 Budge, Thomas, 181
 Bulkley, Newman, 164
 Bull, Joseph, 244
 Bullock, Isaac, 4
 Bunker, Edward, (Bp.), 253
 Bunker, Edward, Company, 182
 Bunnell, E. R. (Miss), 8
 Burch, Wm., 12, 13
 Burnett, James, 262
 Burnett, Wm., 262
 Burton, Alice Maud, 278
 Burton, Anna, 280
 Burton, George, 280
 Burton, Richard, 443
 Burton, Robert T., 6, 7, 51, 62, 64,
 85
 Bushman, John, 519
 Bushman, Lois A. S., 519
 Butler, J. L. (Bp.), 360
 Butterfield, Jacob Kemp, 151
 Butterfield, Thomas, 12, 13
 Button, Charles, 491
 Button, Ellen Taylor, 491
 Button, James, 491
 Button, Jutson, 491
 Button, Mary, 491
 Button, Montgomery, 461, 491
 Buys, Paul, 145
 Byram, Wm., 511

C

- Cadd, Joseph, 280, 281
 Cadd, Heber, 281
 Cadd, Sophia, 280
 Cakden, Philip, 89
 "Calao," (Ship), 273
 Calder, D. O., 243, 388
 Caldwell, Brazille, 164
 Caldwell, Curtis W., 164
 Caldwell, Matthew, 164, 165
 Caldwell, Rachel Almira, 164
 Caldwell, Thomas, 164
 Calkin, A., 97
 Call, Justin D., (Judge), 139
 Callister, Thomas, 62
 Campbell, Grant, 185, 186
 Campbell, Mary Knox, 505
 Campbell, Michael, 505
 Campbell, Solomon, 179

- Cannell, Wm., 406
 Cannon, Angus, 22
 Cannon, George Q., 159, 253, 271, 452
 Cannon, Grace, 208
 Canova, Mary Gould, 537
 Cantwell, J. S., 89
 "Caravan," (Ship), 41
 Carlisle, Emily M., 449
 Carlos, Thomas, 13
 Carpenter, Isaac, 504
 Carr, John., 331, 351
 Carrington, Albert, 71, 72, 85, 129, 391
 Carroll, Amelia Snyder, 194
 Carroll, Charles N., 190
 Carroll, Charles Wm., 190
 Carroll, Charlotte Moulton, 191
 Carroll, Elsie C., 196, 514, 570
 Carroll, Kezia Giles, 190
 Carroll, Willard, 191
 Carson, David, 97
 Carson, John, 97
 Carson, Kit, 25
 Carson, Wm., 97
 Carter, Anna Rae Williams, 525
 Carter, Betsy Law, 432
 Carter, Billings, 432
 Carter, Sophronia, 173, 174
 Carter, Wm., 173
 Carter, Wm. F., 312
 Casto, Wm., 3, 89, 157, 158
 Cazier, Benjamin, 179
 Chamberlain, Wm. H., 267
 Chase, Abner, 504
 Chase, Isaac, 426
 Chase, John Darwin, 486
 Chase, Solomon, 89, 157
 Chipman, Washburn, 165
 Christensen, Alice, 208
 Christensen, Andrea, 55
 Christensen, Christiana, 55
 Christensen, Clara B., 46
 Christensen, Elsie Sorenson, 55
 Christensen, Elva A., 448
 Christensen, Hans, 44
 Christian, J. W., 305
 Christensen, Jeppa, 55, 56
 Christensen, Karen, 55
 Christensen, Mildred, 507
 Christensen, Niels, 55
 Christensen, Peder, 44
 Christensen, S. P., 385
 Christiansen, Christian, Company, 6, 44, 47, 55
 Christiansen, Jens, 150
 Christiansen, Vigo, 150
 Clark, Adelia C., 29
 Clark, Ann, 32
 Clark, Benjamin Thomas, 134, 135
 Clark, Cleo C., 516
 Clark, Collins, 228
 Clark, Delecta, 29
 Clark, Gardner, 29
 Clark, George S., 279
 Clark, H. F., (Capt.), 76
 Clark, Hiram, 273
 Clark, Israel J., 12
 Clark, Joshua, (Capt.), 64
 Clark, Lorenzo S., 133
 Clark, Mary R., 133
 Clark, Samuel, 144
 Clark, S. P., 365
 Clark, Stewart, 280
 Clawson, H. B., 62
 Clawson, Rudger, 139
 Clegg, John, 97
 Clements, Anna Snow, 179
 Clements, Joseph, 4
 Cleveland, Henry A., 13
 Clifford, Frankin G., 179
 Cluff, Harvey M., 269
 Cluff, Joseph, 247
 Cluff, Pres., 407
 Cluff, Wm., (Bp.), 238, 251
 Cluff, Wm. W., 269
 Cocheron, Augusta J., 432
 Cochrane, Charles Rich, 281
 Cochrane, Robert, 280
 Cochrane, Tresa, 280
 Cole, Lydia Ann, 151
 Coleman, Emily M., 564
 Coleman, Henry, 171
 Collett, Reuben, 14
 Collett, Sylvanus, 13, 15
 Colton, Charles Edwin, 512
 Colton, Edwin, 497, 512
 Colton, Philander, 497, 512
 Conner, Patrick E., 216
 Conover, Peter W., (Col.), 284
 Cook, Archibald, 422
 Cook, Elizabeth Mosher, 422
 Cook, Ella Call, 278
 Cook, Henry F., (Bp.), 43
 Cooke, Philip St. George, 6, 59, 83, 97, 98, 461, 506
 Cooke, Wm., 261
 Coombs, Amanda, 336
 Coombs, Arthur Francis, 321, 379, 397
 Coombs, Charles D., 405
 Coombs, Charlotte Augusta Hardy, 323, 324
 Coombs, Clara McLean, 406
 Coombs, David, 403
 Coombs, Dryden Rogers, 387

- Coombs, Ephraim, 396
 Coombs, Esther, 399
 Coombs, Fanny (Wife) 323, 405
 Coombs, Fanny, (Dau.), 369, 376, 402
 Coombs, Frank Albert, 396
 Coombs, Gladys, 376, 400
 Coombs, Harriet Augusta, 400
 Coombs, Hyrum, 345, 347, 358, 378
 Coombs, Hyrum, and Family, 404
 Coombs, Ida, (Dau.), 363, 376
 Coombs, Isaiah, (Son), 403
 Coombs, Isaiah Mark, 366, 376
 Coombs, Isaiah Moses, 321, 385
 Coombs, John, 353
 Coombs, John Hardy, 395
 Coombs, John Mark, 364
 Coombs, Leslie McLean, 400
 Coombs, Maria Morgan, 322, 373
 Coombs, Mark Anthony, 322, 365, 372
 Coombs, Mary, 336, 368
 Coombs, Mary (Dau.), 363, 366, 381
 Coombs, Mary J., 380
 Coombs, Sarah, (Wife), 377
 Coombs, Sarah Agnes, (Dau.) 398
 Coombs, Wm. Ray, 399
 Coons, Abraham, 152
 Cooper, John H., 312
 Coray, M. J., 233
 Coray, Melissa B., 464, 467
 Coray, Wm., 467
 Cornell, Dr., 331
 Couzens, George, 227
 Couzens, Joseph, 227
 Couzens, Phebe Hatch, 227
 Couzens, Samuel, 227
 Couzens, Sarah, 227
 Covert, T., 89
 Covert, Wm. S., 89, 157, 158
 Covington, Elizabeth, 496
 Covington, Malinda A. Kelley, 496
 Covington, Robert D., 4, 159, 496
 Cowan, Aggie, 403
 Cowley, Ann Quayle, 214
 Cowley, James, 48
 Cowley, John, 215
 Cowley, Matthias, 3, 6, 48, 214
 Cowley, Matthias, Company, 21
 Cowley, Wm., 215
 Cox, Arvel, 283
 Cox, Lon, 193
 Cox, Thomas L., 262
 Cragun, Annie B., 181
 Crandall, Myron, 163
 Crandall, Spicer, 4
 Crane, A. C., (Gov.), 456
 Craner, Louella Tanner, 561
 Crichton, Elisa, 273
 Crockwell, James H., 419
 Crookston, Alice Rice, 143
 Crookston, Nicholas W., (Bp.), 141, 142
 Crosby, Alma, 305
 Crosby, Caroline Barnes, 267
 Crosby, Jonathan, 266, 267, 305
 Crossman, G. H., 99
 Crutcher, E. W., 245
 Cumming, Albert, 59
 Cumming, Alfred, (Gov.), 90, 91, 92, 93, 112, 113
 Cummings, Benjamin F., 12, 15
 Cummings, James (Col.), 6, 62, 64
 Cunningham, Andrew, 10
 Cunningham, Thomas, (Col.) 15
 Curtis, Ezra, Company, 285
 Curtis, George, 385, 401
 Curtis, Joseph, 42, 401
 Cutler, Frank, 267
- D
- Daggett, J. D., (Capt.), 280
 Dalton, Charles, 12
 Dalton, J. L., 14
 Dalton, Louella, 217, 491
 Dalton, Luella A., 524, 560
 Dame, W. H. (Col.), 64, 87
 Damron, Joseph W., 267
 Dana, Charles, 31
 Dana, Eliza, 30
 Daniel, Lapriel, 249
 Daniels, J. D., 253
 Daniels, Joseph E., 401
 Daniels, Lila, 252
 Daniels, T. E., 367
 Danielson, David, 273
 Danielson, Hilda, 273
 Davis, Alta Hancock, 208
 Davis, Daniel Coon, (Capt.), 465, 489
 Davis, Jonathan, 208
 Davis, Nathan, 10
 Davis, Orletta Hatch, 420
 Davis, R. H., 385
 Davis, Saphronia F., 465
 Davis, Susan M., 464
 Davis, Susanna, 465
 Dawson, Joseph, 154
 Day, Abram, 4, 163
 Day, John (Mrs.), 320
 Day, Thomas, 13
 Dean, Florence R., 270
 Dean, Julia, 442

Dean, Joseph H., 269, 271
 Decker, C. F. (Lt.), 64
 Decker, Harriet P. W., 423
 Decker, Isaac, 423
 Dec, James E., 439
 Dee, James L., 439
 Dee, Lorenzo, 439
 Deming, Moses R., 439
 Deuel, Osman, 129
 Dimmick, Thelia G., 575
 Dingman, Harriet A., 499
 Dix, Owen, 14
 Dixon, P. H., 325
 Domgaard, Elsie Kirstine N., 225
 Domgaard, Niels Peter, 225
 Done, Willard, 402
 Doniphan, Alexander W. (Gen.),
 507
 Dorrity, Dennis, 4
 Doty, Emma Jane, 151
 Douglas, Ralph, 126
 Douglas, Stephen A., 5, 72, 366
 Dowdle, Absalom O., 5
 Dowdle, Absalom P., 260, 274, 279,
 280
 Dowdle, Robert, 278
 Dowdle, Sarah Ann H., 278
 Dowdle, Sarah Ann R., 278
 Draper, Lydia L., 466
 Draper, Phebe, 464
 Draper, Thomas, 466
 Draper, Wm., 466
 Driggs, Shadrach, 4
 Drummond, W. W. (Judge), 3, 57,
 407
 Dudley, Joseph, 209
 Duke, John, 168
 Duke, Jonathan O., 168
 Duke, Robert S., 168
 Dunbar, Wm. C., 2, 95
 Duncan, Asenath M. B., 52
 Duncan, Betsy Taylor Putnam, 52
 Duncan, Chapman, 52
 Duncan, Homer, 52, 53
 Duncan, Homer, Company, 21, 54
 Duncan, John, 52
 Dunn, James, 126
 Dunn, Simeon A., 266
 Dunn, Thomas, (Bp.), 179
 Dunville, Wm., 215
 Dunyon, J. L., 62
 Durfee, Francillo, 12, 505
 Dusenberry, Aurilla Coray, 231
 Dusenberry, Charles, 233
 Dusenberry, Cora May, 232
 Dusenberry, Eva., 233
 Dusenberry, Harriet V. C., 232
 Dusenberry, Mahlon, 231

Dusenberry, Margaret Smoot, 232
 Dusenberry, Warren N., 231
 Dusenberry, Wilson Howard, 231,
 242, 386, 407
 Dutson, Elizabeth Jane Cowley, 214
 Dutson, John Wm., 215
 Dykes, George P., (Adj.), 493, 506

E

Emes, Edna Geddes, 295
 Eardley, Adella, 403
 Earl, Sylvester H., 126
 Eastcott, Elizabeth Vendel, 304
 Eastcott, Wm., 304
 Eastham, Jane, 209
 Eastham, John, 209
 Easton, Jeanette Young, 424
 Eccles, Emma, 213
 Eckels, Chief Justice, 84
 Edmonds, Ray, 145
 Edwards, J., 354
 Edwards, Joshua John, 306
 Edwards, Zachariah, 160
 Egan, Howard, 357
 Eketone, Papene, 263
 Eldredge, Enoch, 280
 Eldredge, H. S., 360
 Eldredge, Horace, 245
 Ellett, John James, 221
 Emerson, Alan, 470
 Emery, Elizabeth Brewerton, 133
 Emery, Henry, 133
 Emery, Lorena Nebeker, 133
 Emery, W. L., 133
 Emmett, Emma Jane Lay, 202
 Emmett, James Simpson, 202
 Empey, Emma Adams, 129
 Empey, Henry, 289
 Empey, Nelson P., 129
 Englestead, Margrette Ohlsen, 46
 Englestead, Rasmus Madsen, 46
 "Envelope," Ship, 273
 Epperson, Simon S., 88
 Ercanbrack, Ida A., 167
 Erickson, Mabel M., 541
 Evans, C. D., 382, 406
 Evans, David (Bp.) 39, 40, 182
 Evans, David, (Maj.), 64
 Evans, Eliza Perkins, 182
 Evans, Mary Beck, 39
 Evans, Israel, 62
 Evans, Israel, Company, 6, 21, 32,
 39
 Eyre, Ann Naulor, 300
 Eyre, George D., 208
 Eyre, James, 300

F

Fackrell, Hettie Parsons, 528
 Fackrell, Joseph, 145
 Fairbanks, J. B. (Bp.) 370, 378,
 379, 386
 Farnham, Alice Jeanette, 277
 Farnham, Augustus, 259, 260, 274,
 275, 303
 Farnham, Caroline Pill, 277
 Farnham, Chloe W., 275
 Farnham, Hannah Rees, 277
 Farnham, John W., 275
 Farnham, Joseph Levi, 277
 Farnham, Mary Jane Pottle, 275
 Farnham, Peter, 275
 Farnsworth, Alfonzo, 305
 Farnsworth, Curt, 140
 Farr, Winslow, 89, 157
 Fatoute, Ezra, 506
 Faucett, George, 173
 Faulkner, Ellen Fox, 21
 Faust, H. J., 245
 Felshaw, John, 5
 Felt, Mabel Wood, 545
 Ferguson, James, (Adj. Gen.), 57,
 62, 63, 64, 66, 70, 85
 Ferris, John S., 262
 Fielding, Amos, 97
 Fife, Peter, 207
 Findlay, Hugh, 311, 318
 Fish, Joseph, 508
 Fisher, Lydia E., 519
 Fisher, Wm. Frederick, 184, 483
 Flake, Wm., 305
 Flake, Wm. J., 24
 Fleming, Ann, 302
 Fleming, Josiah W., 302
 Fleming, Nancy Bigler, 302
 Fleming, Wm., 302
 Floyd, John B., 59
 Folsom, Amelia, 128
 Folsom, Wm. H., 437
 Folsom, Zerviah Clark, 437
 Foote, Timothy T., 147
 Forbes, Joseph B., 115
 Ford, Thomas, 259, 260
 Foster, Louise, 424
 Foster, Ralph, 89
 Fotheringham, William, 4, 312
 Foulger, Etna Holdaway, 569
 Fowler, Henry C., 391
 Fox, J. W. (Surveyor Gen.), 71
 Free, Absalom, 427
 Free, Betsy Strait, 427
 Frost, Aaron, 424
 Frost, Edward, 5
 Frost, Susan Grey, 424

G

Gabbott, Mabel Jones, 532
 Gale, Henry, 305
 Galliher, John, 12, 15
 Gallup, Luke W., 164
 Gardiner, Wm., 11
 Gardner, Alverette, 218
 Gardner, Amy Pritchard, 218
 Gardner, Elias, 217
 Gardner, Harriet Smith, 218
 Gardner, Nancy, 217
 Gardner, Wm., 217, 260
 Garner, Minnie Black, 485
 Garr, John T., 11
 Garr, Wm., 11
 Garrick, Elizabeth Tilley, 56
 Garrick, Hamilton Morrison, 56
 Garrick, Mabel, 56
 Garvey, Dan E. (Gov.), 455
 Gates, George, 183
 Gates, Jacob, 39
 Gates, Susan Young, 127, 417, 418
 Gauchet, Philip, 116
 Gayle, W. H., 328
 Gebbart, Anne H. J., 153
 Geddes, Agnes Graham, 294
 Geddes, Elizabeth Stewart, 295
 Geddes, Hugh, 294
 Geddes, Martha Stewart, 295
 Geddes, Wm., 259, 260, 294
 "George Washington," Ship, 3, 20,
 56
 Ghean, Stephen, and wife, 14
 Gibbs, Wm., 30
 Gibson, Walter Murray, 269
 Gibson, Wm., 39
 Gilbert, Eliza J. F., 140
 Gilbert, George, 154
 Gilbert, James, 141
 Gilbert, Leandrew, 140
 Gilbert, Thomas M., 140, 141
 Giles, Jane Moore, 114
 Giles, Joseph, 114
 Giles, Joseph Sinkler, 114
 Giles, Lizzie Carling, 115
 Gingell, Caroline Jage, 283
 Gingell, David, 283
 Gingell, Mary Ann W., 280, 282
 Gingell, Wm., 280, 282
 Glazier, Charles Dean, 231
 Glazier, Martha Jane, 231
 Glenn, Jane, 221
 Goff, James, 4
 Golding, R. J., 62
 Gooch, John, Jr., 48
 Goodwin, Mary F. W., 305
 Gould, Samuel, 126

- Gowans, Hugh S., 2
 Gowans, Mary Lyman, 306
 Graham, Thomas, 229
 Grainger, Martha, 29
 Grange, Samuel, 51
 Grant, George D. (Gen.), 62, 85
 Grant, George R., 12
 Grant, Heber J., 446
 Grant, Jedediah M., 2, 302, 446
 Grant, Jedediah M., Company, 227, 425, 486
 Grant, Maggie, 145
 Grant, Morgan, 145
 Grant, Ulysses S. (Pres.), 388, 407, 437
 Greager, Jessie, 540
 Green, Alice Gaunt, 116
 Green, Charles, 115
 Green, Charles D., 115
 Green, Henry, 359
 Green, Janic, 116
 Green, John P., 422
 Green, Lizzie, 116
 Green, Mary Ann Radman, 116
 Green, Rosa Logie, 115
 Greenwood, Wm., 4
 Gregory, Alfred, 323
 Grey, Zane, 202
 Grimms, Ira Whitmore, 54
 Groesbeck, Marjorie W., 309
 Groesbeck, Nicholas, 121
 Groo, Isaac, 260, 295
 Groo, Mercy Tuttle, 295
 Groo, Samuel, 295
 Groo, Sarah E. G., 296
 Grougard, Benjamin F., 265, 267, 273
 Grover, Thomas, 32
 Grundy, John, 311
 Gunnell, Francis, 11
 Gurney, Charles, 171
 Gurney, Charlotte, 171
 Gurr, Edward, 284
 Gurr, Elizabeth, 280
 Gurr, Enoch Eldredge, 284, 287
 Gurr, James, 284
 Gurr, Rosella L., 282, 287
 Gurr, Ruth Backman, 280, 285
 Gurr, Sarah E. B., 287
 Gurr, Sarah Eldredge, 284
 Gurr, Sarah Higgins, 284, 287
 Gurr, Wm., 280, 284, 287
 Gutrich, Charles, 167
 Guyman, Noah T., 4
 Guymon, Crystal B., 545
 Guyn, Lilly Johnson, 145
- H
- Haddock, Edith, 184
 Hadlock, H. C., 14
 Haines, M. T., 353
 Hales, Mary E., 44
 Hall, Cyrenia, 220
 Hall, J. H., 220
 Hall, Martha, 182
 Hall, Wm., 182
 Halladay, J. D., 385
 Halliday, George (Bp.) 406
 Halls, Mary J. Grow, 544
 Halsey, Frank, 115
 Hamblin, Jacob, 175, 176
 Hamblin, Robert, 281
 Hamblin, Rose H., 565
 Hamilton, Anna Mennorrow, 207
 Hamilton, John, 207
 Hamilton, Mary, 207
 Hammond, Francis A. (Bp.) 183, 184
 Hammond, M. D., 14
 Hancock, Eliza Jane, 14
 Hancock, George W., 3
 Hancock, Joseph, 126
 Hand, Ida Wall, 284
 Hane, Marion Sheratt, 554
 Hanks, Ebenezer, 491
 Hanks, Ephraim, 62, 85, 108
 Hanks, Jane Wells Cooper, 491
 Hanks, Knowlton F., 265
 Hansen, Annie C., 166
 Hansen, Embreth, 46
 Hansen, H. P., 150
 Harding, S. S. (Gov.), 216, 368
 Hardy, A. P., 175
 Hardy, Charlotte Augusta, 387, 388
 Hardy, Charlotte Birchby, 324
 Hardy, John, 451
 Hardy, John Thomas, 3, 324, 387
 Hardy, L. W. (Bp.), 8
 Hardy, Rufus K., 299
 Harker, Joseph, 13
 Harmon, Charles, 5
 Harmon, Elmeda, 211
 Harmon, Henry, and Wife, 14
 Harmon, Hosea Frank, 211
 Harmon, Levi, 211
 Harper, Betsy Ann, 21
 Harper, C., Jr., 89
 Harper, Charles A., 89, 157, 158
 Harper, Eliza, 21
 Harper, Harriet Edwards, 21
 Harper, John C., 402
 Harper, Richard, 4, 21, 22

- Harper, Richard Nephi, 21
 Harper, Susan Faulkner, 21
 Harper, Wm. F., 21
 Harris, Edmund, 280
 Harris, Martin H., 14
 Harris, Virginia, 328
 Hart, J. H. (Capt.) 215, 353
 Harvey, John, 85
 Harvey, W. S. (Brig. Gen.), 5, 6,
 59, 105
 Haskell, Thales, 175
 Hatch, Ira, 205
 Hatch, Kenneth 208
 Haun, Abigail Gardner, 116
 Haun, Charles David Fernando
 Bonshire, 116
 Haun, Margaret, 116
 Haun, Sarah Gardner, 116
 Haven, Jesse, 429
 Hawkins, Eli, 220
 Hawkins, Eliza, 280
 Hawkins, John, 265
 Hawkins, Katie, 490
 Hawkins, Wm, 280
 Hawkinson, Wm., 305
 Hawks, Ephraim, 146
 Hawks, Joshua, 146
 Haws, Eunice Pease, 278
 Haws, Vera Delila L., 534
 Hayes, Frances A. H., 542
 Haymond, F. O., 54
 Heaton, Arvilla J., 533
 Heinman, Ketta, 47
 Hemsley, Ellen S., 300
 Henrie, Daniel, 4
 Hepworth, Marilda, 145
 Herbert, Eunice Ann Cox, 490
 Hess, Emeline Bigler, 492
 Hess, John, 492, 501, 507
 Hewlett, Orson, 132
 Heywood, Joseph, 147
 Hiatt, J., 361
 Hiatt, Martha, 361
 Hickman, Minerva Wade, 180
 Hickman, Wm. A., 85
 Higgins, Alfred, 485
 Higgins, Almira, 485
 Higgins, Alonzo, 485
 Higgins, Carlos S., 485
 Higgins, Drucilla, 485
 Higgins, Nelson, (Capt.), 461, 485,
 512
 Higgins, Sarah Blackman,, 485
 Higgins, Wealthy, 485
 Hill, Alexander, 13
 Hill, Daniel, 230
 Hill, George W., 12, 13, 15
 Hills, James H., 230
 Hill, John, 151, 230
 Hill, Robert, 230
 Hill, Sarah Dean, 151
 Hilton, Thomas H., 271
 Hiron, James, 493
 Hiron, Mary Ann, 493
 Hoagland, A., 344
 Hockaday, J. M., 58, 86
 Hodgart, Robert, 250
 Hoffeins, Elizabeth Stevenson, 50
 Hoffeins, Jacob, 21, 49
 Hoffeins, Lucretia Braffet, 50
 Holdaway, Shadrach, 503
 Holmes, Elvira A. C. S., 307
 Holmes, Jonathan, 307
 Holmes, Robert (Mrs.), 122
 Holt, Daniel, 352
 Homer, LaVerne Hill, 152
 Hooks, Elizabeth Conrad, 166
 Hooper, Wm. H., 71, 72, 92, 243
 Hoover, Herbert, 455
 Horne, Mary Isabella, 121, 125,
 331
 Horne, Joseph S., 218
 Horsley, Ernest, 289
 Houston, Jack, 115
 Houston, Samuel, 81
 Houtz, Heber, 250
 Howard, Drucilla Sears, 139, 543
 Howard, John C., 208
 Howard, Margaret E. P., 153
 Howard, Robert, 153
 Howard, Wm., 158
 Howd, Lucinda, 361
 Howd, Simeon, 358, 361
 Hoyt, Timothy S., 4
 Huish, W. H., 385
 Hunt, Catherine, 477
 Hunt, Celia Mounts, 463, 470, 480
 Hunt, Cynthia A. H., 480
 Hunt, Ellen, 477
 Hunt, Emma Knowles, 480
 Hunt, Gilbert, (Corp.), 461, 472
 Hunt, Harriet, 479
 Hunt, Hyrum, 480
 Hunt, Ida Frances, 477
 Hunt, James Franklin, 477
 Hunt, Jane, 477, 478
 Hunt, Janette, 477
 Hunt, Jefferson, 103, 183, 470, 474,
 475, 480
 Hunt, John, (Bp.), 305, 472, 475,
 480
 Hunt, Joseph, 477, 480
 Hunt, Lydia Gibson, 473
 Hunt, Marshall, 472
 Hunt, Matilda Nease, 471, 474, 475,
 478

Hunt, Olive, 477
 Hunt, Parley, 473
 Hunt, Sarah Henderson, 480
 Hunter, Diego, 465
 Hunter, Edward, (Bp.) 45, 88, 121,
 344, 402
 Hunter, Elizabeth, 280
 Hunter, Florence Wilson, 182, 183
 Hunter, George, 280
 Hunter, Jesse O., (Capt.) 465
 Hunter, Lydia, 464, 465
 Huntington, Betsy, 494
 Huntington, Dimick B., 431, 461,
 473, 493, 494
 Huntington, Fanny M. A., 473, 493
 Huntington, Julia, 55
 Huntington, Lot, 494
 Huntington, Martha, 494
 Huntington, Oliver B., 119
 Huntington, Simon, 431
 Huntington, Wm., 431
 Huntington, Zina Baker, 431
 Hurst, Charles, 262
 Hurst, Elzada M., 488
 Hurst, Frederick Wm., 262, 310
 Hurst, May, 311
 Hurst, Garland, (Dr.), 83
 Hutchings, W. W., 89
 Hutchins, Lenora, 224
 Hutchins, Wm. L., 42, 157
 Hyde, Orson, 12, 48, 56, 235, 237,
 253, 279, 371, 374
 Hyde, Wm., 4, 157, 273

I

Ibey, Mary L., 465
 Irish, Col., 370
 Irvine, Athelia Call Sears, 528
 Isaacson, Ida, 514, 551
 Ison, Louie Savage, 313

J

Jackman, Paremno A., 497
 Jackman, Phebe L. Merrill, 497
 Jackson, L. H., 385
 Jackson, Wm., 144
 Jacobs, Henry, 431
 Jacobs, Henry Chariton, 451
 Jacobs, Zebulon, 451
 Jacobsen, Lars, 46
 Jacobsen, Mary, 46
 Jacobson, Ole, 216
 Jacobson, Rebecca Dutson, 215, 216
 Jacoby, Ida Bell Acord, 522
 Jacque, Margaret Smyth, 227
 Jacque, Wm., 226

Jarvis, Zora Smith, 33
 Jenkins, Flora Berg, 532
 Jensen, Ann, 575
 Jensen, Hyrum, 129
 Jensen, Andrew, 263, 267, 421
 Jespersion, LaRene Harlette, 562
 "John Wood," Ship, 294
 Johns, David, 233, 252, 384, 406
 Johnson, Aaron, 64, 163
 Johnson, Albert Sidney, (Col.) 6, 7,
 59, 82, 83, 91, 93, 94, 97, 102,
 115
 Johnson Ethel, 551
 Johnson, Ethel D., 168
 Johnson, Henry Mitchell, 3
 Johnson, Huldor Kay, 145
 Johnson, Joel, 11
 Johnson, Lorenzo, 4
 Johnson, Nephi, 87
 Johnson, Otto Alfred, 145
 Johnson, Pat, 531
 Johnson, Thomas S., 274
 Johnson, Warren, 202
 Johnston, Col., 357
 Jolley, Leona, 570
 Jones, Albert, 244
 Jones, Annetta, 167
 Jones, Daniel, (Capt.), 8, 85
 Jones, Daniel H., 164
 Jones, Elizabeth M., 182
 Jones, John M., 250
 Jones, Lillian G., 168
 Jones, Mary B., 380
 Jones, Nathaniel V., 39, 62, 66, 70,
 72, 312
 Jones, Samuel S., 246, 254, 384,
 406
 Jones, Steven, 167
 Jones, Uriah T., 207
 Jordan, James, 294
 Josephs, Nellie, 273
 Judd, Samuel, 179
 "Julia Ann," Ship, 275

K

Kane, Thomas L., (Col.), 90, 91,
 92, 93, 112, 178, 357, 381, 415
 Katera Hari T., 263
 Kearney, S. A., (Col.), 460, 472
 Kearns, John, 335
 Keller, Irene Branch, 187
 Kelley, John, 48
 Kelley, Malinda A., 496
 Kelley, Malinda Catherine, 496
 Kelley, Milton, 461
 Kelley, Nicholas, 461, 497
 Kelley, Sarah, 497

Kelting, Joseph A., 6, 274
 Kendall, George, 4, 147
 Kendall, Levi N., 3
 Kenesin, Captain, 272
 Kent, Nancy Young, 29
 Kent, Sir Robert, 316
 Kerns, Hamilton H., 4
 Kesler, Bp., 42
 Kesler, Julia Harmon, 550
 Kimball, Annie C., 135, 212
 Kimball, H. P., (Capt.), 64, 66, 70
 Kimball, Heber C., 7, 61, 71, 85,
 119, 125, 248, 410, 412, 420, 426,
 429
 Kimball, Helen Sanders, 414
 Kimball, Hiram, 58
 Kimball, Melissa B. C., 467
 Kimball, Wm. H., 62, 470
 King, Culbert, (Bp.) 447
 King, Hannah T., 344
 King, Wm., 32
 Kingsbury, Joseph, 452
 Kinney, John F., 57
 Kinsey, D. H., 250, 252
 Kleinman, Bertha A., 514, 546
 Knight, Newell K., 30
 Knight, Samuel, 175
 Knowlton, J. Q., (Lt.), 64
 Kotter, Henry J., 150

L

Lake, Wm. Bailey, 14, 15
 Lambourne, Alfred, 442
 Lant, David, 378, 385, 386, 403
 Larsen, Johannah, C., 47
 Larsen, John M., 362
 Larson, Peter, 150
 Law, Jim, 150
 Lawrence, Edward, 429
 Lawrence, H. W., (Maj.), 6, 64,
 66
 Lawrence, Margaret, 429
 Leatham, John, 250
 Leavitt, Nathaniel, 12
 Lee, Ezekiel, 157
 Lee, John D., 175, 201, 504
 Lee, Louisa C., 270
 Lee, Niels C., 150
 Lee, Thomas, 2
 Lee, Wm. O., 270
 Lemmon, James A., 4
 Leonard, Truman, 312
 Lewis, Gayle Merrill, 22
 Lewis, Harriet, 324
 Lewis, J. W., 254
 Lewis, T. B., 384
 Liddle, Effie Branch, 143

Lincoln, Abraham, (Pres.), 279
 Lindholm, Carl Eric, 159
 Lindholm, Johanna Nilsson, 159
 Linberger, Matilda M., 306
 Lingreen, Martha H., 160
 Lish, Everett, 12
 Little, Feramorz, 3, 60, 72
 Little, James A., 29
 Little, John, 67
 Long, J. V., 249
 Long, James P., 231
 Long, Mary Ann, 231
 Lorensen, Andreas, 150
 Lorensen, Wm., 150
 Lott, Elsie Moore, 447, 512
 Love, Andrew, 5
 Lovell, Zella N., 216
 Lowder, John, 16, 227, 228, 490
 Lowe, Ann Perrett, 228
 Lowe, Elizabeth Couzens, 228
 Lowe, Fannie Weight, 228
 Lcwe, George, Jr., 228
 Lowe, George Alma, 228, 229
 Lowe, Harriet Allen, 228
 Lowe, James, 228
 Lowe, Joseph W., 228
 Lowe, Robert, 228
 Lowry, Sarah Jane Brown, 490
 Lublin, Magnus, 47
 Lublin, Samuel, 47
 "Lucas," Ship, 274
 Luddington, E., (Lt.), 461
 Lunceford, Isaac, 350
 Lunceford, Sarah, 350
 Lund, Nora, 222, 566
 Lund, Rasmus Rasmussen, & Family
 49
 Lund, Thelma Catherine, 49
 Lusty, Charles, 154
 Lyman, Albert R., 197
 Lyman, Amasa M., 245, 246, 361,
 390, 463, 474, 508
 Lyman, Francis M., 305, 404
 Lyman, Rhoda Ann Taylor, 303, 305
 Lyman, Walter C., 197
 Lyte, Charles, 205
 Lyte, Henry F., 201

M

Mabry, Thomas J., (Gov.), 455
 Mace, Hiram, 5
 Mack, Harriet Parker, 252
 Madsen, Grace A., 226
 Magleby, John Ephraim, 264
 Magraw, W. M. F., 58
 Mainwaring, Edward, 487
 Mainwaring, Margaret Nash, 487

- Malin, Catherine, 131
 Malin, Elijah, 131
 Malmstrom, Charles Eric, 306
 Malmstrom, Matilda Edwards, 306
 "Manchester," (Ship), 39
 Mangus, Agnes B., 145
 Margetts, Phillip, 10
 Margetts, R. B., 14
 Mark, Isaiah, 371
 Markham, Stephen, 375
 Marler, William, 14
 Marquardson, E. P., 150
 Marquardson, Hyrum R., 150
 Marquardson, Myrtle C. F., 150
 Marsden, William 4
 Marsh, Thomas B., 6, 420
 Marshal, Elizabeth Hughes, 49
 Marshall, Robert, 312
 Martin, Hannah Mayo Ford, 487
 Martin, Jesse B., 6, 21, 32, 34, 37
 Martin, John Snider, 32
 Martin, Wm., 487
 Martindale, Wm. A., 10
 Martineau, James H., 508
 Matheson, Alexander G., 217
 Mathews, E. C., 305
 Mathews, Esther B., 447
 Mathis, Henry John, 289
 Matson, George B., 164
 Mattins, Robert, 160
 Mattson, Anna G. O., 306
 Mattson, Carl, 306
 Maughan, John, 11
 Maughan, Mary E., 516
 Maughan, Peter, 3, 11
 Mauritzen, Annie Kristine, 256
 Maxwell, William B., 3
 May, Fred J., 260, 296, 297
 May, John, 296
 May, Mary Lewis, 296
 Maycock, Thomas, 132
 Mayfield, John, 479
 McAllister, J. D. T., 62, 66, 75,
 +06-107
 McArthur, Daniel D., 174
 McArthur, Duncan, 424
 McBride, George, 13, 15
 McBride, James, 14
 McClellan, Hugh, 383
 McClellan, William Carrol 3, 371,
 378, 385
 McCrea, Major, 109
 McCulloch, Benjamin, 94
 McCullough, L. W., (Maj.), 64
 McCune, A. W., 208
 McCune, Agnes Jelly, 314
 McCune, George, 271
 McCune, Henry F., 312
 McCune, Henry F., 315, 318
 McCune, Joy, 316
 McCune, Matthew M., & Family,
 311, 313
 McCune, Robert, 313
 McDonald, Alexander F., 4, 246
 251, 254
 McDonald, Whitney, 254
 McDonell, Wm. J., 262
 McEwan, John, 248
 McEwan, Nellie Fleming, 304
 McFarland, Drucilla H., 555
 McFarland, Florence Stanger, 275
 McGaw, James, 4
 McGeary, Charles, 12
 McGhie, Wm., 89
 McIntyre, Robert, 205
 McIntyre, W., 13
 McKay, David, 184
 McKay, David O., 184, 455
 McKay, Helen, 529
 McKay, James, 293
 McKean, David, 145
 McKean, Elizabeth E., 133
 McKee, Bly, 115
 McKissock, W. M. D., (Capt.), 462
 McKnight, LaPreal H., 153
 McLachlan, Gilbert, 296
 McLachlan, Hannah G., 296
 McLachlan, Wm., 262, 296
 McLean, Fanny, 351, 358, 360
 McLean Fanny Porter, 323
 McLean, Francis, 323
 McLean, Hector, 4
 McLean, Mary Ann, 363
 McMill, H. G., 208
 McNeal, Sadie Green, 208
 McQuarrie, Robert, 38
 Mecham, E. E., 500
 "Medford," (Ship), 215
 Meeks, Priddy (Dr.), 192, 486, 533
 Meik, James Patrick, (Capt.) 311,
 315
 Meik, Mary Ann, 311
 Melville, Maude C., 32
 Mendenhall, Wm., 164
 Merchant, Elizabeth Barnes, 275
 Merchant, Richard, 275
 Merrill, Ferdinand, 497
 Merrill, Philemon C., 64, 497
 Merril, Samuel, 497
 Meryck, Geo., 254
 Metcalf, Thomas, 311
 Mickelson, Charles, 305
 Middleton, Charles F., 14
 Miller, Daniel T., 267
 Miller, Eleaser, 410
 Miller, Frederick A., 14

Miller, Henry B., 503
 Miller, Henry W., 21
 Miller, Henry W., Company, 492
 Miller, Jacob, 13, 308
 Miller, James, 14, 15
 Miller, Lulu Stewart, 280
 Miller, Miles, 4
 Miller, Wm., 163
 Milner, J. S., 245
 Milner, John B., 243, 244, 249,
 250, 251
 "Milwaukee," (Ship), 293
 Mitton, Ed., 220
 Monoa, Samuela, 269
 Montgomery, Bessie J., 180
 Montgomery, James, 201
 Moody, Dwight L., 201
 Moon, C. J., (Mrs.) 403
 Moore, David, 12
 Moore, J. H., 385
 Moore, James, 141
 Moore, Robert C., 4
 Moore, Samuel, 447
 Moore, Sophronia, 32
 Moore, Stephen Bliss, 447, 448
 Moore, Wm. B., 310
 Morgan, John, 336
 Morgan, Mary, 38
 Morgan, N. G., Sr., 121, 576
 Morley, Callie O., 149
 Morley, Isaac, 362, 373, 489
 Morris, Thomas, 3
 Morrison, John, (Judge), 331
 Morrison, W. R., 331
 Moses, Martha, 159
 Mounts, Mary Montgomery, 470
 Mounts, Matthias, 470
 Mowrey, Harley, 461, 499
 Mowrey, James, 512
 Mowrey, Martha J. Sharp, 499
 Moyes, Mary Eastcott, 304
 Moyes, Mary Pierce, 304
 Moyes, Wm., Jr., 304
 Moyes, Wm., Sr., 304
 Moyes, Zelpha Hunt, 305
 Muir, Jane, 145
 Muir, Wm. S., (Bp.), 144, 145
 Munford, Jane Crosby, 268
 Murdock, John, 14, 15, 258, 260,
 273, 274
 Murdock, John R., (Capt.), 64
 Musser, Amos Milton, 253, 312
 Musser, Milton A., 7
 Myler, Alice Howard, 188
 Myler, James, 188
 Myler, Orrin, 188

N

Nash, Caroline Campbell, 186
 Nease, Ellen Martin, 475
 Nease, Mary Lockhart, 480
 Nease, Peter, 475, 480
 Nebeker, George, 269
 Nebeker, Henry, 14
 Nebeker, Lurena, 119
 Nelson, Amelia Giles, 548
 Nez Perce Indians, 13, 15
 Nichols, Alex, 162
 Nixon, Hannah, 173
 Nichols, John, 162
 Nichols, Wm., 162
 Nicholson, John, 246
 Nielson, Florence V. D., 215, 216
 Nielson, Niels Peter, 216
 Nilsson, Lars, 159
 Noble, Joseph, 145
 Noble, Wally, 145
 Norton, Hazel, 140
 Norton, Hyrum, 43
 Norton, Zina, 43
 Nuttall, L. J., 251
 Nye, Charlotte Osborne, 291
 Nye, Ephraim Hesmer, 292, 294
 Nye, John, 291, 294

O

Oakley, James, 164
 Olsen, Pearle M., 525
 Olsen, Soren, 289
 Olson, Dorothea Nelson, 526
 Olson, Jefferson, 149
 Olson, Myra Henrie, 149
 Olsson, Britta Catarina, 159
 Openshaw, Eli, 385
 Orser, Franklin M., 224
 Orser, Mary Rogers, 222
 Osborn, Ruby T., 147
 Osborne, A., (Dr.), 90
 Overstreet, Harry A., 455
 Owen, Robert, 312

P

Pace, Ann Marie, 512
 Pace, James, 342, 401, 509
 Pace, Lucinda G. S., 509
 Pace, Margaret Nichols, 511
 Pace, Wm. B., 62, 64, 251, 509,
 511
 Pace, Wilson Daniel, 511
 Pack, John, 145

- Pack, Walker, 145
 Page, Lucy A. White, 511
 Palmer, Eliza, 466
 Palmer, George, 466, 467
 Palmer, Joseph Fred, 310
 Palmer, Lovina, 466
 Palmer, Lydia, 466
 Palmer, Osahel, 466
 Palmer, Phebe Draper, 467
 Palmer, Rhoda, 466
 Palmer, Sally Knight, 467
 Palmer, Wm., 466
 Palmer, Zemira, and Children, 466, 467
 Park, Andrew, 23
 Park, James Pollock, 3, 23
 Parkin, Ulysses, 145
 Parkinson, Thomas, 305
 Parry, Joseph, 12, 13
 Parry, Wm., and Wife, 14
 Partridge, Edward, 426
 Partridge, Lydia Clisbee, 426
 Patch, Sam, 240
 Patten, David, 471
 Paxman, Wm., 260, 384
 Pearce, Elijah F., 260, 262, 297
 Pearce, Esther Pollard, 297
 Pearce, George, 297
 Peck, John W., 271
 Pectol, George, 490
 Pectol, Sarah Reasor, 490
 Pedler, Lily V. C., 310
 Pedler, Rosena Teague, 309
 Pedler, Wm., 309
 Pedler, Wm. Joseph, 310
 Penfold, John, 273
 Penrod, Donna A., 181
 Perkins, D. W., 89
 Perkins, John, 463
 Perkins, Wm., 13
 Perry, Harriet P. W. D., 421
 Perry, Isaac, 421
 Perry, Laura Hair, 574
 Pessetto, Zella, 291
 Peters, John, (Rev.), 331, 332, 336
 Peterson, A. R., 256
 Peterson, Horace, 150
 Peterson, Knud, 3
 Peterson, Lora R., 199
 Peterson, Lucille Crookston, 143
 Peterson, Sern C., 150
 Phelps, Alva, 458
 Phelps, E. E., 344
 Phelps, Margaret, 459
 Phelps, W. W., 9, 201, 344
 Pickering, Richard, 448
 Pickett, Agnes Squires, 225
 Picketts, Ruth, 174
 Pierce, Hannah Harvey, 428
 Pierce, Robert, 428
 Pierce, Sarah Tidwell, 144, 146
 Pingree, Job, 37
 Pingree, Charlotte Tarrant, 37
 Pitchforth, Samuel, 4
 Pittman, Vail, (Gov.), 455
 Polanakaissa, Alice, 273
 Poling, Daniel A., 455
 Poppleton, William, 11
 Porter, Anne, 391
 Porter, Arthur, 379
 Porter, Benjamin, 379, 391
 Porter, James, 379
 Porter, Tom, 379, 391
 Potai, Henare, 263
 Potter, Chaffin, 280
 Poulson, John A., 446
 Powell, James, 43
 Powell, John W., 15
 Powell, L. W., 94
 Powers, Judge, 407
 Pratt, Addison, 257, 258, 265, 266, 268, 273, 305, 480
 Pratt, Lois B., 480
 Pratt, Louise Barnes, 267, 273
 Pratt, Orson, 2, 7, 66, 118, 121, 131, 257, 389, 398, 508
 Pratt, Parley P., 4, 19, 20, 200, 201, 257, 323, 346, 347, 353, 398, 413, 424, 428
 Pratt, Milson R., 312, 318
 Preece, John, 13
 Preston, James W., 4
 Preston, Wm. B., 483
 Prothero, Amy, 222
 Prye, Solomon Mathias, 153
 Puffer, James, 305
 Pugmire, Rheva B., 547
 Purcell, Emma, 273
 Purcell, Roy, 273
 Pymm, Sarah Ann, 24
 Pyre, Ann Alston, 153
 Pyre, John Israel, 153

Q

- Quamby, Annie, 211
 Quick, Thomas, 331, 335
 Quigley, Andrew, 14
 Quirk, Mary Ann C., 212
 Quirk, Thomas, 212

R

- Radford, J. W., 5
 Radford, John D., 86
 Rainey, David N., 5

- Ramsey, Ralph, 128
 Rance, Icevinda Pace, 512
 Randall, Mildred, 208
 Rank, Byron, 145
 Reasor, Frederick, 489
 Reasor, Sarah Kester, 489
 Redfern, Joseph, 342
 Rees, Robert, 305
 Reese, Mary, 445
 Reese, Sarah, 399
 Reese, Venna A., 164
 Rich, Charles C., 119, 184, 243, 361,
 397, 474
 Rich, John T., 262
 Rich, Joseph, 243
 Rich, Lettie, B. H., 567
 Richards, Ezra F., 260, 263, 264
 Richards, F. D., 404
 Richards, Joseph, 311, 315, 472
 Richards, Joseph H., 229
 Richards, Lulu Greene, 208
 Richards, Samuel W., 7, 66
 Richards, Willard, 48, 119, 126,
 135, 276, 412
 Richey, Benjamin, 311, 315
 Richins, Agnes Wilmott, 155
 Richins, Charles, (Bp.), 154, 157
 Richins, Esther, 154
 Richins, Hannah Louisa, 154
 Richins, Leonard, 155
 Richins, Louise Shill, 154
 Richins, Parley T., 156, 157
 Richmond, Blanche K., 470
 Ricketts, Norma B., 523
 Ricks, Thomas E., 483
 Rideout, D. O., 355
 Ridges, Joseph H., 128, 276
 Rillstone, Richard, 280
 Rillstone, Sarah Ann, 280
 Rise, Thomas E., 27
 Riter, Wm., 157
 Roach, Bernice A., 48
 Robb, Caroline Jones, 288
 Robb, Ellen, 280
 Robb, George Drummond, 287, 291
 Robb, Susannah Drummond, 280
 Robb, Wm., 280, 287
 Roberts, Annie P., 534
 Roberts, George, 280
 Roberts, Mary Jackson, 144
 Roberts, Susan, 280
 Roberts, Wm., 239, 249
 Robins, C. A., (Gov.), 455
 Robinson, E., 14
 Robinson, Edward, 449
 Robinson, Evangeline A., 550
 Robinson, Lewis, 73, 85
 Robinson, Oliver, 14
 Robinson, Wm. Smith, 449
 "Rochester," Ship, 214
 Rockwell, Orrin Porter, 15, 18, 60,
 62, 72, 75, 85, 106
 Rockwood, Albert P., 5, 62, 126,
 429
 Rockwood, Nancy Haven, 429
 Rogers, Cornelia, 331, 332, 336
 Rogers, Dryden, (Dr.), 331, 332
 Rogers, Hugh, 161
 Rogers, John, (Dr.), 331
 Rogers, Noah, 265, 267
 Rogers, Samuel H., 460
 Rose, Orson, 14
 Ross, Ethel, 183
 Ross, Phoebe Ogden, 425, 426
 Ross, Robert, 140
 Ross, Wm., 425
 Rothe, Ruth, 552, 569
 Rountree, Jane, 299
 Rowberry, John, (Maj.), 64
 Rowley, Roberta B., 302
 Russell, Allen, 5
 Russell, Wm. R., 60
 Russon, Fern J. B., 509, 572

S

- St. Jeor, Francis D., 2
 Saiwasina, Kappen, 273
 Salisbury, M., 245
 Sanborn, Mabel Young, 419
 Sanders, Sonda, Jr., 265
 Sanderson, Henry W., 500
 Sargent, Abel M., 498
 Sargent, Caroline, 498
 Sargent, Sally Edwards, 498
 Savage, Ann Cooper, 313
 Savage, Jane Mathers, 313
 Savage, Levi, 312, 506
 Savage, Levi, Jr., 312
 Savage, Polly Hames, 312
 Scalley, Ethel T., 41
 Schaer, Mary A., 171, 173
 Schlote, Lorna B., 278
 Scholes, George, 5
 Scholes, Sol, 89
 Schwencke, Charles, 273
 Scott, Mary, 148
 Scott, Winfield, (Gen.), 4, 59
 Searle, J. C., 401
 Sears, Isaac, & Family, 135, 137
 Sears, John, 135
 Sears, Sarah Jane Gailey, 136
 Sears, Sarah Wagstaff, 136
 Seastrand, Myrtle Robinson, 450
 Seegmiller, Wm. A., 266
 Seely, Hannah, 145

- Seely, J. W., 145
 Seely, Orange, 145
 Seely, Sarah, 145
 Seicrist, Capt., 340, 341
 Selley, Joshua, 132
 Selley, Mary E. F. Crismon, 132, 133
 Sessions, Caroline (Emmeline), 500
 Sessions, John, 500, 501
 Sessions, Lucretia Haws, 500
 Sessions, Richard, 500
 Sessions, Wm. Bradford, 500
 Sharo, Isabel C. McLachlan, 296
 Sharp, John, (Col.), 62, 179
 Sharp, Martha Jane, 498
 Sharp, Norman, 461, 499
 Sharp, Wm. H., 159
 Shaw, George Bernard, 456
 Shaw, Wm., 14
 Shelton, Caroline, 502
 Shelton, Caroline Britton, 310
 Shelton, Charles, 4
 Shelton, Elizabeth, 502
 Shelton, Jackson Mayfield, 502
 Shelton, John, 502
 Shelton, John Mayfield, 502
 Shelton, Maria, 502
 Shelton, S. C., 461
 Shelton, Sarah M., 502
 Shelton, Sarah Trains, 502
 Shelton, Sebert Crutcher, 502
 Shepherd, Isaac, 12, 13
 Shepherd, Marcus L., 305
 Sherner, Peter, 183
 Shields, John, 2
 Shirts, Peter, 204, 205
 Shoshone Indians, 12
 Shreeve, Thomas A., 260, 262, 297
 Shumway, Andrew P., 229
 Shupe, Andrew J., 503
 Shupe, James W., 503, 505
 Shupe, Margaret Elizabeth, 505
 Shupe, Sarah P., 503
 Shurtliff, H. V., 14
 Shurtliff, L. A., 39
 Shurtliff, Lerora B., 568
 Shurtz, D. C., Jr., 146
 Simmons, Catherine, 41
 Simmons, Emma Jane, 42
 Simmons, Hannah, 41
 Simmons, J. M., 66
 Simmons, Margaret, 41
 Simpson, Charles, 56
 Singley, Charlotte H., 365
 Skantz, Johannes Persson, 159
 Skantz, John, 159
 Skantz, Petter, 159
 Skelton, Robert, 312
 Skinner, Horace, 305
 Slate, E. P., 331
 Slater, Joseph, 42
 Sly, James C., 342
 Smith, Alices Woodruff, 214
 Smith, Alvin McBride, 28
 Smith, Andrew, 259
 Smith, Andrew J., (Lt.), 460
 Smith, Anthony, 486
 Smith, Charles, 216
 Smith, Elias, (Judge), 18, 60
 Smith, Elisha, 499, 512
 Smith, Eliza Partridge, 426
 Smith, Emma, 201
 Smith, George A., 94, 206, 236, 237, 245, 251, 253, 258, 361, 371, 374, 380, 385
 Smith, Henry, & Wife, 14
 Smith, Hyrum, (Pat.), 413, 494
 Smith, Jackson O., 198
 Smith, Jerusha, 129
 Smith, Jesse, & Wife, 14
 Smith, Jesse N., 217
 Smith, John, 66, 129, 382
 Smith, John Henry, 482
 Smith, John L., 389
 Smith, Joseph, (Prophet), 19, 102, 410, 413, 426, 430, 434
 Smith, Joseph F., (Pres.), 117, 127, 129, 209, 210
 Smith, Joseph Maginnis, 27
 Smith, Leonard I., 3
 Smith, Lot, 7, 62, 66, 75, 76, 77, 86, 106, 107
 Smith, Martha, 129
 Smith, Mary Fielding, 129
 Smith, Mary M. Owens, 198
 Smith, Milton, 504
 Smith, Octavis, 28
 Smith, P. F., (Col.), 73, 79, 95
 Smith, Pauline Udall, 475, 478, 479
 Smith, Rebecca, 499
 Smith, Samuel, 64, 257
 Smith, Sarah Eliza, 199
 Smith, Sarah Marman, 486
 Smith, Thomas S., 12, 15
 Smith, W. T., 89
 Smith, Wm., & Wife, 14
 Smith, Wm. R., (Bp.), 67
 Smoot, Abraham O., 5, 15, 18, 60, 297, 343, 385, 393
 Smoot, Anna C., 297
 Smoot, Brigham, 271
 Smoot, Reed, 256
 Snively, Henry, 428
 Snively, Mary Havener, 428
 Snow, Eliza R., 367
 Snow, Elizabeth, 179
 Snow, Erastus, 5, 10, 11, 44, 46,

- 104, 117, 177, 206, 337, 340, 345,
349, 351, 352, 353, 361, 385
- Snow, Flossie, 209
- Snow, Lorenzo, 68, 127, 271, 389,
434
- Snow, Oliver, 434
- Snow, Rosella L. P., 434
- Snow, Warren S., (Capt.), 62, 64,
109
- Solomon, Brigham, 271
- Sorenson, Christen, 55
- Sorenson, John P., 262
- Sorenson, Mahala Tait, 320
- Sorenson, Metta Peterson, 55
- Spencer, C. V., 39
- Spencer, Claudius, Company, 135
- Spencer, Daniel, 340
- Spencer, Emily B., 213
- Spencer, George, 213
- Spencer, J. D., 274
- Spencer, O., 66
- Spore, Joe, 188
- Sprague, Thomas, 164
- Squire, Emma C. T., 225
- Squire, John, 225
- Staines, Wm. C., 90
- Stainsbury, Howard, (Capt.) 129,
160
- Staples, George, 150
- Staples, Matilda, 150
- Steed, Thomas, 262, 308
- Steele, Catherine C., 505
- Steele, Delphine C., 508
- Steele, Frances Amelia, 508
- Steele, Jessie May, 508
- Steele, John, 505, 507
- Steele, John Lazell, 508
- Steele, Joseph C., 508
- Steele, Mary, 508
- Steele, Mary Josephine, 508
- Steele, Young Elizabeth, 507
- Stenhouse, B. H., 253
- Stenhouse, T. B., 374
- Stephens, David, 12
- Stevens, Arnold, 463
- Stevens, Lyman, 157
- Stevens, Oswald, 463
- Stevens, Ranson M., 271
- Stevenson, Bertha S., 567
- Stevenson, Edward, 448
- Stevenson, Esther, 50
- Stevenson, Ezra T., 264
- Stevenson, James, 50
- Stevenson, Martha Charles, 50
- Stevenson, Robert Lewis, 272
- Stewart, Andrew Jackson, 260, 278,
285, 286, 401
- Stewart, Archibald, 295
- Stewart, Benjamin F., (Maj.), 3,
279, 368
- Stewart, Ester Lyle, 294
- Stewart, John Clarence, 298
- Stewart, Philander Barrett, 278
- Stewart, Sally Scott, 278
- Stewart, W. T., (Mrs.), 546
- Stewart, Wm. T., 260
- Stiles, George P., 57
- Stoddard, Ellen Nease, 480
- Stoddard, Gilbert, 480
- Stoddard, Jane Hunt, 475
- Stoddard, Judson, 5, 15, 18, 60
- Stoddard, Sheldon, 478
- Stoker, John, (Bp.), 277
- Stokes, Gladys, 183
- Stokes, Jeremiah, 146
- Stomberg, Clarence, 182
- Stone, Edna, 183
- Stone, Fred, 182
- Stone, James Hyrum, 183
- Stone, Jane Stride, 182
- Stone, Mary E. M., 183
- Stone, Mary Kruse, 183
- Stone, Wm., 85, 183
- Stone, Wm. Gillard, 182
- Stowell, Wm. R. R., 7
- Strickland, Warren G., (Judge),
509
- Stringham, Bryant, 70
- Stubbs, Peter, 252
- Stuchberry, Emma, 280
- Stuchberry, John, 280, 281
- Summerhays, Caleb E., 271
- Sutherland, A. G., 407
- Sylvester, Joshua W., 150
- Sylvester, Woodruff, 150

T

- Tait, Elizabeth Xavier, 318
- Tait, Wm., 318
- Talbott, H. C., 331
- Talmage, May Booth, 37
- Tanner, J. S., 385
- Tanner, Sidney, 305
- Tanner, W. S., 385
- Tanner, Wm., Sr., 43
- Tate, John, 161
- Taylor, Ann Stanley, 305
- Taylor, Elmina Shepard, 297
- Taylor, George, 239
- Taylor, George Hamilton, 297
- Taylor, George Shepard, 297
- Taylor, Ida Alleman, 298
- Taylor, John, 5, 7, 11, 38, 61, 72,
84, 85, 128, 183, 200, 214, 236,
253, 344, 353, 371, 374, 437.

Taylor, Joseph, 85
 Taylor, Levi, 14
 Taylor, Leonora, 124, 344
 Taylor, P. G., 12
 Taylor, Rachel Grant, 554
 Taylor, Stephen, 66, 72
 Taylor, Thomas, 4
 Taylor, Wm., 14
 Tenney, Ammon T., 24
 Tenney, W. R., 368
 Terrill, Joel T., 126, 505
 Terry, Joshua, 85
 Tew, Thomas, 163, 164
 Thomas, Howard, 506
 Thomas, Matilda Ann, 40
 Thomas, Persis B., 151
 Thomas, Robert T., 4
 Thomas, Sol, 450
 Thompson, Bernice, 522
 Thompson, George, 225
 Thompson, Orange D., 11
 Thompson, Wm. H., 225
 Thorne, Ida, 273
 Thredgold, Myrtle, 310
 Thurber, A. K., 393
 Thurgood, Wm., 145
 Thurston, Tore, 4
 Tibbits, John H., 463
 Tibbs, Winnifred Morris, 573
 Tidwell, Emma C. J., 146
 Tidwell, Wm. Jefferson, 146
 "Timely Gull," (Boat), 8
 Timpson, Laura Logie, 116
 Tingey, Clarence H., 259
 Tingey, Wesley E., 310
 Tippetts, John, 461
 Trumbo, Isaac, 128
 Tubbs, Sophia, 508
 Tubbs, Wm. H., 508
 Tullidge, Mr., 404
 Turk, Daniel, 338
 Turk, Eliza B., 322, 328
 Turk, Sarah Agnes, 322, 328, 352
 Turner, Mary M. G., 548
 Turner, Oliver, 145
 "Tuscora," (Ship), 4, 20
 Twiss, John Sanders, 432
 Twiss, Thomas S., 5, 58
 Twitchell, Ephraim, 305
 Tyler, Daniel, 462, 481
 Tyon, John, 88, 94, 104

V

Vance, J. W., (Maj.), 250
 Van Cott, John, 2, 159, 438
 Van Cott, Lucy Sackett, 438
 Van Vleit, Stewart, (Capt.), 70, 71,

78, 105
 Voyce, Grace, 52

W

Wagstaff, Emily, 135
 Wagstaff, Maria, 135
 Wagstaff, Wm., 135
 Walker, James, 14
 Walker, John, 27
 Walker, Lydia Holmes, 27
 Walker, Susa Gould, 516, 530
 Walker, Wm. Holmes, Company
 6, 21, 27
 Wall, Elizabeth Penrod, 284
 Wall, Emma Ford, 284
 Wall, Isaac, 283
 Wall, Nancy Liddiard, 283
 Wall, Sarah Gurr, 284
 Wall, Susannah Gurr, 284
 Wall, Wm. Madison, (Bp.), 274,
 280, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 292
 Wallace, George B., 311
 Wallace, Melissa K., 470
 Walters, Pearl H., 116
 Walton, Miranda Snow, 527
 Wandell, Charles W., 258, 260, 274
 Ward, George, 280
 Ward, William, 127
 Wardle, Solomon, 217
 Warner, Samuel B., 445
 Warren, Earl, (Gov.), 455
 Washakie, Chief, 156
 Watkins, Edward, 168
 Watkins, Harriet M. S., 170
 Watkins, John, (Bp.), 168, 169,
 170
 Watkins, Margaret Ackhurst, 168
 Watkins, Mary Ann Sawyer, 170,
 173
 Watkins, Sarah Jordon, 165
 Watkins, Thomas J. E., 168
 Watkins, Wm., 168
 Watson, David, 231, 241
 Watt, George D., 19, 257
 Watts, Baldwin H., 12, 15
 Watts, Isaac, 201
 Webb, Chauncey W., 439
 Webb, David, 4, 147
 Webb, Eliza Churchill, 439
 Webb, Pardon, 14
 Weeks, Allen, (Maj.), 43, 64
 Weeks, Almira, 43
 Weggeland, Dan, 143
 Weiler, Anna Maria Malin, 131
 Weiler, Elizabeth M. Foster, 132
 Weiler, Harriet B. Smith, 132
 Weiler, Jacob, (Bp.) 131, 132

- Weiler, Joseph, 131
 Weiler, Rosanna Styers, 131
 Weinol, Bro. & Sister, 344
 Welker, Elizabeth H., 438
 Welker, Lubin A., 183
 Welling, Emma Lucinda, 308
 Welling, Frances E. Yoeman, 307
 Welling, Job, 260, 307
 Welling, John, & Family, 307
 Welling, Marietta Holmes, 307
 Welling, Mary Ann Comer, 307
 Welling, Milton H., 309
 Welling, Thomas, 307
 Wells, Daniel H., 2, 7, 62, 63, 64,
 66, 70, 71, 75, 85, 101, 206,
 346, 367
 Welsh, Fountain, 14
 Wentz, Peter, 344
 Wesley, Charles, 201
 Wesley, John, 201
 West, Chauncey W., 62, 64, 315
 West, Joseph A., 482
 West, Mary Jane, 217
 "Westmoreland," (Ship), 3, 20
 Whaanga, Hirini, 299
 Whoanga, Piriki, 299
 Wheeler, Harriet Page, 414
 Wheeler, John, 183
 Wheelock, Cyrus, Company, 133
 White, Hugh, 249
 White, Maurice, 311, 315
 Whitehead, Joseph, 399
 Whitely, Kate M., 559
 Whitesides, Morris, 429
 Whitmore, Elizabeth Burk, 53
 Whitmore, Elmira J. D., 54
 Whitmore, Franklin, 54
 Whitmore, James, (Dr.), 205
 Whitmore, James Montgomery, 54
 Whitmore, John, & Family, 53
 Whitney, Orson F., 441
 Wickenburg, Henry, 25
 Widtsoe, John A., 256
 Wignall, James, 154
 Wignall, Maggie, 403
 Wilcox, Edward, 146
 Wilcox, James, 14
 Wilcox, John D., 146
 Wilkin, David, 508
 Wilkin, Isabella Hunter, 508
 "William O. Alden," (Ship), 268
 Williams, Albina Marion, 497
 Williams, Alexander, 511
 Williams, Frances Maria, 181
 Williams, Lafayette W., 180
 Williams, Mary Archibald, 542
 Williams, Ruth, 30
 Williams, Thomas S., 497
 Williamson, Ann Alfred, 222
 Willis, James G., (Capt.), 319
 Willis, Margaret N., 216
 Willis, Wm., 311, 318
 Willis, Wm. W., (Capt.), 488
 Wilson, Caroline A. M., 275
 Wilson, Eliza Racham, 182
 Wilson, George, 292, 293
 Wilson, Samuel, 182
 Wilson, Thomas Henry, 275
 Winder, John R., 7, 62, 83
 Winegar, Lon, 145
 Winn, Dennis, 133
 Winters, Bertrude, 145
 Wood, Edward J., 270
 Wood, Lyman, 158
 Wood, Rhoda, 202, 217, 517
 Wood, Stella S., 540
 Woodhams, David, 282
 Woodhams, Lucy Richardson, 282
 Woodruff, Phoebe, W., 209
 Woodruff, Pratt, W., 253
 Woodruff, Wilford, 24, 132, 225,
 243, 257, 367, 371, 380
 Woolf, John A., 4
 Woolley, Ela, 403
 Woolley, Samuel A., 159, 312, 382,
 406
 Woolsey, James B., 146
 Woolsey, King, 27
 Woolsey, Thomas, 461, 463, 499
 Wolstenholme, Katie H., 116
 Wootton, Cynthia, 173
 Works, Asa, 419
 Works, Jerusha, 419
 Worscroft, Wm. L., 271
 Wright, Angus T., 260
 Wright, John, 352
 Wright, Maxine Richins, 157
 Wrightington, Juanita M., 465
 "Wyoming," (Ship), 5, 20
- X
- Xavier, Annabella, 318
 Xavier, James, 318
- Y
- Yost, Frances C., 539
 Young, Albert Jeddie, 424
 Young, Alfales, 435
 Young, Alfred, 246
 Young, Alfred D., 4
 Young, Alice, 421
 Young, Alma, 425
 Young, Alonzo, 427
 Young, Alva, 425

- Young, Ann Eliza Webb, 128, 419, 435, 439
 Young, Ardella, 427
 Young, Arta DeCrista, 422
 Young, Augusta Adams, 423
 Young, Brigham, 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 10, 14, 17, 18, 29, 31, 32, 51, 58, 60, 62, 69, 71, 74, 78, 81, 84, 85, 87, 90, 97, 98, 104, 119, 126, 127, 128, 132, 170, 198, 200, 253, 344, 345, 346, 367, 370, 374, 378, 380, 381, 394, 396, 409—456, 461, 481
 Young, Brigham, Jr., 128, 385, 388, 421
 Young, Brigham Heber, 422
 Young, Brigham Morris, 429
 Young, Caroline, 427
 Young, Charlotte, 424
 Young, Clara Decker, 414, 423, 436
 Young, Clarissa H., 422
 Young, Clarissa Maria, 426
 Young, Clarissa Ross, 425
 Young, Daniel Wells, 427
 Young, Dora M., 434
 Young, Edward P., 427
 Young, Eliza Burgess, 435
 Young, Eliza R. Snow, 419, 432, 434, 435
 Young, Elizabeth, 420
 Young, Ella Elizabeth, 427
 Young, Ellen Rockwood, 429
 Young, Emily Augusta, 427
 Young, Emily Dow Partridge, 426, 436
 Young, Emmeline Free, 427
 Young, Ernest I., 422
 Young, Evelyn Louisa, 428
 Young, Fanny, 422, 438
 Young, Feramorz, 422
 Young, Harriet Amelia Folsom, 437
 Young, Harriet Barney, 436
 Young, Harriet E. C. C., 422
 Young, Heber, 451
 Young, Hyrum, 425
 Young, Hyrum S., 427
 Young, Jeanette R., 424
 Young, Jediah Grant, 424
 Young, John, 410
 Young, John W., 18, 30, 421
 Young, Joseph, 5, 236, 245, 382, 410, 425
 Young, Joseph, Company, 154
 Young, Joseph Angell, 62, 90, 421
 Young, Joseph Don Carlos, 427
 Young, Joseph W., 243
 Young, Josephine, 427
 Young, L. D., 72, 389
 Young, Levi Edgar, 456
 Young, Lorenzo D., 427
 Young, Louisa Beaman, 425
 Young, Louise, 427
 Young, Lucy Bigelow, 433
 Young, Lucy Decker, 421
 Young, Luna, 421
 Young, Lura, 427
 Young, Margaret M. Alley, 428
 Young, Margaret Pierce, 428
 Young, Mahonrl M., 428
 Young, Maria Lawrence, 429
 Young, Marinda Hyde, 427
 Young, Martha Bowker, 430
 Young, Mary Ann Angell, 126, 412, 419, 420, 421
 Young, Mary Eliza, 426
 Young, Mary Jane Bigelow, 432
 Young, Mary Van Cott, 438
 Young, Miriam Works, 410, 419, 427
 Young, Naamah K. J. C., 432
 Young, Nabbie Howe, 410, 424
 Young, Olive Grey Frost, 424
 Young, Oscar Brigham, 422
 Young, Phineas, 85
 Young, Phineas Howe, 436
 Young, Phoebe Louise, 426
 Young, Rhoda Mabel, 434
 Young, Seymour B., 38
 Young, Shemira, 422
 Young, Susa, 434
 Young, Susan Snively, 428
 Young, Vilate, 420
 Young, Willard, 426
 Young, Wm., 85
 Young, Wm. G., 6
 Young, Wm. Goodall, Company, 21, 29
 Young, Zina D. H., 431

Z

- Zabriskie, Lewis C., 4
 Zabriskie, Louis, 506
 Zesiger, Kate Hardy, 558
 Zundel, Abraham, 12, 13